

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



MESSIS QUIDEM MULTA  
OPERARI AUTEM PAUCI

# Salesian Bulletin

DECEMBER 15, 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. \*
6. — 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 on 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.

HAT an astonishing event was that which we commemorate on this glorious festival of Christmas; God manifest in the flesh for the salvation of fallen humanity. Well might the angels sing: "Glory be to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." And well may Holy Church call upon us in its annual round of commemorative observances to join in repeating the song of the angels and testifying by every means in our power the deep, pure joy of Christmas-tide

THE Christmas season has once again come round and the sons of Don Bosco unite with their Superior-General, Don Rua, in wishing their Benefactors and Co-operators "A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year." Don Rua, moreover, feels great pleasure in assuring these kind friends of a special part in the daily prayers of the little orphans entrusted to the Salesian Fathers, care, and invokes upon them the choicest gifts and graces from the Infant Jesus.

CHRISTMAS.



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DA MIHI ANIMAS CAEPTERA TOLLE

Whosoever shall receive one such little child in my name receive me.  
 (MATR. XVII, 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, Christianly attend to their 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.)

**SALESIAN BULLETIN**

THE

Surpassingly beautiful and deeply interesting are the circumstances attending the manifestation of the Christ Child to a lost and sinful world.

Two grand lessons—continues our contemporary the *Sacred Heart Review*—are most impressively taught us by that wonderful event to which we do well to take earnest heed. One is a lesson of humility, of lowliness and condescension, and the other a lesson of peace and joy in the midst of the trials and suffering of this mortal life.

It is hard for us with our high notions, to fully take in the idea of the infinite condescension of Our Lord in taking upon Himself the form of sinful flesh and becoming man for man's salvation.

Yet there is nothing unreasonable in the idea, nothing contrary to reason, in the fact of such an alliance as is indicated and embodied in the Incarnation of the Son of God. On the contrary, upon reflection, the thought becomes quite reasonable, and commends itself to us as most reasonable and altogether becoming the character of a good and merciful Father, Who, while He has in His infinite wisdom seen fit to make us free agents, capable of falling into sin, has at the same time in the exercise of the same wisdom, in infinite condescension and love provided for us a way of reconciliation and restoration to his favour.

The peculiar glory of this plan of salvation is that it is adapted to the wants and the necessities of the great mass of mankind. Its message is not to the rich and the great so much as to the poor. It is to the poor, to the humble, and the lowly that the blessed Babe of Bethlehem speaks in accents of infinite consolation, comfort and peace. Born in a stable and cradled in a manger. Why should not God thus humble Himself if He saw fit? Kings shall in due time do homage to the divine Infant, but the first announcement of the glad tidings

is not to them, not to the great, the distinguished of this world, but to the simple shepherds keeping watch over their flock by night; and it is they who with great joy pay the first homage to this Prince of Peace, wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.

Oh, how near does this simplicity, this humility, this infinite condescension bring that dear and loving Saviour to our hearts! The sweet Infant Jesus speaking to us as from His cheerless manger with nothing but the breath of oxen to warm his shivering limbs, oh, how do His loving accents appeal to the heart of every weary, heavy-laden sinner, every soul burdened with the cares, the sorrows and the anxieties of life. How sweetly sounds that heavenly message: "Come to me all ye that labour and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

We are so accustomed to these consoling thoughts that we fail to appreciate them and enter fully into their deep, all-pervading and blessed significance. Especially do we fail to realize the terrible blank that would be caused in our lives if these glorious truths were blotted out or even minimized and refined away by the vain speculations of human reason.

It was not because the Infant Jesus was a mere human child, however great His future promise, that His birth is fraught with such deep interest and joyful jubilations. Take away the Incarnation and you destroy all our hopes. You remove the very ground of our joyful anticipations of a glorious destiny in the world to come. The Incarnation is the very corner-stone of the Christian edifice. It is the sun and centre of the grand scheme revealed by Jesus Christ in the Gospel. It is because we believe in the all-sufficient atonement of the Second Person of the ever blessed and glorious Trinity that we have a sure and steadfast hope of immortal bliss and glory beyond the grave.

If we do not all enjoy this sure hope

—this blessed anticipation—it is our own fault. It is because we allow material interests to usurp the place which rightfully belongs to those which are spiritual. We are absorbed in the cares of business, the ambitions and the pleasures of the world. Too often we sell our birthright for a mess of pottage. We forget the great mission of the Saviour to this world of sin and sorrow, and too often when death comes it takes us unawares,

## DON BOSCO'S DOG, GRIGIO.

**I**N the life of Don Bosco there are many curious facts, and some of these regard a dog who on several occasions protected the good priest's life. Whence this mysterious dog came, no one knew, not even Don Bosco; but he appeared at the moment of danger, as if sprung from the ground, and generally disappeared as suddenly.

Sometimes Don Bosco returned from Turin



Grigio defends Don Bosco from two miscreants.

finds us unprepared and we leave to our friends the bare hope that in the last moment, through the infinite mercy of the Saviour, we may have been able to make at least one act of true contrition and thereby to be saved after a long and severe purgatory.

Now is the time to turn over a new leaf and begin a new life, concludes our esteemed contemporary. Let the pathetic voice of the sweet Infant Jesus appeal to us from the manger at this blessed season, and let us all resolve to be hereafter more earnest and faithful in trying to imitate His blessed example.

at a late hour, owing to attending sick calls or other duties, and pursued his way to Valdocco, without a thought as to personal danger, even on the darkest nights. The ground which he had to traverse, now occupied with buildings and lighted by gas, was then uneven, intersected by quagmires, and bordered here and there by thick hedges, effectual hiding-places for malefactors. One night, returning home later than usual, he felt alarmed at seeing a huge dog approach, but the animal seemed so gentle, wagging his tail, and turning to walk beside him that all fear vanished. The dog escorted him to the Oratory, but refused to enter. Afterwards, whenever late in coming home, *Grigio* (the grey) made his appearance on one side or other of the lonely way.

