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MESSI QUIDEM MULTA
OPERARI AUTEM PAUCI

Salesian Bulletin

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

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DA MIHI ANIMAS CÆTERA TOLLE
D. BOSCO

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIPLOMA OF THE ASSOCIATION OF SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS.

CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT of the Association.

1. — All who have reached 16 years of age may become CO-OPERATORS if they so desire, and seriously intend to act according to the spirit of the Association.
- *
2. — The Association is humbly commended to the protection and benevolence of the Sovereign Pontiff, and of all Bishops and Priests in their respective dioceses and parishes, on whom it shall depend without reserve in everything relating to our holy religion.
- *
3. — The Superior General of the Salesian Congregation shall also be the Superior of the Association of Co-operators.
- *
4. — The Directors of the several Houses of the Salesian Congregation are authorized to enrol new Members, whose names and addresses they shall immediately forward to the Superior General, so that they may be regularly enrolled in the Register of the Association.
- *
5. — In districts wherein there is no Salesian House, when the number of the Co-operators amounts to at least ten, one of them should be selected as President—preferably an ecclesiastic—who will assume the title of Decurion, and take upon himself the correspondence with the Superior, or with the Director of any of the Salesian Houses.
- *
3. — All Members may freely communicate with the Superior, and lay before him any matter whatever they may deem worthy of consideration.
- *
7. — At least every three months, the Associate will receive a printed Report of the works that have been accomplished; the proposals that have come to hand, bearing on the purposes of the Association; and finally, the new enterprises to be undertaken for the glory of God and the good of our fellow-creatures. In the Annual Report this latter point will be treated more diffusely, so that Members may have a clear general idea of the Works to be accomplished in the ensuing year.

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

[The "Salesian Bulletin" has long since taken the place of the printed Report spoken of above.— ED.]

8. — Every year, on the Feasts of St. Francis of Sales and of Our Lady Help of Christians (January, 29, and May, 24) the Decurions should organize assemblies of all the members in their respective districts, so that the whole Association may unite in spirit and prayer with their brethren of the Salesian Congregation, invoking for one another the continued protection of these our Glorious Patrons, and the grace of perseverance and zeal in the arduous undertaking that our charity and the love of God have imposed upon us in conformity with the spirit of our Congregation.

RELIGIOUS PRACTICES.

1. — There is no exterior practice prescribed for the Salesian Co-operators. In order, however, that their life may in some points approach to the life of Professed Religious, we recommend to them the following; that is to say, modesty in their apparel; frugality in their meals; simplicity in their furniture; reserve in their speech; and exactness in the duties of their state: they should also be careful to have the repose and sanctification prescribed an all Feasts of Obligation exactly observed by those over whom their authority extends.
- *
2. — They are advised to make a Spiritual Retreat of some days in the course of every year; and, on the last day of every month, or on such other as may suit their convenience better, to make the exercise of a holy Death, going to Confession and Communion, as though it were really to be their last. For the annual Retreat, and also on the day upon which they make the Exercise for a Holy Death, they can gain a Plenary Indulgence.
- *
3. — All the Associates should say one "Pater," and one "Ave," daily, in honour of St. Francis of Sales for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff, Priests, and those who recite the Canonical Hours, are dispensed from this Prayer. For them, it will suffice to add their intention to the recitation of the Office.
- *
4. — They are recommended, furthermore, frequently to approach to the Sacraments of Penance and of the Holy Eucharist; the Associates being able, every time they do this, to gain a Plenary Indulgence.
- *
5. — All these Indulgences, both Plenary and Partial, can be applied, by way of Suffrage, to the souls in Purgatory, with the exception of that for the hour of death, which is exclusively personal, and can be gained only when the soul is about to enter into eternity.

THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

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

(MAT. XVIII, 5.)

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

(St. DENYS.)

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

(St. FRANCIS de Sales.)



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

(PIUS IX.)

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

(LEO XIII.)

DA MIHI ANIMAS CÆTERA TOLLE

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THE ASSOCIATION OF THE SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS.

UNION between the good has, in all times, been considered necessary for their mutual aid in the performance of virtuous actions and the avoiding of evil ones. Hereof we find an example among the Christians of the Primitive Church who, being all of one heart and of one soul, withstood, firm and undaunted, the perils to which they were constantly exposed, mutually exhort-

ing each other to abide in the Faith and intrepidly continue the battle of the Lord in the midst of the assaults that were incessantly made upon them.

Our Lord Himself teaches us this truth when He says that if the weakest of forces unite themselves together, they then become strong; and that, although it is easy to break a single cord, it is very difficult to break three when joined together: *Vis unita fortior; funiculus triplex difficile rumpitur*. Men of the world make use of this union of action for the furtherance of their temporal affairs. And should the children of light be less prudent than the children of darkness? Certainly not. We, who

profess ourselves to be Christians, ought also to unite ourselves together in these difficult times for the propagation of the spirit of Prayer and Charity by all the means wherewith religion provides us; and thus endeavour to ward off, or at least to mitigate, the evils that threaten the innocence and virtue of the youthful generation which is growing up around us, and which holds in its hands the future destiny of Society.

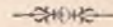
The Salesian Congregation, being definitely approved by the Church, can well serve as a centre, stable and secure, for the Salesian Co-operators to attach themselves thereto. Its principal object is, in fact, to labour for the amelioration of the rising generations, on whom the welfare or the misery of the Society of the future depends. We do not, however, intend to say that ours is the only panacea for so great and universal a need. There are thousands of others and earnestly do we recommend their employment wheresoever it be possible. We merely propose one more: THE ASSOCIATION OF THE SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS—while we make an appeal to all good Christians living in the world, to come forth and stretch out a helping hand to the members of our humble Congregation. Our numbers, it is true, are surprisingly augmented; but we are still far from being able to respond to the demands that we are daily receiving not only from European States, but also from China, from Australia, from the American Republics, and from several parts of Asia and Africa. From all parts of the world come incessant demands for priests to go forth to the rescue of the young, everywhere exposed, in these our days, to the most corrupting influences. We are earnestly besought to open Houses and Colleges, to found new Missions, or, at least, sustain those already founded, where people are languishing for the Light of the Gospel. It is to render us capable of meeting

these manifold needs that we stretch forth our hands for help and look around us for Co-operators.

The fundamental object of the Salesian Co-operators is to aim at their own perfection by means of a mode of life which approaches in many respects the life of a Religious Community. Many there are who would willingly forsake the world for the cloister, were they not precluded from doing so by reasons of age, of health, of social ties, and oftentimes also from want of an opportunity. Such persons by becoming Salesian Co-operators, can, even in the bosom of their family circle, and without neglecting their usual occupations, partake of our Religious life, as forming part of our Community. In view whereof, the Sovereign Pontiff has graciously assimilated this Association to the Third Orders of ancient date, with this particular difference, however, that whereas they proposed to tend to Christian perfection by the exercise of piety, our own principal object is the active exercise of charity towards our neighbour, and more especially towards those, who, in their youth, are peculiarly exposed to the dangers of the world and its corrupting ways.



VOCATION TO THE PRIESTHOOD.



WE reproduce from the current issue of that excellent periodical the *English Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, which is the organ of the Apostleship of Prayer, and published by the Jesuit Fathers at Wimbledon, Surrey, an highly interesting article by Canon Akers on an important subject:

We stand much in need of more vocations to the priesthood, to carry on the great

missionary work of this country. The fields seem white for the harvest, but how few are the reapers! What is to be done to supply the want?

