

# THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATION  
OF SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS

Volume XVI.

JULY-AUGUST 1924

Number 4.



*Don Bosco's First Intimation of His Future Apostolate.*

PUBLISHED BY THE SALESIAN FATHERS: 32 VIA COTTOLENGO. TURIN, (ITALY).



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SUMMARY: *The Great Apostolate.* — *The Holy Winding Sheet.* — *The Lay Apost. c.* — *God's Wonders.* — *Social Aspect of Catholicism.* — *Salesian Notes and News.* — *News from the Missions: News from Africa.* — *A new Mission in the Belgian Congo.* — *The Missionary in Ecuador.* — *Modern Education.* — *A Word to the Co-operators.* — *Salesian Houses in the United States.* — *Devotion to Our Lady Help of Christians.* — *The Life of the Ven. Don Bosco.* — *Obituary.*

## The Great Apostolate.

As children, how we tried to shirk the issue when the thought came into our minds: "What am I going to be? What am I cut out for?"

It was a nasty question in some respects; it meant some hard thinking, the weighing up of reasons for and against, a rigorous self-inspection and examination; and these were just what we didn't want to do; tiring processes to which we were unaccustomed, and which we tried to dodge whenever possible. We preferred to play, to take all things lightly, to delude ourselves that our blissful childhood was eternal. The prospect of a moustache, a beard, stand-up collars—was so far away along the vista of the years, that it had no influence on our present line of action; we were concerned with realities and not with vague possibilities. Children are great materialists; they live wholly in the present, and with them time moves but slowly, so slowly! it seems that the holidays will never come round, Christmas Day will never dawn!

But even in light-hearted childhood we had our serious moments in which we saw clearly the practical necessity of having to make a choice one day, and how fine it would have been could we have had a trusted friend to help us out of our tangle; but by nature we were uncommunicative, reserved, and it was so hard to break the ice! It was easy enough to decide what one did *not* want to be; but amongst all the good things possible, all the pleasant ways opening out before one, how was one to choose aright? One occupation was attractive for this, another for that; one had this advantage, another had that; it was all very bewil-

dering, and how could a mere youngster be expected to puzzle his brains over such a tangle?

The fourth and fifth form boys attending the Salesian School in Borgo San Martino in the year 1879 had the same little difficulties as the boys of a later date, and many of them decided to make a confidant of Don Bosco, their most trusted friend and counsellor. They wrote to him, and Don Bosco in reply sent them a very useful little letter which in English would run something like this:

"I wanted to reply even before now to the letters I received from your teacher and from you, but you know how I am pressed for time, and not being able to reply to you individually I am sending one letter for all, but hope to be able to speak to each one privately on the Feast of St. Aloysius.

Bear in mind, then, that in this world a man must proceed along the path that leads to Heaven as an honourable member of one of the two great states in life, the ecclesiastical or the lay.

In regard to the lay state, each one ought to choose out for himself that line of study, that employment, that profession which seems most in keeping with his natural bent and inclinations, and which at the same time will give him reasonable facilities for the faithful fulfilment of his duties as a good Christian. In making this choice the wishes of one's parents should be considered and their approval sought.

In regard to the ecclesiastical state one must follow out the rule laid down by Our Divine Saviour: he must be prepared to renounce the comforts, the enjoyments, the glories of this



life, in order to give himself wholly to the service of God, and to secure for himself the everlasting enjoyments of Heaven. In making this choice each one should be guided by the advice of his own confessor, and should then go along resolutely, without being dissuaded by the counsels of superiors or inferiors, of parents or of friends, on the way which for him will more securely lead to salvation, and be a consolation to him on his death-bed. The youth who enters the ecclesiastical state with this intention is morally certain of doing great good to his own soul and to that of his neighbour.

But in the ecclesiastical state there are many branches which all set out from the same point, and return to the same centre—Almighty God.

Secular Priests, Religious Priests, Foreign Missionary Priests—these are the three kinds of evangelical labourers called to work for and promote the glory of God. Each one must choose for himself that field of apostolic labour to which his heart is more inclined, which seems more in keeping with his moral and physical resources, and in making his choice he should seek for advice from some learned, pious, and prudent friend.

At this point I ought to answer some of the objections put forward by a selfish world which would have all youth in its own service, whilst God on the other hand is looking for recruits for His, but I hope to be able to do this verbally for each one of you later on.

For any youth, in whatever state, the key to a happy life is the practice of frequent Communion, and devotion to Our Lady. Go to Communion every day if you can, pray to Our Lady—especially on Saturdays—that she may guide you in the choice of a state..."

Of the first two forms of ecclesiastical life alluded to by Don Bosco we have all a fairly correct idea. We know of the oftentimes glorious and unselfish labours of these priests in our city and country parishes, their ministrations in the slums of our large towns, the great works of charity and education which have done so much for our Catholic population and which have been possible only because carried on by men of sound religious spirit, working for the love and glory of God. But perhaps we have not had much opportunity of studying the claims, the nobility, and the apostolic character of the third of these branches of ecclesiastical life—the Church's Foreign Mission Staff, and a few lines on the subject may be of service to some generous soul who would wish to do something grand for God and for the Church.

### Claims of the Missionary

The Missionary has a real right to our consideration. We cannot simply shelve the question by saying: "Out of sight, out of mind; he chose to leave us and to go out foreign, let him sink or swim, we are indifferent". He is our brother; he left us not because he loved us less, but because he loved God more; he has taken upon himself a part of our duty. Belonging to the Fold of Christianity as we do, we have a share, not only in the privileges and benefits of the Faith but also in its responsibilities. And as the Church has a sacred duty to extend itself until it embraces all men and all nations, we ought to be concerned about this spreading of the Christian Faith, and to regard the Missionary as our own personal agent who is working not only for himself, not only on behalf of pagan peoples, but doing a work in which we are personally interested and for which we feel in some sense responsible.

This for everyone, and once a sense of duty is awakened means are easily found to comply with it. But on the attention of our generous Catholic youngsters the Missionary has a special claim. Missionaries do not live for ever; Missionaries, in fact, owing to overwork and the unequal task which they are often called upon to perform, sometimes die prematurely or return home broken in health. They have a right, therefore, to expect reinforcements and helpers, but if no generous souls are to be found ready to go to their assistance what is to become of them and of the work for which they give their lives? But the army of Jesus Christ is not a conscript army: don't wait until your group is called up—it never will be. Volunteers are what are wanted; true hearts willing to sacrifice themselves in spite of home-ties, in spite of the alluring comforts and amusements of the old country, in spite of the promptings of ambition, in spite of the advice and example of friends. And this sense of responsibility in regard to the spread of Christ's kingdom ought to weigh more heavily on those who are free, who have no dependents, no positive duties in the homeland, or whose parents are willing to make a generous offering of them to God in the Foreign Mission Field.

### Nobleness of the Foreign Mission.

And what nobler work is there on the earth either from a civil or from a religious point of view than that of the Foreign Missions? The armies of the nations may easily subdue pagan tribes or peoples and reduce them to a state of slavery or reluctant vassalage, but it needs the



sweet ministrations of the Catholic Missionary to capture their hearts, to raise them up from the mire and to overthrow their idols. Self-seeking colonists may try to force their patronage and their customs upon the simple mind of the savage, but history can furnish us with many instances in which they have only succeeded in embuing him with their vices. Real civilisation is a work that can be done only by the Catholic Missionary for *his* aim is to elevate, not to destroy; he is out to build up a kingdom for Jesus Christ, not to plunge the aborigine in a state which is worse than his original savagery.

The Missionary's work is noble for the Missionary's soul must be noble. His hardships are many, he faces them with open eyes; his allurements may be reduced to one—the call of Christ. And in what does true nobility consist if not in the rejection of base self-interest, and in the immolation of oneself for a noble cause? Nothing then in the nature of material rewards can be proposed as an inducement to aspirants for the Foreign Mission Field, for the work is truly apostolic work, and the only reward worthy of Apostles is that of a highly spiritual order and of everlasting duration.

Her self-sacrificing Missionaries are the glory of the Church. The Church, like goodness, is diffusive of herself, and the Missionaries are the overflow of her virtue amongst the peoples who sit in the outer darkness; they are as the effervescence of that sanctity which she draws from her Divine Founder. How salutary their influence even upon the world so careful of its comforts, which is constrained to admire, whilst unwilling to imitate, the sacrifices of a Francis Xavier, a Fr. Damien, a Fr. Unia!

### Support for the Salesian Field Afar.

In our day we have the happiness of witnessing a great missionary revival: missionary Congregations and Societies are springing up every where to second the efforts of the old historic Orders, the bulwarks of the Church. We have the happiness, too, of living under a Pope who is deeply concerned about the divine mandate given to the Apostles: "Go forth and teach all nations...". He feels that we have been dilatory in this respect and that during all these centuries we might have done much more for the extension of Christ's kingdom, for the salvation of the savage, and for the spread of civilisation. "Missions! Missions! Send your Sons on the Missions," is his oft-repeated cry to the Generals of Religious Orders. The Salesians, who pride themselves on their loyalty to the

Pope, are trying to second his wishes in this regard even at the cost of great sacrifices. The Golden Jubilee of their missionary work to be celebrated in 1925, is to be signalised in the only way worthy of such an event, an increase in the number of their Missions, and a great expedition of personnel and of material means for those already existing. In September of this year a great International Congress of Salesian Co-operators is being held at Buenos Aires, where our Missionaries first landed in 1875. For that important gathering, whose



A Salesian Missionary Bishop  
on the Chinese Mission.

principal scope is to consider ways and means for celebrating the Golden Jubilee, and for taking a fitting part in the Missionary Exhibition at Rome during the Holy Year, Very Rev. Fr. Vespignani of the Superior Chapter returns to the scene of his years of missionary work as the representative of the Superior General.

In order to provide for the urgent needs of our Missions and to second the Pope's express wishes, the Salesian General in 1922, determined to open an International College for Missionary Aspirants. A suitable residence was found at Ivrea in Piedmont, so closely associated with the history of Blessed Thaddeus Mc Carthy, and the Institute was named after Cardinal Cagliero the leader of the first band of Salesian Missionaries. Since that time the College has obtained a wonderful standing and great progress has been made. First of all, the Italian Govern-



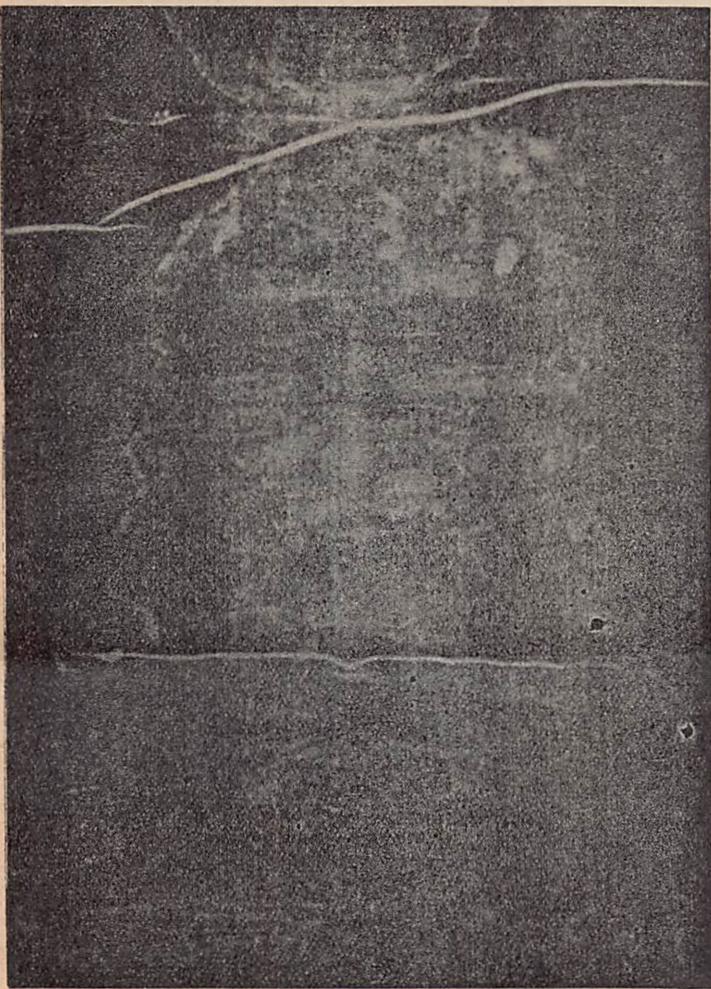
ment has recognised "The Salesian Institute for the Missions" as a moral entity, which means that under that title the College can receive legacies and inherit property—even Governments, usually indifferent to or opposed to the interests of religion, become generous when it

different nationalities in the Institute, and all is done with a view to preparing them in the best manner possible for their future labours.

