

THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

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SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1924

Number 5.



The Tomb of Ven. Don Bosco at Valsalice Turin.

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Opera theologica ad normam Novi Codicis Iuris Canonici exarata et Commentaria eiusdem Codicis.

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SUMMARY: *Golden Jubilee of Salesian Missions (1875-1925).* — *Rambling Remarks.* — *A New Superior General for the Sisters: Mother Luisa Vascchetti.* — *Salesian Old Boys' Association.* — *My Son, My Priest.* — *The Monks of S. Bernard.* — *The Superior General's Recent Visit to the Holy Father.* — *Salesian Notes and News.* — *The Figure of Don Bosco.* — *News from the Missions.* — *In Remembrance.* — *The Salesians in the United States.* — *Devotion to Our Lady Help of Christians.* — *The Life of the Ven. Don Bosco.* — *Plenary Indulgence.* — *Obituary.*

Golden Jubilee of Salesian Missions. (1875-1925).

International Congress at Buenos Aires.

During October an International Salesian Congress will be inaugurated at Buenos Aires, which will be the Ninth Congress of Co-operators and the First International Congress of Salesian Missions. It is quite fitting that the Argentine should come first in the solemn celebrations, for it was the country which first extended a welcome to Salesian Missionaries, the first party arriving there on the 14th Dec. 1875. Don Bosco used to call the Argentine the Salesians' second "patria", and the following list of Salesian foundations that have grown up there, since Don Bosco's Sons first landed, will be sufficient witness to the hospitality they have received, and to the support that good Co-operators have always given them. In the Argentine we have:

- 39 Mission Centres.
- 55 Boarding Schools.
- 66 Day Schools.
- 80 Festive Oratories.
- 9 Schools of Arts and Trades.
- 6 Schools of Agriculture.
- 3 Public Hospitals.
- 20 Battalions of Boy Scouts,

and this without taking count of the many works of a social and moral nature which are attached to nearly every one of the above-mentioned foundations.

The Congress will commence on the 5th of October and the opening service will take place in the Metropolitan Church. Towards the end of the celebrations a Solemn Requiem Mass will be sung in the Church of San Carlos for all deceased Co-operators.

Contemporaneously, a grand exhibition of articles made in the Salesian Professional Schools will be taking place, as well as the Third International Congress of Salesian Past Pupils. The members of all the congresses will walk in procession from the Piazza del Congresso to the Piazza di Maggio.

Many letters of encouragement and sympathy with the undertaking have been received from numerous Princes of the Church, Archbishops and Bishops, and many have promised to be present. May God bless the labours of our brethren in distant America so that all may be fruitful of good results and make for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Rambling Remarks.

Everything created is subject to change—changes substantial, changes accidental—even the spiritual part of man's being has its fluctuations, going from the imperfect to the perfect or vice versa, gifted to-day with wonderful insight amounting almost to intuition, and to-morrow plodding along the hard road of cold reason with but meagre results. In this unceasing variation of things and events, more wonderful even than the infinite variety of melodies that can be produced by a diverse grouping of notes in music, is it to be wondered at that man's outlook on life changes with the passing of the years, and that every now and again he must pull himself up, take his bearings in the new order of events, and set his sails in accordance with the changing winds of fortune, so that he may still accomplish his design in life and reach the objective for which he set out.

Man in general adapts himself to the circumstances of the age in which he lives, and to the customs of the country in which he labours. There are exceptions to the rule, of course: some people—old fogeys, we call them (though they may be only middle-aged)—very soon get tired of the struggle to keep up-to-date, they are little-minded and intolerant of other peoples views, and prefer to cling tenaciously to the methods and means which were first taught them, though these may now be worn-out and incapable of making an appeal to the new generations. Such people remind one of a certain traveller who would persist in going along a certain road, though his friends told him that he was walking farther and farther from the place which he hoped to reach.

The Educator.

If the generality of people must know how to move with the age, educators and the leaders of the people must do almost more than this; they must be ahead of the times to anticipate the moods of the people, to circumvent harmful tendencies, to safeguard principle, and to make the old, old appeal to the nobler instincts of man, but in the newest of new forms that will stand consistently with the rules of morality and of right reason. Psychologists they must be, too, and able to probe into the souls of their contemporaries and of the rising generations around them. The educator who clings stubbornly to the recommendations of his musty

pedagogy text-book, and takes no account of the effect which his teaching is producing in the raw material which he is trying to mould, need not be surprised if the results he obtains are the contrary of those which his valued author led him to expect. If you persist in considering your charges as pawns in a game of chess, and not as human, impressionable entities, you may depend upon it you will only succeed in irritating them, and in a state of irritation any extreme is possible. The indignation of Irvin Cobb's coloured boy Jeff was justified when he exclaimed: "I'se not a problem, I'se a person, and as such I crave to be regarded".

"Don't worry the boys, let them do as they like, so long as they keep from sin", was a saying of Ven. Don Bosco; and though, from the point of view of culture, you may think this a bit too large, yet that short saying contains a great pedagogical secret which is well worth consideration. If you can make people happy and contented you will find that they are much more amenable to reason, much more generous and tractable, and you will get the best out of them when it is a question of serious work. Irritate them by continually pointing out their failings in rules which are petty or indifferent; multiply these same regulations into an endless array so that the poor subject is hemmed round by a network of disheartening dilemmas; stubbornly refuse to give way, even for the gaining of a higher end, in forms that are arbitrary and unimportant, and you will defeat your own purpose. Only a heroic patience and a high degree of humility could save the youngster from losing his calm, and his head almost, under the onslaught of certain pedagogues with their unreasonable curtailment of every aspiration to liberty; but patience and humility are virtues which, apart from the mysterious influence of grace, are acquired only after long reflection and heroic acts of the will, and young people are not given naturally to either of these. The education of the child should not be entirely free from its trials and sacrifices, but these should not be such as to make him hate the very thing which you are trying to make him love and respect, authority and religion, and whilst he should not be pampered, his mentality should at least be considered, and if good results are expected happiness and contentment must first be secured as the normal condition of his existence.

The Church the Great Teacher.

The Church is, and has been from her foundation, the great world teacher and educator, ever faithful to the divine mission which was given to her to enlighten the nations, and a glance at the methods she employs in the fulfilment of her trust is at once interesting and instructive. By certain malicious or ignorant scribes she has been daubed as ultra-conservative and old-fashioned, but even a superficial study of Church History, and a short consideration of her present day activities, will soon produce abundant evidence to refute the calumny. Conservative she is in the sense that she never gives way on principle, and the system of morals that she inculcates today, and the truths with which she tries to embue the minds of her children are the same as they were 1924 years ago; yet she has always been in the van of progress, always eager and willing to accept new forms that make their appeal to the people, to lighten their burden in life and to make them turn confidently to her, their great Benefactress, for the milk of wisdom, and for an education suited to the needs of the times.

Thus we find the Catholic Church through her Benedictine monks turning the warring and semi-barbarian peoples of Europe into men of industry and sacred toil; consoling the wretched and oppressed poor by the administrations of her barefoot friars, more poverty-stricken than the poor themselves, but happy in their contempt of earthly baubles and in their imitation of Christ; caring for the sick and plague-stricken by means of her nursing Orders; teaching Christian warriors how to live chastely, and how to fight and die bravely for a noble cause, by means of her knightly Orders; and when the Renaissance comes along, and men go mad over book-learning and the study of the classics, the ancient Church knows how to produce the finest scholars that the world has seen, and by means of her teaching Orders she uses the new learning as one more instrument for the gaining of souls to Christ.

A Modern Congregation.

Just as the Church can adapt herself in things accidental and indifferent to the needs and exigencies of the times, so also the Rules of the Orders that serve her are endowed with a certain common-sense elasticity which, though obliging them to labour ever for the same end, and in the same spirit, enables them to assume that air of perennial up-to-dateness indispensable for an institution that hopes to make

itself acceptable to an ever-changing world. Therefore, if in certain countries and at certain times, a silk hat and kid gloves are more useful for the attaining of our good purpose than the sandals of the Friar, by all means let us have the silk hat and the kid gloves: a profound poverty of spirit is not incompatible with either of these if only the wearer have the heart of an apostle of Christ.

Amongst modern religious institutions, the Salesian Congregation may be singled out as a true reflection of the Church's procedure, and indeed as a sort of compendium of her history throughout the ages. For by rule, Don Bosco's religious family is addicted to "every work of charity", from the teaching of catechism to the tiny tot whom Providence leads within the saving doors of the Sunday Oratory, to the nursing of the leper in far-off Colombia or in the heart of Africa. Like the old-time Orders given up to manual labour, the Sons of Don Bosco, in their hundreds of farms and agricultural colonies scattered throughout the world, are teaching the sons of the people how to get the most out of their native soil, and in their schools of arts and trades they encourage them to become useful and industrious citizens. Like the begging Orders of the Middle Ages, the Salesians are frankly mendicant, and happy in that poverty which compels them to make continual appeals to the charity of the people for the carrying on of their good works. Last Candlemas Day, following an old custom, two members from each religious Order went to the Vatican to offer a candle to the Pope, and the Salesian representative told me afterwards, in confidence, that he had an almost irresistible impulse to present himself first to His Holiness when the usher called out, "Mendicant Orders!"

Amongst the numerous Orders and Congregations that have sprung up in modern times for the education of youth in the schools and colleges of the world, the Salesians have already secured a high place, and it is noted that their boys do remarkably well in the public examinations. In England they are given over to the work of secondary education, which is undeniably the most pressing need of the Catholic community of this country at the present day. After many struggles and sacrifices the elementary education of our children is, in general, well, provided for, and in the parish-schools our boys and girls receive a moral training such as is given in but few other countries. But so far a secondary education has been for the most part quite out of the reach of the children of the Catholic working and lower middle classes,

owing to a lack of centres and the means to furnish them. The Sons of Don Bosco, according to the principle of adaptation, are already giving willing assistance in meeting the most urgent need of the country; they have several flourishing schools in the South of England in which boys are received on most moderate terms; they are going north this year, and as the vocations flow in and the personnel of the Province increases, they hope to contribute a still larger quota of religious labourers and institutions for coping with the needs of Catholic England. In Ireland, a country largely agricultural, a most useful institution is that which combines instruction in scientific agriculture with a commercial training; here again the Congregation has been able, since the war, to open up two such agricultural colleges and hopes to make further progress in the Green Isle as time goes on. In South Africa the Salesians are specialising in arts and trades and in agriculture; they are running large orphanages in many of the British colonies such as India, and in parts of China, whilst in the United States, though they are there engaged in every sort of charitable work, the care of immigrants is a special feature of their activity.

An Innovation.

When Ven. Don Bosco first decided to found a new Congregation composed of Priests, Brothers studying for the Priesthood, and Lay Brothers, his friends were curious as to what sort of habit he would adopt for his religious. These good people were quite convinced that "the habit does not make the monk"—had used the phrase, in fact, many times during the course of their lives—yet, really, in practice, when they came to consider it, a Religious without some kind of a habit was a bit too—well—unconventional—even to be thought of! Don Bosco, however, much to their surprise, decided that his Priests should wear the simple cassock of the secular clergy, whilst his Lay Brothers were to be undistinguishable in dress from ordinary laymen. This was getting away from the old traditions with a vengeance, but the departure was warranted by the political state of the country at that time when all religious were looked upon with disfavour by the Government, and when many religious institutes were being suppressed. The experiment was highly successful and has proved so ever since. Who can tell of the vast amount of apostolic work that has been done quietly but persistently, by the lay religious of Don Bosco? The Priest cannot go into the

workshops and factories of the country: even the Religious in his habit is out of place, is always regarded as apart, as moving in a different plane, from ordinary folks: but the Lay Brother who appears as a layman, who lives the life of the workers and shares in their daily toil, is accepted as one of themselves, his example in sanctity and righteousness is potent for good, and when he deems it prudent to give a word of reproof or warning, he cannot be abruptly cut short with the phrase which one often hears: "It is all very well for you to talk, but you come and live our life, put yourself in our circumstances, and then see how good you will be!"

