

No. 30 — JUNE — 1905

Vol. IV.

*Beatus qui intelligit super egenam et pauperem:
in die mala liberabit eum Dominus. [Ps. XL.]*

San. & Ox. 1112



DA MIHI

ANIMAS CAETERA TOLLE

CHARITABLE ASSOCIATION OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS

FOUNDED IN FAVOUR OF

THE ORATORY OF THE SACRED HEART

AT THE CASTRO PRETORIO IN ROME

TO WHICH IS ATTACHED THE CELEBRATION OF

SIX MASSES DAILY IN PERPETUITY

offered for the intentions of those who make a single contribution
OF ONE SHILLING

ADVANTAGES.

1. During the erection of the magnificent Temple, recently consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at the Castro Pretorio in Rome, it was established that, as soon as the grand edifice were finished, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin and other prayers should be daily recited therein, and Holy Mass offered on Fridays for all Contributors to the Building Fund of this International Monument of devotion to the Sacred Heart. In order to augment these spiritual advantages and admit to their enjoyment a greater number of the faithful, the Charitable Association of the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been established in the above-named church; whereby all the members participate in the fruit of six Masses daily, in perpetuity, offered for the intentions of those who are inscribed in the books of the Association and have given an alms of One Shilling once for ever towards the Oratory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.



2. Two of these daily Masses will be celebrated at the Altar of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, two at that of Mary Help of Christians, and two at St. Joseph's. We may remark that Don Bosco's venerable name is associated with the two last-mentioned Altars, for on them he offered the Holy Sacrifice during his last stay in Rome.

3. Besides the six daily Masses all MEMBERS, both living and dead, participate in the fruits attached to:

(a) The recital of the Rosary and the imparting of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which takes place every day in this church;

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Some Counsels of Don Bosco on Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

IN one of his exhortations Don Bosco neatly sums up the motives of our devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Firstly because Our Divine Saviour Himself presents His Sacred Heart to us as the seat of His infinite affections. Secondly because it is the symbol of that incomprehensible charity which evinced itself on so many occasions during His life on earth, and which carried long-suffering to the height of having His Sacred Heart pierced with a lance; that charity in short, which as the Apostle says *surpasseth all know-*

ledge (1). Thirdly because the thought of the Sacred Heart brings home to us most powerfully the saving truths of the Passion and Death of Our Saviour, and calls forth a grateful return of love towards Him *Who has loved men so much.*

In the Co-operators, Don Bosco said this devotion should be fruitful in good works, and produce in them further efforts to imitate the charity of Our Lord towards men, especially in the person of the poor and the little ones. It should bear the stamp of the active

(1) Eph. 3. 19.

zeal which is to be characteristic of their association, since the works of charity were mentioned as its particular practice on its erection to the dignity of a third order. He who founded the association of Co-operators gave them also a noble example in regard to this devotion. In this he shared the sentiments of the late immortal Pontiff Leo, who entrusted to him the erection of the Sanctuary of the Sacred Heart in Rome. It cost him untold sacrifices, and much wearisome toil, but the object in view was worthy of any efforts, human or superhuman. He had indeed been called to put the coping-stone to the structure, to crown the work of a series of holy Pontiffs. Innocent XI. in 1689 had sanctioned the first Mass in honour of the Sacred Heart, during the life time of Blessed Margaret Mary; Clement XIII. gave the proper office and Mass to the bishops of Poland, extended to other kingdoms by Pius VI. Between that pontificate and Pius IX. the feast of the Sacred Heart had been established and the universal Church been consecrated to it. It was with the successor of Pius IX. that Don Bosco worked in the completion of the Church of the Sacred Heart which not only gave a Sanctuary to the devotion in the eternal city, but in the Institute which grew up around it, provided a powerful means for attracting the young to the service of God, and for bringing Our Lord nearer to the children of men with whom it is His delight to dwell.

Don Bosco's efforts have been well rewarded; for the Institute he founded at Rome has since been a source of ever-increasing salutary influence, and as a proof of it, in the early months of the present pontificate, more than a thousand boys connected with the Ins-

titute, were granted an audience by Pope Pius X. who witnessed in Rome a repetition of what he had seen in other parts before his accession to the Papal throne; namely the



Picture of the Sacred Heart venerated in the Salesian Oratory, Rome.

benefits accruing to the young generations by the practice of charity, which, the Co-operators, following their holy founder, have made their own—realising the words of the Apostle "*The Charity of Christ presseth us*" (1).

(2) Cor. 5. 14.

The new Co-operator's Manual and its lesson

THE members of the Association are familiar with a little book, somewhat beyond the dimensions of a pamphlet, which has for ten years or more, been a guide to new associates, and an explanatory manual to the old. But the future members, and perhaps the present, are to be favoured with a new one, an advance on the first in several ways. While rejecting nothing of its predecessor, for much of that was in Don Bosco's own words, it contains an amount of explanatory and instructive matter, called for by new developments and a more complex organisation.

The fact of the necessity of an enlarged issue speaks well of itself. The output of the first one ran into some thousands; it has been at work silently but steadily, and in conjunction with the *Bulletin*, which is older as a publication, it has brought numerous adhesions to the association of Co-operators. The idea of the work is well explained in the preface to the new edition, and a glance through that alone, reveals a growth that could not have been known to the associates, as it was hardly suspected by those even, who are intimate with Don Bosco's works. The powerful voice of Leo XIII. which had so many times been uplifted in the cause of religion and humanity, speaks unhesitatingly in the opening words of this prelude: "There can be no doubt, that whoever, by personal or material aid, promotes the undertakings of the Salesians and their Co-operators, is deserving well of religion and society" (1).

The succeeding pages give a survey of the

origin and progress of the works of Don Bosco and their numerous developments, and an exhortation from Cardinal Svampa closes the introduction. The main portion of the work then follows; it includes among other items a re-arranged list of the indulgences and spiritual favours, Don Bosco's own recommendations and suggestions, his last Will and Testament, and the present Holy Father's autograph letter to the Co-operators; for the rest the book must speak for itself.

The new edition marks, we hope, a new departure. It shows that the work is far enough advanced in all countries to demand a more satisfactory guide and more complete exposition of ways and means. The new edition is not of course confined to English-speaking Co-operators, other countries are as alive to the work as we, if they do not for the time being surpass us. But it will perhaps develop a tendency to promote the welfare of our own part of the organisation, and bring home to the associates that, after all there is ample scope within our own borders for the energies of English-speaking Co-operators. The idea has been touched upon before, but now it is put forward in more completeness. While the work in our sphere was in its infancy, it was natural that the head quarters of the organisation should be everything to it, and that the Co-operators should regard that as their centre, as the source of all direction and information, as well as the destination of their material assistance. While still regarding it as all that, it is time for the resources to flow more directly to the provincial head. The large and increasing

(1) Letter to His Eminence Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna.

numbers to whom the *Bulletin* is sent, must be fully aware of the necessity and advantages of extending such a work among the young as the schools of Don Bosco do. The works carried on by the Salesians in England at present could easily do with the subscriptions of the whole body of English-speaking Co-operators, and all these undertakings could be developed, and extend their influence beyond calculation.

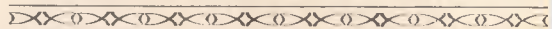
Perhaps the most prominent need at present, is the proposed Salesian Church at East Hill, Wandsworth. The committee is still hard at work and funds are growing with their accustomed tardiness. The Rector however (96 North Side, Wandsworth Common, London, S. W.) is grateful for any subscription whatever, and would here express his thanks to one anonymous person in Kensington who has lately sent him a modest subscription. If someone, blessed with this world's goods, would follow this example, there is no reason why the funds and church should not rise by leaps and bounds.

Passing to other lands the many appeals and notices given of the work at Cape Town (South Africa), bring before the Co-operators another project, and another destination for their alms, more especially colonial. The Salesians and their supporters in the Cape are straining every nerve to bring their building scheme to early realisation, and the disinterestedness of purpose should call forth a ready correspondence from all. It can very readily be believed that in a new country and a new capital, the need of a Salesian Institute would soon make itself apparent.

The ups and downs of emigrant life leave many a young lad a burden to the state or exposed to danger, and an Institute of Arts and Trades seems to be the very thing to suit their case. The good work of the present school in recent years has been undoubted, and has served to show what could be done if only means were at hand. Hence the steps

towards a new Institute, the organisation of Co-operators, and their present efforts to provide for the cost. A very large sum will be needed to carry out the full project, and even then we cannot say that the building will be by any means too large.

An appeal contained in last month's "Notes and News" explained more at length the work in hand and the prospects of the new undertaking. Those who have received that issue might make it reach twice or thrice as many by bringing it before the notice of acquaintances, who may be in a position to become anonymous or otherwise subscribers to some of these good works. But more enough has been said to show that, if so much has been accomplished in the past, the future will eclipse it, and there is every reason to believe that it will not belie the promise of its early youth.



The spiritual treasury of the Salesian Co-operators.

Indulgences which may be gained between June 20th and July 20th by Co-operators who, having confessed and communicated, shall make a visit to a Church or public chapel and pray for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

- I. (1) On the day on which anyone is enrolled as a Co-operator he, (or she) may gain a plenary indulgence.
- (2) On one day in each month chosen by the individual.
- (3) On the day on which one makes the exercise for a happy death.
- II. On the feasts of:—
 - (1) Corpus Christi, June 22nd.
 - (2) St. John the Baptist, June 24th.
 - (3) SS. Peter and Paul, June 29th.
 - (4) The Visitation of Our Lady July 3rd.
 - (5) The Feast of the Most Precious Blood.