Besides the usual preparatory studies for an ecclesiastical course, the three most useful languages for the Missions—English, Spanish and

French are taught by capable masters. Youths and young men desirous of embracing a missionary career should apply in writing to this office (Salesian Bulletin, 32, Via Cottolengo, Turin, Italy) before the beginning of the scholastic year 1924-25. Three things are essential as a condition of acceptance: that the applicant have a vocation for the Foreign Missions, a good moral character, and sufficient ability to succeed in the course of study prescribed. Applications from intending lay-brothers will also be willingly considered. There is a great outcry for English-speaking Missionaries everywhere—and as to the choice of a country in which to labour, every taste can be catered for in our Congregation which has apostles in every part of the world. Next year we are taking over a Mission in Japan, and there especially a knowledge of English will be required for it is obligatory as a second language in the schools.

Missionary Aspirants, who do not care to come to Italy, might do well to place their case under the consideration of the Very Rev. Rector, Salesian House, Cowley, Oxford. There, in a splendid position overlooking the University Town, the Salesians have a flourishing Seminary which is at once the hope and



Imprint of Our Lord's Sacred Countenance  
on the Holy Winding Sheet.

is a question of the Missions; they know their usefulness and the great good they do. Then again, in April of this year, the Congregation of the Propaganda by an official decree "and understanding the great necessity for preparing a larger number of Missionaries for the propagation of the Faith amongst all peoples," canonically erected the Cardinal Cagliero Institute as a Seminary for Aspirants to the Salesian Missions, and declared it as being "under is dependence and entitled to all the rights and privileges which such Institutes enjoy".

At present there are 200 students of many

the pride of the English province.

Candidates in the United States will receive kindly consideration on applying to the Superior of the Salesian Institute, 148 Main St, New Rochelle, N. Y.

It is the duty of the English Bulletin to let its Co-operators and readers know of the facilities which the Congregation can offer for the training of English missionary vocations; so that they may help on the good work by every means in their power. If there is one cause in the world which is worthy of support surely it is the evangelical one of communicating the



Gospel message to the unfortunate races still under the thralldom of satan. And when your heart expands with love of God and gratitude to Him for the gift of the Faith which He has

given you so gratuitously, turn your thoughts to the millions of souls who know not Christ, pity them, and do something practical for their speedy deliverance and evangelisation

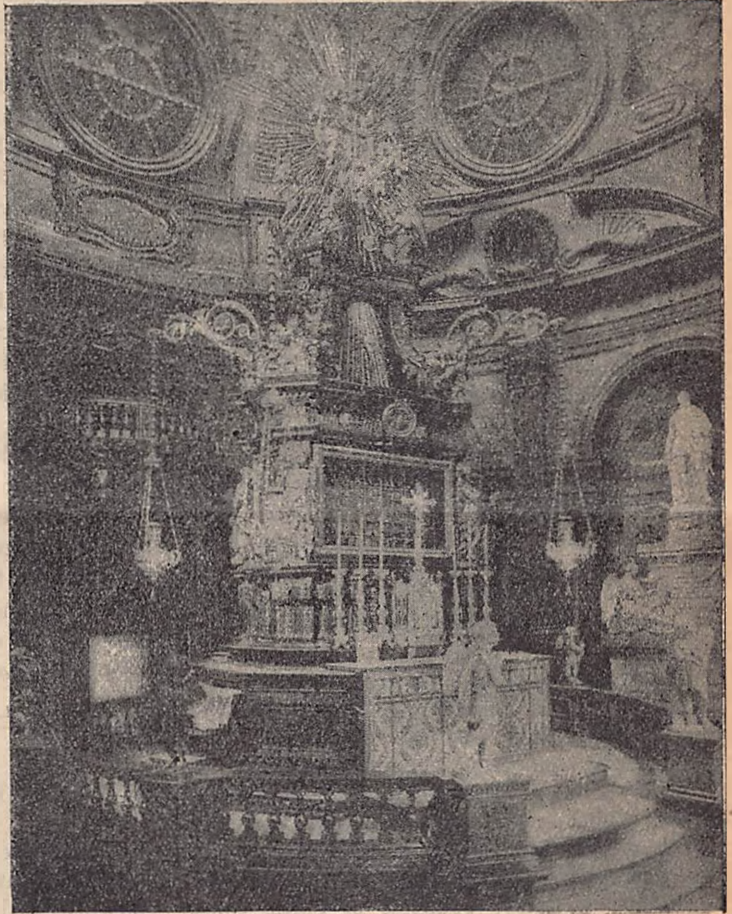
## THE HOLY WINDING SHEET.

### A Precious Relic Preserved at Turin.

One of the most precious relics that has come down to us from Christian antiquity is that which is enshrined in the beautiful marble chapel of the Dukes of Savoy, behind the high altar of the Duomo in Turin—Our Lord's shroud of finest Damascus linen.

According to the inspired Gospel narrative it was Joseph of Arimathea, a rich Jew and a disciple of Our Lord, who supplied these linen cloths—there was more than one—for the enshrouding of Our Lord's Body which he had begged from Pilate, and it was he who offered the new sepulchre, which he had just had hewn out of the rock for his own family, as a burial-place for Our Saviour. But we also know that on the third day, when Our Lord rose from the dead, the women who first found the tomb empty ran to convey the news to the Apostles, and St Peter returning with all haste found there only the linen shroud which had enveloped the Sacred Body of Our Divine Lord. The Gospel does not say so, but we may certainly presume that these winding-sheets were gathered up by the holy women, and treasured as most precious relics by the early Christians until the time came when the Patriarch of Jerusalem was appointed official custodian of these and of all the other relics of the Passion—the wood of the Cross, the Nails, the Sponge, the Lance, the Reed etc., as detailed by St. John Damascene.

The Holy Winding Sheet was brought to the West in 1205 by the knights of the Fourth Crusade and venerated successively at Besançon, Lirey, and Saint-Hippolyte, and was finally given into the custody of the Dukes of



Chapel of the Holy Winding Sheet.

Savoy who built a magnificent shrine for it at Chambéry. Here for many years it became an object of the greatest devotion, and Chambéry became world-famous as a place of pilgrimage, all wishing to see and to reverence the cloths that had enshrouded Our Lord's Sacred Person.

A great fire broke out in the chapel at Chambéry in the December of 1532, and the holy relic might have been lost to the Church but



for the bravery of the Duke of Savoy and some Franciscan Friars who faced the flames and rescued it, though the reliquary containing it was almost red-hot. The cloth, in fact, was blackened by the smoke and burnt in two places: the Poor Clares were given the task of restoring it as far as possible to its former colour, and Blessed Sabastian Valfre was later on commissioned to re-stitch it in several places. It was taken to Turin in the sixteenth century and there it has remained ever since, enclosed in a silver casket of great value.

The Winding Sheet itself is exposed but rarely to the gaze of the Faithful: the last occasion was in 1898 when the present King of Italy was married to Princess Helen of Montenegro. The cloth is about thirteen and a half feet long by one and a half wide, and the remarkable thing is that the outline of Our Lord's Body is clearly distinguishable, together with the imprint of His Sacred Face, corresponding exactly to that on the Towel of Veronica at St. Peter's, Rome. The whole history of the Passion is there, graphically portrayed for succeeding generations of mankind—the crown of thorns, the blood drawn forth by the cruel scourges, the imprint of the transpierced hands and feet. The hair is long and falling to the shoulders, the beard short, the face shows traces of wounds and blood but is yet wonderfully regular and of a beautiful symmetry. The eyes are closed, and though sadness is the predominant note of the Sacred Countenance, there is also perceptible an air of sweet resignation as well as of majesty.

For Salesians, besides the fact that the Savoy chapel is just a few minutes walk from their mother-house, it will be interesting to note two little facts connecting their holy patron, St. Francis de Sales, with the Holy Winding Sheet. It was whilst kneeling in veneration before this precious relic exposed in the Church of Our Lady at Annecy on the 21st of July, 1567, that Madame de Boisy, Countess of Sales, consecrated to God the infant who was about to be born, and who was to be one day Bishop of Geneva. And nine years before his saintly death, whilst passing through Turin, St. Francis was one of the five prelates who were chosen to present the holy relic to the people on the occasion of its public exposition on the 5th of May, 1613.

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All communications to be addressed: —

Very Rev. Fr. P. RINALDI  
32 Via Cottolengo

## The Lay Apostle.

"There is a time for silence and to a time speak. What I desiderate in Catholics is the gift of bringing out what their religion is; it is one of those 'better gifts' of which the Apostle bids you be zealous. You must not hide your talent in a napkin, or your light under a bushel. I want a laity, not arrogant, not rash in speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, who enter into it, who know just where they stand, who know what they hold and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it, who know so much of history that they can defend it. I want an intelligent, well-instructed laity.

"I wish you to enlarge your knowledge, to cultivate your reason, to get an insight into the relation of truth to truth, to learn to view things as they are, to understand how faith and reason stand to each other, what are the bases and principles of Catholicism, and where lie main inconsistencies and absurdities of the Protestant theory.

"You ought to be able to bring out what you feel and what you mean, as well as to feel and mean it; to expose the comprehension of others to fiction and fallacies of your opponents, and to explain the charges brought against the Church to the satisfaction, not indeed of bigots, but of men of sense, of whatever cast of opinion". — *Cardinal Newman*.

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## God's Wonders.

"Lead the child to observe intimately the beautiful outdoors, making him see that God has provided even for the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. Tell him that God makes the sun rise in the morning to give us light and warmth for our work, and that He makes it go down at night that we may rest for another day's work; that He makes the garden grow and the flowers blossom and the birds sing for our life and happiness and benefit. Talk to the older children about time and eternity; try in simple ways to give them an idea of infinity. One of the best safeguards against temptation is to fill the lives of children with the wonders and beauty surrounding them, so that there is no room for mean little thoughts to develop".



## Social Aspect of Catholicism.

By Rev. Fr. P. O'Leary, S. C.

It is painful to the reader of present day controversies to find very grave theological thinkers still quarrelling over those fundamental dogmas of Christianity which for Catholics have been settled ages ago, instead of concentrating all their energies upon the one great object of teaching the masses of humanity those infallible principles of duty and right that have been formulated by the great doctors and thinkers of the past. To many of those who, after two thousand years, are still discussing what particular dogmas they are to believe in order to be saved, it never occurs at all to inquire into the social effect of the protestant doctrines upon the masses of the people. If the religion of Christ was meant to lift up the hearts of mankind by filling them with a great joy, with the living hope of a future life, then the most ardent defenders of Protestantism will admit that their religion is not distinguished by this grand characteristic of the Faith of Christ.