Just recently the writer found himself in a little church at Lanzo, high up amongst the pre-Alps of Piedmont. The chapel belongs to the Salesians, and the college attached is famous in the history of the Congregation, for it was there that Ven. Don Bosco used to go to snatch a brief repose, away from the turmoil and heat of busy Turin, and it was there too that he had some of those mysterious dreams that one reads of in his *Life*. At the moment, a Retreat was going on; all the space in the little church was taken up by about forty priests, and twenty clerics, with some sixty stalwarts in secular clothes in the front benches. These latter were Salesian Lay Brothers; they were nearly all masters in some art or trade: tailors, boot-makers, printers, carpenters, blacksmiths, farmers, music-masters, drawing-masters etc., and that little company alone constituted a choir of guardian angels for thousands of poor boys, whom they taught to earn an honourable livelihood and to lead good Christian lives. They had come there after a year's toil to re-invigorate their spiritual energies. The preachers addressed them as apostles—as brothers in the Lord's vineyard. They were businessmen, all of them, and immersed in the affairs of life; but here there was no talk of money-making, no anxiety as to the briskness or slackness of trade: the glory of God, the salvation of souls, purity of intention, sacrifice, prayer—these were some of the themes proposed for the consideration of those present. The gathering of priests was imposing, certainly, but, God bless them! I had known them and loved them all my life: it was that lay army under vows that impressed me, when I thought of their usefulness, their industry, and the extent of their influence; and when I was told that that was only one of seven successive Summer retreats in that Province alone, and that in Italy—leaving aside the rest of the Salesian world—there were seven such Provinces, my head simply swam

with figures and my admiration grew apace. Here was the lay apostolate organised and up-to-date—a development in the Church exactly suited to the needs of the times. Let us reverence the Mother whose zeal and whose wisdom can produce such sons; and let us take comfort in the thought that there will always be hope for the world so long as men are to be found ready to consecrate their energies, their skill, and their daily lives in this humble and unassuming capacity for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

A New Superior General for the Sisters. Mother Luisa Vaschetti.

Very soon after the death of Mother Daghero Very Rev. Fr. Rinaldi, in his capacity as Apostolic Delegate travelled to the central house of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, and there interrogated the Superiors of the Central Council and the seven Mother Provincials of various countries who happened to be there, as to their wishes regarding the new General. A General Chapter of the Sisters had been held little more than a year before, and the Rector Major pointed out how expensive and troublesome it would be to call another so soon: if they thought it convenient, he could appeal to the Holy See for a direct nomination. All were agreed that the latter was the more prudent course to follow; an arrangement was made then and there for a vote being taken by ballot, and Fr. Rinaldi communicated the result to the Holy See. An injunction came from the Holy Father through the Sacred Congregation of Religious that a vote should also be taken amongst the other Provincials of the Congregation; this was soon done and the result, absolutely unanimous, showed that Sister Luisa Vaschetti of the Central Council was chosen out by her Sisters in religion as the most suitable successor for Mother Daghero. The result was communicated to the Holy See, and on the 2nd July, the Feast of the Visitation, the Holy Father, by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Religious, appointed Mother Luisa as Superior General of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians. The appointment was a very pleasurable one for the Sisters, for the singular virtues and gifts of the new Mother were well known to all the members of the Congregation.

Mother Luisa is 66 years of age. She was

born at Aglie, Canavese, on the 11th of July, 1858 and 24 years later sought admission to the Congregation. Receiving the religious habit in the August of 1883, she sailed for the Argentine in November of the same year and was soon noticed for her rare gifts of mind and heart. For six years she was Superior at Moron, and was then nominated Provincial of the Argentine. For ten years she ably fulfilled that important office and was then recalled to Italy,



The New Mother General of the Daughters
of Mary Help of Christians.

where after a brief period as head of the Cispadana Province, she was elected in 1903 as a member of the Central Council of the Institute. As General Councillor and private secretary she lived in intimate relations with the late Mother General for a period of 20 years. In the latter capacity especially she behaved with such delicacy and tact, and displayed such wisdom and judgment in the management of affairs, that all were unanimous in considering her worthy to be raised to the highest office in the Institute.

May God give her all the gifts and graces necessary for the faithful prosecution of her onerous task, and may she be spared to rule over our good Sisters for many many years to come!

Salesian Old Boys' Association.

General Reunion at Battersea.

The Reunion of the Old Boys of Battersea held on June 29th of this year was rendered unusually important for two reasons. The first was because the Meeting was graced by the presence of the Very Rev. Fr. Ricaldone, Prefect General of the Salesian Congregation who was on a visit of inspection to the English Province, and the second reason was the Solemn Unveiling of the War Memorial to those of the school who had died in defense of the right in the great struggle of 1914-18.

The Past Pupils and the Friends of the school turned up in goodly numbers, and when all assembled for the photo group they made a striking picture, showing the flourishing state of the Association. The guests amused themselves in various ways, and the greetings exchanged between old friends were all the more hearty because of the fact that they are only possible on such an occasion as a general reunion. The Sports Secretary and the School Prefect of Studies had arranged a Tennis Tournament which was heartily received and well contested by the various entrants. The winners of the Tournament afterwards met the best two tennis players of the School. After a sharp contest the victory went to the champions of the Old Boys.

The Unveiling of the War Memorial.

After tea the impressive service of the Unveiling of the War Memorial took place. The Memorial is on the tower on the south side of the chapel. Above is a large bronze bust of the Ven. Don Bosco placed on a handsome stone bracket, the design of the Rev. G. Fayers, S. C. Below is seen the large memorial tablet of white Carrara marble on which are inscribed the names of the fallen heroes of the Great War. The whole looks simple yet dignified and is a distinct ornament to the chapel exterior. The position is such that the Memorial is always before the eyes of those entering the chapel serving to remind them of the great duty of intercessory prayer for all departed souls and especially for our own heroic dead.

The Memorial was unveiled by Very Rev. Fr. Ricaldone in the presence of the Past Pupils there assembled, of the friends and relatives of the noble dead, and of the boys and staff of the whole school. The ceremony opened by

the chanting of the *Benedictus* by the male choir of the Parish Church; then the school flag which covered the tablet was removed by Fr. Ricaldone and the memorial was exposed to the view of all. This was the occasion for prayers and for the placing of wreaths around the hallowed spot which gave it the appearance more of triumph than of mourning. Fr. Ricaldone then addressed the following discourse to the numerous assembly:

"I am very happy to be here to-day as the representative of the Superior General of the Salesian family at this touching and simple, as well as solemn, ceremony.

The Salesian Society is a large family, and each House is a part of it; it is befitting, therefore that all the members of this family, but especially the Father, should take part in the joys and sorrows of the family itself. Now, this ceremony has a double meaning; it is an expression of sorrow and of joy at the same time—sorrow for our brethren who fell in the field of honour, joy because we honour in them the martyrs of duty and the pride of their family and country.

Christian sorrow invites us to shed tears over the graves of our heroes and to offer prayers for the repose of their souls.

Christian joy invites us to offer the hymn of gratitude to those who laid down their lives for their country.

And it is particularly gratifying to us to perform this ceremony in the place where these heroes had received their moral and their Catholic education, because this ceremony proves once more that love for our Church and love for our country cannot be separated.

In fact, Fatherland means not only the beauty of the country, the land where agriculture, industry, literature, and commerce are flourishing, but above all, Fatherland means the land which begets heroes and saints.

Therefore, to-day we are here to honour, with the memory of our heroes, both our Church and our country; we are here to honour, not only the Old Boys who did their duty in the great war, but also those who instilled in them loyalty to their country and to their Church.

And so I am very sorry not to see here present the first Rector of this School, Father Macey who has formed the character of so many young men who have been pupils of this School.

But, as there are here the representatives of the families of our heroes, and other Superiors of this Salesian family, so I feel it my duty to present to both of them my congratulations for the success of their educational work.

To-day we are celebrating the Feast of St. Peter, and therefore, in the name of the successor of St. Peter, our Holy Father, in the name of the King, and in the name of Don Bosco, I unveil this memorial, and I say to you all, past and present Pupils alike, 'Let us praise our heroes; let us follow in their footsteps'".

After the address of Fr. Ricaldone a hymn for the dead was sung, and the whole touching ceremony was brought to a fitting conclusion by the solemn sounding of the "Last Post" by the buglers.

* * *

The dinner that followed was a great success. The toasts were received with enthusiasm, the various speeches being good and to the point. On this occasion Fr. Ricaldone gave a memorable address to the Old Boys there assembled, and presented the prizes to the successful competitors in the Tournament, Messrs. Alexius Byrne Quinn and Peter Fegan. What Don Ricaldone especially emphasised was the fact that the Old Boys were the children of the Ven. Don Bosco and so of the present General Don Rinaldi, and that he (Don Ricaldone) could call them children and they could call him Father; titles that he and they were proud of and would live up to.

The final act of the day's entertainment was the dramatic rendering of Benson's great Catholic play "The Cost of a Crown". It was a beautiful and stirring drama, well prepared and well received. The Old Boys at last returned to their homes after a long and happy day spent at their Alma Mater, amidst the familiar scenes of the joys and sorrows of their youthful days.

Introspection.

To those earnest souls too intent on self-examination and self-analysis in the spiritual life, I humbly offer the following jingle for profound meditation and appropriate resolves:

"The centipede was happy quite,
Until the frog for fun
Said, 'Pray, which leg comes after which?
Which wrought his mind to such a pitch,
He lay distracted in the ditch,
Considering how to run".

My Son, My Priest.

My heart is filled today, asthore,
With happiness so sweet,
That I could wish for nothing more
To make my joy complete.
And these long years I'd live again,—
Yea, though my toil increased;
I'd bear a thousand years of pain
For thee, my son, my priest.

I saw thee at the altar kneel
In vestments gold and red;
I saw the Bishop print the Seal
Of Priesthood on thy head;
I saw thy hands made consecrate
With oil, and bless'd the hour
That raised thee to thy priestly state,
That gave thee priestly pow'r.

Though time has flown with rapid pace.
It seems but yesterday,
When nestled in my fond embrace,
I taught thee first to pray;
For thou wert then but four years old,
Yet thy sweet, lisping voice
Was dearer far than burnished gold,
And made my soul rejoice.

How oft' thro' deep'n'ing shades of night
I asked our Lord above
To bless my boy, and guide him right
In His great work of love!
Dear Jesus, Who doth dry our tears,
Whose love is deep and rare,
Hath crowned the glory of my years,
Hath heard a mother's pray'r.

"A Priest forever!" Ah, *machree*,
What wond'rous pow'r is thine!
"A Priest forever" thou shalt be
For the Sacrifice Divine
Upon the altar Christ the Good
Will come to hear thy call:
"This is My Body! This, My Blood!
For men I've given It all."

My work is o'er. My course is run,
And God will take me soon.
I have one wish to make—just one—
Of my own *Soggarth Aroon*:
That thou be near me ere I go,
Obedient to His call;
And help me whisper soft and low,
"Sweet Jesus! God! My all!"

MARTIN J. TRACY

In the "Canadian Messenger".

The Monks of St. Bernard.

Of all the works of charity performed by the Church's large army of religious, that to which the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, or the "Monks of St. Bernard" as they are familiarly called, devote their lives is, in the eyes of all, the most romantic, as indeed it is, in many ways, the most heroic. Living their quiet lives at the top of the high and dangerous Alpine pass running over the Great St. Bernard, they prepare themselves and their haven of refuge for the succouring of the weary or snow-bound traveller; and, taking the second commandment of the law "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself", in all its literal significance, they risk their lives, and wear down their physical powers every day during nine months of the year, in order to go to the assistance of those who may have fallen victims in a losing fight against the stern elements of Nature roused to the height of their fury in the winding gorge running between those rugged Alpine peaks.

