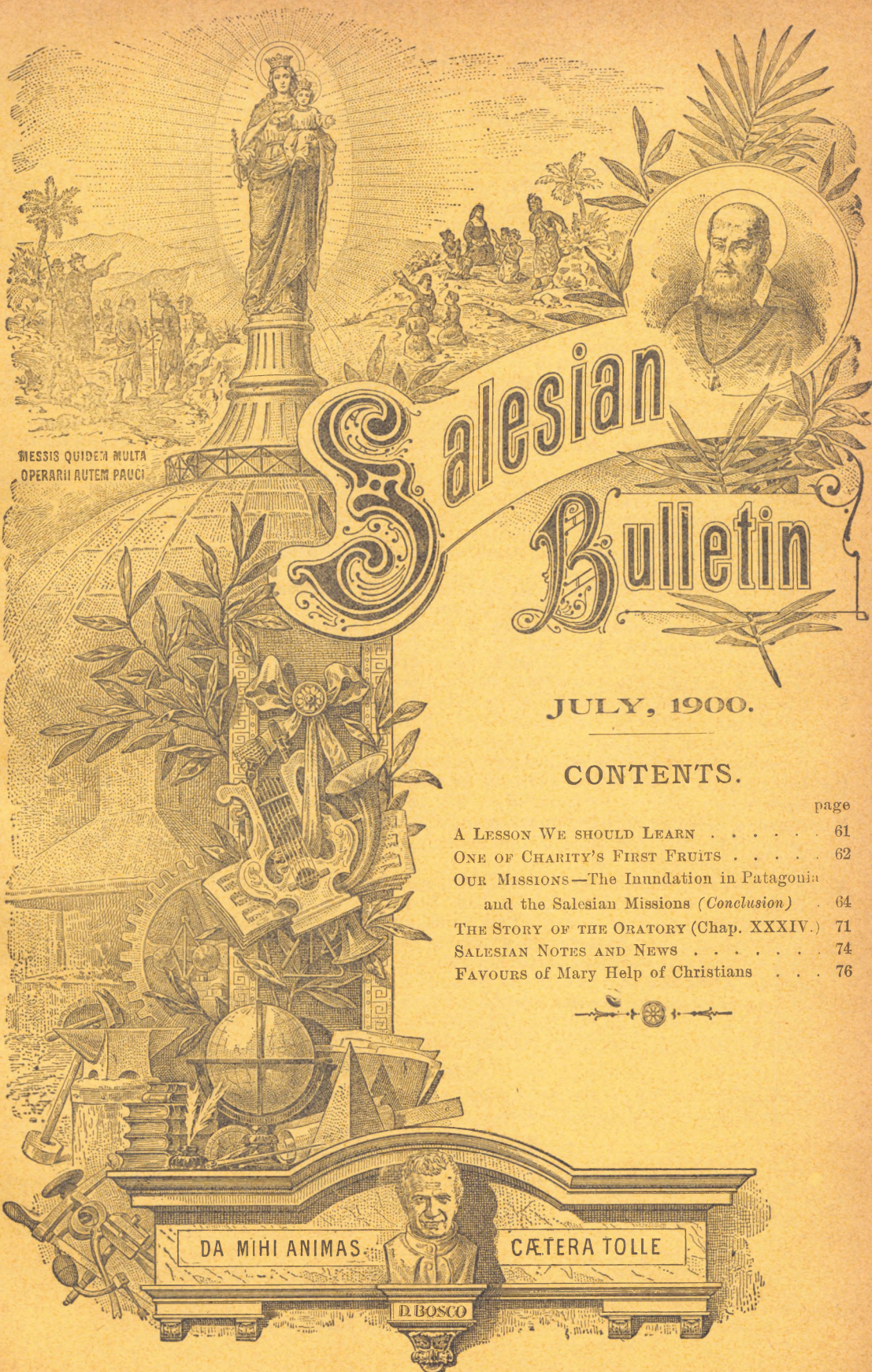


Correspondents are earnestly requested to repeat their Postal Address in every letter.



MESSIS QUIDEM MULTA
OPERARI AUTEM PAUCI

Salesian Bulletin

JULY, 1900.

CONTENTS.

	page
A LESSON WE SHOULD LEARN	61
ONE OF CHARITY'S FIRST FRUITS	62
OUR MISSIONS—The Inundation in Patagonia and the Salesian Missions (<i>Conclusion</i>)	64
THE STORY OF THE ORATORY (Chap. XXXIV.)	71
SALESIAN NOTES AND NEWS	74
FAVOURS of Mary Help of Christians	76



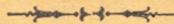
DA MIHI ANIMAS



CÆTERA TOLLE

D. BOSCO

THE CHARITABLE ASSOCIATION OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.



ADVANTAGES OF MEMBERSHIP.

- 1.—During the erection of the magnificent Temple, recently consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at the Castro Pretorio in Rome, it was established that, as soon as the grand edifice were finished, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin and other prayers should be daily recited therein, and holy Mass offered on Fridays for all Contributors to the Building Fund of this International Monument of devotion to the Sacred Heart. In order to augment these spiritual advantages and admit to their enjoyment a greater number of the faithful, the Charitable Association of the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been established in the above named church; whereby all the members participate in the fruit of six Masses daily, in perpetuity, offered for the intentions of those who are inscribed in the books of the Association and have given an alms of One Shilling once for ever towards the Oratory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
- 2.—Two of these daily Masses will be celebrated at the Altar of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, two at that of Mary Help of Christians, and two at St. Joseph's. We may remark that Don Bosco's venerable name is associated with the two last-mentioned Altars, for on them he offered the Holy Sacrifice during his last stay in Rome.
- 3.—Besides the six daily Masses all MEMBERS, both living and dead, participate in the fruits attached to:
 - (a) The recital of the Rosary and the imparting of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which takes place every day in this church;
 - (b) The devotions performed by the little boys of the Oratory in their own private Chapel, including also the Mass at which they daily assist;
 - (c) All the Services, Novenas, Feasts and Solemnities whatsoever, that are celebrated in the aforesaid church;
 - (d) The prayers and good works performed by the Salesians themselves and by their protégés in their Homes, Colleges, Hospices, Oratories, Missions, etc., in Italy, in France, in Spain, in England, in Austria, in Switzerland, in America, in Asia, in Africa,—in a word, wherever they are established or may be called by Divine Providence.
- 4.—Participation in the holy Masses will commence on the day after the alms have come to hand, all the other spiritual advantages are enjoyed from the moment of inscription.
- 5.—The contributor, we repeat, of one shilling given once for all, is entitled to put his intentions in all the six Masses and all the other pious works, for his own advantage or for that of his friends, living or dead, and to change the intention *in every circumstance* according to his particular wants or desires.
- 6.—Inscriptions may also be made in favour of departed friends, of children, and of any class whatsoever of persons, even without their knowledge or consent.
- 7.—Persons desiring to participate more abundantly in these spiritual advantages may do so by repeating the alms of one shilling, thereby multiplying the inscriptions as often as they please.
- 8.—The offerings thus collected are destined for the maintenance of the boys of the Hospice or Oratory founded by Don Bosco on the grounds annexed to the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Salesians are in duty bound to fulfil all the obligations of the Charitable Association as above described.
- 9.—The names of subscribers will be entered on the Registers of the Association and preserved in the Temple of the Sacred Heart, in Rome, for perpetual remembrance.
- 10.—There are two centres for enrolment, one in Rome, the other in Turin. Address: The Rev. Rector, Ospizio del Sacro Cuore di Gesù, 42, Via Porta S. Lorenzo, Rome; or, The V. Rev. Michael Rua, Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy.

Approbation.

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

✠ L. M. PARROCCI, Card. Vic

The Papal Blessing.

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

Given from the Vatican, June 30th, 1888.

ANGELO RINALDI, Chaplain, Sec.

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

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

THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

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

Vol. III. — Nos. 93.

July, 1900.

Registered for transmission abroad.

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

A LESSON WE SHOULD LEARN.