The full list of the Plenary and Partial Indulgences can be seen in the issue of January 1905, or in the Co-operator's manual.

Don Rua's Representative in America

(Extracts from his Secretary's Correspondence)

(Continued)

In Ecuador (Mission of Gualaquiza)

Whilst we were in the Church thanking God for the blessings granted us during our journey, the Jivaros of the neighbourhood assembled in the Mission-house, bringing with them their presents of *yucca* and *platanis*, carried by their wives which they cast at the feet of Fr. Albera, expecting gifts in return. Fr. Albera distributed needles, thread, thimbles, mirrors, knives, pictures, medals, crucifixes, bright coloured handkerchiefs and similar trifles which they love and which they accepted with great joy.

But who are these Jivaros? I will try to give you some idea of them in a few words. Of what I have to relate we learnt much during the weeks spent at Gualaquiza and its environs. Travelling in Ecuador we were so fortunate as to meet the celebrated Father Lasplanas, a venerable Dominican about eighty years of age, who was the first Vicar and Superior of Macas and Canelos amongst the Jivaros. Other things I learnt from our brethren who for nine years have been toiling in this Mission, and I have also made use of the writings of the Dominican Fathers Migalli and Vacas.

The Jivaro type — His portrait.

The Jivaro is the most attractive and intelligent of savages; but at the same time he is the most formidable. He is not so tall as the Patagonian, or the Coroado of Matto Grosso; he is not much over middle height, but very sturdy: his proud bearing deceives one and makes him appear taller than he is; his erect head denotes intelligence, and his stately carriage and restless movements show vivacity and constancy. All

is natural in the Jivaro, his walk, his appearance and his exuberant vitality.

He has a large round face, though in some the cheek-bones are more accentuated, the face large and flat, but slightly convex; the nose rather flattened and broad at the base.

The hair is thick, black and glossy like silk by dint of care and dyes; they take extraordinary pains in curling and arranging it in a coronet, so that the parting shows the whiteness of the head; the face is brown, being tanned by the heat of the climate, but it is not black. I was told that the Jivaro was copper-coloured or between copper and yellow; this is generally the result of tattooing, of which they are passionately fond. For this purpose they crush on the palm of the hand certain brightly-coloured kernels with the juice of which they paint the face and the exposed parts of the body, with the strangest and most fantastic designs. A peculiarity of the Jivaro is the entire absence of a beard; it would seem that they are ashamed of this, as they frequently paint formidable moustaches on their face and sometimes cover the whole of the chin with black paint. I repeat, the Jivaro is attractive and prepossessing, the most perfect type of Indian race, but little inferior to the European type; but in character he is treacherous, cunning, selfish, vindictive, idle and fond of pleasure, unwilling to submit to any law which interferes with his perfect freedom. When he suspects that his liberty is menaced, he proudly replies that the Jivaro is free, that he has no superior and that no one has any right to control his actions; he will not endure to be watched or criticized and will rather part with his life than his liberty. Im-

mersed in earthly things he cares only for the the present life.

Huts and clothing.

The Jivaros usually live in large houses octagonal in form, from twelve to twenty-five or thirty yards in length and wide in proportion. Each of these is occupied by four or six families. They are built on foundations of *Chionta*, called iron-wood from its hardness; the pointed roof is designed with elegance and rises to a height of six or seven yards; the houses have two outer doors, one for the women and another for men; they sleep with their inseparable lance at their side and brandish it at the slightest noise. They are divided into tribes more or less friendly or hostile, occupying certain fixed tracts of the forest; the friendly tribes are united by bonds of alliance, relationship and commerce; from the hostile tribes they are separated by deadly enmity, sometimes amounting to madness. They usually take their name from the river on whose banks they have pitched their tents and where they spend a great part of the night in fishing and the hottest hours of the days plunged in its waters.

When a tribe is threatened, the captain constructs his hut on the highest available summit, raising it upon stout stakes with which the forests abound and he surrounds his aerial habitation with pitfalls; with a species of trumpet he is able to make his voice heard at a long distance and thus to summon his adherents to the fight.

The furniture of the house is very limited; there is a bed which consists of a table raised about one yard from the ground, slanting and so narrow that the feet rest upon a bar, in front of which a fire is always burning: the Jivaro is very careful always to keep his feet dry. They do not use sheets, blankets, or pillows; they lie down wherever they find room to enjoy their slumber. The furnishing is meagre; a few pots and earthen bowls; a basket which the women carry on their shoulders; a hatchet, a lance and a few weapons for the chase, for the men only, a large and very light wooden shield round in shape the diameter being about three quarters of a yard, to protect themselves in the fight,

the lance, though thrown with great force never succeeds in piercing these; a quiver with poisoned arrows, two kinds of baskets containing respectively the garments, or rather the ornaments of the men and women. Their clothing is not elaborate; for the men it consists of a large scarf fastened round the waist and falling to the knees, called *itipi*; the *tarachi* of the women is a little longer and resembles a sleeveless chemise. The rest of the body is adorned with paintings, executed in the most wonderful colours, the face, breasts, arms and legs being decorated in the most curious fashion, though for the women they do not take so much pains. This painting is the principal occupation for the savage; on festival days he adds wreaths made of different kinds of shells, fruit stones, etc.

Visits of the Jivaro — His eloquence.

When a Jivaro is preparing to pay a visit, he hangs round his neck a bag containing his festal ornaments, a mirror and colours; he takes a plunge in the water before directing his steps to the house where he intends to call, he lets down his long hair, combs and arranges it elegantly, then he puts on a crown of brilliant feathers; he takes the mirror and with the delicate touch of a woman paints his face and his breast, fastens a new scarf round his waist and with a horn, which resounds through the woods, he announces his arrival. His greeting is that of a king who at the first word desires to concentrate attention on himself. "I am coming" he cries aloud: "Come in," replies the master of the house without moving from his throne. Then the guest takes a seat by his side without opening his mouth and waits till the master of the house begins the conversation; the host has first to arrange his hair, put on his feathered crown, change his scarf and carefully paint his face. This done, he takes a seat opposite his friend and invites him to speak. "It is quite dramatic", says Father Vacas, "more easily photographed than described." Their eloquence is manly, their wild gestures are natural, pathetic, electrifying, sublime. They are lions, not men; if lions conversed they would arrange their mane like that of the Jivaros; they would speak with the rapidity and vivacity of the

Jivaro, they would frighten and deafen you in the same way. The pitch of the voice manifests their strength of mind and their alarming schemes. So much for the oratory and conversation of the Jivaro; a stentorian voice, the body ever in motion, restless hands and feet, broad and expanding chest, bright eyes, a forehead resplendent as that of a sovereign, the hair unbound and flowing over the bare shoulders: One seems to be in the presence of men possessed, so great is their agitation and vehemence, so loud is their voice and so potent their imagination. Whilst one is speaking, the other answers only: "*Yes; no; what else, how; it is well; it is so,*" and so on until the orator has quite finished his harangue. When the first has quite done, the second begins, to which the other answers in his turn "*Yes, no: what else, etc.*"

When the visitors are numerous a few are selected to speak and this is done in the open air without needing a platform. Let the readers imagine four Jivaros, standing in couples, opposite each other, tall, strong, with powerful limbs, in their extraordinary costume, with lance in hand, on fire with vengeance, surrounded as it were with an atmosphere of fury, speaking loudly and discussing the future of the tribe, of the family or of themselves and the annihilation of their enemies. They brandish their lances in a swift and alarming manner, as if they would pierce the heart of those in front, who look on like statues, whilst the lances pass swiftly before their eyes, on either side and over the head with a bewildering dexterity. The Jivaro speaks of war, of vengeance and assassination; but it seems rather the lance that speaks than the Jivaro, or rather the Jivaro speaks, but the lance emphasises the words. In the Ocean various currents set the mass of waters in motion; in modern civilisation electricity seems to be the lever which will move the world; the electric spark is the cause of physical phenomena as yet inexplicable; amongst the Jivaros their lance and powerful voice replaces all these.

A missionary, Father Delgado, who has made a special study of the Jivaros tongue, says that it is a perfect language, philosophical, sentimental and even richer than the Spanish and other European languages.

Religion — The Shanza.

Much has been said about the religion of the Jivaros: strictly speaking they have neither sacrifices nor priesthood; still they have something which takes the place of these to some slight degree, for, being absolutely ignorant of the dogmas of our holy religion, they are so immersed in materialism and sensualism, that they can scarcely form an idea of the spirituality of the soul. With wondering incredulity they listen to the history of the Creation, or of the Redemption; and the existence of heaven and hell seems fabulous to them. They believe, perhaps, in a divinity, but a divinity absolutely inert, who does not concern himself with the affairs of this world; so that for them their feasts are the origin of all good; their enemies the source of all evil.

The newly-married keep a feast for the planting of the *yucca* and the *plantain*; more solemn is the feast of tobacco, so called from the smoke they inhale, and it is instituted to obtain the increase of their live stock. But their real and greatest feast, to which they devote all their care, and the preparation of which extends over several years, collecting *yucca*, *plantain*, swine and a large number of jars to hold the *cicia*, is the feast of the *Shanza*. The *Shanza*! this is another characteristic manifestation of Jivarese barbarity. It would seem as if this terrible act of revenge were an ancient custom; having killed an enemy they cut off the head, take out the bones, place it inside a round stone, heated in a special manner, of which the secret is jealously guarded by the Jivaros. The effect of the hot stone is to contract the nerves and reduce the head to the size of an orange, preserving the features unchanged and rendering more conspicuous the long, black and abundant tresses. A wonderful process if it were not employed for such a barbarous purpose! Formerly the *Shanze* were fixed upon stakes, scattered through the forest, like the busts of eminent men which adorn our public gardens. The *Bulletin* has spoken before of these feasts and given an illustration of these horrible scenes.

