



Salesian Bulletin

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*Beatus qui intelligit super egenum et pauperem:
in die mala liberabit eum Dominus. [Ps. XL. 1]*

Sanctus Dominus

DA MIHI

ANIMAS CÆTERA TOLLE

Important Notice to Readers.



s announced previously in the **Bulletin**, the Rules of the Association of Salesian Co-operators, together with a summary of the Indulgences and spiritual favours, and appendices, have been reprinted and bound into a neat volume or manual.

A copy of this and a diploma of membership is being sent to all readers. If some of the dates affixed thereto are subsequent to the date of receipt, that is the day on which membership will commence, and on which the plenary indulgence may be gained.

Those readers, who on receiving a copy and reading the instructions and regulations, do not desire to be enrolled as members, should return the two things, and their names will be cancelled. Those who retain them will be definitively enrolled.

Explanations and information concerning the rule will be found in the manual, but will be supplemented by the **Bulletin**. Any member is of course free to withdraw his name at any future time should he so wish.

It is greatly desired that by this means a new impetus will be given to the development and active participation of the Salesian Co-operators, and that the works of Don Bosco will be known, esteemed, and aided more and more. It will also serve to strengthen the bond of charity, of prayer and of work, which ought to unite the Co-operators amongst themselves, and also to the members of the Salesian Society, with whom they work for the greater glory of God and the good of society at large.



The Salesian Bulletin

Organ of the Association of Salesian Co-operators

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The Ven. Don Bosco's Recommendations.

No one was more aware than the Ven. Don Bosco that works of zeal are not inconsistent with a low standard of personal holiness. For this reason he was ever careful to look beyond the busy surroundings of his Institutes, or workshops, and beyond the enthusiasm of conferences and large meetings of Co-operators, in order to ensure that the first duty of each of his workers received his first consideration; that while works of zealous charity towards others were being carried on, one should be even more zealous to foster one's own advancement in perfection.

To this end he inculcated particular practices of devotion and his parting recommendations were a brief summary of his teaching in this regard. In fact he left three special counsels, and his Successor, Don Rua, when on his bed

of death, repeated them to his sons, at the solemn moment just before he received the Holy Viaticum: they were *devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament, to Our Lady Help of Christians, and an affectionate obedience to the Pastors of the Church, particularly the Sovereign Pontiff.*

These three recommendations direct our attention to the three great gifts bestowed by the Sacred Heart upon the Church, — the Most Holy Eucharist, Our Blessed Lady and the Pope. As the heart of man is the fountain and store of all our life, physical, intellectual and moral, so the Heart of Jesus, the God-Man, is the origin and source of those great and beneficent operations which have raised up society from its abjection, have ennobled the human race and led it to new ideals. If indeed we now possess in our midst the

most divine of all things that are divine, and are nourished by the food of angels; if we have the most Holy Virgin as our refuge and consolation; if in short we are guided by the bright and ever shining star of the Papacy, which enlightens and confirms our faith, we owe it to the Heart of Jesus who is the origin, cause, life and soul of all these benefits.

The month, therefore, which the Church dedicates to the Sacred Heart is particularly appropriate for returning thanks for these great gifts; and to re-animate, to re-invigorate, by frequent reception of the Sacraments, our faith in the Most Holy Eucharist, our devotion to the Blessed Mother of God and our loyalty and homage to the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

The heart is to man what the sun is to the universe, that which warms and illumines. Therefore let us approach the heart of Jesus to draw from it light for our mind and an ardent love for the Blessed Eucharist. The month of June is particularly propitious for this. *The month of the Sacred Heart, Pius X. has said more than once, this month so full of extraordinary spiritual favours, ought to have the effect of a real mission in the universal Church, which being everywhere renewed each year, shall restore all things in Jesus Christ:* it is to have a universal effect, that is in every place, and in all persons, and every grade of society. Individuals, families, schools, colleges, religious communities, all should combine during this month and be inspired with this salutary desire of the Sovereign Pontiff, and take the means to make it a period of special graces and blessings for ourselves and others. *Pax in Christo* was the favourite inscription in the Ca-

tacombs, on the tombs of the martyrs, and the confessors of the faith, and if it were the tomb of a bishop or dignity the words *gemma sacerdotum*, (ornament of the priesthood) were added. Peace is the special gift of the Sacred Heart, and should be a particular request this month—peace not only for ourselves but for the Church and for society at large. It must be the peace of Christ—for any other will be ephemeral, unsatisfactory and incomplete; the peace that was brought by the Son of God to man, and which on the Mount He announced as the great statute of Christian Society, the greatest that the history of the human race has had.

“Without Jesus Christ”, says Schlegel in his *Philosophy of History*, “the story of the world would be a building without foundation, an incomprehensible enigma, a labyrinth without end, a mass of ruins, the fragments of a monument, a tragedy without explanation”.

With Him we have the source and strength of life, serenity of mind, support in sorrow, patience and courage for any sacrifice.

The memory of the First Successor of Don Bosco is being kept green by frequent references in the press and letters; let his teaching in this regard receive the respect and attention it deserves, for from his dying bed he left us as a legacy, which had already been handed down to him by the Ven. Don Bosco, this counsel: *the Holy Sacrament, Our Lady, the Sovereign Pontiff*; hold fast to these and all will be well.



AT THE TOMB OF DON RUA

The first anniversary 1910.

With affectionate reverence we lay this simple wreath on the tomb of Don Rua as a token of filial piety on the first anniversary of his death.

They are pleasing memories and precious testimonials gathered from the writings of friends, former pupils and Cooperators....

May they, reviving in all minds the memory of the 1st Successor of Don Bosco, stimulate them to fervent prayers for his soul and excite them to the imitation of his virtues.

Biographical dates.⁽¹⁾

CLERIC AND YOUNG PRIEST.

Of Don Rua, whose humility was such, that I heard a friend of mine say on the day of the splendid funeral of this great man, *he knew how to hide even himself*, I can say but little that is extraordinary; because that which in him was ordinary, would have been extraordinary in others: a life solidly and deeply rooted in the will to seek after perfection; a virtue which never failed, from whatever point one regarded it.

* *

Here are, however, a few personal recollections, regarding my venerated Master and friend of fifty-two years.

I came to the Oratory in the middle of October 1858. I found as Superiors the Venerable Don Bosco, Don Alasonatti, worthy companion and heroic imitator of his virtues and soon after the cleric Michael Rua, who in moral authority, if not officially confirmed, over us boys (we were then about 200 between students and artisans), was considered to be, indisputably, the right-hand of Don Bosco.

I saw him for the first time in the refectory, which was then in the part now included in an enlargement of the kitchen, and there he appeared as the personification of Kindness in his care of us boys during the spare but wholesome meal. The opinion, which I then formed of him and which I ever after retained, was that

of a thoroughly virtuous man and one of great affability.

Later on I listened with admiration to the conferences he gave to the members of the Association of Mary Immaculate, in the sacristy of the old Church, that which is now used by the externs of the Festive Oratory. What wisdom, what piety fell from his lips in the persuasive words of those short sermons!

* *

"During the scholastic year 1859-1860, a month before the half-yearly examinations and therefore during the winter season, I found out that several clerics and some students of the higher classes had themselves called by the Cleric Rua at 3 o'clock in the morning and went with him to the class room to go over the subjects of the next examination. Desiring to do the same myself, I begged of Signor Rua to call me also, and he said: 'I will call you if you will first get leave from Don Bosco.' And the permission was obtained, though not without difficulty, and then I became aware of one of the secrets of the Cleric Rua's virtues. He rose at two or half past two. Until three o'clock he prayed alone kneeling on the floor beside a table in the class room; then, when the clock struck three he went to the various rooms where the 6, 7, 10, or 15 desirous of rising at that hour were sleeping; and, assembling all in the class room, by the light of two or three oil lamps which, on account of a hinged shade in the form of a hood were called Capuchins or little clerics, we began our studies with the best will in the world. Meanwhile the cleric Rua devoted himself for another full half hour, or hour to meditation and prayer. Then, standing (for he never sat down, even to write), for which he went to a high desk at which he could write standing he studied with us until it was time to go to his usual post, when at 5-30 all entered to study until the hour for going down to the Church."

* *

Of this time likewise is the following personal recollection as well as the two succeeding.

"One day in the court-yard the Cleric Rua called me and said: 'Go to my room and bring me my cape and my hat, for Don Bosco desires me to go out and he gave me the key.

(1) We give precedence to two accounts of the early years of his apostolate in the Oratory, because they throw light on a period of his life.

Going up the old steep, little staircase which led to the Prefect's room on the first floor, to that of Don Bosco on the second and to the attic rooms of the clerics and masters on the third, I found his room, not only plain, but of the poorest, and curious by nature like all boys, cast my eyes on a copy book lying open on a small table of poplar wood which supported the shelves containing a few books for the personal use of the future Rector Major of the Salesians. I saw that they were some notes on the proceedings of the Festive Oratory of the Angel Guardian in Vanchiglia, of which he had charge. I was obliged to hasten away after reading only a few lines, but curiosity moved me to seek other occasions of being sent by the cleric Rua to his room; and thus I was able to read two or three times more in that precious copy book; from which I learned to admire the zeal, quickness of perception and great kindness which singled him out even then as predestined to the Mission of educating children, particularly the most refractory, the least ready to receive and make fruitful the good seed to be planted by him in their souls.

The other episode, which showed me, from the earliest period of our acquaintance, the kindness and breadth of view, which made him not hesitate (though so strict an observer of the rule and of discipline) to make, occasionally, an exception in applying the letter of the law, was the following.

Towards Easter of 1861, I went one day to Don Rua, begging of him in great secrecy for a special favour, 'which however' I said, 'I can scarcely hope for from you, as it is contrary to the general methods'; but he encouraged me to ask, saying: 'If it is impossible, I shall not give you the desired favour, but we shall be friends as heretofore.' — 'Well,' I said, 'I wish that you would fix a day and an hour at your convenience and give me a special examination in history.'

I must remark that Don Rua himself was teaching Roman History to the 3rd class, preparing his lessons with exemplary diligence. The text book was Don Bosco's *History of Italy*, a book which was afterwards highly praised by Tommaseo; but Don Rua, gleaning from other books, made us write a note book of additions, to enable us the better to comply with the requirements of the government programme of that year.

'I trust—I added—that I am sufficiently prepared. You will decide upon the marks to be inscribed later on in the register of examinations, and I, being freed from the burden of this matter, can attend with more tranquillity to the rest.'

To my great surprise, Don Rua did not hesitate in granting my request and appointed an hour on the following day. He gave me the desired examination, a very strict one I must say (for he kept me over an hour on tender hooks!) and then he said: — 'I will not tell you now the number of marks, and I require you not to tell anyone of the favour granted you. At the end of the year, during the examination, I shall perhaps ask you a few formal questions, but the marks will be those you have gained to-day. — And so it was done. At the examination for a few minutes he asked me some indifferent questions and then dismissed me with a friendly tap, and gave me full marks for History.'