THERE is perhaps no more touching scene in the whole of the Holy Scriptures than that mentioned in Mark IX. 35. Our divine Lord has been rebuking His disciples for disputing among themselves as to who should be greatest. "And sitting down, He called the twelve and saith to them: 'If any man desire to be first he shall be the last of all and the minister of all.' And taking a child He sat him in the midst of them, whom when He had embraced, He said to them: 'Whosoever shall receive one such child in My name receiveth Me, and whosoever shall receive Me receiveth not Me but Him that sent Me!'"

Here we have an important and striking

lesson of humility which we may well take to heart. But the touching part of the scene is that our Lord deigned to embrace the child. To place the little one in the midst of His disciples and point him out as an example to them was not enough, He must needs take him in His arms and embrace him. What condescension and love on the part of our Saviour!

The love of little children stands out as one of the peculiar characteristics of Jesus Christ. They were the object of his special love and sympathy.

This was, if anything, even more strikingly exhibited when little children were brought to Him to be blessed. As yet, the disciples had not learned the double lesson of meekness and humbleness of heart He came on earth to teach them; and they roughly ordered the little ones away lest they should be in the way

of the Master. Their conduct displeased Jesus, Who said to them: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not. For of such is the kingdom of God. Amen I say to you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall not enter into it." And embracing them, and laying His hands upon them, He blessed them.

How beautiful! Does this charming and delightful love for children not strike us as very touching and impressive? Truly, Our Lord has the most human of human hearts, a heart that glowed with love of innocence, of meekness, of gentleness, of humility and docility. Jesus embraced and blessed those little children. What an inestimable privilege was theirs,—to be folded in the loving arms of their God and Creator, and pressed to that Sacred Heart! Here is a lesson for us to learn,—a recommendation to love the young, and interest ourselves in their welfare, more especially if they are poor and outcast. But it is a lesson which parents, above all, should take to heart.

What a different state of society there would be if all parents did their duty! It is sad to think that so many young people who have "gone to the bad," received their first inclination to evil in the home which should have been to them the school of virtue. They, to whose care Almighty God committed them, shamefully betrayed the trust reposed in them.

On the other hand, how blessed is the family where the spirit of religion reigns supreme, where the hearts of parents and children are united in peace and harmony. The home then becomes the sweetest, the most lovely and attractive place in the world,—it becomes, in fact, a little heaven upon earth.

No one need be downcast, for Jesus is the joy of heaven, and it is His joy to enter into sorrowful hearts. We can exaggerate about many things; but we can never exaggerate our obligations to Jesus, or the compassionate abundance of the love of Jesus to us. All our lives long we might talk of Jesus, and yet we should never come to an end of the sweet things that are to be said about Him. Eternity will not be long enough to learn all He is, or to praise Him for all He has done; but then that matters not; for we shall be always with Him, and we desire nothing more.

ONE OF CHARITY'S FIRST FRUITS.



LIVES rather fairly conditioned, temporarily and spiritually, are often subject to a peculiar grievance. They are beset by dull listlessness. The absence of interest in almost everything may make them drag so heavily that they seem very wretched lives, though in reality they are not so at all. Hence, people who feel no longer the zest of struggling to live, who have or easily obtain a competent support, who are far from passionate vice, but not yet in the arduous of virtue, can sometimes be heard lamenting the apparent aimlessness of existence. What good is it? what is it for? they impatiently ask, when the empty monotony threatens to become insufferable.

Others, in truly hard circumstances, will naturally wonder at these well-to-do grumblers and will, perhaps, ask what the thankless creatures have to desire.

What they desire they may not themselves be able to tell; but what they want—one thing, at least, that would supply their want—is active charity, some corporal work of mercy. Let them relieve somebody, and they will immediately relieve themselves.

How it is that charity puts out despondency cannot, I believe, be physiologically explained; the fact that it does so is of commonest experience.

Who ever heard a man who was "going about doing good," asking whether life was worth living? He has no time to ask such questions; he cannot find time for all the worth that he would crowd into the hours of the day and night.

In some mysterious way God has connected whatever is best and happiest to us with the exercise of kindness to our fellows. His promise always fulfils itself: "*When thou shalt pour out thy soul to the hungry, and shalt satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise up in darkness, and thy darkness shall be as the noonday. And the Lord will give thee rest continually, and will fill thy soul with brightness, and deliver thy bones, and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a fountain of water whose waters shall not fail.*"

There are deep springs of the joy of life which never open, never arise, until the moment that we try to be generously helpful to our neighbour. Then most sweet is the interior exultance in being exteriorly charitable. And it may be noticed that the feel

ing is not one of pride or mere self-satisfaction. It is like a spiritual efflorescence of our highest nature, bursting up gladly towards the God Who made us, because, perhaps, we are conscious of fellowship with Him when we are good to our fellow-creatures. He is charity, and charity is expansive; when we are actively charitable we feel something of His free greatness. We are not humanly proud, we are divinely happy.

Enlargement of mind and heart is an immediate effect of this happiness. In the sunlight of doing good the growth of fine qualities is rapid, and the charitable man rises above himself. His natural gifts may be only ordinary; but his genial contact with the needy creatures of God will often make him take on a richness of feeling and a delicacy of judgment that are incomparable and otherwise unattainable. He becomes an exemplification of the inspired proverb that "*merciful man doth good to his own soul.*" He cannot, indeed, do so much good to others as he does to himself; he cannot bless so much as he is blessed, even here and now, for he becomes more admirably a man every time he helps human beings to the means of living a human life. And the delight of it all is perennial.

Hence, a striking peculiarity of corporal works of mercy, compared to other exercises of religion, is they never grow tasteless. "Weariness in well-doing" may reach all interior devotions; it hardly touches outward charity. It falls on the most fervent practices of piety, crushing out of them every trace of sweetness and consolation, while it

leaves the Samaritan acts unshadowed and unchanged in all their savoury freshness.

A buoyant expansion of soul and development of character may, therefore, be expected as a first-fruit of the exercise of charity. The fruit will always be fair; it may take special qualities of excellence from the excellence of the object of our charity. To relieve in any way our own flesh and blood is ennobling; but to lift up the young, the hope of the human family, is necessarily of best result and best inspiration.

The saints who spent themselves on indigent children, have peculiarly glorious characteristics. See St. Vincent de Paul stooping to pick up an abandoned infant: there is shining from his countenance a glad strength which makes us think better of humanity. St. Jerome Emilianus is of princely sweetness in the midst of his ragged waifs and hungry orphans. About the simple figure of Don Bosco, the friend of poor but industrious boys there glows the halo of true Christian philanthropy; and all the protectors and helpers of the Lord's little ones both feel and exercise the special charm of their most fruitful charity. To them undoubtedly might



Our Divine Lord in the midst of little Children.

the Prophet say: *Deal the bread to the hungry, and bring the needy and the harbourless into thy house; when thou shalt see one naked, cover him, and despise not thy own flesh. Then shall thy light break forth as the morning and thy health shall speedily arise, and thy justice shall go before thy face, and the glory of the Lord shall gather thee up.*—From the *Messenger of St. Joseph.*

GOOD to begin well, better to end well.



THE INUNDATION IN PATAGONIA AND THE SALESIAN MISSIONS.

(Conclusion).

Viedma — The Flood at Hand.

ABOUT twenty miles from the mouth of the Rio Negro, stood Viedma the capital of the Rio Negro Territory. Nothing now remains of this once flourishing emporium but ruins and a few dilapidated buildings. This was the last town to suffer from the rising and overflow of the Rio Negro.

It was about the 18th of July that the river began to seriously threaten the town. To ward off the danger, the authorities engaged the services of every available person in constructing dykes, and several of our *confrères* lent their assistance. However, most of us were sceptical of any real danger, as we had seen the river rise on several other occasions and as quickly resume its wonted level. The authorities were not so optimistic, but actively pushed forward the work of constructing earth-banks on the north side of the town, the side facing the river; more so, when several families arrived in Viedma that same evening and the following day from localities not far off that had been overrun by the river.

Destruction of S. José — Viedma overtaken by the Flood.

On the 20th, we heard with dismay that a hamlet called S. José, about 17 miles from the capital, had been destroyed by the flood and the inhabitants obliged to take to some hills for safety, where they were isolated and without food or shelter. On receipt of this news the authorities organized a relief party, which made its way up the river to the place indicated; but it was only after many hours hard fighting with the impetuous current that the spot was reached and the refugees rescued.