One dark night, in the middle of winter as Don Bosco was going from the Sanctuary of the Consolata to the Cottolengo Institute, he perceived two men at a corner of the road, who were regulating their pace by his. Fearing that their intentions towards him were not good, he hastened on to an inhabited house for refuge but was overtaken. Before he could cry for help, he was gagged with a handkerchief, and a cloak was thrown over his head. Don Bosco felt hopeless of escape, but help was near. Suddenly a terrible howl was heard, that resembled the roar of an infuriated lion, rather than the growl of a dog, and *Grigio* appeared. He sprang first on one of the wretches, then on the other, biting, growling, howling, snarling, jumping, and ended by throwing them down. Both miscreants, terrified, asked pardon of Don Bosco, and exclaimed: "Call off your dog, call him quickly, or we shall be torn to pieces."

"Yes," said Don Bosco, who had extricated himself from the cloak and gag, "on condition you go your way, and let me go mine."

"Yes, yes, only take your dog off." Don Bosco called *Grigio* and the men at once took to their heels.

\* \*

On another occasion *Grigio* defended Don Bosco from a formidable band of paid assassins. When at midnight he was passing through Piazza Milano, he observed a man following him, armed with a large cudgel. Quickening his steps, with the hope of reaching the Oratory before being overtaken, he had already come in sight of the Institute when he saw before him a group of men. These men at once surrounded him and were about to belabour him with their sticks, when the faithful *Grigio* appeared beside his *protégé*, snarling and springing about in such a fury that the miscreants, besought Don Bosco to quiet the dog, and as soon as they could, they vanished in the darkness. Don Bosco's faithful four-footed guardian escorted him to the door of the Oratory.

\* \*

But the following incident, of quite a different nature, seems to reveal that this singular dog was inspired with marvellous intuition. Contrary to custom, Don Bosco forgot an important commission in Turin.

He was preparing to start in the evening to repair his forgetfulness when Mamma Margaret tried to dissuade him; he endeavoured to reassure her, and opened the door to go, when he found *Grigio* stretched full length on the threshold. "Oh! so much the better; we shall be two instead of one, and able to defend ourselves." He called and called, but the dog would not stir; and when Don Bosco tried to pass it growled. Twice Don Bosco essayed to go out, but in vain; *Grigio* prevented him. Margaret then exclaimed: "You see, my son, the dog has more sense than you; do mind him." On the repeated refusal of *Grigio* to make way Don Bosco was obliged to return to his room. A few minutes later a neighbour called in and warned him to be on his guard, as some ill-looking men were lurking about.

\* \*

One evening Don Bosco was at supper with his mother and some priests, when *Grigio* came into the yard where the boys were at recreation. "That is Don Bosco's dog," one of them exclaimed. At once all surrounded the animal, and almost smothered him with their caresses. They afterwards led him to the refectory. Catching sight of Don Bosco, *Grigio* went joyously to him, but refused his offerings of bread and meat, as if to show that his visit was disinterested. "What will you have?" coaxed Don Bosco. The dog answered by wagging his tail, and, resting his chin on the table, he looked at the good priest with an expression of affection. Then turning away, he went out and disappeared for ever from the Oratory, no one knowing whence he came nor whither he went. His mission was fulfilled for that period—but once again, after a lapse of thirty years, he appeared as Don Bosco's guiding star.

\* \*

On the night of February 12, 1883, Don Bosco accompanied by Father Durando, one of his priests, went from the railway station of Bordighera to the Salesian Institute. His arrival was unexpected. The two travellers started along the—to them—unknown road. The night was pitch dark, and the rain fell in torrents. They wandered off the road; Don Bosco missed his footing and slipped into a quagmire. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "if only my *Grigio* were here." This wish, or sigh of regret, was scarcely uttered when a huge dog appeared. Father

Durando was frightened, and said: "Take care, take care." But Don Bosco caressed the dog, who exhibited great joy, bounding, and wagging his tail.

"You say it is Grigio," said Father Durando.

"Yes, doubtless," replied Don Bosco; the same size, the same colour, and he recognises me: it is Grigio; but let us see." And turning to the dog, he added: "If you are really my old Grigio, my faithful guardian, you will lead us out of this. The dog, as if comprehending, started off, now and again looking back; Don Bosco unhesitatingly followed. Soon the three arrived at the Bordighera Oratory, where, after ringing, Don Bosco turned to thank and caress their guide—but Grigio was gone.



### THE LEPER HOSPITAL OF CONTRATACION.

WE clip the following from the *Voz Catolica*, published at Bucaramanga (Columbia): "We are informed that two Salesian Fathers will set out to-morrow (Sept. 9) from Bogota for Contratacion to undertake the direction of the Leper House there, and minister to the spiritual wants of the inmates. These priests have already come all the way from Chili for this special purpose. To give up the comforts of life, travel immense distances, expose oneself to many dangers, sacrifice one's affections, abandon relatives and all that one holds dear here on earth, in order to shut themselves up in a living tomb, only the religion of the Crucified Lord is capable of inspiring such a sublime spirit of abnegation and love! It is this religion alone that can produce a Father Damien and a Father Unia, heroes in the true sense of the word . . . ."

"It is a pleasant duty for us to make this announcement, and we are perfectly sure that it will be received with mingled feelings of joy and consolation by our unfortunate brethren at the Lazaret. Moreover the step taken by the good Fathers will be hailed as a great event in the Diocese of Socorro, wherein the Leper Hospital exists; and it also gives us another occasion to admire and appreciate for the Salesian Congregation the services rendered to our country."



OUR CONFRÈRES in charge of the Salesian Institute in Rosario de Santa Fe, finding the premises inadequate to the requirements of the situation, erected five new workshops which were solemnly augurated a few weeks ago.

THE SALESIAN MISSIONARIES and Sisters of Mary Help of Christians who set out on the 31st of October last, for South and Central America, Africa and Palestine, have safely reached their several destinations, and are now zealously working in the portion of the Vineyard which Our Divine Lord has allotted to them.

THE Sisters of Mary Help of Christians, residing in Buenos Aires, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of their Institution on the 8th of August last with great solemnity. His Grace the Archbishop of Buenos Aires assisted pontifically at the services, and an eloquent sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Father Descamps.

THE VERY REV. JOSEPH SCATTI, Vice-Director of the Salesian Co-operators in the Archdiocese of Milan, and President of the Salesian Committee in that city, has been elected Bishop of Savona. We offer him our congratulations, and hope that he may be spared for many years to labour in his new and high office for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

The *Practical School of Agriculture* which was opened some three years ago by the Salesian Fathers in the Uribelarrea Colony in the Argentine Republic through the kindness of Señor D. Miguel Uribelarrea, founder of the Colony, is, we are glad to say, giving consoling results. This Work was founded with the special aim of promoting a rural

tendency and of instilling into the minds of poor boys a love for cultivating the soil.

