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SUMMARY. A Prince Religious. — The Late President Harding's Rules for the Press. — The Wonders of Don Bosco's Intercession. — "The Angel of the Schools" — Forward the Missions! — The Late Cardinal Richelmy. — The Eucharistic Congress at Genoa. — Salesian Notes and News. — News from the Missions: Assam; Colombia; Congo. — Missionary Episode. — The Spark Unquenchable. — Devotion to Our Lady Help of Christians. — Graces and Favours.

A Prince Religious.

The Servant of God, Don Augustus Czartoryski S. C.

God is wonderful in His saints, and the saints of God are wonderful in their followers, in their imitators, in their spiritual children. When the world was infatuated with the love of riches, and when even the discipline of Mother Church was crumbling to pieces in the fight for the good things of this world, the "Poor Man of Assisi" the humble St. Francis, dared to raise the standard of evangelical poverty in the world, and soon, marching bravely under it, we see the good St. Clare, the wonder-working Anthony of Padua, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Bonaventure. Against the Albigensian host the white-robed St. Dominic with wonderful courage dared to measure his apostolic strength, and with equal zeal his spiritual sons, such as St. Thomas Aquinas, Blessed Albert Magnus, Peter of Tarantasia have ever fought in the sacred cause of truth. Divine Providence bequeathed upon the world a St. Ignatius and suddenly in the train of this bright spiritual star other illustrious satellites, scarcely less resplendant, came swiftly into view—a St. Francis Xavier, a St. Aloysius Gonzaga, a St. John Berchmans. And such must ever be the influence of the truly great: the personality of a great statesman, of a great soldier, of a great saint extends far beyond the limits of his own social circle, lives on after its possessor has gone to his reward, influences the noble strain in the minds of men throughout succeeding centuries.

Our own Ven. Founder, Don Bosco, was

looked upon by all who knew him as a veritable godsend for his times; the strong man, the saintly priest, the large-hearted father of the poor who knew just how to appeal to the best instincts of the people of his age, to oppose efficacious remedies to the evils everywhere around. The influence of his personality on those who came directly under his care was wonderful and lasting, and of the numerous souls whom he attracted and attached to himself, some, such as the Servants of God Don Michael Rua, Dominic Savio, and Don Andrew Beltrami are already on the way towards being accorded the honours of the altar.

Here we wish to speak more particularly of one such gentle soul who was attracted by the fame of Don Bosco's sanctity and who spent the brief years of his manhood in striving to copy the interior life of our Ven. Father, his weak state of health precluding any active participation in the external works of the Society. This was Prince Czartoryski, or Don Augustus as he was affectionately styled by his religious confrères, and the following details of his brief career may prove of interest and be a source of edification and admiration to those of our readers who can sympathise with the struggles of a soul to be at one with its Creator, to follow out the divine decrees at the cost of any sacrifice whether of riches or position, of family ties or of bodily health.

Childhood and Education of the Prince.

Prince Czartoryski was born at Paris on the 2nd of August, 1858 in a residence belonging

to the princely Polish family of that name. His father was Prince Ladislao and his mother Princess Amparo, daughter of Queen Mary Christina of Spain and of Duke Rianzares. The little Prince was baptised two days after his birth and given the names of Augustus Francis, his grandparents acting as godfather and godmother. He was the object of the greatest care on the part of his parents who were pious and faithful Catholics, and though they were unable, because of their social and public duties, to attend personally to his education, they took care that his instructors should be pious and learned and that religion should be the basis of his education.

During the very first year of his existence he had been seized with pneumonia and though as result of fervent prayers and the labours of the physicians he recovered from this, yet throughout his whole life his constitution was extremely delicate and he was ever inclined to consumption. For this reason it was necessary that he should continually change his place of abode according to the season, and so we find him, now at Monde with his aunt, Princess Anna, now at Malmaison with his grandmother, Queen Mary.

He was taken to Rome for the Winter of 1861-62, and with his saintly mother he spent the days in prayer and in visiting the famous churches of the city. The tutor who attended to his education at that time mentions amongst other facts that whilst hearing Mass in the Capuchin church the little prince was so recollected and his whole demeanour so striking that he seemed even at that tender age to comprehend the treasures of the Holy Sacrifice.

When he was only five his good mother died at Paris. Throughout his whole life he held her in fond remembrance for her piety and for the care which she had bestowed upon him. Young as he was, he had already begun to have systematic lessons in Polish, French, singing, gymnastics and riding, and at Montpellier he learnt to serve Mass and to perform this sacred office with an edifying joy and devotion. His family had at first the idea of sending him to college, but fear for his health ultimately drove this idea from their minds. Until he was nine years of age his education was carried on under tutors and he lived, sometimes at Avon with Prince Vitoldo, sometimes at Pau with Count Zamoyski. In 1866 he went with the latter family to Paris where English and fencing were added to his other lessons, and from here he was taken to visit Empress Eugena at Fontainebleau and became warm friends with Prince Lodovico Bonaparte.

On Holy Saturday 1867, he made his first Confession with the utmost seriousness, showing a determined desire to correct himself of his juvenile shortcomings. In 1868 he was entered as a pupil in the Imperial Academy Charlemagne where he worked so well and diligently for two years that he earned high praise from his masters and gratifying reports for his good conduct and diligence. But political expediency now forced the family to return to their own country and in 1870 we find the Prince at Sieniawa and afterwards at Cracovia where he passed a year of intense study under his new tutor Fr. Grill, an Oratorian. This excellent priest prepared him with all diligence for the reception of his first Communion which at the age of thirteen he received in the crypt of the parochial church that served as a family vault, his father being desirous that at that solemn moment his son's mind should be filled with memories of the virtue of his saintly mother and a long line of pious ancestors who had ever been faithful to God and to their church.

In course of time he returned again to Paris and continued the higher courses at the Imperial Academy, cultivating there with marked success the arts of painting and music, and at the end of the scholastic year he went for a tour in Italy, visiting Naples, Pompei, Monte Cassino and Rome where he had a memorable interview with Pope Pius IX. Between the two following scholastic courses he made educational trips to England whence returning again to Poland he commenced to study under the direction of a certain Joseph Kalinowski, a professor renowned for his rare genius, wisdom and virtue. This distinguished tutor in a written commendation of his pupil said "I found him possessed of a religious and moral education of the highest degree. Besides an innate nobility of mind I perceived in him a sincere piety which had its source in the simplicity of his heart—dispositions which are greatly to be attributed to home influence, the influence of his relations who were ever noted for their fervent piety and for their attachment to the Church".

The sufferings which the Servant of God had to undergo at this time on account of ill-health and the annoyances consequent upon his long journeys were severe in their intensity, but he endured them with a patience and tranquillity altogether unusual in one of his age, neither complaining of the exactions of his physicians nor of the dispositions of his family. He approached the Sacraments with great frequency and made occasional retreats.

During these holy exercises, especially during a retreat he made at Mentone in 1876 he garnered such abundant spiritual fruit that the effects were outwardly observable in him for long afterwards. The lives of St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus Kostka which he then read made an indelible impression on his mind and from that moment his most earnest desire was to imitate these saints in their virtue and in their flight from the world, and his pious resolves were strengthened by the example of his good professor who in the following year sought admission into the Order of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

Shortly afterwards, during a visit which he paid to King Alfonso XII of Spain the festivities and pleasures of court life annoyed and wearied him so that he sought consolation in a more fervent pursuit of his devotions and in the reception of the Sacraments. Soon after this he wrote to his father "I must confess that I am tired of all these pleasures, they are useless and simply pall upon one; moreover I don't find any pleasure at all in having to make the acquaintance of so many people as one meets at these parties".

Towards the end of his scholastic course he made many more journeys, being sent by his doctor's orders to spend a whole winter at Cairo in Egypt and to pass a further period in Algeria, but during all these vicissitudes, as the priest who was his tutor attests, he cultivated the interior life with intensity and followed minutely the rule of life which had been given him by his spiritual director at Paris, whilst at the same time he suffered with admirable fortitude the indispositions more and more accentuated resulting from his weak state of health.

Vocation of Prince Augustus.

It was in Paris in 1883 that the Servant of God first met Don Bosco. On that occasion he had the happiness of serving our Ven. Founder's Mass and of receiving Holy Communion from his hands, and the attraction which he immediately felt for him and the confidence which he reposed in Don Bosco throughout the remaining five years of the latter's life were remarkable in the extreme. From that moment Don Bosco's advice was sought on every important occasion and faithfully adhered to. When his father asked him to state definitely whether he intended to profit by his inheritance and to adhere to all the customary conditions attached thereto, Don Bosco's advice was immediately asked for. When

every means were brought to bear to induce him to enter the married state, the Prince again had recourse to Don Bosco's counsel. And so on in regard to many other difficulties, but it was in regard to his priestly vocation that he showed the greatest confidence in our Ven. Father, and for four long years he tried to follow out to the letter the directions given him by Don Bosco. From the beginning our



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Ven. Founder urged him to try to meet the wishes of his father in every particular, to consider the interest of his family and to throw himself earnestly into the administration of his important inheritance: he even urged him to think seriously of the prospect of a marriage such as his father wished for him. The Prince tried faithfully to carry out this advice but in spite of his efforts his relations could see that it was all forced work and very little to his liking, so his father, believing him a prey to excessive ascetic concentration, sent him on holiday to England where in visiting places

of historic and artistic interest he might relieve his mind. His ideas and sentiments however were in no way changed by this journey, and he wrote once more of his state of mind to Don Bosco who in reply told him that he had done well to defer the choice of a state yet awhile; that God would very soon make His will known for certain; but that in the meantime he should try in every way possible to second his father's wishes in regard to the inheritance.

During the carnival of 1886 his family did all that was possible to make him enter the married state; Princess Marcellina, his aunt, made sure that he should get to know the most distinguished ladies of the French and Polish aristocracy: she gave endless concerts, parties and entertainments, but, as far as the Prince was concerned, all to no purpose; he remained quite apathetic and he confessed afterwards to a Carmelite aunt of his that he felt in no way called upon to embrace the married state notwithstanding the advice which Don Bosco had given him to try to please his father even in this. Tired at last of all these worldly associations he gave himself up to long periods of prayer and meditation before a little altar inherited from his mother.

He then proposed that his father and himself should have a consultation with Don Bosco in Turin, and the meeting took place in July. From the interview it appeared to our Ven. Founder that the Prince's vocation required yet further trial and that he should wait for further enlightenment. After this discussion he applied himself with all earnestness to the affairs of his family, and got through an amount of business which must have cost him untold sacrifices, being far superior to his physical strength and altogether contrary to his inclinations. Throughout it all he continued to study the will of God in prolonged ascetical reflections and fervent prayer, and when at last in 1887 he betook himself to Turin for the spiritual exercises it seemed that the long and painful proofs which he had had to give of his vocation were at last to come to an end. During those long days of spiritual reflection he realised with convincing certainty that his vocation was to the priesthood and to the religious life and the conclusion thus arrived at was at last approved of and confirmed by Don Bosco.

