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MESSIS QUIDEM MULTA
OPERARI AUTEM PAUCI

Salesian Bulletin

MAY & JUNE, 1900.

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DA MIHI ANIMAS



CÆTERA TOLLE

D. BOSCO

THE CHARITABLE ASSOCIATION OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

ADVANTAGES OF MEMBERSHIP.

- 1.—During the erection of the magnificent Temple, recently consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at the Castro Pretorio in Rome, it was established that, as soon as the grand edifice were finished, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin and other prayers should be daily recited therein, and holy Mass offered on Fridays for all Contributors to the Building Fund of this International Monument of devotion to the Sacred Heart. In order to augment these spiritual advantages and admit to their enjoyment a greater number of the faithful, the Charitable Association of the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been established in the above named church; whereby all the members participate in the fruit of six Masses daily, in perpetuity, offered for the intentions of those who are inscribed in the books of the Association and have given an alms of One Shilling once for ever towards the Oratory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
- 2.—Two of these daily Masses will be celebrated at the Altar of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, two at that of Mary Help of Christians, and two at St. Joseph's. We may remark that Don Bosco's venerable name is associated with the two last-mentioned Altars, for on them he offered the Holy Sacrifice during his last stay in Rome.
- 3.—Besides the six daily Masses all MEMBERS, both living and dead, participate in the fruits attached to:
 - (a) The recital of the Rosary and the imparting of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which takes place every day in this church;
 - (b) The devotions performed by the little boys of the Oratory in their own private Chapel, including also the Mass at which they daily assist;
 - (c) All the Services, Novenas, Feasts and Solemnities whatsoever, that are celebrated in the aforesaid church;
 - (d) The prayers and good works performed by the Salesians themselves and by their protégés in their Homes, Colleges, Hospices, Oratories, Missions, etc., in Italy, in France, in Spain, in England, in Austria, in Switzerland, in America, in Asia, in Africa,—in a word, wherever they are established or may be called by Divine Providence.
- 4.—Participation in the holy Masses will commence on the day after the alms have come to hand, all the other spiritual advantages are enjoyed from the moment of inscription.
- 5.—The contributor, we repeat, of one shilling given once for all, is entitled to put his intentions in all the six Masses and all the other pious works, for his own advantage or for that of his friends, living or dead, and to change the intention *in every circumstance* according to his particular wants or desires.
- 6.—Inscriptions may also be made in favour of departed friends, of children, and of any class whatsoever of persons, even without their knowledge or consent.
- 7.—Persons desiring to participate more abundantly in these spiritual advantages may do so by repeating the alms of one shilling, thereby multiplying the inscriptions as often as they please.
- 8.—The offerings thus collected are destined for the maintenance of the boys of the Hospice or Oratory founded by Don Bosco on the grounds annexed to the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Salesians are in duty bound to fulfil all the obligations of the Charitable Association as above described.
- 9.—The names of subscribers will be entered on the Registers of the Association and preserved in the Temple of the Sacred Heart, in Rome, for perpetual remembrance.
- 10.—There are two centres for enrolment, one in Rome, the other in Turin. Address: The Rev. Rector, Ospizio del Sacro Cuore di Gesù, 42, Via Porta S. Lorenzo, Rome; or, The V. Rev. Michael Rua, Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy.

Approbation.

We approve the "Charitable Association" and we wish it the greatest concourse of the faithful.
Given at Rome, etc., June 27, 1888.

✠ L. M. PARROCCHI, Card. Vic.

The Papal Blessing.

The Holy Father has deigned to accord the blessing asked for the Charitable Association of the Sacred Heart.

Given from the Vatican, June 30th, 1888.

ANGELO RINALDI, Chaplain, Sec.

N.B.—A chromo-lithographic reduction of the classic painting, placed above the High Altar in the Church of the Sacred Heart (Rome), will be sent as a "Certificate of Inscription" to the Pious Association for every offering received.

On application full particulars will be given at the Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy.

THE
SALESIAN BULLETIN

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

(MATT. XVIII, 5.)

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

(St. DENYS.)

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

(St. FRANCIS de Sales.)



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

(PIUS IX.)

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

(LEO XIII.)

DA MIHI ANIMAS CÆTERA TOLLE

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OUR LADY HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

THIS is one of the titles by which our Blessed Mother is nearest and dearest to us. It reminds us of the constant and vigilant protection she exercises over the members of the Catholic Church, and of the assistance she has rendered that same Church in all ages of its existence, and, more particularly, when it was beset by the greatest perils and dangers. The saints have been unanimous in their declaration of the incessant and beneficent patronage of our Blessed Lady. And the pages of ecclesiastical history teem with evidences of the same fact, and show that the Church has never invoked the assistance of the Mother of God without obtaining a speedy response to its prayers.

"The impious Emperor Frederick," says a writer on this subject, "wished to destroy the Church at a single blow, by preventing the election of a Sovereign Pontiff after the death of Celestine IV.; the clergy made a solemn vow to Mary, and was not Innocent IV., after a long interregnum, proclaimed in 1243? Where did Paul II., in a horrible tempest, find a sure refuge but in Mary's aid? How, after fifty years of schism, did Boniface IX. give peace to the Church but by increasing devotion to the Blessed Virgin? What hands but Mary's, again and again, preserved from Moslem bondage the lands of Christendom, already overrun, or about to be? Who but remembers, among the vast number of victories, the signal one of Lepanto, beheld in spirit by the holy Pope, St. Pius V., who had ordained public prayers for that great victory? What! have not all yet on their

lips the glorious name of John Sobieski, who, attributing to Mary the victory won at Vienna over the Moslems, hastened to prostrate himself before her altar and intone a hymn of thanksgiving? To whom but to Mary did Pius VII. attribute his deliverance and the peace given to the Church, which had for five years been held under the yolk of the most powerful and redoubtable emperor?"

And coming down to our own days, do we not find the present illustrious occupant of the Papal chair testifying to his firm belief in the all-powerful patronage of the Mother of God over the Church when he requests the faithful all the world over to beseech her to bring about through her powerful intercession that religious reunion of Christendom which is so dear to his paternal heart, and by the many encyclicals which he has written in advocacy of prayer to her through the means of the rosary?

We should bear in mind that the loving protection which our Lady exercises over the Church, she vouchsafes to extend to each one of us in particular. This is only natural since she was given to us by her Divine Son to be our Mother, and loves us with a love that far exceeds that of any mother here below. Being, moreover, the Mother of the Incarnate God, who loved her and honoured her, it is our duty to imitate His example, and love and honour her, too. There is no fear of our being too zealous in manifesting our reverence, love, and devotion to her who was nearer and dearer to God than any other creature. And let us remember that when we honour the Mother, we at the same time honour the Son.

Father Faber has written many beautiful pages about our Lady. Let us take to heart the following words of his:—"The right doctrine of Jesus has in all ages been wrapped up with the true devotion to Mary; and the Mother can be wounded only through the Son. Thus Mary is the heritage of humble and obedient Catholics. As devotion to her increases, so does holiness increase. The saints are moulded on the love of her. Sin has no greater enemy than Mary, for the thought of her is a charm against it and the devils tremble at her name. No one can love the Son, but the love of the Mother grows

in him also; no one can love the Mother, without his heart melting in tenderness toward the Son. Thus has Jesus put her in the front of His Church, that she should be the token of all good, and the stumbling-block of His enemies. What wonder then that His interests are deeply concerned with her honour. Every heretical blasphemy against her dignity, for which you make reparation by an act of love, or an act of thanksgiving for her Immaculate Conception and her perpetual Virginity, gives you an opportunity of advancing the interests of Jesus. Everything you can do to spread devotion to her, and especially to make Catholics feel more tender toward her, is a distinct work for Jesus, and one which He will lovingly repay. . . . Ah! there is one devotion I will mention! I wish we were all inspired with it. We should do well then for the interests of Jesus, and our dear Lord would get such abundance of new love all the world over! It is,—to have, more confidence in our Blessed Mother's prayers, more undoubting trust, more bold petition, more real faith in her. There would be more love for Mary, if there were more faith in Mary."

O Mary, sweet Mother, strengthen our faith in thee, and obtain for us from thy Divine Son, a spark of that great love he has for thee!

OUR LADY HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

Sweet Mother! Most we love to think of Thee
As titled "Help of Christians." In that name
Thy trusting children timely aid may claim;
Now, as of old, it moves Thy clemency,
And, where the need is greatest, there will be
The strongest tokens of Thy deathless fame.
Thy power still puts our "little faith" to shame,
Who weakly gauge the Unseen by what we see!