In this way much can be done to improve the moral character of the people, and enrich the country. In the Institute there are some



THE SALESIAN AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE  
AT THE URIBELARREA COLONY

fifty lads under the care and instruction of five Salesians who have only words of praise for the good-will and industry of their pupils.

WHILST Father Vacchina was on a missionary journey last year in the heart of Patagonia, Christmas came around and found him in the wilderness. In one of his letters, he describes the event in the following manner :

“Meanwhile, Christmas came round. But mingled with the sweet and joyful memories



THE CHURCH OF THE URIBELARREA COLONY.

this feast awakens in the bosom of the Christian, was a sadness I could not repress at the thought of spending this feast far

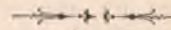
from home in the wild and lonely Valley of Teca. Before, I had always been fortunate enough to spend this season in our Colleges or Missions, and since my ordination, I have generally had the consolation of singing Midnight Mass amidst the splendour and solemnity of our ritual.

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 shed their lustre around, no multitudes of worshippers, no sweet voices to sing melodious anthems, but instead, an altar made up of two wooden



SOME OF THE COLONISTS OF THE AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE.

chests and simply covered with a sheet; a few Catholic soldiers and some poor shepherds, 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. Oh, how perfectly my present surroundings seemed to me to harmonize with the humble birthplace of the Infant Jesus! 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 heart during that Midnight Mass surpass all description. And in the Holy Sacrifice, 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.”

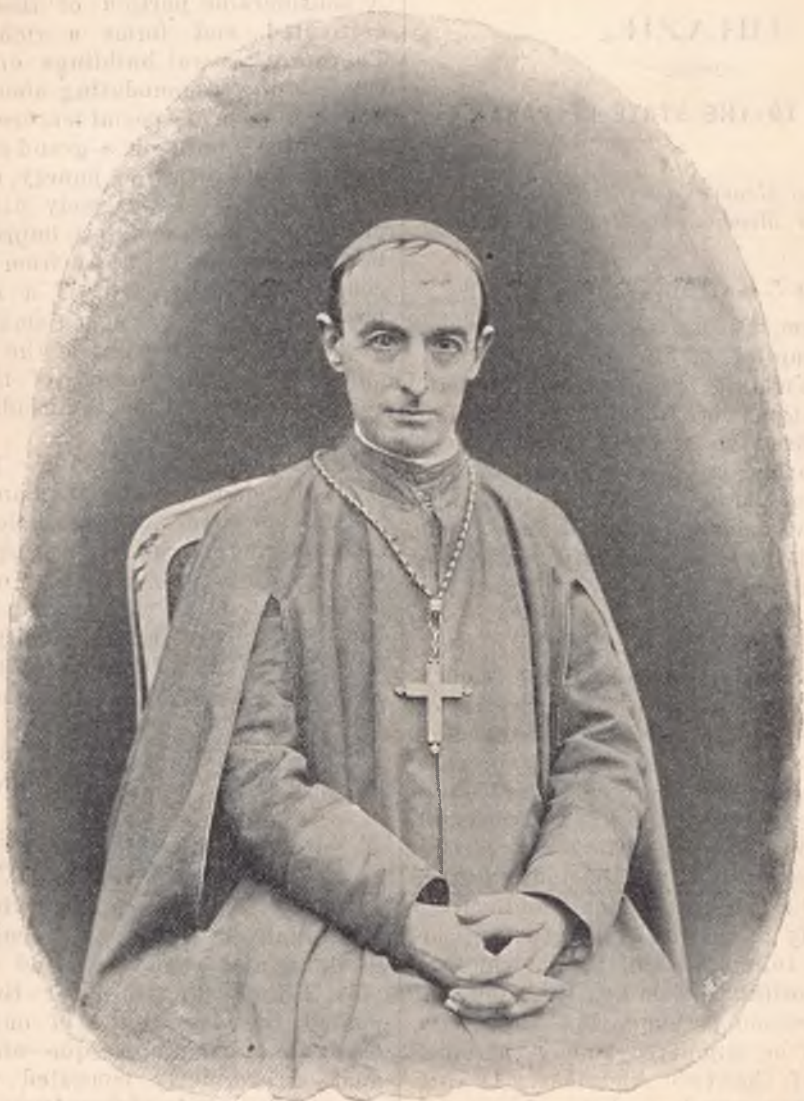




## THE ARCHBISHOP OF TURIN.

**B**y Papal Brief of October 18, Monsignor Richelmy, Bishop of Ivrea, was preconised Archbishop of Turin, in succession to the late Archbishop Riccardi. The news of this appointment was received with great joy

Ever since his boyhood, Monsignor Richelmy has had a predilection for Don Bosco's Institution. While he was Bishop of Ivrea, seeing that the Salesian Novitiate in his Diocese was too small for the increasing number of clerics, he presented the Salesian Fathers with a handsome College just outside Ivrea. He also entrusted other foundations in his Diocese to the Salesian Congregation.



**His Grace Monsignor A. Richelmy.**

by the Turin people to whom he has already greatly endeared himself. The new Archbishop was born in Turin in 1850, of a noble family, and after pursuing a brilliant course of studies, he became Bishop of Ivrea in 1887. His Grace is an indefatigable worker, learned, pious, and has played a most prominent part in the Catholic Movement in Northern Italy.

The sons of Don Bosco, therefore, who have ever regarded his Grace as a tender Father, a generous benefactor and a true protector, have every reason to rejoice at the news of his appointment to the Archbishopric of Turin, and they take this opportunity to renew the expression of their affection and veneration for him.—*Ad multos annos!*



## BRAZIL.

### A VISIT TO THE STATE OF PARA.

*Our Superior-General has received the following appeal for Missionaries from Father Giordano :*

VERY REV. AND DEAR DON RUA,



am writing to you from Belem, capital of the State of Para. Yielding to the pressing solicitations of Bishop De Castilho Brandao and the Governor of Para, I embarked at Pernambuco for the above city on May 1. After a pleasant voyage of seven days, I arrived here, and was received by his Lordship with the greatest cordiality.

