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MESSIS QUIDEM MULTA
OPERARII AUTEM PAUCI

Salesian Bulletin

OCTOBER
and
NOVEMBER, 1900.

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DA MIHI ANIMAS.



D. BOSCO

CÆTERA TOLLE

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

CONSTITUTION AND GOVERNMENT of the Association.

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

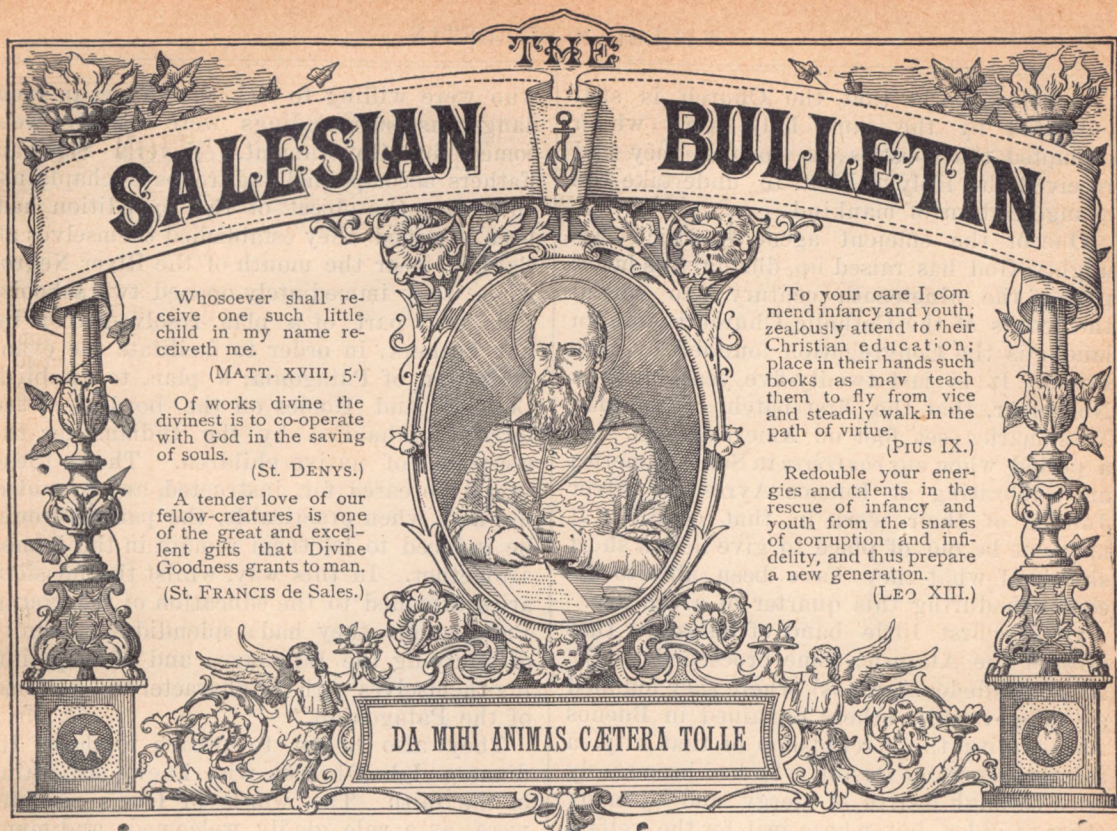
The names of the Associates who have passed to eternity during the year, shall also be forwarded to the Members of the Association, in order that they may be remembered in the prayers of all their brethren.

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

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

RELIGIOUS PRACTICES.

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



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

(MATT. XVIII, 5.)

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

(St. DENYS.)

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

(St. FRANCIS de Sales.)

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

(PIUS IX.)

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

(LEO XIII.)

DA MIHI ANIMAS CÆTERA TOLLE

Vol. III. — Nos. 96-97. *October-November, 1900.*

Registered for transmission abroad.

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

THE SILVER JUBILEE OF THE SALESIAN MISSIONS.

A GLANCE AT THE WORK DONE IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

I.

FROM the time when our Divine Lord commissioned the Apostles and their successors, bidding them go and preach the Gospel to all nations, missionary activity has been a striking characteristic of the Catholic Church. One cannot open the pages of ecclesiastical history at any epoch of the Christian era without discovering thereupon abundant proof of that activity, coupled with zeal on the part of the Church to fulfil the injunction which Christ laid upon her. For nearly two thousand years the Church is the only institution that has withstood bravely the shocks from without, and kept its head

reared above the tumult and the strife. Every nation, society and other organization that saw its birth have crumbled and disappeared. The Church alone stands, and what a glorious institution it is! The great Roman empire went down in utter collapse; her only survivor was the Catholic Church. Like the empire, it spread throughout the known world. Each succeeding age, since the time of the Apostles, witnessed God's ministers pushing farther and farther the conquests of the cross and carrying, moreover, the light of the faith into heathen lands. When heresy and schism arose to cripple the energies of the Church in the old world, a special providence opened up, for their apostolic zeal, a new field which the Catholic Columbus had shortly before discovered; and in our own days the distant East, the Dark Continent, Australasia and many other places furnish the Catholic missionary with opportunities, which he gladly embraces, of show-

ing to the world that the Church is still animated by the same holy spirit which prompted the apostles, as soon as they had received the Holy Ghost, to undertake the evangelization of mankind.

One of the efficient agencies which Almighty God has raised up, during this latter part of the nineteenth century, to spread the truths of the Catholic Church in foreign lands, is the Congregation founded by Don Bosco. It is just twenty-five years ago, in November, that the first batch of Salesian Missionaries set foot on American soil. At a period when our *confrères* in South America are celebrating at Buenos Ayres the Silver Jubilee of their work in that country, it may not be out of place to give here a short sketch of what they have been able to accomplish during this quarter of a century.

Of the first little band of Salesians that crossed the Atlantic, some proceeded to St. Nicholas (de los Arroyos), where they founded a College; while others remained in Buenos Ayres, with the Archbishop of that city, a saintly, venerable Pastor, who had been sorely tried through dearth of clergy, and by many other troubles, but whose zeal for the welfare of his flock and of Holy Church, had never flagged under the most harrowing circumstances. It was he who, shortly afterwards, proposed to Don Bosco the opening of homes and missions in the midst of the savages of the Pampas and of Patagonia.—This vast region has since become the Apostolic field of the Salesian Congregation.

Up to this epoch every advance of Christianity was resisted by the Patagonians;—savages of more than ordinary size, jealous and distrustful to an extraordinary degree, and for the most part as cruel and ferocious as they are ignorant and brutalized. The missionaries who formerly ventured amongst them, were all cruelly done to death, and, in many instances, devoured by their murderers.

The Patagonians had just then been giving great trouble to the Government. The River Negro was the border-land of civilization, but these savages, active, daring, and by nature horse-stealers, had been in the habit of breaking across the line and invading the Pampas. The results of these raids had been the disappearance of large herds, and, oftentimes, women and children were carried off and reduced to slavery.

The loss of life had been so great and the daring of the Indians so threatening, that the Argentine Government had to fit out an expedition against them in 1876. Missionaries

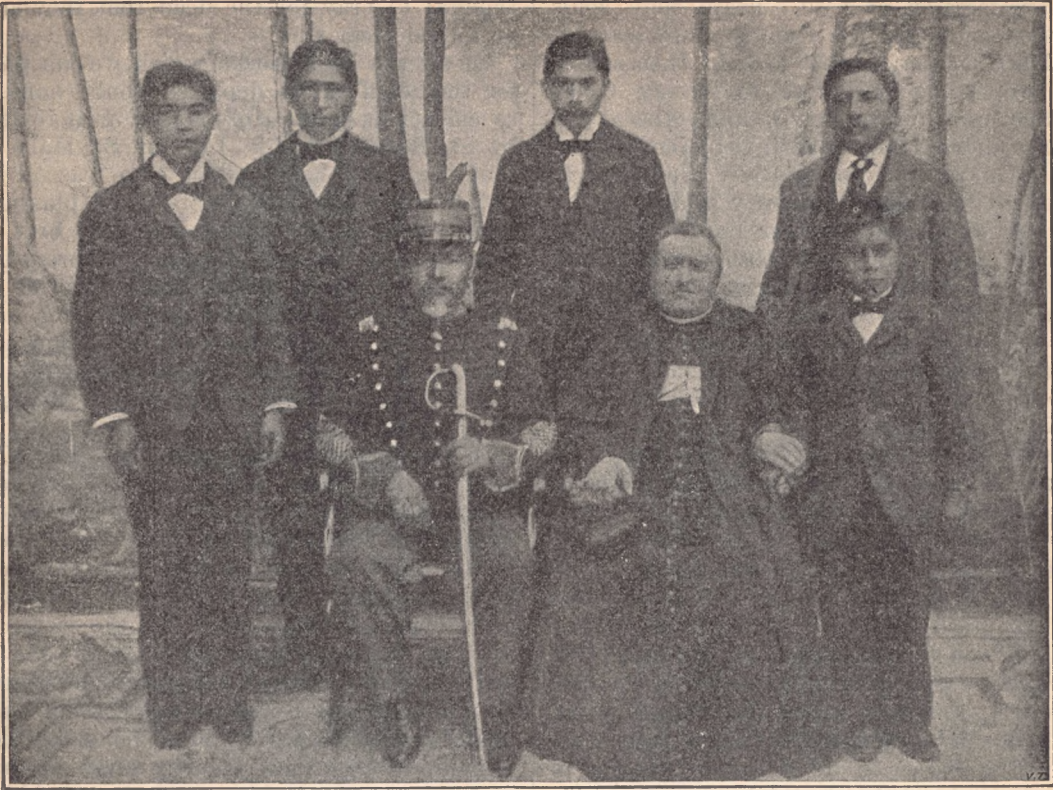
who were willing to risk themselves in such dangerous surroundings were readily welcomed by Government. Several Salesian Fathers accompanied the troops as chaplains, and when the object of the expedition had been attained, they established themselves at Carmen, near the mouth of the River Negro, where they immediately opened two schools. This was part of a plan resolved upon by our Fathers, in order to facilitate the evangelization of Patagonia; a plan, to establish Colleges and Homes on the borders of the territory inhabited by the Indians, for the reception of native children. There, these would be cared for, instructed, and provided for; and, when practicable, the parents would be induced to let them remain in the homes altogether. In this way, whilst the missionaries attended to the education of the young Patagonians, they had a splendid opportunity of studying the language, and of acquainting themselves with the character and customs, of the Patagonian.

