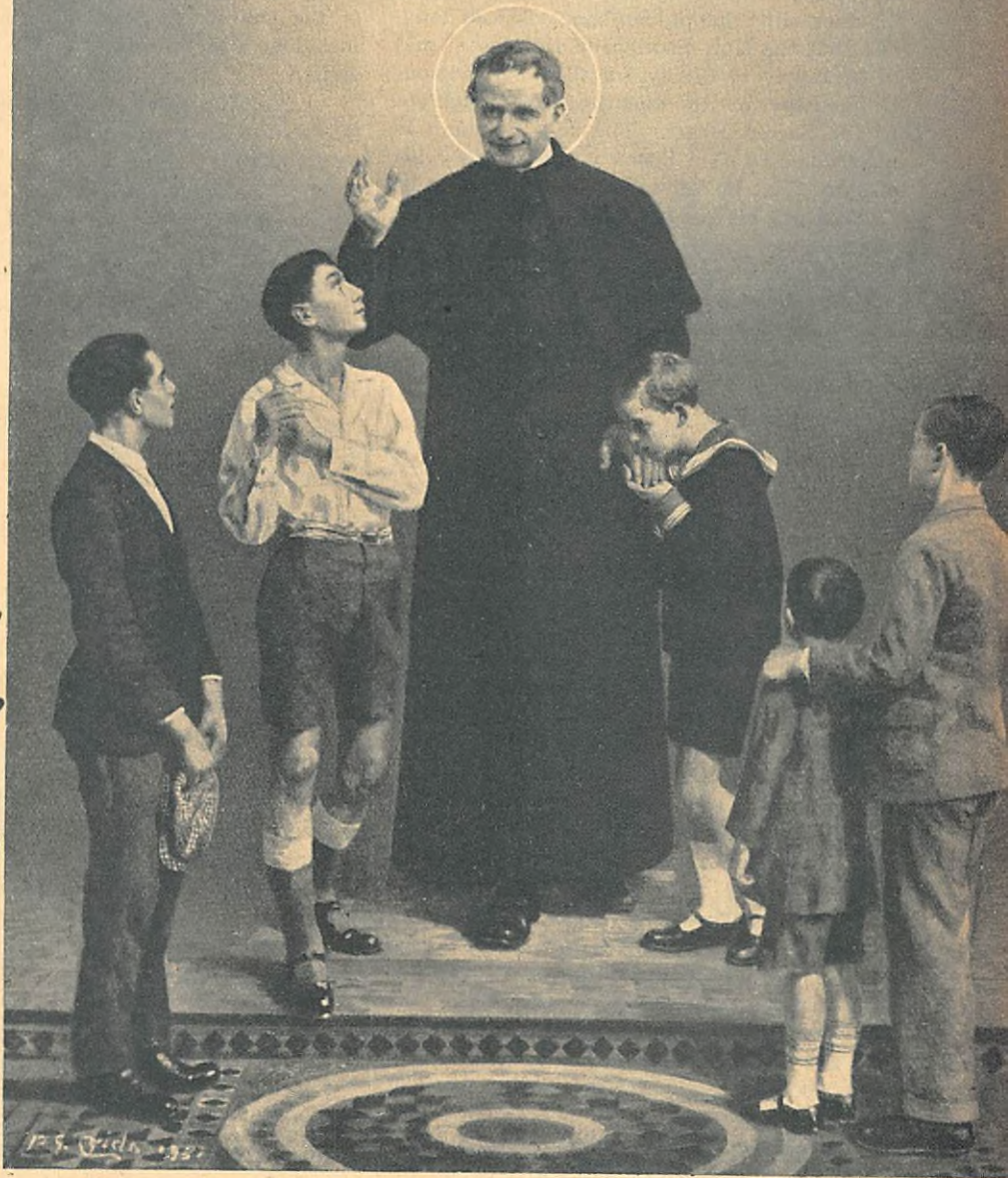


n. 8 *September*  
*October 1934*



# Salesian Bulletin



# The Association of the Sacred Heart.

During the building of the magnificent temple to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at Rome, it was established that, as soon as the church was completed, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, together with other prayers should be said daily, and that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass should be offered every Friday, for all those who contributed towards the raising of this monument to the Sacred Heart. The construction was undertaken by Don Bosco at the express wish of Pius IX. It can safely be said that this Basilica was his last great work, and, not only was it a monument to the burning love that filled the heart of the Saint for Jesus Christ, but, it was also a monument to his unflinching obedience to the slightest wishes of the successors of St. Peter.

## The Association.

The above brief account is the origin of what is now known as the Association of the Sacred Heart. Upon completion of the building, the desire of Don Bosco was to augment the spiritual favours to be granted to the faithful and also to extend these privileges to an ever increasing band of worshippers. Therefore, there was established this Association, whereby the members participate in the fruits of *six masses daily and in perpetuity*.

1. The condition of membership is the payment of *one shilling* towards the expenses of the Basilica, which are by no means meagre, and other Salesian works. The payment of *one shilling* entitles the member to the above privileges.

2. Two of these daily Masses are 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 revered name is associated with the two last mentioned Altars, for on them he offered the Holy Sacrifice during his last stay in Rome.

The members thus participate in more than 2000 Masses per year, in addition to the masses they themselves attend.

## Advantages.

3. Besides the six daily Masses, 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 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 that are celebrated in the afore-said 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 Belgium, 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 above-mentioned spiritual advantages commences from the moment of the enrolment.

5. The contributor, therefore, of *one shilling* 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 desires.

6. Enrolments may also be made in favour of the departed, of children, or of any other 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 enrolments as often as they please.

8. The Salesians are in duty bound to fulfill 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 Basilica of the Sacred Heart, in Rome, for perpetual remembrance.

10. The centres for enrolment are in Rome, in Turin and England. Address: The Very Rev. Rector, Ospizio del Sacro Cuore di Gesù, Via Marsala, 42, Rome (121).

Or, The Very Rev. Superior General, Salesian Oratory, Turin (109), Italy.

Or The V. Rev. J. Simonetti S. C. Salesian House, Cowley, Oxford.



**Summary:** *A Saint Formed by Another Saint. — Saint John Bosco and the Devotion of the Rosary. — Burwash and Warrenstown Celebrate the Canonization. — President De Valera Visits the Salesian Agricultural College, Warrenstown. — What We Hear. — News From the Missions: Prefecture Apostolic of Upper Luapala (Belgian Congo) - On the Banks of the Rio Negro (Brazil). — Graces and Favours. — Obituary.*

## BULLETIN

ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATION  
OF SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS

1934

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER

# A Saint Formed by Another Saint.

*"I have seen a miracle: Don Bosco resuscitated. Don Rua is not only the successor of Don Bosco: he is another Don Bosco. He possesses his sweetness, his humility, his simplicity, his greatness of soul, his radiant joyfulness.*

*Everything is prodigious in the life and works of Don Bosco; but this prolongation of Don Bosco in Don Rua seems to me the greatest of his prodigies. Who are the great men, the great saints, who can have had a successor such as he?*

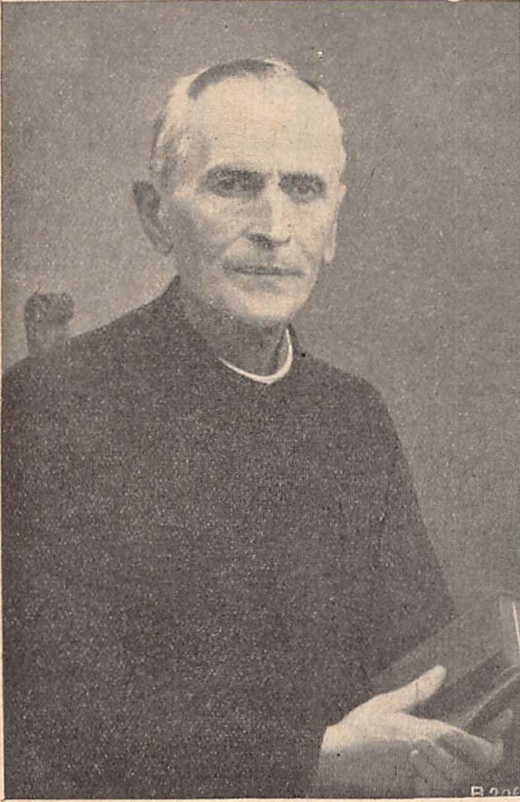
*When the mother of Don Bosco, Mamma Margaret, died, the mother of Don Rua took her place and became, in her turn, the mother of so many little, unfortunate ones. Don Bosco dies, and behold, Don Rua takes his place in the midst of his sons.*

*I have heard Don Rua preach: he preaches with the same sublime simplicity. I have watched him in private gatherings: he speaks with the same penetrating charm. I stood by his side at a feast given in honour of the Catholic Workers' Circle at Nice: lo and behold, it was Don Bosco I saw and listened to. Don Bosco was the living copy of Jesus Christ; when Don Rua spoke, chatted or listened, I had before me a new image of the Saviour of men."*

Thus spoke Père Marie-Antoine, a Capuchin of the Province of Toulouse, whose Cause of beatification is now in progress. His verdict is the verdict given unhesitatingly by all who came into contact with Fr. Michael Rua, the first successor of St. John Bosco.