#### The Capital of Para.

Belem or Para is situated at the mouth of the River Amazon and is the centre of industry and commerce in the State. The burning rays of an equatorial sun are moderated by the cool sea-breezes and daily showers which render the climate pleasant and agreeable. I was particularly struck by the handsome port, the spacious piazzas, the beautiful avenues, the monuments of art and the lively animation exhibited by the people. The inhabitants of Para, who are of a good disposition and eminently hospitable, have every reason to hope that their city will one day be numbered among the chief emporiums of the two Americas. During my visit I have found much to admire and appreciate, but still I cannot close my eyes to the fact that great spiritual misery reigns in many places, especially further inland, a circumstance owing to the scarcity of priests. It seems to me to be the will of God that the Salesians should undertake the work which the ecclesiastical and civil authorities of this State so kindly wish to entrust to them, and I feel confident that they would reap a copious harvest in this immense field.

#### The "Work of Providence".

Monsignor De-Castilho Brandao, Bishop of Para, desires us to undertake the direction of the *Work of Providence* founded several years ago by his illustrious predecessor Bishop Macedo Costa. It consists of a large tract of land, some four hundred acres in extension, covered in part with thick woods. A considerable portion of this property is cultivated and forms a rich plantation. There are several buildings on the estate, capable of accommodating about a hundred and fifty boys. A special feature of the Work is an edifice built on a grand scale and consisting of a saw-mill, a joinery, a smithy, and a foundry, all handsomely fitted up with machinery and the latest improvements. It lies some ten miles away from the city, but communication is easy, as a railway runs past the house, and also a small station has been built just in front of the entrance, exclusively for the benefit of the Institute. Besides, the position is an admirable one, and the climate healthy.

His Excellency, Dr. Paes De-Carvalho, Governor of the State, a man of eminent talents and virtues, whose whole heart is bent on furthering his country's prosperity, solicits us to undertake the conversion of the Indians, and to attend to the spiritual welfare of the immigrants. Every facility was offered me by the kind Governor to visit the immense field of action; and, thinking the opportunity too good a one to let slip by, I agreed to undertake a journey there, and see with my own eyes what can be done.

#### "En route" for Jambuassu—The Colony of Jambuassu.

On May 12, in company with Dr. John Hosannah de Oliveira, Procurator-General of Para, and a sincere friend of the Salesians, I took the train for Braganca. We passed the first night of our journey at Castanhal; a picturesque and salubrious spot. It formerly consisted of a colony, composed entirely of Spaniards, which flourished under Spanish sway, and which continues to enjoy an advanced stage of prosperity. Early on the following morning, we continued our journey by train until we arrived at Braganca, where the railroad comes to an end, and thence we travelled on horseback as far as the Colony of Jambuassu. We went over this place and observed things with more than usual interest, so as to obtain an exact idea of the hygienic and

moral state of the colonists, and of their success in agriculture. It is but a year ago since these people abandoned Europe to settle down here, and they are well satisfied with the country of their adoption, for the climate is salubrious and the land fertile, so that health is good, and, being an industrious people, their first year's efforts in cultivating the soil have been rewarded with a copious harvest. One thing, however, they greatly deplore, and that is the want of a priest who can attend to their spiritual welfare and the education of their children.

But the chief object we had in view when undertaking this journey was to visit the encampment of the Miranhan Indians, which is situated on the banks of the River Maracanan. A certain Mr. Saturnino, one of the colonists, and a frequent visitor to these Indians, whom he has befriended on many occasions, and Dr. Octaviano Pinto the engineer who constructed the railway that runs between Belem and Braganca, expressed a wish to join us, to which we gladly consented. The next morning, at break of day, the four of us mounted our horses and set off at a gallop in the direction of the virgin forests, through which we must ride for at least six hours before reaching the encampment; for the Indians are retiring far into the interior in order to screen themselves from certain civilised whites who hunt them down as though they were wild beasts.

#### In the Virgin Forest.

Among the beauties of the universe few surpass that of a virgin forest. There Nature presents a picture of the most luxuriant profusion. Trees of an endless diversity of shape, shoot up to a majestic height, while their branches, covered with foliage and bending under a load of luscious fruits, unite to form arcades through which the rays of the sun sometimes seek in vain to penetrate. Numerous parasite plants encircle almost every stem and branch, and form festoons on the trees to which they cling. A pleasing contrast is produced by the bright coloured flowers, that dazzle by their splendour, and the dark green of the foliage. Limpid streams, sometimes flashing in the rays of the sun and sometimes embowered amid shady groves, gracefully wind their course among these denizens of the forest, fertilizing the soil and giving a cool and refreshing aspect to the scene. An additional charm is to be found in the luxuriance of animal

life represented by myriads of gaily coloured birds, which make the air resound with their melodious notes, and the various and innumerable quadrupeds which are to be met with at every step. These and many other beauties combine to form a scene that cannot fail to peculiarly effect the mind of an admirer of the beauties of nature and to fill him with astonishment and delight.

#### On the Banks of the Maracanan —A Surprise.

About nine o'clock A.M., we came to a halt by the side of a clear running brook, where we breakfasted. We remounted our steeds and continued our journey, as soon as the meal was finished, for our time was limited. The sun had just reached the meridian, when we arrived at the River Prata, a tributary of the Maracanan.

Mr. Saturnino shouted several times in the direction of the opposite bank, and presently answering cries were carried to us from across the river. We could hardly hear them at first, but by degrees they became louder and louder, and in a short space of time, several Indians in a canoe appeared on the river, and paddled close to where we were standing. Following Mr. Saturnino's example, we got into the bark and were swiftly conveyed to the opposite shore. We had now reached our destination.