They also began to preach to those Indians and half-breeds who knew something of the faith. The words of God's minister were, as a rule, gladly welcomed, and many hundreds of adults and children were baptized during the period the Fathers confined themselves to this sort of work.

Having learned the language and the customs of the country, two of the missionaries, Father Costamagna (now a Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic of Mendez in Ecuador), and Father Rabagliati, set out in 1878 to penetrate into the wilds of Patagonia. They travelled by sea part of the way, but they met with such a terrible tempest that the expedition had to be abandoned for that year. The ship became a mere floating raft, and only at the end of a fortnight, during which time they had been almost continually at the mercy of wind and rain, did they effect a landing at the very port from which they had started.

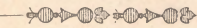
The missionaries, however, were not to be baffled. They set out again the following year,—this time by land,—and after several weeks riding found themselves in the very stronghold of barbarism. God alone knows what they had to suffer, fed only on rotten horse-meat, when fed at all; but wherever they went they were welcomed, and 500 baptisms at the end of the expedition recorded its success.

This country has been a fertile field ever since; and, at the present moment, numbers eighteen fixed missionary residences, and fifty temporary ones; twenty-three Churches and Chapels; twenty Colleges and Schools; two



Bishop Cagliero with his Converts, the famous Cacique Namuncura and Family.

Hospitals and five Infant Schools. Besides, regular missionary service has been established all along the Andes; on the banks of the Rivers Negro, Colorado, and Chubut; and along the Atlantic coast; whilst upwards of twenty thousand heathens have been instructed in the truths of our holy Religion and regenerated in the saving waters of Baptism. In 1883, the Holy See created Patagonia a Vicariate-Apostolic, and Father Cagliero, one of Don Bosco's first disciples, was consecrated Bishop, and appointed Vicar of the new ecclesiastical province. At the present day, there are seventy Salesian priests, fifty lay-brothers and a hundred and twenty Sisters of Mary Help of Christians, assisting his Lordship in his arduous work.



ALL SOULS.

THE Catholic Church, which in its most extended sense is the union of all the faithful under one Head, Jesus Christ, is composed of three mighty armies. These are the Angels and Saints already triumphant

in Heaven, the suffering souls in Purgatory, and the faithful who are still fighting the battles of the Lord on earth. All these are united by their common membership in the Mystical Body of Christ, and the mutual services they are able to render to each other. Though in reality they form but one body, they are often spoken of as the Church Triumphant, the Church Suffering and the Church Militant.

Yesterday, being All Saints, we celebrated the glorious victories of the members of the Church Triumphant, implored their intercession and animated ourselves by their bright example. To-day we are exhorted to come ourselves to the succour of the members of the Church Suffering, and to assist them in their great need by our prayers, our alms, our penances and good works.

But who are they who call us to their aid, and by what titles do they claim our help? They are the faithful servants of God who, having departed this life in venial sin or without having satisfied the Divine Justice for grievous sin of which the guilt has been remitted, are now passing through a state of purgation to fit them for the eternal vision

and possession of God. These holy souls having completed the time of their earthly trial are no longer able to help themselves, but we, being still free to satisfy God's Justice both for ourselves and others, are able to shorten their sufferings by our prayers and good works. To this we are strongly urged by that mutual charity which is the distinguishing mark of our Lord's disciples, and by that tender compassion with which we should regard the sufferings of our fellow members in Jesus Christ. But most of all are we called upon to come to the assistance of our deceased parents, relations, friends and benefactors, who in the midst of their grievous sufferings cry out to us in the words of holy Job: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me."

In order to encourage us to pray for the souls in purgatory, the Church has set apart one day in the year, November 2, as a special day of intercession for the departed. Pious Catholics are accustomed to continue this work of charity during the rest of the month, which is sometimes called the "Month of the Holy Souls," but there is never any time when the claims of our departed brethren to our charitable help should be forgotten. To pray for the dead has ever been a favourite devotion of the Church of God, and was practised even by the Jewish people before the coming of our Blessed Lord, as we learn from the following incident which is related in the second book of Machabees.

When the valiant captain Judas Machabeus was fighting against the General, of King Antiochus, he suffered an unexpected reverse and lost several of his men in battle in a manner which he could not account for. In the end, however, he gained the victory and, on returning to the field in order to carry off the bodies of the slain, he discovered hidden beneath their garments certain idolatrous offerings, which these unhappy men had stolen from the temple of Jamnia during the recent sacking of the city. Judas at once perceived that God had permitted them to fall by the swords of the enemy in punishment for their sin. Trusting, however, that their untimely death had been accepted in atonement for their crime, and that they were not condemned to eternal torments, he made a collection among his soldiers, and sent 12,000 drachmas of silver to Jerusalem in order to have sacrifices offered for the sins of the departed. "It is, therefore," the Scripture adds, "a holy and wholesome

thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from sin."

Of all the good works which we can offer for the relief of the departed souls, none is so efficacious as the Holy Mass. It is related by St. Bernard in his *Life of St. Malachy* that the latter had a sister who was given to a worldly life and was fond of pleasure, vanity and dress. Often had her brother reproved her for her folly, and exhorted her to think seriously of her soul, but all in vain. At length she died, and for some days St. Malachy said Mass for her every morning until after a time the distractions caused by his important duties banished the thought of her from his mind.

A month had already gone by, when Malachy in his sleep heard a voice saying: "Behold your sister is waiting in great sorrow within the churchyard and has been there thirty days without spiritual refreshment." Upon awaking, the Archbishop pondered within himself what could be the meaning of these words, and calling to mind that for the last thirty days he had given up praying for his sister, he began to say Mass for her again and continued to do so for some time without interruption. Shortly after he had recommended her in his prayers, he beheld her in his sleep clothed in black garments and standing at the church door, but unable to obtain admission. A few days later he saw her in half mourning within the doors, but not permitted to approach the Altar. Finally, after many Masses and other fervent prayers, he beheld her clad in a robe of spotless white, and in the midst of a glorious company who filled the Sanctuary and were habited like herself. Thereupon he gave thanks to God, knowing that the Holy Sacrifice had been accepted on her behalf, and that her soul had found relief. — Gibson's *Lives of the Saints*.

CHINA AS SEEN BY LAZARIST MISSIONARIES.



THE R. P. Hue, in his "Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China,"—a very old book which was, for many years, the most trustworthy guide to countries hardly known to Europeans sixty years ago; and a book of intense interest at the present day when the allied armies are marching in China,—

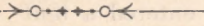
says that there has been an instinct prompting religious peoples to make pilgrimages, ever since the world began. The Jews went up to Jerusalem, from all parts, several times a year. Pious pagans, in a remote antiquity, journeyed to Egypt, for initiation into the mysteries of Osiris. The Palmers in the Middle Ages set their faces towards the Holy Land. The Greek-Orthodox Christians to-day, have kissed away the stones,—grooved, and hollowed, them,—at the Holy-Places in Jerusalem. The French Lazarist Fathers, Huc and Gabet, constantly met great caravans, they say, “during our travels in Asia, all of them profoundly impelled by sincere religious feeling. It is to be noted,” Father Huc goes on, “that pilgrimages have become less frequent in Europe, in direct ratio to the diminution of faith... Where ‘faith is strong, earnest, and unquestioned,’ pilgrimages are made constantly and with enthusiasm.” He thinks that the reason is this that “intensity of child-like faith creates an exceptionally deep conviction that man is but a stranger on earth,—a wayfarer. This conviction naturally shows itself in a disposition towards pious pilgrimages.” Father Huc points out that processions have been introduced into the liturgy, by the Church, in memory of the pilgrimages of the olden time, and likewise to remind Christians that this life is but the journey that takes us to Eternity.

