

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 or the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Salesians are in duty bound to fulfil all the obligations of the Charitable Association as above described.
- 9.—The names of subscribers will be entered on the Registers of the Association and preserved in the Temple of the Sacred Heart, in Rome, for perpetual remembrance.
- 10.—There are two centres for enrolment, one in Rome, the other in Turin. Address: The Rev. Rector, Ospizio del Sacro Cuore di Gesù, 42, Via Porta S. Lorenzo, Rome; or, The V. Rev. Michael Rua, Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy.

Approbation.

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

✠ L. M. PARROCCI, Card. Vic.

The Papal Blessing.

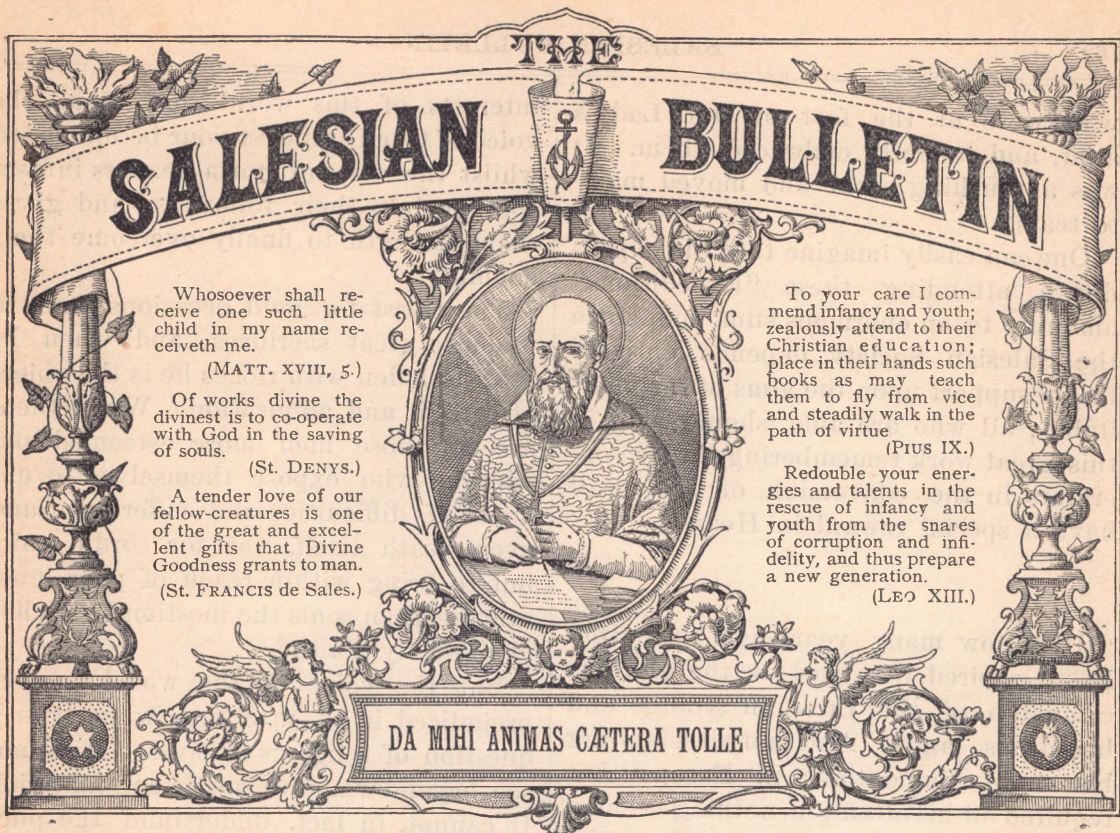
The Holy Father has deigned to accord the blessing asked for the Charitable Association of the Sacred Heart.

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

Whosoever 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

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DEPARTURE OF FIFTY SALESIAN MISSIONERS.

ON the 31st of October, Eve of All Saints, there took place in the Church of Mary Help of Christians at Turin, the thirty-first solemn ceremony of departure of twenty Nuns of Our Lady Help of Christians and thirty priests and catechists bound for Patagonia, Uruguay, the Argentine Republic, Venezuela, Columbia, the United States, Palestine, North and South Africa. The Church brilliantly illuminated as on grand feast-days, was

thronged long before the hour announced. After the singing of a motet by the choir, the Rev. Father Barni, who for several years has been connected with the Salesian Mission of the Sacred Heart at London, ascended the pulpit and delivered a touching discourse on the great need and wants of the Missions, and the immense sacrifices which the Missionary life demands. The sermon was followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, imparted by the Archbishop of Turin, who afterwards from the altar-steps bid the Missionaries a touching adieu. Then his Grace Archbishop Riccardi, Don Rua, successor of Don Bosco, and several other Superiors of the Salesian Society, who were present, advanced towards the young missionaries,

who were at the foot of Our Lady's altar, and tenderly embraced them. It was a touching scene and moved many to tears.

One can easily imagine that the expenditure attending these "Expeditions" amounts to an enormous sum, and, since the Salesian Society depends entirely for its support upon the alms of the charitable, all who are able should help in this great work remembering that co-operators in the conversion of souls will have a special reward in Heaven.

* *
*

It is now many years ago since Don Bosco aspired to a part in the glorious campaign of the Cross in strange and barbarous lands. And notwithstanding his many foundations in Europe that required all his attention, nothing seemed to engross his thoughts so much as the foreign Missions. It seemed as though this alone were wanting to complete the vast plan of regeneration he had conceived. It was not long before he claimed for his sons a place amongst the intrepid pioneers of the Catholic Faith: in 1875 he sent out to South America the first small band of Salesian Missionaries under Father Cagliari, now Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic of Patagonia. People said that it was folly in Don Bosco to undertake this new work. If so it was but the folly of the Cross, for since then the Salesian Fathers' field of action has become so extensive as to render a repetition of missionary "Expeditions" necessary every year.

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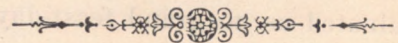
Now the special object the Missionary has in view in abandoning all that is near and dear to him here on earth, is to extend the kingdom of God, to spread the interests of Jesus Christ. And why should not the interests of Jesus enkindle within us as lively an enthusiasm as the

interests of this world do? Shall the voice of Our Divine Saviour be unheeded whilst the voice of mortal leaders infuses courage into their followers, and gives them strength to finally overcome their enemies?

The thirst for gold occasions man to undergo great sacrifices, and when he returns laden with riches he is the object of esteem and admiration. Why, then, are not those men more esteemed and admired who expose themselves to unheard-of difficulties and sufferings, and even death itself, not for sordid gain, but to bring within reach of poor ignorant heathen souls the inestimable riches of our holy Faith?