* * *

I will not omit one incident known perhaps to few. It was told me by a person of Caselle, near the village where Don Rua was ordained priest in the private Chapel of St. Ann, a villa belonging to Baron Charles Bianco di Barbania, my benefactor. A person in the service of that family told me that the night before Don Rua's ordination, he did not go to bed, but spent the night in prayer, and besides observing that the bed had not been touched, they found also that a large mirror which adorned the walls of that room was turned with its face to the wall, a sign that the pious cleric desired that in his colloquies with the Lord he should not be disturbed by any thoughts of vanity or ostentation.

In conclusion, I repeat: — My recollections regarding the life of Don Rua contain nothing very remarkable. They are, in short, the continual vision of a person of the highest virtue, devoted to the most lofty duties: his own sanctification in the first place and then that of others by every means that his indefatigable diligence and his wonderful talents could make use of.

Prof. A. F.

DIRECTOR OF STUDIES

PREFECT AND DIRECTOR AT THE ORATORY.

.....Although I was not one of those who were on the most familiar and intimate terms with him, nevertheless I was honoured in having him as my Superior at the Oratory for many years.....

I entered the Oratory of Turin towards the end of September 1861; he was then already *Director of Studies*..... And this important office he filled with such ability and satisfaction to all that he was even there called in allusion to his own name the *principal wheel* (*Ruota*) of the Oratory.

A few years later, on the death of Don Alasonatti, he was replaced as general Prefect by Don Rua; in this way he became the right hand or Prime Minister of Don Bosco.

And although he was strictly just to all and filled an office, in itself not inspiring affection, nevertheless he was loved and esteemed as a father. He was loved because he treated all with kindness and even when he had to correct, or reprove, or impose some punishment, he knew how to sweeten its bitterness and usually began with praise before blaming the person in

tity is not proved by miracles alone, but above all by the practice of every virtue, by the fulfilment of all religious, moral and social duties. It consists essentially in the observance of the divine law and of the holy rules of our religious profession. And in this the sanctity of Don Rua was so conspicuous and admirable that a person was bold enough to say: — "The sanctity of Don Rua does not shine before the eyes of the world like that of Don Bosco by public works and real miracles, but interiorly and in the sight of God he may perhaps be greater (1)!"



BIRCHIRCARRA (Malta) — Our festive Oratory.

fault, recalling his previous merits and hopes for the future. And the culprit was touched and repentant, resolving to amend, generally before the reproof and chastisement, which thus were often rendered unnecessary and were avoided to the great satisfaction of the one who should have borne them.

This was one of the principal reasons why Don Rua, though filling a post requiring strictness, was nevertheless generally loved and looked upon as a great saint.

Many said: — 'If he does not work miracles of healing or raising the dead, still he works miracles of conversion.' — And as others laughed at this and said that these were not miracles, Don Bosco replied: — 'Don Rua could, if he wished, work also real miracles!'—Besides, sanc-

In him sanctity was united with much learning, especially sacred, so that in the year 1870 when schools of Theology were established at the Oratory, he was chosen as professor of Scripture by Don Bosco and I was so fortunate as to have him for two years as Professor. For text book he used Janssens which is very concise; but he gave excellent explanations in the manner most generally approved. He made us read the text and then he explained it with a clearness and facility truly admirable. And although the subject was frequently dry, he always made it pleasant by his spontaneous,

(1) In obedience to the Decrees of Pope Urban VIII. and other Supreme Pontiffs, we protest that to any fact or expression in these pages we attach no other credence or authority but that due to human testimony.

natural eloquence, so well adapted to the art of teaching.

After five years he was appointed, by the Venerable Don Bosco, Director of the Oratory, which already included so many various institutions. In his new office, he had the opportunity of demonstrating still better his qualities as a good Father, rather than a Superior, above all great prudence, united with a rare kindness.....

Theol. D. F. P.

The opinion of the Cooperators.

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE.

By the tomb of the good Father, I prostrate myself with reverence and emotion, and I reflect that here, in this place, the mortal remains of a saint repose in the sleep of the just.

Who was Don Rua?... He was the perfect model of a man consecrated to God, who dedicated the whole of his life, all his labours to the good of souls, the friend of the poor who by his generous alms, his consoling words, wiped away the tears and assuaged the sorrows of those who came continually to pour out their griefs.

Who did not love Don Rua? His amiable countenance inspired respect and love; his words were sweet and tranquillizing, his manners affable and kind; all who had the happiness of approaching him were entranced and could not help exclaiming: — He is a saint.

Despising all worldly vanity his life was spent in doing good, by word and example he animated all to improve. Pious, humble and learned, caring nothing for the praise he justly deserved, hating all ostentation, he was a true lover of youth whom he trained in all civil and religious duties; by the judicious employment he procured for them, many boys were saved from a dissipated and corrupt life.

Now and ever, thousands of boys educated in his schools, recognizing in him the best of fathers, are united in deploring their irreparable loss, and at his tomb breathe a grateful prayer.

His labours, his toils, his whole life — entirely devoted to the service of God and the salvation of souls — have procured for him a brilliant crown which the Lord has already placed on the head of His faithful servant.

Of one so humble, but great in the sight of God and of men, one might well write in letters

of gold: — He lived for God, loving and blessing! — His memory will never fade, and those who come after, recalling his remarkable and beneficent life, will strive to imitate his kindness and his heroic virtues.

Let us pray for the eternal rest of that good soul and may God grant another fervent prayer!.. May the chosen soul of Don Rua soon be numbered amongst the saints!

B. D. Salesian Cooperator.

HIS VISITS.

.....Don Rua, — so good, so pious! With his smiling countenance how often he cheered us with his visits when he came to write his letters or read his extensive correspondence at our house; he always blessed me together with my child with the greatest kindness.

I remember on one occasion. I was feeling very sick, melancholy, weeping! He full of compassion said: *Oh! I will give you the blessing of Mary Help of Christians and She will cure you; we cannot let the Signora G..... die yet!* And raising his eyes and hands to heaven, and then laying them on my head, he blessed me. The sickness left me and I was able at once to take food.

His humility was so great that he accepted any trifling gift with as much gratitude as if it were millions. I remember on one occasion telling him I had various medicines which I no longer used, and he said humbly: — *"We have an infirmary to be stocked"* and received all with pleasure.

How much pious advice and spiritual help did he not give me! With what kindness did he not receive offerings for his boys whom he loved as the apple of his eye! If I had had millions, I should have given them to win a smile from him!

.....He suffered much morally and physically, he had inexpressible trouble and pains! I have seen him weeping in secret when writing and reading his letters! How I would have flown to wipe away his tears, if I had dared!...

M. G.

IN A NOBLE FAMILY OF BOLOGNA.

.....Every time he came to Bologna he was accustomed to visit a revered relative of mine. And she, knowing it would give me pleasure summoned us to her house to salute him and receive his blessing. But I never had so good an opportunity of seeing Don Michael Rua as that of the 1st International Salesian Congress in April 1895. In those days he was the guest of my above mentioned relative and, as our houses were adjoining, with through commu-

nication, he accepted an invitation to our table also, presided over by my father, eighty years of age.

Seeing him thus continually either at the Congress or in the domestic circle, I had every opportunity of admiring his virtues united with such sweetness of manner.

It was noted that he was totally absorbed in God in his pious duties as well as in the ordinary actions of the day; but this did not prevent his making, in conversation, witty and pleasant remarks, or greeting with his usual serenity the most lowly visitors. Passing through our rooms, I heard him in the words of the Psalm invoking upon the inhabitants the gift of peace and the assistance of the holy Angels; and to satisfy the pious desire of our good Father he condescended amidst the excitement of those days to celebrate Holy Mass in his private Chapel. I remember also that, filled with an enthusiasm easily understood in the mother of a numerous family, I importuned my good aunt to get permission for us all, masters and servants, to assist late in the evening at the last blessing of Don Rua and how laying his hand on the innocent head of our youngest little girl he raised his poor wearied eyes to heaven. The Salesian priest Don G. B. Francesia who was his companion knows how well filled and fatiguing were those days for the Servant of God and how great was the virtue which enabled him to pass through them with unalterable serenity. I would have kissed, had it been possible, his very footprints, so convinced was I of his sanctity! This is what I can testify as an eye witness in those happy days....

Countess P. B.

IN A SEMINARY.

The very appearance of Don Rua aroused in the soul feelings of enthusiasm and emotions of piety and Christian fervour. I saw him but once at the Seminary in Perugia and it seemed a heavenly apparition: so evident appeared to me the marks of the Holy Spirit irradiating the ascetic lines of his kindly face, so that I thought myself in another atmosphere raised above this poor world. I do not exaggerate, for in the presence of that man in my soul was suddenly kindled a spark of veneration, and conquered, I may say, fascinated by that moral force which seemed to issue in torrents from him, I felt all the divine power and superhuman dignity of the life in Christ. The *vivo ego, jam non ego...* of St. Paul spontaneously associated itself with my impressions and I felt happily and more strongly rooted in my faith, because I felt that I had seen a Saint. He

spoke to us of Christ in the Sacrament and of His life; his discourse was not lofty or learned, but the simple, clear words flowed from his smiling lips, mystically animated with such force and spiritual sincerity as to arouse an active correspondence of sentiment. The speech of the Saints is a flame that burns and purifies: and I believe that in that moment living sparks issued from the lips of Don Rua which enkindled the fire of charity in a greater or lesser degree. He blessed us with such effusion that it seemed to be a transmission of his good spirit into us: and we were consoled and rendered more ardent in our mission of doing good. How vivifying and exhilarating is the presence of a Saint!....

Professor B. P. Parish Priest.

IN A FOREIGN CITY.

Don Rua was once in a large foreign city, where the Salesians, with other good works, had undertaken the spiritual care of an Oratory, directed by laymen, a President assisted by youths possessing or preparing for degrees belonging to the best families and very jealous of their independence.

One can easily understand — says a brief record — with what indifference the news of the coming of the Superior General of the Salesians was received... and when arrived, apart from the festive and affectionate reception to which he was accustomed in his houses, he experienced from these persons only a cold and formal greeting. Don Rua spent only a few hours with us, arriving at nine o'clock, in the morning and leaving for... at ten the same night, but by then the attitude of these persons was quite changed.

During his stay he had no opportunity of giving the usual conference; whether he was tired, or that he recognized a certain hostility in the atmosphere, his demeanour was more humble than usual: at dinner to which the staff of the Festive Oratory had been invited by the Director, he seemed to efface himself and one who had not been told would have thought that the table was presided over by the Parish Priest, who for that occasion was wearing his Prelate's robe.

To none of those present did it recur to make a speech welcoming the Superior, and to a boy who read a short address, Don Rua responded briefly.

In the afternoon, having given Benediction, there was a meeting under the verandah, and naturally he spoke of the Salesian Works, but by that time his humble bearing had gained all hearts; speaking simply and sometimes with

difficulty, he was listened to with interest and he who in the morning had been received with indifference, was now to the same persons an object of veneration and was accompanied by them through the various play-grounds.