Many of Father Huc's descriptions of Chinese Tartary are very amusing. He admired the politeness of the people. Not even the brigands, of whom there were many, fell short in courtesy. No rude cry of “Your money or your life,” with a pistol at the traveller's temple, is the Chinese formula, but a polite salutation; and then, perhaps, “Venerable elder brother, I am on foot. Kindly lend me your horse;” or, “I have no money; pray lend me your purse;” or, “It is really chilly to-day; please lend me your coat.” If the “venerated elder” pleasantly complies, the brigand says, “Thank you;” and there the matter ends; but if the “elder” resists, then the effect of a bludgeon is tried. If that be not convincing, the brigand sees what a sabre will do in the way of argument! Another instance of the innate politeness of the race is given by Father Huc. The Chinese-Tartars are in the habit of raising, in many parts of the country, a sort of cairn to the “spirit of the mountain.” On top of the rough pyramid of stones, dry tree-branches are set; and, upon these, strips of cloth and bones, bearing verses in the languages of

Thibet and Mongolia, are hung. In a granite urn at the foot of the cairn, the pious burn incense. They offer also coins. The next-comer, after genuflecting ceremoniously and repeatedly, collects the money, and puts it in his pocket. But he never steals from the “spirit” without performing the customary obeisances.

The missionary Fathers were quick to adopt the peculiar observances of the Tartars. They never entered a tent with a cane in their hands, though the watchdogs seriously threatened the integrity of their legs;—for, entering with a walking-stick is interpreted locally as meaning: “You are all dogs here!” They were careful to sit just in the place that custom assigns to strangers; namely, on the right of the head of the family. When seated, they would, as usage prescribed, draw out a snuff-bottle and exchange pinches, in approved fashion, with those present,—conversing at the same time after a set pattern: “Does peace prevail?” “Have you travelled without molestation?” “Are pastures rich?” “How are your flocks?” “Are there many foals?” The same questions are also asked of the visitors. Answers are most gravely given on both sides. The hostess then silently extends a hand. The guest draws his wooden bowl from his breast-pocket and gives it to her. She fills it with tea and milk, and hands it back again. In the tents of the prosperous, a tray on short legs may be placed before the guests, with little boxes of polished wood upon it. These boxes contain cheese, oatmeal, grated millet, and butter,—delicacies which are meant to be mixed with the tea. Hosts, able and willing to treat a guest “in a style of perfect magnificence,” will give the honoured stranger a bottle of Mongol wine, warmed in the embers. This wine is made of fermented skim-milk, passed through a rude distiller. The taste and smell of it are very sickly; and it was a sore trial to the courtesy of the missionaries to drink it; but their politeness was equal to that of the tent-dwellers, whom they loved. When “delicacies” were too repulsive to swallow, the Fathers were so ingenious as to make it appear that they could not bear to deprive their entertainers of such dainty morsels. When, as a mark of high consideration, a sheep's tail was divided between Father Gabet and Father Huc,—who had a loathing for mutton-fat,—they cut the six or eight pounds of white grease into small pieces, and insisted upon the whole company's sharing the treat, “as it was a

great feast-day." Having got rid of the loathsome mass, which had to be eaten without bread or salt, and *in the hands*, (for Chinese-Tartars use neither chop-sticks, knives, forks, nor plates!) the Fathers helped themselves to slices of leg-of-mutton, their entertainers, showing infinite reluctance at depriving the guests of any morsel of the greatest of treats, a fat sheep's tail!



THE SALESIANS IN CAPE TOWN.

HIDDEN away in a rambling building fronting Buitenkant-street, the Salesian Fathers are doing, modestly but well, a work of infinite service. The scheme is, broadly, to capture a boy waif, take him from the streets and the paths that lead to prison gates, teach him a craft, strengthen him morally and physically, and after a few years turn him again into the world, excellently fitted to fill a useful niche. It is not quite four years since the good Fathers in charge of the Institute opened its doors and admitted two boys; now they have in their charge just fifty lads of ages from ten to fifteen, and very soon the Town Council is to be asked to grant a piece of land adjoining, because the training home is full, and more elbowroom is needed. By invitation of Father Barni, head of the Institute, a number of members of Parliament, Town Councillors, and other public men visited the place on Saturday morning [August 18,] and were both surprised and pleased to see such a hive of industry in its working hours. Boys were type-setting, printing, bookbinding, tailoring, joinering, and doing all manner of skilful things, well and thoroughly. The wonder was how a lot of lads could have acquired the knack of these trades in so short a time, and with very little help beforehand in the way of education or manual training. Father Barni, the chief, showed the visitors over the Institute. The visitors included: Brigadier-General Brabant, M. L. A., Major Tamplin, M. L. A., the Hon. A. Wilmot, M. L. C., Colonel Schermbrucker, M. L. A., Mr. A. Bailey, M. L. A., the Right Rev. Dr. Rooney, the Rev. A. P. Bender, Rev. J. Moran (St. Mary's), Professor MacOwan, Mr. T. J. O'Reilly, Mr. E. H. von Witt, Mr. E. Storm (Argentina Consul), Signor Bateza (Italian

Consul), Mr. Tracey, and others. The Hon. T. L. Graham sent an excuse for non-attendance, owing to pressure of public business. After the guests had inspected the buildings and workshops, refreshments were served whilst the Institute band played some capital music.

During this portion of the proceedings, General Brabant took the opportunity of congratulating all concerned in the work of the Institute. He went on to say that its members were helping to solve, in a practical manner, what was a great problem in this country, by putting weapons to fight the battle of life into the hands of the lads under their care, who, without their help, might develop into the pests of society. He would like to see many more institutions doing similar work in different parts of the country. (Applause.) He did not think it mattered an atom to what denomination the work belonged. They felt that in such undertakings there should be nothing but a healthy emulation, and he hoped that the example set by the Salesian Institute would be followed by other denominations. Everything which he had seen showed that those responsible for the management of the institute set about their task in a thoroughly practical manner. He was glad to hear that there was hardly an instance of a boy having to be sent away for bad conduct, a circumstance which justified the belief that these boys would give very little trouble hereafter. The funds of the Colony could not, in his opinion, be better applied than in helping an institution of that kind, because they could not have a truer or better economy than that which provided for the useful training of the young. There would be very few prisons and asylums required if all the boys were as well taught as those in that institute appeared to be. Speaking for himself, and he thought he might also do so for his brother members, he felt that it would be the object of Parliament to do everything possible to help that and similar institutions. (Applause.)

Major Tamplin also bore testimony to the public importance of the work of the institute, remarking that he did not know what those boys would be doing had they not fallen into such good hands. By availing themselves of the privilege of becoming proficient carpenters, bookbinders and bootmakers, the boys were doing something of very great importance—they were equipping themselves to be afterwards able to promote the welfare of

their country and become good and prosperous citizens.

The Hon. A. Wilmot said the Salesians had already expended on the undertaking over £7,000. Under an Act of Parliament the Government paid a small annual grant of £12 for each boy. The institute had now reached its limit—fifty boys—but they hoped to see it very much enlarged, and were negotiating for a lease of a piece of ground elsewhere, with the object of erecting more extensive premises. He expressed the hope that the Town Council, to which the ground belonged, would grant it them at a small rental, because in doing so they would be benefiting not only Cape Town, but South Africa generally.

Mr. O'Reilly paid a tribute to Bishop Leonard, to whom they were indebted for the institute, and to Father Barni, the Superior. There were, he explained, certain difficulties with reference to the leasing of the ground applied for, but he was sanguine that when the Council knew the excellent work done by the institute, those difficulties would be overcome, for the Municipality of Cape Town was the most intelligent body to be found in any part of the Colony.

Before the gathering dispersed cheers were given for General Brabant, Major Tamplin, and Father Barni. — *The Cape Times*.

It has been the ardent desire of our *frères* in South America to have our venerable Superior-General, Don Rua, among them to preside at the festivities to be held at Buenos Ayres, in November and December next, to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of the Salesian Missions. Don Rua, in a letter lately addressed to Bishop Cagliero, Vicar-Apostolic, says that he deeply regrets he is unable to accept the kind invitation extended to him; that he will be with them in spirit on that auspicious occasion; and promises to send a representative in the person of Father Paul Albera, General Spiritual Director of the Salesian Congregation. Father Albera, accompanied by his secretary, Father Gusmano, embarked at Genoa on the 9th of August last for Buenos Ayres. A telegram announcing their safe arrival has been since received. Don Rua's representative will preside at the Second International Salesian Congress, which will be held in the capital of the Argentine Republic, on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of November. Afterwards, Father Albera will make a visitation of all the Salesian Houses in South America.



COLUMBIA.

AT THE LEPER VILLAGE OF CONTRATACION.

(Continuation).

Life in the Leper Village.— Some Painful Facts.

BUT to return to the Lazaretto of Contratacion. It will be my endeavour to give you some idea of the unfortunate inmates of that awful place; of their means of existence; and of the laws and customs which prevail there.

The population of Contratacion is about 2,000, of whom more than half are lepers. As many as 950 enjoy a Government subsidy of three *reali* each, daily, in paper money, a sum equivalent to a franc and a half. Owing to the high price of food, and everything else, this quota is hardly sufficient to live upon. It is distributed on a certain day of each week, and this day is kept as a half-holiday by the lepers. But there are weeks when nothing arrives; either because the Government have exhausted the funds in the treasury, or because wretched weather and heavy falls of rain render this out-of-the-way place inaccessible to the Government agent. In such an emergency, the poorest members of the leper community, who have no funds to fall back upon, find themselves in dire straits. And if they do not want to starve, they are obliged to borrow money, and this can be done only at a high interest. This means, of course, paying for goods at the rate of twice and even three times their ordinary value. It sometimes happens that the subsidy is delayed a fortnight, or even a month; and, consequently, the poor leper who has been a borrowing, is under the necessity of parting with his scanty allowance as soon as ever it turns up, in order to satisfy, and perhaps only in part, his greedy creditors. To eke out an existence during the period that intervenes between then and next pay-day, he has no other way out of the difficulty but to resort again to the

money-lenders. And so he goes on, until he finds it impossible to extricate himself from the meshes of these inhuman men, who can be so heartless and cruel as to enrich themselves at the expense of these poor, suffering creatures. God help the unfortunate lepers who have fallen into the power of those human vampires! The most shameful deeds have been committed in Contratacion on account of the vile system of usury prevailing there. But I am convinced that this state of things will soon cease.