If there is a lack of men for any secular profession, it is generally easy to supply it. Certain premiums and advantages are held out, technical teaching provided at little or no expense, and a stream of volunteers present themselves. Youths choose it as their profession for the advantages of it. They have but to give their studies the right direction, and a career lies open before them.

But we cannot find priests in this way. There are two impediments. First, we have no such premiums to offer to the young candidate for the priesthood. We offer him a life of labour, not limited to so many hours in the day, or so many days in the year; an income less than that of most clerks in a city office, and likely to dwindle down to nothing if he be promoted to be Rector of a mission; no "plums," and no sinecures, and very few honours. In short, a life of ceaseless self-sacrifice and unceasing labour. There is not much to attract in all this.

But a graver impediment than this is, that a lad cannot choose the priesthood as he chooses a profession, at his own will or fancy. In truth, he does not choose the priesthood—he is chosen for it. . .

What is to be done, then, to promote this good end?

The first thing to do, our Lord Himself has taught us. "Pray you therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers into the harvest." Four times a year the Church bids us pray, and pray with fasting, for those about to be ordained, and we may fairly include in this prayer all those in any stage of preparation for the priesthood. Many holy souls, both in religious houses and in the world, offer their frequent prayers for the same intention; and all who have had occasion to know of the multitude of stray sheep in our large town missions, and of the many inquirers knocking at our gates, must be moved to join in this prayer. Is it not an intention specially suitable to the Apostolate of Prayer?

Though we cannot invent a vocation for ourselves or for others, we can do much to encourage and promote it. As a good seed planted in good ground, well tilled and kept free from weeds, will flourish, whereas

among thorns or by the wayside it would be trodden down or choked, so a vocation sown in the heart of a child may come to perfection, if watched and cherished by those who have the care of that child, or, on the other hand, be utterly lost through their neglect. In this matter, as in all others, God requires our co-operation. The lad himself who has had the happiness to receive the first sign of a vocation, must correspond to it, but how shall he do so if he is not taught and helped? It is the duty and the happiness of a good pastor to watch for vocations and to help them forward, but it is no less the duty of parents, and the priest can do little if the parents are neglecting their part. A good home, pious parents—having prudence, too, as well as piety—careful training in obedience, diligence, and self-denial, as well as observance of religious duty—these things are so necessary to a good vocation, that it is difficult to suppose a case in which they are wanting, without the loss of it.

I come to the end of the limited space allowed me, having done little more than make a beginning. But I must add a very few words to point out mistakes too commonly made about vocations. All the care and training I have bespoken above are needed, and are the bounden duty of parents for all their children. It does not therefore follow that where these are provided, and the child responds to them, that he is called to be a priest. Piety and all virtues are demanded of the laity as well as of the clergy. It would be a bad day indeed for us all when it was otherwise. But this careful training will give room to the vocation to develop itself as it could not otherwise, and the good priest and the good parent will soon be able to observe the distinctive marks of a priestly vocation.

These are too delicate and too various to be even enumerated with any completion in so short a treatise. Among them at any rate should be found—a love of the Church and of the Church services, a regular and devout frequenting of the sacraments, devotion to the Sacred Heart, the Victim of Divine Love, and to our Blessed Lady, the Queen of the clergy; and a certain steadfastness and perseverance, both in study and in play, the mark of a solid character. If fathers and mothers would realize how much is entrusted to them, how much they can and ought to do to train up their children in a good Christian life, vocations would spring

up of themselves. Till the ground, hedge it about, and pull up the weeds, and God will give the increase.

MONUMENT TO A HEROIC PRIEST.



In our last issue we recorded that the Republic of Columbia, as an expression of national gratitude, had decided to raise a monument in honour of the Father Unia, a humble follower of Don Bosco, who had ministered to the lepers of that land. The *Liverpool Catholic Times* of the 20th of August last, in giving this announcement under the above heading, says:—

The enemies of the Church and of Christianity are adepts in manufacturing charges against the Catholic clergy. But slight is the harm caused by their accusation. The secret of this is that the devotion and self-sacrifice of the priests are so evident to those amongst whom they live that the words of their assailants only cause annoyance and indignation. A striking instance of the generosity with which the Catholic clergy offer up their lives for the benefit of humanity is recorded in a recent issue of the *Salesian Bulletin*. A Salesian Father, Don Michael Unia, of Turin, devoted himself to the care of the lepers who are to be found in such large numbers in Columbia. Day and night he was amongst them, ministering to the spiritual wants. He taught the young, helped the afflicted who had reached mature years, and watched by the bedsides of the dying. At length he was worn out by his apostolate labours and he came to Turin last year to die. His death was felt by the people of Columbia to be a national loss, and the Government decreed that a monument should be erected to commemorate "the important services he rendered to the country by his heroic zeal and self-abnegation." On this monument which is to be raised in Agua de Dios is to be placed the following inscription: "To the Rev. Father Unia, the apostle of the lepers in Columbia, an expression of national gratitude." If Italy has sent forth a few apostles of Anarchy, it must be remembered that she has also sent and is sending to many lands a multitude of other apostles prepared, after the example of their Divine Master, to lay down their lives for their fellow men.



CENTRAL PATAGONIA.

AMONG THE INDIANS OF CHUBUT

(Conclusion).

A Well-laid Plan.—Cayupul a Prisoner.—A Distressing Scene.

Then the reason of the picket being sent on in advance became clear to me. The far-seeing Governor had laid his plans exceedingly well. Having received information to the effect that most of the Indians were out hunting the guanaco, he devised a plan whereby a useless shedding of blood might be averted and tranquillity once more restored. He sent in advance half a dozen soldiers in private dress—the very men that passed us and ordered us to await the main body of soldiers—bidding them hasten with all possible speed to Genua and there invite Cayupul, who was sure to be at home, outside of the Indian encampment, in the Governor's name, and then arrest him. The same was to be done with Salpu, Cayupul's favourite. We found on our entry into Genua, that the first part of the Governor's orders had been successfully carried out,—Cayupul was a prisoner. As the night was far advanced when we arrived the trial of the medicine-man was put off until the morrow.

I accompanied the Governor the following morning on a visit to Cayupul. He is a little spare man, quite an insignificant being to look at. He seems to be of a very restless disposition, rocks himself about when speaking to anyone, and never utters a word without due reflection. As soon as I entered the tent where he was guarded by two soldiers, he bid me good-day, and held out his hand for me to shake calling me *Dear Father*. He seemed to ignore the presence of the Governor who stood by. He went on to say that he was amazed at the manner in which he had been treated, seeing that he was a quiet and peaceful

man, honest, not addicted to drink, and whose only occupation consisted in attending to his family and his flocks and giving good advice to his brother Indians. He related how his wife and children had wept when they saw him arrested. He begged me to intercede for him and obtain permission for him to return to his *toldo* and console them. At this point I turned to the Governor, who at once sent someone in search of Cayupul's family, and before we left him they arrived.

What a tall, stout woman Cayupul's wife is! just the opposite of her husband. But how untidy and dirty! She had three children with her, two boys and baby girl. For this latter, who is dying, the saving Waters of Baptism will open the gates of heaven shortly. On catching sight of the prisoner they flew to his side and, clinging to him, filled the air with their cries and lamentations, whilst Cayupul sat on the ground, downcast and dejected.