Ingrates we are, dear Mother; yet are fain
To love and trust Thee, more for Thy Son's sake.
Thou Help of Christians! Take our hearts and
make
Their weakness strength. Let not Thy care be
vain,
Nor leave Thy children till they reach that shore
Where they shall praise Thy power for evermore!

S. M. C.





SOWING AND REAPING.

Through love to light! Oh wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from dolour of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to
Thee,

Who art the Love of love, the Light of light.



IT was Hetta's last day at School. Not that Hetta's education was "finished" in the ordinarily-accepted meaning of the term, but her parents, staunch members of the Dutch Reformed Church, had taken alarm at the increasing Catholic tendencies of their pretty daughter during her stay at the Convent in which they had placed her. Indeed, had not Hetta astounded them when at home during the last holidays, by requesting permission to become a Catholic, saying she was convinced that it was the only true religion? Needless to say the request met with a distinct and angry refusal. Had not the Van Alpens been members of the Dutch Reformed Church for generations? What a disgrace then for one to join the despised Romish religion of which nobody (in their part of the world, anyhow) had a good word to say! It was not to be thought of! Both father and mother plainly stated as much to Hetta, who listened quietly enough, but was evidently not convinced of the disgrace.

"You believe all those evil stories about the Catholics? You believe them still? And you have seen the nuns and know their holiness and goodness! It is not strange that the people of Alphendale all believe them; they never go to any town; they are a hundred years behind the age; they live and die in ignorance of many things that the simplest European child knows; but you, father and mother, are not like these people. You, mother, have yourself been educated at a Convent. You know the religion. How then can you speak as you do?" Thus Hetta, with some heat in voice and manner when they had driven her to defend herself.

"They are good people, yes, I know that, child. But their religion is all foolishness. Give me my Bible and hymn-book, as my mother had before me, and let me live up to the religion I was born in and I'll get to Heaven all right," returned the mother placidly. She was an easy-going, good-natured woman, who took life with unruffled calm; even now, though the circumstances seemed

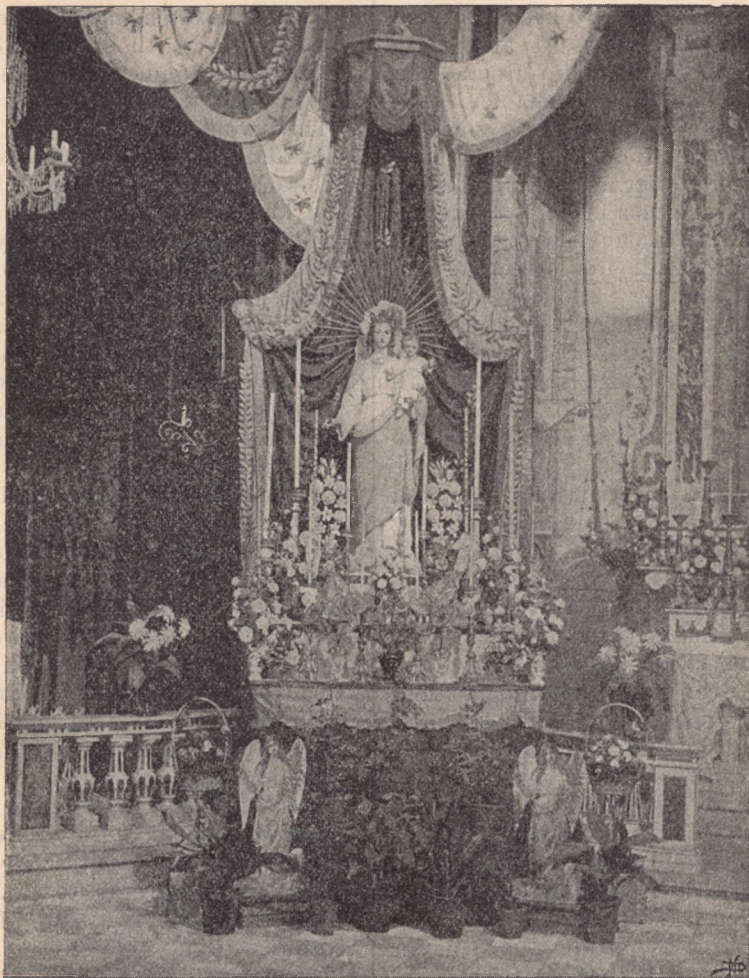
to her more fiery-tempered husband to justify some severity of treatment, she had soothed his fears and maintained peace, though a storm had been threatening. So far had she succeeded in pacifying her husband that he consented to allow Hetta to return to the Convent for three months. "What is the use," she said, with inherent Dutch economy, "what is the use of paying the quarter's money for nothing? Let the child go back and give three month's notice. Hetta will soon forget all this nonsense when she is at home among her own people. Why, I too, would you believe it Andrien? I too used to think the Catholics were right. That was when I was at school. But I soon forgot all that. It's different when you are again with your own people. Then you have your own religion and you forget the ways of the Romish Church. Hetta, too, Hetta will soon forget these foolish things. She will come home and she will marry among our own kindred, and she will live and die as her own people do and forget what she now fights so hard for." So in her round-about English, Mrs. Van Alphen soothed the fears that Hetta had raised in her father's heart. Hetta was allowed to go back for three months. But too soon for her came the last day. Standing at the schoolroom window, overlooking the big Oak-Avenue that led up to the hall-door, Hetta sobbed and cried piteously. The happiest hours of her young life had been spent under the shelter of the roof she was leaving that day. She had come there with her heart full of latent hatred and contempt for the nuns and their religion of which she had heard nothing good. She was leaving the Convent with but one desire in her heart—that of professing the faith that they professed—she was going away with a higher ideal of womanly virtue and goodness, with a mind subdued to all lovely influences, with a firm determination to make the most and the best of her life, copying, as far as lay in her power, the example that had been before her eyes for the past three years. Her dearest school-friend was a Catholic, who had inherited the true faith from her Irish parents. Mary O'Malley had been the means of fostering in Hetta's heart the desire of becoming a Catholic. She it was who taught her friend the Hail Mary and told her of the Sacred Heart. And on this last day, her parting gift to Hetta was a mother-of-pearl Rosary beads and a Scapular of the Sacred Heart made by herself. These Hetta carried away with her among her dearest treasures, promis-

ing Mary, amid her tears, never to part from them, whatever her future might be. And that future was so different to what either expected. For Hetta's mother had been a true prophetess.

Time and her surroundings gradually loos-

and that to abandon her religion to adopt a strange one, became more like a dream. She settled down into the life and the belief held by her kindred.

At twenty-one she married. It was a good match and pleased her parents. Hetta Van



Statue of Our Lady Help of Christians venerated in the Salesian Church at Cagliari (Sardinia).

ened Hetta's hold on the truth that had once been as the breath of life to her. Catholics were few or none among her acquaintances; her home lay far away from the Convent, and as years went on, she fell altogether out of touch with it's inmates. Sunday after Sunday saw her, Bible and hymn-book in hand, seated in the great pew in the handsome Dutch Church in Alphendale. There she heard again the doctrines of her childhood; gradually the clear light that had once shone on her became dimmed; the memory of that time when she had but one desire

Alphen was now Hetta du Toit. She went to live in one of the villages that skirt the Karoo. Her husband was a prosperous man. Hetta was considered a fortunate girl. Very seldom amid her new duties did there come a thought of the old Convent days. Yet such a thought did come at rare intervals. Sometimes, too, she would come across the little silver-mounted Rosary and the red and white scapular. These she had kept for just such a sentimental reason as we all keep some useless trifle, the memento of our early friendships. The sight of these always moved her

strangely; not merely because of the friend who had given them, and who had long since passed quite out of her life; but for some indefinable feeling that they only had power to bring back from the mists of years,— a feeling that left her uneasy and unsettled, until she battled against it, and banished the remembrance of those two keepsakes and their significance. Years passed and Hetta saw a young family growing up around her. She was a good mother; a capable house-keeper, as all of her kindred were; she was a worthy and beloved helpmeet to her husband who, inferior to her in talent and education, looked upon her as a prodigy of cleverness and learning. Her judgement was never gainsaid by him; in all his career he had never found her wanting in wifely help and counsel; and in following her advice on matters when she felt qualified to speak, he had never lost. Life went smoothly with them. Hetta was no less good-natured than her mother. Her house was always open to friend or stranger. Particularly to priests was her kindness shown. Often on their long and tiresome rides across the veldt in visiting their widely-scattered flock, the Catholic priests would head their horses towards Mrs du Toit's knowing they were sure of a welcome; and if needful, a bed and good food. There came to the village where she lived an Irish priest in search of health. Consumption had laid its deadly hand upon his yet young life, and he had been sent to this dry Karoo village to try to recover. Had it not been for Mrs du Toit his would have been a dull and lonely life. For Dutch feeling and prejudice ran high in this remote corner of the Colony, and Father Morrissey found himself shunned for the first few weeks of his stay.