A Local, Friendly Bank to cope with Usury and Hunger.

A short time ago, I brought to the notice of Monsignor Blanco, the Bishop of Socorro, in whose Diocese Contratacion lies, a project to establish a small bank in the Leper Village for the sole purpose of lending money, without interest, to those lepers who are unable to provide for themselves when the Government allowance is belated. His Lordship, at once, placed a thousand *scudi* (dollars) in my hands to begin with. But about eight thousand *scudi* are required for the scheme to work well. I am applying to the charitable people of Bogota, Pamplona, Bucaramanga, and other towns for the rest; and I feel confident of obtaining it. With this capital we will be enabled to release from the toils of a demoralising usury many unfortunates; enable them and the other poor inhabitants here to enjoy the full benefit of their small allowance; and prevent hunger from entering this place to add to the sufferings of the most afflicted portion of the human race. Before leaving here, I hope to have the satisfaction of seeing the bank opened.

The Laws, Authorities, and Climate of Contratacion.

With regard to the laws, they are the same as those prevailing elsewhere in Columbia. No particular laws are in vogue. There is one, it is true, forbidding the lepers to leave the Village, and making all who infringe the order liable to imprisonment; but this same law remains a dead letter. During the revolutionary outbreak in the Republic in 1895, two thirds of the lepers overran the towns and country in search of food and alms, because the Government suspended the subsidy allowed to the Leper Village. Only those of the poor creatures remained who were unable to get about.

The Village authorities are all lepers.

They consist of a prefect, a mayor, a magistrate, watchmen, etc. The only exceptions are the parish priest, schoolmaster, and the schoolmistress: the two former being Salesian Fathers, the latter, a Nun of Our Lady Help of Christians. Other Salesian Fathers and Nuns are occupied in the Lazaretto, but they cannot be properly called authorities.

The climate is characteristic for its exceptional dampness. It rains very frequently here,—almost every night; but, strange to say, hardly ever during the day. Situated in a valley, or rather in an immense hollow, and hemmed in on all sides by high mountains (which serve to carry large quantities of water into the neighbourhood of the Village), Contratacion, besides being an unhealthy spot, is far from being an ideal place for a leper colony.

The damp occasions the lepers increased suffering; a hot, dry climate is indispensable for them. In this latter respect, Agua de Dios, the other Leper Village where the Salesians are stationed, leaves nothing to be desired. Another drawback here is the soil, which yields very little, being, for the most part, rocky and barren. Fortunate, indeed, is the leper who possesses a plot of arable land, and is strong enough to attend to its cultivation. What little land was available for this purpose is now in the hands of those who were the first to appear on the scene. Later arrivals found nothing but rocks to choose from. Only the well-to-do could hope to acquire any good land by paying handsomely for it. But as a rule, the lepers blessed with a good share of this world's goods, remain at their own homes, and the authorities are unable to send them to the Lazarettos for many reasons; principally, however, for want of room.

A Beneficial Transformation.

I am consoled to find that a good, sound moral and religious atmosphere pervades the Leper Village. But it was not always thus. There was a time when awful doings happened within the precincts of Contratacion, daily. Thank God things have changed entirely in the course of a few years! It is no exaggeration to say that the place is no longer recognizable: it has undergone such a beneficial transformation. Drunkenness used to be the order of the day once. On a previous visit here, I asked many of the lepers addicted to drink, why it was they indulged to excess, "Well, you see, Father," some said, "we suffer so much; and by getting drunk

we forget our pain and misery for a few hours very day." Others blamed their weak stomachs,—their constitution had become so enfeebled from want of nourishing food, that a very small quantity of any spirituous drink sufficed to make them intoxicated. Truly the poor creatures were to be pitied. But with drunkenness as an ordinary element in their every-day life, you can imagine the disorders that followed. I am told that three or four years ago, it was impossible to maintain the least semblance of order among the population. The authorities who tried to enforce the law, were derided, abused, and even set upon, in many cases, for their pains. Disturbances, fighting, stabbing, and other things which it is better to pass over in silence, were of daily occurrence in the Leper Village.

To-day, the place is no longer recognizable; it has, I repeat, undergone such a beneficial transformation. It is true that disorders have not entirely disappeared; I am afraid it will be impossible to eliminate the bad leaven altogether; but the state of things is far better than was ever expected. As a proof of this, I may say that I have not yet seen anyone in Contratacion the worse for drink since I came here a fortnight ago.

In the course of a conversation between the Mayor of Contratacion and myself recently, that gentleman gave utterance to the following words: "Father, three years ago, I was taxed to the utmost, day and night, to keep order in the village. Contentions of every kind were rife. What a contrast the aspect of the community then and now presents! I can assure you that the days and the weeks now go by without hardly the least unpleasantness occurring. Disputes and brawls are things of the past, — should anything unpleasant arise, the Fathers settle matters with a few words. How true it is that religious influence is the only effective means of governing people, and making them peaceful and happy!" And from what I could see religion had worked wonders in Contratacion.

Wanted: A Doctor—The Financial Condition of affairs in the Lazaretto.

A much needed personage here is a doctor. On my last visit to this place, the doctor was then suffering a great deal, but he still managed to get about, and attend to the more serious cases in the hospital. He too was a leper. His death occurred a few

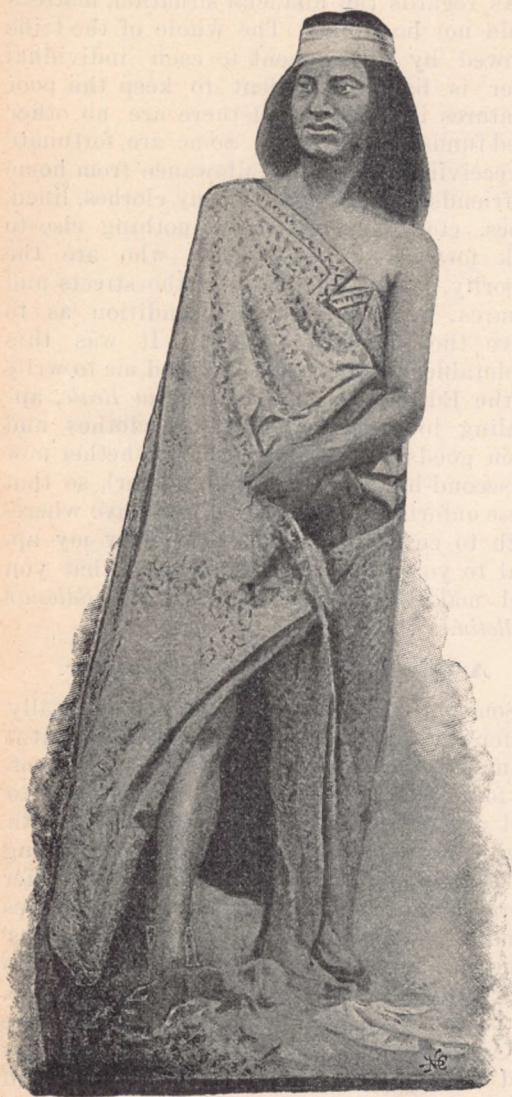
months ago, and ever since then it has been impossible to engage another doctor, notwithstanding the offer of a very liberal salary. What a peculiar state of things: a lazaretto with upwards of two thousand inmates, and half of them sick, yet no doctor to attend to them!

As regards the financial situation, matters could not be worse. The whole of the trifle allowed by Government to each individual leper is barely sufficient to keep the poor creatures in food. And there are no other fixed funds to draw from. Some are fortunate in receiving, besides, an allowance from home or friends, and this goes to buy clothes, linen, shoes, etc. The rest have nothing else to look forward to; and these, who are the majority, are to be seen in the streets and squares, in such a squalid condition as to move the beholder to pity. It was this deplorable spectacle that induced me to write to the Editor of the Turin *Italia Reale*, appealing to public charity for clothes and linen goods of any description (whether new or second-hand, it did not matter), so that these unfortunate creatures might have wherewith to cover their limbs. I renew my appeal to you, dear Father, hoping that you will make it known through the *Salesian Bulletin*.

A Question and an Answer.

