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ROGATE ERGO DOMINUM MESSIS UT MITTAT OPERARIOS IN MESSEM SUAM

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. PARROCHI, Card. Vic.

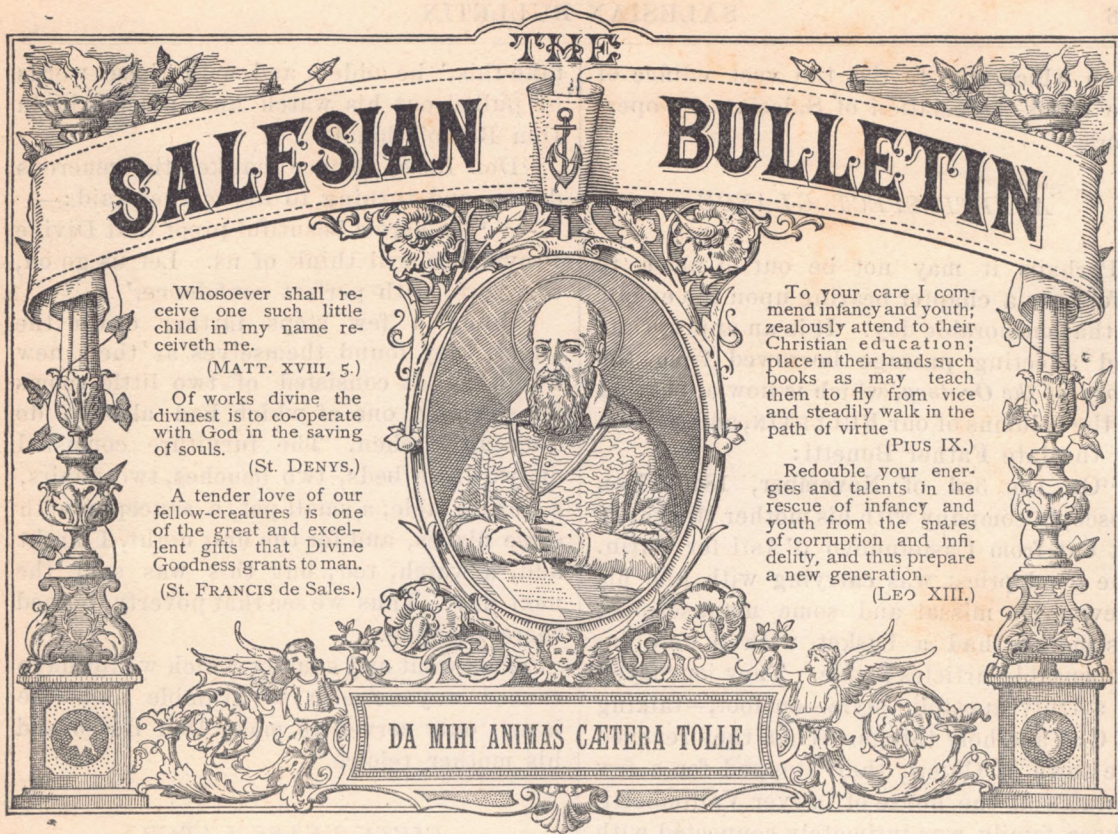
The Papal Blessing.

The Holy Father has deigned to accord the blessing asked for the Charitable Association of the Sacred Heart
Given from the Vatican, June 30th, 1888.

ANGELO RINALDI, Chaplain, Sec.

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

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



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 CÆTERA TOLLE

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THE GOLDEN JUBILEE
OF THE
ORATORY OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES
IN VALDOCCO, TURIN.

A MEMORABLE DATE.



date indelibly impressed on our memory and written in letters of gold in the annals of the Salesian Society, is the 3rd of November, 1846. This date, which awakens such tender recollections in the sons of Don Bosco, records the foundation of the Oratory of St. Francis de Sales in the humble quarter of Valdocco, Turin, thus

opening a page of history, that reveals all the beauty of a fine poem of which the hero is our beloved Father and Founder Don Bosco.

The 3rd of November, 1846, gives us the key to those wonders that have taken place around us during the last fifty years, to accomplish which, Divine Providence made use of Don Bosco. It is, moreover, a memorable date for our Co-operators, since that day saw the dawn of their Pious Association, which is the realisation of the ideal of Christian fraternity in the perfect union of thousands of charitable persons from all parts of the world. The zealous Father Vola, who made a present of his watch to Don Bosco on the very evening our beloved Father and Founder was on his way to take possession of the Oratory, was chosen by Divine Providence to be the foundation-stone

upon which was to rise the vast edifice of the Pious Association of Salesian Co-operators.

A RETROSPECT GLANCE.

Perhaps it may not be out of place to refer here a chapter bearing upon the events of that memorable day. It is an appropriate and affecting passage borrowed from the *Story of the Oratory*, which is now appearing in the columns of our BULLETIN, and written by the late Father Bonetti:

"On the 3rd of November, 1846, Don Bosco, in company with his mother Margaret, set out from Castelnuovo d'Asti for Turin. The good priest was carrying with him his breviary, a missal and some manuscripts; his mother had a basket with a few indispensable articles inside. They journeyed in a truly apostolic style—on foot,—talking of God and holy things. When they reached the town of Chieri, they stopped for a few minutes at the house of lawyer Vallimberti, whose family was intimately connected with the Bosco's. After refreshing themselves they set out again, and arrived in the evening at Turin.

"When they reached the so-called Rondo, at a short distance from their new dwelling, a fortunate event occurred, which deserves to be recorded.

"They came across Father Francis Vola, a zealous priest of Turin, who had more than once given Don Bosco a helping hand in his work.

"After hearty congratulations on the recovery of his health, he came to the question:

—"And where are you going to live now?"

—"My mother is here,"—said Don Bosco in answer,— "and I am going to take possession of Pinardi's house."

—"But, without employment or salary, how are you going to live in this city?"

—"You are asking me a question which I cannot answer just now; in any case we place ourselves in God's hands, and I am sure He will not fail to come to our help."

