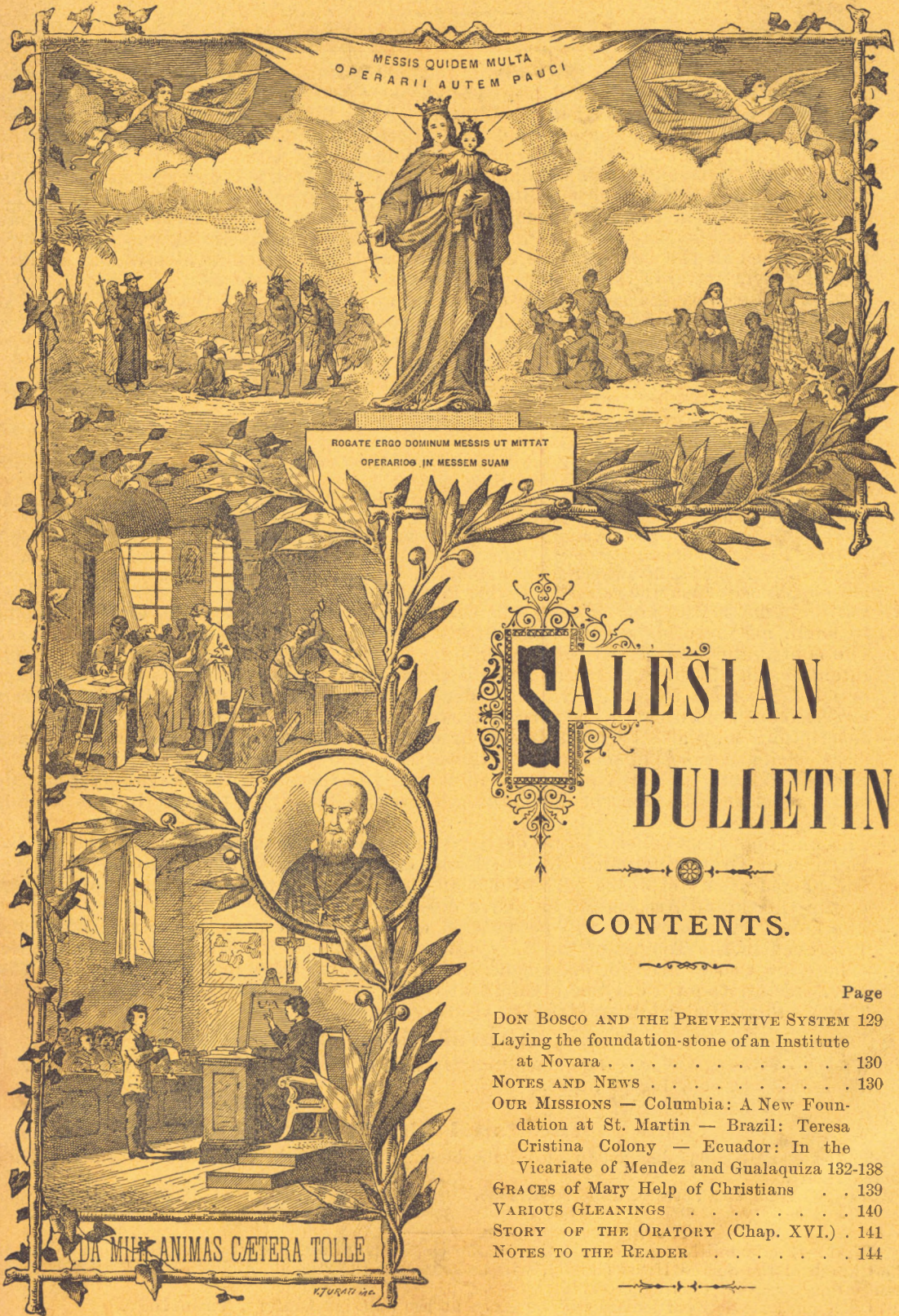


Correspondents are earnestly requested to repeat their Postal Address in every letter.



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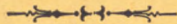
# SALESIAN BULLETIN

## CONTENTS.

	Page
DON BOSCO AND THE PREVENTIVE SYSTEM	129
Laying the foundation-stone of an Institute at Novara . . . . .	130
NOTES AND NEWS . . . . .	130
OUR MISSIONS — Columbia: A New Foundation at St. Martin — Brazil: Teresa Cristina Colony — Ecuador: In the Vicariate of Mendez and Gualaquiza	132-138
GRACES of Mary Help of Christians . . . . .	139
VARIOUS GLEANINGS . . . . .	140
STORY OF THE ORATORY (Chap. XVI.) . . . . .	141
NOTES TO THE READER . . . . .	144



# 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.

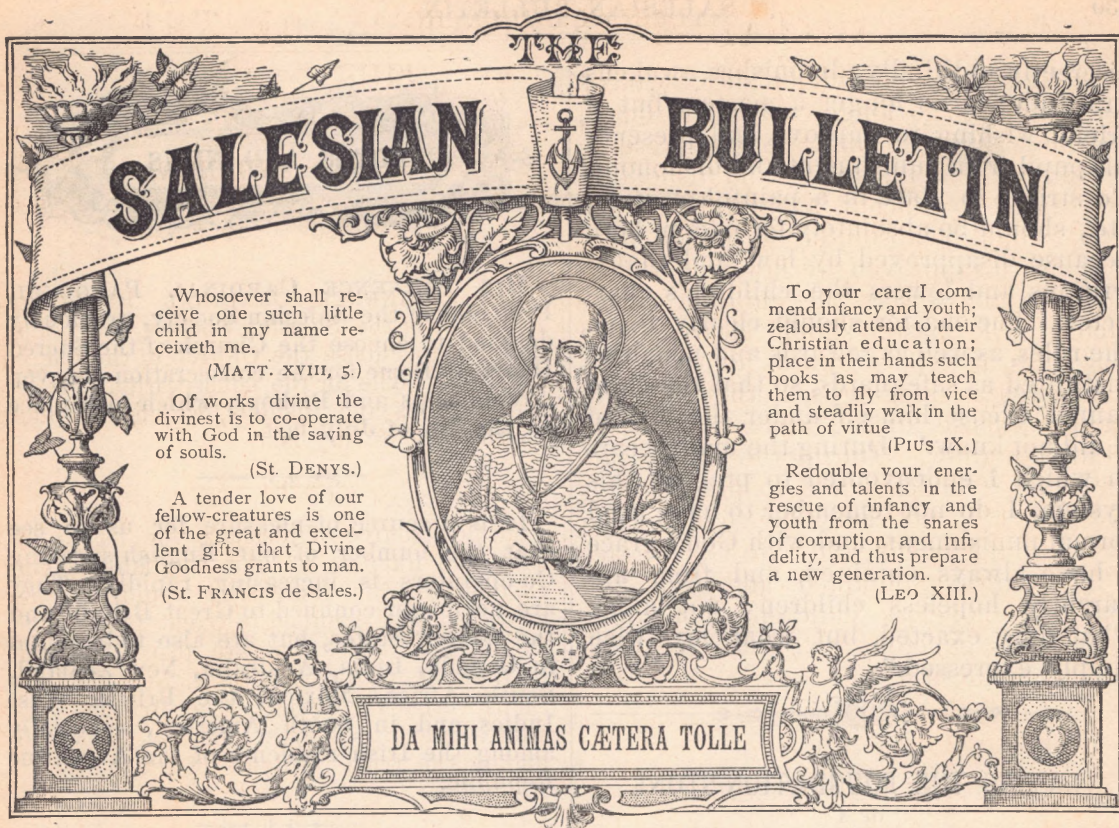
Given from the Vatican, June 30th, 1888.