The proximity of the flood had a salutary

effect on the inhabitants of Viedma. All who were able assisted with feverish activity in the work of defending the town from the threatening danger. Life and home were dear to all, and some effort must be made to shield both from the destructive element.

At sunset, on the 21st inst., the Rio Negro burst its bounds, and, dashing against the hastily-constructed earthen parapet, made a gap on the north west side of the town, and through this opening began to overrun the streets in the vicinity. In the face of this irruption, it seemed useless to do anything further with the hope of stopping the inflowing water. Yet, we redoubled our efforts, and all that evening and the following night, we fought desperately with the flood, and laboured unweariedly in strengthening the earth-banks. But all our efforts turned out vain. On the morning of the 22nd, enormous waves advanced against the town. The barriers we had erected, were demolished in a twinkling, and in less than half an hour, the lower part of Viedma was under water. The prison was one of the first places invaded. The water there very soon measuring 9 feet, the inmates, however, were all safely extricated, and transferred to Carmen de Patagonas on the other side of the river.

The Work of Rescue.

The water continued to rise rapidly. Nothing could stay its furious inrush: it penetrated everywhere. In the square outside the Government House, it rose to 16 feet in a few minutes. It was now time to think seriously of moving the inhabitants to a place of safety. And, promptly and with order, the work of rescue was carried out under the authorities' direction. The little inmates of our College and of the Convent of the Nuns, were transferred without accident to Carmen, where the public schools were set apart for them.

The morning of the 23rd dawned, and although it was Sunday, it found our brethren and a few of our elder *alumni* hard at work, moving the furniture, etc. from the flooded houses to where it would be out of the reach of the water. The flood rose higher and higher, and seemed to gain in fury every moment. On several occasions the boats engaged in the rescue work were upset and the occupants often in danger of drowning; but our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother were watching over Viedma, and no casualty, therefore, occurred.

A Noah's Ark—The Mission Threatened by the Flood.

As our College occupied the highest point of the town, and there were hopes that the flood would not rise so high, that establishment became the resort of many; and most of the things that could be saved were conveyed there. It also became the retreat

vent, the Church and the Hospital alone remained untouched, the rest of Viedma lay under water. I celebrated holy mass rather early as I desired to consume the consecrated hosts kept in the tabernacle, but I found it impossible to consume all, there being three pixes full. We had not foreseen that the flood would have put to flight the friends of the Blessed Sacrament.



A Street in Patagones devastated by the Flood.

for horses, cows, sheep, cats, dogs, etc. Through an opening made by some of these creatures, they penetrated into the College and sought to make themselves at home. They trampled under foot everything that came in their way, and caused great destruction all over the house. It cost us no end of trouble to get rid of those unwelcome visitors.

The steamer *Pomona* arrived on the 24th, with 24 boats to assist in the transport work. On that day, also, the authorities transferred their headquarters to our College. Many people during the day came to us to be conveyed across the river to Patagones. Several of our *confrères* risked their lives whilst employed in this undertaking; our Lady's protection, however, served them in good stead.

We were very much taken aback on the morning of the 25th, to find ourselves entirely isolated. La Plaza Winter,—the market-place,—a square in front of our buildings, and occupying the most elevated spot in Viedma,—was submerged. Our College, the Con-

Viedma Abandoned—Saved from a Watery Grave.

As the water showed no sign of abating during the day, the authorities cleared the place of all the people who were still to be found at Viedma. Our Father Garrone, the doctor-chaplain to the Hospital, was given the duty of removing the inmates of that establishment to Carmen. You can imagine, dear Father, the great difficulty of such an undertaking; but Father Garrone with the help of the Hospital assistants managed everything so well that there was not the least unpleasantness to deplore. Only the Governor, a few officials,

some of our lay brothers and myself now remained in Viedma.

Whilst engaged in scanning the country round-about from the look-out tower of our Meteorological Observatory, I espied a human being in the water some distance away south of the town. I communicated this fact to the Governor, who sent a boat at once to the rescue. Shortly a half-drowned man, with eyes staring out of his head and his mouth covered with foam, was brought to our house. He was the poor creature I had seen from the look-out. We placed him near a blazing fire, poured some brandy down his throat, and did every thing we could to restore him. But it was some time before he revived and could speak. When, however, he came to himself, he burst into tears, and, between his sobs, jerked out: "There, down there, my wife and my children." And he made a motion with his hand as though to point out the direction. As soon as he became calmer, he told us that he had come from afar through the flood, swimming most of the way, in search of assistance for his

wife and his two girl-children, who were in a perilous situation. If help were not quickly forthcoming, they would assuredly be swallowed up by the flood.

A Desperate Fight with the Flood —Just in Time.

A boat, manned by several sailors from the S. S. *Pomona*, was sent in the direction indicated, and succeeded in saving the distressed woman and her two children. But it was no child's play to get to the spot. For seven hours the sailors fought desperately with the current. Sometimes, the boat would become entangled among the trees and bushes, or wire-fences; often, it was in danger of coming into collision with trunks of trees or *débris* floating [down to meet it. Only the excellent seamanship and undaunted courage of the brave little crew saved them from disaster. (How the man we rescued from the water managed to reach Viedma alive passes my comprehension). And they reached the place only just in time; for a few seconds after the woman and children were lifted into the boat from the roof of their farm-house, this building gave way and disappeared under the water.

In the evening, the Governor was called away to Patagones to treat of various important matters. Before leaving, he charged Señor Schieronì (the chief Engineer) and myself to look after affairs during his absence.

The flood had so far respected the buildings belonging to the Mission, but shortly after the Governor left, an enormous wave came along and swept over the ground on which the Mission stands. In a moment, the playground, cellars, and ground-floor were filled with water. I was on the look-out tower at the time, and saw as many as twenty-seven buildings give way in a few minutes. Among them were the Government House, the Town Hall, and the Court.

A Painful Ordeal.

As night was setting in, the Governor sent an order to us to abandon the place without delay and betake ourselves to Patagones, as he had just received intelligence that the Rio Negro, at the confluence of the Rivers Limay and Neuquen, had risen 18 feet. Señor Schieronì and two other men were the only persons allowed to remain in Viedma, their duty being to keep watch during the night. I cannot describe to you, dear Father, my feelings at being obliged to leave our Mission, which had cost us so many fatigues and

sacrifices, and where we had spent so many happy days. We had fondly hoped we should not have to leave our happy abode; that it would be spared by the waters; but we had hoped in vain. When Captain Albarracin of the S. S. *Rio Negro*, appeared with some sailors to take us on board, I took the Blessed Sacrament from the flooded Church, and accompanied by the few *confrères* who had remained with me, was rowed to the vessel. The journey to Carmen de Patagones was short; and the grief we suffered at being separated from our beloved Mission was mitigated by the presence of our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. But, now and again, we would glance with wistful eyes in the direction of Viedma, vainly seeking to catch a glimpse of the Church, the College, or the Hospital, now hidden in the darkness. On reaching Patagones, we were met by our brethren stationed in that town, who lavished on us every kindness and care.

Carmen de Patagones—A Hurricane and its Effects.

Carmen de Patagones, so called from its dedication to our Lady of Mount Carmel, is situated on the north bank of the Rio Negro about 24 miles from the Ocean. It almost faces Viedma (which stands on the opposite side of the river), and is commonly called either Carmen, or Patagones. Owing to its elevated position,—it is built on several small hills which rise about 100 feet from the water,—it suffered little from the inundation. The population, comprising also the suburbs, amounts to about 6,000. It is the oldest town in Patagonia, and one of its chief emporiums of commerce.

On the 27th and 28th, the water continued to rise in Viedma, and reached a height of six feet in our College there. And as though this were not enough, a furious wind arose, a veritable hurricane, which lasted 48 hours, and completed the work of destruction in the doomed town, by laying low the few houses that had resisted the force of the flood until then, the buildings of the Mission alone remained standing. Patagones also suffered from the effects of the hurricane. The waters were literally lifted into the air by it, and dashed against the hill-sides in continuous waves, breaking over the lower part of the town with deafening noise, and reducing one of the streets, composed of solidly-built houses, to a mass of ruins. One of those houses belonged to us. A small steamer, which lay

moored near the town, was carried several hundred feet inland on the crest of the waves, and dashed to pieces. Fortunately, there was no one on board at the time.