But Mrs du Toit set aside the popular feeling, and called on Father Morrissey, inviting him in her whole-hearted cordial fashion to come to her home at any time. Struck by the genuine good-nature of his visitor, and glad of any kindness after his wake of isolation and depression, the young priest called on her. From that time, by degrees, Father Morrissey overcame the strong evil prejudices of these Dutch people, and having once won their favour, he soon became a great favourite in the village.

A "Romish priest" did not seem after all, to have so near a kinship to his Satanic Majesty, they concluded. He was gentle and courteous; he was patient in his distressing illness; he was grateful for every kindness; and in his stronger days, he was as merry

a companion as the Du Toit children could wish for. To be sure he said long prayers in some queer language out of a little book of which he was very careful; he made a cross on himself at meal-times; and he was reported to have a "Virgin Mary" to which he knelt in his room often during the day. But then he often made them laugh, and he could laugh at their fun too; he was not solemn-faced and prim like the Reverend Mr de Smit when he visited them.

They would have told you that in all the village there was not one who had an evil word to say against the "Romish Priest." And how this young priest, looking on these people and learning their many good qualities, longed with all the strength of his own Irish loving nature to bring them all into the true fold! How he prayed for this, and worked unostentatiously for this! Not then, for him, might be shown the full answer to his work and prayer. But for him, and for all like him, there must come an answer, though others may reap where they have sown, and only from another world, shall the full answer and the full result be seen and known.

But one striking and visible result of his work and prayer was destined to console the last hours of his prayerful life.

His influence had been working silently but none the less strongly on Hetta Du Toit. His presence and his saintly character brought home to her again with all the vividness of her girlhood the truth and the beauty of the Catholic Faith.

And now, too, God sent her a great sorrow, which was to be the means of bringing her a great grace; as great sorrows are meant in God's loving designs to do, if we, by our wilfulness do not frustrate His merciful intention.

Her eldest boy fell ill. Diphtheria, that direful disease that snatches away so many young and bright lives, had claimed little Julius as one of its victims. Many deaths had occurred in the village through this disease, and when the young mother saw her boy stricken, terror and despair seized her. Her Julius to die? Her sunny-haired rosy-cheeked child who was the darling of the village as he was of his own home circle? Ah! God would not be so cruel! It could not be. The doctor gave her but little hope, even from the beginning; yet how she clung to hope in spite of him! Father Morrissey was a constant visitor. Seemingly fearless of contagion, he spent hours by the bedside of the little sufferer. "Ask God to

spare him to me, Father. Ask him. I cannot lose him. I would give my own life for his. Pray over him, Father. Look! I believe in the Catholic prayers. I believe God will hear you, since He will not hear me." Thus the distracted mother pleaded with the gentle priest, whose own days—nay whose



The Sacred Heart of Jesus.

(From a Water-colour Drawing by a Salesian Brother).

hours were numbered. For his life was drawing to a close. He felt that daily, in spite of the dry, bracing air of the Karoo, which, after all, had but prolonged his life for a few months. Now he knelt at the bedside, and in a fervent prayer offered his own remaining span of life for the life of the child—soul and body. He prayed for the gift of faith for the mother and the child.

Ah! if God would but give him this, how rich a harvest would he not have gleaned even in such barren soil!

"You believe! Then pray to the God you believe in. He has a tender, human Heart.

Ask that Sacred Heart to cure your boy, but first promise Him to fully and practically accept the Faith you possess. For at heart you are a Catholic. God is generous. He will not be outdone in giving."

Father Morrissey rose and faced Hetta, speaking earnestly. For a long time, and since he had heard the story of her Convent life, he had known that the gift of Faith had once been hers and who could say that it had ever been taken quite away? Who in the face of her present petition could say that her heart was not Catholic in its strongest beliefs, since in the hour of her need she had laid bare what the usages of years had concealed?

That night Hetta took from its forgotten corner in her writing-desk the little Scapular of the Sacred Heart.

"God has a human Heart" she repeated hopefully, "He will spare my boy."

And then she went to her husband, with the badge still in her hand.

"Look, Adolf," she said, with a strange calm in voice and manner. "I am going to say something that may startle you. Long ago when I was a girl at school I wanted to be a Catholic, and my parents took me away from the nuns so that I might forget all about it. Well, I did not forget; no, not once; but—well, I was among my own people and they were different, and the desire passed away; but I could not forget. I married you. We have been happy together. God has blessed us both, but now God's Hand is laid heavily on us. See, Adolf! I believe that his curse is on me for not following the light He gave me. But yet there is time. See, look at this! It is a Catholic emblem; it reminds us of the human Heart of the Saviour. I believe that God may yet spare our boy, though the doctors have given him up. But prayer only may cure him. Come, Adolf, come and pray with me for the life of our son. If God gives him back to me I will be a Catholic. I cannot do less."

The poor father was dazed with grief; he rose and followed his wife, with a gleam of hope visible in his face. He could not gainsay her words. God alone could save the child now. Nothing short of a miracle could bring him back from the jaws of death.

In the sick-room they found the doctor and Father Morrissey, both looking, as well as they might do, very anxious. The boy lay white and death-like, and when the mother approached, his eyes opened and he gazed at her with a faint shadowy smile.

"Father, I am going to put on my boy this badge of the Sacred Heart in the firm belief that It will cure him. Jesus was ever compassionate when here on earth; He will not refuse a mother's prayer, for He has a tender human Heart. If my boy is cured I will be a Catholic." She fastened the badge round the child's neck by a ribbon and knelt down in silent prayer. The three men stood and looked on, each inexpressibly touched, though each in a different way. The doctor who had no faith in God at all, yet felt the solemnity of the moment; the priest re-echoed in his own heart the prayer to the Heart of God that the mother was then pouring forth; the father hopeless, despairing, yet clinging to his wife's stronger nature and carried away by her impetuous action, felt in his own soul, drawn nearer to the God Whom all his life he had worshipped with a cold faith.

That night passed, and the anxious watchers saw no sign of a change for the better. Morning broke; a new day brought light and life and joy to many a household in sunny Africa, but on this home the threat of death and sorrow still lay.

Towards evening, when the doctor came for his last visit that day, he noted an improvement, for which he could not account. On hearing this, both father and mother were filled with hope.

"I knew" Hetta cried, "I knew the Sacred Heart would not refuse."

And indeed that ever compassionate Divine Heart did give back fully and perfectly the child so nearly taken from them. What remains to be told? Hetta's nature, purified and chastened by the trial she had undergone, was prepared to fulfil her promise. Father Morrissey's last act of labour was the instruction of both mother and child in the truths of our holy Faith.

Then his call came. Hetta telegraphed to the nearest Catholic priest, and fortified by the last Sacraments, Father Morrissey passed away to his reward, and his remains were laid to rest under the foreign sky, far away from Home and those he loved; laid among strangers, yet not quite forgotten, for every year, on the anniversary of his death, Hetta sent flowers wherewith to deck his grave in that far-away South African Village. And every year the lonely Irish mother received a kindly-worded letter from Hetta containing a little spray of flowers from the last resting-place of a son who lived and died so worthy of his country and his Faith.

S. M. C.

✠ SOLDIER OF THE SACRED HEART.



CATHOLIC countries—which are unfortunately often governed in these our own days by unworthy rulers—would stand far better in the estimation of the public were their chief magistrates all men of the character of the president who, less than a quarter of a century ago, caused his country to be consecrated, by the act of its national assembly, to that devotion which the whole Catholic world lovingly practises this month.

It was in 1861, the year that saw the outbreak of our own Civil War, that Garcia Moreno, then rector of the University of Quito, was first chosen president of Ecuador. He sought to escape the responsibilities of the office in 1864, after serving four terms, but his countrymen would not hear of his resignation, and he was unanimously re-elected for another year. Again in 1870 was he called to the chief magistracy, this time for a term of six years. When he was elected in 1861, one of his first official acts was to restore the relations between Ecuador and the Holy See which the secret societies had caused to be broken shortly before. Then he recalled those religious orders whose members had been unjustly exiled, and he saw to it that the army and navy were adequately supplied with chaplains.

