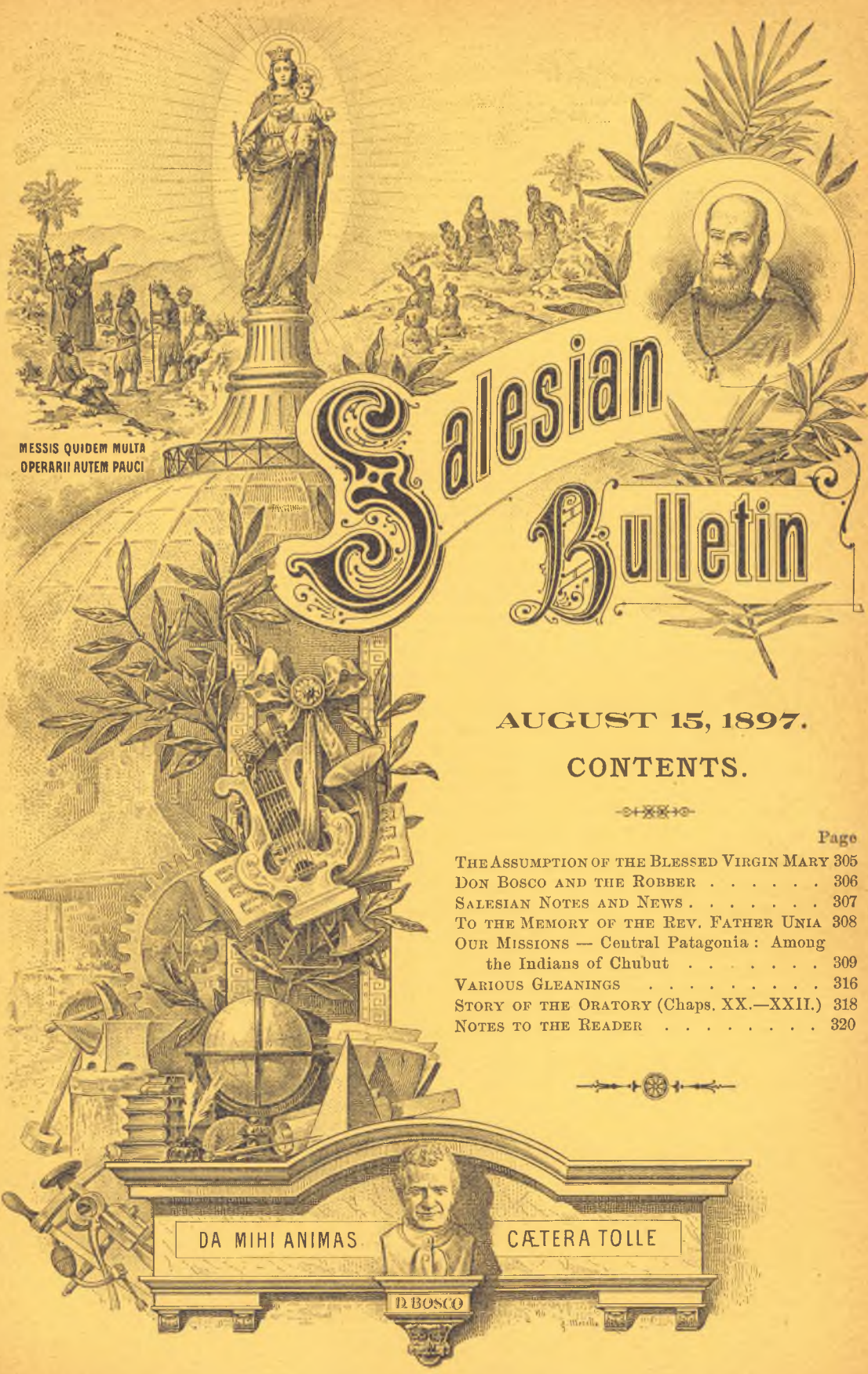


Correspondents are earnestly requested to repeat their Postal Address in every letter.



MESSIS QUIDEM MULTA
OPERARIJ AUTEM PAUCI

Salesian Bulletin

AUGUST 15, 1897.

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY	305
DON BOSCO AND THE ROBBER	306
SALESIAN NOTES AND NEWS	307
TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. FATHER UNIA	308
OUR MISSIONS — Central Patagonia : Among the Indians of Chubut	309
VARIOUS GLEANINGS	316
STORY OF THE ORATORY (Chaps. XX.—XXII.)	318
NOTES TO THE READER	320

DA MIHI ANIMAS



CAETERA 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 or the Sacred Heart of Jesu. 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.

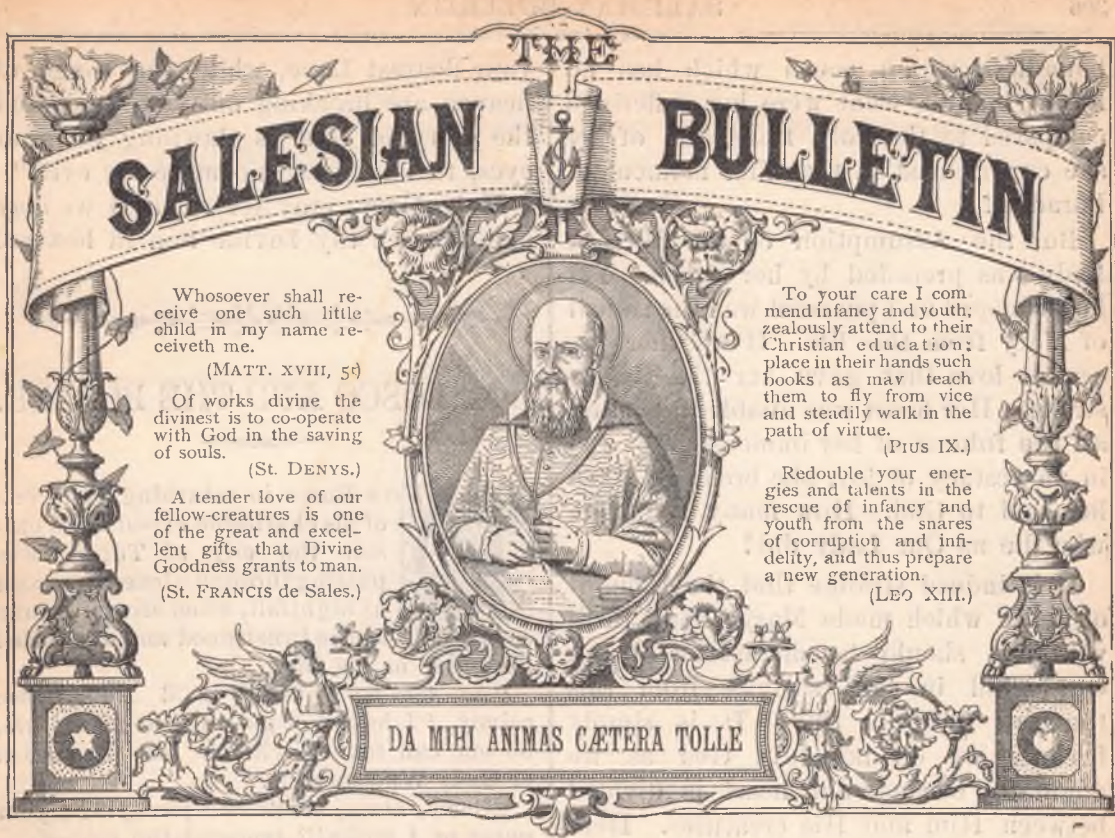
The Holy Father has deigned to accord the blessing asked for the Charitable Association of the Sacred Heart.