The Servant of God then begged to be admitted to the Salesian Congregation but Don Bosco—ever a wise and prudent counsellor—showed him all the difficulties and trials he would meet with if he entered our humble Congregation then but emerging from the heat of its

first struggles—from the hardships of its initial poverty. He urged him to reflect well before taking any such step and to submit his case to the judgment and approbation of the Supreme Pontiff. Pope Leo XIII however in an audience of May 1887 encouraged him to become a Salesian at once, and having been told of the difficulties which the Prince's family would probably put in his way the Pope told him that his only rule should be the doing of the will of God. From that moment the Holy Father's words became his supreme rule of life. He bade adieu to his family, after having with great difficulty obtained his father's permission to become a priest, and entered the Salesian Congregation at Turin in June 1887.

Life in the Congregation.

Having passed some time as a postulant in various Salesian houses at Turin, San Benigno, Lanzo and Penango, Don Augustus commenced his term as a Salesian novice. He put himself, with all simplicity and sincerity, in the hands of his Master of Novices, Fr. Barberis, and made a particular study of the Constitutions, the spirit of the Congregation and the obligations of the religious state. In the practice of virtue he seemed to be not indeed a novice but a trusted and tried religious. Notwithstanding his delicate health he at once renounced all the conveniences of life and adapted himself with eminent sacrifice and rare conscientiousness to the exigences of the common life so that his companions and superiors were in constant admiration of his extraordinary generosity.

Prince Ladislao, his father, good and holy man though he was, could not bring himself to believe that his son was following out his true vocation, and he tried every means he could think of to dissuade him from his purpose. All his efforts however were in vain, for the Prince, ever loving and condescending to his family in other things, would now admit neither discussion nor doubt on the point of his high vocation.

In February of 1888 at Valsalice whilst making the monthly Exercise for a Good Death, he resolved to rid himself of all his worldly possessions and to deliver them into the hands of the Superiors. On the following day—the day on which Don Bosco's body was taken to Valsalice—he promised before the Blessed Sacrament to hand over to them the fortune which he had inherited from his mother and in fact on the 6th of March he made out his will officially, and constituted Don Michael

Rua, the Superior General, universal heir. In October he made his religious profession believing himself quite unworthy to be called to this high state and altogether convinced that the Superiors had treated him with extraordinary goodness and generosity. After this he rejoiced in the thought that he had nothing of his own and gave himself up to an intense study of Theology. It was at this time that the disease which had affected him all his life began to assail him with renewed intensity, and it was at this time too that the virtues of the Servant of God shone forth with a brilliancy equalled only in the lives of the saints. His companion and intimate friend, the Servant of God, Don Andrew Beltrami, wrote of him "He leaves himself tranquilly in God's hands... today he told me that he permits himself to think neither of being cured nor of dying; of being well nor of being ill—*fiat voluntas tua* was his only deliberate wish... Many times already he has offered his life to Our Lord and he renews his religious vows continually. Every day his fervour increases and by means of ejaculatory prayers his union with God becomes ever more intimate. Not only does he seem resigned to the will of God but we see in him an extraordinary peace and contentment and a certain joy as of one who lives in the presence of God and is refreshed by this August Presence".

He was obedient even in the most minute particulars not only to the dispositions of the superiors and the doctors but even to the infirmarians and attendants. When however certain physicians at the instigation of his family attempted for his health's sake to make him abandon the religious life and to take him out of the Congregation he resisted with the utmost firmness. He besought the Superiors not to send him outside to be cured and reminded them that Don Bosco had promised that once entered he would not be sent away again. At the Salesian house in Bordighera he was able to have all the attention demanded by the doctors and the climate too was just what they exacted. Thither he was sent and here again he was the admiration of all who came in touch with him for his resignation and contentment though he knew quite well that his malady was incurable.

About this time however the Pope intervened in answer to the earnest entreaties of Prince Ladislao (Don Augustus' father) and intimated through the Cardinal Protector of the Salesians his wish that Don Augustus should follow the orders of the doctors in every particular in regard to climate even when this meant living in hotels and so away from the Congregation.

Like a true and obedient son of the Church the Prince submitted at once to the Holy Father's wishes and gave up his own earnest desire to remain and suffer in the Congregation. He begged however that a Salesian priest should always accompany him so that he might be sure of daily Mass and Communion, and for his nurse he chose a Salesian lay-brother. Thus accompanied he moved about from place to place according to the season, continued studying his Theology and in March 1892 received the sub-diaconate and the diaconate. Soon after he was ordained priest and on the following day he celebrated his First Mass with extraordinary fervour in the presence of several members of his family who received Holy Communion from his hands. During the sacred function the Servant of God was so moved that his voice and energy almost entirely forsook him. From that day until his death the Holy Sacrifice was the one thing for which he lived and even in his weakest state he performed the sacred ceremonies with a devotion wholly angelic, making special efforts to adhere with precision to all prescribed by the *Rubrics*. His step-brother remarked that on two occasions when he assisted at his Mass the sacred function lasted an hour and a quarter and would have been perhaps still further protracted, for after the Consecration Don Augustus seemed absorbed in a kind of ecstasy, but Fr. Ortuzar spoke to him and asked him to continue. Whenever his journeys permitted it, the Servant of God took occasion to visit the tomb of Don Bosco and the studentate at Valsalice where numerous young Poles through his instrumentality and the means which he had placed at the disposal of the Congregation were pursuing their studies for the priesthood.

He passed the Summer of 1892 at Aix les Bains but feeling himself growing daily more feeble he repaired to the Salesian house at Alassio for the Winter. Here for the remaining few months of his earthly pilgrimage his life was one of perfect humility and submission and of extraordinary fervour in the practices of piety.

Death of the Servant of God.

With Don Augustus the thought of death was not one of fear but rather something which incited him further to serious and more heroic resolutions. To add to his sufferings he was now afflicted with heart trouble which threatened to carry him off suddenly at any time. In spite of his extraordinary weakness he forced himself to say Mass every day and to carry out to the letter all his Salesian devotions.

But there came a day when his strength so far failed him that he could no longer offer up the Holy Sacrifice and it was all he could do to descend to the chapel for Holy Communion. Just at this time too the father whom he loved so well fell grievously ill and expressed the desire that his son should come to visit him. Don Augustus had every intention of fulfilling this last act of filial piety and wrote to his father to announce the date of his intended visit, but after mid-day on the same day (the 8th of April, 1893) he was overtaken by a drowsiness from which he could not be aroused even for the recitation of the Rosary which he was accustomed to say every day in common with the others. During the course of the evening his confrères tried repeatedly to arouse him but the only result was unintelligible murmurings uttered in a very feeble voice. All that they could give him failed to restore his lost energy and seated in his armchair he continued to murmur prayers and psalms disconnectedly. The Superior then thought it well to administer the Last Sacraments to Don Augustus and he afterwards gave him the papal blessing and that of Our Lady Help of Christians. At five past nine, placidly and apparently without the slightest pain, the Prince breathed forth his soul, his last words being "Domine Jesu Christe...." My Lord Jesus Christ! He died at the early age of thirty-four, and his holy death made a profound impression on his brethren and friends in Alassio who were convinced that a saint had just departed from them. For two weeks his embalmed body was allowed to remain there in the church of San Rocco; afterwards it was transported to Poland and laid to rest in the family vault.

This Prince-Religious had practised the Christian virtues in a heroic degree such as we are accustomed to look for amongst the most perfect souls—amongst the Saints; and he had accomplished these acts with readiness, facility and delight though they were often difficult from their very nature and from the circumstances that accompanied them. Till the end of his life he had persevered and progressed in aspiring to perfection and was acclaimed by all as a living miracle of obedience and religious piety. He was a true Son of Don Bosco—a true Salesian. Through sheer physical weakness and the prohibitions of his superiors he was debarred from taking part in the external works of the Congregation, but there is not the slightest doubt that under obedience he would have attempted to perform even the hardest task which a Salesian is ever called upon to undertake, and that at the cost of any

sacrifice. In the August of 1891 Fr. Aloysius Nai, Superior of the Salesian house at San Benigno fell seriously ill and his life was despaired of by the doctors. On that occasion Don Augustus said to his Superior "Fr. Nai does an immense amount of good in the Congregation, whilst I, on the other hand, being habitually ill, am unable to help in any way: therefore I should like God to take me and to spare Fr. Nai. What do you think?" He obtained permission and offered his life to God for that of Fr. Nai, and the latter, contrary to every human expectation, was cured, took over the direction of his house again, was afterwards Provincial in an eastern province and at the present moment is doing good work as Provincial of Chile in South America, whilst the Servant of God became daily weaker and weaker and in two short years the last feeble flicker of his saintly life was extinguished.

The Late President Harding's Rules for the Press.

America mourns the loss of her President, Warren G. Harding, but the Catholic population especially must grieve over the loss of one who held that the greatest factor in life, whether public or private, was a high sense of morality. Here are some of the rules which he laid down for the guidance of the staff of his own newspaper in Ohio:

1. Remember there are two sides to every question. Get them both.
2. Be truthful. Get the facts.
3. Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half-wrong.
4. Be decent, be fair, be generous.
5. *Boost*—don't knock.
6. There is good in everybody. Bring out the good in everybody and never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody.
7. In reporting a political meeting give the facts; tell the story as it is, not as you would like to have it. Treat all parties alike.
8. If there is any politics to be played we will play it in our editorial columns.
9. Treat all religious matters reverently.
10. If it can possibly be avoided, never bring ignominy to an innocent man or child in telling of the misdeeds or misfortunes of a relative.
11. Don't wait to be asked, but do it without asking, and above all be clean and never let a dirty word or suggestive story get into type.
12. I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child.

The Wonders of Don Bosco's Intercession.

The memory of Don Bosco not only in the religious family that calls him father, but in every part of the Catholic world awakens from day to day ever increasing tributes of admiration and wonder. His name is being blessed by all; and just as everyone praises the aim and methods of his apostolate, so also many, moved by the splendour of his virtue and the heavenly graces with which it pleased God to fill his life, invoke with faith and with fruit the favour of his patronage.

The favours attributed to his intercession are continuous and signal, and so, whilst protesting our deference to the prescriptions and ruling of the Church in such matters, we here indicate a few of the more recent favours thus obtained.

A Singular Cure.