The proletariat of Lutheran Germany and of protestant England will most sadly tell their tale. The poorest Italian peasant has a brighter and happier outlook upon human life than any of these, for indifferent as he may appear at times, deep down in his subconsciousness there is the gladness and the hope which Catholicism alone has been able to engender in the hearts of mankind.

Yes, the Catholic religion is the only one that can make a man die with any real hope, said the protestant Parnell, on hearing of the death of a certain Irish prisoner, and we may add the only one that can make any one live with the gladness of a real hope.

It is this social aspect of Catholicism which has been completely ignored by some of the gravest theological thinkers, on the protestant side. Whilst they were discussing the subtlest points of dogma, it never occurred to them to inquire into the baneful effects of a false religion upon their own people. A false religion will never make the Faith of Christ a living thing in human society, it will never effect the supernatural virtues in a whole nation, although it may do so in a few secluded individuals, it will never bring earth nearer to heaven by engendering in the hearts of the masses of humanity the living hope of a future life.

This social aspect of Catholicism was witnessed especially during the late war. All the

old catholic nations, the French under Verdun, the Italians amid the Alpine snows, the Belgians and the Poles in their splendid endurance, the Irish people during their night of terror gave proof of a tenacity and heroic sacrifice that have rarely been equalled in the history of man.

It was the spiritual power of Catholicism that gave joy to their hearts in the hour of supreme danger and taught them to die, like Christ, for the love of the native land.

These ancient catholic nations are to-day renewing their youth, because Catholicism has preserved in them a vitality which alone makes it possible for them to do so. Sometimes we hear of certain nations which are supposed to be more civilized. It were difficult indeed to find a common standard, humanly speaking, by which to judge and compare the various civilizations. How shall we compare for instance the railroads and subways, the wonderful commercial prosperity of the United States with the music and art and literature of sunny Italy? And if we consider the nations from the moral standpoint, how confused will our comparison become? How difficult it is to calculate the loss and gain, the points in which certain nations are superior, those in which they are also inferior to others. But let us reduce these fractional civilisations, whose varying numerators and denominators confuse us as to their relative value, to the supernatural standard, to the great universal denominator which is Christ and therein perhaps we shall find the key to the relative value of human progress.

Yes, it is the nations in which the masses of the people draw nearest to Christ, in which those choicest fruits which are the saints of God appear in the greatest abundance, that must also be judged the most civilized. But which are the nations that approach nearest to Christ at the present day? Not certainly those in which the Faith of Christ has been abandoned by the masses of the people. It follows then that, even if it is civilization and true progress we are in search of, we shall find them only in those nations that profess Catholicism, for apparently it is they alone who have preserved the Faith of Christ, that living Faith that ripens into Charity and Blessed Hope, that points out the road to eternity and gladdens the heart of the wanderer during his pilgrimage upon earth.



## SALESIAN NOTES AND NEWS.

### *Pallaskenry, Limerick*

The boys came back on May 7th to commence the last and shortest term of the year. But since that date the term has been full of events; there is no time for day-dreaming at Copsewood, no time for moping, no time for slackers. If you are not working you are playing; if you are not studying you are praying and following the church services in the bright Salesian way. But whatever you are doing you must do it wholeheartedly and with considerable perfection, or you are liable to fall foul of a certain gentleman who shall be nameless, who prefers to do all his good deeds anonymously, so as to lay up treasure in Heaven.

The first distinguished visitor of the term was His Lordship, the Bishop of Limerick, who came to Copsewood for the first time since his elevation to the episcopate. Needless to say, the superiors and boys were delighted to see him and said so in that poetic fashion for which the language of the Gael is so well suited. As a very secondary item the address contained a request for a holiday which might well have been overlooked by His Lordship but, mindful of detail as he is, he chose to give it some importance, and the boys gratefully undertook to down tools for a day in his honour, and don holiday and sporting attire for their own in the playing-fields.

Our Lady Help of Christians is patron of the College and the local clergy, Very Rev. Fr. O'Donnell and Rev. Fr. O'Dea C. C. came to pay their respects to the Salesians on the occasion of the Feast, whilst on the following day several gentlemen from the Agricultural Council of the County also visited the College and were entertained to dinner.

The extensive grounds at Pallaskenry are admirably adapted for a Procession, and the religious outdoor service that took place on the 29th of May, when the statue of the Mother of God was carried in triumph through the estate, was beautiful in the extreme and conducive to great devotion. The three days retreat preached by Fr. Muldoon S. C. from Chertsey-on-Thames, assisted by Fr. Brownrigg was also a great experience in the spiritual life of the boys, and many thanks are due to the good

preachers for their earnest endeavours to make everything as interesting and instructive as possible.

The term was one of surprises and events, as we said in the beginning, but amongst the most delightful was the opportunity which those at Copsewood had of having as their guest for a short time the Very Rev. Prefect General of the Salesian Congregation, Fr. Ricaldone. This good Superior made a lasting impression on all the children of Don Bosco in the Green Isle, not less for his joviality and paternal kindness than for his evident sanctity and true Salesian zeal. His Reverence spoke English so well (and—according to Dame Rumour—half-a-dozen other languages equally well) that the boys thought he must also know Irish, and addressed him eloquently in that language in song and in speech. But in order to avoid misunderstandings (the holiday clause had again been inserted) addresses were also prepared and ably delivered in English and in Spanish. According to the opinion expressed by all, Fr. Ricaldone's stay at Pallaskenry was all too short, and it is hoped that when he begins his course of Irish in earnest he will follow it out at firsthand in the first Salesian foundation in Ireland.

Whilst the literary and technical education of the boys was going forward apace those healthy sports, which contribute so much directly to the physical development of the young, and indirectly to their moral formation, were not lost sight of. On June 6th the final for the Hurling Cup was played. There were only two teams in the school, Munster (T. Baggott, Capt.) and Leinster (W. Byrnes, Capt.) who had any chance. Munster wanted two points to gain the Trophy and medals, and Leinster needed six. This last term Leinster had been winning all the matches, but Munster put up a great fight on Wednesday and succeeded in winning: 3 goals and 2 points, to 2 points. For the winners, the Captain, T. Baggott, played a great game, but T. Drohan and young Day did fine work in the defence. Day, although very small, is accounted the best of goalmen, and time after time he stopped what looked like certain goals. Cool as daybreak, despite the cries of "Let it out! Don't touch it!" he breaks



short the flight of the onward whizzing ball, and pucks it well away not seeing the danger of his missing it; such Day-breaks, in fact, are now famous at Copsewood. But the forwards also did good work, especially J. Reidy, who, although so well marked by J. Kelly always kept well up and succeeded in scoring several times, and O'Riordan and G. O'Shea deserve

wandered through the great park and explored the village of Foyne to the great delight of the tradespeople who were astonished at their lavishness. After a glorious ride home in the evening air the boys were quite ready for dinner which was served at 7.30. All had passed a very pleasant day, and one to be long remembered by the 1924 students at Pallaskenry.



His Lordship, the Bishop of Limerick, with the Salesians at Copsewood.

much praise for the hard game they played despite the attentions of the stalwarts of the other side. W. Byrne's side would have been far more successful had they agreed amongst each other better than they did. They changed their positions too frequently and spent a little too much time in telling each other how they should play in their new places.

Munster (T. Baggott.) were also the winners in the Gaelic Football Shield Competition: this means that they have carried off both the school trophies in the same year—a commendable feat!

On Rector's Day (Feast of St. John, June 24th) the boys had a magnificent outing in charabancs to Lord Monteagle's estate at Foyne. His Lordship came down to greet the Rector and to extend a welcome to all. After lunch the boys

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**Transfiguration** On Sunday, May 25th the **Church, New York.** Salesian Fathers of the Church of the Transfiguration, celebrated the festival of Our Lady Help of Christians, the principal patronal feast of the Salesian Society with that traditional fervour which had its origin in the personal devotion of Don Bosco, their Holy Founder for the Mother of God over half a century ago.

Solemn High Mass was sung at o'clock by Fr. Charles Frigo S. C. During the course of the service an appealing sermon was preached by the Rector of the Church, Fr. John Voghera in which he traced the history of the devotion to the Help of Christians, showing how she had assured a decisive victory to the Christian



legions who saved Europe and Christian civilisation from the invading Turk, and demonstrating how the Church, violently besieged by the enemies of her Divine Spouse in each succeeding century, turns confidently to Mary, and never in vain. The help of her unfailing power is especially indispensable to the flowering youth of our day, whose unfolding intellects might form all too facile targets for the venomous missiles of materialistic teachers who would substitute those pagan standards now obtaining amongst too large a number of our fellow-citizens for the noble Christian instincts almost inborn in the hearts of the children of the Faith. We must battle to preserve our young Catholics, the objects of the Church's tenderest solicitude, in the strongest attachment to revealed truth; and in our warfare, exclusively spiritual, we shall vanquish our assailants more easily by those Christian weapons, prayer and kindly deeds, so dear to the heart of Mary, than by the use of any earthly means.

Towards sunset, the first public procession in this parish, emerged with its seven hundred participants under the leadership of the revered pastor and his hard-working assistants from the portals of the church. All the societies of the parish took an honourable and willing part in honouring the Mother of God: the Don Bosco Cadets in their shining uniforms, the boys of St. Aloysius' Sodality in navy blue, the men of the Holy Name, St. Joseph, and St. Vincent de Paul Societies, the Matrons of St. Anne in their modest black, followed by the Children of Mary in her own traditional colours, and the tiny maids of the Angel Sodality looking like so many daisies in their profusion of white and yellow. In the midst of a hollow square formed by the altar-boys in scarlet and white and the vested clergy, a magnificent statue of Mary Help of Christians was borne joyously aloft on loyal shoulders, and received along the route spontaneous tokens of respectful reverence from young and old, both from those along the streets, and from the hundreds grouped at the windows. During the progress of the procession the boys' choir of fifty voices under Br. Asta, S. C. chanted the Litany of Loretto and the beautiful liturgical hymns of St. Bernard and St. Alphonsus. Every detail reflected the purely religious nature and purpose of this manifestation, and the many beautiful banners, the reverent conduct of the children and the deferential attitude of the spectators all combined to make a deep impression in this particular section of New York. On returning to the church, Corporal James Turzio of the Catholic Boys' Brigade, recited the Act of Consecration

to our Blessed Mother, proffering the boys' gift of a rosebud wreath with which Miss Eveleen Raggio crowned the Madonna.

Rev. Charles Frigo S. C., just returned from the Salesian Missions in China, pronounced a telling oration on the wonderful help often extended by Mary to Foreign Missionaries, and urged on all the great necessity of giving generous assistance to all those trying to sow the Divine Word in the lands yet to be won to the Cross. The ceremonies were concluded by the reception of 60 aspirants into the ranks of the Sodalists of Mary, and by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.