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.



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

(MATT. XVIII, 5)

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

(ST. DENYS.)

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

(ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.)

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

(PIUS IX.)

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

(LEO XIII.)

DA MIHI ANIMAS CAETERA TOLLE

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THE ASSUMPTION
OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.



WITH the month of August comes the feast of the Assumption, that great festival on which the Church commemorates the happy departure of Our Blessed Lady from this world, and the day of her translation into the glorious kingdom of Heaven. This is the birthday of her true greatness and glory, the consummation of all the sublime mysteries by which her life was rendered so wonderful, the crowning of

all those virtues she practised to such an eminent degree during her life time.

It was becoming that the body of Mary should be exempted from corruption. In Sacred Writ we read that not only the bodies of the three Hebrew children, but even their garments were untouched by the flames of the fiery furnace of Babylon. How much more then the immaculate body of Our Lady which had been the sacred temple wherein the Word Incarnate had dwelt for nine months! And, besides, as she had shared in each detail the sorrows and agony of her Divine Son, so it was right she should take part in His triumph.

Mary suffered as no other creature has ever suffered. Her's was a grief as

boundless as an ocean which has no limits, but oh, what were her sufferings compared to the holy transports of joy she experienced in that first moment of Paradise!

But the Assumption of our Blessed Lady was preceded by her death. Yet how tranquil and peaceful was the transit of Mary from this life. It was her excessive love that gave her the death-stroke. Her heart was unable to contain all the fulness of her immense love, and in an ecstasy of joy, she breathed forth her soul to God. How many are there who die as Our Lady did?

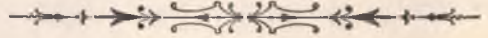
It is indeed strange that the thought of death which made Mary's heart thrill with joy, should be distasteful to us. Our mind in fact shrinks from this thought. Why is this? It is simply because we do not love God as we ought to; because our heart is divided between Him and His creatures. Here is our trouble in dying.

But do we really understand what death is? I mean a Christian death? It seems not, otherwise death would lose all its dread for us; it would become our sweetest thought, and we should continually long for its coming. Oh, if we could only love God with all the strength and ardour of our nature, we should soon learn to regard death as God's beautiful angel, by whom the gates of heaven are thrown wide open to us, and by whose hand we shall be led into that kingdom of loveliness and eternal bliss. What does Father Faber tell us on this point?

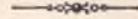
"Ah! only serve Jesus out of love!" he writes. "You cannot beat God in the strive of love! Only serve Jesus out of love,—and while your eyes are yet unclosed, before the whiteness of death is yet settled on your face, or those around you sure that that last gentle breathing was indeed your last,—Oh what an unspeakable surprise will you have had at the judgment-seat of

your dearest Love, while the songs of heaven are breaking on your ears, and the glory of God is dawning on your eyes, to fade away no more for ever."

Holy Mary, pray for us, that we may one day see thy Divine Son in heaven.



DON BOSCO AND THE ROBBER.



DON Bosco in returning from one of his charitable expeditions outside the city of Turin, was passing through a lonesome wood at nightfall, when an armed man emerged from the brushwood and demanded his purse or his life.

"As for my purse," said Don Bosco calmly, "I have not got one: as for my life, no one can take it without the permission of God, Who gave it."

"Come, come, *Abate!* no parleying; your purse or I strike!" repeated the robber.

At this moment Don Bosco recognised in his aggressor one of the young culprits he had formerly catechised in the prisons of Turin.

"What, Beppo!" exclaimed the good priest, "can it indeed be you? Is this how you keep your promises? I trusted you so much, and now you have taken to such a disreputable trade as this!"

The robber had also, on his side, recognised the priest he had threatened, and now hung his head, ashamed.

"If only I had thought it could be you, Father, you may be very sure that you would never have been molested!" said Beppo.

"That is not enough, my child," rejoined Don Bosco: "you must positively change your life; you are wearying the goodness and patience of God; and how do you know whether He will give you time for repentance at the hour of death?"

"Certainly, Father," rejoined Beppo. "I will change my life: I promise you I will."

"And you must make your confession," continued Don Bosco.

"Yes; I will make it," promised the other.

"And when?" came the inquiry.

"Oh, shortly," replied Beppo.

"Then make it now; that is best. Kneel down there, my child."

And, seating himself on a large stone, Don Bosco pointed to a place on the ground beside him. After some hesitation, the other fell on his knees, the priest passed an arm around his neck, as in former days, and heard his confession. Then embracing his recovered penitent, he gave him the little money he had in his pocket, after which, in company with his robber who escorted him to the town gates, he returned to Turin. He had saved the man, who became thenceforward a thoroughly well-conducted character.

No father or mother with the least sense of responsibility would allow a child to associate with criminals. And yet the secular papers, which are accessible to the youngest members of the family, are filled with all sorts of crimes. In many cases these are so detailed as to corrupt the minds of youthful readers and incite them to acts of immorality. As for books, some of the most popular are, at least, dangerous reading. Parents who prefer to have their sons and daughters "unspotted from the world" rather than followers of its fashions, will banish all such literature from their homes as they would exclude criminals. If it be dishonourable and demoralizing to associate with dissolute men and women, it is certainly to no one's credit or profit to form their acquaintance in books and newspapers which reveal their corrupt minds and describe their shameful deeds.—BISHOP DE GOESBRIAND.



THREE new Chapels are to be shortly built in the Territory of Chubut, Patagonia, which will certainly be a great boon for the Christians in that vast region.



THE ASSUMPTION.

ON the 4th, 5th and 6th of July last, the Salesian Fathers at Sanpiedarena, Genoa, kept the third centenary of St. Gaetano, and the Silver Jubilee of their Institute there, with great solemnity.

IN an audience recently granted by His Holiness LEO XIII. to the Very Rev. Father Calcagno and several Salesians, the Holy Father sent his Apostolic Blessing to all the sons of Don Bosco and their Co-operators and Benefactors.

DURING his missionary journey among the Indians of Central Patagonia, Father Bernard Vacchina administered seventy Baptisms and as many Confirmations, blessed twelve marriages, heard twenty Confessions and distributed an equal number of Communions.