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.





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

(MATT. XVIII, 5.)

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

(St. DENYS.)

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

(St. FRANCIS de Sales.)

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

(PIUS IX.)

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

(LEO XIII.)

DA MIHI ANIMAS CAETERA TOLLE

Vol. II.—No. 47.

September 15, 1896.

Registered for transmission abroad

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DON BOSCO

AND

THE PREVENTIVE SYSTEM.

**T**HE plan of education adopted by our beloved Father Don Bosco was founded entirely on Christian charity. The short, admirable treatise he wrote on the preventive system bears ample testimony to his tenderness of heart and perfect knowledge of children. His express instructions regarding punishments are: "As far as possible avoid punishing; when absolutely necessary, try to gain love before inspiring fear; the suppression of a token of kindness is disapproval, but a disapproval which incites emulation,

revives courage, and never degrades. To children punishment is what is meant as punishment; with some pupils a cold glance is more effective than a blow. Praise when merited, blame when deserved, are recompense and punishment. Except in rare instances, correction should be privately given with patience and prudence; so that, with the aid of reason and religion, the culprit may fully understand his fault. Some pupils do not feel spite, nor nurse revenge for punishment; but the masters who observe the boys closely, know what bitter resentment is felt, above all, for punishment wounding self-love; they forget chastisement from their parents, but never that inflicted by the professors; and many instances are known of brutal revenge in old age for some justifiable chastisement incurred in school. On the contrary, the master who



discreetly and kindly admonishes, awakens gratitude; is no longer a master, but a friend wishing to improve and preserve his pupil from punishment and dishonour. To strike, to place in a painful position, etc., should be absolutely forbidden, both because disapproved by law, and that it irritates and lowers the children's character. The master should clearly teach the rules, as well as rewards and penalties instituted as safeguards, so that the child cannot excuse himself under the plea of 'I did not know.' During the many years in which I endeavoured to practise this system, I do not remember to have used formal punishment; and with God's grace I have always obtained, and from apparently hopeless children, not alone what duty exacted, but what my wish simply expressed."

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### LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE

OF A

### NEW INSTITUTE AT NOVARA.

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RECENTLY the Corner-stone of the Salesian Church and Institute of Arts and Trades at Novara, was laid by his Lordship, Dr. Pulciano, Bishop of Novara. There were present at that impressive ceremony our Superior-General, Don Rua, the V. Revv. Canons of the Cathedral Chapter, a large number of the Diocesan clergy, and a large assemblage of the faithful. At the close of the sacred functions his Lordship turned to the vast assembly and said that his fondest hopes were about to be realised. In the course of an admirable address he gave ample proofs of his great attachment to Don Bosco and the Salesian Society; he concluded by exhorting all present to help by their charity, in bringing the work they had begun to a speedy issue. At the termination of his Lordship's address all proceeded to the Church of the Fathers of the Oratory, where Don Rua held a Conference for the Salesian Co-operators, after which he gave Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

The designs of the front view of the Salesian Church and Institute of Arts and Trades are by the well-known architect, Prof. Clesio Borgogni. The Institute when finished will be able to accommodate about 500 boys.



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL PAROCCHI, Protector of the Salesian Society, graciously deigned to choose the Church of the Sacred Heart at Rome for the consecration of seven Archbishops and Bishops, which took place on the 5th of July last.

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It is a source of pleasure for us to see that the number of our English-speaking Co-operators is increasing rapidly. They are no longer confined to Great Britain and the United States, but are also to be found in Canada, India, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Mexico, the British West Indies, and in South America, especially among the Irish residents of the Argentine Republic.

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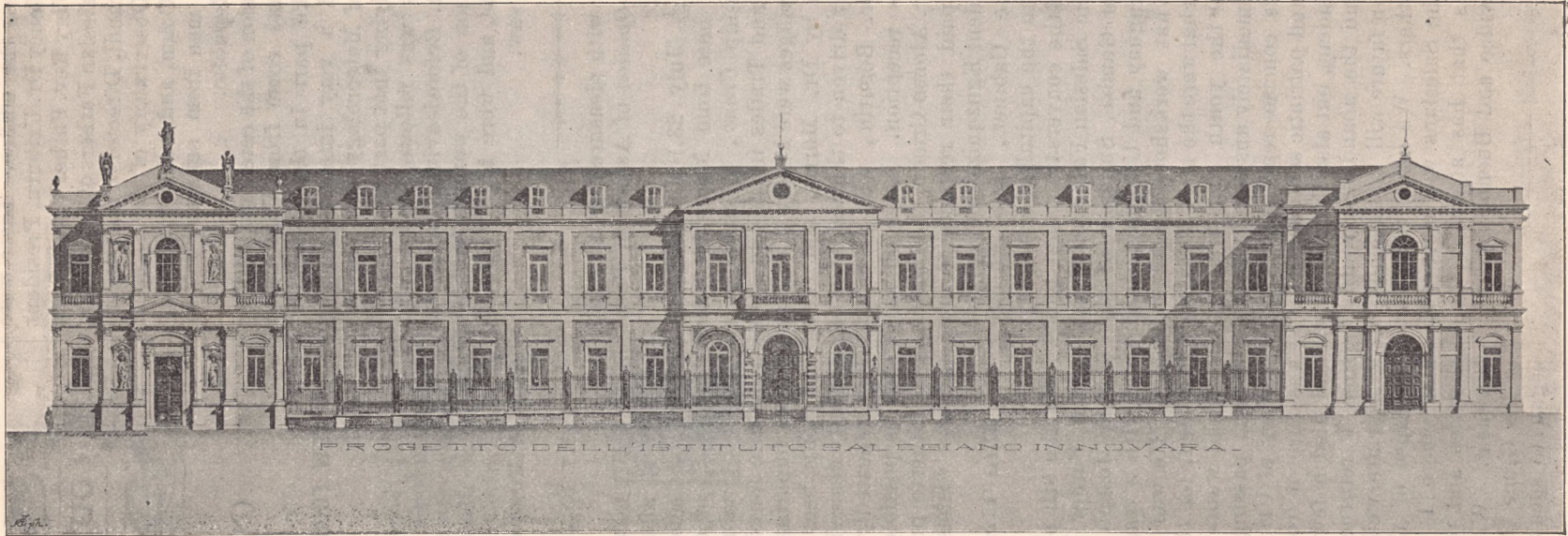
THE REV. FATHER CASSINI, who, a short time ago, was obliged through failing health to leave America for Europe, arrived at Turin last month. A few days later he proceeded to Rome, where he was received in private audience by the Holy Father, to whom he presented the small sum of 300 francs as Peter's Pence, the proceeds of a collection generously undertaken by the alumni of the Salesian Institutes of the Argentine Republic among themselves.

The Holy Father on being told from whence the offering came, exclaimed: "Oh! tell those dear children that I bless them with all my heart . . . I know the Salesians well," he afterwards added, "they are very laborious, and do a great deal of good for youth with their Institutes and Colleges, and for the Indians with their Missions. I, therefore, bless with all my heart the Salesians, their alumni, and all the Salesian Co-operators."

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THE Meteorological Observatory, which has been recently constructed and fitted out at the Salesian College of Aimagro, Buenos Ayres, was solemnly inaugurated on the 24th of June last. At 2:30 p.m. his Grace Dr. Castellano, Archbishop of Buenos Ayres,





THE FRONT VIEW OF THE SALESIAN CHURCH  
AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND TRADES  
AT NOVARA.