After the *shanza* became known in Europe, there was a time when fabulous prices were of-

ferred for them, thus adding a new inducement for the perpetration of this inhuman practice. Fortunately the Government of Ecuador forbids this traffic under severe penalties and the missionaries did their best to inspire the savages with a horror of it, with the result that they are no longer publicly exhibited, whereas before they were to be seen hanging on the walls of their huts, like the standards captured in war by the Roman Conquerors.. The *shanze* are their trophies! The Jivaro is reckoned good and brave in proportion to the number of *shanze* in his possession: the new commandment of Our Saviour has not found its way to his heart, given up to unquenchable hatred.

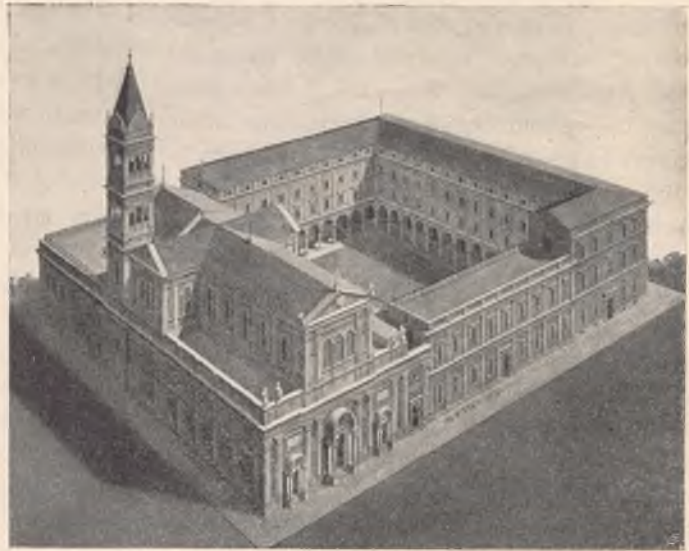
Degradation of the Jivarese woman — Not a companion, but a slave.

The day of our departure was drawing near. Fr. Albera, being anxious to form an exact estimate of the work of the Mission, wished to visit the Jivaros in their own houses; so we plunged into the forest. A Jivaro, with several of our brethren, guided us, and hidden in the forest we found the first dwelling. It is unnecessary to ask who is the head of the family; one sees this at once. There he is king; an absolute and despotic king; master of life and death; his back never bends under any burden, his hands wield only the lance: the Jivaro is born to the chase and warfare, all other labour is left to the woman.

It is by Christianity that woman has been restored to her dignity of man's companion; outside that divine influence she is only a slave; her position amongst the Jivaros is truly pitiable. Small in stature, ill-used, with neglected, dishevelled locks, never is a smile seen on her face, being wholly intent on serving her master. Woe if she displeases him! it is her death warrant. The thought that this may happen, without any fault of hers and in spite of the greatest care, keeps her in constant and deadly fear.

To the savage, says an English author, has been reserved the office of showing to the world to what depths Satan has brought the daughters of Eve, first tempted by him to the sin of disobedience; all the evils of an inveterate and corrupt paganism under the yoke of the Jivaro weigh down and oppress these miserable creatures. Were the Jivaro a philosopher, he would again, as in the time of Nero, ask the question whether the woman has a soul, and whether it is of the same nature as that of man.

Amongst the Jivaros, woman is not the com-



Salesian Oratory of the Sacred Heart, Rome.

panion of man; she is not bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, she is only a slave; she has no right to the honour and the respect given to men. To be born a woman is already a chastisement and a mark of infamy; it would seem as if man's mission was to make her suffer and render her life burdensome. She must never do her own will; as a child she is the property of her parents, who may give her to whom they please; married, she is the slave of her husband; a widow, of her sons. Her husband is a kind of divinity to whom she owes not only love, fidelity and obedience, but a real worship. To prepare his food and whatever else he needs; to wait upon him and eat only the scraps he leaves, such is her daily life; the last to rest; the first to rise.

A European, accustomed to the care of the weaker sex shown by civilised nations, can form no idea of the sufferings of the Jivarese women. Neglect, cruelty, contempt, these are her daily bread, unsweetened by a kindly smile or look of sympathy.

An education of hatred and vengeance.

As I have said the woman is the first to rise, and at a very early hour she must prepare the morning beverage for her husband who, having swallowed several cups, begins his daily discourse: this is a long, uninterrupted speech in which he shows his lung power, with shouts and gestures that would frighten any one not forewarned. The subject is always the same, boasting of his fame, recounting his victories over his enemies, his prodigies of valour, exalting his ancestors to the skies, praising his friends, depreciating, annihilating his enemies; and when his sons are present, reciting the names and painting in the blackest colours the cruelties committed on members of his family, exciting their hatred, making them promise to be revenged, saying that such is their duty, even asserting that the only object of a son's existence should be to exact that vengeance which time or circumstances have not allowed his father to take, perpetuating thus that life of continual treachery and assassination, of which the most ferocious beasts are incapable. When the sons have sworn implacable hatred and revenge the father continues: Blessed be the son who does thus; may his house be filled with plenty; may the yucca grow and flourish; may the *cicia* and plantain never fail and be sweet to his palate, may his family enjoy good fortune and his sons be numerous, brave and strong like the father; may his flocks increase and his dogs be skilful in the chase; may his lance be formidable and the arrow from his bow never fail to hit the mark; may he be a terror to his enemies and ever victorious, and lastly may the black genius of the forest be ever propitious and never do him harm. And then, as if to confirm these cruel maxims, he continues: Accursed be those cowardly sons who do not honour the ashes of their father, who do not take vengeance on his enemies and leave him humbled in the dust; they

will fail in their strictest duty; in their turn they will remain unavenged; their ashes will know only the restless slumber of eternal oblivion; their enemies will trample on them and their heads will be the trophies of the conqueror!

At this harangue one calls to mind the pathetic benediction given to Jacob by the Patriarch Isaac when, after kissing his fore-head, he blessed him, saying: "God give thee of the dew of heaven, and of the fatness of the earth, abundance of corn and wine. And let peoples serve thee, and tribes worship thee; be thou lord of thy brethren, and let thy mother's children bow down before thee. Cursed be he that curseth thee; and let him that blesseth thee be filled with blessing." What a difference! And to think that the Jivaro sucks in this idea of revenge with his mother's milk; it is constantly impressed upon him, every morning without fail and on all occasions of solemnity. They go so far as to capture little Jivaros and take them alive to their huts to have them murdered by their own sons, and thus overcome the natural repugnance felt in shedding the blood of a fellow creature. This is the explanation of the bitter, unending warfare of the Jivaros. They have no altar, but if they had, like Hannibal, from childhood and a hundred times a day they would vow vengeance and destruction to their enemies.

Meanwhile the Jivaro has swallowed a dozen cups of foaming *cicia*; the sun darts his rays and the king of life and death devours several plates of steaming yucca until his hunger is appeased; and then, taking his weapons he goes forth to the chase, to fish, or to pay a visit.

(To be continued).

The Salesian Bulletin

Printed and Published at the
Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy.

This Magazine is sent 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.



MATTO GROSSO (Brazil)

From the Colony of the S. Heart.

Barreiro-Araguaya (Matto-Grosso),
Colony of the S. Heart of Jesus.
Dec. 27 1904.

Very Rev. Don Rua,

This time last year I sent you a consoling account of the first baptisms solemnly administered in the Colony, with a short description of the festivities of the 8th December and Christmas-day. This year I am happy to send still more consoling news. For instance the baptized already number sixty-five, all boys and girls, for the adults do not seem to be sufficiently prepared to receive this Sacrament worthily, and it has, hitherto, only been administered to them *in extremis*. But the day is near at hand when a good number of adults will also be solemnly regenerated in the waters of baptism.

You may remember that I wrote also of our great desire to keep the 8th December, now passed, with special solemnity; and our pious wishes have been fully satisfied. In addition to our neophytes, many other Indians attended the Novena. During the three last days we had a little illumination every evening and let off a few crackers to the great amusement of these children. On the eve I showed them a beautiful oleograph of Our Lady of Lourdes, which greatly impressed them. They were never weary of gazing on the virginal figure appearing over the humble grotto; and I took advantage of their unusual attentiveness to give

them an idea of this great feast for the celebration which the whole world was preparing. And I can assure you, that the attention with which they listened to me, the feelings of veneration manifested on their countenances, and their behaviour at the services on the following day, could not have been more consoling.

And what can I say of the piety of our neophytes? Three of them, in cassock and cotta, for the first time served at the altar on that memorable 8th of December, during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. You cannot think, how great was their parents' delight. All would have liked to see their own sons dressed like little Fathers as they call them.

One, however, a cacique, father of the boy we call Michael Magone, came to me saying somewhat sadly:

— "I do not wish this boy to be a *padre*, because he is my first born and he must succeed me," and immediately he offered me instead his second son.

With a smile I replied that he need not be disturbed, as his son would not only become a cacique or captain, but as they call me, a Captain-Father, and thus something greater!... Then he also smiled and was silent.

On the same day I administered Holy Baptism to five other children. The Indians assisted at all the functions with great attention. To make the occasion more festive we distributed some food and dainties and some articles of clothing... How sad that all have not yet even a shirt! And even a shirt does not last long. Would that some generous benefactor and benefactress might adopt some of these poor children of the forest! The feast was brought to a successful conclusion by a fine illumination and a small display of fireworks, more than enough to excite the open mouthed astonishment of the Indians.