The Director invited the President of the committee of the Oratory to supper and Don Rua spoke of Don Bosco: his words were simple without any special emphasis, his tone of voice not in the least calculated to produce an impression; and yet when we rose from table that gentleman, an advising Judge in the Law courts of the city, who besides his social position possessed all the physical qualities which enhance its prestige, could not conceal his emotion, and we were astounded to see him fall on his knees before Don Rua and with sobs beg his blessing for himself and his mother; he went away saying: *"Today I have met a saint!"*

G. d. L.

His Faith.⁽¹⁾

"GIVE HONOUR TO DON BOSCO!"

.....Suffering from a cancerous ulcer in the stomach, after more than forty days in bed, being scarcely able to move, unable to take any nourishment and vomiting continually, fortified with the Holy Sacraments I was awaiting the Angel of Death, when in the morning of December 14th 1890, our venerable Superior Don Rua came to the infirmary and after hearing my confession he said:

"—Kiss the relic of Don Bosco you have round your neck and ask him for your cure"—meanwhile he blessed me and desired me to make my perpetual vows.

I was almost in my agony... there were present at this function the Sisters and the Rev. Mother General, who repeated the formula of the Holy Vows for me... Don Rua placing on my head the crown of profession, a crown which has since always been used in similar circumstances, said:

"—Let us wish that you may live as many more years as there are roses in the crown. This should have been the hour of your departure, but Don Bosco has need of miracles to be beatified, may this be one of them!... You will live, yes! you will be cured; not entirely however, because you will always have something, but you will be able once more to labour and do good..."

(1) Don Rua had the greatest confidence in Mary Help of Christians and in Don Bosco. Many accounts sent to us give proof of this and we insert some, solely as a manifestation of his spirit of faith.

Then he blessed me again, making me kiss a relic of Don Bosco.

"—You will write the miracle," added Don Rua, *"with your own hand; give honour to Don Bosco!"*

And blessing me for the third time he went away.

The Venerable Father had scarcely gone downstairs, when already I felt within myself I know not what... Turning at once to the nearest Sister I said in a feeble voice: *I am hungry!* It was more than forty days since I had taken food. The Sister with tears in her eyes said with the rest: *"These are the last moments!..."*

They did as I wished, I was able to eat. In another half hour I said again: *"I am hungry!..."*

Before evening I had eaten seven times and felt my strength increasing. I begged many times for my clothes so as to get up... No one believed me; they even repeated around me: *"These are her last moments, she is dying."* On the contrary I felt I was alive. I made all retire and got up quickly.

"A miracle! a miracle!" They exclaimed with tears of joy. Like lightning the news spread through the house. Without assistance I went downstairs and to the room where the General Chapter was assembled with Don Rua and the Director Fr. Bretto. I knocked and the door was opened... Feeling faint with emotion I threw myself at Don Rua's feet exclaiming: *"I am cured! give me your blessing!"*

"—Do nothing rash," said the venerable Father, *"go now to the Church to thank Our Lady and Don Bosco, then through obedience you will go back dressed to rest on your bed. I will go to see you and you will be free."*

The following morning the doctor arrived and as he had said the evening before: — *"Take care because she will not survive the night."* thinking I was dead, he asked the portress if Sister Marietta were still alive. *"She is cured,"* was the reply, *"and is going about the house!..."* He would not believe it. At the sound of the bell announcing the Doctor's arrival I hastened to meet him exclaiming: *"Doctor I am cured! There is nothing the matter with me!..."* Greatly astonished and touched he made a written declaration himself to this effect.

The following day, accompanied by the Rev. Mother Assistant, I started for Bordighera to take up the post of Mistress and Assistant to the girls.

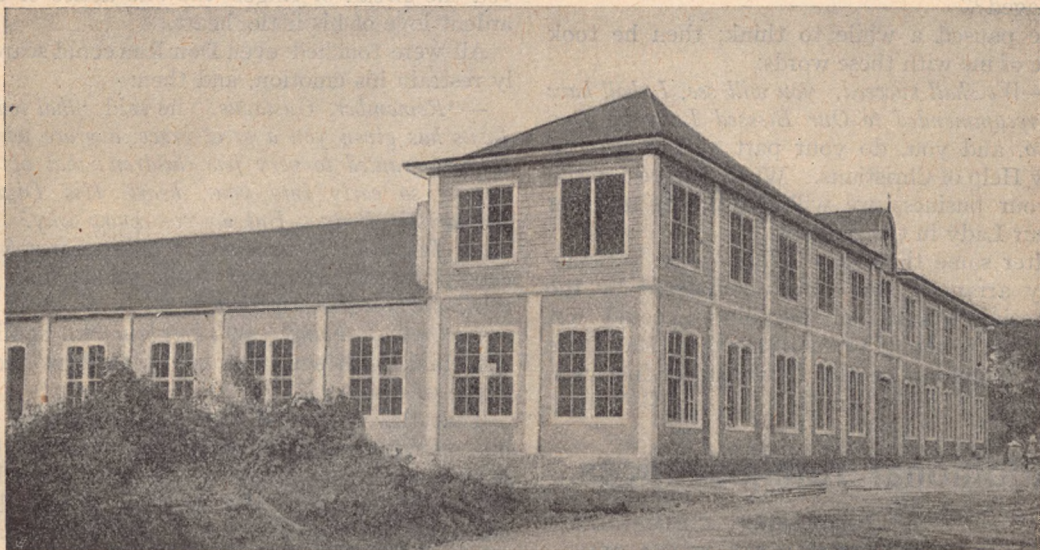
The years went by and they passed exactly in accordance with the prophetic words of our Venerated Don Rua: — *"You will live, but you will always have something"* — and so it was.

Almost every year I had the happiness of seeing and speaking to him and he, seeing me, both in public and in private, repeated: — *"Sister Marietta, do you recollect many years ago, the 14th of December 1890? the memorable date of your cure? Jesus wished you to gain Paradise by continual sufferings and moderate work. Take courage and work for God."*

Meanwhile the years corresponding to the number of the roses in the crown were passing and I, sad and fearful, awaited the last, when going to our Father Don Rua: — *"Take courage,"* he said to me, *"you are afraid, I know, you think of the approaching date and you tremble... well, promise to work for the Glory of God and the*

"THE CURE WILL BE OBTAINED!"

In the summer of 1905 my husband was suffering from nephritis and was attended by clever doctors in Bologna, but without any improvement. We removed to our villa at C....., hoping that that healthy locality and the quiet of the country would afford him some relief, but on arriving there the malady increased in an alarming manner. Our invalid passed several weeks in ever increasing pain so that the excellent Doctor Negro who was attending him with great kindness, had to inform him of the gravity of his condition. In consternation, I had recourse with great fer-



PANAMA — The new Salesian Institute.

good of the children confided to you and I will ask the Lord to double and multiply them.... the life will no longer be yours, but for God and for souls, remember this! Be courageous and joyfull! Be faithful to the promises made."

"Be moderate in your labours", he wrote later on, *"remember our agreement and Don Bosco will watch over you from heaven."*

He used to call me *"the Sister of the miracle!"*

This remarkable favour can be attested by my Sisters who wept beside my bed of suffering, by my pupils who on the day I received Extreme Unction came one by one, silently and on tiptoe to see me and by many others who were eye witnesses of the fact.

In gratitude to our Venerated Don Rua, I lay the account of this favour on his tomb.

Sister Marietta Sorbone

Daughter of Mary Help of Christians.

vour to Mary Help of Christians and to the prayers of our venerated Don Rua.

And then, the next day, there arrived at the house our uncle Baron G..... and he said to me: *"I bring to Charles and to ourself the blessing of Don Rua with whom I travelled yesterday from Alessandria to Turin... He sends you word to remain in peace, that he is praying much for Charles, and that the cure will be obtained."*

My confidence returned and that evening the fever began to decrease, the patient recovered his senses, he was able to take some nourishment and after many sleepless nights, he passed that one in peaceful repose.

The improvement, once begun, proceeded rapidly, followed by the most consoling recovery. Unending thanks be rendered to Mary Help of Christians and to our venerated Don Rua.

June 15, 1910.

Countess G. C. de G.

"I WILL HAVE YOU RECOMMENDED TO THE
MADONNA BY DON BOSCO!..."

On the 30th of November, 1909, returning from a long journey, I went to Don Rua to make known to him my critical condition with regard to the Military Authorities and to ask his advice. The venerated Superior was at that time confined to bed, suffering from an affection of the legs. He listened attentively and then observed.

"—Truly it is a difficult matter, I knew it already. To put things right it would suffice to find some person well disposed towards you, if it were only at the moment when your papers are handed to them. But how is this to be managed?"

He paused a while to think; then he took leave of me with these words:

"—*We shall succeed, you will see, I shall have you recommended to Our Blessed Lady by Don Bosco, and you, do your part at the altar of Mary Help of Christians. When I have arranged your business, we will give thanks together to Our Lady in the Bulletin.*

After some time, my affairs were satisfactorily arranged; but Don Rua hindered by the increasing gravity of his illness, could not find time to attend to minor matters. May these lines, therefore, be the fulfilment of his wish.

G. V. P.

Additional reminiscences.

THE FIRST COMMUNION OF A CHILD SIX YEARS OLD.

On the 10th of February a dear little boy *Gustavus Maria Bruni*, was called away to heaven; though not yet eight years of age, he left in many hearts the sweetest remembrance. He was born on the 6th of May 1903, and even as a tiny child he manifested unusual signs of goodness, piety and wisdom. He was not yet six years of age, when he himself asked and implored to be allowed to make his First Communion. What happened? Don Rua was asked to examine him and he consented. This is what we have gleaned from an account presented to us:

The examination was brief. Don Rua asked him:

"—*Tell me, dear child, if I were to say that in the Host after the consecration there is consecrated bread, would that be right?*"

With impetuosity the child replied:

"—*Oh no! Father; in the Host after the consecration there is no longer bread, but wholly and only Jesus!*"

This was sufficient. Don Rua told him that he would be allowed to make his First Communion.....

For this happy event, the 23rd of May 1909 vigil of the Feast of Mary, Help of Christians was chosen. It was Sunday: the private Chapel of Don Bosco was decorated for the occasion and the little Gustavus in a suit, white like his soul, was placed on the same prie-dieu where the great Founder of the Salesians had so often prayed. Don Rua would himself be celebrant of the Mass, and when the solemn moment arrived he turned round and signed to Gustavus to approach the altar. The happy child advanced with hands folded on his breast and received the Bread of Angels the one desire of the ardent love of his little heart.

All were touched: even Don Rua could scarcely restrain his emotion, and then:

"—*Remember, Gustavus.*" he said, *"that today Jesus has given you a great grace, a grace which He has granted to very few children: that of receiving so early into your heart His Divine Eucharistic Body. But do you know why? because Jesus wishes from you an entire correspondence; Jesus wants your whole heart, and for ever: will you give it to Him?"*

"—*Oh yes, Father, my whole heart!*"... replied the child, with such fervour as to draw tears from our eyes.....