(From designs by Prof. Clesio Borgnini.)



proceeded to bless the edifice. There were present his Excellency Dr. Uriburu, President of the Republic, Very Rev. Father Vespignani, Superior of the Salesian Fathers of Argentina, Rev. Father Morandi, Director of the Central Meteorological Observatory of the Salesian College at Villa Colon, and a select assembly of distinguished men from several parts of the Argentine Republic.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, Father Morandi, who had come from Villa Colon expressly to take part in the solemn inauguration, read a very interesting paper on the history of Meteorology and the importance of studying that particular branch of science; this was followed by a most enjoyable concert. Before leaving, the visitors made an inspection of the workshops of the Salesian Institute, and were highly pleased with what they saw.

We reproduce with pleasure the following article from *La Opinion* of Asuncion, Paraguay:

"This morning, (July 23,) four Salesian Fathers arrived here from Montevideo on board the steamship *Urano*, to establish a College of Arts and Trades in the city. On landing two carriages were kindly placed at their disposition by Dr. Morra, and they were immediately driven to the residence of his Lordship Dr. Bogarin, who accorded them a gracious reception. Later on, accompanied by Dr. Alonso Criado, the Consul General, they paid their respects to his Excellency President Eguzquiza, and several Members of the Cabinet, who warmly welcomed them to the capital of Paraguay. In the course of the conversation that took place between the Salesian Fathers and our Ministers, Father Gamba, Superior of the Salesians of Paraguay and Uruguay, asked our President what workshops he should begin with, and what were the most necessary trades to teach the youth of Paraguay. 'All of them,' immediately answered General Eguzquiza. This concise reply shows not only the noble and patriotic sentiments that animate our President, but also the necessity of taking in hand the abandoned youth of Paraguay, who in future will find friends in the Salesian Fathers. We have, moreover, no doubt that the Salesians will meet with the same success that has attended their efforts at Montevideo and Buenos Ayres."



## COLUMBIA

### A NEW FOUNDATION AT ST. MARTIN.

*Writing from Bogota, capital of Columbia, Father Rabagliati gives the following account of his experiences during a journey from that city to St. Martin—from which the famous Llanos take their name—where he went to found a Mission House.*

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER,



I HAVE returned from St. Martin after scarcely a fortnight's absence from the capital. The object of this second visit of mine to the *Llanos* was to make a definite foundation there.

This important and serious undertaking had long been talked of, and had been ardently desired by our beloved Archbishop, who repeatedly urged me to begin it as soon as possible. But the want of *personnel* had hitherto prevented me from complying with his wishes.

#### The Urgent Need of this Mission.

On the 9th of December last, the day on which Father Unia died, our dear friend, Father Joseph de Calasanz Vela, O. P., met with a tragic death among the mountains. He was the only Religious who had attended, for the last thirty years, to the spiritual wants of these extensive Missions. Whilst passing through the mountainous country of Uribe on a missionary visit, he was thrown from his horse down a precipice and died a few minutes later. About this time I returned from Santander, where, as you are well aware, I had been to plead the cause of the National Leper Hospital, and where I was received by both Authorities and people with the greatest enthusiasm. Without delay I paid a visit to his Grace the Archbishop, who at once began to speak of the urgent necessity of



beginning the Mission of St. Martin. "There are thousands and thousands of Catholics," he said, "without any religious assistance; there are five centres of Christian population without a priest, and many thousands of savages awaiting the messengers of Christ who are to announce to them the saving truths of our holy Religion. It is no longer possible to delay this undertaking. I would willingly send out secular priests on this Mission, but I have none to spare. Besides, Don Rua, to whom I wrote on this subject, has given his consent and promised to send me three priests for this very purpose as soon as possible. The will of God is clearly manifest here, since it is the will of your Superior. Delay, then, no longer, Rev. Father; accept these Missions, and be assured that Don Bosco from Heaven will bless your efforts."

#### **Departure of the Missioners — Triumphal Entrance into Villavicencia.**

Under these circumstances it was too difficult and serious a matter to say *It is impossible to comply with your wishes*. I, certainly, should have liked to put off giving a definite answer until the promised aid from Turin arrived, but I had not the courage to sadden the heart of our beloved Pastor by a postponement that might be protracted until the end of the year.

We, therefore, came to an understanding, and arrangements were at once made to set out in a few days, to the great joy of the Archbishop. In the beginning of February, I left Bogota in company with four confrères—two priests, a cleric and a lay-brother—and took the road to St. Martin. At the end of three days, in spite of the dreadful state of the roads, we reached Villavicencia, the first centre of population on the *llanos* or plains. Here we were obliged to pass under some sixty triumphal arches that the inhabitants had made with palm and olive branches to show their appreciation of our passing visit, whilst they all turned out to welcome us.

#### **The Reason why we chose St. Martin.**

Without any intention on our part we were to give offence to those good people. The spot chosen for our first residence was not Villavicencia but St. Martin, a small town about two days' journey further on. This choice had neither been made at random

nor with the intention of favouring one population more than another, but only with the express purpose and desire of better contributing to the spiritual welfare of the whole Mission. As I observed above there are five centres of Christian population—Villavicencia, St. Martin, San Juan de Arama, Uribe and Jiramena,—that the Ecclesiastical Authorities wished to entrust to the Salesians. Now St. Martin—from which the immense *llanos*, that stretch for hundreds and thousands of miles on all sides, take their name—lies within easy reach of the other four towns, so that we could be on hand whenever we were wanted. Another reason, and an important one, too, urged us to make this choice, namely, St. Martin is on the borders of the forest and nearer to the savages, whose spiritual welfare forms the special object of our Missions.

#### **A Stratagem to detain us at Villavicencia.**

When we reached Villavicencia, it was absolutely necessary for us to change our horses in order to continue our journey. Those we had ridden until then were no longer serviceable, and, besides, the owner would not let us retain them any longer at any price. Willing or unwilling, we were obliged to look for others capable of carrying us over the rest of the road which was very difficult and dangerous. We had to pass through dense forests, and cross a dozen rivers some of them being very wide, even in summer. The road, too, for the most part is very muddy, since the sun's rays fail to penetrate the thick foliage of the virgin forests. I knew all this, as I had passed this way a year ago. I therefore went from one to another of the inhabitants of Villavicencia in order to procure good sound horses, but after two days spent in useless research, I saw that it was waste of time, as every one absolutely refused to lend or sell me what I required.

Was this done on purpose to vex us? I do not think so. It was rather a stratagem they resorted to in order to oblige us to remain at Villavicencia. Both the Authorities and population repeatedly manifested their desire to us that we should make our abode among them. This was impossible as we had given our word to his Grace the Archbishop of Bogotá to fix our residence at St. Martin. Nothing was left to us, then, but to make the rest of the journey on foot,



but this was out of the question, as the road lies over a mountainous district and we would have been obliged to leave our baggage behind. What then were we to do under the present circumstances?

#### A Successful Plan — A Cordial Welcome.

I was at a loss to know how to act. At every moment our situation became more serious. Revolving over and over again in my mind the awkward plight in which we were placed, I at length conceived a plan, which would extricate us from our predicament. On the 8th of February I rose a little earlier than usual, celebrated holy Mass, and afterwards set out all alone on the road to St. Martin, where I hoped to be more successful in obtaining horses. Nobody knew of my design except our little party, for I was afraid that if the purport of my journey become known, the Authorities and population might raise some other serious difficulty. After a journey of two days I reached St. Martin in safety, and, within a few hours, I obtained as many horses as I required and sent them with two men, in whom I had full confidence, to Villavicencia. At the end of five days I had the satisfaction of seeing my confrères enter St. Martin amidst the joyous ringing of bells, and the hearty greetings of the whole population. Never before had four cassocks been seen in or near this small village.