After a while the woman and the two boys turned towards us and others who stood near, and between their tears entreated us to have pity on the prisoner. It was a distressing scene, from which we were obliged to sadly turn away. The Governor was deeply touched but he could not forego his duty. He, however, permitted the poor woman and children to remain with the medicine man until we left Genua, gave them pecuniary assistance and provided them with a written document which secured them against the seizure of Cayupul's possessions.

Cayupul Cross-Examined— Caught in a Trap.

At a later hour the prisoner's trial took place before the Governor, at which I was also present. The whole affair proceeded with strict justice, and all the legal formalities were rigorously observed. The cross-examination was certainly most curious.

On being asked if it were true that God had appeared to him, he unhesitatingly answered:—"Of course, but he only permitted me to see His mouth."

—"And how often has God spoken to you?"

—"On two occasions; at eight o'clock in the morning, just as I had awakened from my sleep."

—"What did He say to you each time?"

—"He charged me to salute the Indians in His name, and told me that to salute a

sick Indian in the name of God would be the means of restoring that Indian to health again."

—"In regard to the sacrifices, what did you order the Indians to do?"

—"I recommended them to throw into the air four handfuls of grass, and a little broth. I also recommended them to burn the bones and skin of the sacrificed animals, after having eaten the flesh. And this was done because it is pleasing to God."

—"Is it true that all the Indians obey you in everything?"

—"Yes, of course."

—"Is it also true that you instigated the Indians to revolt against the Government and to massacre the Christians?"

—"No; it is absolutely false. These are lying tales spread abroad by white traders and enemies of mine to bring about my ruin."

—"Did you restore to her senses Josefa the wife of the Indian Ailef?"

—"I did, and at present she is perfectly sane."

—"Did you know that the Governor and the soldiers were coming to Genua?"

—"Yes. God revealed it to me several days before, and assured me that they were coming as friends to greet me."

—"Have you anything particular to add?"

—"No."

At the termination of the inquiry, a smile hovered on the lips of Mr. Tello, the Governor, as he turned to the prisoner, and said: "I ought to be congratulated for having at last found a man who will answer my purpose. Down in Rawson, there are several insane persons; and since you are such a valiant doctor you shall accompany me and restore them to their senses as you have done with the wife of Ailef."

—"But," replied Cayupul, *io nulla potendo con cristiani, solo sanando paisanos: così ordenando Dios*.—"I can do nothing for the Christians, I can heal the Indians only: this is God's will."

—"How can it be possible that God, Who is the Father of all mankind, cares only for the Indians and not for the Christians! You must be mistaken, my good Cayupul. So prepare yourself to go with me to Rawson, and make the trial. It will cost you nothing as I intend to pay all expenses."

The false prophet saw that he had been caught in a trap, and knew that there was now no hope for him, so he prudently kept silent. He was led out by the two soldiers into whose custody he had been given.

Then the Christian and Pagan witnesses were called and cross examined. I was not able to assist at the cross-examination, as I was away on a visit to a small Indian encampment, several miles distant from Genua, in order to baptize and confirm some of the Indians there.

The Valley of Genua and its many Advantages—A Disagreeable Experience.

On the 18th of December we were again on the march, and this time in the direction of Teca.



THE CHURCH OF THE SALESIAN MISSION AT PUNTA ARENAS (MAGELLAN STRAITS).

The Valley of Genua, where such important events had just taken place, is situated at a greater elevation above sea-level than that of Teca, and it is far more beautiful and fertile. It is also clothed with rich herbage that affords pasturage for a great quantity of cattle. In the space of sixteen square miles, there is sufficient pasturage for more than four thousand animals. The rearing of cattle in this locality has been tried with success. We were told that the horned cattle produce 60%, and the sheep 80%. It would be just the spot where to found a Colony, and I am in hopes of being able to bring this about.

Besides it is the one place of all others preferred by the Indians. May heaven prosper and hasten this project!

At Genua I was the recipient of a beautiful and swift horse on which I rode forth, on our departure, with a feeling of complacency, and with a slight touch of pride at my ability in horsemanship. I had proceeded but a short distance, when my steed became restless, began to toss his head, champ his bit and cut capers. This continued for a short while, and then, all of a sudden, it rushed off at a tremendous speed across the valley, flying over ditches and boulders in its mad course. I tugged desperately at the reins to check the animal, but it only seemed to go the faster. Every moment I was in danger of being thrown from the saddle. The only thing for me to do, I thought, would be to jump off and risk an injured limb, rather than continue and have my neck broken. So managing to get my feet free of the stirrups, and, with a prayer to my Guardian Angel, I was on the point of jumping on to a grassy spot, when the animal suddenly veered round, nearly throwing in so doing, and dashed off at the same mad pace in the direction of our party. Some of the soldiers, who had bounded forward to my rescue, met me on the way, contrived to surround me and stop the excited animal. This unpleasant escapade was owing to the bit, which the steed had never before carried. It had not been used to other than the *bocado* of the Indians. Fearing to trust myself further with the beast, I hastened to exchange it for another.

A Wretched Day—Salpu Arrested.

We were now entering once again on the wild and solitary regions of Potra-choique and Pampa-Tappel. The sky was dark and threatening, the wind began to blow hard, and shortly the rain fell in torrents drenching us all. To add to our discomfort the rain was accompanied by large hail-stones. Under these trying circumstances we travelled on for fifteen miles, when we reached Niri-ao, where a halt was made for the night. The rain continued without interruption all night long, and it also began to snow. The water penetrated into the tents drenching everything. What a miserable time we had, with only a blanket or a military cloak to wrap around us. As for the poor beasts they had to shift for themselves, for here,

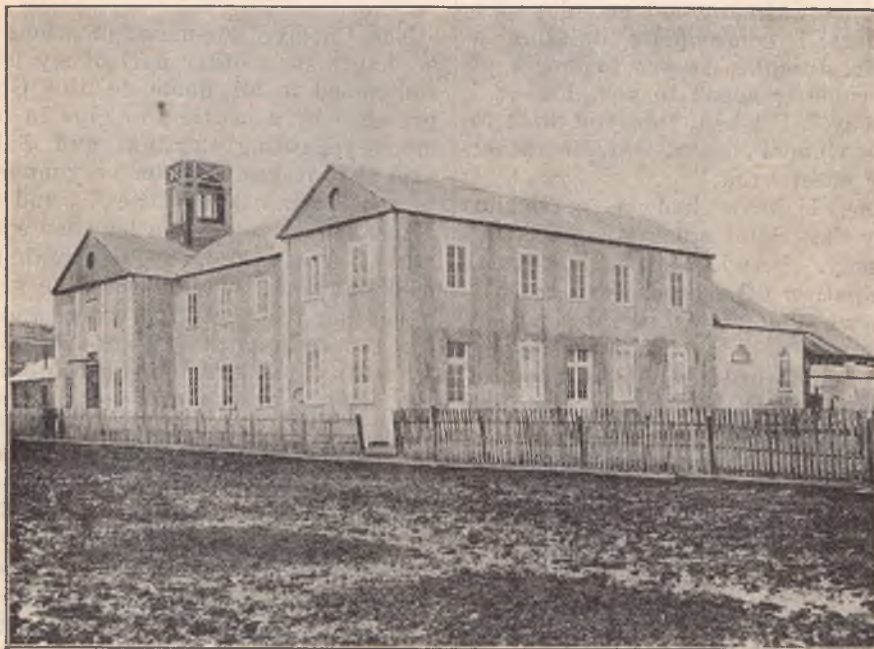
they are left out in the open air at all times and in all weathers.