Such a fact is all the more striking because nature had carved the two men, or rather saints, on quite a different model. Physically, especially, was the difference marked. If the face, the smile, the whole attitude of the one spoke paternal goodness, the person of the other expressed sweet gravity, recollected activity, a degree of austerity. In the playground among his boys, the one appeared gay, expansive, full of abandon; the other, affable also, but more reserved, less free. In Don Bosco one saw at once the figure of the Good Shepherd with the sheep running in front and around him; he drew them all to him. Don Rua, on the other hand, had to go forth to the conquest, to make at least the first steps. Once he had got in touch with them, however, they never left him; they became prisoners, captivated by a mysterious charm. In brief, the one had but to appear and hearts instantly fell for him; the other rather frightened





Fr. Michael Rua.

a little at first, but, the second time, he, too, captivated them, though in a rather different fashion. Yet under his more stern, frail and ascetic exterior, Don Rua hid a magnificent soul.

His one aim, upon succeeding to the charge of the Salesian Congregation at the death of Don Bosco, was to imitate him perfectly, to become his perfect continuator in all things. "*If, in taking on the succession of Don Bosco,*" he said, "*I have not inherited his great virtues*" — and we know well he had — "*at least I feel the good God has granted me his love for his sons. Of that I am quite sure. All my days, every moment of my life I consecrate to you. Nothing is more just, nothing more legitimate. From the moment that the Lord confided you to my solicitude, I have prayed for you, thought of you, and I work for you as would a mother for her only son.*"

Don Rua had many wonderful gifts of mind and heart. He possessed a great intelligence, quick understanding, a marvellous

memory. His memory may not have been the equal of that of Don Bosco, but it was certainly not far behind. His dominant feature was, however, his strength of will. His impeccable behaviour, his imperturbable calm, his equanimity of temperament, his punctilious observance of the rule, his passion for order, his spirit of penance, his whole life and method of government attested the energy of his will. A life more exactly regulated, more ordered than his, it would be difficult to find. Even on his death-bed he imposed upon himself a rule for his last days. With all he had a great charm and a disarming manner. Whether he wished to give a correction, to give some advice or to protect his humility, he could do so with unfailing charm. One little story is told of how on a certain occasion Father Versiglia, who later became a Bishop and died martyred in China, asked him:

"Haven't you ever worked any miracles, Don Rua?"

— "Yes, but I don't like recounting them."

— "Ah, but one; tell me at least one."

— "Very well, then. But you promise not to reveal it to anyone?"

— "I promise, Don Rua."

— "Well, quite recently I was called to the house of a good, old lady, an incurable paralytic, to give her the blessing of Our Lady Help of Christians. I yielded to the repeated requests of the family, who wanted a cure; I gave her the blessing and..."

— "She got up cured."

— "No: she died a quarter of an hour afterwards."

The great characteristic which distinguishes the Salesian is work. It is a family tradition, the legacy of the Founder, the one great penance imposed on this religious family, this army of educators; it is the shield of their virtue. "*Work and temperance,*" said Don Bosco, "*will make the Congregation flourish.*" It was a statement he repeated on his bed of death many times. In none better than Don Rua was his desire fulfilled. Let us consider for a moment only his spirit of work. He had it to an heroic degree. Had he, like St. Alphonsus, made a vow never to lose a moment? It would indeed be easy to believe he had. He could never be surprised idle. "I don't believe you will have to render an account to God of a single instant lost," said one of



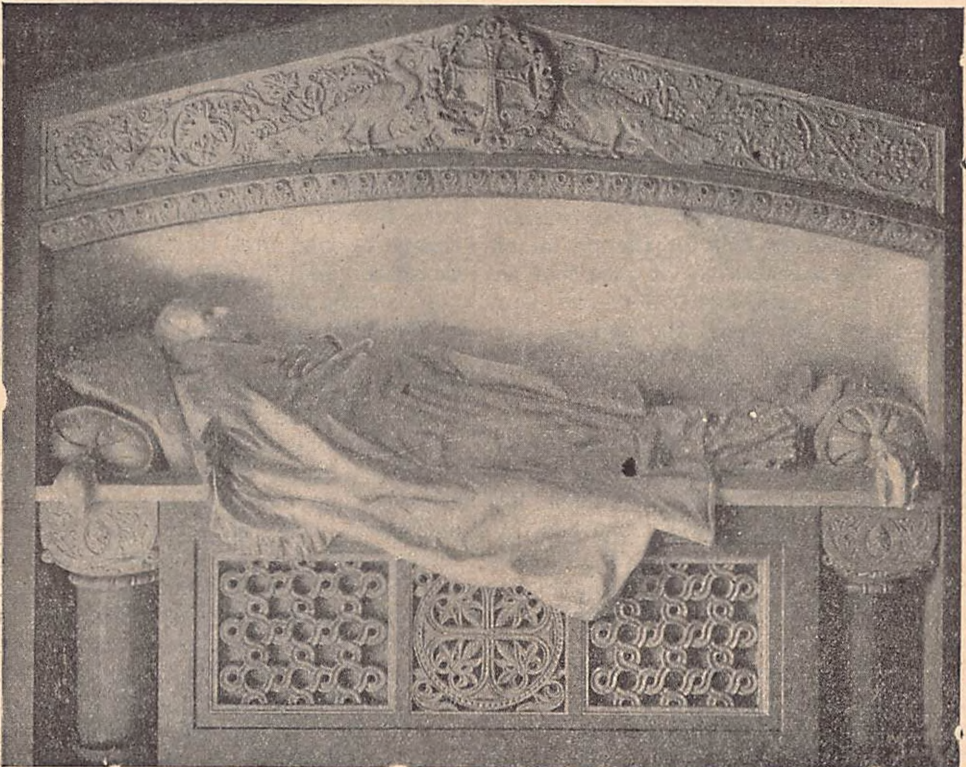
his religious sons to him one day. And, in all simplicity, he replied: "I believe that, too."

His working day was a fabulous one. At half-past four in the morning in summer, at five in the winter, he was up and about. He was first in to meditation, kneeling always in the same place. After meditation, he heard confessions till eight o'clock. In later years, when he could hear confessions no more, he went to his office to attend to part of his voluminous correspondence. At half-past eight, he celebrated Holy Mass with great recollection, but without slowness. After his thanksgiving he allowed himself time for a cup of coffee and then went to his room, where he sat for interminable audiences, lasting often till mid-day. After dinner he walked in the playground, chatting with some, questioning others, interesting himself in the games of all. On the stroke of two, he went back to his room and did not leave it again till seven, being immersed all the while in correspondence.

Sometimes, to avoid too many interruptions, he would take a large packet of letters and, in company with a lay-brother,

go to the house of a benefactor where he could find a quiet corner to carry on with his correspondence. Towards nightfall, at five in the winter, at seven in the summer, one would go to bring him back again and, before the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which closed the day, he would converse with this one and that, receive his confrères, or preside at a meeting of his chapter.