The Christmas festivities were kept with all possible solemnity. Though we have no choir master, we chanted the prophecies during the Novena and our little Indians also sang them with us. Beholding the progress of these children we cannot do otherwise than return thanks to God. I think I have already told you that several are now at the second reading book, and all are good and industrious. You should have seen how much they enjoyed the lottery on Christmas night, having already learnt the numbers to count with. This year I did not send them to sleep before the Midnight Mass, but we passed those hours together in pious entertainment.

On Christmas day I baptized a child, born in the Colony. During the seventeen months the Indians have lived with us, the births have numbered eight but the deaths only two! two poor old people during the first months. Besides these, it is true there were two other deaths; but they happened during the hunting season and far from the Colony.

At the death of one of these, an adult, we had a practical instance of their faithful adherence to their traditional ceremonies for the dead. The death took place about fifteen miles from the Colony, and as there were not enough persons there for the suitable performance of the funeral observances, after twenty days they went to fetch the already decomposing corpse and brought it to the Colony where, having buried it, they began their gruesome rites, lasting nearly two weeks. Then, when the flesh had perished, followed the ceremony of cleansing the bones, which in their eyes is the most solemn, but in reality the most repulsive of the funeral rites. I decided to go and see them and I arrived in time. The insupportable odour of putrefying flesh almost forced me to retrace my steps, but doing violence to myself, I approached the little lake where they had brought the corpse enveloped in a mat. Opening the mat they began to pour water over the bones, then with sticks they rinsed them in the lake; afterwards they removed any sinews adhering to the bones with strips of cane and finally rubbed them carefully with grass and leaves from the trees. Thus cleansed, they were placed in a

basket and carried to the famous *baiyto* with all the ceremonies I have already described... What horrors! and as yet we cannot prevent them; but our best hopes are in the new generation. A short time ago in one house of the district of the *Rio das Mortes*, three Indians died within a brief space of time. It was arranged that the funeral ceremonies should be performed for the three together, but to carry them out with greater pomp they invited the Caciques or Captains living in this Colony and they went, looking upon the invitation as a great honour!

In consequence of these deaths I have learnt that several families wish to settle here, because they say that the *Captain-Father* has medicines and will not let them die. So, though I have taught them the value of medicine, and their own experience confirms it, I try to correct the exaggerated opinion they have formed, attributing its efficacy to the Great Father, that is to God, teaching them that He alone is Master of life and death.

§§§

Yesterday, I had written thus far and had to stop because I received an urgent call to the neighbouring forest, where a venomous serpent had bitten a youth who was cutting stakes. I hastened thither and found him lying on the ground moaning whilst the swelling of his foot momentarily increased. I bound it up and desired his companion to take him on his shoulders and carry him quickly to the house, so that I might apply the necessary remedies. Meanwhile taking the shortest path, I reached the house and collecting a few drugs, I went to meet them. The poor creature was suffering dreadfully: the foot was swollen out like a cushion!... After applying the first remedies, he experienced some relief, and now he seems out of danger...

To-day I had another call. Hastening to the hut I found a strong youth suffering from a bad attack of the lungs, writhing in agony as if his death were imminent. I applied various remedies, both internal and external and then recommended him to the Sacred Heart and to Mary Help of Christians, and after half an hour's anxiety he grew quieter. The first words he uttered were: "The devil is enraged against

me." "Yes," I said, "The devil is bad! God is good! I have just been speaking to the Great Father and the Great Mother and have asked them to cure you; and you are already better."

"That is true," he answered.

§§§

May God bestow on us ever more abundant blessings and hasten the time when we may see these children of the forest walking in the light of faith and civilisation. I must ask you to recommend us to the prayers and charity of our Co-operators, and accept the humble salutations of

Your obedient son

JOHN BALZOLA,

Salesian Missionary.

NORTHERN PATAGONIA

A story from the Rio Negro

Angela and Rosina Rayil and the "wild beasts."

Of the many touching incidents occurring in the Patagonian Missions, unknown to our readers the more important and characteristic are worthy of being saved from oblivion; but too often want of space causes some delay in the publication. This time, however, the history is related of the children Angela and Rosina Rayil, sent to us by the Sisters of Mary Help of Christians, at Viedma. We have lately had its authenticity confirmed by His Lordship Mgr. Cagliari.

The Rio Negro, king of the Patagonian rivers, and the centre of the Salesian Missions scattered over these regions, receives the waters of the Neuquen, which rises in the North, near the volcano Danullo, and those of the river Limay, which issues from the Lake *Nahuel Huapi* on the South. It flows from east to west and after 360 miles discharges itself into the Atlantic. At intervals during its lengthened course, it widens out, forming small islands covered with luxuriant

vegetation; at other times, hiding itself in deep gorges, it becomes a narrow but dangerous torrent.

To the east of the first gorge, about three miles from Viedma, is an island covered with green branching willows, under whose shade the native of the Pampas and his family and the Missionary with his tired horses seek a little rest. Some tents pitched by traders and a few miserable huts break the sombre monotony of these desolate plains.

A man in the clothing of the native shepherds and a woman with Indian ornaments are travelling towards the east to reach the shores of *Lake del Toro*. They are lashing their horses furiously, galloping along the road. Any one looking into those gloomy and forbidding countenances would say that remorse for some crime is torturing these mysterious travellers.

At the same time two little girls, Angela, twelve, and Rosina, five years old, are running terrified not knowing whither, now through the mud, now hidden by the tall grass and the close branches of the willows. Both of them are trembling and uttering cries of pain. Angela has a large wound on her head and another on her breast which is bleeding copiously. Rosina, with her little hands tries to close a wound on her left arm, not realizing that her black hair is caked with blood.

The poor little creatures exhausted with hunger and thirst are almost fainting. They gather some wild fruits, and throw themselves on the ground to drink from a ditch where a little water remained from the previous days' rain. Night comes on and the poor children, trembling with fright and locked in each other's arms, find a shelter behind a large tuft of grass which flourishes in this wilderness.

The silence of the sombre night is broken only by the cry of night-birds and the sobs and moans of pain mingled with the little creatures' laboured breathing. But exhaustion conquers their fears and the angels cover with their protecting wings the innocent slumbers of these poor little outcasts.

At dawn they are awake, and fearing to be pursued, they recommence their purposeless

wandering, wounding their feet with the thorns on the way.

Another sad day was closing in and a still more painful night approaching. Exhausted with hunger and thirst they sank down on some grass growing in a ditch. No living creature could now hear their faint moanings; they were in the midst of a desert plain and in this desert they could only look for a cruel death; but this was not to be... God would not forsake them.

News of their flight and of the cruelties to which they had been subjected had soon spread in the little colony of *Cubanea*, near the first gorge of the Rio Negro. The Commissary of Viedma with three soldiers set out and made inquiries of the chief inhabitants of the Colony. We quote the Commissary's own words:

"Providentially we heard that two children had been abandoned in the neighbourhood of the first gorge. At first we could not believe the report, but on reaching the trading depôt, on the banks of the Rio Negro, the fact was related with all particulars, so that doubt was no longer possible.

According to the account furnished us, the wretches, after venting their angry passions on these poor little creatures, had fled towards the lake of Barro.

I sent immediately two policemen in pursuit of these criminals, and at the same time set off with another policeman in search of the poor children.

To find amidst the thick foliage of the wilderness two children, lost some days previously, was not an easy task... What accidents might not have happened to them in the meantime? Perhaps they had perished from hunger, or had been devoured by wild beasts. I was tormented with these thoughts, and yet a mysterious power prompted me to continue my search in the direction I had taken.

We had already gone nine or ten miles without any result and were weary and disheartened when we met a man who, giving us further particulars, revived our hopes. We were only a short distance from the lake of Toro, where we were to find the poor children.

Advancing, we heard a sort of rustling, a

slight sound not far off. "It must be two dogs," said one. — "But," observed the other, "if there are dogs, there must also be some persons here, for dogs would not be alone at this distance from human habitations."

Saying this, we urged on our horses, and then to our great consolation and surprise we perceived the two poor children, who, seeing us in the distance, tried to hide themselves in the long grass. The poor creatures began at once to cry, sobbing out the names of Lorenza and Rufino. Their only clothing was a miserable rag round their waist; pale and exhausted, their faces showed how much they had suffered. The elder, had several wounds on her head, and the little Rosina showed her arms all torn and bleeding from the blows received.

When we had succeeded in calming them with kind words, we asked where they came from.

"From there, a long way off, from our house," said Angela.

"Why?"

"Because Rufino beat us and then ran away with Lorenza,"

"And where are you going now?"

"We do not know."

"Are you hungry?"

"O yes, very hungry!"

"Will you come with us?"

"Yes."

We then took them up on our horses and galloped back. At no great distance a kind lady took the two children into her house, fed them and clothed them suitably. Thanking the good family we resumed our journey towards the trading depôt, where we passed the night, hoping for the successful capture of the two miscreants.

And, indeed, on the following morning there they were in the custody of the police. Hearing Lorenza and Rufino mentioned the two children shook with fright, and with terrified eyes sought to hide themselves, or escape by flight.

"We will not go with them: Rufino will beat us."

"Come with me," I said kindly, "Rufino cannot do you any more harm."

With great difficulty I succeeded in calming

them and brought them with me to the prisoners where I asked them :

"Which was it that ill-treated you ? Was it Rufino ?

"Yes, Sir."

"It was not he, it was I," said the woman.

"And who are you ?

"I am Lorenza, their mother."

"Is this man your husband ?"