But the voice of the world is ever prejudiced in its utterance when it is a question of religious motives. It cannot see beyond what is egoistic and material. It cannot, in fact, understand the pure and unselfish motive that determines the Missionary to dedicate his life to the saving of souls. What it therefore regards in the one as benevolence, magnanimity, heroism, it regards in the other as ingratitude, disloyalty, fanaticism. But courage, dear Missionaries, not the world but Jesus Christ is to judge your actions!

Go, then, Our Divine Saviour calls you. Fear not the obstacles you may encounter: *I overcame the world*, says Jesus; and His almighty power precedes you, whilst His grace accompanies you. Do not fear that anything will be wanting to you, for He Who provides for the birds of the air and clothes the lilies of the field, will not forget you. Wherever you may be He will always be with you, and give you strength, light, consolation, and success in your arduous undertakings, and a never-ending life of happiness in the world to come.



THE SECOND CONGRESS
OF THE
SALESIAN REGIONAL DIRECTORS;

THE gratifying results that crowned the first Congress of diocesan and regional Directors of the Salesian Co-operators held three years ago, induced our Superior-General, to address a circular letter to them this year, inviting them to take part in a second congress fixed for the 23rd and 24th of September last. About seventy Directors from all parts of Italy promptly responded to Don Rua's invitation, and assembled in the Salesian Seminary of Foreign Missions — where the mortal remains of Don Bosco repose — at Valsalice, Turin, the spot chosen for the Congress.

Among those present were Monsignor Carpanelli, from Bologna, Monsignor De Luchi, Rector of the Diocesan Seminary of Vicenza, Monsignor Camanzi, Ferrara, Monsignor Marchesi, Mantova, Monsignor Lagorio, Ventimiglia; Canon Barberis, Canon Marianni, Canon Anfossi, Canon Cardebó, Canon Scauri; V. Rev. Father Cottinelli of the Fathers of the Oratory, Brescia, V. Rev. P. Morganti, Spiritual Director of the Archiepiscopal Seminary, Milan; Rev. Father Grancelli, Editor of the *Verona Fedele*; M. le Chevalier Navarotti, Editor of the *Berico*; Count Olivieri, Turin; Sig. Ricci, ex-Mayor of Rapallo, etc., etc.

Our devoted Lady Zelators were well represented by the Countess Lurani of Milan, and Mme. Gay of Cremona.

The other Directors who were impeded from attending owing to illness or other causes, sent letters and telegrams of adherence, and apology for not being able to assist at the Congress.

* *

The Congress was inaugurated on Wednesday, September 23, at 10 o'clock in the *Aula Maxima* of the Salesian Seminary. Don Rua presided on the occasion and was supported by the members of the Superior Chapter of the Salesian Society, viz.: V. Revv. D. Belmonte, Assistant-General, P. Albera, Spiritual Director, F. Cerutti, Prefect of Studies, L. Rocca, Economist-General, and C. Durando, Provincial of the Salesian Houses in Switzerland, England and Belgium.

After the recital of a short prayer by all present, Don Rua delivered the opening address. He first of all thanked the assembled for their kindness and singular disinterestedness in deigning to favour with their presence the reunion. The Salesian Society would never forget its debt of gratitude towards them. He then announced to them the blessing of their Eminences the Cardinals of Verona and Bologna, of the Archbishops of Turin and Modena, and of the Bishops of Concordia, Mondovì and others. Continuing, Don Rua gives a slight *exposé* of what had been proposed and accomplished by the former Congress, viz.: the excellent organization and rapid extension of the Salesian Co-operators in Europe and America; the publication of a Manuel for the Directors; the publication of a small volume in several languages concerning the Works of Don Bosco, which is sent gratis to friends of the Salesian Society; a large increase in the circulation of all the editions of the *Salesian Bulletin*, besides the issue of an edition in German, to be shortly followed by another in Polish, and perhaps also in Portuguese; the foundation of several new Houses: at Milan, Ferrara, Modena, Gorizia, etc.; the International Salesian Congress held last year at Bologna; the Regional Meetings of Co-operators at Turin, Genoa, Palermo; the realisation of an Association of Zelators for promoting the Salesian Works. This rapid glance, said Don Rua, would give them some idea of what had been accomplished in the space of three years. The former Congress then had been a success, and he had no doubt that the present one would bear still more consoling fruits.

Before concluding, he paid an affectionate tribute to the memory of V. Rev. Father Naccari, late Diocesan Director of Chioggia and to Baron Somaruga who had been present at the Congress in 1893. For these departed ones and for all the Salesian Co-operators who have passed to eternity during the last three years, he announced that a solemn *Requiem* Mass would be sung on the following day in the Chapel of the Seminary. Accordingly next morning the Right Rev. Monsignor De-Luchi celebrated the Mass which was attended by the whole assembly.

At the conclusion of Don Rua's discourse, which all listened to with marked attention and pleasure, Father Salamano arose and read the telegrams to be dispatched to His

Holiness, LEC XIII., Cardinal Parocchi, and to the Archbishop of Turin, which telegrams were approved by a universal acclamation.

* *

It is not our intention at present to give our readers a detailed account of the arguments proposed and discussed, and the deliberations taken during the four sessions of the Congress. They will form the topic of subsequent articles for the *Salesian Bulletin*. We limit ourselves, for the time being, to giving the programme that was amply developed, subjoining a few brief general remarks.

The Programme was as follows :

I. A Glance at the Deliberations taken in the International Congress of Salesian Co-operators at Bologna.—(2 Articles).

II. How to Cultivate the Spirit of the Pious Association of Salesian Co-operators amongst its Members.—(4 Articles).

III. The Course of Action to be followed in the Election of Salesian Co-operators.—(3 Articles).

IV. The Mode of Co-operating by the Zelators.—(6 Articles).

V. Sunday Oratories—Religious Higher Education—Sodalities and Guilds for the Students and Artisans.—(2 Articles).

VI. Salesian Press.—(2 Articles).

VII. Salesian Bulletin.—(3 Articles).

VIII. The Publication of a *Catechism* of Salesian Enterprise.—(1 Article).

IX. Salesian Missions.—(3 Articles).

X. Various Proposals.

It was a source of pleasure and consolation for us to see the excellent spirit that animated these benefactors and promoters of Don Bosco's Works. Not for a single instant did they show signs of weariness during those four long sessions, on the contrary, the programme continued to be discussed with lively interest; all in fact were eager to suggest some means best adapted to advance the work of moral and material restoration undertaken by Don Bosco and continued by his sons.