—"Well, I admire your courage and confidence,"—said the good priest;—"I am sorry I have no money with me; but,

take this,' he added, and with these words he pulled out his watch and placed it in Don Bosco's hands.

"Don Bosco at once thanked the generous donor, and turning to his mother said:—

—"See here a beautiful proof that Divine Providence will think of us. Let us go on, therefore, with perfect confidence."

"Going a few steps farther down the street, they found themselves at their new dwelling. It consisted of two little rooms for sleeping, one of which had also to do duty as kitchen. The furniture consisted of two little beds, two benches, two chairs, a box, a table, a small pot, a saucepan with some dishes, and for the first night, I might add, a watch, too, but this was sold the next day. Thus we see that poverty reigned there supreme.

"This want and squalor which would have caused anyone else to grumble and lose heart, only served to make Don Bosco and his mother rejoice."

FIFTY YEARS LATER.

Fifty years have come and gone since that memorable day, and in the course of that time, the humble house of Pinardi has given place to a vast edifice where more than a thousand children are recovered, whilst a beautiful Church dedicated to Our Lady Help of Christians, now rises on the site of the old tumble-down shed used by Don Bosco as a Chapel in 1846.

The passionate words, which Don Bosco borrowed from the gentle Saint Francis of Sales, and which were continually on his lips: *Give me souls, and take the rest*, acted like a magnet on the minds of many, and drew to his side a phalanx of generous souls, who, having imbibed that spirit of charity and trust in God that Don Bosco knew so well how to infuse into those who approached him, now vie with one another in the glorious work of reclaiming our poor and outcast youth. The result of their efforts in this holy cause has been the foundation of nearly four hundred Houses, on the plan of that of the Oratory at Turin, in many large and populous centres of Europe, Asia, Africa and America, besides a large number of Churches, especially in places where re-

ligion had almost died out. We might continue, but it would be impossible to give, in this short sketch, even a faint idea of the remarkable Work of Don Bosco, during the first fifty years of its existence. . .

The humble beginning of the Salesian Institution did not certainly prognosticate its future greatness. It would, in fact, have been quite a difficult matter to have foreseen its wonderful development both at home and in the Missions. And, yet, if we consider the matter, we shall see that the foundations of the grandest Works of Christianity have

and Father Vola at the Rondo on that memorable evening was no casual meeting, but, according to the decrees of Divine Providence, was to be the beginning of a new and bright era in the history of Christian charity. The good Father Vola whilst admiring the heroic abnegation and confidence of Don Bosco, is seized with a sudden inspiration which at once takes full possession of him; and without hesitation he deprives himself, as we have seen, of his watch, the only article of value he has with him, to succour the needy. In that moment the



THE SALESIAN ORATORY IN 1846.

been laid in poverty and obscurity. Oh, how the subsequent successes that have attended Don Bosco's Institution serve to shed a lustre of immortal glory and splendour on the evening of the 3rd of November, 1846!

A NEW ERA.

But how was it possible for a humble priest, entirely devoid of material resources, to undertake this immense Work? We are simply obliged to exclaim with the Psalmist: *This is the Lord's doing; and it is wonderful in our eyes.* The meeting between Don Bosco

good priest was filled with the *Spirit of Co-operation*, which made him the first Salesian Co-operator. We use the expression: Spirit of Co-operation, for we know of no other that so exactly expresses our meaning. It is this spirit that possesses hundreds of thousands of pious persons who are thus the instruments of Divine Providence in advancing Charitable Works. And it was this means the Most High made use of in the foundation of the Salesian Institution.

Father Vola's watch which was exchanged by Don Bosco on the following morning for bread for his orphans, is the mustard-seed,

as it were, of Salesian Co-operation—that gigantic tree whose branches stretch over the whole earth, and which, regular as a time-piece, provides the necessaries of life for the hundreds of thousands of *protégés* in the Salesian Institutes.

THE SOLEMN THANKSGIVING.

How was it possible, then, for us sons of Don Bosco to let the fiftieth anniversary of that day so dear to us, pass by unobserved! Words cannot describe the intense joy with which we hailed that propitious event. In the Church of Mary Help of Christians a solemn Triduum with Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was celebrated in thanksgiving.

The graces that have been showered upon Don Bosco's Work in the space of fifty years called forth an action of thanks worthy of the benefits conferred. Now what more fitting way of thanking God than by the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament? It was the most beautiful hymn of our love and gratitude to the Almighty.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the sacred functions were always well attended, and the Communions were very numerous. During those three days there was a continual flow of worshippers to the Church to adore Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Turin ever maintains its title of being the City of the Blessed Sacrament.

His Lordship Monsignor Richelmy, Bishop of Ivrea, preached during the Triduum with

his usual admirable eloquence and profound doctrine. His reflections on Jesus in the Holy Eucharist were most tender, and at the same time practical, and deeply impressed the vast congregation. The Triduum was brought to a close by Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament imparted by his Grace the Archbishop of Turin.

*

The happy event was further solemnized by a musical and literary Academic Meeting, which was held in the *Aula Maxima* of the Salesian Institute on the 19th of November, a fortnight later. The *séance* was honoured by the presence of his Lordship Monsignor Correo Nery from Brazil, besides numerous distinguished ecclesiastics, and an extraordinary concourse of Old Boys of the Oratory, and Salesian Co-operators. A varied and attractive programme was gone through. Of course, the many wonders it has pleased Divine Providence to work through Don Bosco, in the remote quart-



DON BOSCO.

er of Valdocco, in the course of fifty years, was the characteristic note that pervaded all the addresses in poetry and prose. The recitations were gracefully interspersed by a selection of vocal and instrumental music by the boys of the Oratory that called forth repeated applause. At the conclusion of the entertainment, Don Rua arose, and, after thanking the assembly for having honoured the *séance* with their presence and thus given a proof of their affection for Don Bosco, he took occasion to dwell on the humble

The Salesian Oratory as it existed in 1846.

The Chapel of St. Francis de Sales.
(The first Chapel erected by Don Bosco).