A GRAND *conversazione* was held in the Aula Maxima of the Salesian Oratory at Turin, on the 24th of June last, Feast of St. John the Baptist, to honour the memory

of our beloved Founder and Father Don Bosco. Besides the Salesian Fathers and the 1,000 *alumni* of the Institute, many friends and benefactors of the Salesian Works were present. During the evening several short addresses were read in various languages.

HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII. has created Señor Joseph Elguero of Mexico, a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, in recognition of his services in the Catholic cause. This gentleman is a distinguished Architect and a generous Salesian Co-operator. He drew up the plans of the beautiful Salesian Church that is now being built in the city of Mexico, and made a gift of them to the Salesian Fathers; he also directs the works of construction gratuitously.

A GREAT advance has been made at the Mission of the Sacred Heart at Battersea, London, since the Salesian Fathers took possession of it some eight years ago. A beautiful Church has been built, the Parochial Schools considerably enlarged, which are attended at present by some 700 children, and a large House surrounded by extensive grounds acquired, where some 70 boys are receiving a College education. The Fathers, however, who are continually receiving demands for admission, find this locality much too small. They deem it necessary to enlarge the present edifice and render it capable of accommodating 150 boys, but to do this they have no funds at their disposal. No doubt some kind benefactors will arise to help them in their beneficent Work

THE first part of the Salesian Institute of St. Ambrose, Milan, which has just been terminated, was solemnly opened by Cardinal Ferrari during the recent centenary fêtes in honour of St. Ambrose. Besides the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, there were also present, their Eminences, Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, twelve other Archbishops and Bishops, our Superior-General, Don Rua, and a select and numerous gathering of the principal ecclesiastical and civil authorities of the city. There was also a large attendance of noted personages from other parts of Italy. Addresses were made by Cardinals Ferrari and Svampa, Don Rua, Very Rev. Father Saluzzo, Superior of the new Institute, Very

Rev. Father Morganti, President of the Salesian Committee of Milan, Count Albert De Mojana, and others.

—❧—

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. FATHER UNIA.

IN the *Salesian Bulletin* for February, 1896, we gave an account of the death of the Rev. Father Unia, who dedicated his life to the service of the poor lepers of Agua de Dios in Columbia, some seven years ago. The Republic of Columbia, as an expression of national gratitude, has now decided to raise a monument to this humble follower of Don Bosco. We transcribe here the Act passed in the Senate,—

The Senate of Columbia considering:

That the Rev. Father Unia, who died in Turin on the 9th of December 1895, rendered by his great abnegation and heroic zeal, important service to this country,

Decrees,

1° That the memory of the Rev. Father Unia, Salesian Priest, be honoured.

2° That, as a demonstration of gratitude, a life-size oil-painting of Father Unia be undertaken, which is destined for the Society of Saint Lazarus of this city, and that a statue in marble be erected in the public square of Agua de Dios. On both is to be placed the following inscription:

TO THE REV. FATHER UNIA
THE APOSTLE OF THE LEPERS IN COLUMBIA
AN EXPRESSION OF NATIONAL GRATITUDE.

3° That an authentic copy of this Act be forwarded to the Superior-General of the Salesian Congregation in Turin, and to the Superior of the Salesians in this city.

Given in Bogota, on the 10th of December, 1896.

President of the Senate,

BELISARIO PEÑA.

President of the Chamber of Representatives,

DIONISIO JIMENEZ.

Secretary of the Senate,

Camilo Sanchez.

Secretary of the Chamber of Representatives,

Miguel A. Penaredonda.

Executive-Government-Office of Bogota,

To be published and followed out.

M. A. CARO.

The Minister of the Government,

ANTONIO ROLDAN.

December 11, 1896.



CENTRAL PATAGONIA.

AMONG THE INDIANS OF CHUBUT.

(Continued).

At the Colony of the "Sixteenth of October."

IN the 29th of November, after traversing on foot many narrow and tortuous passes, climbing several hills, and fording numerous swollen torrents and streams, we at length perceived the Colony of the *Sixteenth of October* snugly ensconced in a pretty valley, and protected on all sides by the lofty mountains whose snow-capped peaks glistened in the sun.

As this is one of the principal centres in the Territory, the Governor looked forward to a few days of active work. The prospect held out to me, on the other hand, seemed neither an attractive nor a hopeful one, seeing that nearly all the colonists are Protestants. However, I had reason to change my mind very soon. We had been at the Colony only two days, and already a large number of Indians had put in an appearance. The news of our arrival had spread in the neighbourhood, and induced many of these Indians to undertake journeys of thirty, forty, fifty, and even eighty miles, in order to visit the Governor and obtain his permission to occupy the country, and at the same time have their children baptized. They were Thehuelchan and Pampas Indians, who had wandered from their tribes and fallen in with white people, from whom they had learnt to take an interest in tilling the soil.

It was necessary, under the circumstances, to make inquiries concerning their family, nationality, age and condition, the locality and extension of the land already occupied or sought after, and other matters of no little importance. And since the Indians seemed to understand very little and were still less able to make themselves under-

stood, this cross-examination was no easy matter. The petitions had to be drawn up, the corresponding Government concessions written out, explanations made, etc. etc. which affairs meant a good deal of work for the Governor. I therefore deemed it my duty to offer my poor services to his Excellency who willingly accepted me as his secretary; and in a very short time, I made such progress under his guidance that his work reduced itself to signing the petitions and decrees, to the great satisfaction of both of us. I say to the great satisfaction of both of us, for in this way the Governor was at liberty to attend to affairs of still greater importance, and I was able to gain the good will of the Indians by contenting them in their material affairs, and thus to greatly facilitate their conversion, since they willingly listened to me when I spoke to them of God and their souls. The result was that I easily managed to bring them together for religious instruction, and subsequently baptized a considerable number, especially adults, confirmed many more, and blessed several marriages.

Arrival of a Messenger— Bad News.

Meanwhile the Novena of the Immaculate Conception had begun, and I could not but frequently raise my voice in thanksgiving to Our Blessed Lady, who by her powerful intercession was doing much to render my efforts, in drawing souls to her Divine Son, successful. I celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass every day in one of the huts; the Governor always served, and edified all present by frequently receiving Holy Communion. At sunset, when our duties were finished, we used to wander along the rugged mountain sides or in the valley, reciting the Rosary or engaged in conversation. Those were indeed pleasant and tranquil days, and glided by like the waters of the neighbouring River Corinto in their calm and silent course through the valley. But those days of happiness were short-lived. On the evening of Decembes 8, feast of the Immaculate Conception, a messenger arrived, and asked to see the Governor at once. On being conducted into the presence of the latter, he said that he had hastened here with all speed by express command of the Governor-Delegate, because events of a dangerous character threatened us.

"What are these events?" interrogated the Governor.

"Then you know nothing here?" was the messenger's reply.