### **Farnboro' Hants.**

On Sunday the annual solemnity of Corpus Christi was observed at the Catholic Church, Farnborough, with all the traditional splendour associated with this great festival. The early Masses were attended by large numbers, among whom were many communicants. Solemn High Mass was sung by the Very Rev. Father Rector, and in the afternoon there was a special service which consisted of an outdoor procession through the beautiful and extensive grounds attached to the Salesian School. The weather was ideal for such an occasion, the bright sunshine reflecting on the magnificent cloth of gold vestments worn by the clergy and the bright crimson soutanes and spotless linen surplices of the numerous choir boys and altar servers. Two devotional temporary altars were erected, one at the side of the college and the other on the lawn of the property in the Reading Road, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given at each. On arriving at the second the Rev. Father Sullivan, S. C., who has recently returned from Africa, mounted a rostrum and delivered a stirring discourse on the institution of and practical devotion to the Holy Eucharist. At the conclusion, the procession re-formed and returned to the church, where Solemn Benediction was again given to the vast congregation, a large number of whom had to remain in the adjoining sacristy or remain outside, as the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. The officiating clergy were the Rev. Father Sutherland and the Rev. Father Gicquel, and Bro. Charles Jackson, S. C., who assisted him as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The masters of ceremonies were the Rev. Father Cressey, S. C., and Bro. Dunstan, S. C. A special feature of this year's celebration was the devotional shrines that lined the route of the procession. The singing was particularly well sustained by the choir, assisted by the various Guilds and Sodalities who took part



under the experienced conductorship of the Rev. Father Hawarden, and most of the hymns were from the works of such well-known hymnologists as Cardinal Newman, Father Faber, Father Caswall, and Father Stanfield, while the more ancient eucharistic ones were by the great Dominican Doctor, Saint Thomas Aquinas. At the last Benediction Farrant's "O Sacrum Convivium" was particularly well rendered by the choir. The following confraternities were amongst those taking part in the procession: The Guild of the Blessed Sacrament the Knights and Pages of the Blessed Sacrament, the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, the Children of Mary, the Sodality of St. Aloysius, the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, and the Confraternity of the Holy Childhood.



**Highfield School, Chertsey.** The Salesians were fortunate when, just a few years ago they were able to fix on Chertsey as a site for one of their prosperous English schools. Chertsey is well known to the student of Saxon and Mediæval history as the prosperous town which grew up and flourished around the grand Abbey founded by St. Erhenwald. It must be a great and a pleasant change for the Salesian students, many of whom are from crowded London, to be able to pass their college days in this half rustic town with its lingering traces of bygone days. Here the Curfew Bell is still rung and the strange custom holds of tolling the day of the month. The suggestive names of many places—the Abbey Meads, Abbey River, Abbey Mill—speak eloquently of the town's ancient catholic history even more than does the crumbling archway and heap of stones, all that remains of the old Abbey. Cowley, the "Metaphysical Poet", and Charles James Fox both had their homes at Chertsey, as well as many other brilliant literary man and eminent historical figures. The atmosphere and the tranquillity of this peaceful Thames valley is, in fact, eminently conducive to study. The boys at the Salesian School did remarkably well in the public examinations last year, almost a hundred per cent in all grades satisfied the examiners, to say nothing of the distinguished honours' list, and good results are also expected this year. Most of the boys finished their exams. towards the end of June; the seniors, who take the Oxford Senior and Junior, travelled to the examination centre at our school in Farnborough on July 14th.

At the moment of writing all are expectantly awaiting the arrival of Very Rev. Fr. Ricaldone,

and none more so than the boys themselves. Sports Day will coincide with his coming as it has done accidentally or purposely in our other schools, so that Fr. Ricaldone, after his English experiences will be an authority on all kinds of sport. Seeing the English boy at his games he will perhaps see him at his best, will see the school from which the British youngster draws his lessons in manliness and in frankness, his sense of give and take, of fairplay, of tolerance, of hardiness—virtues all, under sportive names, which make for sound moral character and imbue the scholar with a high sense of personal honour and uprightness. The training for Sports' Day is being carried on with great enthusiasm by all; the boy's capacity for this pleasant state of mind is phenomenal and the curious thing is that those who enthuse most would probably be the ones most surprised if they really won anything worth having.

The holidays commence on July 22nd and will last for about two months. Parents desirous of sending their boys to Chertsey for the next scholastic year should write early for a prospectus to the Principal, as there is likely to be a great demand for places.



**Battersea, London.** The annual procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place in the school grounds on

June 22nd, the Sunday within the octave of Corpus Christi. Two prettily decorated altars had been erected outside for the occasion, one on the lawn in front of the house and the other in the school playground, and the whole function was carried out under the best of weather conditions. Rev. Fr. Montague S. C. from Farnboro', was the special preacher for the occasion and delivered an eloquent and learned discourse to the congregation and boys assembled on the lawn. "There is no nation which has its gods so nigh to it as Our God is nigh to us", was the text which Fr. Montague developed in a masterly way, adducing facts from history to show that before and outside Christianity no people had ever dreamt of the possibility of the stupendous favour that was ours, of having the Living God continually present in the tabernacle of our altars. Benediction was given at each of the outside altars and finally in the chapel. Much praise is due to the choir for its artistic contribution to a service which was all artistic and devotional, and which helped to raise one's mind above the ordinary humdrum things of life to the beauty of that All-beautiful God Who can yet find delight in dwelling with the children of men.



On Friday June 26th there was an air of happy contentment throughout the school: "the long expected had come at last"—Sports Day for one thing, and that was important from the boys' point of view; the long-looked for visit from the Prefect General of the Congregation, Very Rev. Fr. Ricaldone, and that was important from everybody's point of view. And I think our good Superior must have become infected with some of the boys' enthusiasm; he stopped the whole afternoon watching the different events and seemed thoroughly interested in them. If you had asked the boys what they thought of our distinguished Superior, ten to one they would have said he was a real "sport", which may sound impolite, but is really the opposite, being the highest sort of complimentary epithet in the boy's vocabulary. What a gay scene the grounds of the old school presented when they were done up in their best streamers and bunting! Fluttering flags and smiles everywhere, and music of the most entertaining kind dispensed by the famous band of the "L" and "M" Division, Metropolitan Police, who had come to look for vocations, it was whispered, from amongst our brawny athletes! Large numbers of parents and friends of the boys were there and visitors from other Salesian houses. The 4 o'clock tea on the lawn was a special success and much praise is due to Miss Dodge and the other ladies from the Sacred Heart Parish for their able management of this important department.

The preliminary heats were all run off on the Thursday afternoon in glorious sunline, and the Final, and remaining events, those of the more entertaining variety, were reserved for next day. The whole proceedings were entirely successful and enjoyable, and although no records were broken, some very keen contests and some excellent performances were witnessed. R. Donald, in particular, was in excellent form and won every event for which he entered, and by amassing the greatest number of points easily became the 1924 *Victor Ludorum*. He was consequently presented with the coveted Silver Cup, and is worthy of our most hearty congratulations. J. Bonetti, for the second year in succession, was Top Junior and received the Junior Silver Medal with gold centre, whilst R. Anderson, also for the second year, carried off the Bantams' Silver Medal for first place.

At the conclusion of the Sports, Very Rev. Fr. Ricaldone very kindly presented the prizes to the Senior and Junior winners, and afterwards addressed some kindly words of congratulation to those who were fortunate enough

to win, and of sympathetic encouragement for those who nearly did, or who might have done. He took occasion to remark on the great enthusiasm for sport to be found amongst English boys, and of the same manly trait which was largely predominant in the character of our holy father, Don Bosco. The speaker gave no hint as to his own athletic abilities but it may be whispered that he is an adept in many games requiring great skill, having a very keen eye and good judgment and a spirit of cheerful perseverance in adversity. The Very Rev. Prefect General quoted the words used by Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar, and exhorted all to be ever mindful of their duty to God, to their country and to their school. The day's festivities were brought to a close by an exhilarating cinema entertainment which was voted by all as amongst the best of the day's enjoyments.

Next day a musical literary entertainment was held in honour of the Salesian Prefect General. Addresses were read from all the houses of the English Province, and a very able one by Mr Jackson representing the English Salesian Cooperators. The celebrations in honour of the distinguished visitor were concluded on the following day by the performance of an excellent drama from the pen of Mgr. Hugh Benson. This excellent performance, reflecting great credit on the actors and on their teachers, was a fitting climax to the external manifestations by which the Salesians of the mother house of the Province have endeavoured to show their respect and esteem for their Higher Superior, and to make him feel at home in "Merry England".

## The Lesson.

Listen—another strain!—I long had thought  
The scourge austere and stern self-punishment  
To school impatient spirits had been sent,  
And hoped their task would long ere this be wrought.

Man works in haste, for speed with him is might:

In depth and silence God's great works are laid,  
As in foundation-stones, all dimly bright.  
The world well knows it hath but one brief hour,

And hurries by while judgment is delayed;  
And it is gifted with a fearful power  
Of holding back its own dark day of doom;  
But God keeps shrouded in His ancient gloom,  
Watching things travel to His own vast Will;  
So He works on, and man keeps thwarting still. — *Father Faber.*



# NEWS FROM THE MISSIONS.

## News from Africa.

By Fr. Tozzi S. C.

Katanga is situated on the banks of the Kafubu, a river lying to the north of Bukama, the last railway-station on the line coming from the South, and at Katanga there is a negro settlement the members of which have recently given their services for the production of a great missionary film. The chief of this tribe has travelled quite a lot, and though the rest of his people are little more than raw and ignorant savages, he himself has come in contact with many whites from the South and with Europeans, and has been struck with awe on seeing and hearing of the wonderful inventions of the white man.

One evening the film manager—a Mr Spialtini—was sitting outside his hut along with some friends and the interpreter, after an arduous day's work, and he asked the chief who was also there if he had ever seen a train or a steamship. The black man replied in the affirmative and said that he had also seen an aeroplane, a wireless instrument, a motor-car, a sewing-machine, a hose-pipe and many other wonders.

"Very good!" said the manager: "Now, tell me, of all the things you have seen, which invention appears the most wonderful in the eyes of the black man?"

The chief thought for a while and then said solemnly: "De most wonderful ting for us to see was de *incubator*".

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I went on to Broken Hill, to the north of Rhodesia to visit Fr. Spendel, S. J. superior of the Mission-field there. He was living alone about three miles from the village, and was engaged in constructing a sort of missionary headquarters: the chapel was already finished with a little sacristy beside it and a room for himself. He was the proud possessor of a hammock, a canvas basin, and numerous petrol tins that served for table, book-shelves and seats for his guests.

He invited me to share his humble dinner—a pot of rice and potatoes—and the pot had

to do duty also for a plate—but no one minds these little inconveniences at an altitude of 1700 yards, and with the appetite of a big game hunter. We were just getting to the bottom of the pot when we heard a timid knock at the door. The intruder was a negro who had travelled many miles under a mid-day sun—it was only 1 p.m. now—in order to go to Confession.

On going out afterwards we found eight more persons, a whole family, waiting near the church: they were dressed in their best and were wearing their most becoming bracelets and necklaces. And what did they want? They just wanted to be instructed in the Catholic religion—a nice little bouquet of souls for the lone Missionary to offer to Our Blessed Lord all at once! He told me then, that his natives came at all hours of the day and of the night to ask for instruction and to go to Confession, and just a few days before, he said, one had knocked him up at 11 p. m. These negroes certainly have a great hankering after the Faith, and a great thirst for the Sacraments of the Church, and in order to cope with their requirements the Missionary's catechists are engaged all day, going from one settlement to another and instructing them in their poor hovels. They live in huts of dried grass, a few families clustered together near the prospecting offices, but in larger numbers near the mines.

How I should like to dedicate my energies to some such Mission, and to end my days amongst these people, so simple, so pious, and so hungry for the good things of religion! The good Father, to whom I expressed my wish, urged me at once to ask the Salesian Superiors to send their Missionaries to labour with him, just as they are doing already at Katanga: the field is much too large for him, he says, and he would willingly part with half of it to other Missionaries. I would willingly go there myself, and whilst labouring at Claremont (Capetown) I shall be preparing for a possible missionary expedition some day in the vicinity of the good Father's territory.