In the days of the Romans, a temple dedicated to Juppiter stood at the head of this pass and the whole mountain was known as "Mons Jovis". But in the tenth century St. Bernard of Menthon, a count of Savoy, who had donned the religious habit as a Canon Regular at Aosta, built there a house of refuge for travellers crossing the dangerous pass, after he had preached to the robbers and bandits, who frequented those rugged heights, and converted great numbers of them. St. Bernard's wealthy parents endowed the hospice with great riches, and since that time its doors have been open day and night for the reception and gratuitous entertainment of rich and poor, king and peasant.

This Alpine pass runs between Italy and Switzerland, and the hospice is situated on its highest point, 8,000 ft. above sea level. The boundary between the two countries runs through the lake in front of the house, the latter being situated in Swiss territory. On an average 20,000 people are entertained there every year; 500 people can be sheltered at once, and at certain seasons of the year, much of this accommodation is needed for poor workmen who attempt the arduous crossing of the pass in order to find employment in another country.

During the course of the centuries many kings and queens have visited the hospice, and hundreds of Cardinals and Bishops on their

way to Rome have been glad to find themselves under its sheltering roof. The King and Queen of Italy are frequent visitors, and it is interesting to note that Queen Victoria stayed there for one night and sent her portrait afterwards to the good monks as a token of gratitude for their hospitality. Edward VII, when only eighteen, was a guest of the monks, and as souvenirs of his visit he carried off the wooden cup, plate and spoon which he had used. He was also presented with a St. Bernard's puppy, but, unfortunately, it died before reaching the foot of the mountain. The monks will tell you with pride that the piano which stands in the large saloon placed at the disposal of the guests is one of two which Edward VII, as prince and as king, sent them for the entertainment of their visitors.

The top of the Gt. St. Bernard is covered with snow practically the whole year round: the writer went there in the late August of the present year and it was covered even then with a beautiful mantle of white. One can walk from Aosta on the Italian side in from 6 to 8 hours in good weather and when the pass is free from snow. We departed from Aosta on a hot Summer's day—one of those days on which you want to be hampered by as little clothing as possible: but long before we reached the hospice, we were glad of every stitch of the winter rig we had brought with us, and a short time after our arrival it commenced to snow.

The pass is open and free from snow not more than three months of the year. The great danger for the traveller lies in the sudden and unexpected changes in the weather, the thick clouds of fog that sweep down to the valley, and the frequency of avalanches. When the traveller is overtaken by fog he is in the greatest danger of losing his way, of walking over a precipice or into a deep snowdrift; even the monks, without the assistance of their dogs, would often be unable to find their way. If an avalanche sweeps down upon him, he is inevitably buried alive, and if it lands in front of him, his path is hopelessly blocked.

The monks have their Noviciate at Mt St. Bernard; they are mostly of Swiss origin and accustomed to the mountain life. But though some of them have managed to pass twenty years of their lives in that isolated monastery, twelve years is the average period for which they are able to hold out. Rheumatism and

heart trouble claim many victims, and they have finally to retire to their other house at Martigny. In modern times only one Englishman has attempted to remain with the monks; he did very well for two years, and desired to continue, but urgent family reasons necessitated his retirement.

Before the installation of the telephone, the monks used to set out in parties every morning with their dogs on the off-chance of being able to assist ascending travellers. Now, definite information is sent by telephone from the customs houses, as to the number attempting the ascent, and the time of their departure, so that the monks are better able to concentrate their forces where they may be most needed.

The St. Bernard dogs are really wonderful animals: massive and of noble mien, some of them are able to carry a man, and all of them have a wonderful instinct, perfected by training, which enables them to go almost straight to the place where anyone lies buried in the snow. They scatter the snow in all directions much quicker than anyone could shovel it away, and very soon they have dragged the poor victim to the light, and are breathing upon him and rubbing him with their shaggy heads in an almost human way in order to arouse him from his coma. They go in twos, and whilst one performs these operations, the other returns barking to the Fathers, who are soon on the scene, and caring for the unfortunate traveller. The story is told of one such traveller who was brought back to his senses by the attentions of one of these noble animals; but mistaking him for a wild beast, and thinking he was about to devour him, he drew a revolver and shot the poor dog who had delivered him from an awful death. The most famous of the St. Bernard dogs, and the one who saved most lives was named Barry; his body may still be seen, stuffed, in the museum at Berne, and the largest dog of the pack at the hospice is always named Barry in memory of his famous predecessor.

These dogs are also sent out alone in foggy weather to conduct people to the hospice, who would otherwise almost certainly lose their way and come to grief. All one has to do is to follow his shaggy guide who runs barking in front—as sure of his way as in the best of weather—and the hospice will soon be safely reached.

The doors of this alpine monastery are ever open to the needy and tired traveller, but the charity of the Fathers is often extended even to members of the feathered tribe. Every

year, in April and in October, large numbers of swallows migrate by way of the St. Bernard, and when they reach the top of the pass they are often unable to make further progress because of the force of the wind and blinding snow storms. They then commence to circle round the hospice as though asking for shelter. The good Fathers, unable to resist such a piteous



**Statue of St. Bernard at the Top
of the Famous Pass.**

The statue is in Italian, the Hospice in Swiss territory.

appeal, throw open all their windows and the feathered emigrants are soon safely housed within the strong walls of the monastery. They are quite unafraid of the monks and allow themselves to be lifted and caressed by them. When the wind and the storm have subsided the windows are opened again and away fly the swallows to warmer regions, uttering a glad song of gratitude to their kindly hosts as they depart.

Twenty years ago, instead of the fine hard road that now winds its way along the precipitous slopes of the pass, there were only two footpaths, one on either side. In those

days, the provisions, which must always be secured during the two or three open months of the year, had to be taken up on the backs of about twenty mules, and it was often a problem how to complete the stock in time. Nowadays the monks have a motor-lorry and the provisioning for the bad months is got through much more expeditiously.

Besides the library with its treasures in all languages and typical of each succeeding century, and the museum which contains many antique objects that once found a resting-place in the pagan temple of Juppiter, the chapel of the monastery with its beautifully carved choir stalls of 16th century walnut, is well worth a visit. Every day, during Summer, the Conventual Mass is sung at 6.30. a. m., and before that the monks may be seen in rochet and red cape in choir, singing Matins and Lauds, for they are Canons Regular, and the public recitation of the Divine Office is one of the duties of their religious life. The atmosphere of the whole place is redolent of charity and religion, and one comes away with a great feeling of respect and friendliness for these good brothers of mankind who spend their days on the snowy mountain top, and only descend from their cold and lofty eminence for the performance of those works of charity and mercy which the whole world admires.

The Superior General's Recent Visit to the Holy Father.

On June 17th Fr. Rinaldi was most graciously accorded another audience by His Holiness Pope Pius XI, and the three Salesian families scattered throughout the world will be pleased to hear of the Holy Father's interest in all their undertakings and activities.

Our Superior General felt bound first of all to return cordial thanks to the Pope for the paternal benevolence which he had recently demonstrated towards several of our brethren, for the support he has given for the erection of a Martyrium over the tomb of St. Stephen in our grounds at Beitgema, Palestine, and for his generous interest in the Congress promoted by the Salesians at Venice, at Bahia Blanca, and at San Paolo in Brazil.

The Holy Father spoke long and earnestly about our various provinces, passing them all in review, nation by nation, and requiring special

information about the American Republics. He wanted to know about the numbers of those seeking entrance into the Salesian Congregation in these states, and what percentage persevered, whilst from time to time he made wise observations and gave invaluable counsel. He was pleased to hear of the consoling number of aspirants who come to us, and emphasised the necessity of giving all a thorough and accurate training so that in the future they might produce abundant and salutary fruits. The Holy Father's goodness could not have been shown more plainly; he wanted particulars and details of everything, wanted to share both in our joys and in our worries and preoccupations.

Don Rinaldi then told His Holiness of the preparations that were being made at Buenos Aires for the festivities in connection with the Golden Jubilee of Salesian Missions, and having asked for a special Apostolic Benediction for all those who were contributing to the success of the same, His Holiness, with sovereign benevolence, said that he intended to take an intimate and fitting part in the celebrations when the time came. The Superior General then spoke of the new Mother who had been asked for the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians: His Holiness promised to speed up the necessary arrangements, and how he kept his word we tell on another page.

Speaking of the Sisters, His Holiness took occasion to remark how useful, and necessary even, these heroic women were on the Missions, how, in many cases, they alone were given free access everywhere, and how their ministrations were often the means of bringing whole families into the Church.

At the end of the interview Fr. Rinaldi asked for certain blessings and indulgences which the august Pontiff not only conceded, but also spontaneously extended the most cordial Apostolic Benediction to the whole Salesian Family, to the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, to the Past Pupils of both Institutes, and to all Co-operators and Benefactors. Our revered Superior was touched by the Pope's kindness and came away from the interview with the resolution to foster ever more and more amongst his children a lively devotion to the Holy See.

All communications to be addressed: —

Very Rev. Fr. P. RINALDI

32 Via Cottolengo

TURIN 9 (Italy).

SALESIAN NOTES AND NEWS.

Cowley, Oxford. Since last noticing the Cowley House a great many important events have there taken place; so many in fact that it is possible to give some account of only two of them.

First there was the Fête held in the Salesian Sports' Field there. This was for the purpose of raising funds to meet the building expenses which are being constantly incurred owing to the continual growth of the Community, and the ever-increasing scope of the Cowley House. Already there is the public church and parish work, the Noviciate, the Studentate and the University Extension; and this is but a beginning of Cowley's possibilities. There is really no reason why the Oxford House should not become a nucleus of Salesian activity in *all* its forms.

The Fête, with the blessing of Mary Help of Christians, was a very great success. The principal feature about it being the happy association of Protestants with Catholics in the cause, which they made of common interest; more than 2,000 people did their little best to make the Fête go well, and of these at least 90% were non-Catholics. Another somewhat remarkable feature was that although the weather of all the surrounding country-side was so bad as to ruin the various Fairs and Fêtes being held, the weather at Cowley was quite like that of mid-summer.

Countess Cadogan was so good as to come down from London to open the Fête, and the Lord Mayor of Oxford—a non-Catholic gentleman—took the chair. Before leaving he told someone that he had never enjoyed any function quite so much as this one.

The other event of which mention must be made is the visit of the Rector Major's representative, Don Ricaldone. It is truly remarkable what can be done by a man who follows faithfully in the footsteps of Don Bosco, our Father. There was nothing particularly out of the ordinary about Don Ricaldone—except perhaps his smile; yet in his brief visit he contrived to make Cowley pulsate with new, and veritably Salesian, life. The grounds echoed and re-echoed to the lilting tunes he taught the Brothers, and not a few, hearing the music of the Chinese tongue, were strongly

moved to make closer acquaintance with its musicians—the natives of China.

Of all the successful meetings over which he presided perhaps the most successful was that at which an Academy—held at once to honour Don Ricaldone and to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the approbation of the Rule—was held before the Co-operators of Cowley and District. The papers read and the music rendered gave great satisfaction; and in a felicitous speech, which brought the Academy to a close, the Rector Major's Representative won the hearts of all present.

As we go to press the new Novices, twenty-five of them, are expected at St. Joseph's to begin their first Salesian Retreat. May we ask the prayers of our Co-operators for their perseverance? For so the workers already in the vineyard may be reinforced, and the work of Mary Help of Christians in English-speaking countries may go forward apace.