Someone might ask, do the lepers really suffer very much? So much, indeed, that it is impossible to give a description thereof. To form a just idea it would be necessary to find oneself in their place, and covered with their festering sores. At Contratacion, owing to the great dampness and cold, the lepers suffer more than usual; and their malady progresses almost perceptibly. After a few months' residence in this neighbourhood, many of the poor creatures are no longer recognizable. It is quite the reverse at the Leper Village of Agua de Dios, where the climate is dry and mild. Once leprosy has fastened itself on a poor creature, the whole organism of the victim soon becomes tainted, chiefly the breast and extremities of the body. The faces of many lepers assume a hideous and frightful appearance. In some, the face is covered with excrescences of a livid hue; in others, the nose is eaten away,—two holes alone marking the spot;—whilst the ears have grown to a monstrous size. In others, again, the countenance has become so long and disfigured as to resemble that of an elephant. The sight and hearing are invariably defec-

tive; and cases of complete blindness and deafness, as a result of the malady, are not unfrequently met with. The vocal organs, likewise, undergo a change. Very few of the lepers can speak freely and clearly: in some, the voice is entirely gone; in others, it is so weak that it is hardly audible; and



A Tehuelches Indian of Patagonia.

those who are able to speak do so with a hoarse, gasping voice, which is painful to listen to. Another of their ills is a dry, hacking cough. Then there are the feet, which, as a rule, become huge and unshapely. It would not be an exaggeration to compare them to an elephant's feet. They are, besides, so heavy that it costs the lepers great fatigue to walk about. Or, perhaps, the mal-

ady may take another turn, and instead of unwieldy feet, those members are eaten away and stumps only remain. Not many of the lepers in an advanced stage of the disease have the use of their hands,—if the fingers are not entirely consumed, they are so mutilated as to be quite useless. It is no uncommon sight to see adults of this class being fed like babes only a few months old.

Owing to the chilly climate the lepers will not venture to bathe, an indispensable operation, which they should go through daily, and several times daily. Hence, it follows, that the stench their bodies exhale is unbearable even to themselves. Imagine what it must be when three or four hundred of them are gathered together in Church. I assure you it requires great nerve and no little strength of will to enter the sacred edifice then, and breathe that tainted atmosphere.

EVASIUS RABAGLIATI.

(To be continued.)

SOUTHERN PATAGONIA

The following letter from the pen of Father Borgatello, a Salesian Missionary, labouring in Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, appears in the current number of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. In this account the good priest takes us from the chief seat of the Mission to the encampments in the interior; and acquaints us with the physical and moral miseries of savages in the most abandoned districts of the New World, whom the indefatigable devotion of apostolic labourers is succeeding in converting into children of the one, true Church:—

Punta Arenas, March 25th, 1900.

Incidents of the Journey — Discourteous Reception—Among Brethren.

IHAVE just returned from the apostolic round of visits which we usually make at the beginning of each year through southern Patagonia.

On January 18th, I left Punta Arenas with my colleague, Father Mosso, and several assistants; our small cavalcade numbered, in all, sixteen horses. The first night we spent at Paso dello Struzzo, with Mr. Jules Cor-

donnier. As there was no room in the house, we slept in the tent which we carry along with us. The proximity of a hundred domestic animals—oxen, cows and calves—kept us awake the whole night with their incessant noises. In the morning we celebrat-

One evening, about nightfall, after most wretched experience, we arrived, half dead from hunger and fatigue, at the *hacienda* of a rich North American, who usually receives us with the most cordial hospitality. But, for what reason I cannot tell, we were met on this occasion with icy coldness. The first words of greeting took us to account for arriving so late.

"The cook," in an angry tone, "has gone to bed; the fires are out; an there is nothing to eat."

"Oh!" I answered, trying to make the best of the situation, "we can go to bed without supper; for once, the experience will not kill us. Only let us have a corner to sleep in, and in the name of charity give us a little water; we are nearly dead

from thirst."

We received no answer. The people on the farm continued their idle conversation without giving us a thought. Two full hours passed in this way; finally, as sleep began to overpower them, they arose to go to bed and then deigned to notice our presence giving us permission to take a little rest on two mattresses spread on the ground.

ed Mass, at which the whole family were present, baptized the children, and continued our journey.

Arrived at Cabeza de la Mar, we coasted along the Strait of Magellan, stopping at Oazy harbour, where we celebrated the holy offices for Sunday.

The following Tuesday we lost our way, and for a long time travelled about, ignorant of our whereabouts. Providence led us to a *ranchito*, where two Christians profited by our presence by receiving the sacrament of matrimony. Thanks to their directions, we recovered our road.

One of the obstacles along our way was a desert region absolutely without a sign of a path. Before attempting to cross, we procured the service of an excellent guide, a young Indian, Michael Carminati by name, who had been a pupil in our College at Punta Arenas for some time. The Tehuelches Indians are experienced hunters, so, in their society, there is never a lack of game. Our guide gave us a proof of his skill by killing two *guanacos*, which proved a welcome addition to our meagre larder.



Salesian Missions: Group of Fuegians.



Salesian Missions: Group of Fuegians.

We planned to leave these inhospitable quarters the next morning at the earliest possible hour; but a strong wind arose that blew a hurricane for the greater part of the day, abating only about four o'clock in the afternoon. Despite the late hour, we saddled

our horses without a minute's loss of time, and at nightfall arrived at Gallegos, where we received the most cordial and brotherly welcome from Father Bernabé, the superior of the mission.

The three days spent there were three days of positive happiness. What changes a few years have wrought! Formerly, there was no place of rest in this locality. Now, the missionaries have a comfortable home, connected with a large college, and a fine church built of wood and iron. Later on, the meteorological observatory will be erected, for which the government is particularly anxious, and for which it intends to make an appropriation. The country is progressing in all directions; many new houses, large and beautiful stores, and two banks—the one home and the other English—have been erected; an immense *abattoir* has been built where a thousand lambs are slaughtered every day during the beautiful season of clipping, when the wool is stored. Among other improvements there are barracks accommodating 400 soldiers. The port is very lively, and gives evidence of considerable traffic. From all points of view Gallegos may be considered the rival of Punta Arenas.

We were obliged to cross the Gallegos river, much swollen by the heavy rains. A wagon loaded with wool and drawn by four oxen was swept down with the current before our eyes. This accident made us circumspect; so, instead of fording the river as we had intended to do, we concluded to cross by boat.

No incident marked our subsequent halts. About forty miles northeast of *Serra de los Viscachos*, the government has granted the Tehuelches Indians a reservation of 50,000 square miles. Before their right to this tract, the unfortunate natives, to whom all the ground belonged by right of first occupancy, were in every instance driven from the pasture lands where they lived with their flocks. As European immigration increases, they will be forced farther and farther into the interior until they reach the Cordilleras; new arrivals will take possession of the best land. If the poor Indians could only be assured of the possession of the territory officially granted!... I noticed that planters have encroached upon their reservation; they have taken possession of a certain tract, enclosed it with an iron fence, and are beginning to build a frame house. Who will assert the Indians' right?

The Faults and Good Qualities of the Poor Indians—It is Stronger than I am.

Nearly all the Indians are Christians; we spent several days among them, completing their religious instruction and baptizing their children. It is good to be among these children of nature—courteous, cheerful and good-hearted.

Unfortunately, they have one vice; sometimes they drink to excess, when they are roused to so terrible a state that the women hide all weapons so as to avoid bloody scenes. Infamous dealers do not hesitate to speculate in giving a few bottles of poisoned brandy in exchange for furs and skins of great value. To my knowledge, the cacique, Mulatto, is the only Indian who abstains from all fermented drink. The others sacrifice more or less to this vile passion. One of them said to me:

"I know that alcohol is doing me harm, is ruining my health, is killing me. I know that my state of drunkenness is made use of to deprive me of all that I own. But it is stronger than I am. I can not keep from drinking the *fire-water* whenever I am able to get it."

Not long since, an Indian committed suicide in a fit of delirium brought on by drinking. Running about like a madman, he uttered the most horrible yells, crying that *Hualiche* (the devil) had taken possession of him. Having gotten hold of a knife, he cut his throat to escape the persecutions of his invisible enemy. His parents, pagan like himself, buried him on the spot where he had killed himself.

Burial Among the Indians— Interesting Details—Drunkenness —A Gilded Medal.

In connection with this case, permit me to mention some details of the superstitious rites practised on such an occasion.

The deceased owned three horses and several mares. The best of these animals was sacrificed on the grave and covered with a woollen cloth which was fastened by long nails driven into the ground. Some distance away, the second horse was killed, and a little farther on, the third; both were likewise covered with a cloth. About three hundred yards distant, the mares met the same fate.

The reason for these practices is:

The Indians imagine that death is a long journey to a mysterious country, to reach

which several animals are required. For persons of note, a horse is also sacrificed on the eighth day after death, a second on the thirtieth day, a third at the end of six months, and a fourth and last on the first anniversary.

All objects of value belonging to the deceased are buried with him; others are burned together with his clothes and weapons. The survivors inherit nothing whatever.

The spot where a death occurs, either accidentally or otherwise, is looked upon as haunted by *Hualiche*, the devil, and is abandoned once for all times, the encampments being removed to some distance.

Every precaution is taken not to walk on a grave; the belief that the dead body suffers thereby is so firmly rooted in the mind that even Christians find difficulty in dispelling it. Invited one day, by a good woman, to bless her husband's grave, I inadvertently stepped on the edge. My attention was at once called to the fact by a cry of grief from the widow: "*Ay! Padre! no pisas allí! (Oh! Father! do not step there!)*".

One evening we arrived at an encampment of Indians, most of whose inhabitants were drunk. The night was far advanced, and much against our will we were obliged to halt. We pitched our tent, and after a light supper tried to sleep. But who could close an eye amid a host of shrieks, songs, vociferations, bursts of laughter, and the deafening noise of musical instruments? One would have believed the end of the world at hand.

Toward midnight, I heard two girls crying outside our tent and calling me by name. I recognized them as Louise and Anne whom I had baptized the year before, and asked them the cause of their sorrow.