## A New Mission in the Belgian Congo.

*By Fr. Bußkens S. C.*

As I had the happiness of being sent from Elizabethville on the twenty-fourth of last December to open up a new mission-station at Shindaika, let me tell you something of the history of this little foundation, of the diffi-

as the tomb, and there was no sign of life anywhere—without a doubt they had taken us for tax-collectors, and hence this silent welcome. Only the goats—very numerous in these parts—had been left to receive us; they seemed well-disposed and friendly and when we stroked them they looked up at us as much as to say: "Don't go away, Father; our black owners will soon return when they get to know who you are".

And just then we saw a little fellow of six



Salesian Mission, Belgian Congo.

culties it had to encounter in the beginning, and of the hopes which it gives for the future. I am sure these few notes written during the fatigue of an evening will touch your heart, and will make you feel some little interest in the evangelisation of these poor blacks in the Congo, who are indeed to be pitied, as you will soon see.

### *Shindaika—the Abode of Primitive Savages.*

Shindaika lies about nineteen miles from Elizabethville, on the road leading to Kiniamia, our other flourishing mission-centre with its dozen or so of secondary posts in the outlying country. Our first impressions of the place were rather disconcerting. We had expected to find the village inhabited and full of life, and were hurt and abashed to find the huts all closed up and not a soul about: the place was as silent

or seven years, at the extremity of the huts, but we had no sooner made him a sign to approach than he scampered off as fast as he could go in the direction of the forest. What was to be done? We stood there perplexed, Bro. René Lambert and I; then we made a circuit of the place and came upon an old woman, a veritable skeleton, who was hobbling along with great difficulty. She saw us coming and disappeared fearful and trembling into the farthest corner of her hut. We re-assured her as well as we could, and when we had asked her where the men-folks were, she made us understand, more by gestures than by words, that they were scattered all round, some here, some there. She offered to lead us to them, but just then we noticed that her leg was almost consumed with leprosy and we begged her not to trouble.

In the end, the natives plucked up courage



and began to return, some from the forest, some from the fields others from hiding-places in their huts. I spoke to them kindly and told them how I had come to teach them many useful things, and of the Good God Who had made them, and Who loved them; and as an earnest of my friendly intentions I distributed some little presents amongst them. The ice was then broken and in few moments we were surrounded by the entire population. The chief, who lived in a neighbouring village was

beads and trinkets. After this we went a little apart in order to have a much-needed meal; but we could not get rid of the chief who insisted on keeping us company. Our bread and meat seemed to be of marvellous interest to him. We offered him some and he accepted it with unconcealed joy.

Bro. René, who had only come to keep me company and for curiosity's sake, set out to return to Elizabethville before dark, and when I had said good-bye to him, I was alone in the



Instruction after Mass in the heart of Africa.

informed of our arrival and hastened to meet us. He saluted according to the custom of the place, one hand pressed against his forehead the other on his thigh. I returned his salute and tried to explain my purpose in coming there; he seemed to understand and to be quite pleased; and seeing that the chief was satisfied all the others tried to show that they were happy too. Then a large dish containing the drink of the country, the famous "pomba" was brought to us and we had to drink it. This foaming nectar was atrocious, but we had to seem pleased and to compliment the chief's wife who had prepared it with her own hands; whereupon she was so pleased that she wanted to run off at once in search of a second bumper, but we loaded her with thanks and gewgaws and she soon forgot her intention in the interesting occupation of adorning herself with

midst of my new family. I thought about putting up a shelter for the night and asked the chief to give me some helpers. He told me of an empty shanty that I could have, and so thither I went and saw that by building a partition I could convert it nicely into two little rooms. I put my camp-bedstead together and found a place for my trunk and the knicknacks that our carriers from Elizabethville had brought. At the end of the hut I fixed up a sort of table from materials collected in the forest and there we were—all furnished and ready with our first altar. I placed my crucifix on top and some pious objects, and stepping back a pace or two I surveyed it and thought to myself that it was "rudely beautiful". This was the miserable altar on which, on the following morning, Christmas Day, I had the pleasure of offering up the Holy Sacrifice in the midst



of my new flock. My server on that occasion was one of the carriers from Elizabethville. I thought I had coached him pretty well for the ceremony when I said to him: "Every time I turn round and say: '*Dominus vobiscum*', you must reply: '*Et cum spiritu tuo*'". "All right!" he said, "I understand perfectly". But alas! he had understood practically nothing, and as soon as I made the slightest movement, he made the air ring with a formidable "Amen!" and that was about as far as he got.

By the side of this poor chapel, whose poverty put me in mind of the stable of Bethlehem, I fixed up my tent. Whilst I was unpacking my trunk some of the blacks, more curious than the others, observed that it contained medicines, cotton-wool, bandages etc., and the word very soon went round the huts that I knew how to doctor wounds and sores. Almost immediately one of the unfortunate ones came to ask me for something for his leg, and to tell the truth, when he had undone the wrapping of leaves that did duty for a bandage, I saw that it was sorely in need of attention: a frightful leprous sore was eating its way into his flesh. I cleaved it for him as well as I could, closed it with a pad of sterilised cotton-wool, and secured it with a white bandage. A quarter of an hour later the space before my door was like the Court of Miracles, all the sick and leprous cases of the village were there forming a queue and waiting for treatment, and amongst them I saw the old lady who had given us such a doubtful welcome to the village. My tent soon assumed the appearance of a red-cross dressing-station, and the blacks at once baptised it "*lopitalo*"—the hospital. I dressed them all, not forgetting the old lady whose lower limb was indeed in a pitiful state: I scraped away the earth with which she had covered the wound, applied a disinfectant to it and bandaged it up. Then—as a reward for my services—when all was finished, she asked me for a little present: I promised her one for the day when she would be completely cured.

Three days of this sort of thing and my fame as an able practitioner was solidly established in five different places in the district, and clients came in from all the villages around. I was able to dress more than one hundred sores,—and what sores they were! Amongst others I remember two little creatures who came to me; one was five and the other seven. The first had a hole in his side in which one could have put his fist, and from this gaping wound an odour *sui generis* was exhaled which almost turned one sick; the other was in a more miserable condition still, for his breast was just

one large sore. Thanks be to God! both are now on the high road to recovery. "I bandage them up; God heals them", as Fr. Ambrose Paré, my compatriot of the sixteenth century used to say. But the wounds of the old people alas! have resisted all my efforts; they are too far advanced: I can see that my therapeutics can only give some sort of relief, but a cure is out of the question. But even if the body resists my efforts there is still the soul on which to exercise my powers of persuasion, and during these dressing operations I try to bring these poor people to the knowledge and the love of the One, True God. It is from amongst this clientele of misery that I hope to recruit my first Christians. I try to fill them with a desire for Baptism; I attend the dying and, when I can, I open the gates of Heaven for them with the saving waters of the holy sacrament; I am trying to instruct all of them so that they may be brought gradually to the light of the Faith, and to embrace our holy religion.

### *Causes and Cures.*

The foregoing details will have already given you some idea of the unhappy state of this part of the dark continent, and the principal causes of the existing evils are, first, the great lack of water—there is no river or lake anywhere near; secondly, the lack of nourishing food; and lastly, the physical and moral uncleanness of the people.

The first of these evils I have already tried to remedy by having a well sunk, which will give us, I hope, from now onwards, an abundant supply of pure water. Up till lately, in order to have water during the dry season, the people had scooped out a shallow pool in the ground to act as a reservoir: from it they drew their water—a liquid which was at once grey, green, black, and many other colours, and this had to serve for all their needs. During this time of the year, the wet season, the water in the pool is abundant—but what water! Just imagine—the other day, wishing to see with my own eyes their famous reservoir, I got a boy to take me there. I was led to the side of a puddle of water about as big as a small room, and about twenty centimetres deep. "We wash ourselves on this side", said my boy-guide; "but we always go round to the other side to drink". I assure you that after that assertion, I never failed to boil my water before using it!

To the second of these evils—the lack of food—I have not up till now been able to apply a lasting remedy, and find it difficult enough to obtain sustenance for myself. But I have



tried repeatedly to make these poor blacks understand the necessity of going in for more cultivation, and of not running off to sell all their grain at the first opportunity after the harvest is reaped. They build no graneries in which to keep a reserve stock; sell out all they can and buy worthless gaudy things from the traders with the proceeds, and as a result, have to suffer from hunger and sickness at the end of the season.

to the soul, and from hygienics we shall pass to ethics and the Gospel.

During these latter days I have been very much absorbed in material pursuits: the construction of my dwelling; the clearing of a space in which to erect a chapel about sixteen yards long by eight; and the visiting of the villages around. These have taken up most of my time but all the same, thanks be to God! I have managed to fit in a little instruction every even-



The Negroes' Evening Lesson.

As to the physical and moral evils that abound, time alone and the grace of God will remove them. It will take me months and months to imbue them with even the most rudimentary principles of cleanliness and of hygiene, to foster a spirit of industry amongst them, and to fill them with a desire of our holy religion, without which all the rest would be worth but little, and indeed, impossible of accomplishment. Every morning now a number of youngsters come running to tell me: "Father, we have washed today". This is always a step in the right direction, a little progress which fills me with hope: from the body we shall penetrate

ing, in my lean-to chapel, on the first truths of the Faith; God the Creator of heaven and earth, the Avenger of evil, the Recompense of the just. The natives from the village turn out in encouraging numbers, and some from the other hamlets drop in too. I have managed to make the first two lessons of the catechism sink into their woolly pates, along with the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary*, and some short hymns of which they have become passionately fond: the old people, especially, say they have never heard anything so beautiful. But when I find during the singing lessons that there are some who sing woefully out of tune, I have to make them



understand that their voices are much too strong for such a small chapel, and that they must treasure them up in silence until we build a larger one: I hope their ear will improve in the meantime as they listen to the others.

To summon them to the instruction is the easiest thing in the world: all you have to do is to intone a hymn and there they come running from all parts and sit in a circle round you. But to bring the lesson to a close is something not quite so easy; they want it to continue under all sorts of pretexts—it is not dark yet; it has not lasted long enough; they are not tired; and it is quite useless to tell them that I think otherwise, that there is a medium in all things; they continue to sit around and look up at me smiling just the same.

The grand service takes place on Sunday mornings: all the villagers for four or five kilometres around know that after the Mass there is to be a "big sermon" with hymns, catechism, and prayers, and they come even from distant villages to take part. About 7 o'clock, when I see that the gathering of blacks has reached considerable dimensions, I get the chief to give the signal to enter. This he does in a great raucous voice: "Baba amnanza! Kuya yati!" which, in the language of Shakespeare, would mean: "The Father commenceth! Come ye all in!" The chapel is soon crowded: on an average they number about 70 persons and pack themselves in 5 or 6 to the square yard. Of this 70, I have 59 who are already catechumens: 25 men, 19 women, 8 boys and 7 girls, all wearing Our Lady's medal. All except the chief sit down on the ground tailor-fashion: the chief takes up a position of honour on a chair. During the Mass, which, with its wealth of ceremonies, is a never-ending source of interest for these great children of the jungle, there is perfect silence. As soon as the Mass is over I begin the instruction. Much against my will, but quite in accordance with their wishes and pleasure, I am obliged to make it very long, and to ensure that at least something will penetrate through these hard craniums, I have to keep on repeating the same thing in a hundred different forms. Everyone keeps his eyes fixed on me: the silence and attention is truly religious. Only the chief permits himself to make a little reflection aloud from time to time: "Kiveli, Baba! Iko sawa!" "It is quite true, Father! That's just it!" Happily, I am not new to the art of public speaking, otherwise these hoarse interruptions, as emphatic as they are spontaneous, would often make we lose the thread of my argument. After the sermon we say some prayers, sing a final hymn, and

I register the attendance of catechumens. Then all retire to exchange ideas with regard to the service, the sermon and the singing.