Battersea, London. On Sunday, July 13th a gathering of the Salesian Co-operators was held at Battersea under the presidency of the Very Rev. Fr. Ricaldone S. C. A number of Co-operators from Cowley came to Battersea by charabanc that day to be present at the meeting. The united forces of the London and Cowley Co-operators made a goodly number, and great interest and enthusiasm was displayed by all. The meeting was also honoured by the presence of Father Provincial, and everything went off very successfully.

The Rev. P. McConville, Organising Secretary of the Co-operators opened the proceedings with a few brief remarks of which the following is the substance. "We want you to know, dear Father Ricaldone, of the work being done by the Salesian Co-operators in this Province and of the great interest they take in the activities of the Congregation. When I was first asked to take up the work of organising, the task which was given me seemed so hard and difficult as to be well-nigh impossible of accomplishment. But I said to myself 'if it be God's work it is bound to succeed, if it isn't, then success does not matter very much'. It

has been difficult work travelling up and down the country giving conferences here and giving conferences there, but Our Lady Help of Christians has been with us, and we have succeeded beyond all hopes, not only in Battersea, Chelsea and Highgate, but in places out of London too, in the North of England and Ireland and in Scotland as well. The Co-operators in the North

and Ven. Don Bosco, for surely our ideals are dear to both of them".

Mr George Bleach of Battersea, on behalf of the Men Co-operators then read the following address: "Very Rev. Fr. Ricaldone—Most heartily and cordially do we, the Gentlemen Co-operators of London, extend to you the hand of welcome.



St. George's Institute, Woluwe St. Pierre Belgium. (For War Orphans).

of Ireland are amongst the most zealous, not only for their co-operation in this Province, but also for the support which they give directly to the Superiors at Turin.

The number of Co-operators too has been continually increasing: in the first year we had something like 200 on the register; at the end of the second the number had increased to 1,500 and is still being augmented. One little tangible result of this work of Salesian co-operation, and one that speaks for itself, is this, that during this short time we have been able to help five poor youths on their way to the Priesthood and in the prosecution of their studies. We hope to carry on and persevere in our good work and for its success we look to the intercession of Mary Help of Christians

Though most of us have not had the happiness of knowing you personally, yet all of us, either by means of your much esteemed confrères, or through the medium of the *Salesian Bulletin*, have attained some knowledge of you, and of your useful and wonderful work on behalf of Church and State, wherever the Ven. Don Bosco's standard has been erected. Particularly do we admire what you did years ago for thousands of Spanish boys in the various educational fields of literature, science, and technical and agricultural activities. The Spaniards with good reason hail you as their Don Bosco. Nor must we forget what you in your important international capacity as Economist General, and later as Prefect General, have done and are still doing for the Salesian

far-flung Missions of America, Africa, India, China, and N. W. Australia. In these continents the Ven. Don Bosco's valiant Missionaries are, year by year, gathering in a large spiritual harvest of souls for Jesus Christ.

Finally, we must especially thank you and Very Rev. Fr. Rinaldi, Don Bosco's saintly successor, who has sent you here this evening for all that you have done to push forward Salesian activities in England and Ireland. The last five Salesian Houses which have been opened in this Province within the last five years are in themselves an evident proof of the help you give Very Rev. Fr. Scaloni, our revered Provincial, and his hard-working Conféres.

We promise to show you our gratitude by praying for you daily, and by continuing to promote and help all Salesian undertakings as far as we can, and we ask your blessing and a memento sometimes in your Holy Mass".

This address was very well received and seconded by all present, and Miss Jones of Cowley then rose to say a few words on behalf of the Lady Co-operators. "Very Rev. and Dear Fr. Ricaldone—we cannot adequately express our joy at having you in our midst to-day. You are not merely the human connecting link between the Very Rev. Fr. Rinaldi, Don Bosco's revered successor, and ourselves, but you yourself link us up, so to speak, with the Ven. Don Bosco himself. By your many arduous labours in Europe, S. America, N. America, Africa and Palestine, you have proved yourself a real friend to thousands and thousands of poor youths who might never have known the benefits of Christianity and civilisation but for you.

By these great achievements you are surely helping on Ven. Don Bosco's wonderful world-wide Apostolate, and such good works must certainly be a consolation to the heart of our saintly Father and his good mother Mamma Margaret.

We, for our part, through the powerful intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians promise to do our utmost to follow Mamma Margaret's noble example in furthering, to the best of our abilities, Salesian work, both at home and abroad. This will be for us both a privilege and a joy. We wish you, dear Father Ricaldone, every success in your undertakings and ask for your blessing and a share in your prayers".

In response to an invitation from Fr. Mc Conville, Mr Hall of Battersea also made a few observations which were practical and to the

point. He spoke of the great surprise he had had when he first learnt of the extent of the Salesian Apostolate. He would try his best to help it on in every possible way, had already done much in the way of collecting and gaining people's interest, and he put forward the very practical suggestion that where one failed in making Co-operators one should at least try to gain subscriptions, which was always possible, at least of small amounts.

Miss Donnelly also spoke on behalf of the Ladies of Battersea. This lady has done heroic work in making the needs of the Salesian Mission House and Noviciate at Cowley known far and wide, and she had no small share in the success of the recent Fête which was held there, besides having secured many subscribers for the "Help of Christians".

At the conclusion, Don Ricaldone rose amidst the cheers of all present. He thanked them very heartily for all the kind things they had said, and for the interest and enthusiasm they had all manifested for the spread of the good work which all had so much at heart.

And then, in a most interesting manner Don Ricaldone described how the mustard seed planted by the Ven. Don Bosco at Valdocco, had become a vast tree, spreading its branches far and wide. He told how the Salesians and the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians had penetrated almost every clime, described in some detail the wonderful work done in Patagonia, in Tierra del Fuego, in Brazil, Ecuador—to say nothing of the Argentine, Uruguay, Paraguay, Mexico.... He also gave some interesting facts concerning the Salesian work in China and India; and finally, he told them that they must not lose sight of the great work which has been done and is being done nearer home—in the various countries of Europe, and also in the United States.

Don Ricaldone, who has himself recently visited nearly all the Provinces of the Salesian Society, was indeed well able to describe the work in a most entertaining manner, and to give statistics which prove that the Hand of God is clearly visible in the spread of the good work.

And finally, he urged all the Co-operators to continue their good work, to persevere in the interest they are taking in Salesian activities and development, and thus to give the Salesians themselves that practical and material support without which the rapid development of Don Bosco's work will not be possible.



Claremont, S. Africa. On 20th inst. the little Church attached to the new Salesian House was opened to the public. Of late the new red building with its characteristic square tower had reached completion and a spacious garden in front had been nicely laid out, the large beds waiting some kind friends to supply ornamental or some suitable flower plants.

At 9 a.m. the Rev. E. M. Tozzi, assisted by the Rev. Fathers de Bary and Pappalardo, blessed the chapel in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians, and celebrated the Holy Mass. The blessing of the outer walls and the chanting of the Litany of the Saints was very impressive in the cold, still morning; the congregation in procession praying with the priests (following the cross bearer) that the blessing of the Almighty would rest upon this new house of prayer, the new resting place of the Blessed Sacrament.

In the afternoon the flag-staff above the school flew the Papal Flag, and the cheerful strains of the Salesian Institute Band (Cape Town) entertained the large number of people who were fast assembling to take part in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which made its way from the old chapel in Fermanagh and through Lansdowne Road to the new grounds and Church.

The gathering was so large that the Rev. Fr. de Bary had to preach from the steps at the entrance of the new Church. He said they should rejoice at having a new place of worship where their Catholic life could grow and expand; they should rejoice on account of the way in which they had seen the Salesians' work grow in this country and in Cape Town. Now they had an extension of that work, and a school for agriculture was being begun there.

The Rev. Father went on to refer to the career of John Bosco, the founder of the Salesians. He said that, just as in the beginning God chose humble people for his work, so even in later times, for the greatest of His works He chose humble instruments. John Bosco was the son of humble parents in Italy, but he had had good parents, who taught him religion, and so he grew up in ways of piety. He had seen in the streets of Turin how many lads were abandoned and had no knowledge of God or religion, and he determined that he must gather them to him. People began to think he had lost his reason, but his words were justified, because there is now a splendid dwelling in Turin where there are no less than 700 boys. The Salesian Society with its 400 institutions

is now established in every continent of the globe.

The Salesians were to be found in every country of South America. They had a large mission in Patagonia, missions in India, China, Central Africa and Australia among the aborigines. Although the founder only died in 1888 and there were many still living who knew him well, his work had been singularly blessed by Almighty God.

Father Bosco introduced a new system under which he encouraged boys to recreation and did everything to make them happy, while he took every care of their material and spiritual welfare under proper supervision. So the work increased and had gone on. He established a Union of Co-operators, and in every country there is now a branch of the Union. They were doing a noble, generous work by supporting the Salesian works as much as they could. There was still a great deal to be done. The work was only beginning, and there were heavy expenses to be incurred, and it was hoped that all would help as much as possible.

Rev. Father Kelly concluded the service, giving Benediction first from the Altar, then from the steps of the Church, to the many hundreds who were kneeling outside. To the accompaniment of the band all joined in the singing of "Faith of Our Fathers".

Tea was provided for the visitors by a number of ladies of the congregation, including Mrs. J. O'Connor, Mrs. C. Deane, Miss Emerie, Miss G. Raulo and Miss A. Manthey.

A start will be made with the school next term. It will cater for junior elementary Catholic students. The agricultural section will start at the beginning of next year with boys who have passed St.^d VI. The school buildings were completed a little while ago, but at present they lack the necessary furniture, and funds are needed for this purpose.

The new Salesian School in Claremont is to be a Junior or Elementary Boarding School, but one special section of it will be devoted to agricultural classes for boys who have passed Standard VI. There are 56 acres of land attached to the School, all eminently adapted for intensive farming, one of the most pressing needs of this part of the continent. The Government has spent millions on large irrigation schemes but until the principles of intensive farming are better known and more widely practised the land will not yield all that it should for the ever-increasing population. And this is why the Government, recognising the necessity and usefulness of our new foundation has given it every encouragement.

The new School lies in the broad isthmus that connects the Cape Peninsula with the mainland. From it we have a beautiful view of the Blue Berg Mountains on the East, and Table Mountain on the West, whilst refreshing sea breezes are wafted across from Table Bay, False Bay and the Indian Ocean. The district around Claremont is rapidly developing, especially in the direction of Lansdowne Rd, and for some years a Catholic Church was a crying need, Mass having had to be celebrated for years in a neighbouring farm house. This need has now been adequately met by the erection of our simple and unpretentious church dedicated to Our Lady Help of Christians, one further link attaching the Salesians of the world to Our Lady's Basilica in Turin.



Highfield School, Chertsey. General of the Congregation, Very Rev. Fr. Ricaldone. The most distinguished visitor we have had for a long time, he has left behind him a lasting impression of gentleness, wisdom and amiability. It was this last that took our school by storm. English boys are usually chary of important people and shy and reticent in their presence, but before Don Ricaldone's condescension and good humour our boys capitulated without the least semblance of a struggle. The distinguished visitor arrived on the eve of Sports Day and presided on the following day over the events in the field. He presented the prizes in the evening to the successful competitors amongst both the Seniors and the Juniors, and addressed them afterwards in eloquent and appropriate terms on devotion to duty whether in the school or in the playing-field, to Church or to State. After this discourse our Prefect General had an example of college diplomacy which augurs well for the success of our future politicians. He was distributing sweets to all and sundry, when he felt his cassock being pulled, and looking down a long, long way, he saw the upturned face of young Swallow, the tiniest boy in the school, who with all the coolness imaginable was lisping forth some sentences which seemed to end with the ingenious phrase: "and could we have a holiday, please?" Unable to resist such a winning appeal, Fr. Ricaldone promised to exert his influence with the powers that be, though at the same time remarking that an ambassador was generally one of the biggest men in the country, not one of the least.