In the May of 1921 Theresa Calegari, by reason of an affliction of the spine which she had contracted and for which the doctors gave her no hope of a cure, was a patient in St. John's Hospital. The Sisters in charge of the Hospital had read of the cure of a similar case in the "Life of Don Bosco" written by Fr. Lemoyne, in which the patient had miraculously recovered after receiving our Ven. Father's blessing, and they informed the sick woman of this occurrence. As chaplain of the Hospital I had to visit the patients every day, and during one of these visits Theresa told me of Don Bosco's act and I could see that she herself had a strong inclination to place herself under the protection of the Ven. Salesian. When she told me explicitly that such was her wish, I did not discourage her but at the same time I bade her reflect that what she thought of asking from God was a very extraordinary favour, and that she should therefore stir up her faith, resign herself absolutely to the Divine Will, and in the meantime prepare to make a fervent Novena. This conversation took place at the beginning of May, and from time to time afterwards she asked me if she ought to begin the Novena, but I only replied that she should continue her preparation and reflection. Finally, towards the end of June, she commenced the Novena prescribed by Don Bosco, but had to interrupt it almost at once for she wished to receive Holy Communion every day and, as it happened, the affairs of the Parish kept me

absent from the Hospital for a week just at that time, so she was not able to continue her Communions every morning. However, when I was able to go regularly again, she recommenced the Novena (on the 10th of July) and some other patients in the same ward joined in the holy exercise for the same purpose.

On the 17th of July, Theresa would be thirty-one months bedridden. On the evening of the 16th she felt the pains in her back, arms and legs more acutely than ever, so much so, that she asked the Sister for an injection of morphia to ease her pain; owing to her weak and depressed state however this could not be given. That same morning I had not been able to take Communion to her and she had fasted till mid-day in the hope that I might come, and during the time of waiting she frequently uttered the exclamation "If D. Bosco would only obtain this favour for me!"

On the morning of Sunday, the 17th of July, I was called in haste to the hospital. I thought it must be to attend to some new patient who was dangerously ill; but what was my surprise—my wonder—when on entering the Hospital I saw in the corridor, and standing bolt upright and firmly upon her feet—Theresa Callegari—surrounded by other patients. There she stood, erect and unsupported, and as soon as she saw me enter she moved quickly towards me. I could hardly believe my senses, for only once before had I seen her up, and on that occasion she was supported by two Sisters, her head hanging limp from her shoulders, her body all bent, and her left leg dragging lifelessly behind her.

I could not find words to greet her, and in the meantime she was saying "I am cured; Don Bosco has obtained this favour for me: I have seen Don Bosco! I have seen Don Bosco!" By way of proving the reality of what she said I made her run along the corridor and then I asked her to turn her head from side to side, and all this she did with perfect ease and freedom. As was natural, I asked her if she had observed the exact moment of the cure and how it had come about: she told me all about it in the following words:

"I awakened about four o'clock this morning and commenced to talk with another patient. I was completely awake as my conversation with C. Corinna proves. All at once I glanced towards the table—that is, to the right—and

saw in that direction a priest without biretta, somewhat tall in stature, with ruddy features, curling hair and between thirty-five and thirty-eight years of age. I looked at him for some time and then as he placed one hand on the table and the other on my forehead, he said "How do you feel?" I made a gesture as though to say: "Very bad indeed, as you see," but I had no time to speak, for making a sign with his hand he said to me "Arise!" I replied that I was not able but he insisted, saying to me in Piedmontese dialect "Move your leg!"

Then, just to please him, I moved the right leg only, but when he further insisted I found that, almost without trying to, I could move my left leg also, which had been so long immovable. I was so much impressed by this that I shouted out "I can move my leg! I am moving it!"

On hearing my exclamations the night-nurse ran to the bed and as she approached I pointed to the priest and said to her "Softly! Softly! Don Bosco is here!" The nurse said I was foolish and tried to soothe me; I then turned to Don Bosco to remark on the Sister's incredulity, and had just said "Don Bosco..." when he began to retire, his countenance all smiling, and slowly, slowly, his face turned always towards me he disappeared. I called for the Sister again but she persisted in thinking me foolish; but at anyrate I had recovered the use of my left leg, before immovable, and I sat up in bed, a thing I had not been able to do by myself for ever so long. Then I touched my back but felt neither pain nor discomfort of any sort, and so after various little experiments of this kind I jumped out of bed and ran, half-dressed as I was, with the news of my cure to Miss Crosignani who was alone in the next room".

Such was the account given me by Theresa whom I advised to return to bed. She stayed up all day however and was able to take her food like the others, nor did she feel any sort of discomfort except a little swelling on the soles of her feet, which was very natural considering she had not used them to stand on for two and a half years. After a fortnight even this had entirely disappeared.

Such an extraordinary occurrence could not but produce a profound impression in the neighbourhood of the Hospital. They all knew Theresa, and that the doctors considered her condition hopeless. I shall say nothing of the tears of joy shed by her father and by her relations, tears of consolation accompanied by exclamations of fervent gratitude to God. But the effect was noteworthy which was

produced in her two brothers, who, quite irreligious before, were now brought to admit that faith was a wonderful thing and that it was a real necessity in life. They helped their sister in her expression of gratitude by sending an offering in aid of Don Bosco's works and in distributing pictures of Don Bosco.

As soon as the news of the event reached the city, crowds of people began to come as in pilgrimage to the Hospital to see the "Theresa of the miracle". All Sunday and all Monday they came continuously, and various batches appeared at the Hospital during the next fortnight, and when at last ingress to the institution was forbidden them, they lingered round the windows in order to have at least one glimpse of "the lady who was cured by Don Bosco".

Fr. VICTOR ZANELLI D. D.

Chaplain to St. John's Hospital, Piacenza.

A Instantaneous Cure. (1923)

On Easter Sunday, on leaving the church I had the misfortune to fall and fracture in three places a bone near the knee. I was taken to Hospital, carefully operated on, and the part injured was afterwards protected by a little silver hoop. After about forty days I was taken home, but with my leg stiff and rigid and quite atrophied, and therefore incapable of any movement. The doctor said that I must be prepared to remain in this condition for some weeks and that for a long time afterwards I should be constrained to use a crutch.

On the 27th of May a Daughter of Mary Help of Christians came to visit us and during her stay she exhorted my relations and myself to have a lively confidence in Don Bosco. She reminded us of the many extraordinary favours obtained through his intercession and gave me one of his relics. My parents, full of faith, commenced a Novena to Don Bosco that same evening: I waited till the following morning so that I should begin with the Sister who had assured me that she and her whole community would begin a Novena on the morrow for my cure. To tell the truth I had been exhorted before to have recourse to Don Bosco but I had not heeded the invitation.

On the following morning about 6 o'clock I took the relic in my hand to begin the Novena, and whilst praying I felt, as it were, inspired to apply the precious object to my knee. I really did not think of succeeding so easily, but what was my wonder to feel my leg beginning to reacquire its sensibility and natural movement. I placed the relic right upon it and the move-

ment was immediately quickened. Then, full of faith, I put the sacred object to my lips and something within me seemed to say quite clearly "Walk! Walk!" I raised myself at once to a sitting position in bed and called my mother. Then I got out and without any help walked quickly across the room to the apartment in which my sister and another relation were sitting, and I said to them "Don Bosco has cured me, cured me instantly!" You may imagine their wonder and great joy. My mother went at once to church to thank Our Lord and Don Bosco.

My cure was in no way due to suggestion. Too often the doctors had declared that I should have to remain in bed for a long time yet, and would have to use a crutch afterwards. It is quite certain that until the 28th of May my leg was absolutely stiff, and that on that morning, at the first touch of Don Bosco's relic, it regained its ordinary movement and energy. From that instant I was able to walk again just as before the fracture.

11th July, 1923.

JULIA BENEITONE
Turin.

The Children's Friend.

Years ago, whilst still a cleric, I was on a visit to my people when one day I made the acquaintance of a little boy of six or seven, very mannerly and very good. I asked him his name and he told me "Gino Musio" and then before I could question him further he said "You are a Salesian, a Son of Don Bosco! I like Don Bosco very much because he cured me when I was dying".

At that time, being able to stop but a few days in the country, I was not able to find out any more about my little acquaintance, but last year when I was home again I visited the little boy's family and found him grown into quite a big boy of twelve, still lively, good and studious, and already promoted to quite a high standard in his school. I asked his mother, an excellent lady, who had been a widow now for some ten years, to tell me of the favour she had obtained through Don Bosco, and with touching emotion she gave me the following account.

"In the year 1913 my Gino, then a baby of three, was stricken with a very high fever which threatened to take him from me. Night and day with the anxiety of a mother who places all her earthly hopes in her little one I watched by his crib, and my anguish increased as little

by little he became unable to utter a sound, and lapsed into corpse-like immobility. For three days he remained without tasting food and lay there in his crib perfectly still. By the third day I had lost all hope and it was precisely then that having to look through some papers I came across a little book entitled "Don Bosco and His Work". I had never before invoked Don Bosco in my necessities, but at the sight of the Ven. Servant of God



To Don Bosco the Friend of Youth.

as shown in the little book I felt an ardent faith awaken within me and I immediately called upon Don Bosco to intercede for my baby. I placed the book against Gino's head and then, turning to close the door of the room, I was startled to hear the little one call me "Mama! Mama!". Full of joy I ran back to the crib and there was my baby all smiling and speaking to me. I called upon the other children to come at once to see how Don Bosco had cured Gino and to listen once more to his baby voice. Weeping and praying we returned thanks to Don Bosco and from that moment Gino was completely cured. Having grown up and been told how much Don Bosco had done for him he has conceived the most lively devotion for him: everywhere he carries his

picture with him and invokes him in every necessity. Now he is twelve, and having been rather successful in his studies at school he attributes it all to Don Bosco. As for me, I shall never have words sufficient with which to thank your Holy Founder for the heavenly protection which he has bestowed upon my family."

Such was the story told me by the widow Laura Musio.

24th June, 1923.

R. PISANU. S. C.

Even from the far-off Mission-fields accounts frequently reach us of signal favours attributed to the intercession of our Ven. Father.

Cure of a Chinese Youth.

One day Fr. Larena and I happened to be in the office of a big business establishment in Lok-Chong when we heard with great sorrow that Li-Ngok, one of the clerks, a youth of eighteen, was at the point of death. We at once ascended to an upper story to pay him a visit and we had to agree that his condition was indeed grave. What a shock it was to see one so pale and emaciated, with glassy eyes and death-like complexion, whom, just a few months before, we had admired as the picture of health. During the war, he had been attracted, along with some other youths, to the Catholic Missions, and on coming in contact with the Missionaries and their Christian flocks he had conceived a great liking for the catechism, for the prayers and religious ceremonies, and he had studied the doctrines of our holy religion with true intellectual delight.

"Ngok" I asked "Wouldn't you like to be baptised? Your time on earth may not be very long now".

"Yes, father" he said "Help me! Help me! How I am suffering! Baptise me! Please baptise me!"

"Do you remember the principal beliefs of our holy religion? How many Gods are there? How many Persons in God? Who is Jesus? Who is Mary? What happens when you receive Baptism?"

To these and other questions he responded satisfactorily enough, and he kept on saying "Baptise me! Baptise me! I shall not last the night!" and such indeed was the opinion of all.

"Bring me a glass of water" I said to those around, and then turning to Fr. Larena, I added "Listen to me; I have here a relic of our Ven. Father, Don Bosco; I am going to hang

it round the boy's neck and if he is cured I intend that the grace be attributed to Don Bosco and I shall not forget to publish it".