"No sir, my husband is dead."

"Why have you so brutally ill-treated these poor creatures and then cowardly deserted them ?"

"Because I was tired of them...."

"So then you tried to kill them."

"No, Sir, I wished them to die in the desert."

After this brief examination I remitted these criminals to the highest authorities and arranged to take Angela and Rosina to Viedma, sixty miles further on. Fortunately I found a small vessel going up the Rio Negro. In a few words I arranged with the Captain to take charge of the unfortunate children.

When we were about to separate, they clung to us and cried :

"We will not go, we want to stay with you."

"But this gentleman will look after you," I said. "I am going to take Lorenza and Rufino a long way from here, so that they can do you no more harm."

Thus reassured, they went on the boat and reached Viedma in quiet, cheerful dispositions.

During the month of November, 1900, these two Indian children were received in the Central House of the Viedma Mission and confided to the Sisters of Mary Help of Christians.

They were both in a pitiable condition, covered with bruises and wounds, some partially healed, others still open. They were pale, sad and frightened. Even the care of the Sisters caused them to tremble, as if they expected to be assailed with merciless blows. But after a month, they realized that there were still in the world some persons who loved them and did not want to kill them, learning thus something of Christian charity.

Several of their companions, who could speak the Indian language, succeeded in persuading them that the Sisters were worthy of all their

affection and would be true mothers to them ; and the two little Indians learnt to love the Sisters and their new home.

But they could not hear the names of Lorenza and Rufino without turning pale ; these names revived their terror and alarm. For a long time they bore the marks of the cruelty of these monsters in human form, of these two wretched savages, real tigers of the wilderness.

Since by the Sacrament of regeneration their souls have been clothed in the garment of grace, now that instruction and education have changed their hearts, it is most consoling to watch their progress in piety, in their studies and work. They are no longer two little savages, but two children of God, the conquest of His Grace, two souls destined for heaven.

They have, at length, learned not only to love, but to forgive, and they no longer tremble when the names of Lorenza and Rufino are mentioned ; but they weep with compassion in thinking of these two assassins, asking God to convert and save them. The elder has already made her First Communion, and the younger has learnt to look forward to that day as the supreme event of her life. The cruelty of the parents resulted in two children being rescued from the pampas and brought under the happy influences of the true religion and civilization.



TO THE READER

When applying for a copy of this periodical, please state whether you already receive our "Bulletin" (Italian, French, Spanish, German, Portuguese, or Polish) 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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London. The feast of Our Lady Help of Christians.

May has come and gone. It never fails to bring with it a re-awakening, a revival of love and devotion to the Mother of God, which is apparent in a thousand manifestations. The crowning glory of the month's celebrations, the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, was undoubtedly a suitable close to a month, which, in regard to this devotion we may consider as a series of successive feast-days. But, if the idea of a record can be ascribed becomingly to the keeping of a solemnity, we would assign that distinction to this year's commemoration of the feast at the Salesian Church in London. Circumstances out of the ordinary, always obtain on such occasions, and associations at once bring before us scenes of altars magnificently adorned, and the Church's stately ceremonial rendered even more devotional by exceptional surroundings.

But we said that this year had surpassed its predecessors; and indeed looking back over the brief eleven years of this Church's standing, we can recall no occasion of the feast which might rival it. The novena had been well attended, and the decoration of the Altar of Mary Help of Christians could scarcely have been better. As this is the feast, by excellence, of our Society, and therefore of the Co-operators also, it was most appropriate that the morning's discourse should be in connexion with the interests of the Congregation, and more after the nature of a Salesian Conference than of the customary sermon. For this reason the Rev. M. Gavin, S. J. had been invited, and taking for his text these words of Psalm XL (quoted for us by his late Holiness Leo XIII., and which are conspicuous on every *Salesian Bulletin*) the preacher said:

Beatus qui intelligit super egenum et pauperem: in die mala liberabit eum Dominus. Blessed is he who understandeth concerning the needy and the poor: in the evil day the Lord will deliver him (Psalm XL, 2.).

The word "blessed," my dear Brethren, is of frequent occurrence in Holy Scripture — thus to mention a few familiar instances, we read, Blessed is the man who fears the Lord, Blessed are the undefiled in the way, Blessed are those who love the commandments of the Lord. And in the New Testament you are quite familiar with the phrases: Blessed art thou Simon Barjona, or again, the well known and gentle reprimand addressed to St. Thomas, Because thou hast seen me Thomas thou hast believed, Blessed are they who have not seen and have believed. And again, when Our Blessed Saviour was going to His Passion, the women full of sympathy, cried out: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee and the paps that gave Thee suck." And He made answer: Blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it?" Again that glorious sermon on the mount begins with the seven beatitudes, and the first, which puzzles the wisdom of the earth, is this: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

The blessing of God my brethren infallibly carries grace with it. Now we have: "Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor? This is meant, that we enter into the feelings of the needy and the poor, that we have entire sympathy with them, not the sympathy that limits itself to words, but the sympathy that shows itself in benevolent acts, the sympathy that is guided by faith, that recognises in the person of the needy and the poor Jesus Christ Our Lord, Who is their

teacher, their guide and their ultimate reward.

We have met together this morning in a church of which any architect might be proud, to keep the feast of Our Lady Help of Christians. To Our Lady Help of Christians under this title, a holy priest (Don Bosco) was singularly devout; that priest's name is familiar to you, and familiar all over the earth. He left his stamp on the 19th century. He indeed if any man understood the needy and the poor, and the understanding showed itself in active sympathy. He worked for them, and helped them right on to the end, and he founded a congregation of priests, and amongst them his spirit is ever active; they understand the needy and the poor; they follow his rule; they act as he would wish them to act, and they look forward to another and better land, where the reward is given to those, who on earth have understood and helped the needy and the poor. And this morning I am sure I shall be acting in accordance with your wishes, if I endeavour very briefly to trace the glorious work of the Salesians, and to show that to them may well be applied the words of the text: "Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor."

The greatest blessing on this earth that you can give to the needy and the poor is education. And what is education? The training of the heart and of the intellect, and of the two the training of the heart is more important than the training of the intellect. "There can be no education worthy of the name," said Mr. Gladstone, "that is not founded on religion." And why? Education is to fit a man for his place in Society. Society belongs to God. Whether we will or will not, towards God we are tending, and before Him one day we have to render an account. We cannot shake off His sovereign control. We must serve Him willingly or we shall serve Him unwillingly in punishment hereafter.

There are only two persons worth thinking of, my own soul and my God. A man, I say, is guided by the feelings of his heart. Men do what they choose, embrace what they like, and to a great extent also believe what they like; hence, if you are to do anything with a boy, you must first of all train his heart; if you train his intellect and neglect his heart, you turn him out in the world, at the very best a cultivated pagan, and an educated pagan is far more dangerous, than one whose mental powers have not

been cultivated. You must turn that heart to God, while it is young, while the soil is ready to receive the grain.

Speak to the heart of God, of His law, of His Angels and Saints, of His Son incarnate wandering and exiled over the earth. Teach the child his prayers that he may love them, explain to him the doctrines of his religion that he may understand and follow them, make him enamoured of those seven monuments of mercy in the Church which we call the Sacraments, and particularly of those sacraments that help him towards salvation, Penance and the Blessed Eucharist, bringing before his mind the figure of Jesus Christ, now as a helpless babe in a manger, now as a boy learning his trade in a carpenter's shop, now as a great teacher of the world, when He unfolds His doctrines to men, whether they believe or whether they close their ears, and above all pointing to Jesus Christ as the great Physician of the world, where he reigns from His throne on the cross; there He is indeed in sympathy with the needy and the poor in this world, Jesus Christ suffering, Jesus Christ on Calvary.

It is thus by the living reality, the child must be taught, and he will take the lesson in, and he will never forget it all through life and it will be a true friend to him, in the countless dangers and disappointments of the world, and it will solace him when he needs solace most, when the journey is over and he lies down to die. Side by side with this religious education, you give the poor child that enlightenment to his intellect, which while fitting him to earn his bread in the various employments open to knowledge, you at the same time enable him to understand more fully, and to appreciate more deeply, the beauty and the truth and the consolation of religion; for even in things divine everything rightly used is of immense wealth. It is very noticeable that when God calls an humble soul, uneducated and untutored, to sanctity, He infuses knowledge into him, gives him knowledge not acquired by labour, pours it into his soul as you pour water into a jar, that by his human intellect he may understand the things of God.

The Fathers of this Congregation in the spirit of their founder are thinking of the needy and the poor, and of those more than anyone else in this world; for the lot of the poor man is a hard lot, and there are not many to sympathise with him. If he be firmly grounded in religion, if he

be in childhood and in youth taught to love his religion, his religion will be his all, because his religion is his God; and there is the true friend of the needy and the poor, Jesus Christ, however you regard Him, in the manger, in the workshop, on the cross, and this is the glorious work which the fathers of this church endeavour to do, and are doing with conspicuous success, amongst two hundred and thirty boys, who are at this moment in this place entrusted to their care. Their founder sought out a portion of Turin, which may be called the East End of that flourishing town. We need not think of Turin. What good can be done for men and women who have to face the wilderness of London, the countless dangers and sources of sin? In thinking of boys, the founder of this congregation thought also of girls, and there is a community of Nuns following his rule, who teach and train girls more exposed in life perhaps than boys.