Yet it would be a grievous mistake to infer that this Catholic president was so much engrossed with religious matters that he neglected state affairs. For the very contrary was the case. He reformed abuses wherever he found them. He punished delinquent officials and imprisoned corrupt office-holders. He lessened the public debt and brought back peace and prosperity to the land. Unlike the rulers of certain Catholic countries of the present day—men who are either ashamed or afraid to be seen attending their religious duties, but who are quick to call upon the Church when death threatens—President Moreno practiced the faith which he professed. No Sunday found him absent from Mass—in fact, he began each day by hearing Mass—and he was a frequent visitor to the many charitable institutions which the Church conducts in Quito.

Perhaps the most striking trait of this Catholic chief magistrate's character, however, was his devotion to the Sacred Heart, whose month is now being observed through



The Last Supper.

out the whole Catholic world. Before his administration reached its tragic end—President Moreno was foully assassinated by emissaries of the secret societies whose dark designs he had exposed and defeated—he secured the unanimous consent of the Ecuadorian Congress to the consecration by official decree of his country to the Sacred Heart. When the national assembly had voted in favour of this proposal, President Moreno invited the Archbishop of Quito to hold special services for its execution in the cathedral; and during those services he himself read the action of national consecration, which provided that in every principal church in Ecuador there should be an altar especially consecrated to the Sacred Heart and adorned with a statue thereof, the better to promote the piety of the people.

Among the rewards which the loving Heart of the Saviour promised to those who should practice devotion toward it was the fulfilment of their dearest wish. That reward was not denied to Garcia Moreno. In one of the many letters which the zealous Catholic



Pope Leo and the Sacred Heart.

president wrote to Pius IX.—with whom he maintained the closest possible relations that he could—he expressed a desire that he might be found worthy to shed his blood in defence of the faith and the Church. His hope was granted. For as he was returning from the cathedral, whither he had gone one Friday morning to render his devotions before the altar of the Sacred Heart, he was foully assassinated by hirelings of the oath-bound organizations whose enmity he had incurred. When his body was being prepared for burial, close to his own heart was found a badge of the Sacred Heart stained with his life-blood.

That was nearly a quarter of a century ago,—President Moreno was slain on Aug. 14, 1875,—but the devotion to which he caused his country's consecration is still ardently practised by its people, and conspicuous in every leading Ecuadorian church is the altar of the Sacred Heart adorned with its statue, before which may be always found groups of pious votaries kneeling in prayer; and not unfrequently is Ecuador itself called in the soft Spanish speech of its residents *La Re-*

publica del Sagrado Corazon de Jesús—the Republic of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.—*The Sacred Heart Review* (Boston).

—◆◆◆◆◆—
PAPAL BULL.
 —◆◆◆◆◆—

SUSPENSION OF INDULGENCES AND FACULTIES, DURING THE YEAR OF UNIVERSAL JUBILEE, 1900.

LEO, BISHOP,

SERVANT OF THE SERVANTS OF GOD.

AS AN ABIDING RECORD.

THE custom sanctioned by the authority of Sovereign Pontiffs of selecting Rome as the chief place for the solemn celebration of the Holy Year is in full conformity with the dignity to which the city has been raised by God, and with those greater gifts with which she has been so richly endowed. She is, as it were, the home of all Christians, whosoever they be; she is the chief seat of sacred power and the guardian for all time of Divine doctrine committed to her trust; for from her, as from some great fountain-head, streams of life flow forth unceasing through all the channels of the Christian world. Nothing is, therefore, more in conformity with the character of the Church than that her children should, after a lapse of certain periods of time, assemble hither at the invitation of the Apostolic See, to find in the city, spiritual remedies for their souls, and at the same acknowledge by their presence the authority of Rome. Since this appears to Us so profitable, so conducive to salvation, We ardently desire that, during the great year approaching, the City of Rome should, as far as possible, be thronged with a great concourse of people; wherefore to supply an incentive, as it were, to those desirous of making the pilgrimage to Rome, We withdraw the privileges for the expiation of sin granted by the liberality of the Church in every region; that is to say, following the example of Our predecessors in similar cases, We suspend during the entire Holy Year the indulgences granted by Apostolic authority with, however, some prudent limitations and restrictions, as set forth below.

It is Our will and decree that the following Indulgences remain entirely unchanged:—

I. Indulgence granted for the hour of death.

II. The Indulgence granted by Benedict XII., Our predecessor, to all those who, at the

sound of the bell, recite, kneeling or standing, the Angelus or similar prayer suited to the season of the year.

III. The Indulgence of ten years, and as many quarantines, granted by Pius IX. in the year 1876 to those who pay a devout visit to churches in which the devotion of the *Quarant-Ore* is in progress.

IV. The Indulgences granted by decrees of Our predecessors, Innocent XI. and Innocent XII., to those who accompany the Blessed Sacrament when it is being borne to the sick, or who send a candle or torch to be carried by others on such occasions.

V. The Indulgence granted to those who pay a devout visit to the churches of the Order of Friars Minor, dedicated to St. Mary of the Angels, outside the town of Assisi, from the vespers of the 1st of August to sunset on the following day. *Only for Assisi.*

VI. The Indulgences, usually granted in the form of Benediction or otherwise, by the Cardinal Legates *a latere* of the Holy Roman Church, Papal Nuncios, and Bishops when pontificating.

VII. The Indulgences of Privileged Altars and other similar indulgences granted only to the deceased: also the Indulgences granted to the living, but granted only that they may be directly applied by way of suffrage to the faithful departed. Each and all of these We desire to retain for the sake of the dead, not for the sake of the living.

With regard to faculties, We order and appoint as follows:

I. We ratify and confirm the faculty conceded to Bishops and other ordinaries of granting indulgences at the hour of death, and of delegating this same faculty according to the letter of Benedict XIV., dated the 5th of April, 1747.

II. We ratify and confirm the faculties of the Tribunal of the Office at the Inquisition and its officials for dealing with heresy; also, the faculties of missionaries and ministers, deputed for the same purpose by the tribunal itself, or by the Congregation of Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church in charge of the propagation of the faith, or otherwise deputed by the Apostolic See. We mention expressly the faculty of absolving from heresy those who have abjured their error and returned to the obedience of faith.

III. We ratify and confirm the faculties granted to missionaries by the Office of Our Apostolic Penitentiary to be exercised where Missions are held and during their progress.

IV. We also ratify and confirm the faculties

of Bishops and other Superiors for dispensing their own subjects, and for absolving them in occult cases even though reserved to the Holy See, in so far as the said faculties are recognised as granted by the Council of Trent, or as otherwise granted even for public cases by common Ecclesiastical Law by the Holy See for certain persons and cases. We make the same enactment concerning the faculties granted by the Holy See to the Superior of Religious Orders for Regulars, subject to them.

With the exception of the Indulgences aforesaid, We hereby suspend and nullify all Indulgences, whether partial or plenary, or granted as equivalent to the Jubilee. Similarly, We withdraw and declare invalid for all purposes, faculties and indulgences, to whomsoever and howsoever granted, for absolving even from cases reserved to Us and the Holy See, for removing censures, commuting vows and dispensing in irregularities and impediments. Wherefore, in virtue of these Letters, We order and command that under pain of excommunication, directly and immediately incurred, and other penalties to be inflicted at the discretion of the Ordinary, no Indulgences, except the Indulgence of the Jubilee and those expressly mentioned, be anywhere published, indicated, or recommended to the faithful.

In fine, We desire that transcripts, or even printed copies of these Letters, made under the direction of some public notary and fortified with the seal of an ecclesiastical dignitary, carry with them the same universal authority as these Letters would have, if shown or published. We declare that the decrees and commands contained in these Letters are and shall be ratified, confirmed and valid in all their parts, all else to the contrary notwithstanding.

Therefore, let no man infringe upon or rashly contravene this instrument of Our declaration, exhortation, concession, decree, and will; and whosoever presumeth to do so, let him know that he shall incur the wrath of Almighty God and of the blessed Apostles Saints Peter and Paul.

Given in St. Peter's, Rome, on the 30th of September, in the eighteen hundredth and ninety-ninth year after the Incarnation of our Lord and the twenty-second of Our Pontificate.

C. Card. ALOISI-MASELLA, Pro-Dat.

A. Card. MACCHI, Visa.

DE CURIA I. DE AQUILA, E. Vice-Comit.
Reg. in Secret Brevium.

Loco ✠ Plumbi,
CUGNONIUS, I.



THE INUNDATION IN PATAGONIA AND THE SALESIAN MISSIONS.

(Continuation.)

The Village of Conesa Flooded - An Eye-witness's Account of the Disaster.