This was the most miserable day of the whole journey.

On our arrival at Teca we found that Salpu, the favourite and confidant of Cayupul, had been already arrested. A trap similar to that laid for the false prophet, had proved successful in this case. Whilst in Genua we were engaged in the judicial examination of the worthy medicine-man, the half-a-dozen soldiers in private dress

from his lips more like the yell of a wild beast than the voice of a man. But a moment or two later he assumed so calm and passive an exterior, as not to leave a trace of his passionate outbreak.

Salpu who is about fifty years of age has not yet been baptized. He is short but broadly built, and carries a head of long and matted hair. His face is marred by two ugly scars which he says he received in a brawl with some drunken companions; but some believe that they are the result of the



INSTITUTE OF THE SALESIAN MISSION AT PUNTA
ARENAS (MAGELLAN STRAITS).

who had captured him, had set out without delay for the locality, where Salpu and his Indians were encamped, some thirty miles distant. It was necessary to act with promptness, for if the fierce and cunning Indian came to know of his friend Cayupul's arrest, he would assuredly decamp. But the soldiers arrived before news of that event reached Salpu, and he accepted their invitation to meet the Governor at Teca, a short distance away. There he was carefully watched, until the arrival of his Excellency.

When the caravan put in an appearance, and Salpu espied Cayupul bound and guarded by the soldiers, he saw the trap he had fallen into. At once his nostrils dilated, his eyes flashed, his face became almost black with rage, and a shrill cry burst

desperate defence made by the three Welshmen, who were massacred by him—so report says—and his fellow Indians in the Valley of Martyrs. He has, however, always denied that he had part in that cold-blooded murder, and I feel inclined to believe him.

Projected Erection of a Chapel in Genua—Salpu's Eloquent Brevity—Salpu and the Missionary.

The wretched weather did not abate; the rain continued to fall in torrents and the cold piercing wind seemed to cut through one. The poor soldiers, almost benumbed with cold, sat huddled together around the camp fires. I was sitting with the Governor under a tent, wrapped in a guanaco skin,

and in a very disconsolate frame of mind, seeing that I could not exercise my ministry in that miserable day, when one of the colonists, Pio Bargas, entered. The Governor turned to me and said:—"I have the honour, Father, of presenting to you Mr. Bargas, the richest proprietor in these regions. Now is your opportunity to get something for the Church you desire to build in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians in Teca."

—"In Teca?" repeated Bargas turning to me. "Then let the people of Teca help you. As for me, I have already laid my plans for Genua, where I contemplate building a Chapel to St. Joseph. It was to speak of this that I came to speak to you, Father."

—"And why," I asked, "do you wish to dedicate the Chapel to St. Joseph rather than to any other saint?"

—"Because I have had a particular devotion for that Saint since my infancy," came the reply. "And, besides, is not St. Joseph the patron of a good death? We, hereabouts, who but rarely see the priest, and have hence a very poor chance of seeing him by our death-bed, stand in need of the efficacious protection of that glorious Patriarch."

To spread devotion to St. Joseph has always been one of the eager desires of my life. You can, therefore, imagine with what gladness I heard the above declaration, and with what readiness I approved of the scheme. In fact I did more: I promised to provide the vestments, a chalice, etc. and a beautiful statue of the titular Saint of the future Chapel. How I am going to keep my word I do not know; but I have the utmost confidence that the Foster-father of Our Divine Lord will come to my aid.

Later on in the day Salpu was cross-examined by the Governor. His declarations were noted for their eloquent brevity: *I know nothing, I can say nothing, I have done nothing, I desire my freedom.* His three sons afterwards paid him a visit, but they did not give expression to either surprise or grief; they seemed impassible.

I also paid him several visits, and I must say that with me he was open and conversable. He is much more resigned than Cayupul; some times he is even cheerful. I would now and again present him with some knick-knacks, on receiving which he would laugh and say: *Yo un poco viejo yá para soldado; sirviendo para puchero no mas!*—"I am a little too old to be won over by

you; I am only fit to be put in the boiling-pot." On one occasion I took up his pipe and had a pull at it, but the smoke got down my throat and made me cough for some time. Salpu laughed heartily at this, and afterwards placing his hand confidently on my breast, said in a serious tone: "You are a good man, but many of the whites are wicked, and rob the poor Indians of what they possess."—Poor unfortunate Salpu!

The Cacique Sac-mata summoned —His Declaration.

The Cacique Sac-mata, of whom I spoke at length in another part of my letter, was summoned in all haste to the Governor's presence by a courier, to give in his statements regarding Cayupul and Salpu. He said that it grieved him very much to have to speak against his friends and subjects. Nevertheless, since the legitimate authority must be respected, he declared that the medicine-man, and his favourite were guilty of having disobeyed his orders and of working the Indians into a state of excitement by means of absurd and superstitious doings. Sac-mata, however, said nothing more than what the Governor knew, but as the latter already had sufficient and incontestable proof of the prisoners' guilt, he respected the trying position of the Cacique and did not insist.

I had occasion to speak with Sac-mata in private, and he told me that he deemed necessary the rigorous measures taken by the Governor against Cayupul. His arrest had become indispensable for the good of the tribe, and to assure public tranquillity. Sac-mata, who was accompanied by his son Venanzio, promised to take him to Rawson next April, and place him under our Missionary Fathers there.

Sac-mata confirmed in the Office of Cacique.

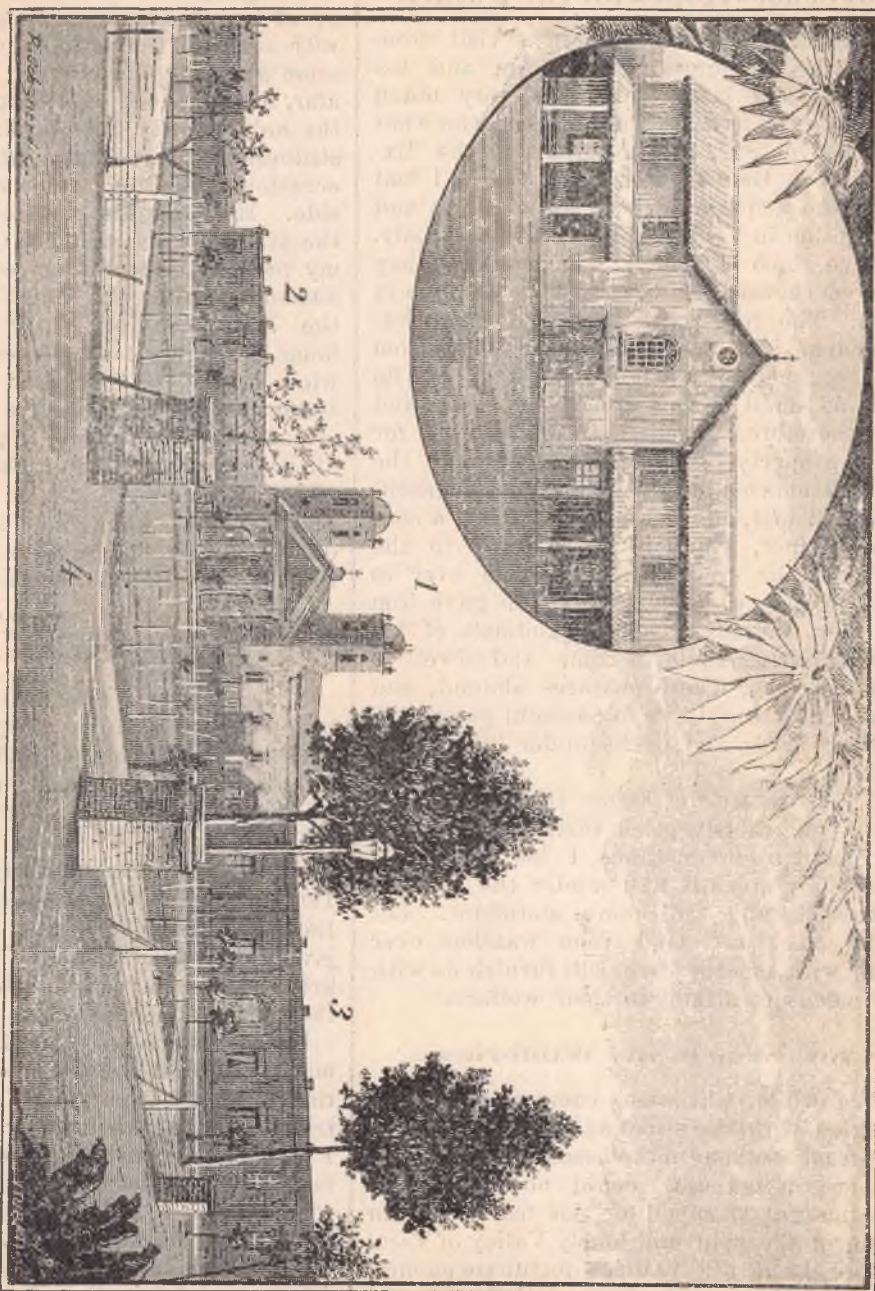
The Cacique remained some days in Teca, and at length he asked me to obtain for him the Governor's permission to return to his tribe. Mr. Tello made it his duty to condescend to this request, and before Sac-mata left, he confirmed him in the office of Cacique, furnishing him with a *papel* or written declaration to which the Indians give a great deal of importance. This *papel* was conceived in the following words.