"Speak up man," sharply said the Governor, growing impatient; "do you suppose that I should ask you to explain matters I am already acquainted with?"

The messenger continued: "I am the courier of a company of volunteers which, together with the police of the capital, has come to uphold the authority of Your Excellency. We have come by order of the Governor-Delegate. The Captain of the forces is Mr. John Thomas, the aide-de-camp of Lieutenant-Colonel Fontana during the Expedition of 1884. Just as we were about to undertake the present march, the Captain of the frigate *Uruguay*, which happened to be in Port Madryn at the time, was charged to inform the Federal Government in order that an armed force might be sent from the neighbouring Territory of Rio Negro. By this time a detachment of soldiers is on the way . . ."

"But, in the name of goodness, what is the meaning of all this?" broke out the Governor.

"The fact is that the Indians from all parts are up in arms, and uniting their forces together to resist Your Excellency, and make a final effort to revenge themselves on the whites. The three Caciques Quinchamal, Cual and Platero have been invited to take part in the insurrection. Moreover, Zapa, Capitanejo of the Thehuelches, has made known that Mulato, the supreme Cacique of Santa Cruz, has the intention of paying a visit to Sac-mata. This has given rise to many suspicions. The wily medicine-man Cayupul is at the bottom of all this. He must have invited Mulato and his tribe as he knows the Thehuelches possess a large quantity of Winchester rifles and know how to use them."

"Whom did the Capitanejo Zapa inform?"

"Mr. George Mayo, the Collector of Taxes, who is on friendly terms with him. Besides, Pastor Despos, a trader, who lately arrived from the South, says that the Cacique Luis Platero has been invited to join the Indian insurgents, and that some of his relations, living in the vicinity of Sac-mata and his tribe, told him the Indians have hostile intentions against the Christians."

"This latter news is not new to me," rejoined the Governor; "but continue."

"A party of Indians, exasperated because a trader would not sell them intoxicating drinks, went away muttering threats, and

saying that the day was near at hand when they would have to depend no longer on the whites for what they wanted."

"And what are the Authorities doing in the meantime?"

"Captain Thomas will be able to satisfy Your Excellency on that point, as he is the bearer of despatches from the Governor-Delegate."

The Governor then asked how many volunteers he might expect, so as to have everything ready for them on their arrival; and, after speaking a few words of encouragement to those present, he retired with me into the hut. As soon as we were alone he turned to me and said:

"I am afraid that things have come to a crisis. As you are aware I sent order to Cayupul to present himself to me, and already a fortnight has passed without his putting in an appearance. Such disregard of a Superior's order in an Indian makes me fear danger ahead. I am intimately acquainted with their usages and customs, and I have never known them fail in promptly obeying similar commands. This cunning medicine-man, instead, shows no signs of coming. There is mischief brewing . . ."

"I have been thinking matters over in my own way, Your Excellency," I replied. "I believe that there is some foundation of truth in what you say, but as to what the courier related to us it seems to me that there is a great deal of exaggeration. This impending tempest, in my opinion, is one of the many wiles of the enemy of mankind. He is enraged at seeing the Cross implanted in these regions under the protection of the Government, and is trying to frighten us. It is but a gust of wind, and nothing more."

The Governor looked thoughtful for a few moments and then rejoined: "Very likely. We must, however, be on our guard, as we have cunning fellows to deal with; but he must be more than a master at his art who can get the upper hand with me."

Arrival of the Volunteers— Declaration of the Indians.

At this point we were disturbed by the arrival of the soldiers at the Colony. At once all was bustle and excitement; and the neighing of the horses and the clanking of arms sounded strangely on the night air. Captain Thomas, covered with dust from head to foot, presented himself without delay to the Governor, payed his respects

and tendered him the official despatches. We went out to welcome the new arrivals and found them worn out by fatigue. No wonder; they had travelled some 240 miles in great haste, and with but few halts. The Governor having welcomed and thanked them, ordered the rations to be distributed and afterwards gave the signal to retire.

It fell to the lot of my travelling companions to secure the horses for the night and mount guard. In less than an hour silence reigned once more. What a change, I thought to myself, has taken place in the last few hours! Who would have dreamt that this retired abode of peace was so soon to assume the aspect of a battlefield!

On the morrow, December 9, there was a great deal of animation and excitement in the Colony. The letters of the Governor-Delegate were examined first of all, and they contained communications of quite a serious character. Close by the door of the Governor's hut, sat several Indians trembling with fear. They had been placed under restraint by order of the Governor, to prevent them from carrying the news of the soldiers' arrival to the Indian tribes in the neighbourhood. He also subjected them to a cross-examination, by means of which he was enabled to obtain some valuable information.

The medicine-man, Cayupul, they said, announces himself as a messenger sent by God with Whom he is in direct communication, receiving from Him special counsels and commands for the Indians. A brother of his, who died in Balcheta, appeared to him, and revealed to him that in a short time he (Cayupul) would vanish. He has so far managed to lower Sac-mata in the estimation of the tribe, that that worthy is now but a Cacique in name; Salpu, on the other hand, who does whatever the medicine-man wants, exercises really supreme authority. Cayupul has arranged a round of festivals, whereat a large number of oxen are sacrificed at a time, in consequence of which he is reducing the Indians to an impoverished state. He has also commanded frequent libations of spiritous liquors, *yerba*, etc. During the night he often gives up some of his time to weeping and orders the others to imitate his example.

On the Governor questioning them as to whether Cayupul instigates the Indians to rise up against the whites and Christians, they were rather reserved. They would only affirm that he had exhorted them to have nothing to do with the whites, and to rally

round him and defend him if there were any need to do so.

Cayupul's Nephew—Warrant for the Arrest of the Guilty Parties.

Among those cross-examined was a nephew of Cayupul. It was only natural that he should absolutely deny everything. He tried to assure us that his uncle far from instigating the Indians against the whites, had earnestly recommended them to love their white brethren.

At the conclusion of the long inquiry, the Governor, acting upon what had come under his notice both at present and previously, issued a warrant for the arrest of Cayupul and Salpu, as they were at the bottom of the whole affair.

Whilst these things were taking place in the apartments of the Governor, the soldiers were going through their military exercises outside; and, as I could do nothing else, I knelt in my tent praying to Our Divine Lord to avert the danger that hovered near and that might do much to prejudice the Indians against our Holy Religion.

The Cacique Kankel and the Wild Man.

At an early hour on the following day we were surprised at the arrival of the Cacique Kankel and another Indian who had come from the extreme confines at the South of the Territory, having ridden hard for twelve days, in order to give a prisoner into custody to the Governor.