Side View of the first enlargement of the Oratory made in 1852 Front View of the Salesian Oratory and Church of M. H. of Christians Front View comprising Don Bosco's Apartments

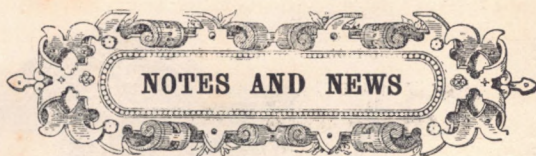
beginning of the Salesian Oratory and its subsequent development. The proceedings were very appropriately terminated, at Don Rua's invitation, with hearty cheers and renewed *evvivas* for Don Bosco, and Pope LEO XIII, who has given the Salesians so many tokens of his benevolence.



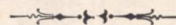
OUR DUTY TOWARDS THE FOREIGN MISSIONS.

THERE is no privilege without a corresponding obligation. We Catholics are privileged beyond all others. We have the true faith. We are members of the one true Church, founded by Jesus Christ, and dowered by Him with measureless gifts and graces. We have the sacraments to strengthen and console us. We have a real union with God Himself, through His Church. We have only to live up to our lights, to avail ourselves of the opportunity so wonderfully allowed us, to secure happiness here and forever. These blessings have been given to us freely, without money and without price. But surely we must do something more than simply look after ourselves. Is it enough for us to keep the Commandments of God, and of the Church, so as to secure for ourselves, if possible, our eternal salvation? Assuredly we are under an obligation to do what we can to bring these great and priceless blessings to others. Christ died for all men. For us, but for the heathen as well. The naked black by the African river, the rude savage, shivering in stormy Patagonia, or the cowering native under the burning sun of southern India, is as truly a child of God, with an immortal soul to be lost or saved, as the best of us. If the providence of God has not brought to them the Gospel and the sweet message of the Cross, is it not, perhaps, in order that we may bring it to them? Here is a plain duty for every Catholic. This duty has been recognised and gladly met in all Christian ages by the missionaries of our Church. Where has the world ever seen greater heroes, more saintly and wonderful men, burning with a sacred fire of love for these poor souls! But how is it with *us*? Do we realize this obligation? Has it not been with us a forgotten duty? And are we not obliged to do all that we can for the propagation of the faith in lands that know it not? None are too poor to contribute a little for such a purpose, and all can at least pray for the success of the Church's missionary enterprises.

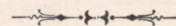
—*The Sacred Heart Review.*



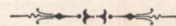
The members of the Salesian Society unite with their Superior-General, Don Rua, in wishing the Salesian Co-operators all the joys of this holy season. May the Infant Jesus copiously reward them in this life and in the life to come, for their charity and benevolence towards the sons of Don Bosco.



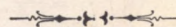
FATHER BERNARD VACCHINA, who lately undertook a missionary journey into Central Patagonia, has sent our Superior-General, Don Rua, a long account of his experiences amongst the Tehuelchan Indians. We shall be pleased to give our readers the first instalment of these interesting particulars in the following number of our *Bulletin*.



AT the Exhibition of Agriculture and Industries recently held at Hyères in France, the Salesian Agricultural Institute of La Navarre—which presented thereat several samples of wines, and a small volume on Theoretical and Practical Agriculture from the pen of Father Perrot—was awarded two silver medals, a bronze one, and an honourable mention.



RECENTLY the First Salesian Conference was held at Bahia in Brazil, and presided over by his Grace Archbishop Gerónimo Thomé da Silva. The special aim of this Conference, organized by the zealous Members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, was to consider the most efficacious means of co-operating in the foundation of a Salesian Institute in that city.



IN 1846, Father Vola made a present of his watch to Don Bosco when the latter was on his way to take possession of the Oratory. Imitating the generous act of that good priest, the well-known firm, Granaglia & C^o, Watchmakers, made a present of a tower-clock for the tower of the Chapel of St. Francis de Sales, the first chapel built by Don Bosco.

May God bless and reward them for their generous charity.

ON the 28th of November last five of our *confrères* set out from Southampton by the steamship "Carey" for the Cape of Good Hope, to found a Salesian Institute of Arts and Trades in Capetown. This foundation is undertaken at the request of his Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Leonard, Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District of the Cape of Good Hope, who is also the generous donor of the new Salesian Oratory.

It is a source of consolation for us to see the activity and zeal that animate the Regional Directors of the Salesian Co-operators. Since the Congress, held in September last, largely attended meetings of the Regional Directors have taken place at Parma, Alassio, and Faenza. The object of these meetings was to discuss several important items concerning the development and organization of the Salesian Co-operators residing in those provinces. To each of these reunions the Holy Father sent his Apostolic Benediction, which, we are sure, will render fruitful the deliberations taken in the interest of our youth.

"THOSE who have for many years longed to see an industrial school in Egypt," says the *Sacred Heart Review*, "will rejoice to hear that the Salesian Fathers are about to bestow this boon upon the country. A new field is opened before them. This special form of training could not be entrusted to better hands. Every one knows that this is the work of Don Bosco's religious and that they accomplish it with success wherever they go. Alexandria will be glad to see a great want supplied. This city has now, in the Jesuits, educators of the upper classes, in the Christian Brothers, masters who excel in training the middle classes, in the nuns of various orders the best instructresses of girls of all classes, and now she will find, in the Salesians, men no less zealous who will teach the son of the artisan to remain an artisan himself."

A singular feature of the termination of the academical year at Don Bosco's College,

San Nicholas, South America, which took place a few weeks ago, was the examination of the English students there. This event brought together a large company. Besides the Very Rev. Father Superior and the staff of teachers, the gathering included Rev. Father Quinn, Chaplain of the San Nicholas Orphanage, Mr. John Young of San Pedra, a distinguished benefactor of the College, the parents of the *alumni*, and a select number of friends. The results of the Examination were most satisfactory, and the chief prizes were taken by T. Haugh, T. Young, J. Molloy, P. Sills, and T. Ledwith. At the close of the distribution of prizes, an attractive programme consisting of musical selections, was given by the boys. The various pieces were rendered in a manner which elicited loud applause, and reflected much credit upon the executants.