That day remained indelibly impressed on his memory, together with his affection for Don Rua... How great was his grief when he, his dearest friend fell sick and just on the day when he had been to him to ask his blessing! I remember that returning from that visit, he repeated to all: — *"Do you know what Don Rua said to me? That thinking of my name Gustavus Maria, I should remember that I must give pleasure (gusto) to Mary!"* And he repeated it gladly, as it to impress on his heart the desire that this should be verified!

He followed the malady of Don Rua with tears and prayers and he heard the news of his death with consternation. Scarcely had the remains of the Successor of Don Bosco been exposed in the Church of St. Francis, when he asked to be taken there to see him and approaching the bier for many hours he passed to the attendant Priests the various objects, the rosaries and crucifixes which the faithful presented to touch the body, "because," he said, "my hands will be greatly blessed, touching so many times what he, Don Rua, has touched!"

...And how great was his joy when, through favourable circumstances, he found himself with his mother at Valsalice just at the moment when the body of his great friend arrived there.

What tears did he not shed at the moment of the interment! Surely a promise must then have been exchanged between himself and Don Rua, for from that time, in every necessity small or great, he had always recourse to Don Rua with unbounded confidence and to him his thoughts turned constantly when on his death bed, saying, *"I am going to ask Don Rua that he would obtain for my little brother the happiness of being a priest, which I have not been able to attain!..."*

A PROOF OF ZEAL.

When Francis Crispi was nearing his end in

A PRETTY STORY.

Don Rua, having gone one day to a Monastery to preach for some great feast, the service being ended he went out into the corridor near the Chapel, and there was immediately surrounded by the nuns rejoicing to have a saint in their midst. He, ever kindly and courteous, putting his hand in his pocket, brought out some pictures, which, though but a small quantity would suffice for the small number of Professed Sisters, who had hastened to salute him.

He began the distribution and already the



LUBIANA (Austria) — His Grace Mgr. Karlin paying a visit to our college.

his country house at Naples, and I was at Vomero in the same city, the late lamented Don Rua wrote me a letter, which I very much regret having mislaid, in which he desired me to find means of approaching the sick man, even disguising myself in secular clothing, if necessary, so as to be able to hear his Confession and administer the other Sacraments. He forbid me absolutely to speak of this to anyone. I tried to approach Crispi and to get some good priest of my acquaintance to visit him, but the poor invalid was surrounded by a barrier of iron and no one was allowed to enter his room, except the doctors and the members of his household.

As to the recommendation of secrecy, I believe it is no longer binding since the death of our venerated and we hope soon Venerable Don Rua.

A. P. Priest.

packet had decreased so much that one feared an unwelcome surprise, like that of the voice at the wedding feast of Cana, when from the other end of the corridor appeared the band of novices, led by their mistress; it was easy to see that they also hoped for a picture, to keep, probably, as a relic.

Poor Don Rua! what will he do? one glance at the packet, now almost invisible, another at the numerous hands ready to be held out....

The saints are not disturbed by such a small matter: he continued to distribute the pictures one after another, and there were enough.

The last arrivals looked at each other with anxiety:

—"Will there be one for me? Impossible!..."

And yet there was. With the last postulant ended the mysterious packet, and Don Rua, with a familiar gesture, lightly rubbed the palm of his hand with the knuckles of the other, and

smiling, raised his eyes to heaven as if he were saying "Lord, I thank Thee."

As he was going away he met a Sister when all was over. Don Rua at once said:

—"You have arrived too late! Had you been at your post, there would have been one for you also!"

Sister T. C.

"CONSTANCY!..."

Towards the end of July, 1909, a Religious... told us the following story.

—Some years ago, together with one of our Superiors, I arrived at the Salesian House of Ivrea, on a day when Don Rua happened to be there. We were presented to him and he received us with great kindness and courtesy. At that time I was in great trouble about my vocation, but I had not spoken of this to any one, with the exception of my Confessor. After spending some time in familiar conversation, we took leave, but when I bent to kiss the hand of that venerable man, smiling he whispered in my ear one word: "Constancy!..." I have never forgotten the impression produced in that instant and I persevered; for as he said the word the good Father was deeply affected....

October 16, 1910.

A. M.

Documents.⁽¹⁾

I.

TO THE SALESIANS OF THE ARGENTINE.

Turin, April 1888.

MY BELOVED SONS,

Would that I were able to answer each of you individually and separately, but this is impossible and I must be content with expressing my gratitude in a single letter, addressed to all, thanking you for the ardent affection you bear me and for the noble and pious sentiments manifested in your *album*-letter, addressed to me. If unfortunately you are in error as regards my person, there is however, one point on which you are not mistaken and that is that my love for you is that of a tender father. The great charity which filled the heart of our beloved Don Bosco, of saintly memory, by word and example fostered that spark of love which our good God had kindled in mine and I became electrified by his love, so that if in succeeding him I could not inherit the great virtues of our

Holy Founder, I feel at least that the Lord has granted me his love for his spiritual sons! All my days, each moment of the day I devote to you; and this is only just, since the Lord has been pleased to confide you to my paternal solicitude. And therefore I pray for you, I think of you, I work for you as a mother for her only son. One thing only I ask in return, that you all become saints and great saints. For this end I recommend you most earnestly to fly even the shadow of sin. Let your life be modelled on that of our Don Bosco who was such a close imitator of Jesus Christ. May the most Sacred Heart of Jesus be your refuge, your abode: listen reverently when He speaks, speak to Him when He deigns to listen to you and remember always that He will neither speak nor listen to you if you are dissipated in His presence, if your thoughts wander hither and thither, if your heart is not, or at least does not desire to be, entirely void of human affections... Have the will to be entirely His, desire it steadfastly, and He will do all to make you so.

I recommend also very specially devotion to Mary Most Holy; let each of her feasts be your feast. Entrust to her your cause, your hopes, your heavenly aspirations. Mary will be your guide, your light, your consolation; in your life's journey she will be the cloud which guided, protected from the burning rays of the sun and lighted up the darkness of the night for the Hebrews in the desert.

Recommend yourself also much to Don Bosco: his prayers were so efficacious whilst he was on earth; how much greater will be their efficacy now that he is with the blessed in Heaven, of which the almost daily miracles which the Lord works for those who take Don Bosco for their intercessor are a splendid proof.

Courage then, dear Sons; if the Emperor Titus, a pagan, considered that day lost in which he had had no opportunity of doing good how much more should we think it lost if we have not done that good, notwithstanding so many occasions which undoubtedly Providence has afforded us? Let us remember that we Christians, we Salesians, must make progress in virtue and that we should consider fatally lost each moment of the day in which we have been negligent and indifferent in the path of religious perfection.

I should like to say so much more, but it is time to close this already long letter, therefore I recommend myself to your prayers, and blessing you all I send you a most affectionate greeting subscribing myself in J. and M.

Your friend and father
Michael Rua, Priest.

(1) We select two only: the first manifests the affection which the venerated Successor of Don Bosco bore to all the Salesians, the second shows the good will of Pope Leo XIII. towards the Work of the Salesians and the attachment of Don Rua to the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

II.

HOW HE HAD INHERITED FROM DON BOSCO THE GREATEST VENERATION FOR THE VICAR OF JESUS CHRIST.

(From a letter to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.)

Most Holy Father,

The feast of your glorious Patron is approaching, and I, though unworthy, Rector Major of the Salesians, cannot do otherwise than come in spirit on this auspicious occasion to the Feet of Your Holiness, and present to Your Holiness the fervent prayers which all the sons of Don Bosco offer to the Lord for the preservation and prosperity of Your August Person, and the sentiments of their filial homage, unbounded devotion and profound attachment to You, Most Holy Father.

Writing to Your Holiness, more than ever I call to mind the benevolence, paternal affection, the graces and favours of all kinds which the generosity of Your Holiness has poured out on our lowly Congregation. I should therefore be wanting in my duty and my great debt of gratitude if to the wishes and prayers for your Patronal Feast, I did not lay at the foot of Your Holiness' throne a brief account of what the Pious Society of Salesians has accomplished under the protection of Your Holiness during these last two years.... (1).

In recognition of what with great eloquence Your Holiness proved, that "*Columbus is ours*" and to attest before the world how eminently Christian was the spirit of the great Genoese and what advantages accrue from his religious ideas, the Salesians co-operated as much as they could in the Missionary Exhibition at Genoa... in testimony of the great Christian and civilizing work inaugurated by the immortal Columbus and which the Catholic Church, during the uninterrupted course of four centuries, has pursued in the regions discovered by him.

In fulfilment of the desires of Your Holiness the Salesians have established themselves in Colombia...

Your Holiness, in compliance with the request of the Government of the Republic of Ecuador, deigned to confide to the Salesians the new Vicariate Apostolic of Mendez and Gualaquiza, amongst the most savage inhabitants of Ecuador.....

A recent proof of special kindness Your Holiness has deigned to add to the benefits already lavished upon the Salesians, in raising to

the Episcopal dignity our Confrère Don Louis Lasagna.....

The Pious Society of the Salesians has therefore good reason to acknowledge, that after God, Your Holiness is the sole cause of the good work they have been able to do for souls and for society by the kindness and protection you have deigned to manifest towards them. After the example of Don Bosco the Salesians place themselves in the first rank in attachment and veneration for Your Holiness in the immense army of your sons. To manifest in some way our sentiments, on the happy occasion of the Sacramental Jubilee of Your Holiness we brought out a typographical work, which did not appear unworthy of the August Person to whom it was dedicated and offered, since it gained at the Exhibitions in the Vatican, in London, Brussels, Barcelona, Cologne and Edinburgh a gold medal or Diplomas of honour. Many houses have we founded in honour of Your Holiness, the Hospice of St. Leo in Marseilles, the College of St. Joachim at Lorena (Brazil) and of Leo XIII. at Bogotá (Colombia) and their names will remind both present and future generations of the chain of benefits uniting the sons of Don Bosco with their first and most august Benefactor.

But the most signal monument of the Salesian Society's love and devotion to the August Person of Your Holiness is that which will ever be a beloved memorial of the celebration of the Pontifical jubilee of Your Holiness, the Institute of the Sacred Heart in that beloved City under the shadow of that Sanctuary of the S. Heart of Jesus which Don Bosco gladly erected to fulfil the august commands of Your Holiness.

After this brief report, the writer as Superior of the whole Salesian Society and of its Cooperators, prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, offers his earnest thanksgivings for the benefits conferred on our Congregation, humbly implores a special Apostolic Benediction and, if possible, a word of encouragement to urge all the sons of Don Bosco to go on from good to better, and to carry out under the powerful protection of Your Holiness many other works for the good of souls and for the service of the Church and of Society.

Most Holy Father

Your most humble and obedient Son

Michael Rua, *Priest.*

Turin, August 15, 1893.

N.B.—His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. replied by the splendid Brief: "*Societati vestrae*," of Sept. 18, 1893.

(1) We omit and abbreviate part of this account.



Salesian Notes and News.