Privations—Friends in Need.

I may here remark that when we arrived in Patagones, it was already over-crowded with refugees, who had come from all parts of the Rio Negro Valley to escape from the inundation. Consequently, the food question became a most serious matter. Our little party, which numbered over 300 persons, received a daily ration consisting of 80 kilograms of meat, and 50 of sea biscuits. When portioned out, it made but a small meal for each one; and this was the only food we had for many a long day. It was not much, I must say, but it helped to keep body and soul together. And we could not have counted even on this small supply, had it not been for the ladies of the town belonging to the local Society of St. Vincent de Paul, who very kindly distributed the rations to us. To these zealous and benevolent ladies we offer our sincere and grateful thanks. For shelter we had a few small rooms, and, indeed, we were thankful to get even those.

An Unpleasant Experience.

On the 29th, the flood showed signs of abating. As we stood in need of medicines for the sick, Father Garrone and Bro. Massini went over to Viedma to see if it were possible to procure the things from the abandoned Hospital. On reaching the Mission, they discovered that the place had been broken into by thieves, and a large quantity of our goods, which had been stored in the upper rooms, carried off. Having got what he wanted, Father Garrone set out on his return journey with his companion and the boatman. They had not proceeded very far, before the boat was caught in the current and borne swiftly along. All attempts to get out of the current were useless. Suddenly the boat was hurled against a cypress-tree, and with such force that it over-turned, and its occupants were thrown into the water. By seizing a branch of the tree, Father Garrone prevented himself from being swept away; Bro. Massini, after battling desperately with the water, was fortunate enough to lay hold of one of Fr. Garrone's feet, and thus kept himself afloat; whilst the boatman saved himself by jumping on to Father Garrone's shoulders.

It was some time before the three could be extricated from their unenviable position. A boat sent from the S. S. *Pomona* for this purpose, failed to reach them; but another from the *Rio Negro*, was more fortunate, the party being picked up and safely taken to Carmen.

The following day the waters continued to decrease rapidly, and our Mission and part of the ruined town of Viedma seemed to rise gradually from the depths of the flood. This was a signal for us to return there to pump the buildings dry and restore them as far as it were possible.

Bishop Cagliero and the Sufferers from the Flood.

Before passing on to speak of other of our Missions damaged by the floods, it is my duty to say a few words with regard to the zeal and activity displayed, during this trying period, by our beloved Vicar-Apostolic, Bishop Cagliero. Following his custom of previous years, his Lordship took advantage of the winter season (which here occurs during May, June and July), to make a visitation of the Salesian Houses in Argentina, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Brazil; and for this purpose he set out from Viedma in the first half of June. Owing to the apprehensions which the rising of the Rio Negro at its source was beginning to give rise to about that time, the Bishop was somewhat troubled when he bade us adieu; but we reassured him, and promised to let him know at once if anything unusual happened. During the days of anxiety, when the flood was with us, we were in constant communication with his Lordship. If he did not return at once, but stopped at Buenos Ayres on his way back, it was because he knew that he could be of greater service to us and to the sufferers from the flood by pleading our cause in the capital of the Argentine Republic. In fact, he visited President Roca, the members of the Cabinet, and a large number of influential and benevolent persons, held conferences, and sent out a circular letter, awakening in this way a widespread sympathy in our behalf. The first assistance that reached Patagones from outside for the refugees came through Bishop Cagliero. And being anxious to know their wants so that he might the better bring them relief, he shortly afterwards returned, and visited all who had been deprived of their homes, consoling and encouraging them.

In the Neuquen and Chubut Territories.

Having spoken of the damage done to our Missions at Roca, Conesa, Guardia Pringles, Viedma, and Patagones in the Rio Negro territory by the flood, it now behoves me to

Rawson in Ruins.

I transcribe from a recent number of the Buenos Ayres *Voz de la Iglesia*, the following interesting article which will give you some idea of the awful nature of the floods in Central Patagonia:—



A View of Viedma after the Flood.

refer to our Missions in the territories of Neuquen and Chubut, which likewise suffered.

Chos-Malal, the capital of Neuquen, with a population of 600 souls lies about 80 leagues to the north west of the confluence of the Rivers Limay and Neuquen, on the north bank of the latter. Our Mission exists only a few years in this small centre, but it has made notable progress. Chos-Malal, suffered from the effects of the flood, and much damage was caused to our Church and the Mission House. Unfortunately, the Superior, Father Gavotto, was away on a missionary expedition at the time the flood appeared.

At Junin de los Andes, the Mission was also visited by the flood and filled with several feet of water; but, fortunately, it did very little damage. These were the only two Salesian Houses in the Neuquen Territory that suffered in consequence of the floods; and as there is nothing of further importance to relate about them, I pass on to speak of the more serious events which happened in the Chubut Territory. The effects of the floods in that region were even more disastrous than those that took place in the Rio Negro Valley. The centres of population in Chubut are not more than five in number, consisting of Rawson, the capital, and the Colonies of Gaiman, Trelew, Madryn, and October XVI.

“On the 9th inst, there arrived at our port by the S. S. *Santa Cruz*, two Salesian Fathers from Rawson (Chubut), accompanied by eleven little orphans, six of these being natives. On the boat were also three Sisters of Mary Help of Christians from the same Mission with three little Indian girls. They have been obliged to seek refuge here, as their mission no longer exists. It was destroyed by the terrible inundation of the Rio Chubut which levelled Rawson to the ground. The ravages resulting from the overflowing of this river are far greater than those caused by that of the Rio Negro.

“On July 23, the inhabitants of Rawson were warned that the Rio Chubut had swollen to such an extent that an inundation was imminent. The people, however, gave the matter very little of their attention, contenting themselves with merely removing the few articles which lay outside their homes.

“Four days later, namely, on the morning of the 27th inst., an impetuous torrent of water came rushing over the banks of the river and entered the people’s dwellings on all sides. In the short space of three hours it rose to the height of four and a half feet in the interior of the houses, and for a whole week remained at that level. When the water gave signs of abating, all the

houses had collapsed,—only the Church remained standing, but it was in a very shaky condition. The Salesian College had fallen in, and nothing but ruins was left of the Nuns' Convent.

Days of Trial.

"The Fathers and their pupils together with the greater part of the population gained a neighbouring elevation where they were out of danger. It was not until late in the afternoon, however, that the Nuns and their *alumni* could be transferred to a place of safety, since it was only then that a way made of tables, beams and planks, leading from the Convent to a spot out of reach of the water, was available.

"A benevolent Italian family living on the eminence, kindly placed their dwelling at the disposal of the Nuns and their pupils.

"His Excellency Colonel O'Donnell, Governor of Chubut, gave proof of great activity and admirable prudence in the emergency. Not content with sending a number of carts and boats to the relief of the people, he himself rode to all the houses in his carriage, and succeeded in helping out of a dilemma

for all. At this moment, that unfortunate population is still to be found on that elevation, awaiting the bountiful hand of charity to furnish it with the means wherewith to rebuild the modest town. Unlike the people of Viedma, who found refuge from the flood in the town of Patagones (which lay in sight of them on the other side of the Rio Negro), the inhabitants of Rawson are obliged to remain where they are for the present, as they are far removed from any centre of population.

Help for the Helpless—Disaster to Gaiman.

"The Superior of the Mission of Chubut, having left two Salesian Fathers to attend to the welfare of the unfortunate men, women, and children camping on the hill at Rawson, has come to Almagro to knock at the door of his brethren and beg food and shelter for his precious charge of ten little orphan boys. The Nuns with several native girls have likewise journeyed thus far to seek refuge with the Sisters of their Congregation in this town. The deplorable condition of these forlorn little ones will suffice to give an idea



La Plaza Winter at Viedma after the Flood.

many a poor woman and child who had no means of leaving their temporary prison. Thanks to the prompt and generous action of the authorities, not a single life was lost. Under their directions, small huts were improvised on the hill with pieces of zinc and other materials available from the ruined houses below, and thus shelter was provided

of what the homeless inhabitants of Rawson are forced to suffer. We are sure the people of Buenos Ayres, who are well-known for their benevolence, will not fail to take a charitable interest in them.