SPIRITISM has been widely extending in Bogotà, the capital of Colombia, and a crowd of fanatics did not hesitate to prevail upon quite a number of poor and abandoned children to act as *mediums*, for a few pence. This shameful traffic had been going on for several years, but, thanks to the energy of the new Governor, it has at length been put down. But the many children who had been induced to resort to this means of gaining a livelihood, were thus thrown upon their own resources and obliged to beg. In this emergency the members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, who are numerous in Bogotà and have done so much in past years for the poor and outcast of that city, took the matter into their hands without delay, and in a short time Bogotà possessed another Charitable Work in the shape of the *Oratory of the Infant Jesus*, which has been entrusted to the care of the Salesian Fathers. At present there are more than 60 children in this Home. Situations under good Christian masters are sought out by the active and zealous Vincentians for the lads who return for their meals to the Oratory, and also pass the evening and night there. The lads thus spend the evening in innocent amusements and attend the Night Schools of the Oratory, where they are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, music, and Christian Doctrine. The wages of these little ones are placed in the Savings Bank, and thus a provision is made for their future.



BRAZIL.

AT THE LAZARETTO OF ISOLA GRANDE.

Writing from Nitheroy, Father Varchi sends our Superior-General the following particulars of a visit he made to the Lazaretto of Isola Grande in Brazil to minister to the spiritual wants of the sailors of the Italian cruiser Lombardia, who were recently struck down with yellow fever.

College of St. Rose.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER RUA,

IN obedience to my Superior, I forward you an account of the yellow fever prevailing amongst the crew of the Italian cruiser *Lombardia*. You are, doubtless, already aware that all the sailors were attacked by this terrible epidemic. Several, it is true, recovered, thanks to the diligence and skill of the doctors, but the greater part succumbed, amongst them being Commander Olivari, who was the first victim, besides several captains, officers, engineers and stokers.

The yellow fever is, indeed, a fearful malady; not only because it is generally fatal, but also because the poor sufferer, when the fever is at its height, becomes raving mad, vomits up a quantity of blackish matter mixed with blood, and finally, because all the symptoms that are noticeable in epilepsy set in before death. The sad condition of the poor sailors would have been much more deplorable, if Count Morigliano, the Minister Plenipotentiary of the Italian Government, had not had recourse to the *Chargé d'Affairs* of the Holy See, Monsignor Guidi, to obtain a priest for them.

As soon as Monsignor Guidi was apprised of the fatal outbreak he sent to Father Zanchetta, the Superior of this Institute, the following telegram:

Italian Minister telegraphs me from Isola Grande that the sailors ill on board the Lombardia are without religious assistance, and that the Commander and the Director of the Lazaretto ask for a priest. Wire back if you can send one of your religious there.

In the absence of the Superior, the Prefect, Father Giudici, replied at once: *I am sending a priest.*

As the writer was already accustomed to assist the sick, and even those attacked with yellow fever, he was chosen for this mission. Therefore I presented myself to the Italian Consul to obtain a passage to the Lazaretto.

Whilst I was talking with the Consul, the Italian Minister came in. He was greatly moved when he saw me. He had already said that the greatest need at the Lazaretto was that of a priest, and when he knew that I was a Salesian, he spoke in terms of the highest praise of Don Bosco and his sons. He told me that when he was a boy, his mother had taken him to Don Bosco, who, with uplifted eyes, had spoken to him inspired words and manifested to him secret circumstances of his life. These words had touched him so much that he could never afterwards forget them.

He came away from the house with me and treated me with the greatest courtesy. Afterwards he visited me twice at the Lazaretto, courageously passing through the infirmaries, asking a thousand questions, taking the greatest interest in the sailors and inquiring if they had all received the sacraments. In his generosity he received the Commander of the *Lombardia* into his own house, and attended him to his death. May God reward his Christian charity!

To return to my story. I could not start that day as there was no steamer, but I left early the next morning and reached Isola Grande at mid-day.

One of my first cares was to dispose the sufferers to receive the sacraments, and it was a great comfort to me to see how readily they corresponded to my exhortations.

Two days later I myself felt a touch of the fever; nevertheless I continued to discharge my sacred ministry till nightfall. Then, as there were no urgent cases, I went to bed with very little hope of getting up again. Although I was much affected at the thought of having to die without the assistance of my confrères or of a priest to give me the last Sacraments, the reflection that I was giving my life for the love of God and for the salvation of souls, consoled me greatly. I had only lain there for a few hours, when someone came and called me to hear the confession of an officer who was very ill. It was then midnight. I got up with an effort, attended the dying

man, and at once began to feel better. I began to suspect that I had not an attack of yellow fever, and the next day I was quite well. About the same time I received the following letter from Monsignor Guidi:

Petropolis.

REV. FATHER,

I cannot do less than thank your Reverence for the promptness with which you have responded to my request, in offering yourself to afford religious assistance to the poor sailors of the *Lombardia*. In this you have shown yourself a worthy son of that great apostle of charity, Don Bosco, who will certainly have rejoiced in Heaven to see you fulfilling your dangerous mission in the Lazaretto of Isola Grande. May God bless your holy mission, and grant you abundant fruits of consolation.

I have been informed that you are already skilled in the care of the sick, having been the chaplain of a hospital at St. Paul. Your presence, then, at the Lazaretto, will be very useful not only from a religious, but also from a hygienic point of view. You will, thus, be able to suggest to the sailors the best rules to follow so as to avoid taking the infection. I have heard that many of them contracted the fatal germ because, moved by a praiseworthy charity in serving the sick, they omitted to take the proper precautions which experience suggests. Your Reverence ought, then, to use your authority and influence with the Commander and officers in maintaining a strict separation between those who are affected with the malady and those who are not. With the exception of the infirmarians, no one should be permitted to approach the sick. Above all, in speaking to the good sailors, insist upon their duty of not exposing their lives uselessly, as this is a precept of nature conformable to the Divine law.