* *

The part of the programme which received a great deal of attention from the assembly, was of course that relating especially to the Association of the Salesian Co-operators. All were unanimous in declaring that this Association has been a potent factor in diffusing an eminently Christian spirit in modern society. Although not a Third

Order properly so called, it has nevertheless all the advantages and privileges of a Third Order, and is likewise founded on the same basis. In fact, it comprises prayer, works of charity, conferences by means of which union amongst the Co-operators is strengthened; the rescue of homeless and abandoned children from the streets and alleys into orphanages and colleges where they are initiated in some trade or profession, or educated for the priesthood when they can take their place in the parishes, or as teachers in the colleges, or go on the Missions; the giving of alms for the maintenance of the little ones, who are so dear to the Sacred Heart; Festive Oratories, and Night Schools where the boys receive an education founded on moral and religious principles; the diffusion of good books, pamphlets, tracts and publications of every kind to oppose the irreligious Press; the Missions in Palestine, Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego, Brazil, Ecuador, Columbia, and in other regions. Here is the immense harvest-field spread open for the Salesian Co-operators to work in.

The Congress was brought to a close on Thursday evening by Don Rua. He assured all present that he was greatly satisfied with the results of those wide-awake assemblies. He said that the Salesian Society has contracted a deep obligation towards them. He then begged them to accept the sentiments of his own grateful thanks and those of his confrères who could not but admire the excellent spirit of their fellow-labourers in the Salesian Apostolate. As a token of his gratitude he granted to all the priests present, the faculty of imparting the Blessing of Our Lady Help of Christians to the sick.

As though something were wanting to complete the joy of the assembly, a telegram in the name of the Pope, arrived from Cardinal Rampolla, just as Don Rua terminated. Our venerable Superior at once read the telegram in which the Holy Father said he gratefully accepted the homage of the congressists and bestowed upon them the Apostolic Benediction.

The usual prayers were then recited and all retired to the Church where a solemn *Te Deum* was sung, followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament which was imparted by Monsignor Lagorio.

*

Beneath the pensive willows which encircle with soft shadows the beloved tomb



THE MEMBERS OF THE SECOND CONGRESS OF SALESIAN REGIONAL DIRECTORS
Held in the Salesian Seminary of Foreign Missions, Valsalice, Turin.

of Don Bosco, the members afterwards clasped hands, and recommending each other to the protection of the Sacred Heart, parted, going separate ways, but inspired with renewed zeal and holy enthusiasm to do one and the same work.

— — — — —
LONDON.
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THE SALESIANS AT WEST BATTERSEA.

ON Sunday, October 18th, the feast of the Dedication of the Church of the Sacred Heart, West Battersea, was kept with its usual solemnity. Solemn High Mass was sung by the Very Rev. Prior Norbert, and an eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Whereat, D. D. Haydn's *Sixteenth Mass* was admirably rendered by the choir, accompanied by an efficient orchestra. In the evening Solemn Vespers were sang, and a touching discourse delivered by Prior Norbert to a large and devout congregation. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament terminated the day's solemnities.

* * *

A day of rejoicing for the Salesians of Battersea was the Feast of St. Charles Borromeo, Saint's day of their Superior, V. Rev. C. B. Macey.

The feast really began on the preceding day when the children of the Elementary School gave a delightful entertainment in Father Macey's honour. On the day itself several students of the college made their first Communion. It was a pretty and touching sight: the young boys kneeling at the altar in their white sashes, waiting in loving silence for their Divine Lord Who was about to pay them His first visit in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.

Solemn High Mass was sung at 11 o'clock by Father Macey. Haydn's *Sixteenth Mass* was again ably rendered under the direction of Rev. Father Rabagliati. After dinner several addresses and poetical compositions in Latin, French and English were read by the boys and presented to the Superior.

In the evening there was given by the students of the House a successful performance of "Hamlet" in the presence of a distinguished audience. Both before and after the curtain arose a song in honour of their good Superior was sung by the boys; the parts were well sustained throughout and reflected great credit on the College choir.



— — — — —
SOUTH AMERICA.
— — — — —

IN THE PATAGONIAN WILDERNESS.

Puntarenas, April 6.

VERY REV. AND DEAR DON RUA,

BROTHER Crema and I have only just returned from a missionary journey which we undertook by order of Monsignor Fagnano, our Apostolic Prefect, across the Pampas and over the mountainous district extending from Puntarenas to Santa Cruz.

A Missionary Journey.

On the 25th of February, after receiving Monsignore's blessing, we set out provided with good horses and an expert guide. The object we had in view was to visit the families of the colonists scattered here and there over the Pampas, far from the haunt of civilization, to give them the benefit of our sacred ministry.

After a monotonous day's ride we made our first halt at the ranch of a certain Mr. Cordonnier at a place called Guanaco Pass. We were received with great kindness by him and his family. We pitched our tent on the banks of a limpid stream that flows through the enclosure of this gentleman's property and passed the night there, since accommodation under the roof was very limited. Early in the morning of the following day, Sunday, I celebrated Holy Mass, at which the entire family assisted with great devotion. Afterwards I administered the Sacrament of Baptism to a baby, six month old, and to a younglad of 14 years, and confirmed 6 persons.

About midday, we bid our friends adieu and re-took the road; our destination this time being Piquetavo, the estate of Mr. Cameron, a genial Irishman. Late in the evening we pulled up at his door, and we were cordially received by him. He placed his house at our disposition, and treated us with the most exquisite courtesy during the

few hours we remained with him. The next morning a small chapel was improvised, wherein I said Mass, and gave the first Communion to the eldest son William, a young lad of sixteen. Poor boy! He had only returned a fortnight previously from a College at Valparaiso, where he had been instructed in the truths of religion, but had not yet been prepared for his first Communion. As soon as Mass was over, I administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to him and to his little sister Eugenia.

Notes by the Way.

A heavy downpour of rain kept us indoors until 11 o'clock, and obliged us to somewhat alter our course. It was our intention to ford the Channel close by at low tide in order to reach the *azienda* of Mr. John, an Englishman. A journey of two or three hours would have taken us there by this route, and saved us a good day's ride in the bargain. But the rain came and upset our plans. When we reached the Channel the tide had begun to set in an hour since. We, therefore, had to give up all idea of crossing and resign ourselves to take a different direction.

In order not to lose any time we for the present resolved to abandon our project of visiting the *azienda* of Mr. John, as it lay too far out of our course. We decided to hasten at once to the ranch of another Englishman, Mr. Reeve by name. The monotony of our ride was broken several times by heavy showers of rain which completely drenched us; but thanks to the strong wind that was blowing our clothes were soon as dry as ever. That night we camped out on the open prairie by the side of a stream. There was a plentiful supply of pasturage for our horses, but as that was not at all congenial to our palate, and not having anything else, we unanimously decided to make a virtue of necessity and fast. We retired under our tent to repose and soon forgot our little troubles. On the following day at sunset, we were at the ranch of Mr. Reeve. In his absence we were warmly welcomed by his wife who is French. They have several sons and daughters, the eldest a young man twenty-four years of age, the youngest a child of two years. Besides English, they speak French and Spanish with fluency. As this family is strictly Protestant, I confined my sacred ministry to the servants,

who are nearly all Chilians, and therefore Catholics. These latter attended the Mass I celebrated on the following morning, and also received Communion with great devotion.