At eight, he had supper; then followed night prayers, said with the community, after which he could be seen walking under the arcades with his rosary in his hand. Towards eleven o'clock he concluded his nocturnal walk and, after pausing at the doors of the sacristy or at the foot of the altar to take leave of his Lord, like a good servant, his day finished, he went up to his room. There, his secretary would be waiting, and he would sign the correspondence of the day. After giving a few instructions for the next day, he would then, about half-past eleven, consent to lie down on his poor sofa, which was transformed every evening into his bed for the night.



The Tomb of Don Rua.



This life of intense and sustained work he led till the end of his days. He never permitted himself a break, a week of holidays. He was always in the breach. Even in the last year in which he lived, despite the frailty of his body and the torrid heat of the summer, he remained faithful to his programme of work. When he felt himself being overcome by fatigue or sleep he would rise and continue his task, if it were a question of writing, standing; if it was to converse with a visitor, he would walk with him instead.

He was forced to stop six weeks before his death, on the fifteenth of February 1910 — he died on April 5th — because his eyes could no longer decipher the letters of his correspondents. What a sorrow this enforced rest was to him can easily be imagined. Work had become for him a need, rest a suffering. As one of his religious remarked, on the day after Don Rua's death: "Don Rua on entering Paradise, after greeting Don Bosco affectionately, is quite capable of asking him: 'What work have you here for me to do?'"

In the midst of all his labours Don Rua had an intense spirit of prayer and, for him, as for Don Bosco, to work was indeed to pray. He lived in continual remembrance of the presence of God; his mind never strayed from the thought of his Lord. And when he actually gave himself up to prayer in public, what a lesson it was to all. Merely to see him, at the time of the *Angelus*, pause in the playground for the recital of the *Ave Maria* was to sense at once that he was completely united to God and Our Blessed Lady. To make the sign of the Cross and to recall the presence of God was for him one and the same thing.

In the great procession of Our Lady of Consolation which takes place every year from the Basilica of the Consolata in Turin, and in which Don Rua always walked, his recollection and prayer was remarked by all. "Look," the bystanders would say, "there is Don Rua! How feeble he looks, but how he prays! Look! He seems like an angel!"

One could continue with examples of his many virtues, his exact observance of every detail of the rule, of the rubrics of the Church in the celebration of Holy Mass, his spirit of poverty, his intense mortification and the

rest. Not a short article, but volumes would be required.

At least some small idea of the character of the first Successor of Don Bosco can, however, be obtained from these few lines. Don Rua was probably Don Bosco's masterpiece. The saint had trained him from boyhood, preparing him gradually but surely for the task of ruling the Salesian Congregation in his stead, of wearing the mantle that he had worn. Without anticipating the final verdict of the Church, we may safely say he had formed another saint. From one formed by nature, as we have already said, from an entirely different mould, Don Bosco had moulded Michael Rua into Don Bosco the Second, his perfect successor.

Don Rua desired nothing more than the continuation of Don Bosco in himself and to see the spirit and ideals of Don Bosco preserved intact. "*Our principal task,*" he wrote in his first letter to the Salesians upon succeeding Don Bosco, "*must be to sustain and to enlarge at the opportune time the works founded by Don Bosco, to follow faithfully his methods of education, to imitate the model which, in its goodness, Heaven has granted us. Such is the programme which my charge as Superior General imposes upon me.*" He was faithful to it.

We cannot do better than conclude with some brief references to the opinions of some of his contemporaries concerning Don Rua.

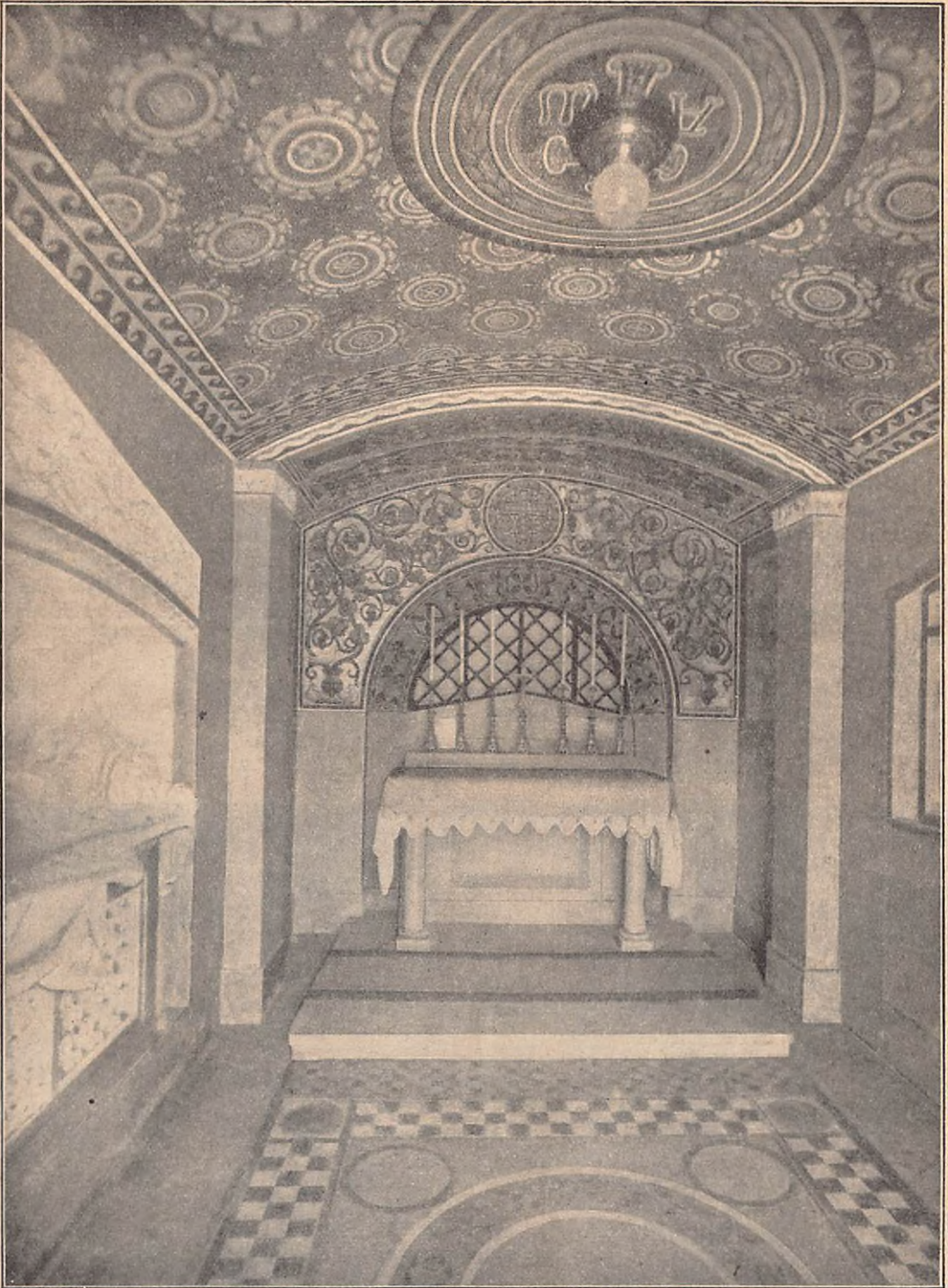
"At Turin," said Mgr. Mantegazza, Auxiliary Bishop of Milan, "there are three things to venerate: the Holy Shroud, the Consolata and Don Rua."

A certain famous Jesuit said that from as far back as the year 1869 he had often put to himself the question: "Which is the greater saint of the two, Don Bosco or Don Rua?" And he replied: "I cannot say."

An old friend of Don Bosco, Mgr. Bertagna, Auxiliary Bishop of Turin, did not hesitate to say: "To canonise Don Bosco, if, by chance, one were unable to furnish proof of all his heroic virtues, it would suffice to advance the fact that he had formed Don Rua."