AND now, dear Father, I come to the second part of this sad drama. Although not so disastrous as what has been already related, it still makes painful reading.

Situated between Roca and Viedma is the little village of Conesa, numbering some 300 souls, where our Fathers and the Nuns of Mary Help of Christians had flourishing Missions. It lies on the south bank of the Rio Negro, and is about 160 miles distant from Roca, and 80 from Viedma. The overflowing of the Rio Negro and its tributary, the Rio Sanjon, which waters the southern part of Conesa, caused much damage to that village. I visited the place shortly after the flood had subsided, so as to see for myself the destruction that had been wrought, and to hear from the village folk the account of the disaster. But I prefer, also in the present case, to give you the story in the words of one of our brethren, who was an eye-witness of what happened. Here is what he says:—

"Alarming news of inundations all along the Rio Negro, reached the village on the 1st of July. The following day the river was observed to be gradually rising. At this sight, the authorities and people set to work to ward off the impending danger by erecting earth-banks on all sides. Besides the Rio Negro, which runs along the northern part of Conesa there is another river, the Sanjon (a tributary of the former), which waters the village on the south. For many days we were in continual apprehension of these rivers bursting their bounds. But as day after day passed without anything serious happening, we began to breathe more freely and to hope that we should be spared the terrible visitation we dreaded so much. However, our hopes were of short duration,

The Mission becomes a Haven for the Inhabitants.

"On the afternoon of July 23rd, the fields on the south side of the village were flooded by the overflowing of the Rio Sanjon. The efforts of the population with Señor Lopez, General Director of the Argentine Telegraphic Department, at their head, to stem the onrush by trying to deviate the course of the waters, were of no avail. In less than three hours the whole of the lower portion of Conesa was under water; and several of the old and less-solidly built dwellings began to give way. The terror of the people may be imagined; it certainly cannot be described. As our House and the Convent of the Nuns were built on a slight elevation and seemed out of reach of the flood, we threw the doors open to the terror-stricken inhabitants, who quickly availed themselves of the shelter offered them. In a few moments the Convent and our Institute were packed with men, women, and children; even the cats and dogs looked upon our dwellings as a likely refuge and crowded there in great numbers. Being hard pressed for room, we converted the Church into a dormitory, transferring the Blessed Sacrament elsewhere; but still a good many people had to take to the hills around Conesa for safety, our establishments not being large enough to shelter all.

Hopes and Fears—The Mission untouched by the Flood.

"Meantime, the waters continued to rise, and steadily crept up the sides of the small elevation on which our Mission stood, seemingly bent on engulfing it and the panic-stricken villagers. On the morning of the 25th, the water flooded the playground and garden; it even reached as far as the Church door, but there it stopped. How full of anxious suspense were the succeeding hours of that day and of the following night for all the refugees assembled on that knoll! Hopes and fears alternately rose to gladden them, or fill them with dismay.

"After an anxious night, when no one had dared to court sleep, the morning of the 26th broke, but revealed to us that the situation had in no wise changed for the better. Later on, we were discussing the advisability of abandoning the place and taking to the hills, where Señor Lopez had kindly prepared quarters for all of us, when it was observed that the flood was decreasing. That was a moment of supreme joy for all of us. The

discussion came to an abrupt end; only the abating flood had now any interest for us. And we stood and watched the waters slowly receding until, not only our Mission, but Conesa itself, was free of the destructive element. The flood had passed, and we were safe. All through that trying ordeal, we Salesians had clung to the hope that Almighty God would protect us and our Mission from harm. We were not mistaken.

"In the neighbourhood of Conesa, much damage was done to the cattle, a large quantity being drowned; but the fields were little impaired. The wants of the people who have suffered loss from the flood, are sufficiently provided for by the Government and public charity, thanks to the prompt action of Señor Tello the Governor. And we, by-the-bye, have every reason to thank God and His Blessed Mother, since, among all the dwellings of Conesa, our Mission was the only one the flood respected."

My *confère's* account ends here. I may add that during my short stay at Conesa, I saw for myself how well-organized was the relief-work. Our brethren with their Superior, Father Baraldi, who is a prominent Member of the Commission for relief, are, actively engaged in succouring the distressed population of Conesa and of the country roundabout.

Guardia Pringles in Ruins—Rescue of a party from a Perilous Position.

Guardia Pringles, which is still under water, was the next centre of population after Conesa to be visited by the inundation. This village, or rather what is now left of this village of 500 inhabitants, stands on the north bank of the Rio Negro, at the entrance to a small but fertile valley, and forms an important strategical position from a military point of view. However, it has now been decided to transfer Guardia Pringles to a more elevated position, where it will be out of reach of any future inundation. Of the flourishing Salesian Mission that had been founded there, nothing remains except ruins: the beautiful parish Church, the Nuns' Convent, and our own College having been destroyed.

The village was overwhelmed by the flood on three different occasions. On the first and second, the Mission remained untouched owing to its position on some rising ground; but it was not so fortunate the third time. Then the force of the flood was such that, together with the village, Church, Convent, and College were also submerged. The Superior

of the Mission, Father Aceto, was absent at the time, having gone to Viedma to consult the Governor as to the best means of providing against another repetition, which he foresaw, of the unfortunate occurrence. The neighbouring hills offered the inhabitants of Guardia Pringles a place of safety, and thereto they fled helter-skelter on the approach of the flood. Our *confrères*, the Nuns of Mary Help of Christians, with the little inmates of both Convent and College, and a few other people, found themselves isolated before they were aware of their danger. Having no means of escape, they were obliged to spend two days and two nights in their uncomfortable and perilous situation. Thence they were rescued by Father Aceto, who on being apprised by telegraph of the third overflow, had returned with all haste bringing with him several wagons containing provisions and a small boat. It is doubtless owing to his timely arrival that there are no casualties to deplore among our *confrères*, the nuns, or the children.

A Pretty Incident—The Blessed Sacrament saved from the Flood.

Here is a pretty incident which I heard from the Superioress of the nuns. "In the midst of the bustle and excitement attendant on the removal of our party and our belongings to a place of safety on the hills, one of our pupils, a little Indian girl, came to me waving a little book on high, and exclaimed with joy: Oh! look Sister, I have saved this! Curious to know more of the precious little volume, the preservation of which had caused the little one so much delight, I took the book in my hand—it was a Catechism!" Surely, the pious sentiments this incident discloses in a little child of the Pampas, are worthy of admiration.

Whilst Father Aceto, who is the President of the local Municipality, was busily occupied in directing the work of rescue, and providing that everything might proceed without the least confusion, he did not notice that the Church, which had been the last place to be flooded, threatened to give way and bury in its ruins the Blessed Sacrament. But Brother Antony Patriarca saw the danger, and as it was impossible at the time, to acquaint the Superior—the only priest in Guardia Pringles—of the fact, he bravely made his way through the breast-high water in the Church to the altar, unmindful of the risk he ran, and reverently extracting the pyx containing the

consecrated hosts from the tabernacle, he carried it to the hill-side. There a small hut was improvised, which became the dwelling-place of our Divine Lord. This humble and primitive chapel was the centre of attraction for the refugees on the hill-side, and therein Father Aceto offered up the holy Sacrifice of the Mass and administered the Sacraments every day for some weeks. A month later, when visiting the flooded village, I too celebrated Mass in that place. What condescension on the part of our Divine Lord to allow Himself to be handled by His creatures, and abide with them even in such a humble dwelling!

A Sad Event—Guardia Pringles to be transferred to another Site.

The horror and gloom of the early days of the flood at Pringles were deepened by a sad event. There lived a man, (familiarly called *Guanaco* by his friends) with his wife on a farm in the neighbourhood of the village. When the flood came they found themselves isolated and unable to make their escape. Moreover, to be out of the reach of the water they were obliged to climb on to the roof of the house. There they remained in continual fear of being swallowed up with the building by the voracious flood. Only at the end of three days was it possible to rescue them from their dangerous position. But the fearful experiences they had gone through so preyed on the woman's mind that she became insane, and the day after her deliverance, in a paroxysm of madness, she killed herself. She, however, was the only victim, during those days of anxiety at Pringles; and that there were no others is due to the solicitude of the local Municipal Council.

Besides a great part of Pringles, the Parish Church, the Convent, and our College have been reduced to ruins, or rendered quite unserviceable. The village, moreover, is no longer habitable. It has been decided, on this account, to transfer the village to another site, where it will be safe from encroaching floods in future. Father Aceto has been requested by the Government to prepare plans of the new village, and as soon as ever these are ready and approved, the new Pringles will rise without delay. Meanwhile the inhabitants of the flooded village continue to live on the hills under tents, or shelter of any available kind.