This unfortunate man, a native of Florida in Uruguay, was arrested for several crimes but managed to escape the vigilance of the law, and took refuge in the wilderness further south, where he had dwelt far from the haunts of civilization for the last ten years. During that time he lived on the flesh of the guanaco and the hare, and he covered his limbs with the skin of the puma. His habitation was a regular den, a fit place for wild beasts. During those years of his forced exile, although it seems almost incredulous to believe, he robbed the Indians of some five hundred horses, and they swore to be revenged. Having discovered the dwelling of the thief, they surrounded it, and, as is their custom in hunting the ostrich, pressed forward compactly and thus impeded his escape. After a desperate struggle, they effected his capture, then bound him hand and foot and

tied him to the back of a mule. In this manner, he was conducted by Kankel and his companion and consigned to the Governor after twelve days' journey.

L'hombre bagnal—the Wild Man—is the name the Indians have given him. And his outward appearance certainly justified this appellation. A glance at his long thick matted hair and beard, his heavy eyebrows, his wild sunken eyes, his long nails and

a handsome face and a noble and kind expression of countenance. He speaks Spanish fluently, is acquainted with the Welsh tongue, and seems to be quick witted. His tribe numbers but a few families, who have not seen the priest for more than four years. I offered to go and pay them a visit; Kankel seemed quite indifferent. But that is hardly to be wondered at seeing that a great part of his youth has been passed among



THE SALESIAN CHURCH AND SCHOOLS IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS
SOUTH AMERICA.

savage dress, was enough to fill one with disgust.

His miserable condition touched me very much and I approached him and spoke a few words to him. I found out that he was not entirely deaf to my words. He had still some Christian feeling left. When I was about to leave him, he asked me for a small crucifix, a request I willingly complied with at once. On my return to Rawson, I shall go and visit him in the prison there, and I hope to be able, with God's help, to do him some good.

The Cacique Kankel is a native of Vera Cruz, but at present lives in this part of Patagonia. He is a very tall Indian, with

the Protestant colonists, who in the matter of religion are as a rule very cold and indifferent.

"En route" for Genua—A Halt.

On the 12th of December, after a long discussion it was decided to anticipate the arrangements made with the Cacique Sacmata * by setting out at once for Genua, where the rebellious Indians with the cunning medicine-man were to be found. Jumping into the saddle, therefore, we set out for our destination.

* See *Salesian Bulletin* of April, 1897, page 252.—
Ed. S. B.

We deemed it convenient to take some precautions on the present journey. A number of soldiers took the lead, forming our vanguard; then came Mr. Tello, the Governor, Captain Thomas, two officers and myself; behind us was a small rear guard, and a little further behind followed the rest of the troops. We observed the above order until we arrived at the foot of Mount Thomas, when, owing to the narrow and dangerous path, we were obliged to proceed in single file, thus forming an almost endless procession. The wildness and magnificence of our surroundings filled my companions with wonder and offered them an ample theme for conversation, but I took little notice of all this, for I felt sad at heart to think that this excursion which had been undertaken with a peaceful intention, was going to terminate in war.

The distance from the Colony to Genua is about a hundred miles. The first day we traversed only fifteen owing to the dangerous roads. Night overtook us on the tableland of Chunica-paria. The only habitation in this lonely region belongs to an Englishman who treated us with the greatest affability and courtesy.

We made a halt just by his ranch and while we were engaged in pitching our tents, an Indian, Augustine Abroca by name, with his wife and a child, eight years old, came up to me and begged me to baptize his two companions, which I readily and gladly undertook to do, after having instructed them in the principal Truths of our Holy Religion.

The Capitanejo and his Son— A Disappointment.

I received a visit on the following day from the Capitanejo Huanqui, who had come all the way from Paso de Heische, some fifteen miles distant, in order to thank me for what I had done for him some time ago. Huanqui had been insulted and wounded by a bully of a colonist, and I had obtained for the poor Indian a condign satisfaction. On the present occasion, as a token of his gratitude, he made me a gift of a splendid guanaco skin, and presented me with his son.

"Here, Father, is my son I give him into your charge. Take him with you and look upon him as your own child. Teach him to read and to write, and the Christian Truths. He is my only son, and one day will take my place as chief."

"Well done my good Huanqui," I replied deeply touched. "Your confidence in me is not misplaced. I shall cherish your son as my own child, and I shall teach him all that goes to make a good, upright and Christian man."

Huanqui then turned to his son and said: "Listen, my son; be a good and obedient child, learn to read and write, and I will be contented with you."

The Capitanejo was taking his departure, when another person called on me whose name was Rosales. He was dressed in dog skins, and had come from the far distant springs of Chubut, having travelled over sixty miles in order to see me. He begged me to go with him and baptize his children and those of his brother. "Since we left Chili, our country, some eight years ago, we have not seen a priest," he said. Pray, come, Father; the good God above will reward you! Oh, if you only knew how fervently we pray at home for the coming of a priest! We Chilians cannot live without religion. Come, then, and baptize our children."

I would have complied with this good man's request had it lain in my power to do so, but I could not under the circumstances absent myself from the carovan as it would be starting in an hour's time. I was therefore obliged, much against my will and to my great sorrow, to put off this visit for the present.

Seeing that the Chilian had received a good religious education, I recommended him to impart the same to his children and to baptize them himself. I gave him a few prayerbooks, some medals, and was beginning to say a few words on the way to bring up children, when he interrupted me by saying:

"Our children are still of a tender age. If you would kindly take charge of them, Father, as you have of the Capitanejo's son . . ."

"With all my heart, my good Rosales," was my reply.

"But we are poor and can do nothing for you."

"That does not matter. God will provide. He is great and good, and will not fail to help us."

Just then the order to depart was given I bid the pious Rosales adieu, made my few preparations, and jumped into the saddle. The road we took was no better than before, and as our halting-place was a good distance away, we were obliged to push forward almost at a gallop along the dangerous road.

Work for the Missionary.

We had travelled about six miles in this manner without seeing other than guanacos and eagles, when we espied a wretched cabin where the Missionary was anxiously awaited. A certain Richard Tardon with his wife and two children lives in this place. The latter had not yet been baptized. On reaching this spot, I dismounted, entered the hut, and administered that Sacrament to the two little children. As soon as this was done, I mounted and spurred my horse to a gallop after my companions, who by this time were far ahead. All of sudden I heard some one shouting: "Stop, Father, stop!" I at once came to a standstill, and turned in my saddle to see who was calling me. A young man named John Munoz, a native of Chili, came up and said he required my services; he also had a son to baptize. His dwelling being somewhat out of my way, made me hesitate, but there was so much insistence in the prayer of that good man . . . and then he promised to accompany me by short cuts until I rejoined the carovan. How could I resist?

Munoz lives with his wife and six children in a hut that stand on a high plateau. One of his sons is afflicted with several ulcers. On my return I will take the poor lad with me to our Hospital at Viedma, where he can receive that particular treatment his case requires.

By the River Teca-Leufu.