The Guide falls ill.

Whilst staying at the *azienda* our guide fell dangerously ill. It seems that the poor fellow, unknown to us, was slightly indisposed when he volunteered to accompany us; and the rain, hail, and cold he encountered on the way brought on inflammation of the lungs. For two days we attended his bedside, but we could perceive no improvement. The serious condition of our guide and our own awkward situation, as we would now be unable to continue our journey, caused us not a little anxiety. But Divine Providence came to our aid. Peter Ramirez a young lad of 18, who was well acquainted with the neighbourhood, and who knew the path that leads to Gallegos along the sea-coast, offered to accompany us. Seeing that our poor guide was kindly treated at the *azienda* and wanted for nothing, we accepted Peter Ramirez' offer, and continued our journey.

On our way we passed through S. Gregorio, a small hamlet, and visited the two families Menendez and Doulan that reside there. Towards nightfall we arrived at Punta Delgada situated at the eastern entrance of the Magellan Straits. An English Company, at the head of which is a certain Mr. Wood, settled in this place some time ago. Here we passed the night tranquilly, and rising betimes in the morning, we were on the road at an early hour. Leaving behind us the beautiful sea coast, we now entered on a mountainous district. We had to cross two chains of high mountains before reaching Gallegos our next destination.

The most Difficult Part of the Journey — A Magnificent Panorama.

This was the most difficult part of our journey. Ramirez was unacquainted with the country hereabouts, and no beaten tract existed. Some kind persons who tried to point out the way to us, had only succeeded in muddling our ideas. Hence we began the ascent with some trepidation.

That same morning we reached the summit of the first chain of mountains, and were delighted with the magnificent panorama that lay at our feet. On the one side far,

far below we could see the Magellan Straits, Tierra del Fuego, the rocky Cape Virgenes that juts far out into the sea and on whose lofty summit cressets are burned to warn the unsuspecting mariner of danger; whilst further on could be seen the boundless ocean stretching for miles and miles until lost to view in the distance. On the other side a picturesque valley lay between us and the other chain of mountains; beyond these and in the direction of Gallegos, we could clearly distinguish on the *Pampas* the two mountains Aymond and Orejas de Burro, the latter so called because in shape it resembles an ass's ears. Our road lay in the direction of those two mountains.

Camping out under Trying Circumstances.

As we desired to reach Gallegos that evening, no time must be lost, so hastening on, in a few hours we were climbing Mount Aymond which is to all appearances an extinguished volcano. Our ride over the mountains and through the valleys lasted more than eleven hours, and during that time we did not find a single drop of water on the way, the lakes and pools being all dried up. Night came on and overtook us in the wilderness, far from any human habitation. To reach Gallegos that day was out of the question, so we were obliged to dismount and encamp for the night on the open prairie. Our position was not at all an enviable one: alone in the wilderness without water and fuel, and without food or shelter for our animals. We erected our tent in the shadow of two steep mountains of solid rock, which go by the name of the *Monasteries*. These mountains are well known as the haunt of the guanaco and the fierce puma; but we were fortunate in not meeting with the latter.

The Guardians of the Wilderness — A Trying Position.

Just beyond the *Monasteries* is a long chain of little mountains called the *Friars*. This name was doubtless given to them on account of their singular resemblance to so many gigantic cowed friars in procession. We resigned ourselves to pass the night with these solitary guardians of the wilderness, and do a little penance with them, after a long day's weary ride. Our horses were not so easily resigned, but became restless and unmanageable, obliging us to tie them up fast in order to prevent them from run-

ning off. Had we not taken this precaution we might have found ourselves in an awkward position. Only a few months previously the man-servant of a certain Mr. Guillaume was riding across the *Pampas* to some far off city, when on dismounting for a few minutes, he forgot to tie his horse. The animal feeling itself at liberty galloped off, and was soon out of sight, leaving its master alone in the wilderness. For a whole week the poor man wandered over the *Pampas* until he fortunately met with a traveller who extricated him from his dilemma.

The Pleasures of the Journey!— Gallegos at Last

The following morning at an early hour I celebrated Mass in the open air with no other roof but the blue vault of heaven. Taught by experience I had provided myself before starting with a bottle of water besides the other necessaries for the holy Sacrifice, so that I might not be prevented from celebrating if water could not be found in the neighbourhood. During Mass a strong wind sprung up, and I had hardly terminated when a hurricane burst upon us. We were able to continue our journey an hour later, and at one o'clock we beheld the Rio Chico near which Gallegos is to be found.

The horses on catching sight of the waters of the Rio dashed forward at once with a speed that took away our breath. Poor creatures! they had been nearly thirty hours without a drop of water. On reaching the river they eagerly thrust their head into the waters, only to withdraw it a moment later snorting furiously, then wildly rushing here and there, they tasted the waters of the streamlets and pools near by, but all to no purpose, the sea had swollen and rendered the waters of the river unfit to drink. After no end of trouble we managed to get our horses to continue the journey. In a short time we met with two travellers—the only persons we encountered during those two days—who indicated to us the road to Gallegos, where we arrived that evening in a deplorable condition. Having seen that our horses were well fed and comfortably sheltered, we portook of a hearty meal and then retired to repose.

We remained at Gallegos several days and during our stay we were the guests of the Governor, a kindhearted gentleman, who allotted us the best apartments in his newly built residence. One of the halls of the

house was used as a Chapel, and therein I daily said Mass and administered the Sacraments. I was rejoiced to see quite a number of people attend, amongst whom the Governor and his family were most assiduous.

**Gallegos and its Surroundings —
A Dying Woman who chants
the "Nunc Dimittis".**

The little town—if such it can be called—is slowly progressing; it is now somewhat larger than it was last year and counts already some two hundred inhabitants. It can boast of thirty-one houses, a Governor's residence, and a pretty parish church, which, however, is now occupied by the soldiers.

At present there is no priest stationed at Gallegos. Monsignor Fagnano promised to send one as soon as it lies in his power to do so, and the population is anxiously looking forward to that moment. The Governor has already made us a grant of two and a half acres of land whereon to build a Church, Festive Oratory, schools, workshops, etc. There is also a capital of some 40,000 francs with which to begin the undertaking; Providence will provide the rest.

It was here that we found a poor woman who had been dying for the last six months. The doctor who attended the sick woman marvelled at finding her still alive at each successive visit. But she had asked God not to let her die without the Sacraments, and her prayer was granted. I administered to her the last Sacraments of the Church and gave her the Papal Benediction. With tears in her eyes she rendered thanks to God, and like holy Simeon of old, she asked to breathe forth her soul in peace, since she had received the desired grace.