In the meantime the water was brought and I asked the patient, "Would you like me to give you the name of our Ven. Founder? Pray to him fervently and he will obtain your cure, and that in a very short time. 'I baptise thee, John, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost?'"

Immediately afterwards he was removed from the business premises to a damp and squalid old house—just such a place as in all human probability could be calculated upon to hasten his death. The reason for his removal is to be sought in the great superstitious fear of the Chinese: they believe that a room in which one dies is ever afterwards the source and occasion of many misfortunes, for the death-devil having once entered a place, there is no way of getting rid of him again!

Two months afterwards I happened to be at Lok-Chong again and whom should I see coming towards me but my quondam dying friend, John, looking as hale and as hearty as I had ever seen him. My joy was immense and the expressions of gratitude of all in the business establishment, of John himself, and of his father especially, who was now a fervent catechumen, were interminable.

Fr. VINCENT BARBERIS
Salesian Missionary.

"The Angel of the Schools"

During July last occurred the sixth hundredth anniversary of the canonisation of St. Thomas Aquinas "the most saintly of learned men and the most learned of the Saints". St. Thomas died in 1274 and was canonised by Pope John XXII just forty-nine years afterwards. The most renowned of all the schoolmen he lived during the "Golden Age" of scholasticism and his works, replete as they are with richness of thought, profundity of speculation and clearness of exposition, contributed more than any others to the intellectual achievements of the age. Whether in the sphere of philosophy or in that of theology the Angelic Doctor has been cited again and again by the great Councils of the Church since the thirteenth century, and pastors and people have alike been continually urged to a closer study of his writings.

The Supreme Pontiffs, who speak in no haphazard fashion, whose duty it is to weigh well

their every utterance, have given unstinted praise to the labours of St. Thomas in the cause of truth, and a wonderful authority to his system. The greatest aim which Pope Leo XIII had was to attract to Thomistic philosophy the reverence and love of every Catholic scholar. Pope Pius X in his fight against Modernism confirmed the teaching of his predecessor and called upon our Catholic professors and seminarists to hold fast by the teaching of the Angelic Doctor. Benedict XV who was chosen by Providence to guide the ecclesiastical barque through the storms of a world war testified more than once to the admiration he felt for the great Doctor and the reliance he placed upon his judgment, whilst our present Holy Father, who has already used beautiful words in speaking of St. Thomas to the Roman Academy, is expected soon to favour the universal Church with an encyclical eulogistic of the great saint.

"The Angel of the Schools", "The Doctor Angelical" he was called, because of his great and shining purity—a wonderful degree of perfection which accelerated and strengthened the intellectual powers that were his by nature, so that his contemporaries were wont to liken his mental gifts to those of the Angels who arrive at truth by intuition. A fitting gift indeed for the Poet of the Blessed Sacrament; the saintly poet who chose the loftiest theme that could inspire artistic soul, and his beautiful hymns "Lauda Sion" "Pange Lingua" "Sacris Solemnis" "Verbum Supernum" and many others have been resounding through the Church's liturgy for the last six hundred years.

St. Thomas was a Dominican Friar and though offered many dignities during his famous career, and amongst them the Archbishopric of Naples, he declined them all, preferring to spend his days amongst his religious brethren in study and in teaching. The official celebrations of this sixth centennial are expected to take place in November when a special commemoration will be made in the Dominican church of Santa Maria in Rome. It is hoped that these public events will cause St. Thomas to be regarded more and more as the Patron of Catholic universities, seminaries and schools, and that our Catholic scholars and apologists, both clerical and lay, will follow ever more closely the guidance of the great Doctor and print their minds with the safe Christian tenets of Thomistic philosophy.

Forward the Missions!

A wave of missionary fervour seems to be sweeping over us these days: here in the mother-house of the Salesians one stumbles upon Missionaries and intending Missionaries everywhere. "Where are you going!" you say to one young fellow. "I'm off to China" he replies. Another—"I'm waiting to go to India". Some others—"We start for Palestine, for Brazil, for Chile next week". And amidst all this bustle and activity one feels so ashamed—so out of the *fashion*, as it were, when he has to reply in apologetic tones. "I'm not going anywhere—I'm stopping at home!" Forty young men and boys from the late vocation Institute at Penango are setting out during these latter months of the year for the Mission-fields in every part of the world—forty young soldiers of Christ who are enthusiastic in their desire to carry the glad tidings of Redemption to the forgotten ones of the earth.

Then the "Cardinal Cagliero Missionary Institute" which is going to be opened in full swing at Ivrea this year will undoubtedly prove a great boon for the Missions and for the Church in general. The Superior General, anxious to fulfil the express wishes of the Holy Father in regard to the Missions, hopes to make this Institute a real going concern. Ivrea is in Piedmont in the North of Italy, but it is not our venerated Superior's idea to limit the Institute to Italian vocations only; indeed the more international in character the undertaking would become, the better he would be pleased.

The place chosen for this new establishment—Ivrea—is connected by more than one special tie with that other dear land, the nurse of so many Saints and Missionaries—Ireland. There is a strong tradition amongst the inhabitants of Ivrea that it was in their Cathedral that St. Patrick received his episcopal power before setting out on his apostolic mission to Ireland. St. Malachy, Bishop of Armagh, passed through Ivrea on one of his journeys to the Holy Father and St. Bernard tells of a great miracle which the Saint wrought there.

Readers of this journal of close on thirty years ago were given a full description of the great celebration which took place at Ivrea on the occasion of the Beatification of Blessed Thaddeus M^c Carthy, Bishop of Cork and Cloyne. The saintly Bishop, illegally prevented from taking possession of his See wandered for two years through Italy as an exile and

dressed in the garb of a hermit. One night during the course of his wanderings he sought admission to the Hospice at Ivrea and here, worn out with sorrow and hardships, he died in the year 1492. His relics have been faithfully preserved in the Cathedral until the present day, and he has ever been known as the *Blessed Thaddeus* by the people around. It was not however until the year 1896 that he was declared *Blessed* by the Church. On that glorious occasion the Cathedral of Ivrea opened its doors to an imposing assembly of Irish Bishops and Clergy who had come to Italy to do honour to the memory of their saintly countryman, and to commemorate the great event a beautiful poem was written by a distinguished Salesian of the same name as the Beatified. We think it is well worthy of repetition, especially as we are now in September, the month during which the feast of Blessed Thaddeus is observed in the dioceses of Ivrea, Cork, Cloyne and Ross. Let us hope that these great Irish saints, St. Patrick, St. Malachy and Blessed Thaddeus Mc. Carthy, so closely associated with Ivrea, will intercede especially for the success of our new Missionary Institute in Piedmont.

Ireland and Ivrea.

*Land of my sires! Oh! how my spirit thrills
On looking through thy history's shining scroll:
And in my breast a loving hope distils
And stirs a thousand feelings in my soul.
Ireland my home of old in days gone by,
Thy glories were resplendent e'en before
The Gospel from Ulidia's mountains high
Lit the land to sweet Mononia's shore.
And Tara's halls were filled with gayest throng
Of stately chief, and bard, and Red Branch knight:
And sweet-toned harp accompanied the song
That cheered the heart and made the scene more
bright.*

*How wise thy laws in these grand days of old!
Thy kings and people, bravest of the brave,
Brought many a trophy made of pearl and gold,
From distant countries far beyond the wave.
Yet o'er this glory hung the darksome pall
That only faith could banish from the sight.
Oh! who will answer to the holy call
To bring this nation to the peaceful light?
In distant Piedmont, far from Erin's Isle
Where mountains high and stern protect the land,
There in that stately venerable pile,
Ivrea's Cathedral, stands a holy band;
St. Patrick there receives the bishop's power
To rule the Irish nation: thence he starts
To distant Ireland. And his parting dower,*

*The earnest blessing of Italian hearts.
Erin, dear land, thy soil was well prepared
To take the seed St. Patrick came to cast:
Religion's noble tree itself has reared,
And bravely stood cold persecution's blast.
Its branches o'er the world have spread in time,
Protecting countless children in their shade:
And Ireland's saints in ev'ry land and clime
Are loved by men of ev'ry class and grade.
Dear Ireland on Ivrea turn your gaze:
Long erstwhile, great St. Patrick there has trod:
And glorious Malachy, inspired to raise
The dead to life, has shown the power of God,
For there within that old Cathedral pile,
Enhancing still the bliss of heavenly calm,
A stately line of Levites throngs the aisle,
Accompanied by burst of song and psalm.
And Bishops in their robes and mitres gold
Add splendour yet, and majesty amain,
While holy Priests and Deacons, coped and stoled,
Re-echo far and wide the glad refrain.
Blessed Thaddeus! sing they to the skies,
For him the sweetly-scented perfumes rise,
A scion of McCarthy's noble line.
To thee dear land, his hast'ning steps were bent:
Sweet Cork his distant home he strove to gain:
A Saint by Heaven to Ivrea sent
Ivrea's Patron long he will remain.
Direct once more thy vision to the scene:
Observe Don Bosco's sons are also there:
Thy Saint they love, they keep his mem'ry green,
And Irish pilgrims will receive their care.
Blessed Thaddeus throned in Heaven's light
Don Bosco's name, Ivrea, and Ireland blend:
And let them in sweet harmony unite
For future eons, time without an end.*

M. MC. CARTHY S. C.

Superiors of Salesian houses in English-speaking countries are advised that 8 *Series of Postcards* dealing with the Salesian Missions in India, Brazil, Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego have been prepared and printed in English, and can be supplied from Turin. Postcards are used daily in the ordinary course of business: why not take the opportunity to advertise the Missions?

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

Very Rev. Don PHILIP RINALDI,
32 Via Cottolengo,
TURIN (Italy).

ches of science as applied to agriculture. The Department of Agriculture having watched the development of our work here has helped us in many ways. Just lately Inspector Campbell made a tour of the College and Farm and has given a most favourable report of all he saw.

The 11th of July, the feast of St. Oliver Plunkett, was a great day at Pallaskenry. The school sports took place on that day, and the boys in their happiness were grateful to their zealous Prefect of Studies, Fr. Parker S.C. to Fr. Devine S. C. and to Br. C. Grey S. C. for the trouble they had taken to ensure the success of the events. The boys put up a very creditable performance, and two names especially deserve to be mentioned, those of Dennis O'Connell and J. Dronan. Both cleared 5 ft. 1. ins. in the high jump and O'Connell jumped 15 ft. 10 ins. in the long jump. Horse races and cycle races also took place, whilst donkeys were provided for those with a passion or speed. Fr. Mallon S. C., as his friends may imagine, made his presence felt during all these events, youthful hearts fluttered, and youthful limbs were urged to greater efforts at the sound of his musical voice. The boys enjoyed themselves to the full, and succeeding generations will have their work cut out to beat the first records established, whilst the many spectators from the villages around were enthusiastic in their approval of the school's performance in the playing-fields.