London. The Month that has just passed has several claims upon our notice. Notwithstanding the absence of striking events it is one of the most important periods of the year from several points of view. In common with many other localities, the Salesian Church of the Sacred Heart provides special services and devotions to nourish the fervour of the clients of Mary, who have opportunities every night during this month, for satisfying their devotion and offering their petitions. The Novena and celebration of the Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians (May 24th) is the chief feature of the month's festivities, a day which, as in all Salesian Churches throughout the world, is an occasion for a great manifestation of piety and devotion, by the general Communion, solemn services and procession in honour of Our Lady, which are inseparable from it. We go to press too early to include a notice of it in this month's issue.

From the Scholastic point of view also the month of May is of particular importance. It brings firstly the Diocesan Examination at the Salesian School. The Religious instruction is safeguarded by this visit of the Religious Examiner, who has as yet been invariably well satisfied, as his reports attest.

In secular work an extra spur has to be made to put on the final touches to the subjects for the final examinations which are fast approaching; in fact the definite selections for the Oxford Local examinations are made in the beginning of the month, as the authorities require all entries at an early date. The number entering for these trials will be about the average, or a little higher if anything, while others will be entered for the College of Preceptors examinations. It is mainly the settlement of these entries that gives the month of May a special place in Scholastic importance.

The devotional aspect of the month is not lost sight of. In fact with very little stimulus, the seeds of filial piety towards the Mother of God seem to blossom forth, and the few extra acts of devotion form their natural growth. In connection with the Feast of Our Lady Help

of Christians, of which more later, the boys in the School Sodality had the terminal holiday, which is one of the privileges of that select body.

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The new School at Cape Town.

Every one will be ready to congratulate the Sons of Don Bosco at Cape Town, on the successful termination of their long endeavours to secure adequate premises. During their fifteen years in South Africa, they have all along been sadly handicapped by want of suitable buildings for an ever-spreading work, and one which particularly demands space for its successful, or even healthy prosecution.

However in spite of difficulties and drawbacks and contrary influences, there has been no abatement of the ardent desire, and determination to accomplish the work, and by slow degrees the steps were taken which brought a happy termination within the bounds of probability. A suitable site was obtained in Somerset Road, and then matters progressed slowly while endeavours were made in many directions to raise the funds for the building operations. Plans were drawn for a large erection, which, when completed, will be a worthy addition to the buildings of the city. At present only a section of it is ready for use.

The *Cape Argus* gives the following account: It is a fine building they are moving into, though it is only a part of the whole scheme, and through the increase of the boys from eighty five to a hundred and twenty fills it up at once. It has four floors... the entrance being on the class-room floor, and made by ascending wide steps into a hall whence a cool corridor divides the opposing sets of rooms. The handsome mosaic tiling of the hall, corridors and offices on this floor may perhaps suggest an idea of wealth — but, if so it is a false one, for the building has been planned with an eye to the strictest economy. But this tiling came as a free gift from Mr. Nannucci, and it gives dignity to the entrance of a building which is practically and solidly built; a building which is certainly a great impetus to the work of the Salesians, which is such an asset to the state.

The writer then gives a careful description of the various departments, each of which has been equipped with every modern improvement, rendering the work, whether of class-teaching or trade-instruction more effective and more convenient.

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* *

The formal opening of the new departments was quite an interesting ceremony. The number of guests, friends and Co-operators of the work, amounted to three hundred, and a hearty greeting was accorded to Mrs. Botha who had

Mrs. Botha said she had watched and admired the work of Fr. Tozzi and his predecessor and appreciated the self sacrifice it had entailed under the previous conditions. She referred to General Botha's regret at not being able to attend and declared the School open. "May God bless this House," she said, "and crown with success the labours of those working within its walls."

Fr. Tozzi then expressed his deepest thanks to Mrs. Botha and to all the assembled guests who had co-operated in his work. Their idea was to better the minds and souls of the boys



LUBIANA (Austria) — Pupils of the Salesian College.

kindly consented to preside at the inauguration. At 4.30 she unlocked the entrance doors and proceeded to the hall, followed by the visitors and the School band.

Senator Powell then spoke of the cordiality of the Premier and Mrs. Botha, which had from the first made them at home with the people of the Cape, just as it helped Cape Society to feel at home with them. For the first time in South Africa they had a Government bringing in a measure dealing with industrial Schools and great credit was due to those bodies, which, in the absence of any public industrial schools had provided the Community with such institutions. He referred also to the generosity of Mrs. Botha in coming to show her interest in the work, and to give her patronage to the Catholic Institution.

by religion and reason. The people of Cape Town had nobly responded to his invitations and appeals, but a heavy burden of £. 4,000 still remained and he hoped there would be no falling-off in enthusiasm till that were removed. He expressed his warmest gratitude also to Dr. Muir and to the other officials of the education department, to the architect, Mr. Grant, to the builder, Mr. Rubbi, who had given them a house suited to their needs. So with the blessing of God and the assistance of their benefactors, he hoped they would be able to perform their work for the boys with greater success and completion than in the past.

The visitors were then conducted over the premises and refreshments were dispensed.

A few days before this ceremony, His Lordship Dr. Rooney had visited the new Institute

to give it his blessing, for, as he was about to commence the visitation of the distant parts of the Vicariate, he was prevented from taking a leading part in the inauguration. This happy send-off to the new work is most promising, and we hope to hear before long, not only of the removal of the debt, but of the completion of the Institute, which can only thus achieve fully the work it has in view.

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The Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, Ever increasing in importance, in solemnity and even devotion is the celebration of the Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians on the 24th of May. Long associations alone would endear it to all those who have been or are in any way in touch with the work of Don Bosco, for his very name is almost suggestive of his Patroness, who associated herself so intimately with the task she designed him to accomplish.

The Feast-day, as celebrated at the Sanctuary erected by him, is but poorly described in mere words, for they do not at all adequately convey the scene of living faith and devotion which the circumstances evoke. So many have been the favours obtained within those walls, that by this time they suggest the extraordinary and the supernatural, and never more so than on the recurrence of her feast-day, who has brought about this series of supernatural and extraordinary favours.

This year's programme was again an elaborate and fitting one. During the Novena there was a discourse every morning and evening, the latter being given by His Lordship Mgr. Mapelli, Bishop of Borgo San Donnino. The 17th of May was the anniversary of the Pontifical coronation of the famous picture of Our Lady, a day privileged with a plenary indulgence as a memorial. On the eve of the feast day, the 23rd, the Conference was given to the Salesian Co-operators. On the 24th Masses commenced at Dawn. Our Superior General the Very Rev. Don Albera said Mass at the Altar of Our Lady Help of Christians at 5.30; he was followed by Mgr. Mapelli at 6.15, and by His Eminence Cardinal Richelmy, Archbishop of Turin at 7.16. At 10 Pontifical Mass was celebrated by His Lordship the Bishop of Fossano and the discourse was given by Mgr. Mapelli.

In the afternoon at 4 a special service was held for the pilgrims to the Sanctuary. In the evening at 6 there were Vespers, Procession through the town, Benediction imparted by His Eminence the Cardinal, illumination of the Church and piazza and music by the band of

the Oratory till a late hour. This closes the celebrations for the Feast day proper, though the devotions are continued for some days. It will be seen that all is in keeping with the special character of the occasion and with the associations that have been built up. Certainly nothing could be a more striking realisation of Don Bosco's visions in which Our Lady presented the motto for her Sanctuary: *hic domus mea, inde gloria mea*; here shall be my house, and hence shall my glory flow.

*

Malta's work at The Festive Oratory.

Only a few months have passed since the opening of the additional Festive Oratory at Birchcra, Malta. It is named after Dominic Savio and has accomplished a great deal in a short time. Its ample play-ground is the scene of much animation on Sundays when games of all descriptions are in full swing, including the Association game of football. But at the sound of the bell these six or seven hundred disperse to various rooms for catechism. Many willing assistants are engaged in this work and have already seen their labours rewarded by great improvements in the spiritual condition of the juvenile population, and even of the grown-up folk who are frequently at the Oratory. His Grace Archbishop Pace had practical proof of this at the occasion of the Confirmation, when he expressed his gratitude and paternal consolation at the sight of so much zealous co-operation.

An interesting scene was that recently presented, when the boys gave a dramatic concert in honour of Signor Cassolani and his devoted wife, the great benefactors of this Oratory, who were celebrating their silver wedding. The group taken at that occasion only displays about a half of the number of boys who took part in the manifestation of gratitude.

* *

Rome.

The Very Rev. Arthur Conelli, Provincial, opened the *Advanced School of Religious instruction*, in connection with the Church of the Sacred Heart in Rome. A well-known scholar, a large audience of young men had gathered to hear him, as he delineated the character of the true Catholic. He said that character came largely from the quality predominant in the heart of each individual, and that the characteristic of a Catholic should be christian courage, — that calm temper of mind which is superior to the many obstacles which stand in the way of virtuous living, and holds on at all costs to its good re-

solutions. Whence has this characteristic its origin and sustenance in each one? From ones own convictions. Only he is capable of moral force whose mind has solid convictions and solid principles of religious culture. If character nowadays was less vigorous and less

Milan.

The new Salesian Church is gradually approaching completion. Part of it has been in use for some time, and here Mgr. Morganti gave a conference to the Co-operators and the special Com-



His Grace, Mgr Karlín, recently elected Bishop of Trieste.

prominent than heretofore, it came from the decay of that culture, and from ignorance of religious knowledge, for it was only through this study that religious conviction came, and with it a correct firm will and character illumined by a well-principled mind. In connection with these advanced classes, lessons are also given on week-nights in English and French.

mittee which has the work in hand. The eminent speaker, and zealous Co-operator for many years, had just returned from the Curia at Turin, where he had been giving evidence in the cause for the beatification of the Ven. Don Bosco, and he was accordingly well prepared to speak on his favourite subject, displaying his filial love for his former friend and master.

He showed particularly what a great deal of the supernatural there was in Don Bosco's life, and maintained that it had been specially designed by God to counteract some of the materialism and abhorrence of the supernatural so manifest in the nineteenth century.

Passing on to the work in hand he urged the Co-operators to maintain their zealous endeavours to complete the Church of St. Augustine. Means are not lacking, he said, to erect new palaces and monuments which we see rising in

if not by birth, and that the city would not have done its duty till it had completed this Church dedicated to him. He then referred to Don Rua's anniversary which occurred at that time and repeated his words of recommendation to bring this work to completion. In fact he had just received a letter from Don Rua's Successor, and he declared that he perceived in it the same spirit that Don Bosco had transmitted to Don Rua, in order to secure a continual development and prosperity to his works.



VIGO (Spain) — A visit of German Sailors to our Institute.

the city, not always to its benefit or improvement. Should they then be wanting for a temple in honour of God, where so many souls, redeemed by the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, shall find the peace and sustenance they need, where prayers shall rise daily for the living and the dead.