After supper Fr. Ricaldone initiated a sing-song, and very enjoyable it was too. All the boys gathered round him on the lawn and sang whatever he wished, and for as long as he wished, and showed great readiness in picking up some foreign songs in Piedmontese and Spanish. Whilst waiting for his taxi next day he amused the whole school with stories of adventure in S. America and other countries whilst travelling there on his tours of inspection. And then, just to show him what good memories they had, the boys sang all over again the songs he had taught them the previous evening, concluding with one which he did not know, but which was one of real appreciation and esteem: "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" and the words must have rung in his ear long after he left Chertsey, and we hope he will take them as an earnest of our feelings, and as an invitation to visit our Thames valley again at no distant date.

The Figure of Don Bosco.

The figure of Don Bosco itself presents an incredible multiplicity of aspects and manifestations. Although still a child he is already an apostle, and abounding in the most ingenious initiative; he is a juggler as well as a preacher; a shepherd-boy and a teacher of catechism; a student and yet at the same time assisting in the work at his lodgings; a musician, yet learning both carpentry and tailoring. When a priest, while he is a model of exactness in the usual duties of the ministry, he is initiating new forms of apostolate; he can draw together and govern in an incomparable manner great crowds of boys; he is the founder, organiser and promoter of many original and attractive institutions; an unwearying antagonist of sectarian protestantism; a champion and supporter of the Holy Father, and at the same time a counsellor of, as well as a negotiator with the government; a prolific writer on topics of the widest range; a seer in his exact prevision of the remedies for modern evils; a distinguished educator and the creator of a new system of education, the legislator and director of two great religious orders.

NEWS FROM THE MISSIONS.

Amongst the Savages of Ecuador.

By Fr. Charles Crespi S. C.

I have just returned from a long and fatiguing excursion amongst the natives of the Gualaquiza region. Leaving aside all that might be said about the journey, the hazardous crossing of precipitous mountains, the receptions given Mgr. Comin by the Granadilla and Aguacati colonies, the religious enthusiasm awakened everywhere by his fervent words, and of the new works that are being organized through the means generously sent us by benefactors, I shall confine myself to speak only of Gualaquiza—the charming valley called by an ancient explorer “A terrestrial Paradise”—and of its inhabitants, the savage Kivari.

Whoever gets here after an arduous day's journey and arrives about the hour of sunset, cannot but feel in his heart one of those deep impressions which enthrall, which charm the mind, into blissful enchantment, and transport one's faculties to the contemplation of something sovereignly beautiful in an atmosphere half-divine.

A Charming Valley.

A sky clear as crystal, and on the distant horizon just a few clouds which in a few moments will split up and blend again into all the varied colours of the rainbow; the beautiful chain of mountains, not naked or arid but covered with luxuriant vegetation, with patches of white, red and yellow, resplendant in the rays of the setting sun, colossal trees in full bloom standing out upon the mountain steppes; the characteristic noise of the river which for centuries has been running, serpent-like, through the valley below and forming all sorts of fantastic falls and beautiful cascades; the disordered symphony of thousands of sheath-winged insects and singing-birds that, at the fall of the evening, chant forth their playful melodies in honour of God their Creator, and in harmony with the tolling bell of the little church, man's tiny contribution to this grand apotheosis of divine work—these are some of the purest of delights, which the Divine Artificer has reserved

for the lone Missionary who finds his way to this enchanted valley.

Go further into the valley and from the direction of the woods you will hear the sonorous echo of the song of the flute-birds, and about 6 o'clock, that siren-like whistling produced by the insects seems to be the signal that the whole colony must now abandon these fertile fields and seek shelter for the night. Later on, during the dark hours, you will hear the weird howling of the bird called the *ahu*, which, according to local tradition, is really the spirit of an unfortunate Kivaro bemoaning the fate of his lost wife who has been turned into the moon.

Beautiful, placid Nature, still awaiting the perfecting touch of man's hand to make it habitable; and on the summits of the mountains away in the distance, and on their slopes running down in steps to the valleys formed by the Cuchipamba, the Cuyes, the Bomboiza and the Zamora below, the savage Kivaro, as untouched by civilisation as the forest in which he dwells, vies with the wild otter for the fish of the rushing blue torrent, with the serpent for his feathered prey, and with the jaguar and the tapir for the fruits that grow so spontaneously from the fertile soil.

The Kivari.

Anyone going to Gualaquiza for the first time and knowing of the Missionaries' devoted work there and of the sacrifices that have been made during so many years, might expect to find a little Christian colony—a small church surrounded by huts inhabited by converted Kivari. But, alas! there is nothing like this. The materialistic Kivaro, master absolute and undisturbed of hundreds of square acres of the most fertile land, has no need to come to the Missionary to beg for a piece of ground, for a hut, for a draught of water.

On a high eminence five or six hour's walk from the Mission, where the limpid stream runs along between shiny boulders covered with fat edible snails, with savoury fish sheltering in the shady gorges, through a forest teeming with game of every description, the savage constructs his large demesne and lives as a king,

independent and free, refusing to pay homage to any power, either civil, military, or religious. Absolute lord and master, especially of the hill which he chooses out for his habitation, no one, not even his Kivari friends, may approach his dwelling unless invited; and there in the clearing which he has made amongst the gigantic trees, his wives cultivate the lucious *yuca* and the sweet banana, and his scores of pigs, snorting and grunting some distance away, free the ground from poisonous snakes, and provide him with substantial meals. Proud of his possessions, and of his mode of life, the Kivaro despises every form of civilisation in which he sees no material advantage and which he does not understand. Give him a piece of the finest cloth woven in the brightest colours. He will take it in his hand, examine the minute interweaving of the thread and compare it with his own coarse *itipi*, then shaking his head and uttering the one word: "*Puengarcial*—it is no good!" he will return you the cloth. You may employ all the best arguments of a commercial traveller, you may tell him that it is cloth of great value worn by gentlemen of the highest society—but all this will be sheer waste of time, he will keep on repeating his *Puengarcia*—no good! and refuse to listen to reason.

It is this obstinacy of judgment that makes him absolutely opposed to the wearing of any other than his traditional costume, and which makes him a most difficult subject in whom to instil Christian ideas. He is impeccable, perfect—and must be taken squarely in some gross offense before he will admit himself capable of any delinquency.

No Hell for the Kivari!

One day I approached some of the more savage Kivari of the Vicariate who were passionately plotting the murder of an enemy, and after I had tried to reason with them for some time I led them before a large catechism picture of the Last Judgment. At the top of the picture was the pathetic figure of Our Lord, the Redeemer, as he appeared on the cross. To the left there was an army of angels who were liberating the Holy Souls from Purgatory, and on the right the demons were seen thrusting the wicked into Hell. I explained to them about the angels who were carrying the souls of the Just to Heaven, and pointed out how the demons were dealing with wicked people such as the Kivari who were in the habit of robbing and murdering their enemies and taking their scalps as trophies, who regarded all other nations with hate, refused to believe in

Our Lord, and persisted in having many wives instead of only one.

My earnest words seemed to be making a great impression upon them, when, as luck would have it, one of the more crafty of their number noticed that on the picture the souls of the damned were all dressed in European fashion. The battle was lost!



The Volcano Tunguragna in eruption in Ecuador.

"Look, Father!" he said, triumphantly. "Our Lord is dressed like the Kivari, and He must like them very much for He is calling all their wives, dressed like the angels, to Heaven, whilst all the Christians are being thrown into Hell with the demons! Hell is not meant for the Kivari".

And I had a nice job now to try to demonstrate the truth of the matter to them: I was perspiring, I assure you, before I had finished. Some of them seemed to yield to my arguments, but I am sure it was the hope of obtaining some

presents that made them appear to acquiesce and not a sincere acceptance of Christian truth.

Polygamy.

The question of polygamy is one of the most serious and difficult to settle amongst the natives. How indeed is it possible to convert them from the practice, when it is precisely he who has most wives who is most esteemed, who has larger gardens and well-kept pigs and a large connection of relatives ready to help him defend his life and property.

One of the Kivari, known as Joseph Pukubaty, a fellow of singularly meek and gentle character, who would not have hurt a fly, was the object of the special care of one of our former Missionaries. One day, after a long discussion on the polygamy question, and on the punishment reserved by God for those who do not conform to the Christian laws when known, Joseph was much moved and broke forth into this exclamation: "Yes, Father, I see you are right. I will go immediately and kill off two of my three wives and live alone with the other one!" and it needed quite a lot of new arguments on the part of the Missionary to prevent him from carrying out his idea forthwith, and to make him be content with less drastic and sanguinary measures.



The Kivaro is a materialist, and to make the rays of the Faith penetrate to his hard heart—tougher than the hide of the wild tapir with whom he shares the joys of the forest, is a task almost impossible of accomplishment; and from my own exhaustive explorations amongst the natives of Bomboiza, Cuyes, Iunduli, and other regions, I can safely assert that they are as yet unaffected by the logic and the beauty of the Christian Faith, which the Missionaries have been trying to enrich them with for so many years.

Often during the course of these apostolic journeys it was necessary to improvise a bed in the open air in order to have some repose during the night, and in the morning we would set about making up an altar on which to offer up the Holy Sacrifice for these poor people of the wilds. This was very soon done by driving four posts in the ground, joining them together by means of two others at a height of one and a half yards, stretching some large banana leaves across these, and covering the whole with the altar-cloths. This was the Sacred

Table, all prepared, in a temple that had for its dome the blue sky of Heaven, for its decorations the beautiful verdure of the tropical forest, for its columns the colossal trunks of towering trees, and whose orchestra was supplied by the hundreds of birds and insects circling round the altar of their Creator.

And on this miserable altar the Great Miracle was once more accomplished and the August Victim called down from Heaven. You may imagine the feelings of the celebrant in such a case surrounded as he was by scores of half-naked savages armed with spear or rifle, reclining in attitudes the most diverse, understanding nothing of the great Mystery, and attracted only by the bright colour of the vestments, the splendour of the chalice, and the novelty of the ceremonies. Oh! when will the hour of redemption dawn for these unfortunate children of the forest? When shall we be able to open their eyes to the Faith and to show them the beauty of the Christian mysteries?

The Mass over, one of the women approached me and fingering the chasuble said: "I will give you a hen in exchange for this vestment".

You can imagine how that short sentence penetrated to the heart of the priest like the stab of a cruel knife, and how he longed for the day when such a display of ignorance on the part of these poor Indians would be impossible.

An Original Guide.

During the day I continued my journey towards the Zamora. To find oneself alone in the heart of the forest without companions and without a guide is by no means a pleasant experience. Fortunately the echo of the rushing waters of the distant Zamora was borne to me on the wind, and I tried to direct myself as well as I could by the hollow sound. I had not gone very far when I came upon a group of savages mending a portable canoe, and by giving them some trinkets I was able to procure a small boy—a sharp little fellow—as guide.