#### The New Arrivals.

After the little party had paid their respects to the Authorities, we retired to the house that had been allotted us, and where curiosity had drawn a large crowd of men and women and all the youngsters of the neighbourhood. We had already begun to open our boxes and arrange things, when, all of a sudden, our attention was attracted by a confused sound of many voices outside, which became louder and louder every moment. *The Indians, the Indians*, was the cry that could now be distinctly heard. Opening the door we were astonished to see not far off, a large number of Indians who were coming straight towards our house, followed by a crowd of admiring villagers. I was unable to explain the meaning of this unusual commotion, and, full of wonder, stood gazing at the approaching mass, until, recognizing amongst the foremost the four Indians I met on the *llanos* last year, I hastened forward to bid them

welcome. After a cordial greeting, I asked them the reason of this unexpected visit. "Having heard," one of them replied, "that the Fathers were coming to St. Martin, we decided to go and pay them our respects." My curiosity was awakened and, desiring to know who had given them news of our coming, I questioned them on that point, but was unable to discover anything; the only answer I could get from them being: *Who knows!*—And no one really knew who had told them.

When I was afterwards alone with my confrères and spoke of this little incident, one of them remarked: "Don Bosco, if I remember aright, said that a day would come when the Salesians would no longer be required to go in search of the Indians, because the Indians would go in search of the Salesians. Are we, perhaps, those favoured sons of Don Bosco?"

#### The Astonishment of the Indians— They inaugurate our Brass Band.

But to return to the savages. At our invitation as many as possible entered our house. There, everything was in disorder; books, clothes, linen, kitchen utensils, musical instruments, etc., etc. The Indians gazed in open-mouthed astonishment at what they saw, but what struck them most of all were the brass instruments. Some of the boldest amongst them, not satisfied with merely looking at them, wished to see what they were made of. Seeing this, I selected from amongst the instruments an enormous saxhorn, and placing it over the head and shoulders of a sprightly young Indian, I made signs to him to blow into it, and after some extraordinary efforts the instrument began to sigh and groan. The delight and wonder of both musician and bystanders were unbounded; all of them wanted to take the instruments in their hands and blow down them, and when they succeeded in drawing some kind of sound out of them, they jumped for joy. Really, it was an amusing sight, and we might say that our little brass band was inaugurated not by the children of the Festive Oratory, but by the children of the forest.

Their visit was a long one, because they desired to see everything. We found that one of their number, who had lived among the whites, spoke the Spanish fluently and from him we learnt all we desired to know.

The men were armed with bows and arrows,



and, at our request, gave us proof of their skill in the use of these arms, always hitting the mark, and that, too, at a considerable distance.

**They are Delighted with the Reception accorded them – Their Suspicious Character.**

Before sending them away, we gave them cigars, coloured handkerchiefs, *panela* (cakes made with honey or the sap of the sugar cane), and other trifles. I wanted to see what effect music produces on them; and whilst they were sitting on the ground in the courtyard, I had the harmonium placed in a corner, and unobserved began to play. As if by instinct they all looked up thinking that the sound came from above; and during the time I played not one of them spoke or stirred.

Delighted with the reception we had given them and promising to return on the morrow, they retired, towards evening, to their *toldos* or huts, which they had erected on the banks of the river in the neighbouring forest.

The Indians are too much afraid to remain all night with the whites; they fear some injury and so they prefer to pass the night alone, if possible on the borders of a river; there they have canoes ready, so as to be able to fly in case of danger. Their bed is the canoe itself or a hammock. In this way they can avoid the bites of the reptiles that abound in the forests and near the water. It is their custom, also, to light large fires, so as to keep the wild beasts at a distance, and hinder the approach of the mosquitoes, which attack unmercifully these poor half-naked people during the night.

We should have liked, out of curiosity to accompany them to their dwellings; but it was late, and besides, it would not have been prudent as it would have aroused their suspicion.

**Return of the Indians—A Source of Consolation for the Missionary.**

Early on the following morning they all came back, accompanied by another of their tribe, who was attracted by the gifts that had been distributed on the preceding evening. With the help of some kind neighbours we were able to give every man and child a coloured shirt; we did not distribute them among the women as they were decently clothed with a fabric of palm leaves that reached from their shoulders to their feet.

However, in order not to give rise to any dissatisfaction, we gave them some trifling things that pleased them immensely.

Seeing that the women had brought their children with them, I asked the parents to let us baptise the little ones. Consent was at once given, not because they attach any importance to Baptism, for in their ignorance they neither know what it is nor why it is administered, but in order to receive the presents that are given by the sponsors on such an occasion. But this matters little, for the fruits of Baptism remain, since the majority of these children never attain the use of reason, dying before their seventh year from the ill-usage and hard-life that fall to their lot. And this is one of the consolations the Catholic missionary experiences, and a plentiful harvest he can reap in the beginning of his mission. To baptise the children is to assure Heaven for the greater part of them. This alone, without any other hope, would be worth while labouring for in these desert lands. This happy lot fell to the child whom I had baptised the year before at St. Vincent. I asked the father and mother why they had not brought him with them: "He is dead, Father," they replied.

**A Rejected Invitation—Plans for the Future.**

As I had to go back at once to Bogotá, to preach during Lent at our Church of Our Lady of Carmel, I wanted to take with me one of the savages. My attention had been attracted by an intelligent young Indian, about fifteen years old, who could speak Spanish pretty well, having lived for some time near the frontier. I invited him to accompany me to the capital, but he refused saying that at Bogotá there are many diseases, and people die, and that he did not wish to die. But as I pressed my suit, he seemed about to give way, when an old woman who stood by looking on and listening to our conversation, all of a sudden, began to cry out and shout in her own language at the lad, and the result was that I did not succeed in my design.

I begged him, then, to remain at least for some time with the Fathers at St. Martin, promising him that he would be treated well, and get whatever he required; but he turned a deaf ear to my words, saying that he preferred to go back with his people to their own country. We made the same offer



to others, but we always met with the same result.

Seeing that we could gain nothing in this way, we offered to go and live with them in the forests; here, also, we met with indifference and coldness; they neither accepted nor refused our proposal, thinking, no doubt, that our offer was not seriously meant.

But what now seems a difficulty, time and patience will overcome. At present it is of the greatest importance to get them to come often to St. Martin; and they will not fail to do so, if they hope by so doing to receive presents. For this purpose we will send from time to time from Bogotá all those little knickknacks they like best.

These Indians have a custom of handing over their children after Baptism to the sponsors. We intend to take advantage of this usage, by looking out for good sponsors at St. Martin, who would undertake to keep the children as their own until they are six or seven years of age, when they could be received into our Industrial Schools or Colleges, where we could attend to their religious education. By this means we hope to gain another advantage, that of winning over the parents to our holy Faith through the children.

We rely on the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians and St. Francis de Sales, who will not fail to obtain from our Divine Saviour copious blessings for this Mission. God grant that the day be not far distant when these poor savages, who now wander in the darkness of error and gross superstition, may belong to the fold of the Good Shepherd!