"The journey of the refugees has been long and tedious. It was not until a week after the inundation that they were able to find

waggon to take them to Trelew, the nearest town, which lies about ten miles from there. Owing to the flooded state of the country, they had to take a round-about way, and instead of ten miles they traversed at least twenty-five miles to reach that town. They remained in Trelew three days, and, at the end of that time, set out for Port Madryn on the New Gulf. Here they were treated with great kindness and hospitality by the authorities, who let them want for nothing. A few days later they left in the *Santa Cruz* bound for Buenos Ayres, arriving here on the 9th inst.

"These Fathers and Nuns have not words enough to praise and thank the officers of the vessel which brought them here, for the great kindness they lavished upon them.

"We hear that the effects of the inundation have been much more disastrous at Gaiman, which lies about thirty-six miles away from Rawson in the Valle Superior—the centre of the Welsh colony. The whole valley, which has an area of about nine square miles, was swamped, and in less than three hours all the dwellings were washed away. The Salesian Chapel, an edifice only recently built, is in ruins. The inhabitants of the town saved themselves by climbing the hill-sides. It is calculated that there are about 3,000 people on those hill-sides without food or shelter!

"May God touch the hearts of the people of Buenos Ayres. They will not, we feel sure, be backward in lending a generous hand to their unfortunate brethren of the South."

A Bright Side of the Picture.

So far, I have referred only to the dark side of the picture, but before laying down my pen, I would say a word about the bright side, for a bright side there is.

During the disastrous period I have endeavoured to portray to you, dear Father, not once did the beneficent hand of charity fail us. I would like to write here the long list of generous souls who came forward to succour all who suffered from the floods; but it would extend over several pages. However, I cannot omit the names of those benefactors who were solicitous in aiding the Salesians and their pupils during that trying epoch. In the first place, then, I must mention the Governors and the local authorities of the various territories visited by the floods. All, without exception, were present wher-

ever the danger was most serious, giving proof of the greatest courage and presence of mind. And besides, our hearts go out in gratitude to Señor Nicholas Cuneo, Italian Consul; to Señors E. Romero, James Albarracin, Marceline Crespo, and Anthony Poinot; and to the good, benevolent ladies, the Señoras Antonia Molina, Melitona Crespo, and many others, whose names I do not at present remember, but whose deeds of Christian charity we can never forget.

A Touching Act of Generosity.

An act, however, worthy of every encomium, and which has left the most agreeable impressions on us, was performed by the *alumni* of the Salesian College at Bahia Blanca in Argentina. As soon as these children heard of the unfortunate events that happened in Patagonia, they conceived the noble idea of assisting their little Indian brethren in distress. Hence, with unsophisticated generosity, they deprived themselves of their pocket-money, and sent the proceeds (a sum of 200 *pesos*), to Bishop Cagliero, Vicar Apostolic of Patagonia, accompanied by the following letter, which I reproduce in its entirety, through the kind permission of his Lordship:—

ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNORE,

We were deeply moved on hearing of the disastrous floods which have occurred down South, and of the hardships and sufferings of the several populations; but that which brought tears to our eyes was the sad condition of the poor, little orphan children whom the floods, in several instances, have deprived of food and shelter. How sad, indeed, is the lot of the little children of Viedma, Guardia Pringles, Choele-Choel, Cubanea, and Roca, who saw the flood devastate the Missions, and deprive them of the homes where they were kindly cared-for and happy.

It is our good fortune to have bright homes and loving parents, and to be free from all care; whilst many of our little friends of the Rio Negro Valley are without a roof, and parents, and are suffering many privations.

We have made a collection among ourselves, and send Your Lordship the proceeds, a sum of 200 *pesos*. Our Superiors say that we have done well, but we are not altogether satisfied with this small offering, and we promise to make a further effort on behalf of our friends.

We beg Your Lordship to kindly make known to these little brothers of ours, that we felt it our duty to come to their aid; that we entertain an affectionate regard for them, and grieve with them in their affliction. On our part we shall certainly do all we can to make them happy and contented.

Moreover, may our poor but sincere expressions of sympathy and affectionate regard for Your Lordship, from whom we have received so many proofs of paternal benevolence, contribute to alleviate your own bitter trial, for we can understand how deeply oppressed you must be by the heavy calamity which has befallen the Salesian Missions in Patagonia. It will be our duty to pray to our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother to console the afflicted orphans, and to provide Your Lordship with all things necessary to repair the ravages caused by the floods.

With renewal of our humble expressions of gratitude, and kissing Your Lordship's hand, we have the honour to be, etc., etc.

THE ALUMNI OF THE "COLEGIO DON BOSCO."
Bahia Blanca, August 1, 1899.

God bless you, dear children of Bahia Blanca! When Bishop Cagliero gave me the letter to copy, his eyes were filled with tears of consolation. Besides, the generous donation was of the greatest benefit to the poor, homeless children of the Rio Negro Valley.

Conclusion.

I would beg of you, dear Father, to bring this edifying instance of charity to the knowledge of the children who are being educated in our Colleges and Institutes, as it may serve to inspire them to imitate the example of our little friends at Bahia Blanca.

Our beloved Bishop, in the name of the Missionaries of Patagonia, and of the natives and little children who owe their conversion and maintenance to the charity of the Salesian Co-operators all the world over, desires to convey his grateful thanks to all who have come to our aid in our present necessities. You could, dear Father, bring this to their notice by means of the *Salesian Bulletin*.

Begging your blessing for your sons labouring in this portion of the Lord's vineyard, and for these unfortunate Missions, I remain.

Your devoted Son in J. C.,

BERNARD VACCHINA,
Salesian Missionary.

CURIOSITY, ambition, restlessness, and forgetfulness of the end for which we are in this world are the cause of our having more impediments than works, more bustle than business, more undertakings than results. And these encumbrances, these superfluous occupations with which we burden ourselves, are what divert us from God, and not the legitimate exercises of our employments.—
ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

THE STORY OF THE ORATORY

OR

DON BOSCO'S OPENING APOSTOLATE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

**The New House—A Catastrophe—
The Protection of Heaven manifested—Works begun again and finished—The Count and the Baker—
The Forty Hours' Adoration.**

IN the new Church of St. Francis of Sales, we had a sacred edifice large enough for all the young people who flocked in, on Sundays and holidays, from different parts of the city; and in the former chapel we now had a convenient room for Evening,—and Day,—schools, which were attended by more than a hundred boys of various ages and social position. But still a shelter for poor, homeless children was urgently needed. Every day, such children came to Don Bosco, begging to be taken in from the highways, and lodged for charity's sake. The few small rooms that there were, (one of which was nearly destroyed by the explosion of the Powder-Magazine), did not suffice. Having thought out the matter, our Don Bosco said, one day: "We have built a House for the Lord. Now, we must build one for His children. Let us put our shoulders to the wheel!"

He deliberated before building the walls that run to the right of the entrance and open on to the little staircase abutting on his own balcony; but in the summer, soon after the consecration of the Church, the works were begun. They made such good progress that, before winter, they were roofed. Those who did not well know the ways of Divine Providence towards him, seeing so many workmen and so much building-material gathered together, would say:—"But where does Don Bosco get the money to pay all these labourers, and to build so rapidly a house of such a size?" Similar questions were always asked, as the man of God began his different undertakings.

But an unlooked-for, and very great, trial awaited him and his charitable supporters. The beams were already in their places; the laths were nailed up; the tiles were on the top, ready to be set on the roof, when heavy rains came to stop the works. Nor was this

all. The rain fell night and day. The water ran down the beams and fell from them and the roofing-laths. Perhaps the lime was bad, too. In any case, the walls became but a heap of brick and stone without mortar, or anything, to hold them together. And what followed?

A terrible catastrophe!

It was about mid-night on the 2-3 of December, and Don Bosco and his children were fast asleep, when they were startled by a horrible noise. At each moment it grew louder. All were greatly alarmed. At the dreadful uproar, and frightened by "Mamma Margaret's" screams,—she was the first to awake,—all jumped out of bed; and, in the first confusion, not knowing what had happened, all rushed out, each rolling himself in a rug or sheet. All started off, not caring where they were going. Some fled to the middle of the courtyard, and fell in the mud; some took shelter under the neighbouring mulberry trees; and others ran to the church, where they crouched at the foot of the altars. Soon people gathered on the spot to learn the cause of the fearful noise. It was found that several walls had collapsed; beams, tiles, and building materials littered the ground.