Very few savages, and these men only, approached us, when we landed; the women and children timidly observed us at a respectful distance. It was the first time they saw a priest; hence you may imagine, Rev. dear Father, with what curiosity they inspected me from head to foot. Mr. Pinto, who had had the fore-thought to provide himself with a quantity of nickel money, soon dispelled their mistrust by distributing it to them. I entered into conversation with the boys, adopting for the purpose a mixture of their own tongue, with which I am slightly acquainted, and Portuguese, since the elder lads have some knowledge of this latter language, having received several lessons from Mr. Saturnino, and in this way I quickly gained their confidence. Some minutes later, our horses, who had swam across the Prata in our wake, arrived at the encampment and caused a general commotion. The women and children, who, it seems, had never seen these animals before, became frightened at their presence, and, taking to their heels, sought safety

behind the trees whence they gazed at the animals with looks of mingled fear and wonder. But their astonishment reached its climax when two of the riders jumped into the saddle and made the animals trot up and down. For fully half-an-hour these children of the forest were kept in a state of excitement, and they gave expression to their feelings by alternately clapping their hands, whooping, and shouting. When the horses drew near to them, they would scamper off uttering cries of alarm; but as soon as the animals passed on, they came forward again with such an expression of droll gravity on their countenances as to cause us no little amusement. At length overcoming their fears, they once more gathered around us.

#### The Miranhan Indians.

The Miranhan Indians number about three hundred, and are of medium height, but of a muscular build; they are also very agile. The colour of their skin is a dusky brown; their forehead low; their eyes small and oval; and their hair black and copious. They formerly inhabited the region of Ceara, but in consequence of incessant wars with neighbouring tribes their numbers were greatly diminished and in order to escape utter extermination, they took refuge in this part of Brazil. They live by fishing and hunting; and a means of subsistence they likewise find in the bananas and mandioca, they have begun to cultivate with success. With the exception of the children, they are decently but gaudily dressed. Their Creed consists in the knowledge of a Good Spirit and a Bad Spirit, both of whom they worship by superstitious rites. The dead also come in for a certain kind of homage and veneration; and I found out that among these Indians only the *Tuchana* or Chief practised polygamy. A source of particular consolation I experienced during my visit was to see how greatly the Miranhas desire to be instructed in and embrace our holy Religion.

#### Other Tribes of Indians.

##### -A Sample of the Geral Tongue.

A short distance from this encampment are to be found the tribes of the Gurupis, Urubus, Gaimelas, Tambergis, and Gavioes, who, with the exception of the latter, are of a good disposition and can be easily approached. The Gavioes hate and detest the whites, because of the oppression they

have suffered at their hands; still, if kindness were used towards them, it would not fail to gain their confidence. These poor children of the forest number more than 3000. The language they speak is the *Tupuy* or *Geral*. It abounds in aspirate and guttural sounds, and closely resembles the Spanish tongue in the pronunciation of the *r* and *c*. It would take one about two months to obtain a full knowledge of the vocabulary. To give you some idea of this language, here are a few words:

*I he*—I am.  
*né*—you are.  
*nai catu*—you are good.  
*nai catuía*—you are wicked.  
*nahaní*—no.  
*herataquera*—body.  
*hepen*—foot.  
*herahi*—tooth.  
*heti*—nose.  
*hezurú*—mouth.  
*henani*—ear.  
*herná*—face.  
*hediná*—arm.  
*heratinan*—leg.  
*janara*—dog.  
*tapira*—ox.  
*ipira*—fish.  
*tupuhi*—house.  
*janecaruca*—good evening.  
*miara*—hunting.  
*hi*—water.  
*amana*—rain.  
*amanairi*—sleet.  
*amanaanongne*—downpour or thunder.  
*hiuaca*—heaven.  
*hinaté*—hell.  
*jurupary*—devil.  
*azan*—soul.  
*pucapucá*—to laugh.  
*azaheo*—to cry.  
*tizucan*—to kill.  
*titaggarha*—to visit.  
*hari*—to run.  
*zauana*—to escape.  
*aluri*—to sleep.  
*jamcuema*—good morning.  
*jampituna*—good night.

#### An Agreeable Surprise—Two Baptisms.

Towards evening I received an agreeable surprise. The children, to the number of about 40, assembled at the *choupana* or dwelling that serves as a school, and after making the sign of the Cross, recited the

*Our Father* and *Hail Mary*. I then said a few words to them, and distributed to each one a medal of the Sacred Heart and of Our Lady Help of Christians. This little present pleased them immensely.

At the request of the chief of the tribe, I baptised a baby nine months old, and a little girl of three. To the former I gave the name of John and the latter that of Mary, so that Our Lady Help of Christians and Don Bosco may take these two children and the entire tribe under their special protection. Mr. J. Hosannah de Oliveira and Mr. Ottaviano Pinto acted as sponsors at the touching ceremony.

We remained until late conversing with these poor Indians who had endeared themselves to us, and it was close on midnight when we retired to one of the huts kindly placed at our disposal.

#### **A Touching Adieu—Means to a Desirable End.**

Having decided to return on the following morning, as soon as we made our appearance, we were besieged by the Indians, who pressed

us to accept their gifts of bows, arrows, eggs, fruits, etc. Every one of them seemed anxious to give us something as a token of

regard. The moment of separation was especially touching. They thanked us for our visit, wished us a pleasant journey, and earnestly entreated us to return soon, which we could not find it in our heart to refuse them. The men, women and children accompanied us down to the canoe, and some even threw themselves into the river and followed in our wake for some distance. The sound of the many voices bidding us adieu, resounded in our ears long after we had reached the opposite bank.

We pursued our return journey through the forest for some time in silence, so deeply had the cordial manifestations of the Indians impressed us. A little after midday we reached the Colony of

Jambuassu and two hours later we took the train for Belem where we arrived late at night. In less than fourteen hours we had passed from the darkness of the forests to the brightly illuminated streets of the capital, from the rustic habitation in the wilderness to the



A Brazilian Native.

handsome dwellings of the city, from the company of the children of the forest to that of the children of civilization and progress. And until when will the poor savages be detested and ostracised? They are on the very threshold of Civilization and Religion, and yet they are deprived of the blessings flowing from these sources, because they can find no one to enlighten them!

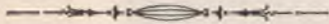
May we not hope, dear Father, that you will come to their relief by sending a few Missionaries in these regions! Such an event would mark the commencement of a new era for these degraded savages, who have nevertheless been redeemed by the Precious Blood of Our Lord;—an era of peace, of civilization, of material and spiritual advancement. Oh, hasten then, dear Father, to their aid, and hundreds of poor Indians will eternally bless you.

Humbly asking your blessing for myself, and for these your future children, believe me,

Your affectionate and obedient Son in J. C.,

LAWRENCE GIORDANO.