From the eulogium of Don Rua pronounced after the death of the holy priest by Cardinal Richelmy, the saintly Archbishop of Turin, we may quote these few words: "Incomparable master of the word and the pen, he taught still better by the example of his life. By his so tender piety, by his minute





THE CHAPEL AT VALSALICE, TURIN, WHICH CONTAINS THE TOMB OF DON RUA



observance of the Rule, by his constant watch over himself, by his scrupulous employment of every minute of time, by his constant care to advance in the path of perfection, he was for all, but especially for those who lived by his side, an object of admiration and a living lesson. These words of St. Paul: *Imitatores mei estote sicut et ego Christi* (Be ye imitators of me as I also am of Christ), his lips never pronounced, but his whole attitude expressed them."

That holy Pontiff, Pius X, who knew Don Rua well, was, a few days before his death, exhorting Mgr. Salotti to be most careful in the choice of the persons whose Causes he proposed and after congratulating him on those of St. Joan of Arc and the Curé of Ars, the two went on to discuss Italian Causes, including that of Don Bosco.

"I hope," said Pius X, "you won't forget Don Rua. I see in him that cluster of heroic virtues which make the saint. Why are the Salesians waiting to introduce his Cause? What a great servant of God! The Church will certainly occupy herself with him one day."

This was but the echo of another remark which he had made a short time before to Cardinal La Fontaine, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. "If," said the Pope, "the Cause of Don Rua were introduced be-

fore your Congregation, his beatification might well precede that of Don Bosco."

So spoke His Holiness Pius X, the Pope of frequent Communion, the Pope whom all the world proclaims to be a saint.

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Do our readers need further urging to do all in their power to spread the knowledge of the name of Don Rua, and to pray for the speedy progress of his Cause of beatification and canonization which is now in hand? Pray that an adequate reserve of miracles may be obtained that so nothing may stand in the way to hinder Don Rua from receiving from the infallible lips of the Vicar of Jesus Christ that verdict of sanctity which his moulder, model and Father, Saint John Bosco, has already received.

When the story of his life and sanctity becomes more widely known, the triumph and the acclamations which will accompany Don Rua's name will not be less than those which surround that of Saint John Bosco himself. The verdict of the world, and still more important, of the Church will assuredly be that of the little child of but four years of age who, upon seeing Don Rua on one occasion in Rome, was so struck by his appearance that it could not help pointing its little finger at him and crying out: "*You, you are a saint!*"



Memorial Tablet to Don Rua in the Chapel in which he lies buried.



# Saint John Bosco and the Devotion of the Rosary.

During the course of the nineteenth century, Our Blessed Lady had many great servants, not the least of whom was St. John Bosco himself. Did he not send across the Catholic world the devotion to Mary Help of Christians — a devotion born before his time without doubt, but used only at rare intervals? His claim, therefore, to be its great propagator would be title sufficient in itself to place him in the ranks of the great devotees of Our Lady. So ardent a propagator of this devotion was he that popular piety instinctively identifies his name with it: Our Lady Help of Christians and Don Bosco come together in the thoughts of all; their names are conjured up in one same remembrance, often in the one same prayer.

This devotion was not, all the same, exclusive. It was only about the year 1860 or 1862 that the Marian piety of the saint took this definite character. Thenceforward it never deviated: all his foundations, his miracles, his works, he accomplished in the name of the Help of Christians. It would, indeed, be interesting to know what revelation, what particular light from on high it was that so centred his devotion in this special sphere. Perhaps eventually, as the work of sorting out documents goes on, this secret will be revealed.

Some ten or twenty years earlier, it was the Immaculate Conception, and also Our Lady of the Rosary, which seemed ordinarily to receive the filial homage of his heart.

Nor is this surprising!

His work commenced on Dec. 8th. 1841, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, in the sacristy of the church of St. Francis of Assisi in Turin; his first chapel, that of the *Barolo Refuge*, had been inaugurated, neath a snow as abundant as it was symbolic, on Dec. 8th 1844, in two rooms forming part of the house for

the chaplains attached to the institution; besides, this devotion was then the order of the day, if one may so express it, favoured as it was by so many heavenly interventions. In 1830, there was that of the Miraculous Medal, revealed to Saint Catherine Labouré; in 1854, there took place the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, declaring Mary always to have been immune from the least stain of original sin; in 1858, there had followed the eighteen apparitions at Lourdes, crowned by the solemn declaration: "*I am the Immaculate Conception.*" So deeply, indeed, was this devotion rooted in Don Bosco that even in 1868, when the question arose of crowning the Basilica of Our Lady Help of Christians with a statue, it was the Lady with her head crowned with the twelve stars and with the serpent crushed beneath her feet, the Immaculate Conception, that he had cast in bronze, to be placed there.

\* \* \*

Not less fervent was the devotion which he always bore towards Our Lady of the Rosary. It is a curious fact that the first of the innumerable chapels, churches and basilicas which, directly, or through his sons, he caused to rise in honour of the Mother of God, was dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary. Every year, as is well known, from 1848 onwards, Don Bosco led, at the beginning of the autumn, all those boys who had been persuaded to stay with him during the holidays, or had been left in his charge by their parents, into the country, to the house of his brother at Becchi. These were the first holiday colonies, their origin due to a saintly Catholic priest, Saint John Bosco.



The first of these expeditions set out in 1848. The party numbered sixteen, all boys from the Oratory of Valdocco, pioneers, though they knew it not, of a great holiday institution. The fortnight's repose was opened with the blessing of a small, low room in their house of rest which had been transformed into a chapel. The Dean of Castelnuovo d'Asti, now called Castelnuovo Don Bosco, officiated and the holy place was dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary.



Our Lady of the Rosary.

Then onwards, until 1869, the saint continued every year to take a party of boys to play and amuse themselves there among the vines. They arrived regularly eight days before the feast of the Rosary, and every evening the people of the neighbourhood from far and wide came to the service; all the nearby villages sent all their inhabitants who were free and the novena was always a great success.

On the day of the feast, the poor chapel was incapable of holding all those who flocked

from the countryside to be present. Then all stood outside in the open air. A barrel, decorated with leaves, tinsel and other finery served as a pulpit, and the public followed the service from without, uniting their prayers and hymns with those of the boys of Don Bosco massed around the altar. In the evening, to crown the feast, a brilliant firework display lit up the sky. The few, very few, survivors of those happy times still recall a certain sermon on Our Lady of the Rosary given by Fr. Cagliero, who later became a Bishop and a Cardinal. The preacher was so eloquent, his action so expressive, so excited, that all of a sudden the crowd saw the orator disappear to the bottom of the barrel which had collapsed beneath his feet. Never had a panegyric had such success as that one!

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A small, but very significant fact is related which goes to show the great value which the saint placed, in his system of education, on this devotion of the Rosary. It happened that one morning he received a visit from the Marquis d'Azeglio, the mayor of Turin, father of the celebrated statesman who, with Cavour, Rattazzi, Ricasoli and others, was one of the great artisans of the *Risorgimento*, and its best writer. He had come to invite Don Bosco and his boys to a public spectacle which was to be presented in the largest open space in Turin. For certain reasons, the saint thought it good to decline the invitation and, as though to compensate somewhat for his refusal, invited his illustrious visitor to make with him a tour of the Oratory. On the way, and whilst the man of God and the first magistrate of the city were passing through the classrooms and workshops, Don Bosco expounded briefly to the marquis the programme of his house, the principal points of its rules and government, and the ideals underlying his method.

"It is a method," he said, "with a basis of piety well thought out: hence we have Mass every morning and, at it, we recite the Rosary."

"What," exclaimed the marquis, "are you still at that point! At that handful of beads on which one keeps reciting the same thing! It is mechanical piety, without soul, my dear Don Bosco, piety which is all very well for old women."