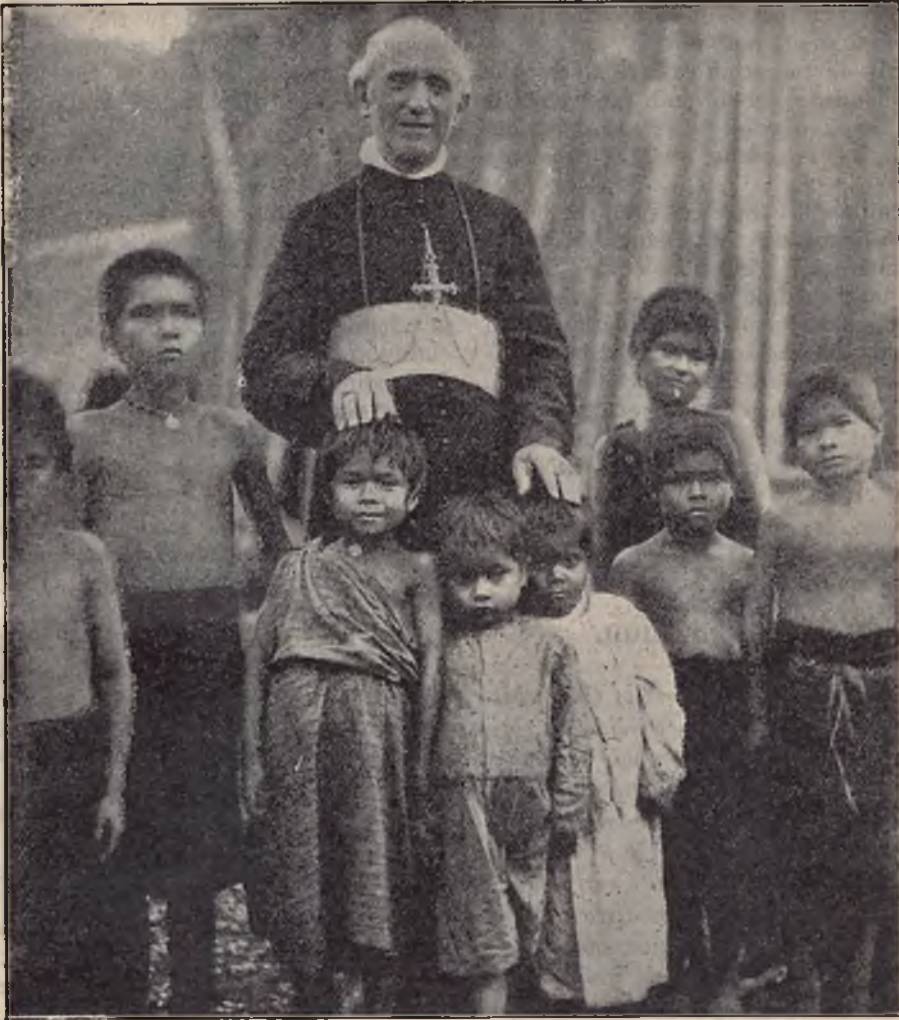
Convinced that he knew at least a few words of Spanish I said to him in an interrogative tone; "The Zamora is near?" "The Zamora is near", said the little rogue, dressed after the fashion of the Souls of Purgatory in the famous picture, his eyes sparkling, his lips smiling ingenuously, and off he started like a greyhound along a narrow and muddy footpath.

Laden as I was, I tried to follow, and quickened my pace in a desperate attempt to keep up with him. We were passing through a magnificent plantation of bamboos 20 to 30 metres

high with very sharp thorns. Here and there the path disappeared or an immense tree seemed to have sprung up in the middle of it. I was soon almost tired out and shouted again to the hurrying figure in front: "River near?" "River near", he shouted back and off I went

settles it" I thought to myself; "he is simply a parrot with wonderfully good auricular faculties".

I was disheartened, but had to resign myself to my fate and continue the march as well as I could. After a time the forest began to thin



Bishop Comin S. C. with his Kivarl Children.

again trying to forget the heat and the fatigue, but my heart was beating painfully, and I was soon forced to encourage myself with another questioning shout: "River far?" "River far", he responded over his shoulder, and then I began to suspect that he did not know any Spanish and was just repeating my phrases. I resolved to make sure and with what little wind I had beft, I gasped at him: "Have you no brains?" "Have you no brains", he said tranquilly, and went bounding on. "That

out and the path to descend, and in about an hour I arrived, more dead than alive, and bathed in perspiration, on the banks of the beautiful Zamora. My little guide threw himself immediately into the water and commenced swimming about like a frog. I sat down on a mossy bank to regain my breath and my exhausted energies and had plenty of time to drink in the entrancing beauties of the wonderful scene before me.

The Zamora is one of the finest rivers in the

country: it winds its way, sometimes majestic and silent, sometimes turbulent and noisy, amongst the numerous groups of picturesque mountains. Along its banks the tropical forest loses its air of mystery and gloom and shows itself in all its beauty, in all its grandeur: the magnificent trees curve down towards its swiftly-running currents, and rejoice in the sweet freshness of its waters.

Like nearly all the other eastern rivers, the Zamora abounds in gold, and the colonists come from far-off Sig-sig to extract the precious metal by laborious washing from its sands.

For several hours I lingered along the banks of the river watching the fishing operations of the savages and their manoeuvres in the water and in their frail canoes, and then off I went again, more sure of my bearings now, and able to dispense with the services of my diminutive guide whose method of conducting a route march was somewhat too energetic and original to suit the taste of a lone Missionary carrying his chapel furniture on his back.

(To be continued).

The American Lion.

Our Missionaries, in the course of their apostolic rounds, are able to see many wonderful sights, not only in regard to the people whose souls they are trying to save for Christ, but many interesting things also on the wide prairies, amongst the mountains, and in the dense jungle, in regard to animal and vegetable life. No doubt, early studies in botany and zoology make these discoveries all the more interesting and instructive; one is thus able to classify and appreciate the various specimens met with in the regions where beautiful Nature still holds sway. Here is a little lesson in natural history from the pen of Fr. Bonocini S. C.

What! are there really lions in America? Yes and no.

There lives in America a carnivorous animal very like the lion in stature and form, and for those qualities and traits peculiar to the king of beasts: hence it is very natural that it should be sometimes called the "lion of America".

The resemblance, however, is only approximate, so much so, that anyone on seeing this animal would never mistake him for a lion;

for this reason most people prefer to call him by his Peruvian name "puma", or by the Brazilian one of "jaguar".

Without doubt there is a resemblance between the lion and the puma: what then have they in common? As to height, length, and weight, pumas are certainly to be found which have nothing to yield to the lion: they are lacking, however, in that which to man's mind makes for majesty in the king of the forest—a noble deportment and a magnificent main.

Then as to shape—without doubt the puma has the form of a carnivorous animal, a beast of prey, and more precisely still—a member of the feline tribe, and this is the most essential characteristic for judging of affinity between one animal and another. To say that the puma is a feline means that it has characteristics as carnivorous as it is possible to imagine: large protruding canine teeth for killing its prey; strong, sharp molars for rending flesh to pieces; curved claws for catching and holding its victim; an agile body and legs well adapted for running and especially for leaping swiftly upon its prey. These characteristics stamp the puma as a feline and as a member of the same tribe as that to which the lion, the tiger, the leopard, and the panther belong.

As it has a like structure, it is not to be wondered at that the puma, just like the other felines, is a ferocious beast: since Nature has intended him to be a meat eater, it has also made him skilful in procuring his food, so as not to die of hunger. The puma, in fact, is a beast of prey that inspires all other animals, and man even with a certain dread.

Nearly every animal has its particular region outside of which it is not to be found: cosmopolitan beasts are rare. The puma, however, has a most extensive area over which to roam; you may come across him anywhere from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego: he can live in a hot or cold climate, on the plain or amongst the highest mountains, in the virgin forests or in the open country. This great diversity of location brings it about that there are notable differences amongst pumas, and, in fact, many varieties of them are well known to naturalists.

A notable fact, which may have no scientific value, in regard to this animal, though of some practical importance, is, that in South America the puma fears man and however hungry he may be will not dare to approach him. On the contrary, in North America one hears many accounts of men who have been attacked by the puma.

The food of the puma naturally varies with the region in which he happens to be. His strength and agility render him capable of assaulting even the tallest and swiftest graminivorous animals including wild horses, and bulls, and the nimble deer. When necessary he gives chase to them, but his ordinary method of procedure is to leap upon them suddenly from ambush and break their necks by the force

forests, those, for instance, which extend along the Amazon. Here monkeys abound in great numbers, and the puma, who has a weakness for monkey-flesh, seems to acquire the nimbleness of a squirrel, climbing up trees with the greatest facility, and jumping skilfully from branch to branch in pursuit of these chattering denizens of the forest.

If what people say is true, the puma, at least



The Savage Kivari of Ecuador.

of his onslaught. He attacks domestic animals, however, much more readily, and often becomes a veritable nuisance to the farmers and ranchers. It has been noticed that he prefers the smaller mammals—sheep, goats, pigs etc., these animals are easier to overcome, and the flesh is more tender: the puma has been seen circling round herds of horses and cattle without doing them any harm, and then leaping suddenly upon some unsuspecting sheep which had before attracted his attention. The puma has also been seen giving chase to the *nandu* or South American ostrich, and he also hunts the *tachini*, or wild turkeys, that flock together in immense numbers in Canada.

But the most curious instance of an animal adapting itself to its surroundings is that which is observed within some of the great virgin

in the South, is capable of being tamed, and can be used for purposes of defense just like a large dog. Besides this alleged friendship for man, another thing that may render the figure of the puma attractive, is the fact that he is extremely vivacious and playful, especially if he is caught when young and not allowed to be spoiled or become spiteful as monkeys often do. Taken as a cub, not only is he quite tractable, but he is always full of that readiness for fun which we observe with such pleasure amongst kittens. The naturalist, Azara, tells of a puma which preserved its good humour for seven or eight years and was always ready to romp and play with anyone, even with strangers. So at least in this respect the puma has merits and attractions which the king of the forest cannot boast of!

Pastoral Visit by Aeroplane.

Kimberley (Australia).

Roads are few and difficult in the "Wild North West" of Australia, and the Mission Stations hundreds of miles apart, so that the duty of visiting is an arduous one and often implies days and days of fatiguing travel on horseback. But His Lordship Mgr. Coppo S. C. was able just lately to cover a distance of 94 miles in a very short time as the following account will show:—

"I am writing from Derby, whither I have had to come by aeroplane for my pastoral visit. On a former occasion also I had resigned myself to making a trip of several hundred miles by aeroplane to visit a dying person, this being the only means available, when my secretary Fr. Setaro, hastened to assure me that he would take my place willingly in the aeroplane, and just as willingly I yielded it to him. But now it was a question of administering Confirmation and of making my Pastoral Visit, and so, in the absence of a better means of transit, I had to resign myself once more to travelling by aeroplane. I say 'resign' for I always had in mind those two lines of Tasso:—

*Ai voli troppo alti repentini
Sogliono i precipizi esser vicini;*

but, thanks be to God! I was able to accomplish 150 kms, in record time and to land safe and sound here at Derby.

This town, which lies to the north of the Vicariate, had a brief period of prosperity when the famous gold mine was discovered in its vicinity. Seekers after the precious metal came from all parts and in a brief space of time numerous buildings arose and in the midst of them a Catholic Church. But soon after, the mine gave out, and Derby returned to its former solitude and insignificance, and the little church was destroyed—literally eaten up by white ants, and the few remaining Catholics had to content themselves with hearing Mass in a private house at rare intervals, when a priest could come to them from Broome or from Beagle Bay.

When I first arrived in the Vicariate and got to know that no priest had visited Derby for years, I sent Fr. Setaro there for some days so that he could report on the state of affairs and prepare the people there for the pastoral visit of the Bishop.

When I got to Derby, Mr Armstrong, the

town schoolmaster, very kindly lent me his house, and at once I set about fixing up an altar. And so, on the Sunday within the octave of the Ascension, I was able to celebrate Mass and administer Holy Communion to various people, some of whom had never been able to approach the Divine Banquet before. In the afternoon I visited the hospital and found there two Catholics who were stricken with leprosy, and in the evening I administered Baptism and Confirmation after giving a brief instruction on these two sacraments.

As it is quite out of the question to think of building a church now or of procuring a priest to remain here permanently, the Catholics readily acceded to my proposal that they should meet together every Sunday in the little improvised chapel for prayers, and for the reading of a brief instruction, besides listening to the announcements which I would send them from time to time from Broome. The good schoolmaster willingly undertook to act as Catechist to the community.