*Salesian Missionary.*



FATHERS and mothers, if you wish your sons to be well educated, to prove a comfort and blessing in their manhood, instruct them in religion, particularly when very young. Watch and see if they go to church, and if they associate with bad companions. But show good example yourselves; truly it is folly for parents who make no scruple of speaking lightly of religion or morals in their children's presence, or who join parties of pleasure on church holidays at the time when they should be at the services of devotion, to expect their children to be the opposite, viz., honourable and pious.

Fathers and mothers, do not deceive yourselves; certainly you must render a rigorous account before God's tribunal of the education given to your sons. Many children are lost owing to bad training; many parents are lost, too, for having taught their children irreligious principles. These truths merit attentive consideration. If children are well brought up, the coming generation will be orderly, industrious, and anxious to comfort their parents. Then we shall see better times, and have a population who will be an honour to the country, the prop of families, the glory and credit of religion. — DON BOSCO.



### LEGENDS OF THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

THE journey of the Holy Family to Egypt, being about four hundred miles, must have occupied five or six weeks. On descending from the mountains, they came upon a beautiful plain, all covered with flowers, watered by murmuring streams, and shaded by fruit-trees. Continuing their journey, they entered a thick forest, a wilderness of trees, in which they must have lost their way had they not been guided by an angel. As the Holy Family entered this forest, all the trees bowed themselves down in reverence to the Infant God; only the aspen in her ex-ceding pride and arrogance, refused to acknowledge Him, and stood upright. Then the Infant Saviour pronounced a curse against her, as He afterwards cursed the barren fig-tree; and at the sound of His words the aspen began to tremble through all her leaves, and has not ceased to tremble even to this day.

When it was discovered that the Holy Family had fled from Bethlehem, Herod sent his officers in pursuit of them. And it happened that when the holy travellers had gone some distance, they came to a field where a man was sowing wheat. The Blessed Virgin said to the husbandman: "If any shall ask you whether we have passed this way you shall answer, 'Such persons passed this way when I was sowing wheat.'" That night the seed sprang up into stalk, blade, and ear, fit for the sickle. And next morning the officers of Herod came up and inquired of the husbandman, saying: "Have you seen a man with a woman and a Child travelling this way?" And the man who was reaping the wheat replied: "Yes." And they asked him again: "How long ago?" And he said: "When I was sowing this wheat." Then the officers of Herod turned back and left off pursuing the Holy Family.

One of the most popular legends concerning the flight into Egypt is that of the palm or date tree, which at the command of the Infant Saviour bowed down its branches to shade and refresh His Blessed Mother. In a famous picture by Antonello Mellone, the Divine Child stretches out His little hand and lays hold of the branch; sometimes the branch is bent down by angel hands. Sozomene, the historian, relates that, when the Holy Family reached the term of their journey and approached the city of Heliopolis, in Egypt, a tree which grew before the gates of the city, and was regarded with great veneration as the seat of a god, bowed down its branches at the approach of the Infant Christ. Likewise

it is related (not in legend merely, but by grave authors) that all the idols of the Egyptians fell with their faces to the earth.—*The Ave Maria.*

### A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

IT was the eve of Christmas Eve; Mrs. Locke was mixing her Christmas pudding; flour, bread-crumbs, currants, raisins, suet, two pennorth of peel, spice, a pinch of salt; what need of a receipt? she made it, as her mother before her had made it, by rule of thumb, and it never yet had turned out a failure—*heavy*. Mrs. Pope, her upstairs neighbour, watched her, wistfully, “And you’ll be having your joint? with a sigh.

Mrs. Locke nodded, she was turning the dough, stiff and sticky, now in the basin, round and round, and it was hard work.

What a giant pudding it was, and for two!

Mrs. Pope sighed again, as she thought of the five hungry little mouths upstairs.

Now Mrs. Locke moved away, to come back with two cloths, then there were to be *two* puddings? the second for New Year’s Day, Mrs. Pope supposed, with another sigh, as she watched Mrs. Locke sprinkle them with flour and tie them up, *carefully*, to keep the water out, *loosely*, to leave room for them to swell.

“I shall put them on presently, nothing like boiling a pudding long enough,” Mrs. Locke said, as she wiped her hands, “but I must take a run to the grocer’s first, can I do anything for you, Mrs. Pope, ma’am?”

Mrs. Pope shook her head, very conscious that she had only half-a-crown in the world, and that she would be ashamed to let her neighbour know what her shopping was; why, if she got the children a pennorth of syrup for their bread, it would be all the treat she could manage them on Christmas Day.

The two women went out together, Mrs. Locke locking the door and putting the key on the ledge above; the neighbours being honest, the only fear was of a tramp coming to beg, and there were a lot about Christmas-tide, but no one would suspect the key was there.

Mrs. Pope went nearly up the short stairs to her room; she had refused to take parish help, “the Popes had always been respectable,” and times had been hard since her husband died a year ago; if it had not been for the half-crown, the priest’s gift, she would not have had a penny in the world, as it was she must “put away” the clock or her winter cloak for the rent due next day. To think of Mrs. Locke and her husband sitting down to a joint, and vegetables, no doubt, and their jug of beer, and the pudding. To think of their having *two* puddings!

Mrs. Pope hesitated, she was on the top step of the stairs now. Her opposite neighbour was not home yet, Mrs. Locke’s was off to the country for a holiday; a moment’s hesitation, another, a step *down*-stairs, another pause, then a quick run down the remaining steps, the key was taken

from its hiding place, and she was in Mrs. Locke’s room. The puddings stood side by side on the dresser, Mrs. Locke would think one of the tramps she was always talking about had found the key and taken one, the children should have a good feed for once. She lifted one of the puddings, put it down, lifted it again. Mrs. Locke would not miss it, could easily make another one, and children at Christmas-time *ought* to have a good time. Again she lifted the pudding. There was a noise in the court, could it be Mrs. Locke back again? Mrs. Pope dropped the pudding and ran upstairs, leaving the key in the lock. The children, gentle, delicate, loving little things were crouching together by the few cinders in the hearth; Mrs. Pope had not her usual gentle greeting for them as she caught up her mending and went to the window to “catch” what light was left. What had she nearly done? her hands were trembling so she could not work; and now there seemed a stir down-stairs, voices upraised.