A Dangerous Ford.

As I had to undertake a journey to the mouth of the River Chico and on the opposite side, in order to baptize two children, we thought of crossing in a boat—a row of some four hours,—which would have saved us a roundabout journey of two days. The captain of the *Marta Galle* kindly offered to take us over, if the wind were not blowing; otherwise it is impossible. But when is there no wind at Gallegos? We waited patiently for three days, but seeing that the wind did not abate for a single instant, we finally mounted our horses and took the other route.

Some thirty miles up the river there is a ford to which we directed our course. When we arrived [at that point we found that, owing to the thawing of the snow on the Cordilleras, the waters had risen, and rendered the spot very dangerous. Only three months ago, a government agent, whilst fording the river at this point on horseback, disappeared, and both horse and rider have not since been found. This accident naturally caused people to feel an instinctive dread of that ford, and since then it has not been used; travellers would undertake a long journey along the river to Guaraike where another ford exists, rather than risk their lives at this point. Seeing that it would be foolhardiness to attempt to pass here, we decided to ride on to Guaraike, where, if the ford be not free from all danger, it is at least much better.

A Disagreeable Experience.

As soon as we arrived there we engaged an experienced guide to conduct us over the river. Besides the horses that carried us, we were furnished with several others for our baggage, and to substitute those we were riding when these latter were tired. Leading the way, the guide entered the river, but only two or three of our horses followed in his track, the others rushed at random into the water and made for the opposite shore on their own account. The guide shouted and cracked his whip, but all to no purpose, the animals continued in their own course. The horses of Brother Crema and Peter Ramirez submissively followed in the wake of the guide, and carried their riders without any mishap to the opposite shore. I, however, was not so fortunate. The horse I rode was a spirited animal, and I soon lost all control over it in the water. I tried in vain to guide it in the track of the others, the beast was obstinate. It soon became furious, and began to make all kinds of evolutions; to add to my discomfiture it several times rose on its fore-legs trying to throw me into the river. I managed to keep my seat, but in order not to run a still greater risk, I gave the animal free rein. It at once rushed off in the direction of the others, who by this time had almost reached the opposite side. I was still several yards from the shore, when suddenly the ground seemed to give way under my horse and in a moment I felt the cold water around my legs and body and saw my horse almost entirely submerged; it was instantly caught in the current

and being swept along by the impetuous torrent. The poor beast made herculean efforts to extricate itself; twice I thought that all was over on seeing the animal relax, and twice I was on the point of trusting myself to the mercy of the waves; but each time it renewed its exertions with still greater vigour. Oh! how the prayers came spontaneously to my lips in those awful moments! My companions stood gazing at me from the shore horror-stricken. How they must have suffered at seeing me helplessly dragged along, and they unable to come to my aid! This state of things lasted several minutes when, thanks be to God, my horse at length managed to get clear of the current and reach the shore. I was in a pitiable state, but I was safe. My first sentiments were of grateful thanks to God and Mary Help of Christians for my deliverance. Having seen that nothing was missing, we continued our journey without delay, leaving to the wind to dry me.

On the evening of the third day we pulled up at Santa Cruz, our destination, and we were accorded a warm welcome by the Pedretti family, who at once placed a bountiful repast before us, to which we did ample justice. The night being far advanced we soon retired; but as there are not many conveniences on the *Pampas* we had to accommodate ourselves to circumstances.

A Midnight Concert.

We arrived at Santa Cruz hungry and worn out by fatigue, having ridden a distance of 250 miles in three days. Brother Crema, moreover, had been thrown from his horse and had sustained some slight injury in one of his legs. We, therefore, looked forward to the night's rest as a solace and relief in our present state. But we were to be bitterly disappointed in our expectations. No doubt Divine Providence wished to try our patience.

The place assigned us as a sleeping apartment was a small iron out-building wherein the sheep are sheared; our bed the bare ground with our saddle for a pillow. Outside blew a strong wind that raised clouds of dust which penetrated into our abode through the large fissures in the sides and roof, enveloping us completely; only the stones were hindered from entering, but they showed their displeasure by striking against the iron with a terrible noise. Adjoining the shed is a small corral where about 150 lambs, sheep and goats are gathered. The

latter frolicsome creatures seemed to take a particular delight in butting every few minutes the iron sides of the out-building, with the result that we were almost deafened by the noise which resembled the discharges of a ten-pounder. The poultry alarmed began to cackle, then three large mastiffs made the country around re-echo with their baying; the cows, nothing loth, lowed, and the sheep bleated, whilst the owl united its musical notes with the rest. Nothing, in fact, was wanting to complete the accord: the harmony was perfect.

To invite slumber under such circumstances was out of the question, for all the night long the sweet melodies continued with unabated vigour. The hours passed slowly, they almost seemed interminable, but at length day dawned to our relief, although we arose from our hard bed more weary than when we laid down.

The Season of Grace and Benediction.

Santa Cruz is a small garison, composed of 105 houses and huts, and counts some 260 inhabitants. We were courteously received at the fort by the Governor, Mr. George Barnes, and by the Authorities and the soldiers, who had been expecting us for some time. They had been hard at work building a parish Church which they had managed to complete before our arrival. It is a neat little structure and measures about 80 feet in length and 30 in width. The walls are built entirely of unbaked bricks and support a roof of pine-wood covered with iron. On the morning of March 19, feast of St. Joseph, I solemnly blessed it under the titles of Santa Cruz and the Holy Family. Immediately afterwards I celebrated holy Mass at which all the soldiers, the people, and the Authorities were present. It was a red letter day for the little town.

From the 19th to the 25th, feast of the Annunciation, I gave a Mission in the new Church. During those seven days I preached morning and evening to the adults, and in the afternoon we taught the children their Catechism. We had the consolation of always seeing the services largely attended: all were eager to hear the Word of God from the lips of the Missionary. In that short space of time I blessed 7 marriages, administered Baptism to 12 children, confirmed 47 persons, the greater part adults, heard numerous Confessions and distributed Communion daily to a large number, es-

pecially to the soldiers. Considering our brief stay we were really able to do a great deal of good. *Deo Gratias.*

A Sad Disappointment.

By Santa Cruz runs a river of the same name, and on the opposite bank live several families whom we were anxious to visit before setting out on our return journey. The commander of the garrison kindly offered to have us conveyed over in a sailing boat he was expecting from the opposite shore with the first favourable wind.

At length on Saturday evening the boat put in an appearance at Santa Cruz, but set out again on the following morning without us. Having arranged only a day or two previously to bless a few marriages and administer holy Communion for the first time to several persons, I could not avail myself of the opportunity of crossing the river on that day. It was a sad disappointment for us, and we looked upon it as a misfortune, but we soon changed our opinion.