A great deal of work however must be done, and many necessary improvements must still be made before our College can reach the standard we are bent on attaining. We are hampered for want of funds but we trust in Providence and to the continued help of those friends and Co-operators who have already done so much in aid of the first Salesian work in Ireland.



Trasfiguration We are indebted to the *Catholic Church, New York*, *tholic News* for the following notes on the Salesian Church 29, Mott St.

"The Church of the Transfiguration, 29 Mott street, Manhattan, in charge of the Salesian Fathers, witnessed on Sunday, June 3rd, the completion of four impressive celebrations in one week. On Sunday, May 27, the Fathers solemnized the greatest of the Salesian feasts, that of Mary Help of Christians. In accordance with the custom prevailing in all their churches, the Fathers arranged for general Communion of all the parish societies, and the 7.30 Mass saw the edifice thronged.

The congregation of distinct groups presented a delightful sweep of colour, with the snowy white and golden yellow adorning the smilax-wreathed little girls of the Angel Sodality, the Children of Mary in cloaks of Madonna blue, and wearing fleecy veils draped in



H. E. Cardinal De Lai, Papal Legate to the Genoa Congress.

Botticelli folds. Right to the fore also were the Don Bosco Cadets, of the Catholic Boys' Brigade, in their martial khaki, with collar, epulettes and brassards of rich maroon. The St. Anne Society of married women in black gowns, black lace mantillas, with ruban of scarlet, recalled the sombre tones of the ladies attending the Vatican functions. The men's societies turned out in full numbers, led by St. Joseph's for married men, accompanied by the Junior and Senior Branches of the Holy Name and St. Vincent de Paul Societies.

Following Solemn Vespers in the evening,

fifty young ladies were received in the Children of Mary Sodality, and immediately preceding Benediction a beautiful smiling statue of Mary Help of Christians was borne in the procession formed by the reverend clergy and the societies through the church and its environs, amid the spirited chanting of the Litany of Loretto by the congregation.

On Memorial Day at 9 a. m. Solemn Mass was offered up for the repose of the souls of the twenty boys of the parish who in the World War proved their loyalty to America by sacrificing their young lives on the western front. The Rev. John Voghera S. C. rector, was the celebrant, assisted by the Rev. Alfonso Volontà S. C. as deacon, and the Rev. John Mansella S. C., as sub-deacon.

An eloquent eulogy was delivered by the Rev. Rinaldo Bergamo S. C., who extolled the glorious record of the heroic dead in touching terms, and was strong in his insistence that our young men in enlisting were firm in their conviction that their sacrifices were to be crowned by lasting peace, and that the world was far from enjoying that desirable spirit of concord and fraternity because the nations had scorned the adoption of the principles outlined by the most commanding figure of the war, the late Pontiff, Benedict XV., whose universally paternal persuasions to the war scourged peoples showed clearly the inspiration of the Prince of Peace. The preacher pleaded with his hearers to strive through their constant prayers and their earnest exhortations with their fellow-men for the establishment of such a peace as is now being urged by our Holy Father Pius XI, who is solicitous that the blessings of tranquillity based on mutual love and justice be brought into the lives of all God's children. During the Mass the Don Bosco Cadets flanked the sanctuary and centre aisle, with a full squad standing guard at the catafalque, draped with American and Italian flags, and surrounded by rifles and drawn bayonets.

In the afternoon of the same day the unusual privilege was afforded the Fathers and their boys of receiving an official visit from the Very Rev. Arthur Connelli, General Administrator of the Salesians, who is conducting an inspection tour of all the parishes and institutes under the direction of his congregation. Of striking presence, fascinating manner and deep spirituality, His Excellency immediately won the hearts of the lads of the parish as he entered the tastefully decorated saloon, accompanied by the Very Rev. Emmanuel Manasero, Provincial; the Rev. Francis Binelli, master of novices, and the Rev. Rinaldo Bergamo, who

are in charge of the Salesian Novitiate and Seminary at New Rochelle.

On behalf of the Don Bosco Cadets, Colour-Sergeant George Raggio welcomed His Excellency in a brief address, remarking that his visitation on Decoration Day would be another memory for the boys to cherish on that date, and recounting the history of Memorial Day, with its recollections of the "Boys in Blue" of the Civil War, the veterans of Dewey and Shafter of '98, and the boys of the World War who already are veterans. Sergeant Raggio also mentioned that Benedict XV. had selected this date to commemorate St. Joan of Arc, another glorious warrior, the martyred maid whose virgin valour saved her nation, and recalled that on the bosom of the Pucelle's motherland millions of Americans and Italians had battled for the right.

Master Dante representing the St. Aloysius Society, delivered a graciously worded greeting in Italian, and in reply to the boys' welcome, His Excellency expressed heartfelt satisfaction at seeing in New York City the edifying labours of Don Bosco being extended among so many hundred boys, and besought the youngsters to imitate their Salesian instructors and wage battle against the evils misleading so many of the young, who are the cherished object of the continuous exertions of Mother Church.

On June 3rd the Fathers observed with splendid pomp the most touching of all feasts on the Church calendar, Corpus Christi, and following the Solemn High Mass the ten parish societies, led by the vested boy's choir under Brother Asta, marched in the solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament. So numerous were the participants that the three church aisles could not accommodate them, so that when Benediction was given many devotees of Gesu Hostia were ranged on their knees in the street, where they were silently joined by many passers-by, who saw in this manifestation of faith a reminder of former days when in Italy they took pride in rendering public homage to our Eucharistic King."

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NEWS FROM THE MISSIONS.

In Assam during Holiday-time.

(Continued).

Here at Laitkynsew there is a beautiful little church built partly of brick and partly of wood and iron, but reduced to a pretty bad condition owing to the ravages of the omnivorous white ant and the heavy rains. On looking at it I remembered that we were in that part of the world where it rains most, and in using the verb *rain* I am really employing a euphemism, for I can assure you that when water falls up here the word *to rain* or even *to deluge* is quite inexpressive: something happens which is far and away beyond what our people in European countries have ever dreamt of, and consequently our dictionaries cannot pretend to supply appropriate terms to express the vehemence of the action that takes place.

Beside the church there is a house for the Missionary and a school capable of accommodating about thirty children. After supper the school was easily transformed for our convenience into a dormitory (no beds being required, for the Khassi do not use them) and then, having kindled a great fire in the centre as a protection against the mosquitoes and scorpions, we tried to sleep. On the morrow we were up betimes, and after having celebrated Mass we set out to visit the village and the Christian families around. We could not help but give one long admiring look at the beautiful panorama which encircled us in the delightful morning coolness. To the South-east the immense plain of Sylhet, half-inundated with water because of the interminable windings of the Surma, extends as far as the eye can see, and is lost in the vapour already ascending from below. Other lesser streams we see, and dense woods, and green meadows here and there, but never a village, never a house, no sign of life anywhere except some fishing-smacks careering over the waters scarcely discernible with binoculars.

To the West lay the wide curve of the Khasian Mountains which the fantastic stratification of the rocks has encircled as it were by an immense dark crown, and falling from about the same level a dozen or so of rushing

cascaes descending in parallel lines: one only of these is much higher than all the others and has been given the name of Ka Likai after the desperate woman, so named, who had thrown herself into its angry torrents, her husband having slain their son.

The deep valleys below re-echoed feebly the roar of the torrents; the perfume of the orange-groves, the coffee-plantations, bananas and of those trees which produce a fruit something like lemons was wafted up to us on the breeze.

The Christians received us into their huts with great affection and we did what we could to comfort and assist their sick, for, as I have said, they have great faith in our simple remedies. "Why don't you take this poor sufferer to the doctor so that he may prescribe a suitable medicine for him?" we asked in Mawlong.

"No, no, father, we do not need to go to the doctor; you are the one to restore health, for God is with you; a little *dawai* (medicine) and our patient will soon be cured". And it was impossible to persuade them otherwise.

Indian Archery.

At Laitkynsew on the afternoon of the same day a company of young natives gave a display of archery. Having placed the target, which consisted of a bamboo cane with a cylinder filled with earth on top, in the courtyard of one of the houses, they divided themselves into two teams, the *Reds* and the *Blacks*. As an introduction to the performance they marched round and round to the monotonous rhythm of an Indian chant, then they were sorted into twos and fours, and the shooting commenced, the distance between the archers and the target being lessened gradually.

The precision with which these young athletes can use their weapons is truly admirable. The Khassi begin to practise with the bow and arrow from their most tender years and do not give up the exercise even when they have reached old age. Bow, string and arrow are all of bamboo; the arrow of course is fitted with an iron point and the shaft is adorned with feathers.

At the close of the contest, the singing and

dancing of the victors soon degenerated into a general brawl with all sorts of unseemly noise and shouting. The huts of which the village is composed are quite numerous: there is no Protestant church nor school here. When we had completed our visiting we returned to the dormitory, and in the hope of obtaining a little sleep in order to restore our energies for the journey of to-morrow, we re-kindled

the woods and continue our climb along the mountain declivities over rocks and stones wet and slippery from the recent rains. In the narrow defiles we meet with women carrying eggs and fruit on their way to market.

They have one ornament in common — a set of heavy golden ear-rings as big as a half-penny dangling from their ears. We know by the words they use in saluting us whether



A Bamboo Bridge in Assam.

our fire, though the smoke from it threatened first to asphyxiate us, and then the nocturnal insects which insisted on keeping us company.

At dawn we are already afoot and making for Chella, but this time the boys do not accompany us for the journey is too long and difficult. We are accompanied only by Bah-Io Kanti, a young native teacher from our school at Shillong. He has conceived a great liking for the Salesians, reads our Bulletin regularly, and is most anxious to assist us in every way. He has been our guide during all these days of marching through the Khassian Hills.

Whilst the sun in golden glory triumphs in the heavens, we plunge into the dense shades of

they are Christians or still pagans: the former use the word "Father" the latter "European" or "Sir". By the one word "Khublei" the Khassi express all those salutations and compliments for which we have to use manifold and various phrases; they say "Khublei" in asking for a gift just as they use it in begging to be excused, and their morning greeting will be "Khublei" just as it will their way of saying "Good Evening"; the one word includes all this and many other phrases besides. We always respond smilingly to their greetings, make some enquiries in regard to their health and occupation, and give them a word of comfort and advice. What an exten-

sive and fruitful field of action for the work of evangelization would be found amongst the populations here about, if the Missionary could only visit them with greater frequency!

Soon we reach a point where the path ceases to ascend and we advance into a denser part of the forest amongst luxuriant vegetation. Century-old trees spread their roots fantastically in and out amongst the rocks; little streamlets with their tiny water-falls bar our path at every step; beautiful butterflies of every conceivable colour wing their way past us and the songs of the birds are borne to us on the breeze. What magnificence Nature here sets before us! The beautiful picture invites us to bless the Lord with the thought and the song of St. Francis of Assisi. "May you be praised, O Lord, through our brother the sun!"