#### A Generous Friend.

I cannot and I ought not to end, without naming here a great friend and benefactor whom we have found at St. Martin. His name is Benito Rondon, and was born and bred on these plains; he has a heart of gold, and is kindness itself towards the Salesians. He is the generous donor of the house we now inhabit, which was built and furnished at his own expense. He sent his own horses for the Salesians, too, and had our baggage brought on from Villavicencia to St. Martin, and showed us a thousand other attentions. May Our Lord bless and reward him for his kindness and charity towards the poor sons of Don Bosco.

Bless, Very Rev. Father, the new Mission of St. Martin; recommend it to the prayers

of our confrères and Co-operators, and bless the undersigned, who has so much need. With esteem, veneration, and affection, I am most sincerely in Our Lord,

Your obedient son,

EVASIUS RABAGLIATI.



## BRAZIL.

### TERESA CRISTINA COLONY.

*The following letter, which was communicated to our Superior-General by Father Joseph Solari, gives an account of our Missionaries' work among the savage inhabitants of Teresa Cristina Colony in Matto Grosso, where two Salesian Fathers and three Nuns of Our Lady Help of Christians are labouring in their behalf.*

Teresa Cristina Colony, June 30.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER,



SEEING that my letter of the 17th of June to Monsignor Lasagna concerning our arrival amongst the savages of Teresa Cristina Colony was communicated to you by his Lordship, I shall content myself for the present by giving you a few extra details only.

#### Some Character traits of the Coroados—Anti-hygienic Customs.

In my letter to Bishop Lasagna, I spoke of the character of the Coroados, and I must say that what I have been able to see of these savages since then has served to convince me still more of their meanness and cowardice. They are afraid of the least thing. A mere scratch or a slight headache is enough to set them running to us for medicine. In this way, without being doctors, we have a very large practice, larger perhaps than that of some of the celebrated physicians in Europe.

The customs prevailing amongst these Indians are anything but conducive to the preservation of their health. They have nothing to cover themselves with either in summer or in winter. The consequence is that, during the damp and bitterly cold nights of the latter season especially, they contract some chest diseases that generally result in their death. An indispensable part



of their toilet is to anoint themselves with a kind of fat obtained from the crocodile, in order to defend themselves from the bites of the mosquitoes and other tantalising little insects. They also paint themselves with *Urucu* and other vegetable substance to keep off the scorching rays of the sun. This, of course, is hurtful to them, since, thereby, the pores of the skin are stopped up, and perspiration prevented. Their food consists for the most part of raw meat, and that, too, of any animal; this disgusting repast causes eruptions of the skin, and engenders a great many diseases among them. Whenever they are suffering from an indisposition after eating, or whenever they are in a state of fever or hot and weary after running, they plunge themselves into the water and remain there a long time. A frightful mortality is the result of this negligence and ignorance.

#### Their Religious Belief—Their Industry.

To give you some idea of the religious belief of these Indians is not at all an easy matter, for the *Baires* maintain the strictest silence, and the others do not exactly know what they do believe. But we have been able to gather that they believe in two genii: *Marelba*, the good genius, and *Boupé*, the bad one. Their prayers are always addressed to *Boupé*, so that he may not injure them. For this very same reason every article of food is exorcised. The *Baires* fulminate their excommunications against all wicked people who dare to eat what has not been exorcised by them. It is to their interest to do this, for when the words of exorcism have been duly pronounced, they test the flavour of the eatables and set aside the tit-bits for their own particular and private consummation. If an unbelieving sinner should eat anything that has not passed through the hands of the *Baire*, he is sure to be overtaken by some misfortune; it may be a thorn that enters his foot, or a bite from a venomous reptile, but whatever it is, even if it occurs after many years, it is most certainly the result of eating that unexorcised tit-bit.

The *Coroados* have a singular physique, being stout and tall, in fact, they are nearly six feet high. The industry of the men is confined to the chase and fishing, to making bows and arrows, catching parrots, with whose feathers they adorn themselves, and passing the greater part of the day in *dolce*

*far niente*. The women, on the other hand, attend to the children, prepare the meals, and make the mats which do service as beds.

#### Diverse Methods adopted for the Amelioration of the *Coroados'* Condition.

In former years this tribe was the terror of the surrounding country, and many were the victims who fell under their arrows. The soldiers were sent out against them, and in the encounters that took place, a great number of the savages were slain; but afterwards milder counsels prevailed. Efforts were made to form those poor benighted creatures into groups, with varying success. Isabel Colony was thus founded, followed soon afterwards by that of Teresa Cristina. The former, as I related in my letter to Monsignor Lasagna, was destroyed, but the latter has been more successful.

The actual number of Indians here is about six hundred, whilst many thousands of the same tribe wander about the neighbourhood. We are of opinion that if we had more means at our disposal of helping them, the number at the Colony would greatly increase.

The Government of Matto Grosso, tired of the bad administration of the Colony, had decided upon withdrawing the soldiers stationed here, and taking measures to destroy the poor savages; but owing to the good sense and humanity of the President, and to the repeated entreaties of Monsignor Lasagna, other measures were adopted. By Act of Government, Father Balzola was named Governor of the Colony, and the undersigned Assistant-Governor; full powers being given us over the whole extent of territory—an area of about one thousand, three hundred square miles—reserved for the savages. This step was necessary to enable us to keep traders at a distance, for, as a rule, they only succeed in fomenting vice among the savages, and hindering the development of the Missions. The Government allows us provisions for two hundred savages; it would do more if the state of the exchequer permitted it. It thus falls to our lot to provide for the others, but to do this we have implicit confidence in Divine Providence and in the charity of our Co-operators.

#### Life at the Colony.

Just now we are trying to induce our Indians to work a little. We have laid in



a supply of scythes, spades, pick-axes, and the like, and every day we shoulder our instruments and, followed by the Indians, we either go to the forests to cut down trees, or enter the fields to plough, to sow rice, beans, sugar-cane, coffee, etc. In order not to overtax the strength of our dusky colonists, as they are not accustomed to this kind of work, their labour is restricted to a few hours in the morning. We are sorely tried by the want of good agriculturists; a dozen or so of industrious European immigrants would, by their skill, hard-work and good example, be a great benefit to the Mission, as work is necessary for the savages, not only to withdraw them from idleness, but also to supply their wants with the products of the soil.

**The Baire's Influence: an Obstacle for the Missionary.**

With regard to their conversion there are many difficulties in the way, but we confide in the intercession of Our Blessed Lady, our especial Patroness, to overcome them all. One of these difficulties consists in the vicious lives of the soldiers. This difficulty, however, does not exist for the thousands of savages scattered through the forest outside the Colony. Another, and much more serious one, is to be found in the *Baires*, who, being the priests, soothsayers, doctors, and prophets of these poor people, are, as a matter of course, interested in placing obstacles in the way of our holy Religion. The ignorant savages look upon them as superior beings, and regard their every word as an article of faith. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that their threats of *Boupe's* anger against all who dare to listen to us, have the desired effect. Lately their influence has been slightly impaired, for we have managed to bring to our dwellings the sick, whose death had been foretold by these unscrupulous men, and been able by a proper treatment of their infirmity to restore them to their former health and strength, thus showing the poor savages how false are the predictions of those prophets of evil. Our principal attention is, at present, directed towards the children, who are less vicious and more easy to mould; by this means we hope to form, in a short time, an upright and Christian generation.

I think, dear Father, that what I have said will give you an idea of our work among the savages of Teresa Cristina Colony.

Kindly remember to all the Superiors and *confrères* the Missionaries of Matto Grosso, but especially

Your devoted son in J. and M.,

JOSEPH SOLARI.

ECUADOR.