The steamer that had to take me to Wyndham did not put in at Derby until the fourth day after my arrival, so that I was able to celebrate Mass on three other occasions and continue the morning instructions, besides teaching catechism to the newly-confirmed in the evenings. The mother of two of these is a Protestant, but even she sent her children willingly to be confirmed, and brought me another little boy also to be baptised. Their father is a Catholic but is now working with a firm 500 miles away.

I am leaving now on the "Bambra" for my first visit to Wyndham the most northerly town of the Vicariate. May God grant that these "flying" visits do some good and be a source of grace and consolation to the scattered populations whereabouts!"

Pope Leo XIII said one day to Don Bosco: "*I wish to be not only a Co-operator but the head of the Co-operators*". And on another occasion he spoke these words to our Holy Founder:

Every time you speak to the Co-operators tell them that I blessed them from my heart: that their scope must be to place a barrier against the evils that beset youth, and that they should form but one heart and soul, to aid you in gaining the ends which the Society of St. Francis of Sales proposes to itself".

In Remembrance.⁽¹⁾

Across the seas God send you safe
To hold His flag on high,
To labour for Christ's holy cause
Beneath a foreign sky;
Like Erin's sons of old to bear
Unmoved the battle's brunt,
To work for Christ, to toil for Christ,
A soldier at His front.

Across the seas God send you safe
To battle hard in life,
To taste the joys that Christ doth give
To all who bear the strife
To plant the banner of the cross
In pagan lands away,
A Captain in Christ's mighty hosts
A soldier for His fray.

Across the seas God send you safe,
With Colm's zeal of old,
With Patrick's might to guide your hand
In Brigid's mantle rolled;
Be Christ before you, at your side,
And help His flag to hoist
To toil for souls, to fight for souls,
A Captain true to Christ.

Across the seas God guide you home
And bless your sacrifice,
May heaven's peace shine e'er on you
From China's changing skies,
May Erin's saints from Heaven bless
Your hopes in all you do,
And make of you a Captain bold,
A priest to Jesus true.

(1) A priest's parting message to a young Irish Salesian starting off for the Chinese Mission.

established their first educational institute in the old Provincial Seminary at Troy, New York. In 1908 a suitable site was found at Hawthorne, N. Y. and there the work developed and flourished with great promise for the future until on the fateful morning of Dec. 11, 1917, the imposing structure was razed to the ground by fire. It is in order to recommence this work, that the Salesians purchased the old



Bishop Coppo S. C. makes his Pastoral
Visit by Aeroplane.

The Salesians in the United States.

The Salesians first entered the United States in 1897 in response to a call from the late Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco for priests to take charge of the large number of Italian immigrants in his diocese. The parishes of Sts. Peter and Paul and later that of Corpus Christi were opened in response to this demand and in 1902 they undertook the spiritual care of Oakland. In New York, Archbishop Corrigna entrusted to them the care of the Parish and School of the Transfiguration and of the Parish of Mary Help of Christians.

For several years the Fathers laboured among their fellow-countrymen, learning the language of the new world. In 1903 they temporarily

Stevenson property in New Rochelle, and have undertaken the enormous expenses of erecting the Institute, the corner-stone of which was laid on October 3rd, 1920.

In 1915 the Salesians opened at Ramsey, N. J. the Don Bosco Polish Institute, a classical High School for Polish boys. One hundred students are enrolled there for the current school year.

We ask you to help us by urging young men who desire to embrace the religious life as priests or laybrothers, but who are uncertain where to apply, to communicate with us. Financial aid is an all-important matter in these days of inflated prices and an offering in support of our works, no matter how small it may be, will merit our heartfelt appreciation and a remembrance in our prayers and good works.

DEVOTION TO OUR LADY HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

The title of *Auxilium Christianorum*—Help of Christians, attributed to the Mother of Our Saviour, if taken in its larger signification, is no new thing in the Church of Jesus Christ. Even in the books of the Old Testament Mary is prophetically called the Queen who sits at the right hand side of her Divine Son, dressed in golden garments and decked with every variety of precious ornament; "*Astitit Regina a dextris tuis in vestitu deaurato, circumdata varietate*". This richly ornamented golden mantle is a striking figure of the variety of titles with which we are accustomed to honour and invoke Mary, the Mother of God. And so the title of Help of Christians may be said to be one of those precious gems that adorn the regal mantle of the Madonna.

Another reason why the Church, especially in these latter times, wishes to turn to Mary under this glorious title is ably put forward thus by Mgr. Parisi: "Almost always when the generality of men found themselves faced with some extraordinary crisis or catastrophe from which they wished to escape, they thought the best way of obtaining assistance from Heaven was to discover and proclaim some new perfection in this admirable creature, Mary Most Holy, who was, whilst on earth, the most brilliant reflection of the perfections of the Creator.

The need which we today experience of invoking Mary's help is not only a particular but a universal one: it is no longer only a question of infusing fervour into the tepid, of converting the sinner, of preserving the innocent: but in our day, it is the Church herself that is attacked; attacked in her functions, in her institutions, in her head, in her doctrine, and in her discipline; assaulted as the Catholic Church, as the centre of truth, as the mistress of all the faithful. And it is precisely in order to merit for ourselves a special protection from Heaven, that we have recourse to Mary our common Mother, as the Help of kings and of people, of the Catholics of the whole world.

Both the title and the feast of the Help of Christians have their ultimate foundation in the very concept which we form of Mary when we know that she was singled out by God from

all eternity to be the Mother of the Word made Flesh, and for that reason a co-operator in the mystery of the Incarnation and in the Redemption of mankind. Being the Mother of Jesus Christ, Mary Most Holy is in a certain way the Mother of all the Christian faithful whom Jesus deigns to call brothers, and what more natural than that Mary should be the special and efficacious Help of these, her sons".

But besides this general concept which is the foundation for all the titles and feasts which the Church sanctions in honour of Mary, there are other special historical facts, many times related in this journal, in which the wonderful intervention of Our Lady, for the defense of the Church and the upholding of the Roman Pontiff, is clearly manifested, and it was precisely these occurrences which gave occasion for the Church's definite approbation of the title of Help of Christians, and for the feast that takes place on the 24th of May. From the complex of prayers and formulae that go to compose the Office of the feast, the mind of the Church in approving the title is clearly shown: the three prayers in the Mass, the two hymns, the various antiphons and versicles and especially the historical lessons proper to the Office, all go to show what the intention of Pius VII was when he set his seal on this devotion.

And in a letter of Leo XIII, of holy memory written on May 26th, 1903, to three of his cardinals we find the following words: "Devotion to the Mother of God has not only been one of Our most sacred affections right from Our tenderest years, but it is one of the most valuable helps which Divine Providence has seen fit to concede to the Catholic Church. In every age, and in every time of persecution and of strife, the Church has had recourse to Mary and has always obtained from her the bread of consolation and powerful means of defense. And since the times in which we live are so tempestuous and full of danger for the Church, it rejoices Our heart and fills Us with encouraging hope when We see that the faithful with unanimous fervour of confidence and of love are turning daily to her who is called the 'Help of Christians'".

Graces and Favours. ⁽¹⁾

Port of Spain, Trinidad. — I ask you, in all humility and thanksgiving, to accept this small offering and publish in your *Bulletin* (as I promised to do) my sincere thanks to Our Lady Help of Christians and the Little Flower for favour in answer to constant prayers.

A. V. M. T.

Paterson, New Jersey. — I am sending an offering in thanksgiving for a favour I received through Our Blessed Lady Help of Christians. After making the Novena I regained the use of my left arm.

A Sincere Believer.

Preston, England. — I enclose an offering in thanksgiving for favours, and for Masses.

A. W.

Port of Spain, Trinidad. — Please insert in the *Bulletin* my thanksgiving to Our Lady Help of Christians for favours received, and failing health quite restored.

M. S. G.

Lusk, Ireland. — I am enclosing postal orders in thanksgiving for favours received through Our Lady Help of Christians. Hoping Our Lady will soon secure for me another spiritual and temporal favour which I am much in need of, and wishing the Salesians all success I am etc.

Mrs. M. M. A.

Ballina, Ireland. — I enclose a postal order in thanksgiving for a great favour received through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians and Ven. Don Bosco.

Grateful Client.

Some time ago I had a nervous breakdown; I made a Novena in honour of the Sacred Heart and Mary Help of Christians and promised a donation and publication in the *Salesian Bulletin* if I were cured. Thanks be to God, and our dear Mother Mary, I am now quite well.

A Co-operator.

I enclose an offering for a Mass in thanksgiving to Mary Help of Christians, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and Ven. Don Bosco for many favours obtained. A short time ago a girl friend told me that she suffered terribly

from nose-bleeding and could find no remedy for it. I advised her to make the Novena and send an offering. She did so, and since that time has been entirely free from her former complaint.

Anonymous.

Battersea, London. — During the Autumn of last year I had a very serious attack of pneumonia. I went to bed on Friday, 14th of Sept, with pleurisy, and on Saturday morning pneumonia developed. On Sunday the 16th my parents commenced Don Bosco's Novena to Mary Help of Christians for my recovery, having complete confidence in its occurrence. The following Wednesday the Doctor gave up hope saying that I was sinking fast, and would not have the strength to pull through. A Specialist was called in but he was also forced to the conclusion that there were no grounds for hope. On Sunday the 23rd Sept. the eighth day of the Novena the crisis took place and in my favour. With this favour came also the grace of a priestly vacation.

C. R.

South Africa. — In fulfilment of a promise I made, I desire to return heartfelt thanks to Our Lady of Christians for a temporal favour received.

R. M.

Offaly, Ireland — Please publish for me the great favour of a cure which I received in March last through the intercession of Dominic Savio.

S. M. C.

KILKENNY, Ireland. — I have received many graces and favours from the Sacred Heart through the prayers (as I confidently believe) offered for me by the Salesian Congregation. I am very grateful and as I promised publication please insert this in the *Bulletin*.

A. H.

Donations for the propagation of Salesian works, and offerings in connection with "Graces and Favours" received, may be sent to:

Very Rev. Don Philip Rinaldi

32 Via Cottolengo, Torino, Italy.

(1) For these accounts no higher authority is claimed than that attached to authentic human testimony.

THE LIFE OF THE VENERABLE DON BOSCO

By G. B. LEMOYNE of the Salesian Society.

(Continued).

It is easy to imagine the profound impression that this act of paternal kindness made on the mind of our Ven. Founder. The Pope had meanwhile turned amiably to the above-named ecclesiastics: he blessed the rosaries, crucifixes, and other pious objects which they presented to him, and having given each of them a medal as a remembrance, and blessed them, he turned again to Don Bosco, encouraged him to continue his good work, to make a practical experiment of the Constitutions that had been drawn up, and for the second time he urged him to write down in detail all that he had told him of supernatural occurrences, even those of minor importance, so long as they had some bearing on his first idea of the Oratories, and he reiterated his conviction that a knowledge of these would be of the greatest consolation in the future to all those who would become members of the new Institution. Whilst he was saying this, a Cardinal entered to submit certain documents for the Pope's signature, and so Pius IX brought this memorable discourse to an end, and dismissed Don Bosco with the final injunction: "Remember what I have told you".

Of this first visit to Rome we possess abundant notes and reminiscences so that we could give a minute exposition of the various places which the Ven. Servant of God visited and of the important connections which he established. He had familiar intercourse with eminent Princes of the Church, with Bishops and illustrious personages, amongst them—Cardinals Antonelli, Patrizi, Tosti, Gaude, and Marini—who treated him with great kindness.

The venerable Cardinal Marini who loved and esteemed Don Bosco so much, insisted on his coming several times to dine with him and invited some other friends to spend the evening with them. Cardinal Gaude and Cardinal Antonelli extended a like invitation to him.