It was a beautiful day; the sun shone brightly, and not a speck could be seen in the heavens; the river calmly pursued its course, whilst a slight wind was blowing in the direction of the opposite shore. The day seemed especially designed for a sail. The boat leaves the shore and is slowly wafted along by a gentle breeze. Ten minutes pass by, a half-an-hour; the boat is now almost half way across; but all of a sudden a violent wind comes and blows the tiny craft on, on, up the river, and soon it is lost to sight. We do not know what became of the little vessel; it never reached the opposite side!

* * * * *

We clearly saw that we would have to abandon our project as hopeless, but we did not intend to give up without attempting some other course. The following day we saddled our horses and at an early hour rode alongside the river for several miles in search of a ford. We found two places used for this purpose, but owing to the turbulent state of the waters, all our attempts to cross were ineffectual. We returned to Santa Cruz late in the evening weary and disappointed. The two following days, we were obliged to remain indoors, shut up in our romantic dwelling—the out-building, on account of the rough weather; this time we took the precaution to erect our tent therein, so as to protect us from the everlasting clouds of dust. The very day we had essayed

to cross the river, the Commissioner of the Police, who ventured to make the attempt, ran the risk of being drowned. When but a short way across, his boat was caught by the huge breakers and helplessly tossed here and there, the oars being of no avail whatever against the impetuosity of the waves and wind. It at last struck upon the rocks. The Commissioner of the Police with difficulty saved himself, but his horse and baggage disappeared and were never seen again. So you see, dear Father, to cross this river is no child's play.

The Homeward Bound.

Our return journey from Santa Cruz to Puntarenas was a rapid one, thanks to the good horses with which we were provided. We reached home on the Eve of Holy Week, just when we were wanted. The cold weather had meanwhile set in, and during the last few days of our journey we were obliged to break the ice of the streams in order to procure water for our morning ablutions; we were, moreover, attended by a cold piercing wind that benumbed our face and hands. This however was of little consequence; what alarmed us was the thought of a fall of snow, which would retard our progress; it came, but just a few minutes after our arrival at Puntarenas.

During our journey which lasted 33 days, we travelled about 1300 miles. We forded several rivers, and passed many lakes, the greater number of which were dried up. Every year there is a notable evaporation of the lakes in Patagonia; if this state of affairs continues, in a few years no water will be found in the land for the cattle.

The places we visited were: Guanaco Pass, Piquetavo, Oseño, S. Gregorio, Punta Delgada, Gallegos, Coy-le, Cañadon de las Vacas, Santa Cruz, Cañadon de la Chinas, Laguna de la Leona, Guaraika, Paleaika, Dina Marquera and Cabeza del Mar.

From what I have said you can easily understand what an urgent need of priests there is in this Apostolic Prefecture. We earnestly pray Divine Providence to come to our aid.

Humbly begging your blessing, believe me,

Your obedient Son in Xto.,

MAGGIORINO BORGATELLO,
Salesian Missioner.



[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.]

Health of the Weak.—With all my heart I wish to return thanks to Our Lady Help of Christians for restoration to health of my husband and little baby. I made a Novena in Our Lady's honour and promised, if my prayer were heard, to have the grace published in the *Salesian Bulletin*, and send an offering in thanksgiving. Thanks to the Blessed Virgin my prayer was granted.

N. N., *Dublin (Ireland)*.

* *

A Novena to Our Lady.—A sister of one of our Nuns fell dangerously ill and after undergoing two operations became so bad that the doctor thought she was dying. We immediately commenced a Novena to Our Lady, and the sick woman gradually became better and was able in a few days to go through another operation which was most successful. She is now nearly as well as ever and faithful to my promise I desire to make the favour known.

REV. SISTER M. VINCENT,
Presentation Convent, Cork (Ireland).

* *

The Blessing of Our Lady.—THE REV. H. MORBELLI, of Pieve Borgo Morbelli, Italy, writes to say that a young girl of Torriglia who had been suffering from sore eyes found instant relief and a perfect cure some hours after having received the Benediction of Our Lady Help of Christians.

* *

Confidence Rewarded.—I had been suffering continually for over a year and a half from a very painful sore throat, and the doctors had not been able to procure me any relief. I at length had recourse to Our Lady Help of Christians with a Novena of prayers, and at its conclusion I was notably relieved, in fact, cured.

CLORENDA VEDOVELLI-ANDREAZZO,
Breguzzo (Austria).

Thanksgiving.—I beg to thank you for the prayers you have had said for my intentions. God has deigned to hear them and grant me two graces, a spiritual one and a temporal one. I beg you to have this published in the *Salesian Bulletin* in honour of Our Lady Auxiliatrice.

J. V., *Hyères (France)*.

* *

Our Lady always hears our prayer.—For six months my father had been out of employment, on which account the rest of the family who depend almost entirely on him, have been in dire straits. In this difficulty I had recourse to Our Lady Help of Christians, who always hears our prayers, and I had the consolation of seeing him obtain a situation at Genoa on the last day of my Novena. May Our Blessed Lady be for ever thanked and praised!

DANTE ZAQUEO, *Turin (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:—

Teresa Colombo, Turin; Rosa Tonengo, Chivasso; Lucy Quaglia; Mary Pecchio, Settimo; Margaret Balle, Carmagnola; Mary Biarcio, Castelceriolo; James Camisassi, Cavour; Vercellino Gesualda, Asti; John Bertone, Romano Canavese; Michael Angonova, Carmagnola; Peter Chiarle, Montaldo Roero; Caroline Candiglio, Carignano; John Pellissero, Turin; Melchior & Mary Dellaferrera; Anne Rota, Lù; Peter Fassio, Castelrosso; Rosalia Bertola, Turin; Rev. Dominic Giuliano, Naples; Mary Lumello, Rufia; Catherine Fassio, Castelrosso; Pauline Giuggia, Turin; Joseph Golet, Bernes; Giuseppa Giacometto, Caluso; Teresa Berolo, S. Sebastiano; Margaret Frattini, Turin; John Oggioni, Sassari; Peter Benasedo, Lecco; Anthony Manassero, Macello; Dominic Daniele, Turin; Teresa Ferraris; Moncrivello; Rosalia Ronchi, Vinovo; Pauline Negri, Turin; Sebastian Gatti, Priucca; Rev. Sr. Mary Cane, Castellanza; Catherine Pensa, Niella Tanaro; Joanna Costamagna, Mondovì; Rev. Fr. Philip, Fesia; Mary Cervini, Turin; Tarsilla Ghigo, Casale; Annetta Novara, Alba; Louisa Borio, Costigliole d'Asti; Ambrose Rezzonico; Cav. Henry Belli, Turin; Margaret Fevaro, Villa Stellone; Pasquale Cantore, S. Antonino; Augustine Mangiardi, Alpigiano; John Tonello, Cigliano; John Moglia, Moncuoco; Julius Malvacchino; Agnes Casali, Pralormo; Mary Carignano, Turin; Barbara Bertone, S. Ambrogio Susa; Secondo Pasquero, Vezza d'Alba; Dominica Tresso, Front; Joanna Laurenti, Turin; Felix Cantore, La Chiusa; John Santhià, Saluggia; Marianna Ferrero, Castagnole Lanzo; Camilla Arinda Sauza; Vincent Gambino, Poirino; Rose Bellis; Victoria Cena, Chivasso.