Consider the high vocation of a girl; in her goodness and in her purity she reminds us of the Virgin Mother, and is meant to exercise the gentle, subtle influence of purity, which wherever we find it, is the reflection dim and deep, but still the reflection of the highest and greatest amongst women. And alas! how many fall away? How easily may the purity of a girl be tarnished or lost? How much she requires the

aid and the help of early training, the influence of religion. A girl when she ripens into a woman, unless God calls her to the sanctuary of the cloister, as a rule is happier in married life, and remember the words of one of the greatest leaders of men the world has ever seen, that what the country, France, wanted, was not men, but Mothers; and how can anyone be a mother worthy of the name, unless she be a woman in whose heart religion has its root, unless she be one who loves her prayers, and loves the sacraments and loves the saints, and loves Jesus Christ incarnate, and transmits to her children an inheritance of love and reverence for things divine. Surely of men and women, priests and nuns, who do work such as this, may it be said in the words of the text, that they understand the needy and the poor.

Remember Our Lord's ever active sympathy

with all sorts of distress. How little He spoke. He always allowed His actions to be the interpreter of his thought; He went about the earth healing all forms of diseases, ministering to all forms of distress, and He had a special predilection for His poor. There are others needy and poor, besides those who are ignorant, and who are wanting in the good things that belong to the rich; there is the sinner who has gone astray, and there again Don Bosco's warm heart made itself felt, in the prisons of Italy, amongst the poor sinners who had wandered from God; and from this house also, have gone forth Missionaries to Patagonia, Gualaquiza, the Falkland Islands and elsewhere, to carry the sweet tidings of Jesus Christ, to preach the cross of Calvary, to speak of its consolations, to unfold



Tailoring department of the Salesian Oratory of the Sacred Heart, Rome.

the healing power of religion, to turn men's thoughts from this passing earth to the world that never changes, to lift them up to heavenly things. Men and women without God are really needy and poor. This is the work, and on it goes, and may God ever prosper it, and may the blessings of heaven fall upon it.

Our Lord had sympathy with the needy and the poor. He had sympathy for the sinner; He made excuses for him. The more abandoned the sinner, the more need he has of the care, the sympathy, and the help of the heavenly Physician; the more the sinner has gone astray, the more the Priest is bound to show to that sinner the gentleness and the tenderness and the compassion and the patience of Jesus Christ.

The mother is patient with her child, because she understands the child. God is patient with the sinner because He understands the

sinner. There is no poverty like the poverty of Hell. Has it ever struck you before? Have you ever thought of the request of the rich man? He asked Lazarus for a drop of water, so poor was he; but not even a drop of water could he procure. He suffered an intolerable thirst. And where do the sinners go, when this world is over? Who is to be their friend if religion is not their friend? Who is to excuse them if Jesus Christ does not excuse them? They have enemies all around them, liars and deceivers, and the prince of this world, the arch-liar, who is always slandering his brethren. To overcome him you need the sacraments, you need the wealth of the poverty of Jesus Christ at once so wealthy and so poor.

And those who join in this work, the third order, the Co-operators have also this spirit, and those who cannot for one reason or another take part in the work of the third order, still less the more glorious work of the priests and nuns, can by prayer and by almsdeeds help those who understand the needy and the poor: *In die mala liberabit eum Dominus*. The Lord will deliver him in the evil day.

There is one day that is always an evil one for the sinner, and that is the day of death. It is a blessed day for those who live well, yet for all it is a day of terrible risk, and anyone who reads the Church's prayers for the dying, can realise how intensely she clings to the dying man, and reminds God that although he has sinned he has ever believed in Him—Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The Church reminds Jesus Christ of all the dying man has cost. What is to deliver him then, when this world is of no avail; husband and wife, friend and physician have done their best. There is one man who can be of avail then, and that man was born in a manger and died on the cross, the abandoned of all the abandoned. And then is He the most true and loyal in the day we need Him most, and to those especially, who during their journey through life, have always remembered the needy and poor. Blessed are such when they lie down to die. Blessed are they who have understood the needy and the poor. Our Lord will be near the pillow, though unseen, and near Him His Virgin Mother interceding, and when the dying man has passed away from this world of shadows to the world of realities, he may indeed have some time to spend in that merciful expiation by fire; but even there he will have many, many consolations in spite of intense pain, and when the night of suffering is over and the day of immortality dawns, the treasure is the possession by the needy and the poor, and those who have helped the needy and the poor, of that home, where

no robber can pursue, and no thief can break through or steal.

In the evening, the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial spoke on the honour due to the Mother of God. As none of the beautiful devotions of the Catholic Faith are more openly and persistently assailed by those outside the pale of the Church, the preacher very aptly explained the Catholic teaching from historical, doctrinal and logical standpoints, which were convincing enough for any open mind, and well calculated to call forth from us a more worthy correspondence with our belief.

A procession and solemn Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament gave a parting touch to a memorable anniversary.

The Institute at Rome.

The last Sunday of May ushered in a new quarter of a century to the Salesian Church and Institute of the Sacred Heart in the eternal city. This Institute holds high rank among the Houses of the Society. The fact of its being in Rome, its connexion with the doings of our holy Founder there, the many tokens of sympathy and benevolence bestowed upon it by succeeding Pontiffs, the extensive influence it wields among the youth of that busy quarter have made it well-known even in Rome with all its wealth of deeply interesting places, and innumerable associations of Catholic activity.

The story of the erection of the Church need not be repeated here. Like the sanctuary at Turin, a much frequented School of Arts and Trades and Festive Oratory are linked together with it. The little idlers of Rome caught Don Bosco's eye at his first visit, and the work he had begun in Turin evidently suited the case before him. But as yet he had no footing there. It was not until he had been called upon by His Holiness Leo XIII. to assist him in the building of the monumental Church in honour of the Sacred Heart, that the idea began to look like realisation. The School in fact followed close upon, and it is commemorating its twenty-fifth anniversary by an exhibition of work, and by a mass gathering of old pupils.

The archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart which is described on the inside page of the *Bulletin* from time to time, is canonically erected at this Church of Castro Pretorio, and special functions will accompany this year's commemoration; but it is too early yet for this issue to chronicle them.

Malta.

The Co-operators in Malta have no doubt

followed with some interest the correspondence in the *Daily Malta Chronicle* concerning the Salesian Institute and another school doing good work in the same direction. We are not in a position to give any opinion on the suggestions introduced, which seem to have been prompted by a desire for the general welfare. But an appreciation of the work being done in the House, which only saw its inaugural ceremony about this time last year, will be welcome to all, especially as it comes from one who is evidently in a position to know. The writer of the article says among other things:—

I had the opportunity, some time ago, of visiting the newly founded Salesian Institute, St. Patrick's House at Sliema.

Through the courtesy of the affable director, the Very Reverend Father P. O'Grady, I had the pleasure of seeing the boys at work. I was agreeably surprised to observe the admirable order that prevailed, the perfect discipline maintained, blended, as one could see by the deportment of the boys, with affection for their master and more especially for their amiable Director.

The boys were all bending over their work and it was gratifying to see the earnestness with which they followed their occupation.

We are used to see boys in tradesmen's shops handing tools to their master, going on errands, sweeping the premises and generally either performing mere menial work, or idling and playing in the neighbouring streets; of the trade only learning what can be picked up by an occasional glance at the work of their master. Not so in the Salesian Institute. There each boy has his own work to perform and complete—work adapted to his age and ability. Thus in the shoemaker's shop each boy is a true shoemaker. Each sits on his own low stool with the last between his knees, hammering and wielding his bradawl and waxed twine. Each produces a complete article, a shoe, a sandal, or, if he is only a beginner, a part thereof.

The Master Shoemaker, a professed brother of the order, sitting in the middle of his youthful apprentices, gives his instructions, directs the work of the boys and corrects errors.

The same is the routine observed in the tailor's

and in the carpenter's shops.

These are the only three departments at present working in the establishment. Gardening and music are occupations followed by boys who are at the same time learning a trade. It is to be hoped that, when it will be possible to admit a greater number of boys, other shops will be instituted, such as a Tinsmith's, a Blacksmith's shop, etc.

But what is most striking in the boys of St. Patrick's House is the look of contentment, happiness and good health that is visible in every face; the good deportment of the boys, even when not under restraint and when unconscious of being watched; the easy way in which they wear their Sunday clothes, and their gentlemanly bearing which makes one fancy



Cookbinding Department of the Salesian Oratory, Rome.

himself in a college of the better classes of the community where parents pay high fees for the bringing up of their children. Equally remarkable is their cheerful obedience and their love for their masters. I was fortunate enough to be conducted round by the Reverend Director, and I was much pleased to observe the smile of welcome given by the boys to Father O'Grady as they rose to their feet to greet the Father Superior; and the affectionate bearing of the Reverend Father towards his youthful wards.

That happiness prevails in St. Patrick's no one who has ever been there can possibly doubt. And the boys have good reason to be happy. Father O'Grady spares no pains to keep them contented. He misses no opportunity of affording them amusement, and of giving frequent relief to the monotony of their work and study. He organizes games, sports and other pastimes,

amusing, but at the same time, instructive. He joins the boys at play, comes in touch with them as a companion, and so dispels from their minds the idea that the Director is only the taskmaster, the general castigatour, the man to be only feared. During carnival, pantomimes and farces in Maltese were performed on an improvised stage, constructed by utilizing the dining tables, of the refectory. These were alternated by a distribution of prizes of toys, etc., to each of the boys present. To this entertainment the Director had invited all the boys of the Parish. About 300 attended, and it was refreshing to see the delight that shone on their cheerful faces, their roars of laughter at the most comic passages of the comedies, their excitement in the play-ground when sweets were tossed for them to collect. Thus 300 boys, not inmates of the Institute, passed two of the three days of carnival in innocent amusement, and away from dangers physical and moral, but on the other hand not depressed by ascetic meditation and abstruse sermons unsuitable to the season as well as to the age of the congregation.