IN THE VICARIATE OF MENDEZ  
AND GUALAQUIZA.

Conversion of the High Priest  
of the Jivaros.

VERY REV. DON RUA,



LATELY I had the consolation of baptizing the High Priest of the Jivaros of Gualaquiza. This news, I am sure, will be a source of great pleasure to you, dear Father, and to our *confrères* and good Co-operators.

*Taita Cura Shacayman*—the name of the convert—became our fast friend as soon as we arrived at Gualaquiza, and showed his attachment for us by frequent gifts of yuca, plane-tree nuts, incense, etc., and by visiting us very often. When his sons desired to be baptized, he made no opposition, but willingly gave his consent; another thing that redounds to his honour is that, unlike the greater part of the Jivaros, he never practised polygamy. However, he still continued to fulfil the office of high priest among the Jivaros, and always presided at the strange and fantastic feasts that took place.

Sometimes, when visiting us, he assisted at a Baptism, and hearing that the soul is purified by this Sacrament and rendered acceptable to *Taita Dios*, he manifested to us his desire to be baptized. It was my earnest wish to instruct him, at least, in the elementary truths of our holy Religion, and baptise him as soon as possible, in order that he might cease to take part in the superstitious feasts of the Jivaros, and be a good example to his tribe; but, above all, because the greater number of the Jivaros lose their life in the frequent encounters between tribe and tribe. *Shacayman*, however, with a fickleness peculiar to the Jivaros, could never make up his mind, and, when I spoke to him on the subject, evasively replied that he intended



to wait; he would be baptised on his death bed, so as to avoid offending *Taita Dios* afterwards, and thus assure Paradise for himself.

Our Divine Lord, nevertheless, had mercy on this poor soul. *Taita Shacayman* fell ill, and was unable to leave his hut to visit the Mission House or to take part in the feasts of his tribe. Seeing that he daily grew worse in spite of the medicines and incantations of the *Brujos*, he sent a member of his family to give me notice of his illness and beg me to pay him a visit.

I at once set out, and on arriving at his dwelling was received with every manifestation of joy by him and his family. I made him swallow some medicine I prepared, for I always take with me my medicine-case on such occasions, and dressed one of his feet, which was badly swollen; I clearly saw that that was his last illness, and therefore, I told him to prepare himself to receive the Sacrament of Baptism, as I would return in a few days to administer it to him.

A day or two later, several Jivaros came in great haste to the Mission House and told me to lose no time, but to come at once to baptize *Taita Shacayman* who seemed to be at the point of death. I immediately made the necessary preparations, and, accompanied by the Jivaros, hastened to *Shacayman's* dwelling where we at length arrived after a weary journey. I was no sooner by the side of *Shacayman* than he embraced me, and humbly kissed my hand, and then exclaimed with tears in his eyes: "*Padre Francisco*, I love you dearly. I am about to die, therefore, I have no more need of medicines; my only desire is to be baptized, so that I may go to see *Taita Dios*." I sat down by him, and proceeded to instruct him with regard to the truths of our holy Religion, and a few minutes later, when I thought he was sufficiently prepared, I put on my surprise and stole, and began the service prescribed by the Church for the Baptism of adults. Brother Loyola stood as sponsor, and a great number of Jivaros, among whom were two *Brujos*, assisted with marked respect. It was indeed a touching scene. I could not refrain my tears when I poured the saving waters on his head and pronounced the words that were to regenerate that soul, by liberating it from the chains of the devil and rendering it pure and acceptable to God!

After his Baptism, *Shacayman* lived nearly a month, during which time he bore his

sufferings not only with patience and resignation, but also with cheerfulness; he likewise tried to console his desolated family, and exhorted them not to afflicted by his approaching death. Before a month had passed away, he breathed his last and went to receive his reward in heaven, after having edified all who visited him during his malady, by his pious demeanour and resignation. He was 110 years of age.

*Shacayman's* conversion, which I thought fit to relate in detail, and the great good we have been able to do, and are still doing, in this Vicariate, are due, after God, to our dear Co-operators, who, by the charitable interest they take in the welfare of the Salesian Works, have been the means of bringing the sons of Don Bosco in contact with the Jivaro Indians of Mendez and Gualaquiza. If he who gives a glass of water in the name of Our Divine Lord receives a reward, what shall be said of those, who by their alms are the means of snatching these poor Indians from the clutches of Satan!

In conclusion, kindly remember dear Father your sons at Gualaquiza, but especially him, who has the honour of being

Your obedient son in J. C.

FRANCIS MATTANA.



[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.]

**The Medal of Our Lady.**—My father being dangerously ill from a pulmonary disease, I placed a Medal of Our Lady Help of Christians around his neck, and, at the end of a week, he was completely cured.

SOTERA FAJARDO, *Mexico*.



**Comfortress of the Afflicted.**—I had been suffering about two years from dyspepsia and during all that time I did not receive the slightest relief from the medicines I took. I at length had recourse to the intercession of Mary Help of Christians and was entirely liberated. Since then, now four months age, I have not had the slightest indisposition. I beg you to publish this grace in the *Salesian Bulletin*.

A SALESIAN CO-OPERATOR, *Petare (Venezuela)*.

\* \*

**A Novena.**—I am unable to thank you sufficiently for the Novena of prayers the children of the Oratory offered up for my intention. On the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, when the Novena terminated, the abscess, from which I had been suffering, broke of itself, contrary to even the most favourable hopes of the doctors, and thus all idea of an operation was abandoned. I hasten, therefore, to render public thanks to the Most Holy Virgin.

N. N., *Avignon (France)*.

\* \*

**Help of the Weak.**—BARTHOLOMEW LANZA, one of my parishioners, was attacked, some two months ago, by a painful malady which in a very short time reduced him to death's door. Despaired of by the doctors, he received the last Sacraments, and in those moments that seemed to be his last, he had recourse to the powerful intercession of Our Blessed Lady promising, should he recover, to lead a more Christian life and send a thank-offering to the Sanctuary of Our Lady Help of Christians in Turin. His prayer was graciously heard, and he now sends you the enclosed alms in accordance with his promise. Blessed are they who confide in Our Lady!

REV. PETER VERRI, *Silvano d'Orba (Italy)*.

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:—

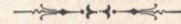
Michael Baiotto, Tigliole; Rev. Francis Bertoncetto, Candiana; Mrs. Ongari, Pellugo; Joseph Bernasconi, Torricella; Mary Loggia, Borgo d'Ale; Rosalia Berri; Mary Passerini-Verchiani, Pesaro; John Giorgi, Castel S. Pietro; Lucy Centurelli, Chignolo d'Isola; Antonia Gregori, Trent (Austria); Rev. John Olivero, Saluzzo; Louis Castello, Lavagna; Paul Castelli, Inverigo; Angeline Gallo-Onesti, Fezzano; Joseph Pezzucchi, Turin; Angela Masnaghetti, Mandello; Henrietta Nobile, Codeville; Rev. Francis Cottrino, Treviglio; Mary Caccini, Omegna; Magdalene Gardoncini, California (U. S. of America); Mary Bernasconi, Castello S. Pietro; Antony Girardi, Rossano Veneto.

(Continued on page 144.)



#### A PROLIFIC CAUSE OF DRUNKENNESS.

Habitual drinking in the home, with the usual attendant bad example, is a sad and prolific cause of the sin of drunkenness. Many an uncontrollable appetite for strong drink has been created in the home into which intoxicants freely and frequently enter. Many heart-broken mothers have only themselves to blame for the dissipation of their wayward sons, because they did not protect them in time by sufficient safeguards against the insidious dangers of drink. Some women, alas, are not wholly free from the frightful curse of this destructive appetite. It is in the home, or in the social circle, that this fatal fondness found its first encouragement. The saloon will not entertain any scruples at enriching itself from the reckless contributions of unfortunate and degraded women drunkards. With all its foul sins to account for, this one at least cannot be laid at its door.