(Continued on page 176.)



MAKE THE LITTLE ONES HAPPY.

Why not pass through life like a gleam of sunshine, cheering and refreshing the hearts of those we meet? Entering into others' trials and helping to bear their burdens are blessed services, which are their own rewards.

We realize the comforts derived from sympathy—"that fellow-feeling which makes us wonderful kind." But how much sympathy do we bestow on the little ones?

Their need for it is greater than we think, for the old are just as apt to forget that they were once young as the young are apt to forget that they will one day be old, says a writer in the *New World*. To us their sorrows over "dead" dollies, and broken carts seem very trivial, yet they agitate them just as much as a fall in stocks and a sick baby disturb us children of a larger growth. Their feebler power and lack of experience place them in a trying position. Every accident appears an irremediable disaster; each little failure an abiding ruin . . .

Oh, let us be careful how we treat those tender blossoms of heaven, so shrinkingly sensitive, so quick to detect the loving glance, the kindly word—and so parched, many of them, for want of the dews of affectionate sympathy and tender interest!

Many a man and woman afflicted with a melancholy temperament which distorts and discolors all his or her views of life owes that terrible Nemesis to an uncared-for childhood. Every touch upon such plastic character leaves its impress; every stain defiles. Don't keep your hearts' wealth and best bon mots for the drawing-room. Take them up into the nursery.

As the evenings grow longer, and recreation in the open air is no longer pleasant, parents should provide indoor amusements for their children. Make home pleasant, as pleasant as innocent fun and play can make it. Don't ask the little ones to go to bed right after supper; don't make the school-going boys and girls do your house work for you, and then study their lessons for school, and don't ask the grown-up boys and girls to sit around quietly till they are sleepy. Let all have amusements to suit them. Introduce music and plays into your house. Let the parents take part in their children's sport. You will give them such a liking for home, that, as the boy grows into the young man and the girl into the young lady, no outside enjoyment will give them such satisfaction as the pleasures of home. Then, at a reasonable hour, gather all together for

night prayers; let the smaller ones retire and the older ones study or do something useful until bedtime.—*The Sacred Heart Review*.

ST CARILEFF AND HIS WREN.

St. Carileff was a monk who lived at Menat, near Clermont, and died about 540. Becoming dissatisfied with his monastery, he resolved to penetrate farther into the forest, and live a more retired life. He and a companion went to reconnoitre, and in a remote corner came upon an old neglected vineyard, where they thought of settling down.

One hot day the saint was working, and had hung his hood on an oak-tree. When, returning to put it on, he found that a wren had laid an egg in it. The good hermit rejoiced, and left his hood, so as not to disturb the tiny creature's nest. When he reported the circumstance to his abbot, the latter answered: "This is no accident. Return thither, and there a monastery shall arise some day."

St. Carileff returned and settled in the old vineyard. And he gained the confidence of other animals besides the wren; for a large buffalo used to come to his cell and let him stroke his shaggy neck, and then would gallop back into the forest. One day the king heard of this splendid buffalo roaming about, and made up a hunting party to secure it. But it took refuge at the hermit's cell; and the huntsmen were so amazed at seeing the great monarch of the forest standing thus peaceably beside its protector, that they acknowledged the man of God's superior power, and ended by giving him a grant of lands to build a monastery there.—*The Ave Maria*.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

In the year 1856 a great fire occurred at Zams, a village in Tyrol, situated on the line which connects that country with Switzerland. In the garret of one of the houses that were burnt to the ground, slept two young sisters aged twelve and fourteen years. The fire had already burnt holes in the floor of the bedroom without its disturbing their sound and innocent slumbers, when a portion of the planks falling with a crash into the room below, suddenly awoke them.

In perceiving the fire they leapt out of bed and rushed to the door to save themselves. But on opening it a volume of bright flames sprang towards them, and in their terror they again shut the door and stood anguish-stricken in the burning pile. They clung to each other, they cried, they wept, and wringing their hands sobbed forth:

"We shall be burnt to death; and it will so hurt!"

"I will rather be burnt in my bed than on the floor," exclaimed Nannie the younger girl, once more laying her head on the pillow.

Then it occurred to Molly, the elder, that the window was still accessible and that it was better to leap out at the risk of broken limbs than to perish in the flames. In her love and desperation she forcibly dragged the timid Nannie once more out of bed, led her to the window and encouraged her to take the desperate leap. Nannie drew back in alarm, and shuddering she exclaimed:

"It is far too high, I dare not!"

"I will spring out first," replied the courageous Molly, "and you must promise me on your word of honour to follow me if I am not hurt."

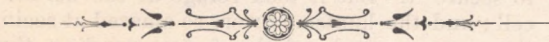
Nannie trembling from head to foot gave her solemn consent.

"Holy Angel Guardian, help me," prayed Molly as she suddenly sprang into the air.

Was it the flutter of an Angel's wing that the crowd assembling below saw flashing white through the ruddy glow of the conflagration? In an instant they beheld Molly lying motionless on the hard pavement, and heard her clear young voice calling:—"Jump Nannie, jump! I am safe and sound!"

Then a second flutter of something white through the air; and the rescued sisters were together; and both perfectly uninjured.

Who can doubt that the Guardian Angels of those confiding children rescued them from certain death.—*The Poor Souls' Friend.*



THE STORY OF THE ORATORY

OR

DON BOSCO'S OPENING APOSTOLATE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The infuriated Washerwomen on the site of the Oratory of St. Aloysius—Emancipation and the Vaudois—Bitter fruits—The Bribe—The Call to Battle—The Pistol-shots—Master of the Situation.



As a rule works that seek the glory of God and the good of souls are more or less the mark of malignant attacks and fierce persecution. One would naturally think that it should be quite the contrary; that the just man and his work should always triumph, and the wicked efforts of the evil doer come to nought. Yet who more just than Our Divine Saviour? Who more

zealous for the glory of His Father and for the salvation of souls? And, notwithstanding, who suffered more than He? The Garden of Olives, the Hall of Pilate, the heights of Calvary stand out clear and glaring, and show us to what excesses the wickedness of man can go. The history of the Church, which is Christ's own creation and work, is but a repetition of His history. Wicked men are ever at work to harass and oppress her. Even in our own days, in this age of enlightenment, we see her ministers and institutions slandered and persecuted. But this is only a continuation of her past history, and will so endure until the life of man ceases to be a trial and a combat. Until then pious institutions will have to suffer persecution through fanatical hatred and wicked slanders; and, what is still worse, be treacherously oppressed by persons who should stand by and defend them. Don Bosco's institutions have to prove all this, because being blessed by God, they are necessarily marked with the seal of trial.