In pursuance of this recommendation from Mgr. Morganti, the Committee waited on him a few days later with a proposal for an appeal to the city and diocese, subject to the approval of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop. In consequence of this the Cardinal Archbishop himself gave a conference on the subject. He said that St. Augustine belonged to Milan by adoption

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Other items. It is with particular consolation that the Rev. Don Albera announces the opening of the investigations, preliminary to the introduction of the cause of another Salesian Priest, Father Andrew Beltrami. It was opened in the Chapel at the residence of the Bishop of Novara. Fr. Beltrami died at our House at Valsalice (Turin) on Dec. 30th 1897. His life has already been written and notices concerning him will appear in subsequent issues.

Among the newly appointed bishops to various Sees there is another past-pupil of the Oratory, Mgr. Gamberoni. He was a student

under Don Bosco himself, and completed his early studies at Turin. The Holy Father has raised him to the Bishopric of Chiavari. He, as well as the two other Prelates appointed has been a zealous Co-operator for many years.

**

Following on the Federation of the Associations of past pupils, it has been decided to hold an international Congress of members in September next at Turin. The preliminary arrangements are already completed and the programme of discussions shows that the Associations have become quite a powerful body.

**

The Salesian School at Panama which is comparatively new has received a fresh impetus from its position in the Central Republics, of which His Grace Mgr. Cagliero (of the Salesian Society) is Apostolic Delegate. It has been assisted by numerous benefactors, the chief of whom, the Signor de Obarrio and his wife, have just been congratulated by the boys on the occasion of their golden wedding.

**

At Lubiana in Austro-Hungary, as well as at Trieste, the work of the Festive Oratories has progressed by leaps and bounds, and in the former town a new one is to be opened as a memorial of the tenth year of the commencement of the work of the Salesians in that district. The fifth Congress of the Festive Oratories is to be held this year, in connection with the Episcopal Jubilee of His Eminence Cardinal Richelmy Archbishop of Turin. He himself will preside at it, and few indeed are better fitting than he, who has been for such a long term of years, in the midst of the labours of Don Bosco and his immediate successors.

**

At Vigo, in Spain, the Salesian Institute was a scene of animation when the sailors of the German ships visiting that port, arrived on the Sunday morning for Mass at the Salesian Church. As the School was just keeping the Feast of St. Francis of Sales, some of the officers came to the performance given in the School theatre. His Lordship the Bishop, accompanied by some of the Salesians, returned the visit on board the *Victoria Luise* where they received every mark of courtesy and cordiality.



VIEDMA. — The funeral of the Missionary Fr. Avasio Garrone, Director of the Salesian Hospital of Viedma, took place in the morning of the 8th January. Before the remains placed in a *chappelle ardente*, almost the entire population passed in a long procession. The last rites were performed in the monumental Church, not yet completed, the representatives of all the associations of *Viedma* and *Patagonia* taking part in them. The Church was crammed. The director of "*Flores del Campo*" preached the funeral oration, recalling touching episodes from the deceased's religious and apostolic life. The funeral cortege was imposing; many eyes were filled with tears. At the cemetery Dr. Richard Spurr made a speech in the name of the medical men; the President of the workmen's Club in the name of the inhabitants. In compliance with the public requests, the Governor of the Territory of Rio Negro, spoke in praise of the charity of the Missionaries, of which Fr. Garrone was an illustrious example.

BOOK NOTICES.

1. *Marama*. A story full of interest, with a picturesque setting in the Figi Islands. Mrs. Woollaston White has a reputation for entertaining matter and this last effort is a welcome addition. (Price. One Shilling).
2. *Short Histories of Dublin Parishes*. Part VIII. St. Audoen and St. Michael (One Penny).
3. *The Emerald Library*. Numbers Fand 8. Three stories by E. F. Kelly and three by M. F. Sheehan.
4. *Blessed Vincent Pallotti*. Founder of the Pious Society of the Missions, by A. C. Clarke.
5. *Sir Walter Chisholm's Niece* and the Master of Lishmaire Grange by S. A. Turk.
6. *Mike Hanlon's Mother-in-law* by K. Guaghan.
7. *Granny's Rosary and Grace O'Moore's triumph*, by E. Keenan.
8. *Some Errors respecting the Rights of Democracy* (The Penny series).

Catholic Truth Society of Ireland — 24 Upper O'Connell St. Dublin.

1. *Father Damien*. An open letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde of Honolulu from Robert Louis Stevenson. Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana, U. S. A. Price 30 c.

News From the Missions.

CHINA.

A visit to Canton.

(From the diary of our Missionaries).

III.

At the pagoda of five stories. — Sad recollection. — When shall we all be brethren? — The discomforts of bad weather. — Europe in China — The pagan hell.

The following day the excellent Father Gervais kindly took me to the *Pagoda of five stories*. Often it is preferable to go on one's own feet, than to ride; but that day was really a continual struggle to avoid collisions with open umbrellas, for the skies were weeping copiously.

Ng hang lao (five stories), rather than a pagoda one would call it a great tower with colossal walls, strong columns and large wooden balconies. From there one takes in at a glance the panorama of the real metropolis of China, with the *River of Pearls* dividing it into two parts.

A slight mist veils the furthest horizon and I gazed pensively on the dull and compact uniformity of houses, hardly broken by a few trees, some low towers and by the two slender spires of the Cathedral, the sole expression of lofty ideas in this crowd of buildings, where from one to two million inhabitants are located.

Mysterious is the silence brooding over such an enormous city. The sky was mournful, the prospect still more gloomy, but most mournful of all was our conversation. Amongst other things we recalled how from this same pagoda, transformed into an impregnable fortress, European cannon in 1887 were trained

on the city still immersed in slumber. The shells, whistling through the air fell on those crowded habitations, laying them in ruins and making innumerable victims... For sixteen hours one hundred and thirty fiery mouths vomited forth destruction and death!

The Grand Mandarin, that is to say the Viceroy, enclosed in his palanquin, finally made his appearance to implore mercy for his subjects, fearing himself that his last moments had come. But how mysterious is human weakness! The civilities of the English and French admirals, instead of raising up his dejected spirit filled him with pride. But it was the worse for him, as he was at once put in chains, whilst peace was arranged with the Tartar general who more prudent than his chief, deemed it wiser to use other methods with a victorious enemy.

When will there be an end to these fratricidal wars and implacable hatreds between different races? When shall we all become truly brethren on earth, all fashioned after one likeness? Inscrutable enigma! for this living Babylon, more than any other Chinese territory obstinately persists in this mistaken course and in their aversion to foreigners. The number of Cantonese Catholics in comparison of that of the pagans is so small as to move one to tears of compassion: just a few thousand Christians out of two million inhabitants!...

I could not wish that any one should arrive in Canton on a rainy day. There are two special inconveniences: the difficulty, as I said, of finding sufficient space for an open umbrella and that of keeping one's feet in the slippery mud...

I was taken to the *Cha-men*.

The contrast between China and Europe could not have been more striking.

A policeman hastens to open for you the gate impenetrable to the sons of the Celestial Empire. And you, a mere European, ramble through this wide avenue, amidst villas and

palaces, where you seem to be breathing your native air, in an atmosphere of order and civilization. How then can you suppress a certain feeling of pride, seeing the contrast between us and the pigtailed people?

I had still another day and endeavoured by every means to profit of my opportunities.

A tall palanquin provided with three strong coolies was at my disposal from morning till night.

A fine programme was arranged, a visit to the much praised of *Pagoda of tortures*, assistance at the proclamation of the new Emperor, and lastly, I was resolved to discover the venerated likeness of Marco Polo.

After many turnings and twistings through the interminable winding alleys I arrive at the temple called *Sing-wong-min*.

In the entrance hall two idols, staring malevolently at each other, are the first to bid you welcome. To tell you the truth, if such a thing had been told me, I should not easily have credited it. I approached with an unpleasant sensation: these are the protectors of those devoted to opium-eating. In a truly horrible manner these victims of a slow poison smear the mouth and face of their god with the black and sticky paste of opium, disfiguring them in a disgusting manner. A devotion truly worthy of such clients and of him who protects them! Nevertheless one is saddened by the degradation of the vice, so vividly depicted in these foul monsters.

After passing a dozen large niches, containing on either side, the principal gods of each province of the Empire, insignificant statues with mustachios and long hanging whiskers and with large eyes half closed like sleepy cats, something new excited a lively interest.

I beheld arranged in the same parallel order similar holes, dark caverns, where in a striking manner was represented the hell of the followers of Confucius or of Buddha, between whom there is not much difference.

I passed everything in review with the greatest attention. I remarked in succession the tortures, each in its special cavern: — cutting off the head — a person suffocated by a bell — a bath of boiling oil — blows of a hammer on the stomach — machinery crushing a man hanging in the air — the metamorphosis of a man changed into a dog's a calf's head — tearing of the breast with an iron rake — the tongue

torn out with pincers, etc. etc., in fine so many divers tortures that one cannot get to the end.

In the centre of one of these infernal rooms one sees a mirror or rather a kind of well polished bronze disk, in which the souls of the dead endeavour to read their own sins: a real examination of conscience. Nor do we miss a representation of the last judgment, where you see a poor wretch on his knees before an idol with a severe countenance, whilst many others await their turn, trembling.

On the opposite side a cavern of less ferocious aspect contains more amiable idols, occupied more agreeably in rewarding good actions, in the pleasant sunshine, distributing handfuls of sapecks, (coins), if I am not mistaken, or something of that kind.

I remarked also that each infernal hole had one side of the partition raised up like a mountain side, representing the actual world on whose precipitous slopes careless individuals were wandering, many in the act of falling into the abyss.

I must add that in addition to the miserable sufferers, a crowd of damned souls are there full of fear and dismay at the sight of the torture awaiting them.

But in the opposite corner, one always sees a large idol, with a finger pointing downwards and fiery eyes, who, in an impassible, inexorable attitude, assists at these tortures; the whole in the animation and postures of the figures forming a striking display. Such a spectacle demonstrates clearly that the idea of the justice of God notwithstanding the diversity of religions, is engraven in the hearts of all.

In the principal compartment of the pagoda, exactly in the centre, behind a table or altar bearing a round vessel and other votive vases, resembling in colour a brilliant aluminium, there stands half hidden, but peering out, the largest idol. At each side, to do him honour, stands a terrible black monster armed with an enormous lance.

However, the respect due to this place does not prevent men being seated at table and eating tranquilly in the sacred enclosure, charlatans begging you to let them tell your fortune and swarms of beggars clamouring piteously: *Ho' sam, ho sam!* (O you who are kind-hearted!)

On going away I pointed out with my umbrella the infernal abysses to the most energetic of my ciceroni, in case he might perhaps

have been cheating. He understood very well what I meant, bending his head to show his repentance; but from beneath his garment he held out his hand for a tip!

IV.

How I represented Italy. — Good wishes to the new Emperor. — Diplomatic ceremony. — Ostentation of the civil and military mandarins. — In the pagoda of the five hundred sages. — Marco Polo.

Time was passing, so I urged my three coolies to make haste. They understood; the occasion was so unusual and solemn that trusting I should pay well, notwithstanding frequent obstructions, they carried one at a good pace.