The Cacique Sac-mata is charged to maintain order among the Indians of his tribe and see

that they live on peaceful terms with each other. He should recommend them not to forget God and His commandments, not to engage in fights and brawls, nor get drunk, nor thieve; but to cultivate industrious habits and bring

It would be impossible to describe the joy of the good Cacique Sac-mata on receiving this document, for by its means he again acquired all his rights as chief which had been considerably weakened by the artifices

THE SALESIAN CHURCH, INSTITUTE AND HOSPITAL,
AT VIEDMA (PATAGONIA).



up their children in the fear of God. He will, moreover, inform his tribe that the Governor loves them as though they were his own children, but that he deems it is duty to severely chastise them if they give any trouble.

Signed EUGENE TELLO.

of Cayupul and Salpu. He thanked us again and again and at length left the encampment with his son Venanzio.

On the 24th of December a communication reached Mr. Tello from the Supreme National Government, announcing that thirty square

miles of land in the Territory had been granted to Sayhueque and the remnant of the tribe that had remained faithful to him.

The Cacique Nanchuche and the Governor—Hopes for the Future.

That same day we received a visit from Nanchuche, Cacique of Rio Negro, and his brother. The latter resembles very much Santiago Malipan, a Patagonian, who went to Italy in 1892, and took part in the Exhibition at Genoa that same year. I had made the acquaintance of the Cacique and his brother in Viedma some years previously. I gave them a hearty welcome and they showed themselves delighted to meet me in Teca. The reason of this visit was that Nanchuche had also received some land from the Federal Government but it is sterile and too small for his numerous tribe, and he, therefore, solicited the Governor for other property. Mr. Tello, seeing that the observations made by Nanchuche were reasonable and just, invited him to choose a convenient spot, which if it belonged to the Treasury, he would willingly give over to him. Before dismissing him, he gave him a letter addressed to the Indians of his tribe, inviting them to come and dwell in these regions, where pastures abound, and where they could live in peaceful possession of their herds and flocks under his protection.

Hence we are in hopes that two other tribes will shortly pitch their tents in this Territory, a circumstance I hail with particular joy since it will render the harvest of this Mission still more abundant. Let them come, and God Who watches over them with especial care, will furnish us with the means to attend to their welfare.

Christmas in the Wilderness.

Meanwhile, Christmas came round. But mingled with the sweet and joyful memories this feast awakens in the bosom of the Christian, was a sadness I could not repress at the thought of spending this feast far from home in the wild and lonely Valley of Teca. Before, I had always been fortunate enough to spend this season in our Colleges, and since my ordination I had generally had the consolation to sing Midnight Mass amidst all the splendour and solemnity of our ritual.

How different by the banks of the River Teca-Leufu. In that wild spot there was

no grand Church, no marble altars, no clouds of incense to perfume the air, and myriads of lighted tapers to spread their lustre around, no multitudes of worshippers, no sweet voices to sing melodious anthems or exulting hymns, but instead, an altar made up of two wooden chests and simply covered with a sheet, the few Catholic soldiers and some poor shepherds who had come from afar, formed the devout congregation, whilst the only melody that broke the mysterious stillness of that midnight hour was the occasional bleating of the sheep on the hill side. My thoughts naturally wandered to the stable at Bethlehem. O, how perfectly my present surroundings seemed to me to harmonize with the humble birthplace of the Infant Saviour! My wish to be at home no longer held possession of me, and with it my sadness had vanished. The sweetness and consolation that inundated my soul during that Midnight Mass surpass all description. And in that Holy Sacrifice of the Mass celebrated in the wilderness under the star-spangled vault of heaven, I did not forget my Superiors, my confrères, the Salesian Benefactors and Co-operators.

A Resumé—Another Missionary Excursion in View—Conclusion.

But it is about time that I concluded this long account written, in my spare moments, amidst the clangour of arms, or the grave formalities of the court-house, or in the solitude and silence of nature.

The campaign had been happily terminated, peace and tranquillity restored in the Territory, and we were now returning to Rawson. It may not be out of place to give in conclusion, a brief summary of the little good I have been able to accomplish through God's bounty.

I administered seventy Baptisms, and as many Confirmations, blessed twelve marriages, heard twenty Confessions, and distributed an equal number of Communions. I also gave instruction to nearly all the families in almost every Indian encampment we visited. I accepted as pupils for our Institute at Rawson a dozen boys some of whom accompanied me on my return, the others will follow in a few days. We are in hopes of erecting shortly in different points of the Territory, three Chapels, which will, we are sure, be a great boon for the Christian members of this Mission. We have likewise satisfactorily terminated the first formalities required in order to obtain

a grant of land in Genua where we have the intention of founding an Agricultural Colony.

Another advantage accruing from this expedition was the willingness of quite a number of the leading Protestants of the Colony of Gaiman and that of the *Sixteenth of October*, to listen to the Catholic priest, quite a rare circumstance, and in consequence of which I was able to enlighten them on many points, and dispel a few of their absurd opinions regarding our Holy Religion. —May not this be the first step to their conversion?

Some one might be tempted to ask whether there is much chance of the permanence of the fruits attending my missionary excursion. To this I reply God alone knows. Still, I cannot help feeling hopeful on this point when I consider the humble beginnings of this poor Mission, the almost visible protection of Divine Providence on many occasions, and finally the good spirit that animates the Civil Authorities who have promised me their support. One thing only gives me cause for inquietude,—my unworthiness. I, therefore, earnestly recommend myself to your prayers. Pray, Very Rev. and dear Father, that I may become a docile instrument in God's hands, and thereby spread His glory and save many souls.