During one of these homely parties an eminent Cardinal remarked: "I should like Don Bosco to favour us with one of those little sermons that he is accustomed to give to his boys".

"But wouldn't it be better" objected Don Bosco, "for you to preach the sermon and for me to do the listening?"

"No, no," said the Cardinal "you must

really preach to us just as though you were speaking to your boys".

Thereupon Don Bosco commenced without more ado and quite calmly: "Me cari fieui", (my dear sons) and continued for some time to narrate in Piedmontese an episode from Church History interspersed with humorous dialogue, proverbs, trite sayings, accompanied with advice, reproofs, promises, exhortations and such like. His hearers, both those who understood and those who did not, began to laugh heartily and continued until the Cardinal, unable to restrain his merriment, managed with difficulty to interrupt, exclaiming: "Enough! enough!"—but, indeed, they had all known already of the wonderful power of Don Bosco's word over the youthful mind.

Faithful to his resolution of getting to know all the historical localities of Christian Rome, the Ven. Servant of God lingered on for many days visiting places of religious interest. His last two visits were to St. Peter's altar in the Vatican and to the catacomb of St. Callistus.

In general, as soon as one enters the catacombs, one is seized with such seep emotion that the impression experienced will remain throughout one's life. And Don Bosco likewise was soon absorbed in sweet and holy contemplation, as he traversed those subterranean passages where the first Christians, by assisting at the Holy Sacrifice, by their prayers in common, their singing of the psalms and prophecies, their frequentation of Holy Communion and by listening to the exhortations of their Bishops, and Popes, had acquired the necessary fortitude for the martyrdom that surely awaited them. It is almost impossible to gaze with dry eyes upon those sacred places that contained the blood-stained or charred bodies of so many heroes of the Faith, the tombs of some fourteen Popes who had given their lives in testimony to the truth of their teaching, and the crypt of St. Cecilia. Don Bosco noticed the great number of ancient frescos, symbolical of Our Lord and the Holy Eucharist, as well as many paintings of Our Blessed Lady, and he was charmed by the sentiment of modesty that was reflected in them. Descending into the catacombs at 8 o'clock in the morning he did not emerge again until 6 o'clock in the evening; he was able to have a light meal with

the religious who have charge of these holy places.

But it was not only the historical monuments of Rome, Christian and papal, that excited Don Bosco's interest; the Institutes of Charity and the Oratories existing there also claimed his attention, for he was anxious to glean ideas and counsel from them for his own work. He visited the Hospice of Giovanni Tata, that of St. Michael at Ripa, the Oratories of the Madonna della Quercia, of St. John of the Florentines, and of San Maria Assunta, as well as the Schools of Charity at San Maria dei Monti kept up by the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul.

Whilst he was making a round of the fine buildings of St. Michael's Hospice, accompanied by Cardinal Tosti and various Superiors, the attention of the party was arrested by the sound of someone whistling loudly and then singing, and at the turn of the staircase a youngster appeared who, when he saw himself before a Cardinal, his Superior, and a strange priest, allowed the song to die on his lips, and stood aside, mortified and ashamed, his cap in his hand.

"Is this all the profit you have derived from the instruction and lessons given you here?" said the Superior to him: "Go at once to the work-shop you ill-behaved boy! and wait there for the punishment which you deserve. I'm sure I beg your pardon Signor Don Bosco for..."

"Not at all!" observed Don Bosco, whilst the boy hurriedly took himself off, "There is nothing to excuse, and, in fact, I hardly know in what way the poor boy offended!"

"But that vulgar whistling—did it not appear disrespectful to you?"

"Whatever irreverence there was, was quite involuntary, and you know better than I do, my dear sir, that St. Philip Neri used to say to the children who frequented his Oratories: 'Sit still if you can, and if you cannot, shout and jump about as you wish, so long as you do not commit sin'. I myself exact silence from my boys at certain times of the day, but I take no notice of certain slight transgressions occasioned by want of reflection. Beyond this I give my sons full liberty to shout and sing as they please; I require them only to have mercy on the walls of the room: it is much better to have a little noise, than a sulky and unwilling silence. But what pains me now, is to think that that poor boy will be worrying about his scolding and full of resentment. Don't you think it would be better if we went to the workshop to put him at his ease?"

The Director was courteous enough to ac-

quiesce in his wish, and when they were in the workshop Don Bosco beckoned to the boy, who, ashamed and resentful, was trying to hide from their gaze.

"My friend", said Don Bosco, "I have something to say to you. Come here, since your good Superior gives you permission".

The boy approached and Don Bosco continued: "I have settled everything, my dear, but on condition that you always be good, and that you become my friend. Take this little medal and in return for it say an *Ave Maria* for me".

The boy was greatly moved and kissed the hand which was offering him the medal.

"I shall wear it round my neck" he said, "and keep it always in remembrance of you".

The boy's companions had already got to know the details of the incident, and they smiled and saluted Don Bosco as he traversed the large workshop, whilst the Director promised him that he would never again give such a drastic reproof for so small an offence; he really admired Don Bosco's skill in gaining the hearts of the boys. Count De Maistre who was present used to take pleasure in recounting this incident many times afterwards.

The Ven. Servant of God left Rome on the 14th of April, returning by the same way to Turin. He would have preferred to do the whole journey overland, but the crowd of strangers who had come to Rome for Holy Week was so great, that he could not find room in the public vehicles that ran along the route he would have chosen.

At Palo he found the inn-keeper cured of his fever: and the cure had been instantaneous. On the steamer he fell in with a priest on his way from Constantinople, who was delighted to make his acquaintance, for, as he told the cleric, Rua, he had heard many wonderful things of Don Bosco even there in the Mussulman capital.

The remainder of the journey was performed without inconvenience; the sea was perfectly calm. The Servant of God visited Livorno, stopped half a day at Genoa, and on the 16th of April re-entered the Oratory, and was given such a joyful welcome that no father could have wished for more even from his own sons.

The second Sunday after Easter, the eighteenth of the month, was observed as a feast both in church and outside, in honour of his return, and was signalised by special music, poems, and a hymn written for the occasion. The boys' happiness was increased by the reception of the gifts that Don Bosco had brought them from Rome.

On that festive evening and on those which followed, the Ven. Servant of God, with expressions of the most sincere gratitude, told them of the welcome given him by the Pope, of the great spiritual favours received, of the souvenir sent them concerning the "Presence of God", and, finally, of the golden coins he had received for a party for the boys of the three Oratories. And this latter took place on the 24th of June, amidst scenes of the greatest rejoicing.

Amongst the various spiritual favours obtained by the Ven. Servant of God at Rome, there was one also for Ven. Cafasso. This was a rescript dated April 7th, given at his instance imploring a particular plenary indulgence, to be gained *in articulo mortis* for himself and a determined number of persons, on the sole condition of emitting the act of accepting death and all those circumstances which, according to

God's will, would accompany it, and of accepting it in order to fulfil the divine will. Don Bosco, at his first audience, had obtained a like indulgence from Pius IX for all his priests, clerics and boarders, but without any special condition (1).

We ought to say something here about the best fruit of this most important journey, the foundation, viz., of the Pious Salesian Society, but in order to pursue our narrative in an orderly way, we shall see something about this in a following chapter. (To be continued).

(1) Here is the memorandum which the Ven. Servant of God wished everyone of his boarders in the Oratory to preserve carefully:

"On the 9th of Mar. of the year 1858, being an internal student, I was comprised amongst the number of those to whom our common Holy Father, Pius IX, conceded the anticipated papal benediction, i.e., a plenary indulgence to be gained only at the precise moment when my soul shall be separated from my body, that then I may be sure of flying straight into the arms of My God, to enjoy Him for all eternity".

Plenary Indulgences.

A Plenary Indulgence may be gained by all the Co-operators, who, having confessed and communicated, shall make a visit to a Church or public chapel and pray for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

1st. On the day on which they are enrolled as Salesian Co-operators.

2nd. On one day in each month chosen by the individual.

3rd. If there is a day fixed for a Salesian Conference they may gain one on that day also.

4th. On the day they make the monthly exercise for a good death.

5th. On the day on which they make the first consecration of themselves to the Sacred Heart.

6th. As often as they join in the customary retreat of eight days.

7th. On the following feast-days by performing the above mentioned good works: The Ascension — Whit Sunday — Corpus Christi — Our Lady of Mount Carmel — The feast of St. John the Baptist.



Our Co-operators and Readers are asked to pray for the eternal repose of the souls of the following Salesian Co-operators who have died recently:

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. M. A. Taylor, New York U. S. A.

Mrs. J. Sorzano, Trinidad, W. Indies.

Mr. James Donnelly.

Miss Alice Donnelly.

Sister Agatha, Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, St. Vincent's, Galway.

Sister Constance of the Immaculate Conception, 28 Beaufort St. Chelsea, London.

Miss Baylis, Burnham-on-Sea, England.

Miss Johanna Kennedy, Dingle, Ireland.

Miss Nellie Bowler, Dingle, Ireland.



Special Intention. Mr. J. M. Gonzalez, India, asks the prayers of the Co-operators for the success of a law-suit he has undertaken in connection with the erection of a shrine to Our Lady H. of C.

FRANCISCUS VARVELLO

Sacerdos, Philosophiae Professor in Seminario Salesiano apud Taurinenses

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PETRUS RACCA.

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ALOISIUS GRAMMATICA.

ATLAS GEOGRAPHIAE BIBLICAE. — Addita brevi notitia regionum. - 8 tabulae. - Editio minor: L. 10. — Apud exteros: L. 12.

A. PISCETTA et A. GENNARO
S. S.

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- VOLUMEN SECUNDUM: De obligationibus erga Deum et nos ipsos.** — 1. De virtutibus theologicis. - 2. De virtute religionis. - 3. De prudentia, fortitudine et temperantia. Vol. in-16, pp. X-630: L. 20. — Apud externos: L. 24.
- VOLUMEN TERTIUM: De obligationibus erga proximum.** — 1. De justitia et jure. - 2. De iniuriis et restitutione. - 3. De contractibus. Vol. in-16, pp. XII-750: L. 25. — Apud externos: 30.
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- VOLUMEN SEXTUM: De Ordine et de Matrimonio.**
- VOLUMEN SEPTIMUM: De sexto et nono præcepto decalogi; de usu matrimonii et de ratione servanda in sacramentorum administratione.**
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S. THOMAE AQUINATIS OPERA

- SUMMA THEOLOGICA** diligenter emendata, De Rubeis, Billuart et aliorum notis selectis ornata, cui accedunt septem locupletissimi indices, quorum unus est auctoritatum Sacrae Scripturae, alter quaestionum, tertius rerum omnium praecipuarum, quartus dogmatum ad hodiernas haereses confutandas, quintus locorum seu doctrinarum ad explicandas Epistolas et Evangelia Dominicarum et festorum totius anni, sextus auctorum quibus usus est D. Thomas, septimus locorum ad usum catechistarum. Accedit lexicon Scholasticorum verborum Josephi Zamae Mellinii, quo explicantur verba maxime inusitata et locutiones praecipuae D. Thomae et aliorum Scholasticorum. 6 vol. in-8 max. Editio Taurinensis 1922: L. 80. — Apud externos: L. 96.
- IN OMNES S. PAULI APOSTOLI EPISTOLAS COMMENTARIA**, cum indice rerum memorabilium. 2 vol. in-8 max. Editio Taurinensis emendatissima: L. 33. — Apud externos: L. 40.
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- SUMMA CONTRA GENTILES**, seu de veritate Catholicae Fidei. Editio Taurinensis emendatissima. L. 12. — Apud externos: L. 14,50.
- QUAESTIONES DISPUTATAE ET QUAESTIONES DUODECIM QUODLIBETALES** ad fidem optimarum editionum diligenter refusae. Editio Taurinensis emendatissima: L. 45. — Apud externos: L. 54.
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