"Father," Anne replied, "wicked men are trying to beat mamma."

"But why does not your brother, who is twenty years old, defend his mother?"

"He is drunk."

"And your brother Michael?"

"He is still in his senses; but he says that it is all the same to him."

Alas! I could not interfere. I encouraged the children as best I could, but they went away crying. They had scarcely left when an Indian, horribly drunk, staggered into my tent and beat me cruelly. I tried to quiet him by good counsel, but he would listen to nothing.

"Do you know who I am?" he growled between hiccoughs. "I am I am am"

He never came to any conclusion of being anybody and challenged me to fight.

"Come, stand up against me."

Two slaps in the face and a lively thrust would have rid me of his presence; but then how would the affair have ended? Mildness is always better than violence. I argued to the best of my ability and he finally decided to leave.

At daybreak, I started to walk through the village; most of the men were in a deep sleep; others, still drunk, were staggering about. One of these accosted me:

"I wish to go into your house," said.

"But I have no house here; I have only a simple traveller's tent and there is nothing in it."

He clung to his idea, nevertheless, and repeated it like a child.

"Yes, I wish to go into your house; invite me to see your house."

For the sake of peace, I let him accompany me. He had scarcely entered my tent when he said:

"Now, what are you going to give me?"

"Nothing at all."

"What! You invite me to your house and do not intend to give me anything?"

"I told you that I have nothing."

"That is not true; you must have something. Give me something."

I offered him some biscuit and cheese which he pushed aside in disgust.

"No, no! brandy! give me brandy."

"I have none; I assure you that what I say is true. In the first place, I do not like it; and besides, do not forget that it is a most pernicious poison."

At these words, my interlocutor commenced to get angry and to cry out louder and louder: "I want brandy!" A crowd began to collect, and I was beginning to be in a critical situation, when the idea occurred to me to offer him a gilded medal. The effect was magical. At the sight of the brilliant metal, my violent friend became as meek as a lamb; dumb with astonishment and joy, he turned it over and over again in his hand, thinking it surely to be a piece of gold; finally, he suddenly took to flight.

We were hardly rid of his disagreeable presence, when we hurriedly lifted our tent, saddled our horses and left a place that might have been fatal to us.

Thanks be to God! the other encampments which we passed were not inhabited by drunkards like that one. I do not mean to say that we enjoyed ease and comforts. Dogs

abound and with them vermin that passes easily from beast to man. Moreover, to partake of Indian hospitality requires strong digestive organs. These poor people are simply filthy in their habits. The raw meat to be served for our dinner was dragged over the ground through all kinds of debris, feathers, bones gnawed by dogs, etc.

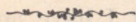
It is time that I close this too lengthy letter. I should never end were I to tell all the incidents of this apostolic journey which lasted 63 days, and during which we covered more than 2,000 miles. Thanks be to God! the trials of this mission have not been borne in vain; the spiritual fruit which we gathered along the way amply rewarded us for the minor daily tribulations of which your readers have some notion from the foregoing pages.



THE STORY OF THE ORATORY

OR

DON BOSCO'S OPENING APOSTOLATE.



CAPTER XXXVI.

Poisoned Chestnuts and Poisoned Wine.—Unfair Proceedings on the part of the police.—A Friend's Good Offices.—A Shower of Blows.



THE abusive men of whom I treated in the last chapter, quitted Don Bosco's room with an angry, "You'll hear from us again!" These words, together with the scarcely concealed threats dropped during the preceding conversation, were the clue to a long series of attempts against Don Bosco's life. These attempts were so many, so violent, and so cunningly prepared, that it could but be by the help of Providence,—indeed it was nothing short of miraculous—that Don Bosco each time escaped. These matters, touching so closely the founder of our Oratory, are intimately linked with our history. For this reason, I will set down some of the principle incidents, which rest on the testimony of several of our boys who saw them, or who received faithful accounts from others who were eye-witnesses.

One evening after supper, when Don Bosco was as usual teaching in the night school, two rather ill-looking men came to ask him to

hear the confession of a dying man, who lay in a place, not far off, called, *il Cuor d'oro*. He handed over his class to some one else, and, ever eager in the service of souls, prepared to set out. As he was leaving, however, seeing that the hour was growing late, he thought he would take with him some of the bigger boys; and he called a few of them.

"There is no need to bring any one with you" said the two strangers. "We will accompany you, there and back. Besides, the sick man might not like them to be there."

"Don't be uneasy," said Don Bosco. "My boys will like the walk; and they will remain outside the sick-room."

The two men were silent, though evidently displeased; and they made no further objection.

When they reached their destination, the men said: "Stay in this room, a moment. We will tell the sick man that you are here."

The boys remained outside. Don Bosco entered a ground-floor room, where half a dozen merry-makers, amid the ruins of a splendid supper, were eating, (or pretending to eat,) chestnuts. These men addressed Don Bosco, seemingly with the greatest respect, and praised him to the skies.

"Be so kind, Reverend Sir, as to take some of our chestnuts," said one of them offering him the dish.

"I don't care to eat anything more," he answered. "It's not long since I had supper."

"Well, at all events, you will have a glass of wine. It is good, as you'll see. It comes from near Asti."

"Thank you, no. I am not accustomed to drink wine, except at meals. If I took it, it would do me harm."

"Oh no! a small glass of sound wine could never hurt your Reverence. It would surely do you good. Wine is a good stomachic. In any case, you will take it, just to please us!"

So saying, the man poured out the wine from a bottle that was on the table, but he was careful, not to place a glass for each. He went away for another glass and separate bottle for Don Bosco. No doubt these men had planned to make him drink poison. Without giving any sign of suspecting their designs, Don Bosco took in his hand the foaming glass, and wished the wretched fellows "Good health." Instead however, of carrying the sparkling Asti to his lips, he replaced the glass on the table, saying that he would not drink.

"You won't vex us in this way!" said one.

"We won't be insulted thus!" cried another.

"The wine is excellent, you shall drink our healths in it," they all shouted.

"Just now, I told you I was not inclined to take wine. Let me add that I neither can, nor will take it," Don Bosco answered.

"Nevertheless, you'll have to drink it, whatever happens!" roared the knaves, with one voice.

Then suiting the action to the word, one of them caught the poor priest by the left shoulder, and another by the right, saying: "We can't stand this insult! If you won't drink it in friendliness, we'll make you swallow it by force."

Don Bosco was, as it were, between hammer and anvil. The position was certainly critical. To put out his strength against them would have been neither easy, nor prudent; and he resolved to try what cunning might do for him. "If you are set upon my drinking that wine," he said, "give me my freedom; for if you hold my shoulders and arms, my hand will shake, and I shall spill the wine."

"He's right," cried the men, and they let go.

Don Bosco, seeing his chance, made a long step backwards, and so got near the door,—which fortunately, was not locked. He opened it, and called to the youths who had come with him, to enter. They stepped across the threshold; and the sight of Don Bosco, surrounded by four or five young fellows of 18 to 20, set a curb upon the men's violence. Their chief said rather lamely "Very well! If you won't drink it, wait a while. Let it alone and never mind!"

"But where is the dying man?" asked Don Bosco. "I ought, at least, to see him."

To hide the wicked attempt on his life, one of the ruffians led the priest to a room in the second storey. There instead of a sick man, Don Bosco found huddled together in a bed one of the messengers who had fetched him from the Oratory. Don Bosco put some questions to him, and this utter impostor, in spite of herculean efforts not to smile, burst out laughing when he said; "To-morrow I will go to confession." Thereupon, Don Bosco went away, thanking God in his heart for having, by means of his scholars, saved him out of the hands of the villains.

Having found out, in one way and another, what had passed, the next day, some of the boys made enquiries about the occurrence, and discovered that a person had given a capital supper to the vile confederates, on condition that they would make Don Bosco drink some

wine specially prepared for him. These men were therefore hired assassins.

The holy man never forgot that place; and, even in the last months of his life, when he went out for a walk with any of us, if he came to the spot, he would say: "That is the room where the wine and chestnuts were served!"

One August evening, about six o'clock, when Don Bosco was talking quietly with some of his boys, near the wooden gate of the Oratory courtyard, a cry arose: "Murder! Murder!"

There appeared upon the scene, at the moment, a man, named Andreis in shirt-sleeves, armed with a butcher's knife, rushing towards Don Bosco, and calling out: "Let me get at Don Bosco!"

At first, fear seized the boys, who fled in every direction,—some to the open field, close by; some into the courtyard of the house. Among those in flight was the clerical student, Felix Reviglio. He was the saving of Don Bosco, for the murderer mistook Felix for our Founder, and set off in pursuit. When Andreis saw his mistake, he turned back to the gate. In the short interval, Don Bosco had time to reach his room, locking the small iron gate at the foot of the stairs. Hardly was this done, when the assassin arrived. Finding it locked, he struck it; shook it; and threw himself against it, in the effort to open it;—but in vain. He stood guard there, for over three hours, like a tiger waiting for his prey. Andreis behaved like a madman; but he had reasons for feigning insanity.

Meanwhile, the boys shook off the first terror, which had caused them to scatter, and met together again. At the sight of the man who threatened the life of their father and benefactor they felt the blood boil in their veins. Led by the voice of their heart, and abandoning themselves to their youthful ardour, they caught up all sorts of weapons:—this one, a stick; that one, stones; another, a strap;—intending to attack the wretch, and finally to tear him to pieces. Don Bosco, however, feared that some of them might be hurt; and he forbade them to touch Andreis.