BERNARD VACCHINA

Salesian Missionary.

(To be continued).



THE Schools and workrooms opened by the Sisters of Mary Help of Christians, at Junis de los Andes (Patagonia), a little over a year ago, shared the fate that overtook the greater number of the Salesian Missions during the dreadful floods which spread desolation throughout Patagonia.

BESIDE the Salesian Institute at Arequipa (Peru), a beautiful and spacious Church is being erected, and will be dedicated to our Lady Help of Christians when terminated. It is hoped that the building of the Sacred edifice will be sufficiently advanced to ensure its being open to the public during the present year.

Through the kindness of one of the leading Catholics of Capetown, the boys of the Salesian Institute in that town, have been enabled to spend some of their holidays "under canvas." Mr. Joseph Carrol, the gentleman referred to, erected a large tent on his farm in the country, and there the boys went in batches to enjoy a few days of healthy, invigorating country life which they thoroughly enjoyed.

A NEW Salesian House has been lately established in the populous seaside town of Bahia (Brazil), where such a foundation was urgently needed. Besides, in the Matto Grosso State, also in Brazil, the missionary work has been actively carried on by our Fathers. They have traversed the virgin forests in many directions, seeking out the pagan inhabitants, and making known to them the Glad Tidings.

AS a stay to the urban tendency so prevalent in our own days, Don Bosco of holy memory, undertook the foundation of Agricultural Colonies. It goes without saying that these useful establishments are of great

importance and of far-reaching influence. The Salesian Society has planted many of them in various parts of the globe. Very recently one was inaugurated in Uruguay, the land for this purpose having been purchased just outside the city of Montevideo by a circle of friends, and presented by them to the Salesians.

"The Altar and Sanctuary were very tastefully decorated for Easter Sunday," says the *Liverpool Catholic Times* of April 29th, speaking of the Salesian Church of the Sacred Heart, West Battersea, London, "and the services were remarkably well attended. The Rev. Father Goy was celebrant of the High Mass; deacon, Very Rev. Father Macey; and sub-deacon, Rev. Brother John. The sermon was preached by Father Macey, who delivered an interesting discourse on the words, "Who will roll us back the stone?" The music was Cherubini's Mass in C, and the Rev. Father Rabagliati conducted the orchestra. Father Macey sang Vespers in the evening, the deacon and sub-deacon being Fathers Bonavia and McCarthy. The Rev. Father Hawarden preached, and solemn Benediction was given by the Very Rev. Father Macey."

TOWARDS the end of the year the Silver Jubilee of our Missions in South America takes place,—for next November marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first "expedition" of Salesian Missionaries to the New World. In view of the extraordinary development of our Society in that part of the globe during this quarter of a century, and of the abundant blessings Almighty God has been pleased to shower upon our work, our brethren in South America propose to celebrate the auspicious event by a series of religious festivities in thanksgiving to God for His immense benefits.

THE following paragraph is taken from the *Liverpool Catholic Times* of April 27th:—

"Naval advices just received in England from the far-off Falkland Islands give particulars of one of the periodical visits made by the British Squadron on the South-East Coast of America. Her Majesty's ships *Flora*, *Swallow* and *Pegasus* arrived at Port Stanley from Montevideo between the 13th and 22nd of February, and remained in the group till well into the month of March, the Governor taking the opportunity to visit East

Falkland and other islands. The erection of a new Catholic chapel was completed at Stanley during the stay of the ships and the event marks a red letter day in the life of the local Community. The Catholic officers and men greatly assisted in raising the funds necessary for the completion, and willing volunteers from amongst the seamen and marines have also given practical help with the work itself during their spare time and when on leave. On the 17th of February, Timothy Holland, a Catholic stoker of the *Flora*, died on board and his death cast some gloom over the ship. The funeral took place on the following day with the customary naval honours, the body before interment being conveyed to the chapel where a Requiem was sung."

The Mission on the Falkland Islands, which, we believe, is the most southerly Mission of English speaking Catholics in the world, is served by the Salesian Fathers. It was entrusted to the Salesian Congregation on the retirement of Father Foran, who, we regret to announce, died at Blackhill, England in January last, and in whom we lose a dear friend and a devoted Salesian Co-operator.

To the above extract from the *Catholic Times*, we may add that during the time the ships were at Port Stanley, the officers and crews assisted in many ways to further Father O'Grady's projects for the benefit of that isolated Mission. Prior to the departure of the flagship "*Flora*," about the middle of April, Father O'Grady, to mark his appreciation of the services rendered, entertained a number of the workers at a very pleasant social re-union. It took the form of a supper at which the Rev. Father presided, and he was supported by Staff-Surgeon Barry, of H. M. S. "*Pegasus*," who greatly assisted in making the evening pleasant and enjoyable. After supper the time was devoted to music, and amongst those whose talents were utilised to that end, were Mr. T. Mebassney (of the Church choir), Messrs. E. Rich, W. Roche, H. Gray, J. Mannig, and P. McKenna.

IF serving Jesus out of love were some prodigiously difficult thing, like the contemplation of the saints, or their austerities, then it would be another matter. But the fact is, it is nothing of the kind. To serve God because you are afraid of going to hell, and wish to go to heaven, is a great blessing, and a supernatural work; but it is very difficult. Whereas to serve God because you love Him is so easy that it is hard to account for so many men in the world neglecting to do it. Stupid souls, so miraculously blind.—FATHER FABER.



[Owing to the great number of communications we are continually receiving for insertion in this column, we are obliged to limit ourselves to the publication of a few extracts (as the expression, more or less, of the others) and the names of all those who desire to make public thanksgiving to their Celestial Benefactress. All manuscripts, however, are carefully deposited in the archives of the Sanctuary; and, perhaps, we shall one day be able to publish them in a separate volume in honour of our Heavenly Queen.—Ed.]

Thanksgivings.—Some time ago a petition was sent to you asking for special prayers for an urgent matter. The favour has been partially obtained, and now a small offering is enclosed as promised. Will you kindly continue the prayers, as we feel sure they will induce our Lady to complete the favour.

C. OF M., *Boyle (Ireland)*.

Enclosed please find thank-offering, which I send you in grateful acknowledgment of a favour received through the intercession of our Lady Help of Christians.

A. W., *Johnstown (Ireland)*.

Enclosed is an offering in honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and in thanksgiving for restored health.

H. D., *Annaclone (Ireland)*.

Mary hears our Prayers.—I have been praying to the Blessed Virgin Mary Help of Christians to send my husband work. Thanks to the Sacred Heart and to our Lady's intercession my prayers were heard, my husband having found a situation. Please have this published in the *Salesian Bulletin*.

ONE WHO HAS CONFIDENCE IN O. LADY
(*London*).

Confidence Rewarded.—In fulfilment of a promise made to our Lady Help of Christians, we desire through your paper to express our deep gratitude to her for our

success at a recent examination. One of our Sisters has a very special devotion to our Lady under the title "Help of Christians," and induced us to place our work for the examination under her protection. We did so with results that far exceeded our expectations. If this little tribute to our Lady Help of Christians may induce some others to place their trust in her aid, it will have sowed its two-fold object.

THREE SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC,
Wynberg (South Africa).

* *

Our Lady's Medal.—Last year, a gentleman, who was a member of a secret society very hostile to the Church, was given a medal of our Lady Help of Christians by a lady-friend. His name was also enrolled in the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin by the lady, who made a promise, at the same time, to recite a prayer every day for the other's conversion. On the 17th of January of the present year, the gentleman publicly renounced the secret society, and was received into the Catholic Church. The person who gave him the medal, desires to publicly thank our Lady in the *Salesian Bulletin*, for the signal favour.

REV. G. ZIN, *Santiago (Chili)*.

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

Stephen Bovio, Aoste; Rev. F. Ragazzi, Alfiano Natta; S. Raineri, Bordighera; V. Rev. Canon Dompè, Bene Vagienna; R. G., Borgotaro; Joanna Sartori, Borquedo (Novara); G. Sosio, Bormio (Sondrio); Joseph Scarpellini, Bergamo; T. Ranzuzzi, Bologna; Alexander Canetti, Brisago (Canton Ticino); Annette Gaino Bogliolo, Cartosio (Alessandria); Maurice Piantino, Camburzano (Novara); Margaret Troletti, Cividate (Brescia); Christina Pasquale, Carcare (Genoa); Louis Picchetto, Carpeneto (Alessandria); Rev. Joseph Liberto, Caccamo (Palermo); John Gandini, Casbeno (Como); Mary Comoglio, Casalrosso (Novara); C. Pontani, Collesano (Palermo); Rev. Alexander Bottazzi, Castellar Ponzano; Rose Bernardis Ippolis, Cividale; M. S. Q., Carmagnola; Rev. C. Manaisa, Caltanissetta; Julia Lanata, Chiavari; Rev. Francis Bologna, Centurano (Caserta); Anne Brunelli, Faenza; Dominica Andasso, Grinzone (Cuneo); Rosine Zanzi, Granasolo (Ravenna); A. dela Cardani, Grosipiano (Milan); Irene Morisetti, Gerenzano (Milan).