I need scarcely advert to the amount of good that this institution is doing in Malta. Suffice it to say in less than a year, a number of boys who formerly ran about the streets idle and shabby, perhaps walking in the path leading to vice and corruption, are now little workmen, producing what very soon it will be possible to exchange for pounds, shillings and pence in aid of the Institution, so making it possible that the number of gratuitously admitted boys be increased.

I understand that the Government only pays at the rate of one shilling a day per boy introduced; and that besides the boys maintained on this modest allowance a number of other boys are gratuitously admitted by the Director. I need scarcely say that it is surprising that the establishment can be kept going on such a small contribution; especially considering that there are now only 15 boys on account of which the allowance is drawn, that 10 other boys have been gratuitously admitted, and that no appreciable sale of work has as yet taken place. Yet I understand that any further number would be gladly received on the Government allowance, and that in such case other boys would be gratuitously admitted, perhaps in the same proportions. Nor do I think that any deficiency in the necessary funds is supplied by voluntary contributions. I am almost certain that the fact that gifts of tools, money etc., etc., would be gratefully accepted is not known in Malta; otherwise I am sure, such gifts would certainly be forthcoming.

That Father O'Grady is generously assisted in organising the sports and amusements afforded to the boys has been publicly acknowledged by himself on each occasion on which such assistance has enabled him to carry out his wishes; and the benevolent helper was the very person who first suggested the foundation of the Salesian Institute, contributed a considerable sum towards the building, and gave the large extent of land on which the house has been erected at a nominal annual consideration. Mr. Alfonso Maria Galea, is the originator of St. Patrick's House, and since its establishment this useful institution has never lacked his help and that of his equally benevolent consort Mrs. Galea.

On Christmas and New Year's day, during carnival, on St. Martin's day and on other festivities, Father O'Grady, thanks to the help of Mr. Galea, has never lacked the means of providing good fare, good cheer and amusement to the boys. On Father O'Grady's birthday, on his return from the frequent trips to the Continent and to England which his office obliges him often to undertake, the boys, through the help of Mr. Galea, are always afforded the means of organising an adequate festive reception to their beloved director. On these occasions not only Mr. Galea's purse is put in requisition, but his literary talents are no less enlisted. If a speech of congratulation, or a welcome sonnet is required in English in Italian or in Maltese, Mr. Galea is approached and the desired composition is soon compiled and taught to the boy selected to recite it with the proper emphasis and gesture.

But Mr. Galea suffers from one distemper—Modesty! That on the occasion of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897 he was the donor of £ 1000 and a tract of land at Sliema for the foundation of this Institute, was only publicly known through the laudable indiscretion of persons unavoidably admitted into the secret. When thankful Father O'Grady publicly recognized his generosity in offering prizes and otherwise making possible the organisation of an entertainment, and when the grateful boys propose a cheer for their benefactor, this is a signal for the rapid flight of that modest gentleman and for his absconding for the rest of the evening. God bless Mr. and Mrs. Galea! May all the rich be as charitable, generous and benevolent as this exemplary couple.





DEVOTION
TO OUR LADY
Help of Christians

We are persuaded, that no aid but that of Heaven can avail us in the sorrowful vicissitudes of our day, and that especially through the intercession of Her who in every age has proved Herself the Help of Christians.
Pius PP. X.

The Characteristic of the Sanctuary.

When Don Bosco had brought his labours to an end, and the Sanctuary had been opened, he wrote a brief hand-book descriptive of the work of erection and of the building itself. He called it *The wonders of the great mother of God invoked under the name of Help of Christians*, and on the frontispiece he wrote *Aedificavit sibi domum: She hath built herself a house*; and these few words express the special mark which attaches to this Sanctuary. —it was the work of Our Lady Help of Christians.

Don Bosco then says: "We have completed the erection of this church at very great cost, but without having once appealed for alms of any sort. It is hardly credible, but so it is: about a sixth part of the expense was covered by the free offerings of devout persons, the remainder was paid by thank-offerings for favours received."

"We may say that every corner, and even every brick of this edifice speaks to us of some favour obtained from the August Queen of Heaven." It must be remarked here, that the now far famed picture of Our Lady Help of Christians, which is the special feature of the Sanctuary, only existed in the mind of the servant of God at the time these words were written. Other extraordinary things must first be recorded.

It was the 16th of November 1866. That evening Don Bosco had to pay £ 160 for the completion of the cupola which surmounts the main structure of the church. The prefect of the Oratory (now the Superior General of the Congregation) went out in the morning with a few others to find the money. Their efforts resulted in the acquirement of just one fourth of the sum needed, and they had exhausted the sources of supply. They stood in Don Bosco's room, looking at each other; a sad muteness had fallen upon them. Don Bosco retained his usual composure, and with a few words of encouragement, he soon afterwards, went out to find the remainder of the money not knowing, of course, where to turn for it. He had traversed many parts of the city without any success, when the approach of a stranger brought him to a stand-still. It was a man with a countenance expressive at once of sadness and somewhat suppressed anxiety.

"Pardon me," he said, "you are the Director of the Oratory I believe."

"You are right, my dear sir, can I assist you?"

"Thank heaven," answered the stranger, "God himself must have led me to you. Would you come with me to see my master? he has great need of you."

"Let us go at once, in the name of God," said Don Bosco.

Speaking of his master as they went along, the servant remarked:

"He is very charitable, he may help you in your work."

"It will be most welcome," Don Bosco rejoined.

A few minutes after they were in a grand house; a gentleman lay immovable on his bed of death, who at the first sight of the priest, exclaimed:

"Oh Don Bosco, I am in sore need of your prayers."

"How long have you been in this condition?"

"Three years," three long years, and the doctors have given up hope. I would do anything for you, if I obtained some relief from these pains."

"Ah, sir, there could be no better time for it; I want three thousand francs immediately."

"Well then, obtain for me some little relief, and I will think about getting them for you."

"Oh, but I want them this very evening."

This evening! and where can you get them? I should have to get up and go to the National Bank.

"Oh, very well. By the power of God, and the intercession of our Lady Help of Christians, you can get up, and go and get whatever you like."

"Go out this evening? Impossible, dear Don Bosco, I've not left this place for three years."

"Impossible? yes, to us, but not to God. Let us put it to the test."

Don Bosco then called the household into the room to the number of about thirty persons, and all recited some prayers to the Blessed Sacrament and to Our Lady Help of Christians. He then rose, told the servants to bring out their master's clothes, which had lain by for so long, and proposed to the sick man, that he should get ready to go to the bank. The bystanders, more moved than wonderstruck, stood by watching the proceedings.

At that moment the doctor entered, and when he took in the situation railed against the imprudence, and tried to persuade the sick man to desist. But the gentleman, replying that he was his own master, desired to follow Don Bosco's advice. Some wished to help him, but the priest forbade it, and in a short time the man was dressed and walking about in his room. His carriage was sent for, but

before going out, he asked for some refreshments. These were brought and partaken of with a good appetite, a thing unknown to him for so long. He then descended the steps alone and entered his carriage, went to the bank, brought back the three thousand francs and gave them to Don Bosco with every mark of gratitude. The latter exhorted him to return thanks to Our Lord, and Mary Help of Christians, to whom alone the cure could be ascribed. When Don Bosco reached the Oratory, the persons were waiting to receive the money due; it was paid down, to the great surprise of the superiors standing around.

One other fact.

A certain Commendatore, Baron Cotta, one of the most prominent citizens of Turin, was almost at death's door when Don Bosco went to see him. The sick man was quite reconciled to the doctors' decision, that there was no room for hope, and turning to his visitor said;

"Just a few minutes yet, and I must go into eternity."

"Oh no," replied Don Bosco; "Our Blessed Lady has something for you to do yet. I want you to help me in building my church."

"I would do so willingly, but now the end is almost here, there is no prospect of recovery."

"And what if Our Lady were to obtain your cure?"

At these words a ray of hope lit up the sick man's countenance and he answered:

"If I recover, I will give two thousand francs a month, for six months, towards the building of your church."

"Very well then, I will return to the Oratory, and have so many prayers said, that I feel confident Our Lady Help of Christians will obtain your cure."

Three days afterwards, Don Bosco was sitting in his room, when a visitor was announced. It was the Commendatore, Baron Cotta, come to fulfil his promise.

GRACES and FAVOURS

Dromcolihier (IRELAND). A short time ago I was in great pecuniary difficulties, and had recourse to Our Lady Help of Christians to free me from them. I had promised public-

ation in the *Salesian Bulletin*. Since then I have received help in a wonderful manner, and hasten to fulfil my promise. An offering for a mass in thanksgiving is enclosed.

ANON.

May, 1905.

St. Lambert (CANADA). I send you a small offering for the works of Don Bosco in thanksgiving for signal favours obtained through the intercession of Mary Help of Christians, and in fulfilment of a promise made.

M. M.

March, 1905.

Chicago (U. S. OF AMERICA). I hand you herewith a draft for seven dollars and eighty cents as an offering in thanksgiving for a favour obtained through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians and St. Anthony.

J. S. F.

April 26th, 1905.

Chicago (U. S. OF AMERICA). Please have two Masses offered in thanksgiving to Our Lady Help of Christians for a favour received.

A Client of Mary.

April 16th, 1905.

Ocala (U. S. OF AMERICA). I wish to return thanks for a favour received through the intercession of Mary Help of Christians.

L. de R.

April 4th, 1905.