After about an hour. I found myself on a long, narrow street, lined with soldiers not of too martial an appearance to speak truly; with a black coat, a cap resembling a sailor's with a white band round it, beneath which glinted ominously the almond eyes of these sons of Mars or Saturn.

The higher authorities passed by in large sedan-chairs escorted by a few horse and foot soldiers.

I also passed by wrapped in the mystery of my little moving habitation, from which I could see, without being seen. Many eyes were turned towards me; was I perhaps a mandarin, or a European devil?...

I descended, and at once boldly advanced to the picket of soldiers who barred the entrance. With a courteous sign, an official tried to detain me, signifying more by the eyes than by his muttered words, that that place was absolutely inaccessible to the good Western devils unless... and he stopped hesitating and perplexed.

At that moment an idea struck me. In the language of Confucius I stated that I wished to represent Italy; I knew that in Canton there was no resident Italian diplomatist.

The official looked at my beard, and made way respectfully, bowing repeatedly. I entered....

In various corners, in the large rooms resembling open sheds, there was a brilliant assem-

bly of the highest Mandarins from the two provinces of *Kwangtong* and *Kwangsi*, gathered together in this place for the ritual prostrations before the tablet bearing the name of the little Emperor (*Pon-yr*), wishing him a hundred million years of life, forgetting (O the irony of human greatness)! that his Majesty *Konng-su*, though a son of Heaven, after receiving the same good wishes, had lately died in the prime of manhood, not having attained his fortieth year!

Finally I observed a certain movement.

What was happening?... The terrible European Mandarins arrive, who, with silk-hats according to custom, solemnly, hasten towards a small sitting room on the left, open in front, but furnished with magnificent chairs of polished ebony inlaid with pearl, arranged in a circle.

The ceremony was of the simplest. The dean of the Consuls read a few complimentary lines in English in the pompous Oriental style, standing opposite his Majesty the Viceroy, also standing; he is an old man of moderate stature, with plump cheeks and a fine white beard falling on his breast.

Through an interpreter they speak, and replies are given: the solemn moment approaches. They are wearing their silk-hats according to the custom of the country, motionless and upright. At the end the pragmatic small glass of champagne and a brief sitting whilst a few words are exchanged.

Meanwhile I was able at my ease to contemplate the pompous display of the the mandarins. It was truly a splendid spectacle! Each wore a rich jacket over a kind of petticoat reaching to the feet which in their turn were encased in beautiful slippers adorned with rich embroidery.

But that which shows the importance of a Mandarin and distinguishes him in the scale of his equals is the little button at the top of his cap; ruby, coral, sapphire, lapislazuli, crystal, bright gold, engraved gold, and lastly silver which indicates the lowest rank.

The scarf, also, worn round the body under the arms, as well as the buckle of the waist band, bear certain marks indicating their rank.

Between the civil and military mandarins there is only this difference that the first have in their breast plate a well engraved figure of some bird: crane, golden pheasant, pea-cock, wild goose, silver pheasant, duck, quail, or magpie,

whilst the others bear that of a savage animal to indicate the fierceness of their profession: unicorn, lion, leopard, tiger, bear, wild cat, grizzly bear, walrus, or rhinoceros.

But the only terrifying thing about them was their crest: for in both categories the mandarins were comfortable-looking men, above medium height, with a shining pigtail down the back and a magnificent cap adorned with fine plumes hanging down.

The speedy and unceremonious leave-taking was a clear indication to me that this heterogeneous medley was unpleasant to all.

The Viceroy, wonderful condescension! accompanied the Consuls to the outer staircase of the grand vestibule. More profound bows, more shaking of hands closed, as if incensing, and then farewell. The long procession of European mandarins with their carriers in livery pass by. I also pass with my poor coolies and the guns are equally raised in salute! I was almost tempted to think that I too was a great personage! fortunately the curtains of my palanquin partially concealed me from indiscreet and profane glances!

At last I found myself at the pagoda, of *Ng-pak-lo-hon*, that is to say of the five hundred Buddhas or sages.

Notwithstanding that colossal monsters with great eyes like savage beasts and mustachios a yard long, brandishing swords to which the club of Hercules would have seemed a toy, frowned at me as if to forbid my entrance, I hastened joyously inside, like one who has at last reached a long-desired goal. The square courtyards and dusty temples did not interest me; a bonze seeing this, passed quickly before me and guessing correctly said: "*Ma-co Polo! Ma-co Polo!*"

— "Yes, Marco Polo, it is he that I want."

A large door opened and I was introduced into a vast hall; it was the peaceful *Abode of the five hundred...*

Along several corridors, which meet in the middle, the sages are ranged. The first view impresses you with its solemnity never hitherto seen, a vision of dim gold. In the central portion, a large window sheds on these precious images a soft, suggestive light. But as soon as I drew near to the statues, the poetry disappeared.

On entering, the first is a enormous Buddha, on whose great stomach five or six tiny children,

smaller than a cat, are playing, one of whom is pulling the ear of his kindly and cheerful father.

The rest are a collection of strange, indescribable monsters; they are of various types, peaceful bonzes, ironical and furious countenances, ordinary faces with disproportionately long arms longer than the whole body, a triangular head with three faces of the same size, monsters who display other monsters in their open breast, with harsh, smiling, meditative, rapt, menacing, surly, bestial faces.

The learned bonze pointed out to me, with a certain satisfaction a statue of Mahomet pretending it was that of the Apostle St. Thomas. He also told me there was an effigy of the Blessed Virgin and perhaps one of Our Lord; but I preferred not to see such a sacrilegious profanation in that collection of stupid idols.

I hastened instead towards the man (who is for the bonzes a venerable Buddha) whom I sought. The usual guide, with shaven head and soiled garments, standing on the right hand side of the altar at the end, where one of the usual Tartar warriors was making his useless threatening gestures, announced with an air of triumph, exerted no doubt by his hopes of a tip:

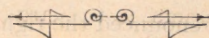
— "*Ma-co Polo!*"

I halted opposite the statue. Unlike his venerable companions, Marco Polo, like a good Venetian, wears a large round hat on his head. To make him resemble more closely an ideal divinity, they have designed a squat, corpulent figure (for the Chinese wisdom resides in the stomach) with whiskers and beard on a full moon face, bursting with fat.

I stood motionless looking upon him and my thoughts wandered afar. In an instant the bonze, the Buddhas and the pagoda disappeared; in a second I was out of Canton on the high seas, flying back to my country, to Genoa; and it seemed to me that the monument of Christopher Columbus, by a fantastic prodigy, was placed near the gilt figure of Marco Polo. I saw simultaneously both of them in one glance and I was deeply moved...

Did they not both open out for the Gospel new countries, and boundless horizons?...

JOHN FERGNANI Priest.



The Salesians of Macao.

The Salesian Missionaries who had charge of the Orphanage of the Immaculate Conception in *Macao*, having sought shelter — as we said — at *Hong-Kong*, will probably soon make a foundation at Canton where the zealous Bishop desires to give them the charge of an Orphanage, and at the same time they will undertake an important work for the benefit of the diocese of Macao.

We beg the prayers of our Cooperators that, overcoming all difficulties the pious projects of their Lordships the Bishops of *Macao* and *Canton*, ardently desired by our Confrères, may be successfully carried out.

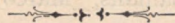


LIFE OF MARGARET BOSCO

Mother of the Ven. Don Bosco.

By the Rev. J. B. LEMOYNE

PRIEST OF THE SALESIAN CONGREGATION.



CHAPTER VII.

On Correction.

When it was necessary to correct her children, Margaret was not the woman to weep, to upset herself, or to act in the warmth of anger. Always calm, serene and affable, a shadow was never seen to cross her brow.

Her sons knew very well how much she loved them, and they returned her affection equally. At the same time that tender mother was faithful to the duty of rebuking and punishing them at suitable times.

In Margaret, kindness did not degenerate into weakness, and her sons knew very well that she would have had recourse to corporal punishment, had it ever been needed.

She had not renounced the right of punishing, and as assign of that right she put a birch-rod

in a corner of the room: but there never was any necessity for her to use a means that would have been so painful to her mother's heart.

She made up for the lack of more severe punishment by ingenious means which succeeded marvellously with hearts that had already been trained in religious obedience.

One summer day Joseph and John came back from a walk panting and devoured with the thirst caused by the burning heat. John was then four years old.

Their mother offered them a drink and began with Joseph first. Jealous at what seemed to him preference, John began to pout, and refused to drink when his turn came.

Margaret silently put the water back in its place. The child remained thoughtful for a moment, and then said in a timid voice:

"Mother."

"Well!"....

"Please give me a drink."

"But you did not seem thirsty".....

"Please forgive me, mother."

"It is quite time you asked for forgiveness!" And the lesson having been given, she took up the jug and gave it quite kindly to John.

The same child who had an impetuous nature, and was sometimes petulant, as children often are at that age, had on one occasion shown a good deal of impatience.

Margaret called him to her, and when the child ran to her she said to him:

"My boy, do you see that stick?"

"Yes, I see it" replied the child, looking ashamed of himself, and shrinking away from it.

"Get it, and give it me."

"What are you going to do with it, Mother?"

"Get it. You will very soon see."

"Are you going to whip me?"

"Why not, if you are naughty?"

"I wont do it again, Mother, indeed I wont?"

After this dialogue they had an amicable conversation, which was enough to make the child more careful in the future.

Joseph, in spite of his affectionate and sweet character, had sometimes his little tempers, his childish caprices, and rebellions against his mother's orders.

Margaret used to take the little rebel by

the hand, who would throw himself on the ground struggling and crying in vain.

His mother would remain calm, firm, and patient.

"I shall not let go" she would say, "even if I have to remain here all day: it is for you to give in."

And if Joseph went on making a disturbance, she would say:

"Don't you see that I am stronger than you are? You are not the master. Do you not remember that our Lord hates the wicked, and that he judges and punishes them. Do you think that you can escape the power of God?"

Convinced that his efforts were useless, and touched by these last words Joseph would raise his eyes up to his mother, whose face was always unchangeably kind.

A smile was on her motherly lips, and the little scene was at an end.

Who can say all the good that can be done by a mother's smile?

That smile goes to the depths of a child's heart, and fills it with love and joy. In the years that follow, it softens the sorrows of life, and does good to the heart of the grown up son. A mother's smile is the most delightful memory of a happy childhood, and is a most powerful stimulus towards the fulfilling of unwelcome duties: it is indeed a reflection of paradise.

Such was the method, if one can use such a term, that Margaret used in the correction of her sons.

Punishment, in her eyes, ought never to provoke anger, disaffection or distrust. Her supreme maxim was to persuade and suggest to her children always to act from love, and from a desire to please our Lord.

And that is the reason why Margaret was such a beloved mother.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Grandmother.

The exact obedience to which Margaret knew how to train her sons, was indeed less the fruit of her words than of her example.

Her husband, when he was dying had confided his mother to her care, and in consequence

of her infirmities the old woman was often obliged to stay in bed, or at least to remain seated in her chair.

Still, accustomed from childhood to be very active, the good woman used to work for her family as much as her strength would allow her to do.