A few minutes afterwards, attired in surgeon fashion, I make my way to the *lopitaiio* to attend to the needs of all the sick and suffering who have remained behind and are now gathered round the tent. Two little hours of extra-savoury work and I am free at last to satisfy the cravings of an appetite sharpened by the fatigues of the morning. So, you see, there is no doubt about the needs of Shindaika, they exist all right: and so I am tempted to utter again the Missionary's eternal refrain: "The harvest is abundant and ready for the scythe, but where are the reapers?"

### *A Night of Excitement.*

My Christmas holidays and the first half of January I spent in much the same fashion at my new Mission, but soon after, the scarcity of personnel at Elizabethville forced me to go back there to take charge of a small class of white children. These now keep me from my catechumens until the Saturday evenings. I am still able to be with them for a full twenty-four hours every week, but I should like to come across a good native catechist who would look after my dusky children in my absence, and continue my instructions; pray that I may soon discover a gem of devotion and of apostolic spirit.

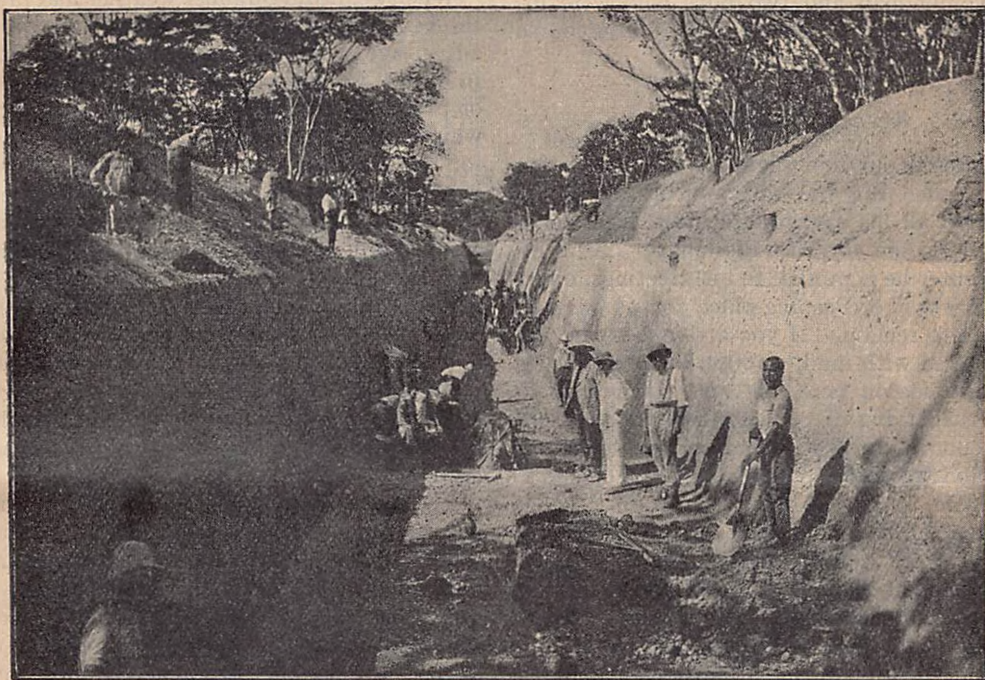
I saw my Congolese last Sunday and was again accompanied by our friend Brother René who had turned photographer for the occasion. And it was lucky for me that I had his company for we passed a most nerve-trying night. Just imagine—towards midnight we were awakened from our sleep—a light-one at best on account of the ceaseless attentions of vicious mosquitoes—by the sound of a light footfall on the earthen floor of the hut a few feet away from our heads. What kind of beast could it be! we asked ourselves, and banged on the wall of the hut to frighten it away, but the animal continued to breathe heavily and to paw the ground without any sign of fear. Then we rose and struck a light, and the effect was electrical: (not really, you know, it was only a wax vesta we struck) the animal, whatever it was, fled precipitately and made for a neighbouring shed in which the goats were kept. Almost immediately we heard the cry of a beast in pain, then the swift heavy footfalls of the prowler fleeing past our door then—silence. Some minutes afterwards we could distinguish the voices of men talking to each other, and believing them to be outside, we



also ventured into the black night and moved towards the sound. We found, however, that the men were still within their huts and when we had approached and demanded: "What animal was that?" the reply came quickly: "That was the big lion and he has carried off a goat".

This was enough for us, and we made an orderly retreat to the shelter of our hut. We had not been there five minutes when the animal returned roaring to our door. Then

feelings of suspense and excitement we awaited the passing of the dark hours, and how glad we were when at last the dawn broke, and Brother Sun came forth to chase away the wild things of the night. It was Sunday and we followed out our ordinary programme of Mass, instruction, singing, and wound-dressing, but we were glad when we reached Elizabethville that evening and settled down for a night of real repose, undisturbed by disagreeable visitors.



An Irrigation Canal under construction by the Blacks of the Kafubu Farm School.

we got hold of the first weapons that came to our hands: Bro. René an old shovel, and I, a broken pickaxe, and then we waited in Tartarian attitudes for the onslaught of the savage beast. But it seemed to know instinctively that two old veterans of the Great War would yield up their lives but dearly, for it did not insist on entering. Two seconds later it came galloping past our hut again carrying of a second victim and returned some time afterwards for a third. An hour and a half afterwards—about 3 o'clock—the hyena also fled swiftly past our quarters; we knew it by its cry: so once again the saying of the blacks, that the hyena always follows the lion to gather up the crumbs, was verified. It is not by any means such a fearsome beast as the lion and if not wounded will not readily attack man.

And so you can imagine with what varied

However, these are only little incidental happenings; we are happy in spite of them, and without worrying excessively abandon ourselves into the hands of that Providence without whose permission not a hair can fall from our heads. Our principal solicitude is in regard to the paucity of our members; we wish to have our ranks increased so as to extend God's kingdom on earth. You have seen with what ease and docility these Congolese, so miserable and plague-stricken, accept the divine doctrine, and how eagerly they drink in the word of God. May Our Lady Help of Christinas deign to listen to our prayers, and implant in the hearts of our youths the desire to labour for the salvation of the poor blacks in the heart of Africa!



## The Missionary in Ecuador.

By Fr. J. Corbellini S. C

"I have come back from Macas", writes Fr. Corbellini to his Vicar Apostolic, Bishop Comin S. C., "after having been working at high speed for many days, but on a mission that brought with it many consolations and rewards. On my journey I was accompanied by a young man and two boys who were invaluable to me as guides and in my intercourse with the natives.

### Kivaro Hospitality.

We passed our first night at the house of a Kivaro called Big Joe—a grand old aborigine, who, with all his savage crudeness, has ever a kindly welcome for the Missionary. As soon as you enter he is profuse in his greetings, offers you his *pueah* or sleeping-place for as long as you care to remain. If you arrive wet through and covered with mud, as often happens during the rainy season here, his first thought is to see to the drying of your clothes and they are very soon returned to you free from all signs of wet or travel.

His wife, too, is of a most kindly disposition; very soon after your arrival she comes on the scene carrying a bowl of the famous *cicia de juca*, and glad to be able to regale her guest with such an excellent and refreshing drink, she presents it to you with the sweetest of smiles. And, indeed, after a day's journeying under a tropical sun, over high hills and along precipitous slopes by footpaths almost impracticable, and enough to try the nerves and muscles of the most experienced traveller, one has need of something refreshing, and as the only food and drink obtainable is that provided by the generosity of the Kivari, one has to be content with it, and try to forget as far as he can the rather disgusting system which he knows is employed in its preparation.

We passed the following night at the house of Fidel Ceballos and arrived at Macas next day. The news of our coming had preceded us only by a few hours, but that was enough for the natives to provide a cordial reception for us. Whilst still some distance from Macas, a joyful troop of native boys came out to meet us and escorted us to the entrance of the village. There, a little arch of flowers and green-stuff had been hastily erected, and when we had passed through, the villagers came flocking joyfully around and led us in triumph to the little church,

the bells of which were being rung vigorously to announce to all and sundry the fact of the Missionary's arrival.

### From Joy to Sorrow.

But the joy of the country people was short-lived for very bad news was received almost immediately which threw many families, and, in fact, the whole district into a state of the greatest anxiety.

When beautiful Summer weather had brought the rainy season to a close, many people took advantage of the change to travel to Riobamba in order to replenish their diminished stock of provisions. Having made their purchases, which did not fail to include sweets and toys for the children, they set out on the return march, but had been only one day on the road when a malignant fever—a sort of influenza—attacked several members of the party and began to spread rapidly amongst the others. High fever, burning thirst, and a most painful headache, were the chief symptoms of this sickness, and yet the poor people struggled on, fearful of never again seeing their dear ones, fighting against the heat by day, and without shelter or assistance by night; one can easily imagine their sufferings under such conditions.

The bad news travelled fast, and whilst many people along the route prepared to assist the sufferers, others were seized with panic at the idea of an approaching epidemic and fled. Ten whole days were needed for the accomplishment of that painful journey; and when at last the village was reached most of the travellers were simply tottering along, some were being carried by their friends, two had died along the road. And as was to be expected the evil spread itself throughout the district and but few people escaped it entirely. Those were sad days—days of sorrow and of suffering. Whole families had to take to bed, and in many cases there was no one left to procure a cup of water for them in the agonies of their thirst.

### Moving Scenes.

It seemed providential that the pastor should have arrived just when the sheep were so sorely stricken: I set to work to do what I could to alleviate their torments, and to administer the comforts of religion to the dying. And what heart-rending scenes I witnessed! In one hut I came upon a youngster whom I had known as a young giant, healthy and strong, but now reduced to the appearance of a skeleton; two little sick brothers were lying by his



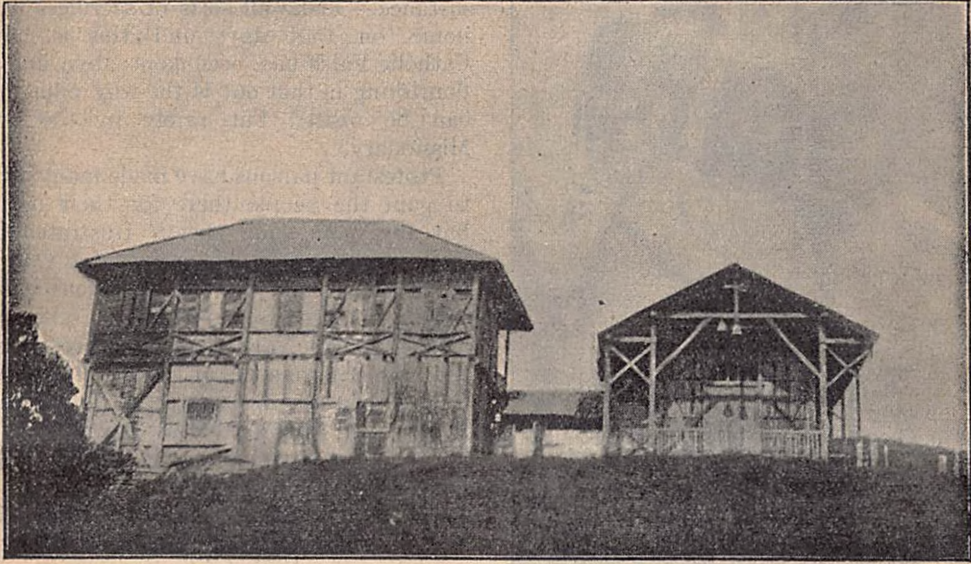
side; in an adjoining apartment their sister was lying, groaning in agony and clasping an infant just a few months old to her breast; whilst the old mother, decrepit and half-paralysed, was the only one left to attend to the needs of all these stricken ones.