At Mutoh, a village in the forest, we encounter a very old man who salutes us effusively and invites us to his hut. It is not long since he became a Christian, but he has a great affection and reverence for the Missionary and he treats us with great kindness. The only Christian in the village, every time he knows there is a Missionary at Laitkynew he undertakes the long journey there in order to assist at Holy Mass. We give him a rupee for we know he is in great financial straits not having a living soul to care for him now that he has renounced the religion of his forefathers, and then we continue on our way for about two hours through the forest as far as Nongnong, one of the many hamlets of which Chella is composed.

Native Etiquette.

Even to-day Chella is a place of some importance, but it was especially so before the earthquake of 1897, being on the line of communication between the Plain of Sylhet and the Khassian Mountains and a commercial centre for the exchange of produce. The merchants there are all prosperous and the inhabitants enjoy a reputation for discipline and good sense, being quite capable of managing all their own public affairs. The huts, all clean and neat, are built of bamboo and clay with balconies all round and a vaulted entrance-hall which is used as a dining-room and also serves to ward off the rays of the sun from the bed-rooms behind. All are built on terraces which slope down to the river.

Two of our boys on holiday from the Orphanage at Shillong had already been waiting some time in the village to receive us: they introduced us at once into one of the finest huts in

the place. We see that here also preparations have been made for our reception: the two bamboo-chairs covered with white shawls are for us; a third without any covering and on the matting itself is for the *Wadar*, one of the four *Rangbah* who are elected every three years and form the local government of the village. It is a great honour for us to be so respectfully treated by the public authority of the place in which there are only two Catholic families.

The preliminary compliments having been exchanged we sit down. The *Wadar* gives a sign and the master of the house at once produces the *Tangduma* or Khassian pipe and gives it to him. He takes one draw himself and then passes the instrument to us: such is the native etiquette and the sign of friendship. But this pipe of peace which they use is very different from that in vogue amongst our people at home. It consists of a coconut from which the pulp has been all scooped out and in which two holes are bored; one at the side for the application of the lips when one inhales the smoke, the other a little higher up in which a long tube is inserted. At the other end of this tube is the tobacco-bowl and when one smokes this kind of pipe the smoke passes through the tube and through the water with which the coconut is filled so that it is purified before entering the mouth! Such is the pipe used by the Khassi, and though a little ponderous it is quite a scientific arrangement: we enjoyed it immensely.

But besides this, local etiquette requires that the guest be offered a piece of the *kwai-nut* together with a bit of chalk wrapped up in a leaf of the *tympeu* plant. The little packet is placed whole in the mouth and one chews it — with what amount of pleasure I shall not attempt to determine — but the fact is, that the mouth and lips become coloured with bright scarlet as though one had been eating paint, and one is compelled to swallow the stuff, unless he prefers to imitate the example of the less elegant folks who eject the sanguinary-looking mixture at intervals into the distant corners of the room. But it is all a question of taste and native etiquette!

The conversation we had with the *Wadar* was providentially brief, and we were soon able without giving scandal and without offending against the good manners of the country to rid ourselves of the horrid concoction which we had been compelled to chew in the presence of all, and after a good deal of spluttering and mouth-washing we went on our way along the river-side.

"A Little Water Please".

That it is warm in this country our perspiring faces and sodden clothes were witness, as well as the Adamitic costumes of the natives who flocked to their bamboo-verandas to see the strangers passing, and the little boys disported themselves in the water whilst we awaited the arrival of the tiny ferry-boat to take us to the opposite bank. For a half-penny the swift little canoe landed us safely on the other side of the Regapani, a tributary of the Surma. Whilst my companions rested a little among the thickets I made for a hamlet called Lyba.

Arrived at the cluster of huts I saw a solitary individual who was standing at his door, smoking a pipe and viewing the prospect. The great thirst I had and the desire to enter into conversation made me break the ice first and I said "Khublei, my good man, could you give me a little water, please?" He shifted his pipe very slowly from between his teeth and began to question me — who was I, where was I going, where did I come from? "A Roman Catholic Missionary" I told him and explained my business. He remained seemingly very thoughtful, then slowly turned and went inside, and more slowly still emerged with a half a cocoanut of water in his hand. I thanked him and drank it off; then we spoke of this and that until finally religion was broached.

"Look here, father," he said to me "I am a Khassian and I am now old: I have no one to care for me and every day I need my cooked rice, and my cup of tea, and above all a little tobacco to keep my pipe going. I became a Protestant because such a step was useful to me, but if you will also give me some money I shall come to listen to your sermons instead, and I shall be one more in your church."

I sought to rectify his ideas and to make him understand that a Catholic Missionary did not buy his converts with gold, nor was he himself working for money. He looked at me a bit stupidly after this and then said "Is it quite true what you say? Aren't you working for money?" And absorbed with his thoughts he continued to regard me. Finally a smile broke from his lips and he said a little shyly though less slowly than before "I say, father, would you like some more water... and perhaps you could eat a little cocoanut?" And he began to walk swiftly enough towards the interior of the hut. But I thanked him and said I was quite satisfied and that now I should have to be going, and so with the usual compliments I departed towards my companions. I saw him gazing after me from

the distance, his pipe again between his teeth, and I thought to myself "who knows, perhaps the remembrance of those few words, helped by grace and seconded by good will may be in time the means of his conversion."

Fr. PAUL BONARDI.

Salesian Missionary.

Where the Love of Christ Triumphs.

Dear Father Rinaldi,

I arrived some days ago at Agua de Dios, my new field of labour. It was with sentiments of the deepest regret that I left Contratación where for eight years I have lived amongst the poor lepers and where the name of Don Bosco is held in the highest veneration because of the good work which his spiritual sons and daughters have done and are doing there.

The religious associations for men and women are in a most flourishing condition. Large numbers are inscribed in the Apostleship of Prayer, in the League for Perpetual and Nocturnal Adoration and in the Sodalities of St. Aloysius, St. Joseph, Mary Help of Christians and the Children of Mary. To give some idea of the great religious fervour in the place it is sufficient to add that the monthly Communion average 20,000; the Boys' Festive Oratory is frequented by 300 youngsters and the Girls' by 450, whilst the Orphanage has 160 inmates and the pupils attending the public school number 170.

In a very short time we have been able to erect many fine buildings: a beautiful church with three aisles all beautifully decorated with wrought metal work; a home for the Orphans, a Womens' hospital; a house for the Salesians and one for the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians with a pretty little chapel attached; whilst at the present moment a new college for the little orphan boys is under construction. As you see, dear father, good works are flourishing in this poor country, but it is all the work of Divine Providence which never fails us, nay, which even with paternal and affectionate generosity forestalls our wants.

In October last we celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of our entrance into the Lazaretto. The celebrations lasted twelve days and during that time more than 25,000 Communion were distributed. As a token of gratitude the poor lepers offered us a beautifully illuminated address of appreciation. Love triumphs even in the midst of suffering,

and it is particularly touching to see how it conquers even here amongst those stricken with the vilest of bodily torments and with pains the most excruciating.

Even here at Agua de Dios, my new home, things are well advanced and we hope to intensify our labours more and more. It is a good sign that devotion to Our Lady Help of Christians is widely diffused and gaining ground daily. We hope to begin before long the work of reconstructing and enlarging the church which has become too small for the increasing population.

Every day we pray for you, dear father, for all our Superiors, for our Pious Society and for our Benefactors, and we urge our charges to pray earnestly for these intentions for we are convinced that the prayers of these suffering lepers have a special efficacy before the throne of their Father in Heaven.

I wish to assure you that even in this vale of suffering and sorrow a wonderful peace and serenity exists amongst us for which we ought to thank God. I should say that here, even more than elsewhere, one sees the fulfilment of those beautiful maxims which inflamed the apostolic zeal of Don Bosco and Don Rua "Da mihi animas..." Give me souls, all else is of secondary importance; and "Orare et Laborare" Work and Prayer; so that we are as happy and contented here as our brethren in other houses.

Bless us, dear father, and pray for us, that with God's help we may be able to correspond ever more ardently with the signal grace which He has given us in choosing us to be the comforters of these poor unfortunates.

Agua de Dios Jan. 23rd, 1923.

Fr. M. M. BURGER S. C.

The Sisters amongst the Lepers of Cano de Loro, Colombia.

The Daughters of Mary Help of Christians under the guidance of Fr. Evasio Rabagliati of venerated memory, an enthusiastic apostle of the lepers, started their mission of charity in Colombia on the 11th of February, 1897, their first Superioress being Sister Bridget Brandi. At the end of that same year the community was considerably increased, for the first batch of Colombian novices was then received and amongst them the Sisters had the happiness of receiving a sister of the President of the Republic; a niece of the Archbishop, a niece of ex-President Sanclemente, a daughter of the famous

writer Dr. Alvarez Bonilla, and many other distinguished young Colombians, all anxious to labour for the welfare of their country under the banner of Our Lady Help of Christians.

And their work was blessed. In 1898 they took charge of the Lazaretto at Contratación whilst many other undertakings developed in Bogotá, one college being so highly esteemed that its diplomas are fully recognised by the Minister of Public Instruction.

* * *

At the present time the Sisters have eleven houses in Colombia; two in Bogotá, one the college mentioned above, and the other a professional school for poor girls; a college at Chia; a school at Soacha; a college at Medellín with kindergarten and workshops attached; colleges and schools at St. Rosa, Ceja and Santuario; the Lazaretto at Contratación and a nursery for the babies of sick mothers at Guadalupe.

In order to mark in a signal way the Golden Jubilee of their foundation, the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians had resolved that last year should be one of extraordinary activity and development. Missionary Sisters were sent all over the world and one expedition left Italy to take over the leper colony at Cano de Loro in Colombia. This little departure also marked the Silver Jubilee of the arrival of the Sisters in Colombia and was hailed by all as the greatest of blessings for the colony. Regarding their coming Dr V. Charles Grau, in charge of the scientific arrangements of the place, writes:

"The very presence in the Lazaretto of religious Sisters, endowed with sustaining virtue, and filled with compassion for those who suffer from the pains and spasms of this awful disease will be a source of the greatest comfort to the lepers. One may say that in bringing the Sisters here Dr Restrepo, Director of the Lazaretto, has conferred the greatest possible benefit on our section, for these clever religious in the delicacy of their treatment will know just how to deal with these poor creatures, good citizens and good Christians as they are, though rendered involuntarily irascible by the torments of their leprosy.

They will see to the adornment and sanitation of the huts as they alone know how, and our colony will soon become a garden and a tranquil retreat for our poor infirm ones. I tender my most enthusiastic congratulations to the inmates of Cano de Loro who in the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians will find true sisters and mothers."

Neophytes in the Congo.

Fr. Van Heusden, a Salesian Missionary from the Congo, is spending a short holiday in his own country for health reasons and in order to solicit a little assistance for his neophytes in the heart of Africa. He writes to us from Beverst: —

"The brethern whom I have left back

been longing to be received amongst the parishioners of Kiniamia. How many times indeed before my departure for Europe did they not come and stand under my window and put pointed questions to me such as:

"And am I not therefore one of yours; don't I know my catechism as well as the others?"