If the serious duties of my office did not detain me at Petropolis, I should be glad to fulfil the sacerdotal ministry there, myself, and not have to do this by means of others. But after your generous offer, the duty becomes superfluous. Be so good as to tell Commander Borrello, that the calamity which has befallen my countrymen, has grieved me very much and that I continually pray to Our Lord to speedily relieve them in their terrible sufferings. Tell the officers and soldiers that Commander Olivari died like a brave soldier and a good Christian; that he offered up the holocaust of his life with perfect resignation to God's will; that he never forgot "his brave children," as he used to call his men on board the *Lombardia*, and that they always had his tenderest thoughts. May he rest in peace!

I beg you to present my kind regards to the Commander, the officers and the men and to assure them that I will do all that lies in my power for them.

Your devoted servant,

MGR. JOHN GUIDI.

Although I used all my influence to carry out the suggestions of Monsignor Guidi, the yellow fever still continued to spread. At times I felt so poorly and so prostrate, that I thought I had caught the disease, too. The awful sight I witnessed a week after my arrival really distressed and unnerved me. The hospital seemed like to a battlefield, and around me lay the dead and dying. Sometimes I was in doubt as to which one I ought to administer the consolations of religion to first, for fear lest the one who lost the preference should die before the other. It was truly a pitiable sight to see so many fine young men die in this way. Nearly every one was down with the disease.

A few days later the fever abated and no new cases appeared. Then, seeing that my services were no longer necessary, I returned to the College of St. Rose at Nietheroy.

A fortnight passed when another telegram came to announce that the yellow fever had re-appeared on board the *Lombardia*. The lieutenant and the chief doctor were struck down with the disease.

There was but little work for me during my second visit, although on one occasion I met with some little trouble. There was a man there who had already told me that he was a Protestant, and, in fact, he had shown himself very hostile to our holy religion. On my return, as I was about to enter the sick room, he barred my passage and threatened to use violence if I attempted to pass in. I insisted, but he went so far as to say that if it were not for my black habit he would strangle me. I thought it better to retire and wait until he went out, so that then I could quietly visit the sick and give them the holy sacraments.

Amongst those who died I must mention the chief doctor, who received the sacraments and died with the greatest resignation. My mission at the Lazaretto was at an end a week later, and I returned to Nietheroy once more.

I was doubtful, when I left the College of St. Rose, whether I should return alive. I, however, got back safely, and my confrères and the boys united with me in giving Our Lord thanks for preserving me in the midst of so many dangers.

I warmly recommend myself to your prayers, Very Rev. Father, so that God may grant me the grace of spending the rest

of my days in doing His most holy will, and thus merit for myself a holy death. Bless me, and believe me always,

Your affectionate son in J. C.,

ANTONY VARCHI.

THE MISSION AT MATTO GROSSO.

We publish the following letter written in June last to Don Rua by Father Balzola, Superior of the Mission amongst the Coroado Indians of Matto Grosso in Brazil.

Teresa Cristina Colony.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

THE sad news of the railway disaster in which Monsignor Lasagna was killed, has plunged us in grief. How keen is the pang of separation from this beloved friend and father! I, who had the good fortune to accompany him as secretary for more than two years on his perilous journeys and to participate in his Apostolic labours, feel this blow intensely. During that time I could not fail to appreciate his loftiness of mind, and the untiring zeal and ardent charity that animated him. I saw, too, how greatly he was esteemed and loved by all those with whom he came in contact. These pleasant memories are now associated with melancholy ones. It has been the Will of God to visit us with a heavy affliction. *Fiat voluntas Dei!*

Six months have now passed since the management of the Colony was placed in our hands, and already consoling results have been obtained. I must not hide from you, though, that the immoral living of certain whites have had a baneful influence on these poor creatures. The work of mercy recommended by Our Divine Saviour to clothe the naked, has to be carried out to the very letter here. We have already given away more than four hundred articles of clothing, and I am continually besieged with new petitions, but I am unable to satisfy all who ask, owing to the want of means. These donations are an all-powerful means in gaining the confidence of the Indians, and facilitating their conversion to Christianity. Hence I rely on the generosity of our good Co-operators in this particular field of action.

The Coroados, unlike many Indian tribes of South America, are tall, well-formed, good-looking, and athletic. Little by little they are habituating themselves to manual labour, but they still find it very hard. We are obliged to remain the whole day with them in order to encourage them, and teach them how to use the farming implements.

During the first month or two we suffered a great deal from the severe tropical heat, and other difficulties of the situation. Notwithstanding our troubles, we have succeeded in providing for the present needs of our Mission several hundred head of cattle and the wherewithal to maintain them. Now we stand sorely in need of able hands to tend the animals and prevent them from straying, for when they make off to the forest, it requires unusual fatigue to collect them again. However we cheerfully bear all this in order to provide our dusky colonists with food, and help in lightening their labour. The good disposition of these poor creatures towards us is a source of consolation, and amply repays us for all our trouble.

When bidding adieu to Monsignor Lasagna before setting out for this Mission, he promised to pay us a visit in the beginning of the coming year. His Lordship also promised to bring us a reinforcement of *personnel*. For some time past we have been eagerly looking forward to that moment, and consoling ourselves with the thought of the excellent results this Mission would derive from such a visit. In a moment all our hopes are crushed, and our joy suddenly changed into grief. Monsignor Lasagna is no more! And he was unable to fulfil his promise of sending a reinforcement of *personnel* owing to his not receiving the promised aid from Turin. Hence you may imagine, dear Father, how trying and discouraging our situation must be.

The new Governor of Matto Grosso is well disposed towards our Mission, and has sent an engineer to measure out the land assigned to us for the Colony. There are about 24,000 hectares set aside in trust for the Indians in proportion as they advance in civilisation, and about 1800 for our own property. As you see, not only is the evangelical field very great, but the material, also.

The Mission of the Sisters of Mary Help of Christians is progressing finely; but the few who are here are not enough for the labour of preparing hundreds and hundreds

of articles of clothing for the Indians and of attending to the sick. The Superioress, Sister Federica Hummel, is doctor and chemist; in fact, she is a real Providence. In the beginning, the Indians were afraid of her medicines, but now, they go to the Sister for remedies, and when they cannot go, the Sister goes to them. Thus many have been cured, and our medicines are much appreciated. Our good Mother, Mary Help of Christians evidently protects us.