INTENTIONS

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

Sr. M. A. L., *Cork (Ireland)*:—The successful issue of an operation, and restoration to health of an invalid.

E. K., *Ballinderry (Ireland)*:—Recovery of a person afflicted many months with paralysis.

M. V., *India*:—Means wherewith to pay a heavy debt incurred by head of the family. The appointment to a situation in which to earn sufficient to support a family of six.

M. P., *Philadelphia (U. S.)*:—The acquisition of property adjoining an Institute, for a religious purpose.

Restoration and preservation of an old lady's sight.

Perseverance for three young ladies in their vocation.

God's blessing on several business matters.

Some other special intentions.

M. S. P., *Newbridge (Ireland)*:—Complete cure of a Nun struck down with paralysis.

"An Afflicted Salesian Co-operator" (*Ireland*): Prayers for special intentions.

R. H. L., (*Ireland*):—The grace of a happy death.

W. B., (*Canada*):—Success in Missionary work among the Canadian Indians.



THE STORY OF THE ORATORY

OR

DON BOSCO'S OPENING APOSTOLATE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Opening of the Church of St. Francis de Sales.

THE alms of the charitable; the gifts of the Royal Family; another gift from the Chancellor's Office; and the money brought by the lottery, sufficed to pay the large labour-bills, and the Church of St. Francis was finished in the month of June, 1852. Dr. Vallauri, his wife, and their clerical son, provided the High Altar. Commendatore Giuseppe Dupré undertook the decoration of

St. Louis Gonzaga's chapel, near the entrance, on the left, and gave a marble altar for it. A noble couple, the Marchese and Marchesa Fassati, made themselves responsible for the cost of the second side altar, in our Lady's honour. They added to it a beautiful statue of the Madonna, and a set of bronze chandeliers. Signor M. Scanagatti presented other chandeliers. Don G. Cafasso paid for the pulpit. Other benefactors erected the organ-loft, where a small organ was placed later on. In a word, if Don Bosco displayed an extraordinary zeal and activity at this juncture, the piety of his fellow-citizens,—or perhaps I had better say, Divine Providence, was his ample stay and support. Thus, the building was finished, and all things provided that were essential; and the 20th of June was fixed for the inaugural service in the Church. The 20th fell upon the third Sunday after Pentecost,—which, in Turin, is a solemn feast of the Blessed Virgin, under her title of The Comfortress. It would take too long to describe all the separate incidents of that memorable day, which, as regards the Oratory might be described as unique, rather than a rare occasion. An enormous arch was raised above the entrance to the courtyard, which, in cubital letters, bore the legend:

In golden characters
Let us write on all sides:—
Glory, for ever, to this Great Day.

The Archbishop's delegate at the consecration of the Church was the distinguished theologian, Don Agostino Cattino, who afterwards celebrated the first mass there. He preached a learned sermon in presence of a multitude of young people, and others, who came from the city to attend the function.

But the finest part of the festival was reserved for the evening. Although so large, the new church was full to overflowing. Don Bosco preached there, and I remember that, among other things, he pointed out the changes that had occurred on the spot:—from a playground, it had become a place of prayer; from having been the home of an unruly swarm of human beings, it rose to being a temple of praise and thanksgiving to the Lord. Where noise, and even sin, had flourished, (for it was not long since the old tavern had been banished) the love of God reigned now, and a holy joy. He next exhorted the young persons who would soon do honour by their pious learning to this consecrated site, to be zealous in their attendance at the sacred functions and zealous,

too, in frequenting the holy sacraments. He asked them to remember that churches are made in the likeness of souls,—which are called, "temples of the Holy Ghost." He exhorted them to keep their souls spotless,—that is to say, without sin,—fit dwellings for the Lord, Who would gladly enter them, in this life. Thus, they would be worthy to enter, after death, into the great temple of His blessed Eternity.

A troop of the National Guards was present,—partly to preserve order, partly to honour the great occasion, and to fire a salute at the moment of the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. This salute produced an admirable impression, and the Guards of the Oratory could not but attempt to rival it with their wooden, barrel-less guns! These, and many other things, gave to the festival so singular a character that pious souls felt greatly comforted by it, and even men of the world were filled with admiration.

The same evening, those who had taken a leading part in the business of the Lottery came to the Oratory, as also a number of the clergy and nobility of Turin, and many other persons who had been active helpers during the building of the Church. After the service and sermon, Don Bosco gathered them all in the old chapel, which had been arranged for their reception, and turned to them all with a word of thanks. He spoke of all that had been done; pointed out the anxious care displayed by some; the charity of others, and the happy outcome of the pious undertaking. With great joy, he maintained that the endeavours of one and all had been, that morning, most excellently crowned, when the church was consecrated. He said that he had longed to recompense each helper for his trouble and sacrifices; but, being unable of himself to do this, he had prayed, and recommended the children of the Oratory to pray, that the God of pity would take his debts upon Himself, and abundantly reward them in this life with every blessing, and, in the life to come, with a still more splendid guerdon.

After Don Bosco's hearty speech, a fine-musical mottet by the celebrated composer, G. Bianchi, was performed by a choir of the Oratory-boys. It is still remembered that a youth of fifteen named Secondo Pettiva, took a sole part in this chant with a voice of such touching quality that it vibrated in every heart and drew forth unbounded applause.

Our Don Bosco's heart was overflowing

with an ineffable joy on this occasion, and he seemed like the prophet David, who when the Ark of the Covenant was transported, passed in and out among his people, and was heard devoutly singing to the accompaniment of his harp. He actually found time, in those days of the gravest pre-occupation, to compose an ode in honour of the occasion and it was thought, extremely pretty, in its simplicity. In his name, and in the names of his fellow-labourers and the children of the Oratory, one of the boys read the ode to the visitors, who listened with evident pleasure.

Don Bosco had invited the Mayor of Turin to this Festival. The Mayor would have liked to have been present, as he would also have liked to be the one to lay the foundation stone; but there were obstacles which he could not overcome. His letter of regret is a proof of the religious feeling of the Chief magistrate of Turin, while it is a testimony to the esteem in which Don Bosco's work was already held. Here are his words, under date June 16th.

"The Mayor has received, with deep satisfaction, the invitation sent by your Reverence; but owing to the Feast at the Church of Our Lady of Consolation, (at which he, and all the Municipal Councillors are bound to be present,) it will be impossible for him to attend the morning function at the Oratory. In the afternoon, there is the meeting of the Congregation of the Reagle Charity, at which he is obliged to assist.—He is thus debarred from the gratification of his earnest desire. But he is happy to witness the establishment of the Oratory of St. Francis of Sales through your Reverence's zeal and solicitude. The Institute will be of advantage to the youth of our working population, who, through it, will be educated in religion, and in civil virtue."

The Mayor ended his letter with expressions of warm esteem and admiration for our holy Founder.

This function excited wonder, not only by its proportions, and the perfect order with which the proceedings were carried out, but also by its recognised importance. Even a political newspaper, *La Patria*, had an article on the subject. Having read it again lately, I think it well to copy it into this book, partly to complete these notes, and partly to show in what light at that time politicians viewed the action of the Oratory with regard to the well-being of society in general.

The *Patria* said: "We risk our reputation

as a literary journal when we turn to speak of one of those good works which attempt in our midst the solution of a difficult problem. Daily, it is our task to call attention to the blots in our social life; and, from time to time, to criticize severely. We are now so fortunate as to be free to lay aside the bitter political pen in order to dilate upon a subject which is ever welcome to the Piedmontese public.