It is true that I laboured under a disadvantage in this Missionary journey on account of the campaign; otherwise I could have administered several hundred Baptisms. But what I have now been impossibilitated to do, I hope to do shortly. The Governor has kindly promised me his valid support, and the good Cacique Sac-mata is ready to aid me. I shall return in a few months time to the same scene of action, and, seeing that Cayupul and Salpu are no longer able to agitate the minds of the Indians with their underhand dealing, I entertain great hopes for the propagation of our holy Religion among the Indians of Central Patagonia.

And now I have really finished. Would that every paragraph, every word, every letter of this disjointed account were a splendid poem of love for and of gratitude towards God Who has watched over me with such fatherly care. To Him alone, then, be all honour and glory and praise for ever and ever. Amen.

Your obedient son in J. C.,

BERNARD VACCHINA,
Salesian Missionary.



[Owing to the great number of communications we are continually receiving for insertion in this column, we are obliged to limit ourselves to the publication of a few extracts (as the expression, more or less, of the others) and the names of all those who desire to make public thanksgiving to their Celestial Benefactress. All manuscripts, however, are carefully deposited in the archives of the Sanctuary; and, perhaps, we shall one day be able to publish them in a separate volume in honour of our Heavenly Queen.—ED.]

Thanksgiving.—It gives me great pleasure to inform you that Our Lady Help of Christians has obtained for me the favour for which I asked the prayers of the children of the Salesian Oratory some time ago. I enclose an offering, and beg you to have a Mass offered up in thanksgiving.

MISS ANNE E. COONAN,

Plumstead, London, S. E.

August 27, 1897.

* * *

Confidence Rewarded.—I have very great confidence in Our Lady Help of Christians, and have received three special favours during the past week, from the Sacred Heart through her intercession, for which I would like to return public thanks through the *Salesian Bulletin*.

REV. MOTHER M. CLARE,

Baltimore, U. S. A.

August 9, 1897.

* * *

Consolatrix Afflictorum, ora pro nobis.—A friend of mine fell sick and was at the same time tormented with scruples so that her family thought she would eventually lose her reason. I turned to Our Help of Christians in this extreme and implored her to obtain the cure of the poor sufferer, promising to have the grace published in the *Salesian Bulletin* if my prayer were heard. Our Blessed Lady had compassion on her afflicted child. My friend shortly recovered her bodily health, and with it her peace of mind to the great joy of her family who

thought her lost to them. I now desire to fulfil my promise by having the grace published. A thousand thanks to Mary!

F. LLOP, *Barcelona (Spain)*.

* *

The Madonna of Don Bosco.—Our Blessed Lady Help of Christians, commonly called the Madonna of Don Bosco, has been pleased to show her love for us. My aunt had been suffering for some time most dreadful pains, when, on having recourse to Our Lady's intercession, they ceased as though by magic. It was through reading the *Salesian Bulletin* that we thought of turning to the Blessed Virgin.

EUGENE THOMASSET,
Aoste (Italy).

The following have also sent us accounts of special favours they have received, and desire to render public thanksgiving to their Celestial Benefactress, Mary Help of Christians:—

Mr. Thomas Cereseto, Voltri; Isabella Corbari, Gazzo; Louisa Botto, Dogliani; Margaret Marrello, Asti; Mary Bongiovanni, Villanova di Moudovi; Mary Soldati, Menzonio (Canton Ticino); A Salesian Co-operator, Como; Christina Riando, Fossano; Ida Rizzoli; P. C. L., Alessandria; Margaret Ratti, Valle Varajta; Silvester Colussi; Camilla Bosco, Oia (Racconigi); G. Segala, Verona; Very Rev. Canon Anthony Zali, Carde; G. Cento, Rivoli; Peter Repeti, Saliceto; Corinna Guernieri, Lentigione; Teresa Poro Jardini, S. Vittorio d'Alba; Mary Sacco Bardissone, Cuneo; Mary Manfroni, Cuneo; M. C. N., Milan; Rev. Augustine Rebaudi, P.P., Carmino (Ormea); Angiolina Sargenti, Magadino (Switzerland); Prof. N. N., Treviglio; Anthony Savio, Dronero; Mary Boglio, Trecate; Eliza Corvaja, Calascibetta; G. Mattone; Francis Berra, Trecate; Mrs. Dagnes, Busca; N. N., Torazza di Verolengo; Louis Talamonti, Loretto Aprutino; Mr. & Mrs. Colongo, Pralungo (Biella); N. A., Pralungo; Caroline Negri; G. V., Torino; G. B. Busso, Carde; Clementine Cravino, Enriù; Michael Alcanzo, Carde; Judith Neirotti, Avigliana; Joseph Rossino, San Damiano d'Asti; Joseph Bensi, Cartosio; Very Rev. Canon G. R., Novara; Fiorenzo Fassio, Castelnuovo; Lawrence Bracco, Verolengo; Joseph Giuliani, Castelnuovo; Joseph Gallina, Verolengo; Jerome Marchisio, Caramagna; Anthony Gallo, Caramagna; Mary Briata, Belforte (Monferrat); Honora Borsarelli, Mondovì-Piazza; Dionisio Cotti, Artogne (Brescia); N. N., Valfenera; Josephine Traverso, Gavazzana; Justina Lupo, La Loggia; E. A., Ivrea; Mr. & Mrs. Fausto Paviato; Antony Calcagno; Teresa Christopher, Loranze.



REBUKING A KING.

The timidity which hesitates to rebuke profanity was once shamed by a king who had been himself rebuked for profanity. Riding along the highway in disguise, and seeing a soldier at an inn, he stopped and asked him to drink with him. On an oath which the king uttered while drinking, the soldier remarked:

"I am sorry to hear a young gentleman swear."

His Majesty took no notice of it, but swore again. The soldier immediately said:

"I'll pay part of this, if you please, and go; for I so hate swearing that, if you were the king himself, I should tell you of it."

"Should you, indeed?" asked the king.

"I should," was the emphatic reply of his subject.

Not long after the king gave him an opportunity to be "as good as his word." Having invited some lords to dine with him, he sent for the soldier, and bade him to stand near him, in order to serve him if he was needed. Presently the king, not now in disguise, uttered an oath. And deferentially the soldier immediately said:

"Should not my lord and king fear an oath?"

Looking at the heroic soldier and then at his company of obsequious noblemen, the king severely remarked:

"There, my lords, is an honest man. He can respectfully remind me of the great sin of swearing; but you can sit here and let me stain my soul by swearing, and not so much as tell me of it!"—*Catholic Fireside*.

A KNIGHT OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

PROMINENT among the two score English tourists who chanced to be in the Italian city of Livorno (or, to use its harsher English name, Leghorn), in the summer of 18—, was Lord Seybold, a wealthy landowner, whose taste for travel drew him to the Continent oftener than it allowed him to remain in his native country.

A day or two after his arrival in Leghorn, that beautiful Tuscan city was put on holiday attire in honour of the festival of Corpus Christi. The spectacle that met the young Englishman's sight, as he left his hotel about eleven o'clock, was an impressive and splendid one. A sun, radiant as only the sun of Italy can be, flooded the atmosphere with golden rays; the air was palpating with the melody of joyous church

bells; palaces, stores, and lesser buildings were decked with banners and streamers of every rich varied colour; magnificent repositories blazed out in exceptional splendour here and there along the route; and in flower-strewn streets the silent throng of men, women and children knelt in reverent adoration as the Eucharistic God was borne through their midst by the venerable Archbishop walking under a *baldaquin*, and escorted by the clergy and the nobility of the city.