But there was one little boy — Ngosa — who did not scruple to enter the house without



Fr. Virion S. C., Belgian Provincial, with a promising Batch of Native Boys in the Congo.

there in Africa are in no way slackening in their efforts and this is precisely the latest news I have received of the results of their apostolic labours.

Missionaries are all the same: when they have had the joy of administering Baptism to some happy soul, it must needs be that they ring the bells and inform all the world. The metaphor, however, is rather inapt in our case for there, alas, the only bell consists of an iron rail, two feet long, whose chimes are neither sonorous nor far-reaching even when the black sexton gets to work vigorously. But this time I believe even our Congo chimes must have emitted a musical note for it was not a question of only one Baptism but of the reception into the Church of twenty-two catechumens who for at least three years have

so much as knocking, and holding out his catechism to me he said with an injured air

"Here take it; ask me anything you like; I know it all".

And Mulele, very long and very thin, and with a most penetrating eye, had the habit of placing himself silently before me and staring into my face long and earnestly. I knew very well what he wanted... we call him Gabriel now from the 3rd of September last...

Another one called Katumbo was often a source of edification to me. He is a poor cripple who walks with difficulty and can use only one arm. He was a most faithful catechumen and made proselytes for the Mission. Every Saturday, dressed in African fashion and carrying on his shoulder a hammock for sleeping in and some provisions for the journey

he came to the Mission from afar. Once arrived he stuck his spear in the ground and went to greet the fathers. He passed the Sundays contentedly with us and left again on the Monday on the long and fatiguing journey to his distant hamlet. "But why don't you baptise me, father?" he used to say. "If I should lose my way going back or a wild beast should assail me, must I die a pagan?" But now he also is a Christian and St. Aloysius is his patron.

Of these twenty-two newly-baptised, fourteen were children of our school, the others were three men and five women from the neighbourhood. Naturally there was a festivity; gifts were distributed to the newly-made Christians and to the newly-married, and some toys to the first communicants. One young maiden made her First Communion accompanied by a mystified little sister who accompanied her right to the altar-rails and stared wonderingly at the Priest and at all the others, quite unable as she was to comprehend what was going forward.

During this week the postman has brought me two bundles of letters from those young Christians. Listen to the literary efforts of my dusky children. A little one of twelve writes — *Dearest Father, I have great news for you. I have been baptised. I have become a true son of God. I received Baptism on the third day of the hottest month. I am very happy and dance for joy because I am a Christian. This is all. I am — Your dear child, Stephen Ngosa.*

Another sings for joy and adds — *"I shall pray much for you so that God may give you the grace to come back here in a hurry to Kiniamama. Your brother (the other Father of the Mission) has told me that it is cold in your country, but here it is always warm. Hurry therefore, and come back for Kiniamama is your true country. I have finished, and I am your child, Dominic Kimba.*

Dominic, my dear! do not pray too hard! I have hardly two months in which to recommend the poor Salesian Mission of Kiniamama to generous souls here. Who would like to procure a score or so of little shirts for babies from three to five years and four or five dozen of simple cotton suits for boys from eight to twelve? To clothe the naked — there's a good work of christian charity for you, and one which must appeal to every motherly heart! "

he appeals to lady Co-operators, who know how to use their needles, to turn them to good advantage for the needy children of our poor Missions. Just imagine how much good a little circle of Co-operators could do in this way in the course of a year, and what a meritorious work it would be! Articles of this nature for dispatch to the Missions will be gratefully received at the Office, 32 Via Cottolengo, Turin, Italy.

MISSIONARY EPISODE

A Football-Match at Shiu-Chow, China.

On the 22nd of April we celebrated the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph; Patron of Ho-si, in a way truly consoling. The unlooked-for good weather which we enjoyed permitted us to carry out our carefully prepared programme and to have our open-air entertainments. The principal Mass was celebrated by Bishop Versiglia who exhorted all to an imitation of St. Joseph in his devotion to Our Lord. Our Sisters sang several motets during the Mass and the sweet music carried our minds back to the scenes of other days. In the afternoon a brief musical-literary entertainment took place which was followed by a most successful gymnastic display. The innocent joy which lighted up the faces of the pupils told of the abundant and fruitful waters which they had drawn from the fountains of our Holy Religion.

The feast had its epilogue on the following day when the whole Orphanage set out on a long excursion to one of the more important market towns of the neighbourhood, and this also, favoured as it was by a clear April sky, made for the happiness of all concerned, and we hoped, like our Ven. Father, Don Bosco, on his historical walks, to draw much good from the contentment reigning in the hearts of our charges.

The youngsters of our Orphanage, good as they are before God, and growing in reputation before men, continue to afford us the greatest satisfaction. In singing and playing they are already first, not only in all Shiu-Chow and Nam-Shiu-Lin, but also in Cuantung and in the island and peninsula adjacent where they have given repeated proofs of their abilities before competent authorities, and have gained for themselves heaps of congratulations and praise in profusion. But last week was the occa-

The Superior General is always receiving requests of this nature from the Missions and

sion of their crowning triumph when, though handicapped by many disadvantages, they were the victors in a very important football-match. Our little footballers had defeated the teams of the various schools and colleges in the town and now there remained only the expert footballers of the Protestant European school. These latter until then had always been first in their own circle but they had come to hear of the growing reputation which our little athletes had won for themselves and they resolved to crush these rivals growing up by their side. So one fine day they condescended to invite or rather to challenge our orphans to a decisive match. The latter having humbly accepted, the news soon spread through the town causing great excitement amongst the schools already beaten by our team who now revelled in the thought of seeing their conquerors hopelessly beaten by the acknowledged experts of the town.

The day and hour arrived for the great event. In the spacious army parade-ground a large crowd of curious spectators had gathered to see the match. Here come the students from the Protestant school, strapping youths all of them, strong-limbed and all correctly dressed in shorts and coloured jerseys and serviceable football-boots—they wanted for nothing—not even the appearance of easy winners. And our little team? They made rather a poor figure in comparison, in their ordinary clothes, poor but decent, and bare feet. They were smiling and tranquil, however, and extremely well-behaved under the guidance of their Superior for whom they have the greatest veneration and respect.

The caparisoned youths smiled in derision as they saw this group of pigmies approach, just as once upon a time Goliath had smiled upon the shepherd-lad David, and in fact some of them suggested that it would not be the thing to lower themselves to play with such small boys, but finally, certain of victory, they formed up on the field and the battle commenced. One heard formidable thuds as those well-shod feet met the poor ball and sent it spinning and bouncing to every part of the field; but it was soon evident that our bootless youngsters were the smarter; their naked feet, long hardened through their games in the school-yard found no difficulty in dealing with the ball; they dribbled it here and dribbled it there in a most confusing way for their opponents, and very soon they had placed it between the bars, to the accompaniment of a universal shout from the spectators whose hearts they had gained by their clever play. And so the

game went on, attacking and defending and counter-attacking, until finally the little Davids had sportingly slain the formidable Goliaths, and the match ended 3—0 for our boys, no longer despised but the heroes of the hour.

They behaved well however in the midst of such glory, and knew how to restrain their joy, just and full though it was, before the crowd; but as soon as they got back to the Orphanage they gave rein to their feelings and with indescribable joy they danced around their revered Superior their faces shining with affection and gratitude. The beaten team had also behaved very well; they bore no sort of malice, on the contrary, they had applauded with the spectators, but they still found it difficult to explain how they, with their splendid outfit and great reputation, had been beaten by a little barefoot Chinese team!

The Spark Unquenchable.

*O Hope! Bright Hope that lights our earthly way,
And cheers our sombre hours with thoughts of day,
Without thy golden beams how dark the road!
How heavily would press the weary load!*

*But He Who rules the Sun and guides the Stars,
Who subjugates proud Jove and mighty Mars
Loves all His creatures with a wond'rous love,
And showers upon them treasures from above.*

*In every human heart He puts a light,
Whose shining neither storm nor darkest night
Can quench, nor passing time obliterate,
Let Furies roar or cruellest voice of Fate.*

*That spark will shine though all around be gloom,
And cheer us till we rest beneath the tomb.
A sign divine of immortality!
A promise true of high felicity!*

*Nil desperandum: minds and hearts aglow
We gaze on high as through Life's storms we row.
Our Sovereign Lord, Who lures us with His light,
How could He lead at last to Hopeless Night?*

*O Hope! to thee we cling whilst still alive,
Thy shining gives us strength to fight, to strive.
Lead on Bright Star, Resplendant, Kingly Grace,
Till Heaven's Lord we worship "face to face".*

DEVOTION TO OUR LADY HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

Wherever it is possible, in the Parishes entrusted to the Salesians and to Priest Co-operators, the 24th of each month is set apart for special devotions in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians. There is a special Mass and General Communion in the morning, followed by Solemn Benediction. At a convenient hour in the evening the Blessed Sacrament is exposed for an hour and during the exposition short discourses are given alternated by prayers, and hymns. This service is always held and well attended at the Mother-Sanctuary in Turin and Co-operators may always unite in spirit in this monthly service in honour of Our Lady.

A Vow and Its Fulfilment.

It was the 24th of May 1919. The last wave of people who had accompanied the statue of Our Lady Help of Christians through the streets of Morelia, Mexico, had entered the sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin, when a voice was raised to pronounce a vow to the Help of Christians. For a long time and for various reasons Archbishop Leopold y Flores had been constrained to live in exile away from his beloved diocese and there was no probability of his being able to return. The Salesian Provincial, Fr. Piani, now Archbishop of Drama, interpreting the wishes of the people, made a vow to encircle the head of the statue of Our Lady Help of Christians with a precious crown if their Archbishop, through Our Lady's intercession, were allowed to return. Immediately many gentlemen and ladies in the congregation gave up their rings, bracelets, necklaces etc. to be made into a crown for the Madonna.

The grace has been obtained, and the vow has been fulfilled: a beautiful crown of gold and of jewels now sparkles on the forehead of the Help of Christians. As may be imagined the coronation ceremony which took place in May last year was something never to be forgotten in Morelia. The exiled Archbishop — an exile

no longer — after having prayed for peace amongst peoples, in the Church, and especially in his own disturbed country of Mexico, placed the beautiful crown on the head of the Madonna, whilst another was placed on the head of the Child by Archbishop di Puebla. It is impossible to describe the religious enthusiasm of the people whose voices were raised in exclamations of gratitude and in hymns of praise to their Heavenly Benefactress whose aid they further invoked for their sorely-tried country. And the coronation ceremony was hardly completed, and all were still staring at their Royal Madonna when a beautiful white dove flew around the sanctuary, settled on top of the new crown and remained there for a long time amidst the breathless silence of the staring worshippers.

The ceremony was complete: the coronation of the Madonna Ausiliatrice; the prayer for the Fatherland; the symbol of Peace!