"But where shall we find a generous soul, (and how can we but sympathise with it when found,) who to the zeal of the philanthropist, adds the perseverance of an Apostle, and gives up the best years of his life to surmount obstacle after obstacle by the sole force of his firm, yet resigned, will? When such a soul at length reaches the goal of its desires, after many years of severe labour, we follow it as we would follow the steps of those founders of Institutions;—*Epée*, *Assarotti*, or *Cottolengo*. Now, if we but call to mind the secondary rules guiding the undertakings of those eminent men, we shall discover how like Don Bosco is to them, and how in the immense scope of his benevolence, he becomes worthy of a place beside the great names we have cited. But, when we have pointed out the difficulties he encountered, we are in duty bound to mention the assistance which flowed in upon the strenuous labourer in God's vineyard from every side, notwithstanding these calamitous times of political unrest, which make calls upon the purses of the rich and wring the hearts of all of us. We say nothing of those men who share Don Bosco's work, and second his efforts with the most zealous enlightenment; but it is a pleasure to recall the thousand different forms assumed by the charity of our fellow-citizens, who helped forward the holy work. All ages, every station in life, rich and poor; great and small, have contributed their quota. Such an immense, practical socialism, is the only right form of Socialism, because it has its rise in a pious and admirable feeling, causing each to contribute according to his means:—the painter gives his picture; the tradesman, some of his wares; and women, who are ever foremost, and ever noble, in matters of charity, learn how to be lavish and ingenious in dispensing their inexhaustible bounties."

The writer pointed out that his readers might see at the exhibition of the prizes for the lottery,—which was to give timely and substantial assistance to the Oratory,—"that

the Benevolent had manifested a true spirit of sacrifice in order that those who have been called, 'the disinherited'; may have that help which money can give." This journalist deplored the spectacle of the operatives of Turin, spending Sundays and holidays in games and drinking, "squandering the slender earnings of their week." He would have liked a Sunday club-house for workmen, "in which all might be put in the way of fulfilling their religious duties, and, at the same time, should find some sort of guidance towards an honest and Christian life.

"Such is the work of Don Bosco, as described by himself in the simplest manner, yesterday, when the Oratory Church of St. Francis of Sales was consecrated in Valdocco. The Oratory is plain and modest, as is fitting, where all is due to the generosity of the public; but the aisles were filled with the faithful; and faith is the most beautiful of the ornaments of the House of God. The worshippers, attracted in crowds yesterday, were lit up by sunbeams which seemed to be heaven's blessing upon those who were enveloped in a quiet, religious gladness.....

"The ceremony was carried out with the solemnity suited to the occasion. One whose eminent virtues and erudition are the glory of the clergy of Turin, the pastor of the flock of Borgo Dora, read an admirable address which dwelt upon the wholesome characteristics of the Church as the House of God and as the House of Prayer. Hearing him speak of the holiness of our Faith, and its superiority over other religions, it was easy to imagine oneself listening to a preacher addressing the multitudes from one of those ancient temples, round which the congregation gathered, with the sky for a roof; or one might be transported, by a trick of the mind, to the bowels of the earth and the Church of the Catacombs, there to hear the message of that God Who died to save us."

The writer pleaded that, although the Oratory had come into existence, and Don Bosco's dream was so far realized, there would still be great need of help to carry on the work. The city of Turin expected good results from the Institute, which afforded "a fine example, which other cities should copy."

Several days after the ceremony I have described, Don Bosco sent an account of it to Monsignor Luigi Franzoni, in Lyons, that rejoiced that prelate's heart; and the following letter proves his great regard for, and paternal benevolence towards, our Oratory.

Lyons, July 29th, 1852.

"VERY DEAR DON BOSCO,

"I am quite prepared to believe that the Church is bare and simple, but that, in eleven months, it was built and formally opened for service, seems a marvel to me. The Lord will bless and reward you for it,—you, whom He inspired to begin the work, and to whom He gave the grace to carry it through, for the benefit of thousands of young people, who are eagerly and gladly gathering about you.

"I am sorry that you could not place all the hundred thousand tickets; and the price of the seventy-four thousand, from which sum you must deduct the expenses of the Lottery, falls far short of thirty-two thousand francs for your Church;—especially as you have generously given up half the money to the Cottolengo Institute. The two are neighbouring Institutions, in which one may find a manifestation of the Hand of God.

"I don't yet know if my hundred tickets have won any prize that could be sent by post. In the list I saw a certain number of successful tickets, but for me, only some fire-screen, or napkin-ring. I wish it were a valuable prize; for then, I would present it to your Church.

"Hoping that all your Oratories will continue to prosper, and confiding in God's mercy, I sign myself, with cordial attachment,

Your devoted and affectionate Servant,

✠ LUIGI, Archbishop of Turin."

(To be continued).



Repertorium Biblicum, seu Totius Sacrae Scripturae Concordantiae, *juxta vulgatae editionis exemplar praeter alphabeticum ordinem in grammaticalem redactae* a SAC. MICHAËLE BECHIS. 2 Vols. 4to, pag. 1144-1152. Price £1. Bound, £1 10s. Salesian Oratory, Turin, Italy.

This colossal work is the outcome of many years of laborious research, and is most complete. As a reference for priests and Biblical students it is invaluable, being vastly superior to any other work of this kind. In a letter to the Rev. Author, the Right Rev. Mgr. Canon Johnson of the Westminster Diocese, writes: "I cannot sufficiently praise your grand and handsome work..... It only requires to be seen and examined to be deservedly appreciated."

The Holy Father, who takes so much interest in Biblical studies, addressed the following latin Brief to the Rev. Author of the *Repertorium Biblicum*.

Leo PP. XIII.

Dilecte fili, salutem et apostolicam benedictionem. Tuum accepimus, illudque binis distributum voluminibus, *Repertorium Biblicum*: quod ipsum tibi, ut nomini inscriberes Nostro, permiseramus non inviti. Spissum sane opus: quod satis intelligimus quanto porteat labore tibi constantiaque stetisse. Sed fecisse te operae pretium, potes non sine causa confidere. Quamquam enim in adornandis sacrarum Litterarum *Concordantiis*, uti loquuntur, plurimorum ante te elaboravit ingenium, nihilominus tamen valde lucubrationem tuam fructuosam putamus fore hoc praesertim nomine, quod ordinem tenuisti ejusmodi, ut nihil propemodum fieri aptius ad usum queat. Igitur et probamus consilium in te, et laudamus industriam: intereaque divinatorum numerum auspiciem et Nostrae benevolentiae testem tibi apostolicam benedictionem peramanter impertimus.

Datum Romae, apud S. Petrum die XIV martii ann. MDCCCLXXX. Pontificatus Nostri decimo-tertio.

LEO PP. XIII.

Seven Jewels from Our Lord's Lips and How to Set Them. By the Rev. J. O'Reilly. (R. & T. Washbourne, 18, Paternoster Row, London). Price 1s.

We heartily recommend this charming little book, which is a most excellent explanation of the "Our Father." Earnestness, simplicity, and practicability pervade the work from cover to cover. The Instructions contained therein are, moreover, of easy comprehension, and will be read with profit by old and young alike. The book has the *imprimatur* of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and is especially recommended to the faithful by the Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, and the Bishop of Clogher. Besides, the publishers, on their part, have made of the work a handsome and attractive little volume.

A Meditation on the Miserere. By SAVONAROLA. (Catholic Truth Society, 69, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E.) Price 3d.

Much pathos attaches to this devout meditation, since it was composed by Savonarola during the month that intervened between his trial and his cruel death. In the preface to this little volume, Father Betrand Wilberforce, O. P., says: "These devout thoughts of a humble and contrite heart in preparation for death, are here translated from the original Latin that they may help other penitent souls who, though not having Savonarola's virtues, may have sinned far more grievously, and need with him that mercy without which no one can hope for salvation. As the motive of repentance and the reason for

hope are the same yesterday, to-day and for ever, this little book may help sinners."

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY continues to issue its cheap and interesting publications with more than ever increasing rapidity. The following pamphlets are among the latest, and we warmly recommend them to our readers:

Communion of the Weary. Price 1d.

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St. Sebastian, Lay Apostle and Martyr. By the V. Rev. Fr. Proctor, S. T. L. 1d.

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THE ART AND BOOK COMPANY have in the press *The Spiritual Life and Prayer according to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition*. This work was first written in French in 1886 for private circulation in Benedictine convents, and has since been translated into German. The author's chief object was to set forth concisely and lucidly the leading principles by which our prayers and actions should be guided. The translation is by the nuns of Stanbrook, and the work breathes the spirit of Dom Guéranger, the learned and devout author of 'The Liturgical Year.'

Errata-Corrige.

In our last issue, March-April, on page 22, lines 7-8 of the article entitled "Easter Joys," for: *she instils into our hearts the tremendous guilt of sin*, read instead: *she instils into our hearts the sense of the tremendous guilt of sin*.

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PERMISSU SUPERIORUM.

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

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