#### THE IDEAL CATHOLIC MOTHER.

There is the mother of the family, whose life is one unbroken round of acts of affection. The spirit of sacrifice, the craving to bear others' burdens, is her spirit. You know how a good mother watches at a sick bed the live-long night, passing back and forth through the dark rooms, listening to the breathing, answering every sigh with a comforting word or a cool drink or a soft caress. The accents, the tones of the voice, the very silence, the manners, the ways, of a good mother, diffuse what Scripture calls the fragrance of ointments around her household.

You know, too, how she saves and pinches to keep off debt, to dress the children neatly, to save a penny to give them a holiday, to save a dollar for hard times or a spell of sickness. And all this sacrifice is a matter of course with her.

But the truest glory of a mother is her patience. The patient mother is the valiant woman of the Scripture. She is the woman who smothers her anger; who will suffer the impertinence of an unruly child in silence; who forgets as well as forgives; whose admonition or correction is the reluctant tribute of a tender heart to the child's well-being. Do you want to know how she is able to do this? The secret of it is that she finds time—in the heavy duty of being every body's servant—to attend to religion; to make her monthly Communion; to give alms to the poor from her hard savings; to visit and watch with sick or afflicted neighbours. It is, in a



word, because she ever gazes in spirit upon that Holy Family where Mary was mother that she is able to be a good Christian mother.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

### HIS DEAREST FRIEND.

In the year 1894 a wealthy American gentleman who was making a tour through the chief cities of the Western World, strolled one day from his hotel in Dublin into a poor part of the suburbs. As he passed along the dark and narrow lanes, he saw through the open door of a Catholic Church the glimmering sanctuary lamp, and turning in he paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

Shortly after, there entered a poor aged woman. She passed up the centre aisle, and turning to the right looked longingly at the altar and statue of Our Lady. Before she knelt down she lit a candle and placed it on a stand beside the shrine, and in so doing attracted the attention of the American gentleman. He prayed a little longer, then rose, and quietly walking up to the poor woman, touched her gently on the shoulder.

"Would you be so good," said he, "as to tell me why you lit that candle?"

"To honour the Holy Mother of God, and get an answer to my prayer," was the simple reply.

The gentleman knelt down and said a few prayers to Our Lady, but long after his prayer was ended he still knelt watching the deep fervour of the poor old woman, till his curiosity again led him to approach and ask:

"Do you think your prayer will be heard?"

"Do I think my prayer will be heard! I am sure of it! I always get what I ask from the Blessed Virgin."

The visitor was deeply struck by her faith, and retiring, sat and again watched her as she knelt in earnest prayer, till a third time he went up to her:

"My good woman," he said, "I hope you won't be offended if I ask another question, but really I should like to know the favour you are asking of Our Lady?"

"I had a son," she answered, "as good a lad as a mother could wish to have, but many years ago he went to seek his fortune in America. I have long lost sight of him, and he has long lost sight of me; but I am sure if my boy only knew the great wants of his dear old mother, he would come and help me. So I daily ask the Blessed Virgin to tell him where and how poor I am. That she will grant my pray I am sure, but I suppose it will be in her own good time."

"And what is the name of your son?" She told him, and full of surprise, he exclaimed:

"I know your son! He is my dearest and best friend. He is now a wealthy man, and before I left America he begged me spare non expense if I saw any means of finding or hearing anything of his dear old mother."

They left the church, and before parting all needs were supplied.

"And," said the gentleman, "when I go to my hotel to-night, I shall write to your son and say I have found his dear old mother, and tell him where you are."

The Blessed Virgin cannot neglect the prayer of faith and constancy, and will obtain from God all that we ask.—*Poor Souls' Friend*.

## THE STORY OF THE ORATORY

OR

### DON BOSCO'S OPENING APOSTOLATE.

#### CHAPTER XVI. (Continued).

—"Yes, yes," they all cried out in a loud voice, "treat us to a drink, otherwise we will not let you pass,"—and in saying this they surrounded him in such a manner that it was impossible for him to move a step.

—"With the greatest of pleasure, my friends," answered the good priest; "and, if you are willing, I will also go and have a drink with you."

—"What a nice priest you are! Just the thing. Let us go to the Alpine Tavern near by."

And Don Bosco followed these young rogues, both to avoid greater mischief, and to see if he could do anything for the good of their souls.

Imagine for yourself, dear reader, what a sight it must have been! A priest in a public-house surrounded by such a crowd. All eyes were fixed on him when he entered, but the frequenters of that tavern were not long in finding out who that priest was, and why he was there.

The young rogues with Don Bosco in their midst seated themselves around a table, and in a short time one, two, three bottles, were consumed. Thinking that they had had enough and seeing that they were now better tempered, the good priest asked them to grant him a favour.

—"Oh! Yes, as many as you like, Don Bosco," they replied, for he had already told them his name,—"because we want to be your friends henceforth."

—"I only want one, my friends. This evening you have several times blasphemed God; promise me never to do so again."

—"I am sorry, Don Bosco," said one of the party; "but you know sometimes a word



escapes without our noticing it. It shall not happen again; we will correct ourselves even if we have to bite off our tongues to do so."—And the others promised to do likewise.

—"That's right. I shall now leave here quite contented. On Sunday I shall expect you at the Oratory. Now it is late, and you should go home to bed."

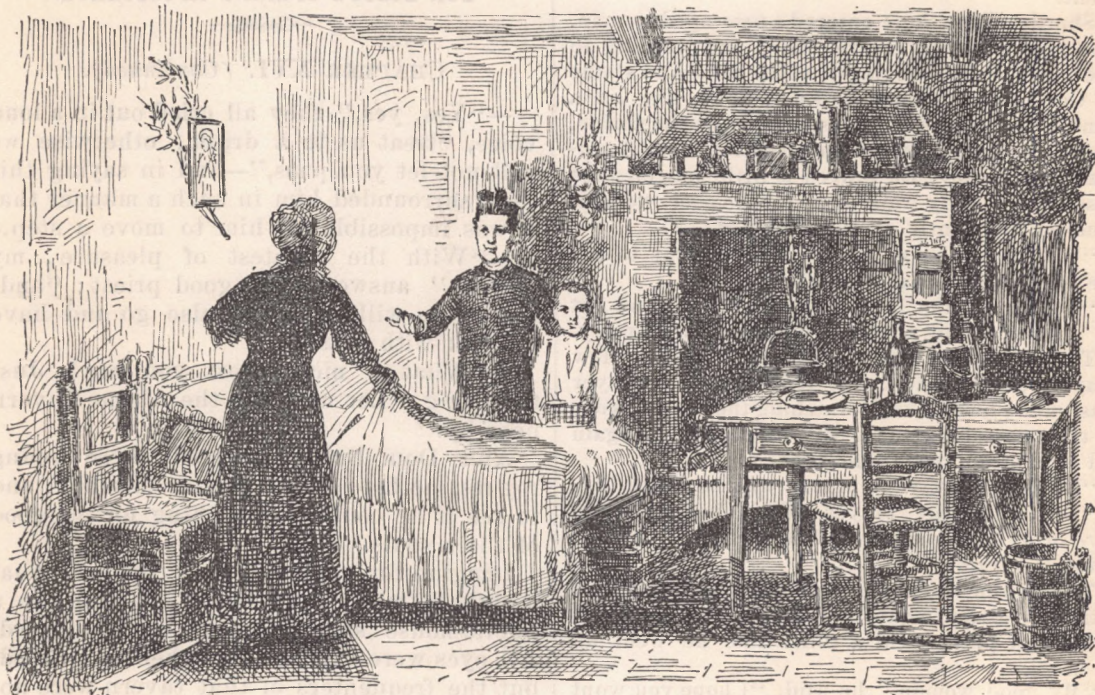
—"I have no home," said one; "Nor I," declared a second; and several other said the same.