Presently a neighbour came running upstairs, eager to tell the news: While Mrs. Locke was out, her door had been opened, her Christmas joint, her puddings, her husband’s silver watch, had disappeared; in spite of all that could be said, they would not have the police, but Joseph Locke had always been an obstinate man.

Mrs. Pope remembered she had left the key in the lock; her work dropped from her hands. That it should have been Christmas-time, and a Christmas dinner that had been stolen, seemed to the neighbours to add to the wickedness of the theft. All the evening they came and went, talking, discussing, speculating, advising Joseph to go to the police-station.

Next day Mrs. Pope was ill, and could not leave her bed. She turned her face away when Mrs. Locke carried the children off, not sorry for the excuse of giving them a good breakfast, and pretended to be asleep while Mrs. Locke tidied up the room and made up a fire with her own coals; but she had to sit up when, at twelve, she brought her a cup of soup and begged her to drink it.

There was no news of the thief, she said, and kept her head turned away as she spoke; it was well it had happened to them, and not to others who could not have afforded the loss so well, or who had children to be disappointed. What she grudged was “your children’s pudding, Mrs. Pope.”

Her children’s pudding! Mrs. Pope dropped her cup, luckily, as Mrs. Locke said, on the bedclothes—so it wasn’t a smash.

“One of the puddings was for the children?” The words could scarcely come from the dry lips.

“Aye,” Mrs. Locke said. “Joseph and I made out the children must have their treat, and with half the joint and the pudding they wouldn’t do so badly.”

“So badly!” Mrs. Pope, covering her face with her hand, turned again to the wall.

It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. Pope left her bed, and her shawl over her head, went down to her neighbour’s room. There seemed

almost as great an uproar as there had been the day before; men and women all talking; but in addition there was a policeman, and—Mrs. Pope could scarcely believe her eyes—on the table lay the puddings, the joint, the watch, all found, as it turned out, in the bottom of a hawker's cart who had been taken up for some other theft an hour or two before.

Joseph Locke drew a chair to the fire for Mrs. Pope. Always kind, there was more than the usual kindness in his manner; if he only knew—and she was going to tell him. Mrs. Pope gave a little shudder.

By-and-bye, when the policeman—who had been told by the neighbours of the loss—and the little crowd had gone, Mrs. Pope, catching the mantel-piece, stood up. The first word was the difficulty; but, that out, all the rest came easily.

Joseph and his wife looked at each other, and then Joseph cleared his throat. "I knew it was you left the key in the lock,—at least I thought it might be," he emended. Then he cleared his throat again.

"As I passed the window, I saw you with the pudding in your hand, and, God forgive me,"—he took off the cap still on his head—"I thought it was you had been the thief."

"And so I was, so I nearly was," poor Mrs. Pope cried.

"Haven't I made it plain?" She looked from Joseph to his wife. Then she remembered something—"That was why you wouldn't have the policeman?"

Again the husband and wife looked at each other. When Mrs. Pope looked up again, Joseph had gone, and his wife was kneeling beside her. "Look here, dear," she said, "when were you at your duties?"

"Not since before *he* died. I am no saint like you," petulantly.

"See here?"—Mrs. Locke had taken her hand—"couldn't you make up your mind to come this afternoon?"

"I never could tell his Reverence."

"God knows?"

There was a long silence in the room. Then Margaret Pope whispered, "I'll go," and Mrs. Locke took her in her arms and kissed her.

It is an old story now. Margaret Pope is now living with her eldest married daughter, across the seas in Sydney; but she never makes the Christmas pudding,—it is "mother's work" (they are well to do), that she does not humble herself before her God, and put up a fervent prayer for the repose of the souls of Mary and Joseph Locke, long gone to their rest.

"Mother thinks a heap of Christmas," the daughter says; but she wonders why she will never touch the pudding she has mixed.

Perhaps it is a penance! but Margaret Pope is very merciful—and in the colonies there are plenty of them—to all poor sinners.

Mercifulness is a lesson, she would tell you, she learnt one Christmas-tide.—*The English Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*



[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.**—Please accept the enclosed small alms, as a thank-offering for a special grace I received through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians and St. Joseph.

\* \* \*

**Mary leads to God.**—A young man at the point of death had refused to receive the last Sacraments. His parents, brothers, and sisters, animated with a lively faith, turned to Our Lady Help of Christians and implored her intercession. The dying person shortly after asked to see a priest, made his Confession, and received Holy Communion with the most edifying piety before breathing his last.

D. D., Rome.

\* \* \*

A CO-OPERATOR, *Andlau (Belgium).*

**A Novena to Our Lady.**—Mr. John Bosetti, who had been suffering for over a year with pains in one of his legs, on which account he found it most difficult and painful to walk, lately made a Novena to Mary Help of Christians and begged her to obtain his cure. His prayers were most graciously heard, and he renders thanks to Our Blessed Lady and desires to have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered up in thanksgiving.

\* \* \*

**Comfortress of the Afflicted.**—A Salesian Co-operator, whose means are limited, but whose generosity oftentimes leaves him penniless, promised to have a Novena



of Masses celebrated in honour of Mary Help of Christians if he recovered from a very serious illness. His request has been granted, and he now desires to render public thanks to Our Blessed Lady Help of Christians and St. Anthony of Padua.

REV. D. L. BESSIÈRE,  
*Paris-Ménilmontant.*

\* \*

**From Death's Door.**—A month ago my son John in consequence of a violent attack of typhoid fever, was reduced to the point of death. A friend of mine advised me to recommend my dying son to the intercession of Our Blessed Lady under the title of Help of Christians. I at once began a Novena of prayers in her honour. Wonderful to relate! at the conclusion of the Novena my son was out of danger, and has now fully recovered. I send an offering for the Salesian Missions, and ask you to celebrate a Mass in thanksgiving for the grace received. Blessed and praised be Our Blessed Lady!