She used to knit, mend, prepare meals, sweep when she was able, and, in consequence of her efforts, order reigned in the house.

When her good will was powerless, Margaret used to put a finishing touch to her work, for she also was very fond of order and cleanliness.

In thought as well as in practice Margaret regarded her mother-in-law as the supreme authority. Consequently she gave her the same respect that she would have given to her own mother, obeying and consulting her on every occasion. If ever there was any divergence of opinion, she always submitted her judgment to the elder woman.

Happy to be able to give her pleasure, she used to forestall her smallest wishes, studying for example to give her the food she would like.

During the day, especially in winter, Margaret used to spend with her, whatever free time her work allowed.

At night, when the attacks to which *la nonna* was subject were more frequent, Margaret watched by her side with all the tenderness of a daughter.

When Margaret went to market the old lady was never forgotten, and something special was brought home for her: — a particularly nice sweet-meat, or perhaps the first product of a fruit or vegetable.

Margaret required from her sons, the same respect for their grandmother at all times and under all circumstances.

"You owe your grandmother," she would often say, "a more prompt obedience than you even give me, I hope that you will never forget this."

Any want of respect or regard for the *nonna* would have found Margaret inexorable. In spite of her love for her children, Margaret never gave her judgment in their favour. A rebuke, or even a punishment, inflicted by the grandmother, was always just in her sight: to

lighten or lessen it would have been in her opinion a fault, and her considerate kindness never went counter to the somewhat (at times) rigorous severity of the older woman.

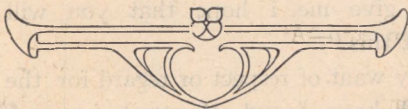
This perfect harmony was all the more necessary to the good education of the children because the whole responsibility of material affairs weighed on Margaret's shoulders. On her alone fell the burden of cultivating the property, of buying and selling at market; and she not only fulfilled valiantly the ordinary duties of a country-woman, but in addition she was undaunted by rough work such as is generally undertaken by men.

One of her brothers used to come from time to time to help her, but his own affairs did not always leave him free to give his sister this assistance.

So there were times when the courageous woman might have been seen reaping, labouring, sowing and cutting the corn, binding it into sheaves, placing it in the cart, beating it on the threshing-floor, and finally carrying the sacks of grain into the granary.

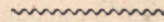
She was indefatigable in showing an example of industry to the hired labourers, who, not wishing to be beaten by a woman used to exert themselves to the utmost.

The manifold occupations of mistress of the household, obliged Margaret to be frequently absent: but she knew that her children were being thoroughly looked after; and, certain of finding in the grandmother a trustworthy coadjutor disposed to support her authority in every respect, she was able to go forward full of assurance towards the one end she had in view: namely the preservation of her children's innocence, the salvation of their souls, and the glory of God.



INDULGENCES

which may be gained by the Co-operators.



The following plenary indulgences may be gained by all the Co-operators who, having confessed and communicated shall make a visit to a Church, or Public Chapel, or in the case of communities a private chapel, and pray for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Every month.

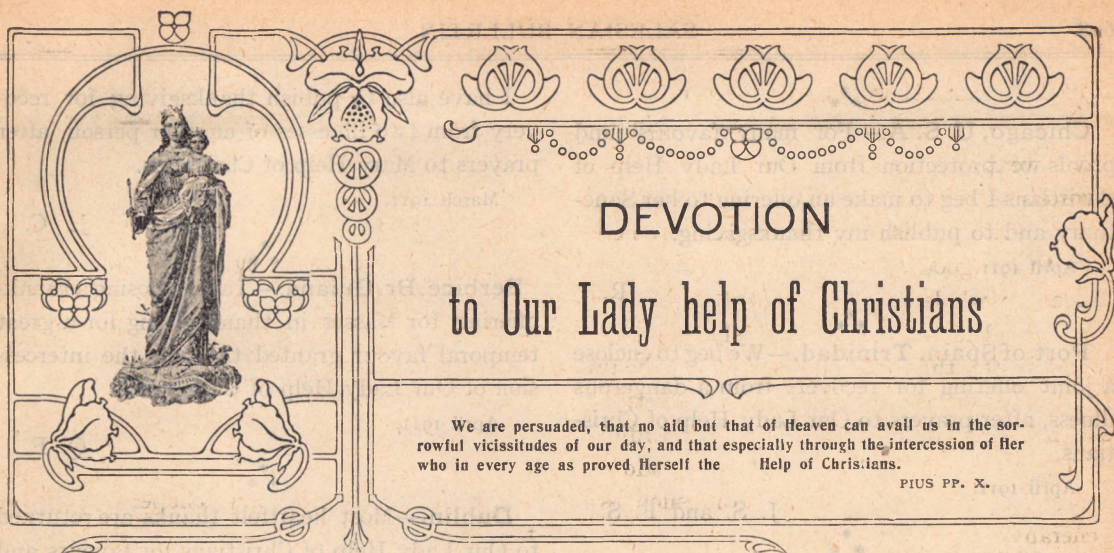
1. On any one particular day at the choice of the Associate.
2. On the day when members shall make the exercise for a happy death.
3. Whenever the Co-operators shall say five times the *Our Father*, *Hail Mary* and *Glory be to the Father* for the welfare of Christendom, and once the same prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father, they may gain the Indulgences of the Stations in Rome, of the Portiuncula, of Jerusalem and of St. James of Compostella; these indulgences, moreover, are all applicable to the Holy Souls in Purgatory, and can be gained by the Co-operators as often as the prayers are said.

During the month of July.

1. The Visitation of Our Blessed Lady and the feast of the Most Precious Blood. July 2nd.
2. Our Lady of Mount Carmel. July 16th.

The complete list of indulgences and privileges may be found in the issue of January 1905, or in the Co-operator's manual.

It must be borne in mind that the present Holy Father has re-enjoined the daily recital of the *Our Father*, *Hail Mary*, and *Glory be to the Father* for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff, and also the invocation *St. Francis of Sales, pray for us*. These prayers are the only ones enjoined on the Salesian Co-operators at the time of their enrolment in the Third Order.



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 as proved Herself the Help of Christians.

PIUS PP. X.

All are asked to combine to make the 24th of the Month a rallying point in connection with the devotion to Our Lady Help of Christians. At the special service of that day in the Sanctuary of Our Lady the intentions of all Co-operators are prayed for publicly, and one can take part in them in whatever part of the world one may be, by uniting the intention and performing some act of devotion. It is thus always a suitable day for commencing or concluding Novenas or Triduums, and for making particular devotions to Mary Help of Christians.

The general intention for June is for the grace of zeal and constancy in the performance of good works.

The History of the Devotion

(Continued).

This miraculous picture had as yet no title, so the Archbishop of Spoleto decided to name it after *Our Lady Help of Christians*, as the one most adapted to its appearance and circumstances, and he appointed one of his clergy to be in charge of the chapel. In connection with this period of the developments he relates the following incident. A young man had entered monastery of Our Lady at Acquaviva, and was nearing the time appointed for the clothing in the religious habit; but just previous to it, he was attacked by rheumatism so badly that he was constrained to return home. Remedies of all descriptions were tried but without any success, and four years passed by without the young man recovering his health, or the use of his limbs, so that he had become quite an

invalid. Then the news of this wonder working picture began to spread and the young man was most desirous of visiting the place and invoking Our Lady under this title. He was carried thither. Hardly had he been set down before the picture than he felt a great improvement and was able to return to his home without any assistance and was soon in perfect health. Other wonders also occurred, so that the good Archbishop had the happiness of seeing his diocese quite reformed and a lively faith was re-kindled in all hearts.

Thus this ancient image of Our Lady Help of Christians at Spoleto, painted in 1570 and remaining without any attention for three centuries, has arisen during our times to be an attraction for the faithful, and what was once an out of the way place is now a centre for thousands. Those who have received benefits have not been without gratitude, for the result is now seen in a majestic Church which is one of the glories and sights of this old-world city.

GRACES and FAVOURS.

London.—After a Novena to Mary Help of Christians and promise of publication an important favour was obtained for which I beg to make public thanks through the columns of the *Bulletin*.

May 1911.

Anon

**

Chicago, U. S. A.—For many favours and proofs of protection from Our Lady Help of Christians I beg to make an offering to her Sanctuary and to publish my thanksgiving.

April 1911.

**

Port of Spain, Trinidad.—We beg to enclose a joint offering for recovery from a dangerous illness, after prayers to Our Lady Help of Christians.

April 1911.

J. S. and F. S.

**

Roscrea, Ireland.—I am sending an offering for Masses in thanksgiving for a temporal favour received, and beg a continuance of assistance and protection from Our Lady Help of Christians.

April 1911.

St. A.

**

Kendal, England.—I beg to return thanks for a favour granted us after prayers to Mary Help of Christians.

April 1911.

S.

**

Manchester.—Having received a special favour through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians. I send an offering in thanksgiving and desire to publish the favour.

April 1911.

E. W.

**

Roscommon, Ireland.—I am sending an offering for favours received after prayers to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary Help of Christians.

March 1911.

A. L.

**

Perak, Malay States.—I had promised to publish in the *Bulletin* a favour if received. A friend of mine, a zealous Co-operator, was in extreme danger, and had to undergo three operations. I recommended him to Our Lady Help of Christians and now beg to publish the favour and thanksgiving for his recovery.

I have also to publish thanksgiving for recovery from two illnesses of another person, after prayers to Mary Help of Christians.

March 1911.

J. C.

**

Berbice, Br. Guiana.—I am enclosing a thank-offering for Masses in thanksgiving for a great temporal favour granted through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians.

April 1911.

Q. F.

**

Dublin.—Most heartfelt thanks are returned to Our Lady Help of Christians for favours and blessings received through a Novena and promise of publication.

April 1911.

S. M.

**

Belfast.—I am enclosing an offering for a Mass in thanksgiving, and would ask you to publish the favour received through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians.

April 1911.

E. A. M.

**

Thanksgivings also received from F. L. (Co. Longford) and from Nagpore (India) for success in examinations.

The prayers of the Co-operators are asked by a Dublin Associate for some very particular favours desired by him.



The prayers of all Co-operators are asked for *Andrew Keogh* (Kilmuckridge,) and *Catherine Murphy* (Enniscorthy), who have been recently called away. May they rest in peace. Amen.

PERMISSU SUPERIORUM

Gerent, GIUSEPPE GAMBINO — Turin, 1913

A. I. S. for the diffusion of the 'Good Press'

Corso Regina Margherita, 176.



History of the Ven. Don Bosco's EARLY APOSTOLATE.

The notice of readers is called to a volume recently issued by the Salesian Press, Battersea, S. W. Although the *Bulletin* has now been circulated for some sixteen years and has recorded the main events which have marked the development of Don Bosco's work, there had been no really authoritative book in English, which dealt in any complete way with the rise and growth of this work on behalf of the young. The present volume while supplying this need goes a good deal further, revealing many of the wonderful occurrences in the life of the Servant of God and filling gaps which were unavoidable in previous lives.


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