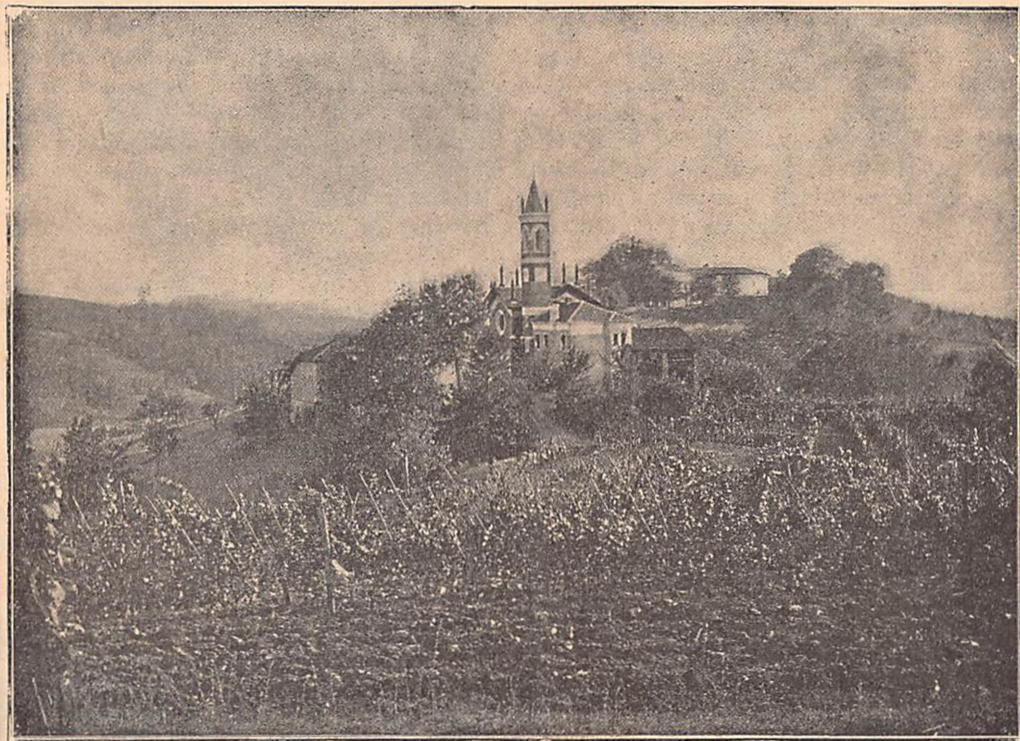
— “And notwithstanding, Marquis, I place such value on it,” replied the saint, “that almost all my work of education is based on this practice. You see all I have created, done and undertaken; I should be ready to sacrifice all these things — the daily recitation of the Rosary, never! And — pardon me for this rather wicked suggestion — but if you were to give me to choose between your precious friendship and this religious practice, I should not hesitate for a second.”

The saint's reply did not please the states-

unknown person to take a little walk in the fields. Suddenly, as we were going along, we saw lying on the grass in the sun a horrible serpent, about seven or eight yards long, and of a terrifying thickness. At the sight of it, I jumped back and wished to flee. But the unknown person dissuaded me.

‘No, no,’ he said, ‘come nearer; this is going to be interesting.’

‘Interesting, thanks! Don't you realise that at the least noise the beast will turn on us and devour us?’



A view of Becchi as it is to-day.

man, and from that day forth he never put his foot inside the Oratory again.

\* \* \*

The great educator never had any doubt as to the remarkable efficacy of the Rosary after a certain night in August 1862, when, in a dream, as always, heaven showed him the use he should make of that arm in face of temptations.

“That night,” he recounted to his children, “I was transported to Castelnuovo, to the house of my brother, and was invited by an

‘Don't deceive yourself. Stop, wait for me a moment and you shall see.’

So saying, he went away to return two minutes later with a long rope. ‘Take hold of one end,’ said the stranger, ‘whilst I hold the other, then we shall approach the serpent.’

— ‘And afterwards?’

— ‘Afterwards we shall hit it vigorously on its back.’

— ‘Oh, no, not that! In a bound the beast will be on us and will wind itself round us and crush us.’



— 'Then I tell you it won't: have confidence still.'

Persuaded by the insistent eloquence of my companion, I resolved to obey him. Then, advancing warily on either side of the monster, we struck it a powerful blow on the back with the rope.

The beast made a jump, turned its head to snap at the one who had hit it, but instead of biting the rope, we saw it become bound by it as in a net. 'Don't let go, don't let go, hold tight,' the unknown one shouted to me, hastening meanwhile towards the nearest pear-tree, to which he tied his end tightly. Then he crossed to my side and attached the other end to the bar of a window. Suspended between these two fastenings, the monster struggled vigorously and struck its head and body against the ground with such violence that its skin was broken to bits. Soon, all that remained of it was a long skeleton, to which there remained attached not a single piece of flesh.

Then the stranger untied the rope, rolled it up and, in front of my curious gaze, placed it in a little box. A moment after, he opened it, and, to my great surprise, and to that of the young people who had run to see the sight, we saw the rope, which had been thrown loosely into the box, make distinctly the two words: *Ave Maria*.

'Oh,' said I, 'I'd give much to have the key of that symbol.'

'Here it is,' said the stranger. 'The serp-

ent is the devil. The rope is the *Ave Maria*, or rather the Rosary, the long series of *Ave Marias*, thanks to which one is always able to crush the temptations of hell.' "

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In the month of October, consecrated to the devotion of the Rosary, let us recall these facts, these images, this lesson. In their way, and from the lips of a saint, they tell us what, a few years ago, a great Catholic writer and convert expressed in these terms. "*This devotion, desired so much by the Blessed Virgin, is so powerful that the greatest of criminals, even though he be not yet in a state of grace, if he says the Rosary, be it only with his lips, whilst he holds the beads tight in his hands, is already on the path of return. For to perform an act so simple, which a little child or an old man in his dotage can accomplish, it has been necessary to conquer his human respect and the pride inspired by Satan, who has a repulsion so hateful for the chaplet because it is the expression of an abyss of humility, the weapon of the poor in spirit.*

*The beads of the Rosary come from a divine tree; they are the antidote par excellence, with the Eucharist, of every troubled soul. They give it calm, humility, constancy, and, from whatever remorse it may be loaded with, unflinching hope in mercy. It is a cordial whose effect can be renewed without its action being diminished, nay the contrary.*"



The poor farmhouse at Becchi in which St. John Bosco was born.



## BURWASH AND WARRENSTOWN CELEBRATE THE CANONIZATION

Burwash, hidden among the folds of the hills in the quiet peace of the beautiful county of Sussex, held its celebrations in honour of the canonization of St. John Bosco in the early part of the month of July. Saturday, Sunday and Monday, the 7th, 8th and 9th of July were the chosen days of the triduum,

*de Angelis* being well rendered by the School Choir. After the Mass, a reception of the parishioners was held in order to enable them to have the opportunity of meeting Fr. Tozzi, who, many years ago, was Novice Master at St. Joseph's. The noviciate was, of course, transferred to Cowley some four-



St. Joseph's Church, Burwash.

and, coupled with the feasts, was a welcome to the Father Provincial, who was making his visitation at the time.

Fr. Tozzi arrived on the Saturday evening and was welcomed in an address, read on behalf of the Community and boys, by Master Douglas Culbert, the Captain of the School.

On Sunday, the central day of the celebrations, the Community Mass was celebrated by the Provincial and was the occasion of a General Communion. Later in the morning, the Rector of the School, the Very Rev. Father William Harrod, S. C., sang Solemn High Mass, the music of the *Missa*

teen years ago when the present school, under the Rectorship of the late revered Father Tierney began. The afternoon was devoted by the boys to cricket, and in the evening, an outdoor procession in honour of St. John Bosco took place. This was followed by the panegyric of the saint, preached by Father Provincial, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which brought the day to a close.

Monday, July 9th, was a holiday for the school in honour of the new saint. Once again the Community Mass was celebrated by Father Tozzi. On the more material side, the day was one of complete rejoicing,



as befitted a holiday for such a great event, and between Sports' practice, Cricket, and Swimming — the School possesses its own swimming bath — there was little time for gloom.

A concert in the School Hall, at which all the talent of the Sussex arm of Don Bosco was arrayed, brought an eventful three days' of festivity to a close.

### Warrenstown.

The Salesians at Warrenstown, Co Meath, Ireland, had held their feast some few days previously, on Sunday, July 1st, to be precise. For the details, let the *Meath Chronicle* speak. Here is what it said.