I conclude, Rev. Father, by recommending myself to your charity for an increase in *personnel*, and I beg you to bless us all, and especially

Yours affectionately in Jesus and Mary,
JOHN BALZOLA,
Salesian Missionary.



[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.]

Mary's Advocacy.—I hasten to fulfil a promise I made to have a grace published which I received through the intercession of Mary Help of Christians. For about two years, I had been suffering from rheumatism in the legs, and during the last few months, the pain became so acute as to render me unable to attend to my domestic duties. At length I recommended myself to Our Blessed Lady, and at the conclusion of a second novena, my prayer was heard.

ROSINA APPIANI, *Agliano d'Asti (Italy)*.

* *

Hope when Hope is sped.—THE BROTHER of Josephine Maghini of Dresano (Italy), had been laid up for the last twelve years with an injured leg, when the doctors who attended him informed him that amputation was necessary, if he desired to live.

His sister at once turned with lively faith to Mary Help of Christians and began a Novena of prayers. At the end of three weeks he was much better, and he is now, to the astonishment of all who know him, perfectly cured without having undergone any operation whatever. He and his sister return their grateful thanks to Our Lady Help of Christians.

* *

Faith and Prayer.—My two children Angelica and Richard being dangerously ill from an attack of typhoid fever, I had recourse to Maria Auxiliatrice, and asked for their cure. I did not have to wait long for an answer to my prayer, for the very next day they began to improve, and in the course of a week were completely cured. For this signal favour I render thanks to Our Lady Help of Christians, and beg of you to publish the grace in the *Salesian Bulletin*.

ANGELA R. DE VILARDEBO,
Paysandu (Uruguay).

* *

From Death's Door.—A few months ago, one of my daughters was so ill that we expected her to breathe her last at any moment. In this extreme a kind friend advised me to have recourse to Our Lady Help of Christians and to ask of this good Mother my child's cure. I did so and obtained the desired grace. In thanksgiving I desire to have this favour published in the *Salesian Bulletin* for the greater honour and glory of Our Blessed Lady.

PAULINE CERVANTES DE SIERRA, *Mexico*.

* *

Refuge of Sinners.—A gentleman, whose name I withhold for obvious reasons, had neglected to frequent the Sacraments during the greater part of his life. His family, and especially his wife, a really pious lady, had for some time past asked Our Blessed Lady to obtain the grace of conversion for this man, already aged and infirm. The Madonna graciously deigned to hear them. The gentleman himself asked to make his confession, and this morning I had the happiness of distributing the Bread of Angels to him during my Mass. *Vive Marie Auxiliatrice!*

REV.

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:—

Angelo Cavallero, Turin; Amalia C., Turin; Francis Spinelli, Cipressa; Mary Anne Tamacca, Palermo; Michela Olivero V. Prato, Sommariva; A Salesian Co-operator, San Germano (Vercelli); Elizabeth G. Migliorini, Calogna (Venice); John Cavigioli, Borgomanero; F. & Emanuel Bonetti, Molveno; Rev. Sr. B. M., Beitgemal (Palestine); Francis Gennero, Olvera; Theresa De Bernardi; Angela Monticone, S. Damiano d'Asti; Louis Albero, Moretta; Placido Ariano, Bianzé; Theresa Capo, Farigliano; Joseph Albertino, Turin; Joseph Vachetta, Laloggia; Louis Gastaldi; Annunziata.



CLING TO THE HOME.

THE tendency of most young people in our time, and especially in the country districts, is to leave home and all the sacred influences that cluster round it, to go out into the fair, but deceitful, world, to win the laurels of success which it so temptingly holds out to its votaries. A word of advice: "Think well on't." The ties that bind you to home and home influences are sacred, and should not be severed without proper and serious consideration.

Perhaps you are discontented with your home and are longing to go out into the world to engage in some great and noble work. Beware! for many a heart, as honest and aspiring as yours, has gone forth from a loving home to pluck the tempting fruit of honour and renown, and found it like the apples of Sodom, bitter to the taste and as dry as ashes. Your life, shielded by all that loving care can suggest, is yet open to temptation and dangers.

Our advice to the young is: You have ample time to achieve success and win the laurels of renown. In the meantime, cling close to the home and your parents' sheltering care.—*The Sacred Heart Review.*

A PRETTY INCIDENT.

TRIFLES sometimes touch the heart. A pretty incident occurred the other day at a week-day Mass, says the *Catholic Columbian*. When the communion time came, a woman approached the altar-rail to receive along with a number of others. She had scarcely reached the steps when there was a confused cry of "Mamma, mamma," and presently a scampering up the aisle of baby feet. Her little one had followed her! The

small little blonde head did not reach nearly to the pew tops, so the first intimation those in the aisles had of the new communicant was when they saw a small body scrambling hastily up the steps of the sanctuary.

He clutched his mother by the dress and in vain she tried to coax him to leave her.

When she knelt at the rail and took hold of the communion cloth he clung to her still with a determined baby-like grip whose strength only those who know babies can appreciate.

The communicants seemed a little restless. Would the little one be quiet when the priest in his strange robes approached? The question was soon answered. The small curly head followed attentively the movements of the priest, watched open eyed, but quite still, as its mother received, twisted around to see the next one, and then, undismayed by the presence of the Lord in that lowly Chalice, held up its little arms and cooed as if to say, "Me, too, dear Jesus, come!"

And surely the heart of the Lord, so tender and warm, must have been touched by that welcome. Surely some extra blessing must have fallen upon that venturesome curly head.

When the mother left the altar-rail the baby scampered demurely after her. The mother bowed before entering her pew, so did the little one—the funniest, most witching little curtsy imaginable. And then, quite after the manner of its elder, after one look at its absorbed mother, it cuddled its own little head into two small dimpled hands and bowed down in baby adoration. There were many in that church that day. To some of them God spoke through a yellow-haired, toddling child.

TIME.

STOP the clock! Oh, stop the clock!" moaned a dying man, as he turned his darkening gaze upon a time-piece in the room.

"Yes, dear Father," said the daughter, watching by him, "I did not know you could hear its ticking."