An ironical smile played around the lips of Lord Seybold as the cortege approached the point where he had stationed himself, and amused the pitying spectator of "these poor, superstitious Romanists." He had removed his hat as an act of mere gentlemanly courtesy, but was standing erect among the kneeling worshippers—when suddenly the supercilious expression vanished from his countenance, he grew pale as death, and falling upon his knees burst into tears. What had happened? We shall let Lord Seybold himself explain.

"While I was watching, with an incredulous eye, the centre of the ostensorium carried by the Archbishop, it seemed to me that the Saviour cast upon me a glance in which ineffable sweetness, sorrow, and reproach were mingled. Something indescribable took place within me; I fell on my knees, believed and adored."

It was another Saul struck down on the road to Damascus. Lord Seybold abjured Protestantism and shortly afterwards entered the society of Jesus, of which he became a brilliant ornament.

Throughout his religious life, his love for the august Sacrament of the Altar was admirable. He consecrated to It his eloquent tongue and able pen, spent long hours in adoration at the foot of the Tabernacle, and daily made the offering of his life as a sacrifice of expiation for the outrages of which our Lord is the subject in the Holy Eucharist. One springtime he was sent, at the approach of Easter, to help an old pastor in a mountain parish of the Sabines, a district still infested at the epoch which we write by roving bands of brigands, and less hardy robbers as well. Very late one evening the pastor happened to be summoned on a sick call and Father Seybold wishing to await his return, sat at the window, contemplating the magnificent star-gemmed Italian sky in the impressive silence of a night whose serenity was undisturbed by even a passing zephyr. He glanced, too, toward the modest little church, situated a few rods from the presbytery; and his priestly heart, in loving adoration of the Divine Prisoner, throbbled with holy envy of the constant sanctuary lamp whose rays shone through the chapel windows.

Suddenly he fancied he saw a shadow moving in the sanctuary; and impelled by an instinctive presentiment of evil, he hastened at once to the church, the door of which he found ajar. One glance at the altar thrilled him with horror;

two robbers were standing before the open Tabernacle which they had already rifled of the Chalice and the Ciborium containing the consecrated Hosts. What was he to do? He knew that near by, under the tower, there were the sexton's pickaxes; and for a moment his impulse was to arm himself with one, and crush the sacrilegious wretches where they stood.

"But no," he said to himself; "the hand that consecrates the Bread of life will not be raised against these unfortunate men.

He stole noiselessly up behind the robbers, and aided by his unusual height had seized the Ciborium before the desecrators were aware of his presence. Terrified at this interruption, the brigands were about to flee, when, seeing that they had only one man to deal with, they decided not to abandon their booty: and threw themselves upon the priest to wrest the holy vessel from his grasp. Bracing himself against the altar, however, and holding the Ciborium close to his breast, Father Seybold resisted all their efforts; and, although blows rained upon him he could not be made to move or relax his hold of the sacred vessel. Furious at the superhuman strength he evinced, one of the wretches discharged a pistol at his head. The generous priest sank down on the Altar, wounded unto death, but, by a supreme effort, still held close to his divine Treasure.

"Help Lord,—help!" he cried, "my strength is gone."

At that moment, the pastor, his sacristan and two men who had accompanied them on the sick call, entered the church.

The brigands fled at once; but what a sight met the eyes of the old priest and his companions! At the foot of the altar lay stretched, almost lifeless, he whom an hour before they had left full of vigour and health.

From a great wound in his head the blood was streaming, and his enfeebled hand pressed to his heart the holy Ciborium all covered with gore. A heavenly smile wreathed his lips as he gave up the sacred vessel to the pastor, whose emotion completely overpowered him.

"Weep not my good friend," said the dying priest his countenance all aglow, with joy and triumph; "weep not. The dearest wish of my life is accomplished: I die for the captive God of our Tabernacle."

Help was hastily summoned, but it was unavailing: the bullet had done its appointed work. At the very foot of the altar Father Seybold received, in viaticum, the God who made Himself a victim for all; and before the first blush of dawn tinged the eastern hilltops, the glorious martyr adored the unveiled majesty of Him Whom on earth he had loved even unto death.—*The Angelus.*

Were there anything better or fairer on earth than gentleness, Jesus Christ would have taught it to us; yet He has given us only two lessons to learn of Him — meekness and humility of Heart.

THE STORY OF THE ORATORY

OR

DON BOSCO'S OPENING APOSTOLATE.

CHAPTER XXIII. (*Continued*).

In this way together with love for and attachment to the Catholic religion, they cherished for its pastors a high esteem and a profound veneration; and there need be no hesitation in saying that these results were due to the education which Don Bosco and his patient assistants gave them.

As a proof of the efficacy of this system and of its usefulness in the Sunday Oratory and Orphanage established by Don Bosco, the following incident may be adduced.

Although fifteen hundred boys from the city met together on feast-days in the Oratory of St. Francis de Sales and that of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, there were, still, many others, who, through the carelessness of their parents or employers, wandered about the streets ignorant of the existence of the Oratory, or unwilling to frequent it. Amongst them there was a little band having at its head a youngster about fifteen years old, active, ardent, and capable of commanding a regiment of soldiers, all by himself. One Sunday in the year 1848, when they had met in their accustomed place for amusement, he found that one of his companions was missing, and asked the reason of it. "He has gone," said one of them, "to the Oratory of Don Bosco."—"Oratory of Don Bosco!" repeated the boy, "what on earth in this Oratory? What do they do there?"—"They say it is a place where boys go to run about, play, sing, and afterwards go into the little Church to pray." "To run about, play, jump and sing! The very things that do for me; but where is this place?"—"In Valdocco."—"Let us go and see," said the little captain, and the others followed him. When they reached the place they found the door shut, because the boys of the Oratory had already gone into the Chapel, so he said to a companion: "Help me to get on the top of the wall and see what is going on." His friend did so, but when the explorer was on the top of the wall, as he saw nobody about, he jumped down on the other side. He took a walk round the play-ground, but being observed by someone, was conducted into the Church.

That evening Father Borel was speaking about the sheep and the wolves, showing that the former were innocent boys, and the latter bad and vicious companions. "If you do not want," said he, "to be torn to pieces by these rapacious wolves, fly, my dear children, from bad companions, who blaspheme, use bad language, who steal, and who are to be seen rarely in Church. Come to the Oratory, then, on feast-days. You will be in the sheep-fold, as it were. Here wolves never enter, and if they did, there are faithful watch-dogs, to defend and take care of you." These words and all that followed, made a deep impression on the newcomer's heart, for he had never before in his life heard a sermon so suitable and so affectionate as this. When it was over, the Litany was sung, and as he had a beautiful voice and possessed quite a passion for music, he took part in the singing in a perfect transport of joy. Afterwards, he was seized with the desire to know Don Bosco, and once out of the Church, he said to one of the boys of the Oratory:—"Which is Don Bosco? Is he the short priest who gave the sermon?"—"No," answered the other; "but come with me, and I will soon make you acquainted with him;"—and he led him to Don Bosco, who was already surrounded by a crowd of boys.

The welcome which Don Bosco gave him, was most affectionate. He invited him to take part in the games, made him sing a solo, praised his beautiful voice, and promised to teach him music and a hundred other things. A word spoken in his ear gained him altogether, and bound him to Don Bosco with a tie of the sincerest affection. After this the boy began to attend the Sunday Oratory with great regularity, bringing with him some of his friends. As he had need of special instruction, he was handed over to the care of a good priest; and some time after, he made his First Communion with ineffable delight.