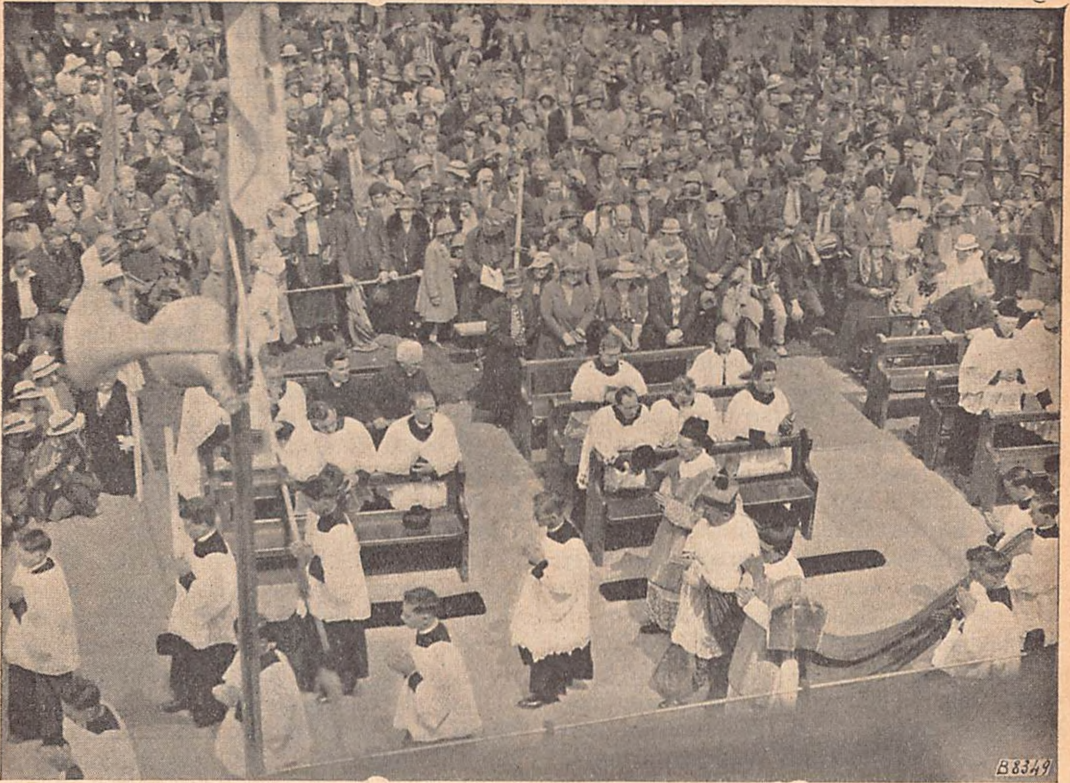
Warrenstown Agricultural College was en fete on Sunday, July 1st., to celebrate the canonisation of St. John Bosco, founder of the Salesian congregation. It was a red-letter day for the College. The gates of the establishment and the long avenue were gaily decorated with bunting while the

wooded slopes on either side were studded with worshippers. An altar was erected in the open for the celebration of Solemn High Mass and microphones kept the most far-off participant in touch with each phase of the ceremony. The Fairview Boy Scouts, under the direction of Rev. L. McCann, C. C., Dublin, sounded the Royal Salute at the Elevation, and altogether it was a most inspiring scene. His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. Mulvany arrived early and was escorted from his car to the college by the Boy Scouts. The clergy at the Mass were: — Rev. J. H. Kilmartin, Adm., Navan (celebrant); Rev. N. Smith, C. C., Dunshaughlin (deacon); Rev. J. Kelly, S. C., Warrenstown (sub-deacon); Rev. A. Connolly, S. C., Pallaskenry (master-of ceremonies). His Lordship Most Rev. Dr. Mulvany presided. The assistants at the Throne during the Mass were: — Rev. P. J. Laffan, Very Rev. Dr. O'Sullivan and Very Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, St. Columban's College, Navan. After Mass Rev. J. Ciantar, S. C., Macclesfield, England, preached a ser-



The Solemn High Mass in the open-air in progress at Warrenstown.





His Lordship Dr. Mulvany, Bishop of Meath, in procession to the altar for the Solemn High Mass at Warrenstown.

mon on the Saint. He said they were there that day, not indeed in those tens of thousands that were witnessed in Rome for the canonisation of St. John Bosco, but with the same sentiments of gratitude to Almighty God for having raised another saint in the Church of God to be for them a guiding light in their journey to the eternal home. When they looked at the life of the Saint, a life of phenomenal activity, they were bound to ask the question, what gave the inspiring power for such miraculous vitality in the service of God? And the answer came to them: Because St. John was intimately united with Almighty God, because he understood well the value of a soul. He had the true conception of the value of the soul. He depended on the words of Our Blessed Lord Himself: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" Don Bosco remembered how our Blessed Lord came down upon earth, abandoning all his glory to become

the saviour of men, to minister to them. He was spat upon, vilely treated and nailed to a cross, and Don Bosco remembered that Our Blessed Lord suffered all to ransom the souls of men, gave up all for the object of His love. It was this fundamental idea that was uppermost in the mind of St. John Bosco. It was this principle that gave such activity to St. John Bosco. They found him first a conjuror and then an acrobat so that he might draw men to God. He was in constant union with God, especially in the Sacrament of Holy Communion. St. John realised that from the earliest times that the formation of the soul took place in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist and they found that he grew more and more in the love of souls. God revealed to him in wonderful dreams the future of his career. He told him that he was to become a shepherd of souls. They knew that God rewarded him for his zeal. There were difficulties but St. John had immuned himself against those. He persevered and at



last became a priest and there began his real career. There was a great wave of anti-clericalism at that time in Turin and the youth of Turin were becoming a prey to this wave. St John threw himself into this field. He learned in his early days the short distance which separated the little ones from God and he made it his business to approach these little ones. He played in their midst and in this way was begun the great, gigantic work that was now the wonder of the world. It was in the city of Turin that Don Bosco laid down his first stone for this gigantic work. At one time the people wanted to get him into a mental hospital but he, with his usual humour, sent in the people who were to take him there. He realised that he must use the boys and he built schools and churches. As far back as 1853 he had already fourteen thousand subscribers for his object. His love was not satiated, however, and he began more schools. In 1875 they were spread throughout the world; there are now sixteen missions all under the care of the Salesian Fathers. He established a third Order, the Salesian co-operators, who now numbered two hundred thousand and were spread all over the world. They saw him at one time in two places in order to stop an offence against God. While he was in Turin he appeared to a superior in Spain and told him he must stop a certain evil which was going on in his school. The superior thought it was the effect of imagination, but two days later he received a letter from Don Bosco asking had he done what he told him to do the other day. The superior then looked into the matter and found that what Don Bosco had told him was correct. On another occasion they saw where two boys broke away from school to go to swim. One of the boys felt that a hand had struck him pretty hard but his companion said he did not touch him. In the evening a message was received by the superior from Don Bosco acquainting him of the escapade and one of the boys then said: "I know who struck me now." God blessed his work and now they could look around them and find that the Salesian institutions numbered 1,400, manned by 19,000 fathers, brothers and nuns. They could now ask themselves another question: What helped Don Bosco in his zealous work for the saving of the souls of men? It was the Blessed Eucharist

coupled with his love for Our Blessed Lady and it was only fitting that they should finish the day by a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. He was now going to exhort them to develop that love and loyalty to the Blessed Eucharist. The Irish people were well noted for their great love for the Blessed Eucharist. They wanted to remain faithful to God and they must cherish a great love for the Blessed Eucharist. It was this love and loyalty to the Blessed Eucharist that saved Ireland during its persecution and like their fathers they should always live with the Blessed Sacrament of love. Let them be influenced and take inspiration from Don Bosco. Let them cherish a great love for the Blessed Eucharist. Let them show it in practice by visits to the Blessed Sacrament, by their daily reception of Holy Communion.