Co. Monaghan (IRELAND). In the pages of the *Bulletin* I wish to offer my heartfelt thanks to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament through Our Lady Help of Christians for a most wonderful recovery to health of my daughter. I enclose a donation for Masses and Shrine.

Her Father.

May 2nd, 1905.

County Galway (IRELAND). I had promised an offering to Mary Help of Christians for the recovery of my daughter from illness. My request having been granted I enclose the donation.

J. F.

May 23rd, 1905.

Chicago (U. S. OF AMERICA). Enclosed you will find an offering which I send with a heart full of gratitude to Mary Help of Christians for favours bestowed upon a person very dear to me.

R. W. R.

May 18th, 1905.

THE STORY OF THE ORATORY

OR

DON BOSCO'S OPENING APOSTOLATE

CHAPTER LIII.

(Continued).

The chief of our opponents were Cavaliere Stefano Gatti one of the principal officials in the Ministry of Public Instruction, already well known to my readers, and Commendatore Selmi, a chemist from Modena, lately named Inspector of Studies for the Province of Turin, where he had been brought by Carlo Luigi Farini, Dictator of Modena, and afterwards Minister of the Interior for the king.

This time our adversaries did not put forward the pretext of politics, but of the legality of the teaching given in our schools. In their plan of campaign they reasoned thus:—Don Bosco, in order to keep his schools open employs professors who have no legal diploma: it would be impossible for him to provide and pay certificated teachers, because his Institute is supported by alms and the Scholastic year has already begun; therefore let us require him to provide these professors and then we shall succeed in making him close his schools.

These men, having the power in their hands, began at once to execute their plan. The Royal Inspector required of Don Bosco that he should produce the Certificates of his teachers. He sent in a list of their Christian and surnames; in regard to Certificates he said they were taking the means to obtain them, as for several years they had been attending classes of Italian literature, of Greek and Latin at the Royal University of Turin. At the same time he remarked that being charity schools for the benefit of poor boys they had been praised and encouraged by the scholastic authorities, by the Royal Inspectors and by the Minister of Public Instruction himself, leaving full liberty of teaching to the Masters without requiring certificates; he also quoted a letter from the Minister Giovanni Lanza, dated April 20th 1857, which said—*this Ministry desires to promote in every possible way the increase and development of these Schools.*—Having alleged these motives, Don Bosco begged the Inspector to approve of his teaching staff, at all events until they had passed the examinations for which they were preparing. But Signor Selmi would not listen to reason, petitions found him inflexible and those who wished

to act as mediators were repulsed with contempt. He insisted that Don Bosco should either provide at once certificated teachers, or close his schools.

Being in such a difficult position, Don Bosco tried to obtain an audience of the Minister of Public Instruction, Michele Amari, but he was unsuccessful; he sent in a similar petition dated November 11th and obtained no reply; then he spoke to Gatti who, with fictitious courtesy, suggested that he should at once present his Masters' for the examination as to their capacity for teaching. He answered thus because he thought that our teachers were very far from being ready to undergo an immediate and most difficult examination; but when he found that they were quite ready and anxious to be put to the test, he racked his brains to discover pretext why they should not be admitted, as we shall see later on.

Don Bosco was now certain that the Minister was determined at all costs to close our schools; so, full of confidence in God and knowing that the Inspector had the power to certify teachers provisionally, at least for that year, he decided to apply once more to him.—“Let us try to avert this deadly blow for one year,” said Don Bosco; “afterwards time and our needs will teach us a method of escape.”—Instead of writing or making use of an intermediary, he now made his application in person to Selmi. This was in the month of December 1862. After spending many hours in the antechamber, Don Bosco was at last ushered into his presence. By careful enquiries and from a person who had a share in this business, I learnt the particulars which enable me to give the substance of the conversation.

Ostentatiously seated in an arm-chair the Inspector ordered the poor priest to stand in front of him and then began thus;

—“So I have the honour to see before me a famous Jesuit, evn the head of the Jesuits” (1).

After this preamble he went in speaking for a long time against priests, religious, the Pope, Don Bosco, his schools and his books, and he spoke with so much bitterness and made use of such expressions that he would have exhausted the patience of Job. Don Bosco, remembering, no doubt, the words of Jesus Christ exhorting his followers to rejoice in bearing insults for His sake, received this torrent of invective with a tranquil mind and a smile on his lips. This dignified attitude of Don Bosco, so different to his own, affeted Selmi's nerves, and staring at him with eyes like live coals, he said angrily:

—“How is this? You see me angry, yet you laugh!”

(1) By this name he signified that Don Bosco was an enemy of modern institutions.

—“Sir,” replied Don Bosco, “I am not laughing through contempt, but because you are speaking of what does not concern me.”

—“Indeed! And are you then not Don Bosco?”

—“Yes, I am.”

—“Are you not the Director of the Schools of Valdocco?”

—“Certainly I am.”

—“Are you not Don Bosco, the famous Jesuit and Jesuitizer?”

—“I do not understand.”

—“But have you lost your senses?”

—I leave Your Honour to decide that matter. If I chose to make use of similar epithets I should have sufficient cause; but my position as a good citizen; the respect due to authority, and the necessity of providing for several hundreds of poor orphans keep me silent and unconcerned and I only beg of you to be so good as to hear me.”

These words, exhaling the perfume of an admirable patience and charity, had the effect of calming the disturbed mind of the Inspector, and better sentiments prevailing, he said:

—“What then are these schools of yours for which you ask favours?”

—“They contain a number of poor children gathered together from all parts of Italy and from other countries, some of whom apply themselves to study, others learn a trade so that one day they may be able to earn their living honestly.”

—“Have you many of them?”

—“Including externs, more than a thousand.”

—“What! more than a thousand! And who pays you for keeping so many boys?”

(To be continued).



The prayers of our Co-operators are earnestly requested for the repose of the souls of the following lately deceased.

Sister M. J. Regis (Macklin), Convent of Mercy, Galway, Ireland.

Miss Breen, Curraclloe, Wexford, Ireland.

Miss Norris, Kilmoganny, Kilkenny, Ireland.

Mrs. Mary Anne Brady, Lisgray, Cavan, Ireland.

PERMISSU SUPERIORUM

Gerent, GIUSEPPE GAMBINO—Salesian Press, Turin, 1905

Via Cottolengo, 32.

(b) The devotions performed by the little boys of the Oratory in their own private Chapel, including also the Mass at which they daily assist;

(c) All the Services, Novenas, Feasts and Solemnities whatsoever, that are celebrated in the aforesaid church;

(d) The prayers and good works performed by the Salesians themselves and by their protégés in their Homes, Colleges, Hospices, Oratories, Missions, etc., in Italy, in France, in Spain, in England, in Austria, in Switzerland, in America, in Asia, in Africa,—in a word, wherever they are established or may be called by Divine Providence.

4. Participation in the holy Masses will commence on the day after the alms have come to hand; all the other spiritual advantages are enjoyed from the moment of inscription.

5. The contributor, we repeat, of one shilling given once for all, is entitled to put his intentions in all the six Masses and all the other pious works, for his own advantage or for that of his friends, living or dead, and to change the intention in every circumstance according to his particular wants or desires.

6. Inscriptions may also be made in favour of departed friends, of children, and of any class whatsoever of persons, even without their knowledge or consent.

7. Persons desiring to participate more abundantly in these spiritual advantages may do so by repeating the alms of one shilling, thereby multiplying the inscriptions as often as they please.

8. The offerings thus collected are destined for the maintenance of the boys of the Hospice or Oratory founded by Don Bosco on the grounds annexed to the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Salesians are in duty bound to fulfil all the obligations of the Charitable Association as above described.

9. The names of subscribers will be entered on the Registers of the Association and preserved in the Temple of the Sacred Heart, in Rome, for perpetual remembrance.

10. There are two centres for enrolment, one in Rome the other in Turin. Address: The Rev. Rector, Ospizio del Sacro Cuore di Gesù, Via Porta S. Lorenzo, 42. Rome; or, The V. Rev. Michael Rua, Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy.

APPROBATION.

Pium Opus adprobamus, eidemque largissimam fidelium opem ominamur,
Ex Aed. Vic., die 27 Junii 1888.

L. M. PAROCCHI, Card. Vic.

We approve the "Charitable Association" and we wish it the greatest concourse of the faithful.

Given at Rome, etc.

THE PAPAL BLESSING.

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

1. Given from the Vatican, June 30th, 1888.

ANGELO RINALDI, Chaplain, Sec.

SALESIAN SCHOOLS

SURREY HOUSE, SURREY LANE

BATTERSEA, LONDON, S. W.



DIRECTED AND TAUGHT BY THE SALESIAN FATHERS.

The principal object of this School (which is distinct from the Orphanage) is to provide a classical education at a moderate charge for those boys who desire to study for the priesthood. The course is arranged to meet the requirements of the College of Preceptors and the London University Examinations. Boys who have no vocation for the Ecclesiastical state are prepared for any other career that they may wish to follow. The House is surrounded by a large garden and playground, and is situated in a most healthy locality, a few minutes' walk from the Park.

For particulars apply to the Superior, the Very Rev. Father Macey, Salesian Schools, Surrey Lane, Battersea, London S. W.

The Salesian Fathers have opened a school for boys at their House at Farnborough, Hants. A course similar to that at the above school is given. For particulars apply to:

The Rev. E. Marsh

Salesian Institute

Queens Rd, Farnborough, Hants.

A preparatory school for little boys has been opened by the Nuns of Mary Help of Christians, in a delightful situation at Chertsey on Thames. Communications to be addressed:

The Rev. Mother

Eastworth House, Eastworth St.

Chertsey, Surrey