The disaster was great, certainly; but as regards life and limb, the protection of Heaven was manifest. Let me record three instances: On the right, the new building faced the Church, and had one side towards the old house, where, in a few small rooms, Don Bosco and thirty of his boys slept. Above this part stood, several yards high, a thick pilaster of the tottering building. This was detached from its base in the general crumbling, and remained overhanging the poor dwelling in a terribly threatening manner. In the morning a Commission arrived, appointed by the Municipality, to inspect, and report upon, the nature and cause of the disaster; and one of the engineers, Cavaliere Gabbetti, asked Don Bosco, "Who slept, last night, in those rooms?"

"I did," said Don Bosco, "and thirty of my boys."

Then this expert took Don Bosco by the arm, saying: "Then, go,—you, and your boys,—and thank the Blessed Mother. There is good reason, indeed! That pilaster is standing up there against all the laws of gravitation. Had it fallen, it would have killed every one of you in your beds!"

The order was at once given to demolish the pilaster. But how was it possible to do

this, without risking the lives of the workmen? With all caution, the masons roped it, and then, mounted upon ladders, or scaffolding, took it down bit by bit, and thus saved the poor old house from ruin.

Here is another instance of the Divine Goodness: In the morning after the building crumbled, the southern wall of the courtyard was still standing. Don Bosco, and several of the boys, were near it,—looking, in horror, at the ruins,—when one of the boys cried: "Fly!" Everyone rushed into the middle of the yard; and then, the wall fell down, the stones and bricks reaching to within a few yards of the little crowd. It is easier to imagine than to describe the feelings of those present at the scene. Their nerves were so severely shaken that, for months afterwards, the noise of a passing cart, or of the unloading of stones, curdled their blood; set them trembling; and made them turn deadly pale. Thus in the hour of trial, God's Mercy displayed Itself towards all. It is also worth remarking that, every evening, over a hundred externs came to the Oratory night-school. When they left their different classes, at about ten o'clock, before they went home, they chatted with our interns, playing round about the new buildings. Had these fallen only a couple of hours earlier, who can tell how many victims there would have been! But Heaven preserved Don Bosco and his children.

That particular night was passed by some, watching, in the room farthest from danger; by others, in the sacristy, and many were in the Church. An amusing episode occurred, on the occasion. One of our inmates, was a tailor, named Innocenzo Brunengo. He had crooked legs; and, having become bald through illness, he wore a wig; but he was of a very cheery disposition. He, also, had been sleeping in the spot most threatened; had rushed out in all haste, like the rest, and had forgotten his morning's roll, under his pillow,

As there were many boys who had to go off to their work in the city at an early hour, it was the habit to distribute the bread overnight.

Innocenzo did not consider the danger to himself, but in his grief for having left his breakfast behind him, and in spite of all remonstrances, he rushed back; secured the bread; and fled away again as fast as any cripple can fly.

When outside once more, he cried out heartily: "It is safe! It is safe!" obliging his com-

panions, then and there, to laugh beyond measure at him. As long as he lived, he was greeted, whenever met, with: "It is safe! It is safe!" and the boys would tease him about the prodigies of valour which he had wrought for love of one poor roll.

The one, however, who really gave proof of the manliest courage was Don Bosco's mother. She sent everybody out of harm's way; she sat up all night with the boys,—passing from room to room; and she stood her ground in the post of danger, like a brave general on the field of battle. True mother that she was, she lost all thought of herself in her care for her children. And Don Bosco was his mother's own son, under these circumstances. In his efforts to insure the safety of the boys, he risked his own life often. At length, it was Margherita, (who was as tender as she was courageous), that forced him to go away and take some rest.

Some time later, when the pain and dread produced by this disaster had passed away, one of the boys, who was studying painting, composed some verses in the Piedmontese dialect, which made us all laugh excessively. The poet is now a painter whose works are much sought after,—Signor Carlo Tomatis, Drawing Master in the Technical Institute at Fossano.

The verses would lose a great deal apart from their dialect, and it is perhaps better to try to describe them than to turn them into English. Well, to begin with, they seem like an inverted version of the tale of the Chinaman, who, in order to enjoy roast pork, burnt down the house with the pig inside. The lament is raised over a good *polenta*, otherwise a "pot of messages; no; a mess of pottages; oh, no! a message of pots,"—as the nervous curate said, when he meant, Esau's "mess of pottage." And this promising porridge is lost to the longing poet, because of the fall of the house where he has seen it on the fire! Brunengo and his wig play their part. Don Bosco appears to be in the act of counting his children, that he may know for certain that he has lost none. In verse after verse, the poet "celebrates" his comrades, with the joyful spirit characteristic of the inmates of the Oratory,—a something more than boyish high-heartedness. May it not be better described as the "joy,"—which is one of the Gifts of the Holy Ghost?

The fall of the house brought other troubles in its train. It was too late in the year even to begin building over again. But then, how

cope with the overcrowding? Don Bosco's charity was of the active kind. By propping up the walls of the former chapel, it was possible to turn it into a dormitory. Day school and Evening school could be held in the Church, where all due regard and pious precautions were observed. In this way, the Church became college, and literary arena, on week-days; while, on Sundays, it was wholly a place of worship.

As soon as ever Spring set in, in 1853, the rebuilding of the ruin was taken in hand. Those charitable souls that Divine Providence had inspired to help Don Bosco to begin the work, now came forward with help to continue, and complete, it. The Duchess di Montmorency, and the Marchese Fassati and his noble consort, were among those whose assistance was specially notable. With such aid the works advanced rapidly; and, by October, the house was finished. Hardly was it habitable, when the schools were transferred to it, and the refectory and dormitories. The number of interns was now about sixty-five, of whom several had, later, distinguished and successful careers. Don Bosco chose here the room that he kept for the rest of his life, never changing it till he went to the mansions of Heaven.

Towards the end of the same year, the belfry of the Church of St. Francis of Sales was erected; but there was, as yet, no suitable bell. A member of the Turin nobility, who was a regular attendant, as catechist, on Sundays and holidays, on the occasion of his election for the second time, to the Priorship of the "Sodality of St. Louis," gave a material proof of his charity in the form of a sonorous bell, which still continues to summon the youth of the city to the Festival meetings. The day of the Benediction and installation of this bell was one of great solemnity. A large number of people were invited. After the religious ceremony the Theologian, who was the pastor of Borgo Dora, preached on the line:

Laudo Deum verum, voco plebem, congrego clerum.

After the functions, there were theatricals which caused much merriment.

The same excellent Prior again proved the extent of his charity during the same year. For some time, it had been Don Bosco's habit, (instead of giving the children, each evening, the money to buy their own bread,) to buy bread wholesale, and distribute it, as in other educational Institutes. But now amongst his debts, there stood against him

the baker's claim for twelve thousand francs, or £480; and the baker threatened to starve both the Founder and Orphans, if he were not at once paid. It was the Prior who cancelled this debt,—Count Carlo Cays di Gilletta e Caselette, the member of the Sub-Alpine Parliament, and afterwards a humble and hard-working Salesian priest.

Among his other gifts were the "baldachino," and hangings, and carpets; and he lent eight splendid lustres which had been the adornments of the hall of Queen Mary Adelaide on the occasion of her marriage. The Church was now furnished with all that was necessary for divine worship, and it was therefore possible to hold the Forty Hours' Adoration there. The Devotion was carried on during three consecutive days, and crowds of young people, as well as the Faithful in general, attended. In view of the great concourse on that occasion, an octave of devotions followed, consisting of a sermon and benediction in the evening; and as a result there was an incalculable number of Confessions and Communions,—just as if it had been a course of Spiritual Exercises, or a Mission. This unusual fervour was the reason why the Devotion was held, in the years following, with a course of sermons, and pious practices, such as are continued to this day in the Sanctuary of Our Lady Help of Christians.

(To be continued).