"No, no, I don't: but stop it!" and he added half deliriously, "It goes so fast; it makes my time so short, and *I'm not ready!* Yes: I know the priest is coming, but stop that clock, to give me time for all I've got to do!"

The poor fellow had been fatally injured in a street accident; stricken down in his full strength, and when he thought there was still many a year before him in which to prepare for the life to come.

Ah, we might stop all the clocks in the world, from the huge machinery which guides the hands of the great dial on some cathedral tower, to the diminutive watch in the centre of a lady's bracelet, but no power on earth can for one fraction of an instant stop the march of Time. We may cover up the gnomon of a sun-dial, but we can no more stay the sun itself from travelling along its circle of unimaginable vastness, than we can the earth

from spinning round it, ever flying onward to its doom. Each pulsation of that marvellous chronometer, the human heart within us, and every breath we draw, measures off each moment less we have to live, until the time-piece of our earthly being has run down, its last hour has struck, and it is laid away out of sight, until some future day when the Hand of its Maker shall rescue it from the dust, renew its activity, and endow it with energies unknown before.

We are apt in the rush of life to forget how important it is to make Time our friend and not our enemy, a kind friend who from the first moment of our life has been leading us ever nearer to our Home, who has given us all our opportunities for getting ready for presentation at the Heavenly Court, and for securing powerful friends among the chief ministers and noblest princes who surround the King. Time is measured, less by days and hours than by the events which fill them. In peaceful days it flows on calmly like an untroubled river, in days of deep anxiety, anguish, and suspense, its sluggish moments seem to have as little movement as the waters of a stagnant pool, while in season of great happiness and gladness it flies like a dancing cataract down fern-decked rocks, through fair forest glades and flowery meadows; and, when it is flying fastest, then it is that we oftenest forget that "the Time is short."

Still, whether in gleam or gloom, every moment is precious, for it will never come again. It is precious, for it may be turned to great account; in gladness, by thankfulness shown in deed as well as in word: in gloom by patient and loving acceptance of the holy will of God, Who has given us in the Sacred Heart a sure "refuge from the storm and a shelter from the heat," "as the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land," and as a beam of light to cheer us "in the cloudy and dark day," when the sure footsteps of Time, be they swift or slack, shall have led us down the dark valley to the silent river. There, to each of us, will Time be absorbed in Eternity, there will faith and hope be absorbed in fruition, as the morning stars are lost in the glories of sunrise; there will past penances and true contrition win for us a shortened space of cleansing fires, and there will love alone still glow with individual splendour which cannot be absorbed by Eternity itself, love being divine, "for love is of God," and "God is love."

May He grant to each of us that, when we are swept by the stream of Time into the surging floods of death, our Angel Guardian may bear us safely through the deep waters to the peaceful shores of "the River of Life, clear as crystal," "the river which maketh glad the City of God." For, "there shall Thy children be inebriated with the plenteousness of Thy house, and Thou shalt make them drink of the torrent of Thy pleasure. For with THEE is the well of life, and in Thy light, shall we see light.—EPSILON in the *English Messenger of the Sacred Heart*.

THE STORY OF THE ORATORY

OR

DON BOSCO'S OPENING APOSTOLATE.

CHAPTER XVIII. (*Continued*).



UT other and severe troubles were in store for Don Bosco. About this time a petition signed by a few citizens was presented to Charles Albert for the emancipation of the Jews and Waldenses, and received his approval. The Jews soon became the richest land proprietors in Piedmont, whilst the Waldenses poured like a torrent from out the deep valleys where they had lived isolated, and scattered themselves through the principal cities of Northern Italy, seeking in every possible way to gain proselytes of their pernicious doctrines. To succeed in their attempt they scattered broadcast tracts and pamphlets of every shade, founded schools, held meetings, erected chapels; in fact, as though Catholics were pagans and worshippers of the flesh-pots of Egypt, they left nothing undone in their fanatic zeal to win them to the sects of those three *glorious* Apostates: Peter Waldo, Luther, and Calvin.

Amongst those to experience the bitter results of the emancipation were Don Bosco and the inmates of the Oratory of St. Aloysius, for the Waldenses settled without delay in the vicinity of the Oratory. They held meetings at which, under pretext of explaining the Bible, they audaciously and grossly insulted the Blessed Virgin, Confession, the Pope, the celibacy of the clergy, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, etc.

They expected to enkindle at once great enthusiasm amongst the populace, and to persuade a large number to join their ranks, but they were quickly undeceived on this point, for only a very few, and these the scum of society, showed their faces at those impious meetings. It was the old story: these followers wished to have a pretext for not practising any religion. One of these *devotées* particularly, a certain Pugno by name and a cobbler, who had become tired of working at his last, took to preaching as an avocation, and became one of the champions of Peter Waldo's doctrines. He presented himself several times to Don Bosco and challenged him to a disputation on

religion. Poor fellow! Although one could not help compassionating that poor soul, it was impossible to contain oneself from bursting with laughter when listening to the rant and jargon of the cobbler suddenly turned theologian and Apostle.

The Waldenses seeing that very few proselytes were to be gained amongst grown-up people, turned their attention to another quarter and resorted to means which have unfortunately been successful at all times in perverting souls, and dragging them on to the road of perdition. They had gold, and this they would use to corrupt the unsuspecting youth. They decided to begin their nefarious work without delay, and chose the Oratory of St. Aloysius which was then attended by some five hundred boys, as their point of attack. Accordingly, one Sunday, some of these shameless men stationed themselves here and there on the road that led to the Oratory, whilst others approached quite near to the recreation ground. It was their intention to draw the boys away from the Oratory by seductive promises. Accosting them they gave utterance to something like this: "What's the use of your going to the Oratory? Come with us to a place where you will be able to enjoy yourselves to your hearts' content. There you will also see and hear grand things and receive a shilling a piece and a beautiful book in the bargain."

If we consider the fickleness of youth, it will not surprise us to learn that several lads were foolish enough to lend a ready ear to these ministers of Satan. The consequence was that about thirty lads were induced, on that occasion, to attend one of the meetings in the hopes of gaining a few pence.