ANTHONY CARRARA,  
*S. Michele Extra (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:—

Domenica Baralis, Carde; Anne Odone, Ovada; Antoinette Ved. Malfatto, Bistagno; Antonia Petri m. Nazzi, Samardenchia; Adeline Denegri, Arquata Scrivia; N. N.; Benedetta Panizzon, Monte di Malo; Louis Danese, Florida; Cajetan Canon Giuiusa, Mazzarino; Joseph Cavezzali, Alassio; Caroline Molesini, Solina; Catherine Debiassi, Crescentino; Francis and Anne Cavallero, S. Bernard of Carmagnola's borough; A Salesian Co-operator; Petronilla Caccia-Scacchi, Master, Maccio; Felicita Bognone Ved. Calvi, Mede; A mother, Sassello; M. F. M. M. Family, of Cavallotta, Savigliano; Rev. Francis Mirabella, Termini; Giannina Muttoni-Stoppani, Lecco; N. N., of St. George Canavese; N. N., of Novara; A pious person; Serafina Bugnone, Rivera; Louis Pantini, Timau; Catherine Riccardi; Sister Angelina B. V., Turin; Anne Turri-Maretici, Lozzo Atestino Padova; Angela Marchisio, Busca; Raphael Basile, Catania; Miss Leron Ildegarda Romagnani-Govoni, Bologna; John Lauvergnac, Gemona; Lucy Giacchello, Carmagnola; Anthony Carrara, St. Michael Extra; N. N., Borgomasino; M. A. G. C., of C.; Josephine Fedeli, Caponago; Mary Fiori ved. Seari, Presegliè; Victoria Du-

rando, Turin; Rev. Philip Travaglio, Loreto di Canale; Teresa Poro-Jardini, S. Victoria d'Alba; Adelaide Usseglio n. Lovera, Grandubbione; Augustine Calcagno, Arenzano; Charles Pronzato, Orsara Bormida; Caroline Baravalle, Turin; Annetta Monaco, Gastaldo; Peter Mazzola, Cuornè; Isabella Vicini, Saluzzo; Valentino Valentini, Vercelli; John Delpiano, Turin; Michael Giordano, Villanova; Charles Angelino, Montanaro; Michaelangelo Ghione, Chivasso; Theresa Martigny-Bonini, Talamello; John Leddi, Voghera; T. Castagnolo, Lavagna; D. Abraham Ghilardi. Lefte; Margaret Denario, Riva di Chieri; Rose Gariglio, La Loggia; Amelia Garrone, Ceva; Theresa, Augustine and Peter Canalis, Carmagnola; Mechtilde Binello, Antignano d'Asti; Joseph Bensi, Cartesio; Lawrence Fasva and Joseph Giuliano, Castelrosso; Theresa and Angela Demichelis; Theresa Berola, San Sebastian; Mary Golino, San Salvador; Loui Figino, Palazzolo Vercellese; Lawrence Bracco, Verolengo, Catherine Martinengo, Vinovo; Louisa Brisichelli, Colombano; Jerome Marchisio, Caramagna.



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



# OBITUARY.



## Salesian Co-operators who have passed to eternity during the year 1897.

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

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

### Of your charity pray for the souls of the following:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>The Most Rev. D. Riccardi, Archbishop of Turin (Italy).<br/>         The Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Kildare, Tullow (Ireland).<br/>         The Right Rev. Dr. J. J. Conroy, Bishop of Curium, New York (U. S. of America).<br/>         The Very Rev. Thomas O'Meara, P.P., V.G., Roscrea (Ireland).<br/>         The Very Rev. E. Mgr. Canon Goldie, York (England).<br/>         The Rev. William McGlinchy, P.P., Culdaff (Ireland).<br/>         The Very Rev. J. Vaughan, Chorlton-cum-Hardy (England).<br/>         The Rev. M. J. Kenny, PP., Castleconnell (Ireland).<br/>         The Rev. M. A. Wren, West Drayton (England).<br/>         The Rev. M. E. Dillon, Haslington (England).<br/>         The Rev. Alcide Bourion, S. Charleston (U. S. of America).<br/>         The Rev. Messea, San Francisco (U. S. of America).<br/>         Mr. Henry Hartigan, Clorane House, Croom (Ireland).<br/>         Mr. Daly, Middleton Lodge, Cork (Ireland).<br/>         The Rev. Mother Mary T. O'Callaghan, Convent of Mercy, Passage West (Ireland).<br/>         Mrs. Elliff, Sarmento (South America).<br/>         Mrs. Catherine Molloy, San Nicolas (South America).<br/>         Miss Alice Doyle, San Nicholas (South America).<br/>         Mrs. F. Lee, Cork (Ireland).<br/>         The Rev. Mother Mary Gabriel, Firhouse, Talaght (Ireland).</p> | <p>The Rev. Mother Mary Angela, S. Vincent's Home Baltimore (U. S. of America).<br/>         The Rev. P. Durin, Chicago (U. S. of America).<br/>         Mr. Victor, Montel (Switzerland).<br/>         Mr. Musard, Fribourg (Switzerland).<br/>         Mrs. Blain, Romans (France).<br/>         Mrs. Margaret Neville, Cork (Ireland).<br/>         Mr. John P. Bechaz, Magnea (Portugal).<br/>         Mr. M. A. Mors, Beck (Germany).<br/>         Mrs. G. Astor-Bristed, Rome (Italy).<br/>         The Rev. Fr. Bernard, Sept-Fonds (France).<br/>         Mr. M. Warin, Sestri Levante (Italy).<br/>         The Rev. Sr. M. Austin, Ursuline Convent, Blackrock (Ireland).<br/>         Miss. M. Mourandi, Oran (Africa).<br/>         Miss. Mary Roehrer, Strasbourg (Alsace-Lorraine).<br/>         Mr. W. Smulski, Chicago (U. S. of America).<br/>         Miss A. Anselm, Andlau (Alsace-Lorraine).<br/>         Mr. L. Lucas, Mulheim (Germany).<br/>         Mrs. Elizabeth Keegan (Ireland).<br/>         The Rev. B. Haefli, Toledo (U. S. of America).<br/>         Mr. T. M. Putz, Tiffin (U. S. of America).<br/>         Mr. Charles A. Gunkel, Riess (U. S. of America).<br/>         The Rev. P. Kreuz, C.M., Chicago (U. S. of America).<br/>         The Rev. F. Schmuttgen, C.SS.R., New York (U. S. of America).<br/>         The Rev. J. Zawadsk, Delano (U. S. of America).<br/>         The Rev. M. Marty, O.S.B., St. Cloud (U. S. of America).<br/>         The Very Rev. J. T. Wagner, V.G., Windsor (Canada).</p> |
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Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine: et lux perpetua luceat eis.

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*In connection with the Salesian Congregation is the*

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