ON the invitation of His Lordship the Bishop of Liege, the Salesian Fathers have just undertaken the direction of the Patronage of "Jeunes Ouvriers," the oldest and most flourishing of the working lads' patronages at Verviers. The disciples of Don Bosco were introduced into Belgium a few years ago by Bishop Doutreloux, who entrusted to their care the newly-formed Orphanage of St. John Berchmans' at Liege. In this splendid and admirably equipped institution, hundreds of orphan boys are maintained and educated, receiving during their stay an excellent professional training in a variety of handicrafts. There is also a numerously-attended patronage and technical school in connection with the establishment for young apprentices of the city. The foundation at Verviers is the fourth which our Congregation possesses in Belgium.



ON April 24th, the Salesians at Capetown, had the honour of a surprise visit from his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K. G. He visited the workshops and expressed himself greatly pleased with the work and appearance of the boys. His Grace afterwards listened to a selection from the Band, moving among the musicians and chatting with the Bandmaster, Br. Charles Fea, whom he complimented on the result of his efforts. The Duke is an old friend of the Salesians, having made the acquaintance of their founder, Don Bosco. If wishes augur good, the Institute may look forward to a bright future.—*The South African Catholic Magazine.*

FROM the experiences of our Missionaries we gather that if the birds of Patagonia do not excel those of other lands in sweetness size and variety, for constancy in singing they surely carry the palm. In the spring and the early summer, their notes are incessant; and the choir is then led by that incomparable melodist, the white-banded mocking-bird, a summer visitor. Even in the coldest months of winter, June and July, when the sun shines, the hoarse crooning of the spotted Columbia, resembling that of the wood pigeon of Europe, and the softer more sigh-like lamentations of the Zenaida so full of wild pathos are heard from the leafless willows fringing the river. The red-breast and starling sing on the coldest days and during the most boisterous weather; nor can the rainiest sky make the gray finches desist from their morning and evening hymns, sung by many individuals in joyous concert. The common mocking-bird is still more tireless, and, sheltering himself from the cold blast, continues till after dark warbling out snatches of song from his inexhaustible repertory, his own music being apparently as necessary as food and air to his existence.

THIS Holy Year, the feast of our Lady Help of Christians was celebrated in the

Sanctuary dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under this title in Turin, with even greater pomp and splendour than in previous years. Such a concourse of people as flocked to that Church on the 24th of May last, has never been seen there since the solemn consecration of the sacred edifice some thirty years ago. From all parts of Italy, and even from France, Spain, Switzerland and Austria, people came in large numbers. From 3 o'clock a. m. until noon, the confessionals and the altars were continually besieged. Masses were celebrated every quarter of an hour until the Solemn High Mass, at which his Lordship Bishop Spandre, Auxiliary to his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Turin, pontificated. In the evening, Pontifical Vespers, Sermon, and Benediction brought the feast to a close. The music, both at the morning and evening services, had been especially composed for the occasion, and was all that could be desired. It is calculated that some 50,000 people visited the Church in the course of the day.

WRITING from Capetown, South Africa, one of our *confrères* gives us the following particulars concerning the feast of our Lady Help of Christians celebrated in the Salesian Institute of that city:—

"While the members of the Salesian Congregation all over the world vie with one another in celebrating, in the best possible manner, the feast of our Lady Help of Christians, the Salesians in Capetown did not forget to pay their tribute of filial devotion to the Mother of God on the recurrence of this particular feast. Preparations were made several days beforehand, in order to celebrate that great event worthily. Two kind ladies, Mrs. Gately and Mrs. T. J. O'Reilly, presented flowers and other decorations, and under their skilful hands and those of the Brother Sacristan, the Chapel was beautifully transformed. Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament took place at Mass, and continued all day until the evening service at 7 o'clock. The boys of the Institute formed among themselves a little band of "Adorers of the Blessed Sacrament," and took it in turns to remain some time in our Lord's presence, so that all the day long there was always one or more worshippers in the Chapel. That day was also a memorable one for many of the boys in another respect, as several had the great happiness of making their First Communion on that occasion. Moreover, it gave us pleasure to have with us at dinner some of the principal benefactors of the Institute, who had kindly accepted Father Superior's invitation. After dinner the Salesian Brass band, under the direction of Brother

Charles Fea, played various selections, which called forth hearty applause. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, was given in the evening, and thus terminated that happy feast."

SPEAKING of the meeting of Ransomers which recently took place at the Salesian Schools, Battersea, London, our esteemed contemporary the *Liverpool Catholic Times* says:—

"On Wednesday, the 23rd of May, a most successful reunion took place. Fathers Marsh and McCarthy were in attendance, in the unavoidable absence of the Very Rev. Father Macey. It was unfortunate in some respects that there should have been a carnival on the same night in aid of the widows and orphans of the fallen soldiers, but notwithstanding this there was a good attendance. After tea all present adjourned into church for Benediction. On returning to the schoolroom an excellent programme was gone through, consisting of violin solos, songs, and lightning sketches. The Misses L. and M. McKeig did well and received loud applause, while Miss Enright, Mr. McGrath, and Master Lockwood received encores. Miss Murray was much appreciated in her song, "Farewell Leonora," and Miss Whiriskey sang very sweetly "The Chorister." Mr. Noon's sketches were all that could be desired. Mr. Lister Drummond, who was received with deafening cheers, addressed the meeting. He said that he was surprised and gratified at seeing so many present. It showed him what a real ransom spirit there must be in the Battersea branch of the Guild of our Lady of Ransom to be able to withstand all the attractions outside. It was a feather in their cap. Mr. Drummond then spoke of the pilgrimages and processions during the coming year, emphasizing the fact that processions were perfectly legal. He then dwelt at some length on the objects of the Guild, and said that he could not imagine how a Catholic worthy of the name could neglect such noble duties. He deplored the tepidity of some Catholics, and advised all to join in the pilgrimage to Antwerp this year, and then they would have a better idea of their Faith and would be stirred to greater acts of devotion. Mr. E. J. Coleman, D. R. proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Drummond for his lecture, saying that in a few generations, when Our Lady had received back her Dowry, the Guild of our Lady of Ransom would be spoken of as having accomplished its task, and Father Fletcher and Mr. Lister Drummond would be looked upon as the Lord Roberts and Baden-Powell of the Guild. The Rev. Father Marsh said he had great pleasure in seconding the vote of thanks, and endorsed all that had been said, but desired to keep up his reputation of being a man of very few words. Mr. Drummond suitably replied."



[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.]

Thanksgivings.—Kindly publish in the *Salesian Bulletin* the expression of my grateful thanks to our Lady Help of Christians, who has obtained for me a very important favour.

N. N., *Aix-en-Provence (France)*.

DURING a dangerous illness, I promised to make a present, to the Salesian Institute, of an object I held dear, if I regained my health. This favour thanks to our Lady's intercession was accorded me. Please accept the little thank-offering on behalf of the poor children in your homes.

U. E., *La Canourgue (France)*.

* *

Refugium Peccatorum.—A short time ago, I was much concerned about the spiritual state of a relative who had not approached the Sacraments of Confession and Communion for over forty years. I recommended the case to our Lady Help of Christians, and promised to have the favour published if my prayers were heard. I had not long to wait before my petition was granted; the relative in question approached the Sacraments with the best of dispositions very shortly afterwards.

L. M., *South America*.

* *

Our Lady's Protection.—Some time ago, I recommended to your prayers several intentions in favour of this Mission. Since then we have been preserved from dangers that menaced us, and we have been in receipt of many precious graces. I should be happy if you would be so good as to mention in the *Salesian Bulletin* my grateful acknowledgment to our Lady Help of Christians for favours received.