At the termination of the meeting, the lads were invited to return on the following Sunday and received the promised shilling and a small volume—a diatribe on Confession—by the notorious apostate De Sanctis.

The greater number of the boys, unaware of the artifices of their enemies, betook themselves immediately to the Oratory, although later than usual, and ingenuously related to their companions what had happened. The story soon reached the ears of the Superior, Father Carpano, who understood that wolves in sheep's clothing were prowling around to work havoc amongst the lambs entrusted to his care by Don Bosco. Filled with holy zeal he at once took steps to avert the impending evil. He took the

books away from the boys whom he assembled and spoke to with such earnestness and warmth, applying most appropriately the parable in the Gospel of the Good Shepherd, the hireling, and the wolf, that the lads could not fail to understand the wicked devices of the Waldenses. He, moreover, inspired them with such a horror of those impious meetings, that all without exception promised never to go near them for all the gold in the world.

Thus the alarm was given; sharp contests would assuredly follow that would cause Don Bosco, Father Carpano and the boys of the Oratory to pass some very disagreeable hours.

On the following Sunday the Waldenses again laid in wait for the boys of the Oratory, and sought to allure them to their meeting-house; but this time the result was contrary to their expectations, for the elder lads who frequented the Oratory, having had a previous understanding with their Superiors, kept a sharp look out, and when they saw the sectarians approach the younger boys, they were near at hand to urge these to hasten to the Oratory. Seeing themselves discovered, the proselytizing ministers had recourse to abusive language:

"Fools that you are," they said; "what will the priests give you? Isn't it better for you to come with us, and gain a shilling?"

"What a nice lot of ministers you must really be!" retorted the lads of the Oratory, "because no-one will listen to you, you must needs go and buy your audience; it would be much better for you to employ your money in a better cause."

The disciples of Peter Waldo seeing their plans frustrated, would have liked to revenge themselves by making an onslaught on their enemies, but seeing that they were outnumbered, and fearing that it would go hard with them, they slunk away muttering: "Our time will come."

It was easy to understand from this that matters would take quite a serious turn in the future. To avoid as much as possible their running any risk, the boys were advised to pass their tormentors by without saying a word, and hasten at once to the Oratory.

Sunday came, and brought with it a verification of what had been anticipated. In the afternoon the plot of ground adjoining the Oratory was occupied by a number of miscreants, but the boys of the Oratory, in obedience to the orders they had received

took no notice of them, and betook themselves without delay to their destination. This so exasperated their enemies that they seized hold of some stones lying about, and opened fire with such force that the Oratory seemed like a besieged castle. Stones struck against the doors, stones flew through the glass windows, stones rattled on the roof, stones fell amongst the frightened boys, of whom several received some ugly cuts. This dastardly act so irritated some of the elder boys that, losing all patience, they sallied forth and put the enemy to flight.

This was by no means the only occasion in which the proselytizers attacked the Oratory. Nearly every feast-day for several months following, they renewed their vile persecutions causing Don Bosco and the other Superiors great alarm and anxiety for the children. It was clear that the Waldenses, enraged at their non-success to entice the boys away from the Oratory, were determined to keep them away by terrifying them. Hence they were always prowling about the neighbourhood, and they never let an opportunity of tormenting the boys pass by. On several occasions they waited until all were assembled in the Church, and then, without warning, hurled a shower of stones at the doors and through the windows, producing a panic and causing the smaller boys to cry, and obliging the Superior to suspend the sacred functions.

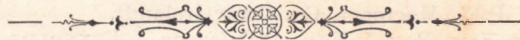
This is not all. One day, as Fathers Borel and Carpano were in the sacristy vesting for Benediction, a man appeared at the window which opened on to the public thoroughfare, and fired two pistol-shots at them, but fortunately missed aim.

These outrages clearly show that the sectarians would not hesitate to employ any base means to succeed in their endeavour to close the Oratory, but Don Bosco and his collaborators firmly resisted the iniquitous attacks, and at length they had the satisfaction of seeing their enemies obliged to desist. Many years have passed since then, and the Oratory of St. Aloysius has always continued to flourish. Moreover, on the site of the little Chapel, where the pistolshots were fired, there now stands the beautiful Church of St. John the Evangelist, one of the most perfect and elegant religious monuments enriching Turin, which Don Bosco, through the generosity of the Salesian Co-operators, was enabled to erect as a monument of love and gratitude to Pius IX.

(To be continued.)

ALCOHOL'S DESTROYING POWER.

THE craving for alcohol, begotten of alcohol, ever waxes stronger; the moment comes when it is a wild passion, a fierce madness, said Archbishop Ireland in one of his temperance addresses. It commands and obtains the most fearful sacrifices. In slavery to it woman forgets honour; the father in hellish laughter casts to the vendor of liquor that solitary dime that would stay the starvation of the child; the husband pawns the coat of the dying wife. The power of alcohol is mysterious. The muscular giant crouches in terror before its shrine, youth yields up freshness of mien and hopes of fortune, and mocks for its sake a mother's tears and a bride's love. Old age at its bidding puts on the garment of idiocy, and closes its earthly journey in disgrace and sin. Intelligence will not ward off its arrows; poet, orator, and statesman go forward chained to its chariot into Mamertine gloom. Pity does not withstand the fury of its breath. The very cedars of Lebanon have been laid low, the royal oaks of the forest have been uncrowned and flung into the deep valleys of ignominy and death.



NOTES TO THE READER.

When applying for a copy of this periodical, please state whether you already receive our "Bulletin" (Italian, French, Spanish, or German) and if you desire to have it suspended henceforth, or not.

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

The Very Rev. MICHAEL RUA.

Salesian Oratory, — Turin, Italy.

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OBITUARY.



Salesian Co-operators who have passed to eternity during the year 1896.

(Not including places in France, Italy, Spain, and South America—
these being published in their respective BULLETINS.)

"The names of the Associates who have passed to eternity during the year, shall be forwarded to the Members of the Association, in order that they may be remembered in the prayers of all their Brethren."

—SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS, Constitution &c. V. 7.

Of your charity pray for the souls of the following:

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