—"Where do you sleep?" inquired Don Bosco.

—"Sometimes in a s'able, when the grooms

them to the hay-loft; he gave them sacks of straw and what sheets and blankets he could as bedding, and having all joined in saying a *Pater* and *Ave*, he wished them good night and left them.

The thought that this chance event might be the initiation of his cherished plan—a Home, gave him a sensation of happiness. But Divine Providence had ordained otherwise. When morning came, Don Bosco went to call and send the boys to work for the day; on reaching the ladder that led to the hay-loft, he stopped a moment to listen, but could not hear the slightest sound. Thinking that they were still asleep, he mounted



THE FIRST BOARDER.

allow us; sometimes in a lodging-house, where you can get a bed for twopence; sometimes in the house of an acquaintance or friend."

—"Poor children!" sighed Don Bosco, thinking of the dangers that surrounded these unfortunate lads. "Now listen," he added; "those who have a home, let them go at once, the rest of you come with me."

The party divided: some bid the good priest good night and went at once towards the town; the others, about ten or a dozen, set out with him for Valdocco.

When he reached home, where his mother was anxiously awaiting him, he conducted

the ladder only to find the hay-loft stripped and empty, his ungrateful quests had stealthily decamped with the sheets and blankets.

The failure of this first attempt at founding a Home far from discouraging Don Bosco only served to incite him to do more than ever; considering that the more little vagrants could be rescued from vice, the fewer there would be to grow up to practice thieving.

Late one evening in May, as he and his mother sat at supper, a knock was heard, and on opening the door they found outside a young boy who was wet to the skin, his



scanty rags being no protection against the rain, which fell in torrents; the poor lad sought bread and shelter. Mamma Margaret kindly took him in, seated him by the fire and brought him all that remained of the frugal supper. When he had eaten and rested awhile, he said in answer to Don Bosco who asked him who he was and where he came from:

—"I am poor orphan, and come from Val-  
sesia in search of work; I am a bricklayer,  
and when I started I had three francs, now  
I have not a centime."

—"Have you made your first Communion?"  
asked Don Bosco interested in the little  
fellow's welfare.

—"No, not yet."

—"Have you been confirmed?"

—"I have not."

—"Have you been to Confession yet?"

—"Yes, when my mother was alive."

—"And where do you intend to go, now?"

—"I do not know; for pity's sake let me  
pass the night under this roof;"—and the  
poor lad began to weep.

Mamma Margaret was moved by the sight  
of the boy's tears, and she began to weep  
also. Don Bosco was deeply touched and  
stood silently looking on for a few moments,  
until at length he said:

—"If I were sure you were honest, I  
would give you a lodging; but others have  
deceived me and stolen my sheets and  
blankets."

—"Oh! Father, I am poor, but not a  
thief."

—"If you wish, John," Margaret suggest-  
ed, "we will keep him here to-night. To-  
morrow God will provide."

—"Where can we put him?"

—"Here in the kitchen."

—"And suppose he were to run off with  
the porridge-pot?"

—"I will see that he doesn't do that."

—"Very well, be it so."

Then the mother and son, helped by the  
young lad, took some planks and a few bricks  
and formed a kind of small platform on  
which they placed a mattress with a couple  
of sheets and a blanket, and the bed was  
improvised.

That was the first bed and the first  
dormitory of the Salesian Oratory of Turin,  
which now holds about a thousand boys  
distributed in upwards of forty rooms. Who  
does not see here the workings of Divine  
Providence?

Before retiring Mamma Margaret said a

few words to the lad on the necessity of  
religion and work. Thus, without being at  
all aware of it, she originated a custom  
which is still kept up at the Oratory, and  
has been introduced into all the Salesian  
Houses, namely, the practice of saying a  
few kind words to the children immediately  
after night prayers, thus sending them to  
rest with pious thoughts and good resolu-  
tions.

She concluded by asking him to say his  
prayers.

—"I have forgotten them," he replied.

—"Repeat them after me," said the good  
mother;—and kneeling down together, he  
repeated them word by word. After wishing  
him good-night, Don Bosco and his mother  
went to rest.

Next day, Don Bosco, found work for the  
lad, but he still remained Margaret's guest;  
coming to meals and to sleep at the Oratory,  
until the beginning of winter, when he re-  
turned to his own country. Since then  
nothing has been heard of him, and there  
is reason to believe that he died soon after-  
wards. In spite of many researches we have  
never been able to find out the name of the  
first "*guest*." The reason is that at that  
time Don Bosco did not keep a register of  
those who were recovered, as they were  
only casual, and like birds of passage. But  
it may be that Our Lord has willed matters  
thus, in order that His own intervention  
in this great Work, whose beginning was  
so humble and hidden, might shine forth  
more visibly.

Not long afterwards there came a second  
boy. It happened in this way. In the  
beginning of June in the same year, as Don  
Bosco was returning one evening from the  
Church of St. Francis d' Assisi to the  
Oratory, on reaching the *Corso S. Massimo*  
(since called the *Corso Regina Margherita*),  
he observed a boy of about twelve years of  
age, leaning against an elm-tree crying  
bitterly. The good priest accosted him, and  
asked him why he was crying.

—"I am crying," answered the poor boy,  
between his sobs, "because everybody has  
abandoned me. My father died when I was  
a child, and my mother, who loved me  
dearly, was buried this morning."

And saying this, the child began to sob  
more bitterly than ever.

—"Where did you sleep last night?"

—"I slept at home last night, but to-day,  
the landlord seized the few clothes and the  
furniture that we had and turned me out."



—“And what are you going to do now, and where are you going?”

—“I don't know what to do, nor where to go. I am tired and hungry, and have not a friend in the wide world.”

—“Will you come with me? I will do all I can to help you?”

—“But I do not know who you are.”

—“No matter, you shall know later on; for the present, it is enough for you to know that I am going to be your faithful friend.”

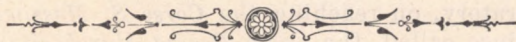
Saying this, he invited the poor little lad to go with him, and shortly afterwards handed him over to his mother Margaret, saying:—“Here is another son, mother, our good God sends us; take care of him, and get another bed ready.”

As the boy belonged to a respectable family, and showed sufficient capacity, he was placed as clerk in a business firm in Turin. Being intelligent and trustworthy, at twenty years of age he had already gained for himself an honourable and lucrative position in the world. He became the father of a family, and has always conducted himself as a loyal citizen and a good Catholic.

The years that have passed by since then have only served to render his affection still greater towards the Oratory, and Don Bosco who saved him, instructed and educated him.

After these two, many other children were sheltered; but, in that year, owing to want of room, Don Bosco limited the number to seven. By their good conduct, those boys were a continual source of pleasure and delight to the good priest, encouraging him to persevere in his arduous undertaking.

*(To be continued).*



## FAVOURS AND GRACES.

*(Continued from page 140.)*

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