Amongst the foundations of the good priest which from the very beginning were bitterly persecuted, was the Oratory of St. Aloysius.

The first to begin hostilities were the washerwomen who dwelt in that spot. As soon as they knew that Don Bosco had rented that tenement, they became furious, and having warmly discussed the matter amongst themselves they resolved to assail the poor priest in a body and oblige him by invectives and threats to break off the contract.

Accordingly, one day as Don Bosco with the landlady was examining the house to see what modifications and repairs were necessary before taking possession, they were surrounded by about a dozen washerwomen with arms akimbo and fiery countenances, and with eyes that blazed with rage; they looked, in fact, like so many furies. Accosting Don Bosco they poured forth a torrent of abusive language:

—"Hardhearted and uncharitable priest," burst out one, "what harm have we done to you that you should come and throw us out of house and home?"

—"Are there not more suitable places in Turin," said, or rather screamed another of the amiable creatures, "where to hold your rascally reunions?"

—"How I would like to see you fall down and break your neck," was the gentle wish of a third.

—"Perdition take you and your Oratory," screeched a fourth.

—“And if you do not quickly take yourself off, we will make you,” said another; “we have a good pair of hands, do you know,” she added, “and will give your face a washing.” With these words she approached Don Bosco to put her threat into execution.

Deeming it time to speak, he addressed them:—“Listen, my good women,” he began, “listen . . .”

—“No,” interrupted they. “we shan’t listen; get yourself out of this and leave our rooms alone, or else you will be carried away more dead than alive.” And, in truth, they seemed quite capable of carrying out their threat.

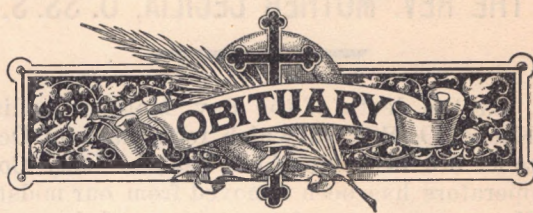
But at that moment the landlady interposed, and said: “You are mistaken, my dear people, if you think that Don Bosco has come here to your disadvantage; on the contrary you will profit by his presence. By founding an Oratory in these parts, and very soon a College, he intends to consign the soiled linen of the inmates to you for washing and repairing, etc. Why then be angry with this good priest, when you have every reason to be thankful to him? Besides, I intend to find you lodgings somewhere in the neighbourhood near the River Po, so that you will find no difficulty whatever to continue your work; and what with greater employment and better pay, you ought to be more than satisfied.”

The words of the landlady had the desired effect. The washerwomen who a moment before were so furious, became as quiet as lambs, and even asked Don Bosco’s pardon for their insolence. After this little incident they left him and his Oratory in peace.

(To be continued).



As long as a temptation is displeasing to you there is nothing to fear, for why does it displease you if not because you do not wish it. Moreover, these very importunate temptations come from the malice of the devil, but the trouble and suffering they cause come from the mercy of God. He draws from the malice of his enemy the holy tribulation by which he refines the gold he desires to place in his treasury. Despise the temptations and embrace the tribulations.—*St. Francis of Sales.*



THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP STROBINO.

WITH feelings of deep regret we record the death of Bishop Strobino, Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District of the Cape of Good Hope. Dr. Strobino was born in 1856 at Biella, in Piedmont, Italy, and at an early age, was sent to the Salesian Oratory, Turin, to pursue his course of studies preparatory to attending the University at Genoa. During the four years he spent at the Oratory, he made the acquaintance of Don Bosco, whom he learnt to esteem and love. Ever since until his death, he continued to be a firm friend and admirer of our beloved Founder and his Work. Soon after his ordination, Father Strobino met Bishop Ricards, whom he accompanied to South Africa. Here in a short time he endeared himself to both clergy and people. A few years later he was appointed Coadjutor-Bishop, with right of succession, to Dr. Ricards, whom he eventually succeeded in the vast and important Vicariate of the Eastern District of the Cape of Good Hope. Last year, owing to the precarious state of his health, he applied to Rome for a Coadjutor-Bishop, and his request was granted by the consecration of Right Rev. Dr. McSherry. Since then he has been slowly languishing, and on the 28th of September he breathed his last.

“Nearly everybody in Port Elizabeth”, says the *Port Elizabeth Telegraph*, “knew Bishop Strobino—many had been the recipients of his friendly offices, and all had been charmed with his scholarly attainments, the depth of his feelings, the sincerity and openness of his character, and his undoubted tolerance of those whose religious opinions differed materially from his own. A friend to the poor and a visitor to the sick, a counsellor to the distressed and a worthy citizen of this town, it is not surprising to find how widespread is the sorrow at his death.”—R. I. P.

THE REV. MOTHER CECILIA, O. SS. S.

BY the death of the Rev. Mother Cecilia Keene, O. SS. S., which took place on October 3rd last, one of our zealous Lady Co-operators has been removed from our midst. Her many acts of generosity and benevolence towards our humble Society are still fresh in our memory.

A convert from Protestantism in her youth, the Rev. Mother Cecilia desired to consecrate her whole life to the service of God, and for this purpose she became a postulant for the habit of St. Bridget. Two years later she made her solemn religious profession and thus satisfied the intense longing she had to consecrate herself to her Divine Spouse Jesus Christ.

"Since then" says the *Poor Soul's Friend*, "her zeal for the greater honour and glory of God has ever gone on increasing. Her sympathetic heart was filled with unwonted devotion towards the poor suffering souls in Purgatory, who became the object of her special intercession before the Throne of Mercy. With the approval and under the able guidance of the Lady Abbess she established the Rosary Crusade at Syon Abbey, and this house became the principal Sanctuary of the Holy Rosary in the South West of England."

A monument to her memory is that interesting monthly publication the *Poor Souls' Friend* whose pages it is impossible to read without becoming interested in the most pathetic of Catholic devotions. She was the chief organizer of that periodical and one of the principal members of its Editorial Staff. During the four years of its existence we have been able to admire her remarkable intellectual abilities and her deep piety.

We recommend her to the prayers of our Co-operators.—R. I. P.

FAVOURS AND GRACES.

(Continued from page 172.)

Mary Busso, Cardé; Mary Bruno, Rubiana; Margaret Robella, Drino; Peter Robbiano; Mary Smeriglio, Turin; Victoria Ballar, Moncalieri; Lucy Bosco, Chieri; Esterina Grandi, Villar Almese; Magdalen Provera, Lù; Mary Giusta,

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