In another hut, almost lost in the woods, I came upon a poor woman all alone and lying ill upon the floor of the rude dwelling. I asked her how long she had been ill, who looked after her, and if she had any medicine.

"For more than a week, Father," she said,

there were plenty of convalescent patients, and others who were not so seriously ill, who were all anxious to volunteer their help, so that in a short time all that was humanly possible was being done for the poor woman in her lonely home.

For those poor people, without a doctor in their midst, and without medicine other than the herbs of the forest, the only consolations during these grief-laden days were the presence of the Missionary and their tender devotion to the Madonna of Don Bosco.



A Poor Missionary Residence in Ecuador.

"I have been lying here ill and alone, without assistance or remedies of any kind except a little water with which I have been trying to quench this terrible thirst. What awful nights I have passed here without a living soul beside me! My only companion has been Our Lady" and she pointed a withered hand to a picture of Mary Help of Christians on the wall; "I have been praying to her for help and you see how she has guided you to my home so far out of the way".

I gave her some medicine and some advice as to how to prevent an aggravation of the malady, and having encouraged her to continue her trust in the protection of the Help of Christians, I set out immediately in search of some charitable person who would assist the poor woman. And it was not so difficult to find such a one, for the charity of Jesus Christ was strong amongst those rude natives, and though I could not find a nurse whole and healthy,

### *Mary Help of Christians is Protecting Us.*

Occupied as I was from morning till evening, and often during the night, in visiting the sick and administering the Sacraments, it was evidently only owing to divine assistance that I was able to continue, and that made me appear to have a constitution superior to that of the most robust, and proof against all disease. But it was an ineffable consolation for me to see how convinced these good people were that my presence amongst them at that time was a special favour that the Help of Christians had obtained for them from Our Blessed Lord. The whole of that village is under the protection of our holy Mother, and during the pestilence all kept repeating "Our Lady Help of Christians well save us!"

For twenty-five years previous to 1918 no priest had visited this village: on that occasion



a Mission was preached by three Salesian Fathers and during the exercises large numbers of the natives consecrated themselves to Our Lady. A large picture of the Help of Christians which the Fathers left behind was held in great veneration by all, and since then, thanks in great part to our lady catechist, Miss Navarese, the



Kivari Children.

devotion to the Mother of God has been fostered and has spread throughout the whole region.

### *Our Lady's Receptions.*

Two years ago one of our Missionaries explained to a little group of devotees the pious practice known as the "Court of Mary". This consists in the setting apart of special days—Our Lady's feastdays, for example—for family devotions in honour of the Queen of Heaven. The Mis-

sionary's few words bore wonderful fruit and now it is difficult to find a home which does not receive in its turn the visit of Our Lady, who, as they say, has come to hold her court at their place for the day. The picture of the Help of Christians passes from house to house and is placed on a little altar adorned with lights and flowers. Round the shrine the family gather for evening devotions and many prayers are said and hymns sung in honour of God and His Blessed Mother. And how much these simple people think of Our Lady's visit to them! The whole family—even those working at a distance—make all sorts of sacrifices to be at home on that day, and this is how the Catholic Faith has been kept alive and is still flourishing in that out-of-the-way village which can be visited but rarely by the Catholic Missionary.

Protestant parsons have made many attempts to gain the people there for their own sects but always in vain, always frustrated by the lively devotion of the natives for Our Lady. In recent years they have intensified their efforts, going so far as to open a school in the district for the sake of making proselytes, but the protecting mantle of the Help of Christians was thrown around the people of Macas and those who sought to draw them from their faith had to retire discomfited and quite unsuccessful.

Two days after my arrival this time, the minister returned to make a new attempt; he went from house to house inviting all to come to a lecture which he himself was giving, and which was to be rendered more attractive by musical contributions by his wife. No one went, and once again, disgusted by the continued resistance of the villagers, the would-be evangelisers had to retire into the forest.

### *A Thanksgiving Procession.*

When the pestilence was at last got under, a great public procession was organised in honour of Our Lady. Her picture was carried in triumph through the streets, her bodyguard—the men, women and children who but a few days before had been lying prostrate on a bed of sickness. How gratefully they chanted their hymns of thanksgiving and devotion! I was indeed sorry when at last I had to leave these good and simple people, and it was hard to be obliged to respond in the negative to their entreaties for me to stay. I had to assure them that I would return again soon, and then, encouraging them to continue in their devotion and supplications to Our Lady Help of Chris-



tians who would raise up a resident priest for their district so devoted to her service, I took my leave of the natives of Macas.

### *Another Favour.*

On my return journey I stopped at Lucula where I found a former member of my flock who was now laid low by a grave illness, both of body and of soul. Having contracted a civil marriage with some unfortunate, he had been disowned by his people, and in order to obtain the means of subsistence in the shape of money from a Protestant minister, he had denied his Holy Faith. I at once showed him the malice of such a proceeding, and by the grace of God he was soon brought to repent of the step he had taken and made the required retraction and profession of faith. I had the great satisfaction of administering the Sacraments to him, and of reconciling him with his people, and after a few days he breathed forth his soul to His Creator and to a better life.

May God raise up more labourers and multiply our ranks for work in this promising Vineyard!

## Modern Education.

The fatal error that lies at the root of most of the educational blunders of our days, is a thoroughly mistaken notion of human nature. It consists in this: that the modern educator regards human nature as unspoiled and untainted. He does not recognize the disastrous twist which it has received through the fall of our First Parents. This initial error vitiates all his methods and imparts to them a false orientation.

Since he looks upon all impulses and tendencies as essentially wholesome and perfectly legitimate, it is his opinion that they should be allowed to develop spontaneously and be accorded a large measure of liberty. He is averse to repression. He does not believe in imposing on the young an irksome discipline. They will, that is his idea, best find their way if left to themselves. The less education interferes with the spontaneous development of nature, the better it is. This view has created the *safe* methods which are now in vogue.

The results are apparent. Undisciplined nature will brook no restraints and submit to no law. It abandons itself entirely to its impulses and becomes utterly unmanageable. We have come perilously near to that state.

Real education makes for self-restraint; it tries to strengthen man inwardly against the allurements of evil so that he can well get along with a minimum of outward repression. The wrong kind of education leaves man weak and helpless so that even in his maturity he still needs the props of external prohibition to keep



A Kivaro Chief.

him from doing wrong. Under such a regime he never reaches the full stature of manhood, but remains a helpless child to his dying days. Logically, modern education, which is soft and sentimental, leads to repressive legislation, which is hard and disillusioned. A little discipline in the early years would save us from the necessity of piling up restrictions and multiplying prohibitions of every kind. A well trained will is a better protection against temptation than the most drastic legislation.

*"Standard and Times".*



## A Word to the Co-operators.

We feel that it is our duty to put before the Co-operators from time to time the state of affairs with which our revered Superior General has to deal, and the grave straits even in which he sometimes finds himself, in directing the activities of our Pious Society.

The burdens that weigh daily upon him are huge and manifold. Besides the care of so many works and missions, the daily maintenance of many pupils at the Oratory, Turin and other Salesian houses, of numerous aspirant and clerics studying for the Congregation, the erection of the international temple to *Gesù Adolescente* at Turin, the consolidating of the Cardinal Cagliero Institute for Foreign Missions, he has to be continually preparing for the departure of new Missionaries, and to be ultimately responsible for all new undertakings. To all these expenses must be added the publication and free circulation of the *Salesian Bulletin* in various languages, an undertaking which alone costs many pounds daily.

Grateful for the visible assistance of Our Lord and encouraged by the good will of those whom He sends to our aid we feel bound, after the example set us by Don Bosco, to bring these pressing needs of our Superior General before the Co-operators, at the same time assuring them that in helping to lighten his burdens they will have the blessing of God and the benefit of our daily prayers.

To all we turn, both to those who are in a position to help us in a big way, and to those whose means are more limited, and if you would like to undertake a most helpful form of co-operation make our work known to the lovers of the christian education of youth and of the missionary apostolate, so that their hearts may be inclined to the furtherance of so many charitable works.

To those who are more abundantly endowed with the goods of fortune and who might wish to assume the merit of some of our good works we submit the following list to show the amount of good that might follow from their generosity.

1. A pupil can be maintained in the Salesian Oratory, Turin for about £10 a year: maintenance elsewhere would vary according to the country.

2. A native master or catechist can be maintained in one of our foreign missions for about £18. a year.

3. A youth could be maintained in the Cardinal Cagliero Institute for Foreign Missions for about £15 or £16 per year.

4. A poor native boy could be maintained for a year in one of our Orphanages in India or China for £5 or £6

"Give, and it shall be given to you" prosperity and peace in your families, good results in your spiritual and temporal affairs, a hundredfold in this life and an eternal reward in the next.

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## Salesian Houses in the United States.

Provincial House - Very Rev. E. Manassero, S. C., Provincial, 148 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Salesian Institute - 148 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Our Lady Help of Christians' Church, 429 E. 12th St., New York City.

Transfiguration Church, 29 Mott St., New York City.

Our Lady of the Rosary Church, 22 Palmer Place Port Chester, N. Y.

Don Bosco Institute, Ramsey, N. J.

St. Anthony's Church, 138 Beech St., Paterson, N. J.

St. Anthony's Church, 235 Centre St., Elizabeth, N. J.

Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, 666 Filbert St., San Francisco, Cal.

Corpus Christi Church, 80 Santa Rosa Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

St. Joseph's Church, 1102 - 7th St., Oakland, Cal.

St. Francis School, Watsonville, Cal.

Salesian Fathers, 1039 North Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

## Daughters of Our Lady Help of Christians (Salesian Sisters).

Provincial House, 41 Ward St., Paterson, N. J.

St. Michael's School, 41 Ward St., Paterson, N. J.

Salesian Sisters, Girls' Orphanage, North Haledon, Paterson, N. J.

Blessed Sacrament School, 128 Sixth Ave., Paterson, N. J.

Immaculate Heart of Mary School, Mahwah, N. J.

St. Michael's School, 8 No. Mississippi Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.



## DEVOTION TO OUR LADY HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

### Splendours of the Feast.

It is indeed wonderful this spread and development of devotion to Our Lady under the title of Help of Christians! Her feastday, the 24th of May, has been more than ever an imposing triumph this year in every part of the world. Reports reach us of the public honours which were paid to Mary simultaneously in places so far apart as Oxford in England and Macau in China; New York in North America, Buenos Aires in the South; Northern, Central and Southern Africa; and one whole continent, Australia, is dedicated to the Help of Christians, and for the Catholics there the 24th of May is a sort of national holiday to be celebrated with all the splendour that Christian love and art can devise in honour of God's Mother. In every Salesian church and chapel novenas and tridiums were proposed and faithfully attended as a preparation for the feast; in some cases a whole month was set apart for special devotions including a daily discourse on the virtues of Mary; three sermons were preached daily in the Basilica at Turin during the month of May and the constancy and devotion of the people was wonderful in the extreme. On the vigil and on the feast 15,000 Holy Communions were distributed to the pilgrims who came to Our Lady's shrine in Turin, and if we add to this the 47,000 Communions received during the month we get a magnificent total of 62,000—a consoling result for all those who preach devotion to Mary, and which gives us an idea of the spiritual wonders that are achieved when the people give their hearts to the Help of Christians, and how easily she leads them to the feet of her Divine Son.