Thanks to Munoz, I rejoined my companions safely. When a halt was called that evening, we were tired and hungry, having travelled some thirty miles without having taken any refreshment since our departure. We encamped by the River Teca-Leufu, and, while the soldiers were seated around the camp fires eating their hard earned rations, I hastily swallowed a mouthful or two of supper and then set out across the river to the *toldo* of an Indian Vincente Cayunam, about a quarter of a mile distant. I baptized and confirmed a son of his who was dangerously ill. I afterwards said a few words of encouragement to the whole family, whose piety I could not but admire, and I exhorted them to live always up to the maxims of the Gospel. I returned by the same way, fording the river without any mishap, and arrived at the encampment, where silence already reigned uninterrupted.

Through the desolate Valley of Pampa Tappel—With the Tribe of the Cacique Foyel.

The next morning we were up betimes, and in the saddle at an early hour. We travelled all day in the direction of the huge table-land of Potra-choique, which lies further south. The valley through which we now passed to reach it, is called Pampa Tappel by the Indians, and signifies a narrow valley; yet it is much larger than the valley of the River Po. It wears, however, a dreary aspect, being nothing but a wild, desolate, sandy desert.

As we moved forward we could clearly discern the snow-clad heights of the Aluches, a chain of mountains lying north of Lake Paz, and of the Corcovadas, another chain which lies to the west of a river of the same name. These mountains although well-known, are marked on one or two maps only, and then incorrectly.

About two o'clock we came in sight of the mountains that rise up high above the table-land of Potra-choique, and run almost entirely around it. On approaching nearer we could distinguish several dark spots at their base which we made out to be an Indian encampment. The Governor and I, at the head of the carovan, pushed forward with all possible speed, and soon arrived at an Indian village composed of six or seven *toldos*. These few families are a remnant of the tribe of the once powerful Thehuelchan chief, the Cacique Foyel. We found the men away on a hunting expedition, and the woman engaged in weaving.

An Indian Belle.

One of these women particularly attracted my attention. Her face was streaked with a kind of black paint that gave her a disgusting appearance. I wished her good evening, and asked her name.

"I am a Christian," she replied, "and my name is Manuela."

"You a Christian? You did quite right in telling me so, otherwise I could not have believed it. To me you looked like *Gualicho* (the Devil) with that frightful face. A Christian should never paint her face. Do you think to render yourself more beautiful and attractive? Believe me, you look more hideous than a hobgoblin."

Those standing by began to laugh, to the great discomfort of the unlucky woman,

who, I am sure, would have disfigured my visage with her long nails, had she only been able to do so. However, after looking hard at me for a short while, she asked in a rather sharp and bantering tone:

"Pray, tell me, are not the Christian women, perhaps, in the habit of painting their faces?"

To tell the truth this question rather disconcerted me for a moment, seeing that a great deal of *beauty* derives its origin from the powder-box. But, nevertheless, I felt justified in replying that good Christian women would not make use of this deceit fearing thereby to offend God.

The Indian woman remained silent after that and returned to her work. My rebuke, however, as I heard later on, had the desired effect, for since then she has never again attempted to paint her face.

I administered Baptism to two Indians, and confirmed two others in this village. But owing to the short time at my disposal I was not able to give these Indians all the instruction I would have liked.

Across the Table-land of Potra-choique.—At Niri-ao—In an Awkward Situation.

We retook the road very shortly, and were soon traversing the table-land of Potra-choique. Travelling there was much the same as travelling in Pampa Tappel. We were going over a similar dreary waste where vegetation and animal life were very scarce. Towards nightfall we arrived at Niri-ao, where a few Indian tents lie scattered here and there, and near this place we made a halt. The Indians of Niri-ao are all Christians, having been baptized a few years ago by Father Milanesio and the late Father Savio. Although the day was far advanced, I deemed it convenient to assemble the Indians and give them a short instruction. They eagerly gathered round me, and listened to my poor words both willingly and attentively. Returning to the encampment, I found that the Governor, who always treats me with exquisite kindness, had my tent put up and my pallet laid out and prepared. Throwing myself on the latter, I was soon fast asleep.

I rose the next morning before the camp was astir, and mounting a good horse, set out to bid my dear Indians adieu, as I had promised them the night before. Gathering them around me, I presented each one with a medal, and each family with a crucifix. I

had already wished them good-bye, and was on the point of galloping off, when an old woman, Carmelina Choique-coy by name, seized hold of my foot and, pulling at it desperately, begged me to dismount as she had a great deal to say to me. Fearing that this good woman might detain me too long, and thus give me some trouble to catch up with the caravan, and still wishing not to offered her, I seized an opportunity to throw a rosary around her neck. The consequence was that she at once let go her hold of my foot and, taking the rosary in her hand, began to examine it giving free expression to her delight. I availed myself of her distraction, by bidding them all once more adieu and putting spurs to my horse.

The Picket—A Bad Road—Hopes and Fears.

In a very short time I came across a small detachment of volunteers that had taken the lead, and was going forward at a good rate. I had scarcely joined them, when a picket of half a dozen men galloped up, gave us the order to await the arrival of the main body of soldiers, and then, to our astonishment, made off like the wind across the plain in the direction of Genua, where, we feared, exciting and terrible scenes were about to be enacted.

Some time elapsed before the approach of the main body. It came, however, at length and we once more set out. As we advanced the road became muddy and slippery, owing to the overflow of River Genua, and this circumstance so retarded our progress that we did not reach our destination until late at night. Along the way we passed several deserted *toldos*,—the Indians had taken the alarm on our approach and fled, leaving their all behind them in their eagerness to escape.

We all felt a little troubled and perplexed as we neared Genua. The fear that a fierce and desperate resistance would be offered us by the Indians was uppermost in our minds. When, therefore, we came in sight of the valley, we proceeded with the greatest caution. But we had no reason whatever to be alarmed; the insurrection had been nipped in the bud, by the imprisonment of the wily medicine-man.

BERNARD VACCHINA,
Salesian Missionary.

(To be concluded).



THE GOOD THIEF.

OUR Divine Lord said:—"If you shall have faith and stagger not . . . you shall say to this mountain, 'take up and cast thyself into the sea,' and it shall be done," and we are told that S. Gregory Thaumaturgus 'the Wonder-worker,' actually proved the truth of this marvellous promise. He found that a neighbouring mountain prevented him from building a church of such dimensions as he could have wished, but calling to mind our Lord's words, he quietly knelt down upon the ground and asked that that promise might be fulfilled. The next morning the mountain had moved sufficiently for the requirements of the building!

We are apt to say, too readily perhaps, that this is not the age for such faith as that. That there is no call for its exercise, even if it exist. Are we correct in saying so? The following true story from the lips of a nun in New York will answer our query.

In a poor house in one of the poor quarters of this huge city, a young man of some twenty summers lay stretched upon his death-bed. He was motionless and silent. Disease had come to complete the work of destruction wrought by vice and self-indulgence. His eyes alone shewed that he yet lived. They burned with a strange unnatural brilliancy, as though all that remained of life were concentrated in them.