Graces and Favours. ⁽¹⁾

June 23rd, 1923 — Some years ago a temporal favour was granted me through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians after promise of publication in the *Salesian Bulletin*. So far I have neglected to fulfil my promise. Will you kindly have the publication made in this next issue.

A.

* * *

London, Aug. 1923. — All thanks to Our Lady Help of Christians for recovered health and other temporal favours which she has deigned to obtain for us. Gratefully we send an offering and hope for the enduring protection of Our Lady and Ven. Don Bosco.

L. L. and M. M.

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

* *

Preston. June, 1923 — Some time ago I said the prayers of the Novena to Our Lady Help of Christians and promised to send an offering if my daughter found employment; my prayers having been successful I gratefully fulfil my promise.

Mrs M.

* *

Bath. July. 1923 — Enclosed please find an offering for Mass in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians in thanksgiving for a great favour received after promise of publication in the *Salesian Bulletin*.

E. CARTER.

* *

Co. Wexford. June, 1923 — Enclosed you will find an offering for a Mass in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians for a favour received.

K. CULLEN.

* *

Plymouth. July. — Would you kindly say a Mass in thanksgiving for a great favour received through Our Lady Help of Christians for which I promised an offering and publication in the *Bulletin*.

A. Co-operator.

* *

Malta. July, 1923 — I beg to forward an offering remitted through me by a certian Carmelo Sasco for favours received through Mary Help of Christians. Remember me in the sanctuary of your kind Madonna who has ever been my good friend.

L. CUSAJAR.

* *

California. July, 1923 — We were all quarantined, my wife and two children were down with scarletina; I thought they were going to die and, as I was quite unable to help them myself, I had recourse to the Help of Christians, promising a thank-offering if my dear ones recovered. The Blessed Virgin soon answered my prayers and with grateful heart I keep my promise.

M. SARMENTO.

Australia. May, 1923 — I had some property which I wished to sell but found it extremely difficult to get a buyer for same. After waiting over a year I prayed to Our Lady Help of Christians to find a buyer and at the same time I promised donations for Masses in her honour. Within a few weeks of this time the property was sold without any difficulty whatever, thanks to Our Lady Help of Christians.

A. M. S.

* *

U. S. A. July, 1923 — Enclosed find an offering for favour granted me through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians.

Sr. M. ROSARITA, O. S. D.

* *

Cavan. July, 1923. — I made a Novena to Our Lady Help of Christians some time ago for good health and thanks to her at the time of writing I am splendid. I enclose an offering from myself and one from a friend.

G.

* *

Trinidad, June, 1923. — Please accept the enclosed Order in thanksgiving for a favour received from Our Lady Help of Christians and kindly dispose of it in the way you think best.

A. A. Ardila.

* *

Cork. July, 1923. — I enclose a small offering to Mary Help of Christians to whom I owe my best thanks for interceding so successfully for my intentions.

M. KEOHANE.

* *

Trinidad. May, 1923. — I should have sent the following account long ago — A favour was sought through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians some time ago, I began a Novena and I promised to publish my thanksgiving if the favour were obtained. The Novena was successful and I now desire to express my gratitude to Our Lady and to have a Mass offered in her honour; I enclose a little offering and I beg her special assistance in obtaining other great and much needed favours, if it be God's Holy Will.

E. A. RIGAUT.

NOVUM MISSALE

Missale Romanum ex decreto Sacrosancti Concilii Tridentini restitutum S. Pii V. P. M. jussu editum aliorum Pontificum cura recognitum a Pio X reformatum et SS.mi D. N. Benedicti XV auctoritate vulgatum.

1) **Editio typica Vaticana** nigro tantum impressa, cum rubricis italicis literis resultantibus in charta subtili sed solida. Cm. 17×26 marginibus comprehensis.

Sine tegumento: Libellae 30. — Apud externos: libellae 42.

Contectum: 1) Semipelle ac tela, sectione rubra, titulo ac cruce deauratis: Libellae 60. — Apud externos: lib. 84.

2) Tota pelle rubeo colore, sectione rubra, titulo ac cruce deauratis: Libellae 80. — Apud externos: libellae 112.

3) Tota pelle rubeo colore, auratis foliis, titulo deaurato in dorso ac cruce aurata in planibus: Libellae 100. — Apud externos: libellae 140.

2) **Editio Turonica** juxta typicam Vaticanam. Cm. 23×15. Impressum rubeo nigroque colore. *Sine tegumento:* Libellae 70. — Apud externos: lib. 80.

Contectum: 1) Linteo, cum titulo aureo, sectione rubra. Libellae 84. — Apud externos: lib. 90.

2) Omnia ut supra N. 1 sectione vero aurata. Libellae 91. — Apud externos: libellae 100.

3) Tota pelle, cum titulo aureo, sectione rubra. Libellae 112. — Apud externos: libellae 120.

4) Omnia ut supra N. 3, sectione vero aurata. Libellae 140. — Apud externos: libellae 150.

3) **Editio Turonica** juxta typicam Vaticanam (N. 14 typus 23×19). Impressum rubeo nigroque colore. Textus illustrationibus nitet, chrolibinaque impressione adeo perbelli refulget, perspicuitas literarum visum non laedit. Minimum est pondus hujus Missalis (2 Kg.) ut a pueris ecclesiis inservientibus ferri potest.

Sine tegumento: Libellae 70. — Apud alias nationes: libellae 80.

Contectum: 1) Semipelle ac tela rubeo colore, sectione rubra, titulo ac cruce deauratis: Libellae 125. — Apud alias nationes: libellae 140.

2) Tota pelle rubeo colore, sectione rubra, titulo ac cruce deauratis: Libellae 200. — Apud alias nationes: libellae 220.

3) Tota pelle, rubeo colore, auratis foliis, titulo deaurato in dorso ac cruce aurata in planis: Libellae 225. — Apud alias nationes: libellae 245.

4) **Editio Turonica** juxta typicam Vaticanam, manualis 1922 (cm. 10×15). Editio in omnibus cum editione concordans, charta indica tenui et solida, cum characteribus magnis et perspicuis rubro et nigro impressis, accuratissima.

Sine tegumento: Libellae 28. — Apud externos: libellae 40.

Contectum: 1) Linteo, cum titulo aureo, sectione rubra: Libellae 35. — Apud externos: Libellae 47.

2) Omnia ut supra, sectione vero aurata: Libellae 40. — Apud externos: libellae 55.

5) **Editio I Taurinensis**, 1921, iuxta typicam, commodissima, in paginis conficiendis commoditatis ratione habita, fere numquam lectorem ab una ad aliam paginam remittens, pag. patent cm. 14×23½, rubro-nigro impressae, cum lineis rubris in quadrum ductis, characteribus nitidissimis apposite fuis, lectu valde idoneis.

Editio haec in duabus chartis diversis venit:

In charta indica subtili ac solida (Missal. religat. gramm. 600 pondo)

In charta a machina crassiore (Missal. religat. gramm. 1100 pondo).

Sine tegumento: Libellae 50. — Apud externos: libellae 65.

Contectum: 1) Semi-pelle rubea ac tela eiusdem coloris in planis, titulo ac cruce in planis, foliis coloratis (vel infectis coloribus): Libellae 75. — Apud externos: libellae 97,50.

2) Tota pelle rubea, foliis coloratis, titulo in dorso ac aurata cruce in planis: Libellae 90. — Apud externos: libellae 117.

3) Tota pelle rubea, deauratis foliis, titulo in dorso ac aurata cruce in planis: Libellae 100. Apud externos: libellae 130.

CODEX IURIS CANONICI

Pii X Pontificis Maximi iussu digestus, Benedicti Papae XV auctoritate promulgatus, praefatione E. mi Petri Card. Gasparri et indice analytico-alphabetico auctus.

1) Editio minuta in-18 (cm. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 15$) characteribus nitidis lectuque facillimis, charta subtili non translucida.

Sine tegumento: Libellis Italicis: 7,50. — Apud externos: Lib. 9.

Cum tegumento: 1) Linteo contextum cum titulo aureo in dorso: Lib. It. 12. — Apud externos: Lib. 13,50.

2) Pelle contextum dorso, aureo titulo in dorso, foliis intonsis: Lib. It. 14. — Apud externos: Lib. 15,50.

3) Chagrin contextum dorso et angulis, cetera linteo, nervis in dorso distinctum ornamentis aureis et tessellis cum titulo et stemmate aureo foliis intonsis: Lib. It. 15. — Apud externos: Lib. 16,50.

2) Editio in-18 — *ut supra* — cum fontium annotatione.

Sine tegumento: Libellis Italicis: 10,50 Apud externos: Lib. 12,50

Cum tegumento: 1) *ut supra*: Lib. Ital. 15,— Apud externos: Lib. 17,—

Cum tegumento: 2) *ut supra*: Lib. Ital. 17,— Apud externos: Lib. 19,—

Cum tegumento: 3) *ut supra*: Lib. Ital. 18,— Apud externos: Lib. 20,—

3) Editio Manualis in-12 (cm. $12 \times 19\frac{1}{2}$) characteribus paulo maioribus ac perspicuis, charta subtili.

Sine tegumento: Libellis Italicis: 11,50 Apud externos: Lib. 14,50

Cum tegumento: 1) *ut supra*: Lib. Ital. 17,50 Apud externos: Lib. 20,50

Cum tegumento: 2) *ut supra*: Lib. Ital. 19,50 Apud externos: Lib. 22,50

Cum tegumento: 3) *ut supra*: Lib. Ital. 20,50 Apud externos: Lib. 23,50

4) Editio in-12 — *ut supra* — cum fontium annotatione.

Sine tegumento: Libellis Italicis: 16,50 Apud externos: Lib. 20,—

Cum tegumento: 1) *ut supra*: Lib. Ital. 23,— Apud externos: Lib. 26,50

Cum tegumento: 2) *ut supra*: Lib. Ital. 25,— Apud externos: Lib. 28,50

Cum tegumento: 3) *ut supra*: Lib. Ital. 27,50 Apud externos: Lib. 31,—

5) Editio in-8 (cm. $16\frac{1}{2} \times 26$), cum fontium annotatione charta crassiore, characteribus grandiusculis.

Sine tegumento: 1) Libellis Italicis: 21,— Apud externos: Lib. 25,—

Cum tegumento: 2) *ut supra*: Lib. Ital. 32,— Apud externos: Lib. 37,—

Cum tegumento: 3) *ut supra*: Lib. Ital. 35,— Apud externos: Lib. 40,—

Litterae universae ad nos remittendae, hac signentur inscriptione quae nostram officinam aliarum caput, respicit:

SOCIETÀ EDITRICE INTERNAZIONALE. — Corso Regina Margherita, 174.

TORINO (9) (ITALIA).

Quomodo in diem deposcentibus obtemperabimus.

THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

Via Cottolengo, 32 - TURIN, Italy

Spazio del S. Cuore di Gesù

Via Mars...