It is impossible to tell in a few words of the spirit and splendour of the festivities, in the mother-church of the devotion: of the prayers said individually and in common, the spontaneous outbursts of sacred song, the mountains of flowers deposited at the feet of Our Lady's statue, the innumerable blessings of the Madonna sought and imparted to every class of the Faithful, and the imposing functions rendered still more majestic by the presence of the archbishops and bishops who came to salute Our Lady on her feastday, to pontificate, and

to take part in the procession. The new Archbishop of Turin, Mgr. Joseph Gamba, an old Oratory Boy, was there, as well as the Archbishop of Managua in Central America, the



The New Archbishop of Turin, Mgr. J. Gamba.

Bishop of Granada, Mgr. Castrale Titular Bishop of Gaza, and the Bishop of Volterra, Mgr. Munerati, S. C.

During the morning service—the first pontifical function at which Mgr. Gamba had officiated since coming to Turin, and the first occasion he had of wearing the Pallium—the music of the Mass, Palestrina's "Iste Confessor", was rendered by the Oratory music school assisted by more than fifty tenors and bases from the Salesian International Seminary, and the execution was simply wonderful. His Grace, the Archbishop, was consoled and gratified by the devotion of the people, and he insisted on walking in the evening procession



through the streets, though the route was a long one and it was threatening to rain every minute.

These festivities for the Feast of Mary Help of Christians have been described on many former occasions in this journal; it has only to be noted that the number of people taking part continues to increase year by year, and their devotion and enthusiasm to increase with their numbers. During the evening benediction, when the Basilica was crowded in every part, and when the square outside was crammed with a concourse of people stretching right up the hill to the tramway line, the writer deplored the absence of a *loud speaker* which would have enabled those outside to follow the service in the church, and especially the music. But even this will come in time for the zealous organisers leave nothing unconsidered which would make for the perfection of these festivities. His Grace carried the Blessed Sacrament to the door of the Basilica and gave benediction to the kneeling crowds outside, and surely, at that moment, the illumined Basilica must have been a reflection of the grace in their hearts—procured for them from her Divine Son by the glorious Help of Christians.

## Graces and Favours. (1)

SAN FRANCISCO, U. S. A. — Please find enclosed a cheque which mother and I are sending in thanksgiving to Our Lady and Don Bosco for a favour we received after making the Novena. We are very grateful; please publish the favour in the *Salesian Bulletin*.

R. G.

KILKENNY, Ireland. — Please accept enclosed offering for a Mass for the Poor Souls in honour of Mary Help of Christians, St. Joseph and St. Anthony for a favour I received through their intercession.

S. L.

DUNGANNON, Ireland. — I enclose two offerings for Masses; one to be said at the shrine of Our Lady, the other in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in thanksgiving for favours obtained.

C. FAY.

KENT, England. — Please publish in the *Salesian Bulletin* my thanksgiving to Our Lady Help of Christians for relief from a very trouble-

some complaint and from the necessity of an operation. I enclose an offering to the shrine.

H. J. C.

LIMERICK, Ireland. — I am sending an offering for two Holy Masses in honour of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and Mary Help of Christians in thanksgiving for favours received. I had trouble with my employees, but thanks to Our Lady I have now got over my difficulties. I am looking to her for help in my business.

K. H.

BOYLE, Ireland. — I enclose a thank-offering in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians for a favour received, and I desire respectfully to place my other urgent needs before her so that I may profit by her powerful intercession. I had promised a Mass in thanksgiving and I herewith fulfil my promise.

A Devout Client.

LONDON, England. — Please find enclosed an offering for Masses. One is a thank-offering to Our Blessed Lady for recovery from a bad cold after promise of offering and publication.

A Plumstead Client

ESSEX, England. — Enclosed please find a thanksgiving offering in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians who deigned to consider my petitions made in the Novena, the formula for which was sent me from Turin a couple of years ago.

E. B.

NEW ORLEANS, U. S. A. — I am sending you an offering for your orphans in thanksgiving for a favour granted me after invoking the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Lady Help of Christians.

C. F. G.

DUBLIN, Ireland. — I would like to publish the granting of an urgent petition which we made through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady Help of Christians and Don Bosco, and how they helped us in a time of great perplexity. It seemed at first that our request was not going to be granted but we continued to recite the prayers and, thank God, we were given great relief. I enclose a money-order in thanksgiving.

E. H. C.

TRINIDAD, B. W. I. — I have just been the happy recipient of a great favour through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians. I am enclosing a small offering for a Mass and shall be grateful if you will publish the reception of my favour in the *Bulletin*.

F. D.

(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).

But the signs of predilection which Pope Pius IX displayed for Don Bosco did not finish here. On Palm Sunday, March 28th, before the commencement of the solemn papal function, Ven. Don Bosco and Don Rua went to St. Peter's and mounted to the Diplomats' Gallery where seats had been reserved for them. Don Bosco, ever interested in the ceremonies of the Church, was all eyes for the service that was going on. Just at his side there was an English gentleman, a Protestant, who seemed to be much struck by the solemnity of the sacred rites. At one point a soprano in the Sistine Chapel sang his solo so sweetly that Don Bosco was moved to tears. The gentleman by his side was in ecstasy and as soon as the singer had finished he turned to Don Bosco and exclaimed—"Post hoc Paradisus—after this Paradise!". That same gentleman, some little time afterwards, was converted to the Church, became a Priest and afterwards a Bishop.

As it was the Pope himself who blessed the Palms, the Diplomatic Corps as well as the others filed past the papal throne and every ambassador and minister received his palm from the Pope. It was the wish of Pius IX that Don Bosco and the cleric Rua should also come up with the rest and receive their palm from his own hands. This seemed somewhat strange, but after all wasn't Don Bosco an ambassador of the Most High?

It was the Holy Father's wish that Don Bosco should be near him during all the services of Holy Week, and Cardinal Marini, one of the Cardinal Deacons assisting at the throne, took him as train-bearer, so that the Servant of God, vested in purple robes, stood almost at the Pope's side during the whole ceremony.

On Holy Thursday he followed in the wake of the Supreme Pontiff as he carried the Blessed Sacrament to the Pauline Chapel where the altar of repose had been prepared; he accompanied him on to the Vatican Balcony from which the people of Rome was awaiting the solemn benediction; and he was present in the galleries of the palace at the washing of the feet of twelve priests and the commemorative banquet prepared for them afterwards and served by Christ's Vicar himself.

On the 4th of April the artillery fired a salvo from the Castle of St. Angelo to welcome in

the dawn on Easter Sunday morning. Towards 10 o'clock Pope Pius IX was carried in his chair to the Basilica where he sang Pontifical High Mass, and then, preceded by a long procession of Cardinals and Bishops, ascended to the balcony of St. Peter's and from there imparted the papal benediction *Urbi et orbi*. Don Bosco with Cardinal Marini and a Bishop had halted near a column covered by magnificent drapery on which three golden tiaras had been placed; then the Cardinal said to him: "Come and see this spectacle," and the Servant of God turning to the piazza saw with astonishment the dense crowd of 200,000 persons collected there, their faces turned expectantly towards the balcony. The roofs, windows and terraces of all the houses in the vicinity were occupied. The French army covered the space from the obelisk to the Basilica steps. To right and left battalions of papal infantry were drawn up in battle-order, behind them the cavalry and artillery, and then, near the Bernini porticos, and at the end near the houses thousands of carriages were drawn up and the people were mounted on them and looking over the piazza. All was noise and turmoil, the people shouting, the horses stamping excitedly.

Absorbed in the contemplation of so many people representative of every nation, Don Bosco suddenly realised that the two Prelates had disappeared, and at the same time he saw on his right and on his left the shafts of the papal chair which had been carried there without his being aware of the fact. He was hemmed in and had to make the best of it: he tried to stand to one side and in so doing his shoulder was brought under the point of the Pope's shoe. As soon as the Pope appeared, a solemn silence spread over the piazza. Don Bosco bent down to pick up some of the flowers that had been scattered over the pavement of the balcony, and at the sound of the Pope's voice singing the benediction formula, audible even beyond Piazza Rusticucci and to those on the roof of the *Civiltà Cattolica* offices, our Venerable Father knelt down. After the blessing the Holy Father was given a tremendous ovation, and when Don Bosco rose, both Pope and chair had disappeared.

On the evening of the 6th of April he proceeded to the Vatican for another audience with



the Holy Father, and as soon as the latter saw him he said with an air of gravity: "Don Bosco, how on earth did you get into that awkward position during the papal blessing on Easter Sunday? There you were, before the Pope, and holding your shoulder under his foot, as though the Roman Pontiff had need of being supported by Don Bosco!"

"Holy Father", replied Don Bosco, with quiet humility, "I was taken unawares; but if I have offended in any way I sincerely beg Your Holiness' pardon"

"And now" said the Pope, "you add to the affront by asking if have offended me!"

Our Ven. Father looked perplexedly at the Pope, but it seemed that he was joking: there was just the ghost of a smile hovering round his lips as he continued: "And however did it enter your head to start gathering flowers at that particular moment: I had to muster up all the gravity of *Pius IX* to prevent myself from laughing outright".

He was smiling now at Don Bosco in a most kindly way, and he went on to say that he had read through the manuscript of the Constitutions from the first article to the last, and handing it to Don Bosco he continued: "Give this to Cardinal Gaude; he will examine it, and appoint a special time for its consideration".

Don Bosco unfolded the manuscript and saw that the Holy Father had vouchsafed to adjoin some notes and modifications with his own hand. His Holiness proposed that these Constitutions should be given at once into the hands of a Commission which would be charged to consider and report upon them, but Don Bosco asked to be allowed to try them in practice for a time and then to submit them anew to His Holiness.

Then he reminded the Pope of the requests which he had already made for the concession of various indulgences: he wanted a special plenary indulgence for the boys who frequented the Oratory, the Apostolic Benediction for all his helpers, for all those who assisted in the diffusion of "Catholic Readings", and for the boys of the hospice of St. Francis de Sales. All his requests were granted.

"And now, Holy Father", adjoined Don Bosco, will you be so good as to give me some little maxim which I can take back to my boys as a souvenir from the Vicar of Christ!"

"*The presence of God!*" replied the Pope.

"Tell your boys that they must regulate their lives according to the import of these few words.

And now, have you nothing else to ask me for? Surely there is something..."

"Holy Father", interrupted Don Bosco "you have been so kind as to grant my every request, and now there is nothing further but to thank you from the bottom of my heart".

"And yet, and yet", said Pius IX, "I am sure there is something else you would like".

At the Holy Father's insistence Don Bosco was taken aback and could say nothing.

"What! do you mean to say" continued His Holiness, "that you do not desire to make your boys happy when you get back amongst them?"

"Oh! certainly, I do", replied Don Bosco.

"Then wait a moment", said the Pope. A few minutes before, Dr. Murialdo, the cleric Rua, and the Chancellor of the Archiepiscopal Curia of Genoa had been admitted to the presence of the Vicar of Christ and they were wonder-struck at the familiarity with which the Pope treated Don Bosco, and more so when they saw His Holiness opening a safe and taking from it a handful of gold coins which, without counting, he handed to Don Bosco with the remark: "Take these and see that your sons have a good pic-nic".

*(To be Continued).*



*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:*

Rev. Patrick Mc Auliffe, *Cork*, Ireland.  
 Captain Walsh, *Antrim*, Ireland  
 Mr H. McKenn, *Antrim*, Ireland.  
 Mrs Jane O'Brien, *Limerick*, Ireland.  
 Mrs M. Barclay, *Limerick*, Ireland  
 Miss Mostyn, *Sussex*, England.  
 Miss Dashwood, *Arundel*, England.

**R. I. P.**



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