But this is only a part of the story. Here, it is necessary to mention that the poor lad's parents, were, so to speak, his persecutors. He was continually ill-treated by them; and very often, after slaving all day long, they made him suffer from hunger. For his spiritual welfare they had not the slightest care; and as soon as they got to know that he was frequenting the Oratory, they ridiculed him, to keep him away. Don Bosco, knowing the trouble and danger that

beset the poor lad, kept on encouraging him, and once when he saw him in tears, he said to him tenderly:—*Remember that, whatever happens, I will always be a father to you, and if your parents continue to treat you brutally, come and make your home with me.* Subsequent events were very soon to bring about this. The boy's father was a compositor, and one day in the shop, when the conversation turned on Don Bosco and his Oratory, he said to his son:—"You must never again put foot in that" and here he used words not to be repeated. The boy, although respectful, had, nevertheless, a quick tongue, and answered at once:—"If they taught me to steal, to fight or to do wrong at the Oratory, you would be right in forbidding me to go there, but the truth is, I learn no wrong at all; I certainly learn how to read and write and do sums; and so I will continue to go there."—"Will you continue to go there?" said the father, and thus speaking, he gave him a severe blow on the head. The poor boy, fearing worse would follow, ran to the door, and fled in the direction of the Oratory. When he arrived there, he was seized with the fear that his father would come after him and drag him back; so instead of going into the house, he climbed up into a mulberry tree, which stood on the very spot where the choir of the Church of Mary Help of Christians now stands, and hid himself amongst the leaves and branches. Autumn was already far advanced, and night was setting in, feebly lit up by the pallid rays of the moon.

The poor boy had scarcely mounted the tree when he saw his parents, who were coming to look for him at Don Bosco's House. The little fellow was quite dismayed at the sight, but the good God, Who ever watches over his children, had willed to put an end to the poor boy's troubles that very night. The two passed right under the mulberry tree without seeing their son and, finding the door of the house ajar, they boldly introduced themselves into Don Bosco's presence without knocking, and demanded their son of him. Don Bosco quietly listened to all they had to say, and answered:—"Your son is not here."—"But he must be here."—"I tell you he is not, and even if he were, you have no right to force yourselves into this house."—"Then, I will go to the Mayor," said the father in a towering rage, "and have my boy dragged out of the clutches of the priests."—"Yes, go to

the Mayor, by all means," said Don Bosco, "but let me tell you that I shall go there as well, and relate how cruelly you treat your poor child; and if there are still laws and tribunals of justice in the land, you shall suffer their full rigour." On hearing Don Bosco's determination, the unnatural parents who had not very clear consciences, went away quite cowed, and never again showed their faces at the Oratory.

But what about the poor boy? When the two persecutors had gone away, Don Bosco guessing where the lad was, called to his mother and some other inmates of the House, and going underneath the mulberry tree, called the boy by name several times, but received no answer. He looked up more attentively, and by the light of the moon saw him clinging motionless to the branches. Don Bosco called out in a louder tone:—"Come down, don't be afraid, there is nobody here to harm you now, and if anyone comes back, I will defend you at any cost;" but he spoke to the wind. The fear that something serious might have happened to him made them look at each other aghast. A ladder was quickly brought, and Don Bosco, with a sinking heart, went up into the tree. As soon as he got near, he found that the boy was almost senseless through fear. With all care he touched him, shook him, and called him; then the boy, waking from his lethargy, and imagining that his father was near him, began to scream at the top of his voice. He bit and fought with such fury, that he very nearly fell to the ground dragging Don Bosco with him. The good priest secured himself by holding on to a branch with one hand, and with the other he held the child.—"Don't be afraid," he said, "I am Don Bosco; look at me; don't you know me? calm yourself, poor child."—At length the little runaway recognized his benefactor, and lay still. When he had sufficiently recovered, he drew a long breath, and with Don Bosco's help, descended the tree of life. They led him into the House, and good Mamma Margaret, whose heart had been full of anxiety, placed him before the fire and gave him some warm soup. From that evening the Orphanage of St. Francis de Sales became his home, and Don Bosco his loving father.

During the year 1848, and a part of the following one, he was set to work as a book-binder; but Don Bosco, perceiving in his protégé more than ordinary intelligence accompanied with good dispositions, taught

him Italian and Latin. As he grew up, he made great progress in knowledge and virtue, and after some time, manifested undoubted signs of a vocation to the priesthood. Even as a book binder he gave admirable little sermons to his companions. He had a natural inclination for music, and learnt it with wonderful quickness. He received lessons on the piano-forte from Don Bosco, and became a good organist. He received the clerical habit on February 2, 1851, and became, after this event, a great help in the Oratory and Orphanage. In 1857, after completing his studies, he was raised to the sacerdotal dignity, and had the honour of being Don Bosco's first priest. For reasonable motives he exercised the sacred ministry amongst the people; and now occupies a noteworthy position amongst the clergy of Turin. He is warmly attached to the venerated memory of Don Bosco, by whose aid God raised him from the dust, and placed him amongst the princes of his people:—*Suscitans a terra inopem . . . ut collocaet eum cum principibus populi sui.*—(PS. CXII).

Another of the first boys that Don Bosco received deserves here particular mention.

Don Bosco one day was entering a barber's shop in Turin to get a shave. There he found a little boy, who was serving as an apprentice, and according to his custom, spoke to him at once so as to gain him for his Sunday Oratory.

—"What is your name?"

—"Charlie Gastini."

—"Are both your parents still living?"

—"Only my mother."

—"How old are you?"

—"Eleven."

—"Have you made your First Communion yet?"

—"No, Father."

—"Do you go to Catechism?"

—"I always go when I can."

—"That's right! Now, I want you to shave me."

—"For Heaven's sake," said the boy's master, then, "don't risk it, Reverend Sir; this boy has only been learning for a short time."

—"It doesn't matter," answered Don Bosco: "if the youngster never tries, he will never learn."

—"Excuse me, Reverend Sir; he shall try at the proper time.—I would rather he tried on somebody else, than on a priest."

—"Oh! I see! I suppose my beard is

more precious than other people's? Provided your apprentice doesn't cut my nose off, it doesn't matter."

(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.

International Postal Orders

to be made payable at the P. O. Turin — **Cheques** on the National, or other Banks, Turin. — **Letters** containing money or objects of value should be registered.

The Salesians at London most earnestly beg their kind Co-operators to help them to enlarge their orphanage for poor boys. Day after day they have to refuse numberless applications for admission through want of room.

The sum of £ 7,500 is required to build a wing capable of accommodating 150 boys. This enlargement has become an imperative necessity and cannot be deferred if the Work is to continue.

The Fathers have no funds whatever for the proposed enlargement, and unless help is forthcoming they must abandon their project. Prayers are said twice every day for the intentions of all benefactors, and Holy Mass is offered up for them every Friday throughout the year.

Offerings may be sent to the Superior, Father Macey, 64, Orbel Street, Battersea, LONDON, S.W.

The Salesian Bulletin

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THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT FOR SALE: IT IS GIVEN AWAY TO THE
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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.

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The conditions of Membership are very simple:

- (a) To profess the Catholic Religion, and be, at least, 16 years of age.
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- (c) Recite daily a Patêr 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.

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