The whole house was in an uproar. Above all, good "Mamma Margaret" was terrified on her son's account, and on that of the boys. What was to be done? At once, and repeatedly, the police were sent for; but, sad to say, neither a constable, nor a carabineer, put in an appearance before half past nine at night. Then, and then only, came two

policemen, who handcuffed the malefactor, and took him to the lock-up,—liberating Don Bosco from a danger which did no credit to those then responsible for the public safety. As if such dilatoriness in the defence of a free citizen were not enough to provoke any thoughtful person, the very next day the police committed a still more glaring imprudence. A constable was sent to Don Bosco to ask whether he forgave Andreis' outrageous conduct. He replied, that, as a Christian and a priest, he forgave that, and other injuries, but as a citizen and the head of an Institute, he claimed that the authorities should take a little better care of his person and his house. Now, who will believe it possible? During that very day, the police released the culprit, who, in the evening, again stood near the Oratory, awaiting the moment when Don Bosco might leave the house in order to carry out his murderous design.

But who prompted this man to such villainy?

A friend of Don Bosco, and a signal benefactor of the Institute, the Commendatore Dupré, enables me to answer this question. Seeing that the police afforded no real protection, he took it upon himself to speak with this unfortunate man, who, day and night, kept the Institute in a state of acute terror.

"I am paid for this work," said the fellow, "and if any one will give me as much to stay away, I'll go."

On this understanding, he received eighty francs, a sum equal to that which had been promised him for his past hire. Thus ended a comedy which might have had a sanguinary and tragic termination.

I have, however, another attack to chronicle from which Don Bosco did not escape quite scatheless.

Not long after the incident I have just narrated, late one Sunday evening, Don Bosco was sent for to hear the confession of a person lying sick in Casa Sardi, close beside the Refuge. His recent adventure suggested the idea of an escort of two brave and strong young fellows. "Never mind bringing those boys," said the messenger. "Never fear: I'll go with you myself."

These words had an effect contrary to that intended, and they increased Don Bosco's suspicion. He called four, instead of two, young men,—Giacinto Arnaud and Giacomo Cerrutti, who were of the party, being so strong and muscular that, in case of need, they could have felled an ox. When they

reached the house, he left two at the foot of the stairs, taking with him, to the top, the two whose names I have given. Here, they stopped on the landing near the door of the room. Inside, a woman lay in bed, almost breathless. She was such a consummate actress that she seemed, indeed, on the point of expiring. Seeing her state Don Bosco begged the four persons surrounding her bed to withdraw, so that he might speak the more freely with her, and give her spiritual help.

"Before I go to confession," said the wretched creature in a powerful voice, "I wish that the ruffian over there should retract the calumnies that he has spread against me."

"No," cried one.

"Silence!" said another.

"Yes."

"Never!"

"Hold your tongue, wretch, or I will strangle you!"

These, and other, not delectable, remarks, mingled with oaths, rose like sounds of Babel in the fiendish place.

In the midst of the devilry, the light went out; the voices ceased; and blows were rained in Don Bosco's direction. He guessed at once the game at which they played. These people intended to break every bone in his body! In the tumult, he seized a chair and placed it over his head. Under this shield, he tried to gain the door. In the meantime, the villains were dealing mortal blows, which instead of falling on poor Don Bosco's head, struck the chair. The uproar brought up the two young men, who burst open the door with their shoulders, and Don Bosco flung himself between them,—happy to have brought his head and shoulders safe out of the fray. His left thumb was injured. During the tumult, he had held the back of the chair; and a blow fell on his hand. The knock though light in itself, carried away the nail, and half of the fleshy part of the joint. More than thirty years later Don Bosco bore the scar.

The suspicion is not without foundation that these, and other, attempts, were organised by the malice, and carried out by the money, of those who disliked *Catholic Reading*, and who wished to terrify, or to make an end of, the author.

After all, the Turin heretics were but followers of their fore-fathers, who, (not to mention many other murders) on the 9th of April, 1374, at Bricherasio, killed the Dominican, the Blessed Pavonio da Savigliano

under a barbarous shower of blows, because he preached against their false doctrine, and because he had received a great number of Vaudois into the Catholic Church.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A Dog intervenes—Don Bosco's Letter to the Waldensian Pastor, DeSanctis, with the Pastor's Answer.



WE may read, in the holy Bible, and in Ecclesiastical history, the extraordinary manner in which God makes use of animals for the benefit and protection of His servants. When His prophet was mocked by a troop of boys, two bears came out of the neighbouring forest to punish them. For seventy years, a raven fed the first hermit, St. Paul, in the Desert. When St. Anthony wished to bury "the Solitary," but had nothing wherewith to dig the grave, two lions ran on before him, and, with their paws, tore up the earth until there was a trench of the proper size; and then, blessed by the Saint, they went their way like meek lambs.

Likewise, in Don Bosco's time of greatest danger, Divine Providence was pleased to provide him with a most singular guardian, namely, a beautiful, large, grey dog, which was then, (and will be, for many a day) the theme of much talk and speculation. Many of the boys saw, touched, and caressed this dog, and knew much about him that is worth remembering.

I will set down here the account, given by several, and, among them, by Giuseppe Buzzetti, one of the earliest pupils of the Institute. I may add, that I questioned Don Bosco himself on several points, and he confirmed the account.

In size and shape, the dog was like a sheep-dog, or a mastiff of the kind used as a yard-dog. First of all I should say that no one,—not even Don Bosco,—ever knew whence he came, nor to whom he belonged. But, however mysterious was his origin, he was a good servant, *lent*, for some years to Don Bosco, and of incalculable value, as the Founder's Protector, to the Oratory.

Well knowing that there were dangerous characters near him, Don Bosco was careful never to be out late at night, if he could help it; but sometimes he was detained in the town, perhaps by a visit to a sick person; or perhaps by a discussion in a family, caught in the toils of heresy, but affording a hope

of a return to a better frame of mind under wiser counsels. In such cases, he never thought of self, but having done his duty, set forth at any hour, to come out to Valdocco. At the time, this suburb was thinly populated. The Madhouse was the last building in the direction of our Oratory. The rest of the way,—now covered with fine factories, and laid out in roads,—was then waste-land; uneven; dark; and overgrown with thorny acacias or other shrubs. It afforded, therefore, a good shelter for rogues and vagabonds. The place was dangerous for all, but specially for Don Bosco, who was the target for the malice of the enemies of religion.

Late one evening, he was coming home alone, not without fear of some unpleasant accident, when he perceived to his surprise, that a great dog was walking beside him. At the first moment, he was afraid of his companion. Seeing, however, nothing threatening about the dog, but, on the contrary, that he had a caressing way with him, Don Bosco soon proffered friendship. The faithful hound came with him to the Oratory, and then left him. Nor was this the only time that they walked home together. Every evening that he was kept out late, and returned without friends round him, as soon as he had passed the last houses, he would see *Grigio* ("The Grey,") spring out from one, or the other, side of his path. At that time, if "Mamma Margaret" knew that her son was kept out late, she was anxious about him, and would send some of the boys to meet him. Some of them still remember to have found him several times with his four-footed friend.

And three times, Grigio saved Don Bosco's life. One dark and foggy night, he was returning from the heart of Turin. In order not to stray too far from human dwellings, he came down, past the Church of La Consolata, towards the Cottolengo Institute. Don Bosco became aware that a couple of men walked a little way in front of him,—going faster, or slower, according to his own pace. When he tried to avoid them by crossing the road, they crossed, too. No doubt could remain as to their evil intentions; therefore he sought to go back the way he had come, and to take refuge in some neighbouring house. But it was too late. The men also turned when he turned, and, in perfect silence, caught up to him, and threw a cloak over his face. Don Bosco struggled to get free of the wrap, and tried to cry for

help; but one of his assailants stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth. Just when death seemed inevitable, the good Grigio appeared upon the scene,—barking, not like a dog, nor even a wolf, but, rather, howling like a raging bear. The sound was both terrifying and deafening. Nor was this all. The dog tore one of the wretches with his claws, and forced him, in order to attend to his own defence, to let go the cloak which was over Don Bosco's head. Grigio then sprang upon the other; and, in less time than it takes to tell it, he had bitten the man and flung him on the ground. The first, seeing how things were going, sought to fly; but Grigio had other views! He sprang on the man's shoulders; and threw him down also in the mud. He then planted himself there, motionless but howling, guarding the adversaries, as who should say: *Woe to the one that stirs!*

At this unexpected turn of affairs, the two rascals cried out; "Call off the dog!"

"I'll call him off," answered Don Bosco, "but, if I do, you must let me go about my business."

"All right. Go along with you!" cried the two, at once; "but call him off *quickly!*"

"Come along, Grigio," said Don Bosco; and the dog obediently came to heel, leaving the criminals free to rush off as fast as their legs would carry them.

Notwithstanding the timely help, Don Bosco was not yet quite inclined to go the whole way home; and he turned into a place close by the Cottolengo Institute. Here his shaken nerves somewhat recovered; and, having been charitably refreshed by a welcome draught, he set out again with his stout escort, for the Oratory.