The room, though not absolutely poverty-stricken, yet betrayed want. It contained a few straw chairs, and a chest or two, ill-painted and ill-made, while a broken mirror hung on the white-washed wall. Opposite the sick man was a cheap, coloured print of the Crucifixion. The young man's gaze was fixed upon the picture, but his looks were those of deadly hate, and not of love. They were mute, but none the less terrible, blasphemies.

By the bed-side a poor woman is kneeling, sobbing; her eyes are red and swollen, for she has been crying long. Between Jesus on the Cross and her dying son, she looks like the Mother of Sorrows between Jesus and the good thief. She turns first to the Crucifix, then to the motionless figure on the bed; her lips move quickly in prayer, and Jesus hears her. He always hears, though He does not always seem to do.

At length the mother breaks the awful silence. She cannot endure those fixed looks of intense and silent hate. "My son," she cries, "have pity on me if you have no pity for yourself! I have forgiven you all, your desertion of me, your abandoned life, your debauchery, your sacrileges,

even your threats . . . only say, at this last hour, that you accept my pardon." No reply comes. "At least, then, ask pardon of God!" Still no answer. "Then call me for the last time, 'Mother,' though you have so obstinately refused to do so for so many years!"

He turns towards her to speak—she listens for his words; with a concentrated effort of his dying strength, he shouts out—"No!"

The unhappy mother turns upon the image of her Saviour a look of sorrow and reproach, the look of the innocent appealing from man to God. Wrapping a woollen shawl about her, she quits the room, and speeds to the church hard by. It is Mass time, and the Priest at the Altar is approaching the Elevation. She falls upon her knees, and, seized with an inspiration from on high, as the Sacred Host is lifted up, she substitutes herself for her dying son, speaking in his name, she cries out with the good thief upon his cross—"Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy Kingdom!"

The Mass at an end, she hastens back to the house, but she stops as she opens the door. Dare she enter? Perhaps she shall find him dead, or in his agony! Or if he is still alive will he not break out into fresh blasphemies at sight of her?

"Mother!"

"My God! Is it my son so speaking?"

"Dearest Mother!"

On her knees by the bedside, sobbing, laughing, talking incoherently; filled with grateful love of her God, and joyous love of her son, both trying to find expression, but both beyond the power of words. It is no dream, no illusion. Those are her son's own eyes which look so tenderly upon her, though now they are wet with tears; it is her dear son's own voice which says, whilst he points to the Crucifix—"He looked at me! I looked at Him . . . He spoke to me! . . . I heard Him say,—'Amen I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise.'"

O the wonders of the Divine Mercy! Christ had accepted this exchange of souls, this substitution of the mother for the son, and He had renewed in this ineffable way the scene on Calvary long ago.

Who shall tell of that fervent confession and Communion? Who shall describe that wondrous death-bed scene? The mother, her cup of joy full to overflowing, her heart all on fire with love, assists him in his last moments. Satan's breath had, indeed, touched him, but the gentle whisper from the Cross had done its work as surely as it did it well-nigh nineteen hundred years ago. Truly another Dismas; truly another Monica!—*The Rosary.*

THE BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

JOHN Brent was trimming his hedge, and the "snip, snip," of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly-kept lawn, in the centre of

which stood a residence, a handsome, massive modern structure.

The owner of it was the man who, in shabby attire, was trimming his hedge. "A close, stingy old skinflint, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say.

No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those which he wore on other occasions were both neat and expensive; indeed, he was very particular even about what are known as the minor appointments of dress.

Instead of being stingy he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises, and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked his help.

Just beyond the hedge was the public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work, he on one side of the hedge, and they on the other.

"Halloa, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racquet," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.

"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh! you only promised it to him, eh? And he simply promised to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course no," admitted Fred; "and I'd like to have it; only I promised the racquet to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you another time as much, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy, "that will not settle it—neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racquet is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge, in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another con-

versation. Fred Fenton was again a participant in it.

"Fred, let us go over to the circus lot," the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."

"But I will be disobeying her wishes," insisted Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

Two months later, John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply.

John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly—a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You may stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said, with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendations," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent, "I overheard you recommend yourself."

But as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

Now, boys, this is a true story, and there is a moral in it. You are more frequently observed, and heard and overheard, than you are aware of. Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your mental and moral worth. You cannot keep late hours, lounge on the corners, visit low places of amusement, smoke cigarettes, and chaff boys who are better than you are, without older people making a note of your bad habits.

How much more forcibly and creditably pure speech, good breeding, honest purposes, and parental respect would speak in your behalf!—
The Sacred Heart Review.

THE STORY OF THE ORATORY

OR

DON BOSCO'S OPENING APOSTOLATE.

CHAPTER XX. (Continued).



AN amusing incident occurs to my mind, which happened about this time. A good little fellow, who wanted to make his general confession with the greatest exactness possible, had written out all his sins. Whether he was scrupulous or had been very wicked, history telleth not, but the fact is he filled up about twenty four sheets of paper with them, with the intention of learning the whole by heart, or of reading them to his confessor. But, unfortunately, one day, he lost the volume of his inglorious deeds. He turned his pockets inside out, over and over again, he searched and researched everywhere, but his precious manuscript he found not. Then the poor little lad fell into a state of desolation and was inconsolable. By good fortune the little volume had been found by Don Bosco.

In the meantime, his companions seeing him sobbing his little heart out, after begging him again and again, without any effect, to tell them the reason, took him to Don Bosco.

—"What is the matter, my dear Giacomino?" said he to him.—"Are you unwell? Or have they been illtreating you?"—And whilst he was saying this, he caressed him in a fatherly way, to make him dry his tears.

The good little fellow, stopped crying for a second or two, and heaving a sigh, said: "I have lost my sins."

At these words the boys burst out laughing, and Don Bosco, who understood at once, said jokingly:—

"Happy you if you have lost your sins, and happier still if you never find them again; because if you have no sins you will go straight to Heaven."

But the little fellow, thinking that Don Bosco had not understood him, said:—

—"I have lost the exercise book where I had them all written down."

Then Don Bosco drew from his pocket the great secret:—"Don't be afraid", said he, "your sins have fallen into good hands; here they are."

As soon as he saw them, the poor little fellow's face became bright again, and he said with a smile:—"If I had known that you had found them, instead of crying I should have laughed; and this evening at confession just say,—'Father, I accuse myself of all the sins that you have found and have now in your pocket.'"