L. C., *Jagersfontein (S. A.)*.

* *

A Novena to Our Lady.—Mr. and Mrs. F. Woods of Hospital wish to have the remarkable cure of their little boy published in the next issue

of the *Salesian Bulletin* in thanksgiving to our Lady Help of Christians. This infant boy of four years had been suffering from effusion on the brain for the past nine weeks, and though his parents spared no expense in procuring the assistance of the most skilful doctor, no practical relief had been obtained up to the 22nd of May, and the afflicted parents almost gave up all hopes of recovery for their dear child, who was worn out by most acute headaches continuing for 7 and 8 hours daily. Indeed, the poor mother rather than witness the constant agony of her child actually prayed God to take him to Himself. At this stage the father asked me to see his little boy and to do all I could to relieve his sufferings. Accordingly, I went at once, and found the little patient almost unconscious and in great agony,—in fact, barely alive. I advised the parents to begin a novena that day to our Lady Help of Christians and to place their child's case entirely in her hands, and to promise that in case of cure they would have it published in the *Salesian Bulletin* in thanksgiving. This the parents overjoyed at the idea at once undertook. That night the child had a better rest than for weeks before. Next day, about noon, the headaches returned even more violently than before, so much so that the poor mother expected the boy's death before night, and actually called a neighbour in to be with her when the end would come; but thanks to our Lady Help of Christians the headache and vomiting ceased after eight hours never to return. Each day the child's strength increased so that on Friday last the transferred feast-day all danger had passed; and the little fellow was able to be dressed and sat up in an airy room for several hours yesterday, Whit-Sunday. This remarkable cure is, I need not say, in everyone's mouth, and loud are the praises of the powerful intercession of our Lady Help of Christians.

You will then please have this cure published in the next issue of the *Salesian Bulletin* to satisfy the promise of the child's parents, Mr. & Mrs. T. Woods of Hospital, Co. Limerick, Ireland, and also have two masses offered for their intention at the Shrine of our Lady Help of Christians.

Evviva Maria.

V. REV. A. F. CANON SCULLY, *Hospital, Co. Limerick (Ireland)*.

The Salesian Bulletin

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE
SALESIAN ORATORY, TURIN, ITALY.

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

PERMISSU SUPERIORUM.

Gerent, GIUSEPPE GAMBINO.—Salesian Press.—Turin, 1900.

THE SACRED HEART REVIEW,

A Catholic Family Paper.

One of the brightest and most readable of our Catholic Magazines.

Recommended by the Ecclesiastical Authorities of New England and elsewhere; and by all commended for its clear, correct, moderate and dispassionate statement and discussion of the Catholic attitude on the burning religious and moral questions of the day.

It should have free access to every home and to all Educational Establishments, as it is very ably edited and full of interesting reading, while it excludes all Cheap Gossip, all Sensational Items, all Objectional Advertisements.

Published every Saturday, under the auspices of the Clergy of the Archdiocese of Boston, by the Rev. John O'BRIEN.

Business department: 258, Washington Street, Boston, U.S.A.

Yearly Subscription, Two Dollars.

The Illustrated Catholic Missions.

Illustrated Catholic Missions is an excellent monthly publication, full of interesting, edifying, and instructive reading and missionary enterprise: is well printed and beautifully illustrated.

Published at: 19, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

Annual subscription, Post Free 3s.

THE HARVEST,

An Organ of Catholic Works.

Printed in connection with the *Salford Protection and Rescue Society*.

Is a well-conducted and highly interesting illustrated monthly.

The cause of destitute Catholic children is very efficiently pleaded in its columns, and there is no dearth of bright and entertaining reading.

The *Harvest* costs only 1s. 6d. a year, post free. Every Catholic family in Great Britain should subscribe for it.

Subscriptions to be sent to the Editor of *The Harvest*, Bishop's House, Salford.

The Rosary.

An illustrated monthly Magazine, established in 1869, and edited by the Dominican Fathers. It is dedicated to our Lady of the Rosary, and is therefore of special interest to all members of the Rosary Confraternity.

Published by Messrs. Mawson, Swan & Morgan, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

New Series, Yearly Subscription, Post Free 1s. 6d.

THE AVE MARIA.

The *Ave Maria* is a Catholic Family Magazine whose object is to honour the Blessed Virgin, and to make her better known and better loved, thus commending itself to all who venerate the Mother of God and wish to see devotion to her extended. It is encouraged by eminent prelates all over the World.

The *Ave Maria* embraces the two great essentials of a popular periodical, viz: Rational Amusement and Sound Instruction. Its staff of contributors includes the best Catholic writers.

Edited and Published by the Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, C.S.C., Notre Dame, Ind., U.S.A.

Annual subscription, Post Free:

United States Two Dollars.

Foreign Three Dollars.

THE POOR SOULS' FRIEND

and St. Joseph's Monitor.

A monthly Magazine, devoted, as its name implies, to the interests of the Holy Souls in Purgatory. It pleads most eloquently the cause of the "Dear Ones Departed," and it is impossible to read its pages without becoming interested in this most pathetic of Catholic devotions.

Address: Office of the *Poor Souls' Friend*, Chudleigh, Devon. Subscription 1s. 6d. per annum.

The South African Catholic Magazine

An excellent monthly publication of Catholic stories and general literature, with the rosy brilliancy of the South looking out from every page. The Editor runs a "Children's Corner" which we venture to say, is without a rival in contemporary journalism.

Subscriptions 10s. per annum, throughout South Africa. Business communications to be sent to Mr. J. C. O'Reilly, Hofmeyer Chambers, Cape Town, S. Africa.

The Child of Mary's Own Journal

and St. Agnes' Magazine

Is the title of an excellent and very interesting monthly Journal and Review exclusively devoted to the interests of the Children of Mary and the clients of the Virgin-Martyr St. Agnes. This Magazine is edited by the Rev. Dom Gilbert Higgins of the Regular Canons of St. John Lateran, 12, Womersley Road, Stroud Green, London, N.

Subscription 1s. 6d. per annum, post free.

ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION of the Faith.

A bright and entertaining Bi-monthly publication, replete with letters and news from the foreign Missions.

Subscription: 60 cents a year, for Members of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith.

American headquarters: St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT FOR SALE: IT IS GIVEN AWAY TO THE
SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS.

WHAT IS THE SALESIAN SOCIETY?

The Salesian Society of Turin is a Congregation of Priests and Lay Brothers founded by Don Bosco for the care and education of destitute children in all parts of the world, and the propagation of the Gospel among heathen nations.

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

Its Missionary Priests are to be found preaching the Gospel in all those countries, especially in Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego, and the unreclaimed portions of the American Republics.

The whole Institution depends for its support upon the Alms of the Charitable.

In connection with the Salesian Congregation is the

ASSOCIATION OF SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS,

a canonically-erected Society, also founded by Don Bosco to help in maintaining and furthering the Salesian Institutes and Missions.

It is copiously enriched with spiritual favours and Indulgences, including all the graces and privileges granted by the Holy See to the Franciscan Tertiaries. Members, moreover, participate: (1) In the merits of the Missionaries in all their good works, labours, and sufferings; (2) In the fruits of the Masses offered for Co-operators; (3) In prayers for Benefactors—living and dead—which are daily recited by hundreds of thousands of children in all the Houses of the Salesian Congregation—for "The lips of many shall bless him that is liberal of his bread" (Eccl. xxxi, 28).

The conditions of Membership are very simple:

- (a) To profess the Catholic Religion, and be, at least, 16 years of age.
- (b) Be inscribed on the Register of the Association, kept at the Salesian Oratory, Turin.
- (c) Recite daily a Patér and Ave in honour of St. Francis of Sales, for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff; and lead a practical Christian life.

Persons desiring to become Members of our Association are respectfully solicited to send their name and address to the Very Rev. M. Rua, Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy, who will attend to their request with great pleasure.

SHORT LIVES OF THE SAINTS

For Every Day in the Year.

BY THE REV. HENRY GIBSON.

8 vols., Crown 8vo., Cloth, 10s. 6d. net., 11s. 9d. Post free within the Postal Union.

Extract from Letter of the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. . . . They [the Lives] are extremely well done and I am much pleased that you have given full place to the English Martyrs.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Tablet.—The Lives are in every way readable—brief without baldness, and instructive without being didactic.

Catholic Times.—Short, precise, effective, the Lives will be perused with pleasure by the clergy, and we would suggest it as a useful manual to be read in families.

Harvest.—No congregation on a week-day could desire a better instruction than one of the Lives intelligently read. They will make an excellent prize at Colleges and Convents.

Ave Maria.—The aim of the Author was to provide the Catholic public with an edifying and interesting work for private and family use, and to make the chosen servants of God better known, loved and venerated by the reader. This purpose has been admirably carried out.

Salesian Bulletin.—This is a truly attractive and edifying work . . . agreeably, simply, and reverentially written . . . Parents who wish to make a birthday present to their grown-up children, could not choose a better nor more acceptable gift.

ART & BOOK COMPANY, Leamington, England.