Another night he was on his way home, by the Corso San Massimo,—called now, the Corso Regina Margherita,—when a man, who was watching the passers-by from behind an elm-tree, fired twice at Don Bosco at so short a distance that his coat might well have been scorched. Both shots missed, and the assassin flung himself upon Don Bosco, determined, evidently, by some means or other, to make an end of him. But at this juncture, Grigio made his appearance, and, springing furiously at the man, sent him flying with all his speed. The dog then walked quietly home with Don Bosco!

(To be continued).



Thanksgivings:—I enclose an offering in honour of our Lady Help of Christians, for your good work, in thanksgiving for favours received.

J. K., *Dublin (Ireland).*

I wish to become a member of the Association of Salesian Co-operators, and I am enclosing a small offering in thanksgiving for a favour received.

A. O., *Bedford (England).*

I am writing to say that my petition, which I recommended to the prayers of your boys, has been granted; therefore publish in your *Bulletin*, the expression of my grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart, to our dear Mother Mary Help of Christians, and St. Joseph Cupertino.

A. O., *W. Hartlepool (England).*

I send you a donation at the request of my mother, who desires a mass said in honour of our Lady Help of Christians in thanksgiving for a favour received. I also return thanks for favours I have obtained through our Lady's intercession. Please mention this in the *Salesian Bulletin*.

K. H. Croom (*Ireland*).

* *

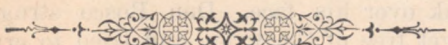
Help of Christians, Pray for Us.—

I made a promise to become a Salesian Co-operator if our Blessed Lady obtained for me two favours. My petitions having been granted, I desire to keep my promise and beg you to have my name enrolled in the Association of Salesian Co-operators. I also desire you to celebrate a mass in our Lady's honour.

M. K., *Edinburg (Scotland)*

* *

I hereby send you an offering in thanksgiving for a favour partially obtained through our Lady Help of Christians. I am anxious that the favour should be completely granted me,



and therefore ask your prayers for my intentions.

J. O'N., *Belfast (Ireland).*

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

Francis Milesi-Ferretti, Ancona; V. Rev. Canon. Stornini, Alessandria; John Barbero, Bellinsago (Novara); Damian Rossi, Comignago; Margaret Preti, Borgo S. Martino; C. M., Bagnanocodentro; Francis Gattinoni, Belledo; The Family Corazza, Bologna; Mary Pedemonte, Bolzaneto; G. G. Crestetto, Butte City, Montana; Mary Brondello, Bernezzo (Cuneo); Anne de Pieri, Bognolo di Lonigo (Vicenza); Charlotte Angeleri-Arrigoni, Borgo Lomellina (Pavia); Angelina Selva, Civate (Como); Anthony Canale, Caldagno; L. B., Cittadella, (Padua); Margaret Abrate, Cherasco; Engineer Pasquale Saetta, Caltanissetta (Sicily); Anthony Pavarino, Cisterna d'Asti; George Rondonotti, Casalgiate (Novara); F. F., Casamazzagno; Angelo Negri, Cereseto; John Vicini, Costa di Adrada S. Martino; Anthony Cavalli, Collicello di Val Stagno (Vicenza); A Salesian Co-operator, Città di Castello (Perugia); E. Morano, Cascine de' Rossi (Casale); Mary Gandolfo, Cassina (Sestri Levante); Francis Longone, Cabiata Meda; Josephine Fabris, Cittadella (Padua); M. G., Chieri; Rev. M. Gramegna, Costo Vescovato (Tortona); John Dominic Zemo, Cigliano (Vercelli); Joseph Secchi, Desio (Milan); John Curioni, Erbusco (Brescia); E. Fantino, Fiume in Marzinis; C. Micaletti, Fratta Maggiore; John Toselli, Fossano.

INTENTIONS

The Members of the Association of Salesian Co-operators are recommended to pray for the following intentions:—

J. J. C., *Chicago (U. S. A.)*:—The grace to know what my vocation in life is to be, and the aid of God to carry it out.

W. G., *(Ireland)*:—The prayers of the Salesian Co-operators to overcome some difficulties.

N. F., *Dublin (Ireland)*:—Deliverance from a disease which has become lately very troublesome and painful.

B. C., *Athlone (Ireland)*:—Restoration to health of husband and child.

J. F., *Chicago (U. S. A.)*:—Release from spiritual infirmities.

H. O'M., *(Ireland)*:—A case which is beyond all earthly cure.



It is with pleasure that we reproduce the following notice from *The Malta Government Gazette* of October 1st:—

"His Honour the Officer administering the Government, in pursuance of the provisions contained in Article I of the Police Laws, has been pleased to direct that:

"The street between Strada Reale Via San Giuliano and the south west corner of the new buildings for the Salesian Reformatory, at Sliema, be called 'Don Bosco Street';

"The street between Strada Reale Via San Giuliano and the south east corner of the said buildings be called 'Don Rua Street'; and

"The street between Don Bosco and Don Rua Streets be called 'Howard Street'. By command, G. STRICKLAND, *Chief Secretary to Government*, Palace, Valletta [Malta], October 1, 1900.

SPEAKING of the First Mass celebrated by a Salesian Father in the Church of the Sacred Heart at Battersea, London, our esteemed contemporary the *London Catholic Times* of September 28, says:—

"This exquisite church was well attended at the High Mass on Sunday, when the Rev. William Kelly, who was ordained to the priesthood the previous day at Wonersh, by His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Bourne, Bishop of Southwark, officiated as celebrant for the first time; the deacon was Rev. R. Biebuyk, and the sub-deacon Rev. V. Campana (who were also raised to orders upon the same occasion), while the assistant priest to the celebrant was the Very Rev. Father Macey, Superior, who also preached the sermon, which was upon the priesthood. After Mass, the newly-ordained priest was congratulated by numerous friends—indeed, only those who assisted at the Mass were aware that Father William Kelly had been ordained to the priesthood—upon the great dignity conferred upon him. In the evening, Father Kelly sang Vespers, the assistants being the Rev. Michael McCarthy



the Rev. Aloysius Hawarden, and the Rev. V. Campana. The Rev. Father McCarthy preached the sermon, basing his discourse upon words taken from St. John's Gospel, chap. v., 16 v. At first sight it did not seem that there was anything remarkable, said the preacher, in the avocation and the calling of the Apostles. On reading the Gospels one would think there was nothing special in Our Blessed Lord choosing those who were to be His Apostles, for He made the humble fishermen the fishers of men. The preacher then explained that although humble men were pre-arranged by the Providence of God for the exalted office. Just before the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, Our Divine Lord addressing them said; 'You have not chosen Me; I have chosen you.' And He knew the inmost secrets of their hearts. He knew they were to be gates by which people would enter into the Heavenly City of Jerusalem. So even at the present day Almighty God raises His servants. It is not by chance but by design that one has been raised to the dignity of the priesthood, for Almighty God does so step by step, and it would seem that when He created man He entered, as it were, into council with him. Having referred to the duties of the priest, he said that the penalties and tortures, and even death, which priests underwent at the will of kings and emperors did not dismay them in carrying on the work of God, and he asked that all would pray for the priests who were ordained the day before, that they might perform His work well, be worthy ministers of Christ through life, and be blessed with Him in eternity. The Rev. Father Kelly gave solemn Benediction, and after the service those of the faithful who had not had the opportunity of doing so before kissed the young priest's hands and offered prayers for his welfare."

A CONCERT was given last night,—says the *Cape Argus* of August 3,—in aid of the Salesian Institute [Capetown], at St. Aloysius Hall, St. John Street. Messrs De Beer, Jan Luyt and Van Erkel, of Mount Nelson, were the inaugurators and to them is due the great success of the concert. A select audience showed great appreciation of the talented instrumentalists as the repeated encores proved. Miss Lilian Zeederberg received great applause for her sweet rendering of "Lingering Fancies;" and, on being recalled, charmed the audience with "Come back to Erin." Mr. Eisenstaedter was well received

and gave an able rendering of "My sweet-heart when a Boy." The Salesian Brass Band filled in the intervals with choice selections. Great credit is due to the band master, who, in a very short time, has done wonders with the boys. Appended is the programme:—Salesian Band, "Dover Castle" (O. H. Carter); trio (a), Overture Zampa (Herold), (b), "Serenade" (Widor), Messrs. P. de Beer, Jan Luyt and W. Van Erkel; song, "Lingering Fancies," Miss Lilian Zeederberg; piano solo (a) "Fantaisie Impromptu" (Chopin), (b), "Mazurka" (Godard), Mr. Pierre de Beer: trio (a), "Sous l'Ombrage" (Gillet), (b), "Slavian Dance" (Dvorak), Messrs. De Beer, Luyt and Van Erkel; Salesian Band "Margaret" (Linter); violincello solo, (a), "Feaumerei" (Schumann), (b), "Scherzo" (Van Goens), Mr. Willem Van Erkel, Mr. Eisenstaedter; violin solo, "Faust Fantasie" (Wienawski), Mr. Jan Luyt; Salesian Band, "Albion" (H. G. Round), "God Save the Queen."

NOTES TO THE READER.

When applying for a copy of this periodical, please state whether you already receive our "Bulletin" (Italian, French, Spanish, German, 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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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE
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This Magazine is sent gratis to Catholics who manifest a desire to become Members of the Association of Salesian Co-operators, and concur in helping our Society in any way whatsoever.

PERMISSU SUPERIORUM.

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

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

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

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

In connection with the Salesian Congregation is the

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The conditions of Membership are very simple:


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

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

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