About that time some Parish priests, amongst them those of Borgo Dora, Carmine, St. Augustine, and of Our Lady of the Angels, carried fresh complaints to the Archbishop, because religious services were held and the Sacraments administered in the Oratory of St. Francis de Sales. Monsignor Franson, considering these complaints unfounded, in order to remove any future pretext whatever, issued a formal decree, in which he renewed the faculties, permitting all the religious functions, usually carried on in parish Churches, to be performed there; and not only did he grant that the Sacraments should be freely administered there, but also that the children might satisfy the Easter precept as well.—"The Chapels of the Oratories," said the wise Archbishop, "shall be the Parish Churches of those who frequent them." Then, adding the reason of his concessions, he went on to say:—"Considering the fact that many of the children are strangers, and that all the others are by nature changeable and inconstant, many, without the Oratories, would not go to Church at all, and would thus grow up ignorant and wild."

CHAPTER XXI.

Don Bosco's Solicitude for the Welfare of his Protèges.—The Evening Sermonette.—Don Bosco's System of Education.

DON Bosco, as we have seen in previous chapters, devoted himself to the religious and moral training of the 700 and more boys of the Oratory of St. Francis de Sales, and watched carefully over the 500 that frequented that of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. He never lost sight of the poor youngsters of his rising Orphanage; nay, more, he regarded them as the apple of his eye, and took such care of them, that the most loving and affectionate father could not have done more. The greater part of the rescued boys earned little or nothing; hence he had to find them

food, clothing and shoes. For this reason you would have seen him going out from time to time during the week first to one person and then to another, asking for help for his boys.

Although, owing to the war and the unfortunate circumstances that occurred in that year, his numerous family was often reduced to great straits, yet the unceasing care of Don Bosco never let them fall short of the necessaries of life.

But he was especially solicitous in guarding them from all danger to faith and morals. Means for perverting the young were becoming every day more numerous and fatal; and owing to the liberty of the press, bad books and papers were being scattered broadcast in factories and shops. It was quite a frequent thing to hear masters and servants, merchants and tradesmen, gravely discussing points of every religious shade, and dogmatising like so many doctors of the Sorbonne. Consequently faith and good morals were placed in great danger. Now Don Bosco, being obliged to send his boys into the city to learn their trades, made careful inquiry beforehand about the character of the persons that he was going to entrust his boys to. Besides this he often used to inquire of their masters what progress they were making, thus showing how much he had their welfare at heart.

When they were at home he remained with them as much as possible, made himself acquainted with all the troubles they had encountered in the course of the day, and, like an experienced doctor, applied at once the remedies, in order to expel from their minds the evil maxims that they had imbibed, or to remove from their hearts the bad impressions that they had received.

From the very beginning of the Oratory he was accustomed to give a sermonette now and again after night-prayers, but only on the vigils of feasts or on the occasion of some solemnity; at this period, however, he gave them very often, nearly every evening. In his discourses which lasted from two to three minutes, he used to explain at one time a point of doctrine, at another some moral truth, and that, too, by means of some example which the boys listened to with great pleasure. He took especial care to warn them against the extravagant opinions of the day, and against the errors of the Waldenses, which errors were at that time creeping into Turin. Sometimes, in order to draw their attention

the better, and engrave a maxim more deeply on their minds, he would tell them some edifying incident that had occurred during the day, or which was taken from history, or drawn from the life of a saint. Now and then, he would give them a problem to solve, or put them a question. As a rule he used to give them some days to prepare their answers. These answers were written on a note, bearing the writer's name, and a reward was given to the one who gave the most correct explanation. In this way Don Bosco made the boys think, and, at the same time, opened for himself the way to develop the most useful truths which, learnt in this way, were never forgotten.

From these and many other instances which have been mentioned here and there in the other chapters, our readers can easily understand the system followed by Don Bosco in the education of the young. His is not the so-called repressive system but the preventive one. This latter system Don Bosco carried out with such happy results for the moral welfare of the boys, that he endeavoured to instil its practice into all his assistants, catechists, masters and surveillants.

In order that all might know fully, and thus follow, his paternal system, Don Bosco often used to hold conferences, at which several priests of Turin took part. Amongst them was the late Monsignor Eugene Galletti, Bishop of Alba, then Canon of the Church of *Corpus Domini*. Later on he wrote a short treatise on the two systems. Therein he clearly showed that the preventive method is to be preferred to the repressive, and inculcated its practical application by making known its great advantages. This useful little work is to be found in the Regulations of the Salesian Institutes.

CHAPTER XXII.

Don Bosco's System Conformable to the Spirit of the Times.—Its Beneficial Results.—The Tree of Life.—The little Barber.—Defeat of the Piedmontese Army.—King Charles Albert's Life in Danger.



HE system introduced and practised by Don Bosco in the education of the young, besides being in harmony with reason and Religion, seemed conformable to the spirit of the times. Throughout Italy,

in that year, there was a general outcry against absolute governments; loud complaints were raised against the measures of severity with which the people were ruled and justice meted out. Even the Princes who were most tenacious in their adherence to the old regime, in order to prevent riots, thought it well to accede to the popular demands, and introduced into their States sweeping reforms, not only in the civil but also in the judicial administration. Pius IX, the mildest of Popes, ascended the Pontifical throne in 1846, and yielding to the innate goodness of his heart, granted an amnesty to all political exiles, thus winning universal admiration and applause.

Shortly afterwards, he granted also governmental reforms, useful to his people and to the Catholic Religion. Charles Albert, amongst other Italian princes, did the same; he widened the civil Constitution, by which he despoiled himself of a part of his royal authority in order to invest the people with it. The latter were represented by a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate, and his government was thus changed from an absolute to a constitutional one. Hence acclamations and feasting in homage to liberty, in praise of Pius IX and Charles Albert, were the order of the day, and their names resounded from one end of Italy to the other.

Now these popular aspirations for a milder form of government, seconded as they were by Princes, made subjects demand from their Superiors a more affectionate and paternal rule. Hence a system of education which was rough and repressive, although practicable in former days, would have been opposed to the spirit of the times and productive of the most serious evils. It would have driven away the boys from the Oratory, to which they came and from which they went of their own free will, without the let or hindrance of law or authority. It would, moreover, have strengthened the lying reports which venal journalists, mountebanks and theatre-goers circulated, namely, that priests were tyrants, and the enemies of freedom and of the people. But by means of his system Don Bosco prevented such mischief with regard to the Oratory. The Oratory, moreover, was always so crowded that it rendered the opening of others in different parts of the city necessary; and, on the other hand, if any evil-minded person had uttered a word against priests in the presence of the boys, it would have

been enough to call to their minds the many touching instances of Don Bosco's goodness in order to give that person the lie. In fact, it happened that on more than one occasion, in the workshops, the boys brought forward this argument against those who spoke against priests, and several remember that, sometimes when the grumblers were at a loss for an answer, they would say:—*If all priests were like your Don Bosco, there would be nothing to say; but it is not so.* Some, who saw Fathers Borel, Chiaves, Carpano, Murialdo, Volo, Marengo and many other exemplary priests, who were Don Bosco's co-laborators, striving to imitate him in doing good to boys, remained staunch in their opinions, and treated the malicious talk as lies.

(To be continued).

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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