Immediately after the sermon, the relic of the saint was venerated by the huge congregation present. During the afternoon a stream of people came through the gates and by four o'clock, when the procession was due to start, a vast gathering lined the walks. Sharp at 4 p.m. the procession moved off, Rev. C. O'Farrell, P. P., Skryne, carrying the Cross. The men, women, school children, band, choir and clergy followed while a dozen little girls in white strewed flowers in front of the canopy. Next came the Blessed Sacrament in the hands of the Bishop, and a Guard of Honour of Boy Scouts marched beside the canopy. The procession terminated at St. John's Well where a temporary altar had been erected and Benediction was celebrated. On the route St. James' Brass and Reed Band played hymns while the people recited the Rosary at intervals. The Garda Metropolitan Band, by courtesy of Col. Broy, also attended and played selections of Irish airs during the interval between the Mass and the afternoon procession.

\* \* \*

Assisting His Lordship the Bishop at the various ceremonies were parish priests and other clergy from a very wide area, whilst many distinguished members of the laity, including the Earl of Fingal, were to be seen amongst the large attendance. To one and all, the Rector and his Community offer sincerest thanks for their cordial participation.



## President De Valera Visits the Salesian Agricultural College, Warrenstown.

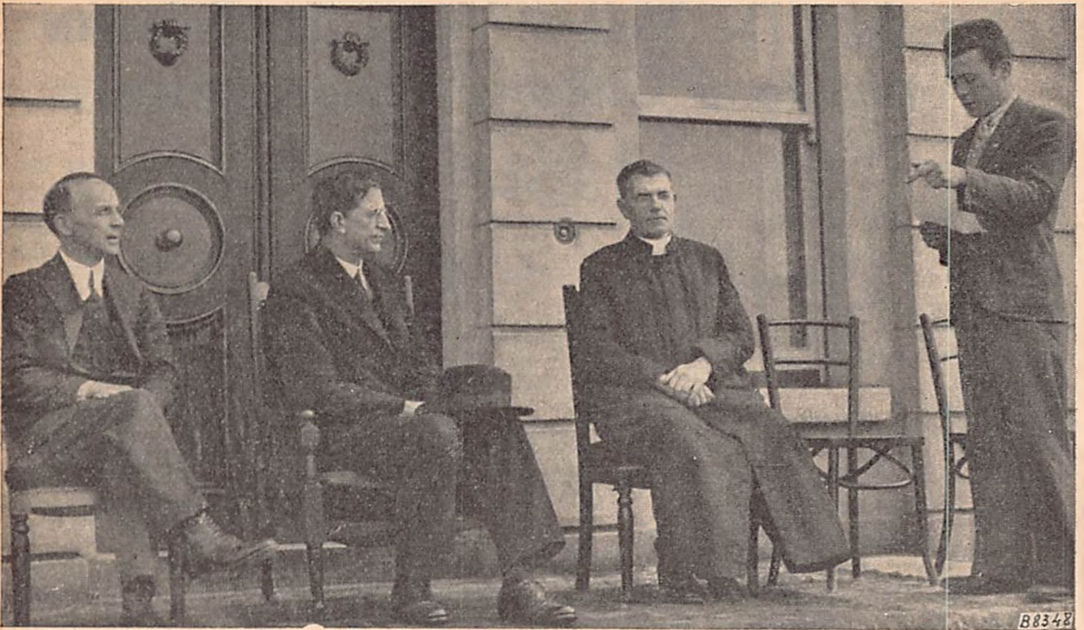
President de Valera paid a semi-private visit to the Warrenstown Agricultural College, conducted by the Salesian Fathers, on a Saturday in early June. The President was accompanied by Senator Joseph Connolly, Minister for Lands and Forestry, Mr. Sean Moynihan, Secretary of the Executive Council and Mr. Frank Gallagher, Editor of the "Irish Press." The presidential party was joined at Dunshaughlin by Messrs. M. O'Reilly, T.D., J. P. Kelly, T.D., and Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Murray. The entrance to the College and approaches in the precincts were decorated and the national flag was displayed. The President was welcomed by the V. Rev. R. McElligott, Rector, and the clerical and lay members of the staff, as well as by the students. The students of the College sang the Soldier's Song, after which an address of welcome, the full text of which is reported below, was read by Father McElligott, and another in the national language was read by one of the pupils. The boys cheered enthusiastically for the President who was then conducted over the extensive tillage area of the college farm by Father McElligott, accompanied by the staff and students. Mr. W. J. Corcoran, Secretary of the Meath Co. Committee of Agriculture was also in attendance. It was evident that the President was highly impressed with all he saw. The area of the college farm is roughly 500 acres, and 150 acres of these are in tillage. There are 24 acres under wheat, 40 acres under oats, together with potatoes, roots, and vegetables of almost every kind. The cow byre was closely inspected. It is of the most modern type, with tubular tyings, feeding trough and automatic water supply. The cows, of which there were 57 in milk are milked by machines. There were 22 in-calf heifers, 29 bullocks, 25 stores, 27 calves, two bulls, one a premium bull, 14 sows, one premium boar, 12 store pigs. There are 11 ewes, two lambs, the rest having been sold, and four rams. Six working horses and two ponies complete the stock. The crops look healthy and advanced. The milk, which is graded "A"

is sold for the Dublin supply. After the tour of the farm the President and his party were entertained to tea, and bread made from wheat grown on the College farm formed an important part of the fare.

The V. Rev. R. McElligott, S. C., Rector of the College, read the following address of welcome to the President: —

*"Dear Mr. President* — On behalf of the Community, Staff and Students, I have very much pleasure in extending to you a hearty welcome, and in thanking you for honouring us by your presence here to-day in response to our invitation. The object of the training which is given at this College is to impart a sound agricultural and general education based on the methods of our founder — the great modern educator — St. John Bosco, whose system may be crystallized in the words — Aim to educate good Christians and useful citizens. The importance of colleges such as this is recognised by all progressive countries to-day; the more efficient and practical the agricultural training that is imparted by the Colleges, the more beneficial will be this training to the students in particular, and to this country in general. Our epoch is essentially one of commercial enterprise and keen competition. Old and easy-going methods must be abandoned, and the newest discoveries of modern research and investigation must be adapted, especially if we are to hold our own against alert and intensively educated external competitors. Many of our farming community are still, to a great extent, following the methods and customs of their forefathers, without taking into consideration the best measures for the improvement of the land and the increased production of crops. But in the vital matter of agriculture only the knowledge of modern methods and the practical application of these methods can lead our young farmers to success. It is sometimes remarked by less thoughtful persons that there are too many colleges of agriculture in this country. As a matter of fact there are altogether too few such centres which are devoted exclusively to education in this





President De Valera listening to an address of welcome.

subject. When one considers the veritable army of young people who are attending our secondary schools, where the trend of education is away from the land and towards other professions, the meagre number of our agricultural students will be found to be alarmingly small. Hence the urgent need for arousing the interest of the people in the land, and to develop the centres, therefore, to attract a more adequate following of the youth of Ireland to one of the most noble, as it is certainly the most ancient, of avocations, agriculture. Again, we know that for many decades in the past the life-blood of the country — our youthful population — was steadily ebbing away in the stream of emigration, and that a large portion of that pathetic exodus was from the rural districts. Happily for Ireland this sad state of things has received a check. But we must take measures betimes that this check, which we can truly regard as Providential, be a permanent one, and of enduring benefit to the country. An insidious form of rural depopulation is, in the meanwhile, threatening to develop, and our people are flocking to the towns, especially to the Capital. Surely the enormous expansion of Dublin — largely at the expense of the rural portions of the country — cannot be regarded as a

healthy sign. It is rather to be looked upon as a form of emigration away from country life, which cannot but be nationally detrimental. As it will be very difficult to have all the newcomers from country parts absorbed in industry, so will it be even more difficult to attract them back to rural life again once they have grown accustomed to the attractions of the city. A most potent aid in this regard will be the training and retention of an efficient and contented farming population. Thus we perceive the urgent need there is for an intensive development of agricultural training centres, where an increasing number of youth from our rural districts may be educated as efficient and progressive farmers. It is now fully realised on all hands that the peoples of all countries are devoting anxious attention to the supplying of their essential needs from their own soil; in other words, to the increase and development of tillage. This branch of agriculture has received particular attention at this College, and we have at the moment under cultivation upwards of 140 acres, an increase of 42 acres over last year. This will demonstrate and attest much more than any verbal statement, our sincere endeavour to keep up to line with the most necessary and important national movement for in-



creased tillage. The Salesian Fathers very thankfully acknowledge the enlightened counsel and material assistance which they have received from the Ministry for Agriculture since the inception of the College. It would, indeed, have been well nigh impossible to make the progress which has been already achieved, without such assistance, and they feel that the Ministry will continue to meet them in a beneficent and generous manner in order that some of their pressing difficulties may be lightened and that the further development of their work in this College may be assured. *Dear Mr. President*, in conclusion, I thank you once again, and assure you of our deep appreciation of the honour your presence confers on us to-day. May I now ask you to hear a short address in the national language from one of the students."

Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, one of the students, read the following address to the President: "A Uachtaran Uassail — Cuireann se brod mhor orainn indiu tu bheith anrso in ar measg ar chuairt chugainn agus go mor mhor mar se seo an cead uair a thainig tu chun an Colaiste cuireadoireacht seo. Is mor an onoir duinn agus do'n Colaiste ar taoiseach teacht ar chuairt chugainn agus is mian liomsa ar son na mic lein oiread agus cead mile failte a chuir romhat. In einfheacht leis an onoir duinn agus do'n Colaiste taisbeanann an cuairt seo an t-suim specialta a cuireann tusa mar ceann Rialtas an t-Saorstata agus dtalmhaidheacht agus i bhfeirineoireacht. Ta suil againn go dtugaidh Dia slainte agus cabhair dhuit agus go mbronnfaid se mile beannachta ar an mhait ata dha dheanaimh agat ar son muinntear na h-Eireann agus ar son Eireann. Is maith liom aris cead agus mile failte a chuir romat."

President De Valera, in reply, said he long had a desire to come to that College and he was delighted when he got the invitation. He came to learn the nature of the work carried out there and to see whether the benefits might not be distributed over a wider field. The sentiments expressed in the address of the Rector were sentiments which agreed very closely with the view of the present Government (applause). They believed that the education of their young people was not directed towards as practical an end in regard to the economy of the country as it might have been in the past, and the Government believed that the type of work

they were doing in that College was precisely the type of work in the educational line most needed for the good of the people. (applause) He hoped to learn much from his visit. The Minister for Agriculture was unable to come on this occasion but was looking forward to coming in a short time (applause). They wanted to see the work of the College in detail in order that they might be able to study it and learn from it and see to what extent it was possible to do work of a similar character in a wider way. He was very grateful for the kind reception and for their kindness in giving them that welcome (loud applause).

(From the "Meath Chronicle").



The President making his tour of the estate with the Rector.



# WHAT WE HEAR

## Two New Salesian Bishops.

In the last issue of the *Bulletin*, the announcement of the appointment of Mgr. Pasotti, S. C., as Prefect Apostolic of *Rajaburi*, Siam, was made. In this number, it is pleasing to be able to record the elevation of two Salesians to the episcopate. A new diocese has been created at *Shillong*, Assam, India, and upon the former Prefect Apostolic of Assam, Mgr. Mathias, S. C., has been conferred the honour of being named its first Bishop. Another Salesian working in India, Fr. Stephen Ferrando S. C., has been appointed Bishop of *Krishnagar*, which diocese has for some years past been in charge of an Administrator Apostolic. To both the new bishops, the *Bulletin* extends good wishes for many years of happy and fruitful labour in the ranks of the episcopate.



Mother Mazzarello.

Mgr. Mathias,  
S. C.



## Mother Mazzarello.

The *Cause* of Mother Mary Mazzarello, first Superior General of the Daughters of Our Lady Help of Christians, has recently been under discussion by the Sacred Congregation of Rites. We recommend this *Cause*, as also those others of which mention has recently been made, to the fervent prayers of all our readers.

## Ordinations.

The annual ordination ceremony in connection with the Salesian International Theological Seminary at Turin was held by His Eminence Cardinal Fossati, Archbishop of Turin, in the Basilica of Our Lady Help of Christians on Sunday, July 8th last. At this ordination, fifty-six priests, one deacon and thirty-nine subdeacons received their sacred orders. Among the newly-ordained priests were two, Fr. Thomas Hall and Fr. Peter Mc Cusker, belonging to the Anglo-Irish Province of the Congregation, whilst three, Frs. Divina, Masoero and Zavattaro, are destined for work in the United States of America.

A further ordination took place on Wednesday, Aug. 15th, the Feast of the Assumption, at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, when the Revs. William Chadwick and George Hilton (Battersea), Henry Hall



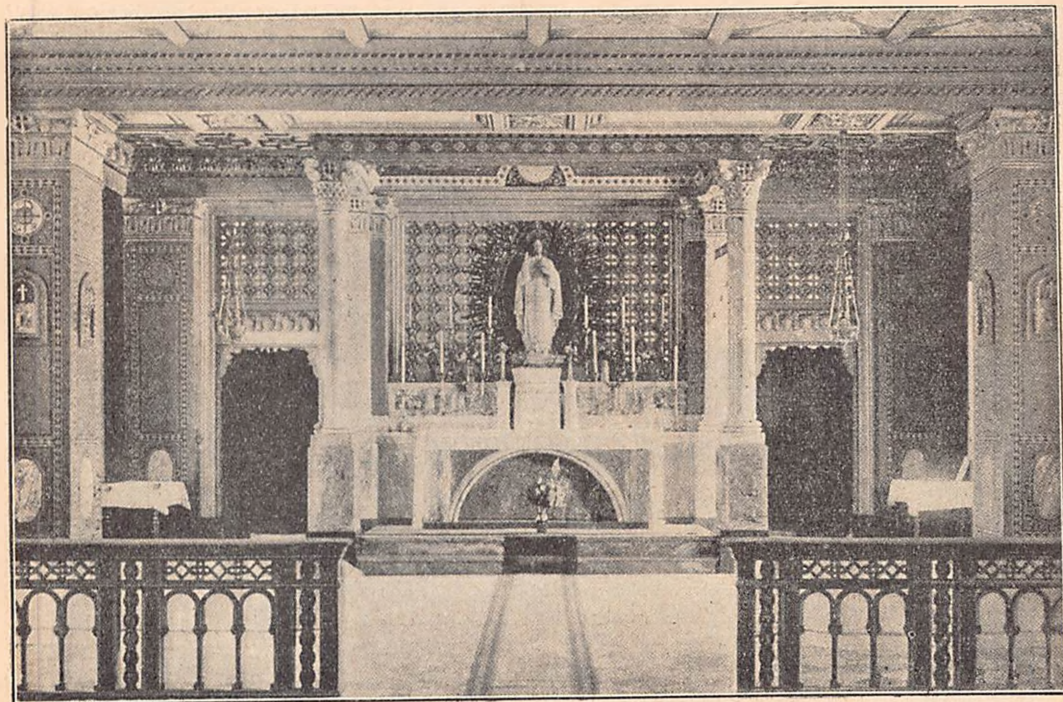
(Shrigley), and Frederick White (Bolton), were raised by His Lordship Bishop Amigo to the dignity of the priesthood. To one and all, our hearty congratulations and best wishes *ad multos annos!*

### *The New Salesian Foundation at Castroville, Texas U. S. A.*

The situation of the new Pius XI Institute, Castroville, Texas, opened in the year of Don Bosco's canonization, is a most happy one for the carrying on of a providential mission for the Mexican colony scattered about within the vicinity of the great city of San Antonio, Texas, which contains some 280,000 inhabitants, of whom 90,000 are Mexicans. These, who with others, who work for their living in the neighbouring towns and villages, total in all more than a hundred thousand, are the seed upon which protestantising efforts are concentrated, not without some success. The extreme condition of poverty and misery of these poor people increases greatly the danger to their faith. For this reason, the venerated Archbishop, Mgr. Dross-

aert, and the parish priests greeted as a blessing of God the arrival of the Sons of Don Bosco, and we must gratefully acknowledge the very real help they have extended to our new work.

At the same time the Salesians are solidifying their house of formation, in which young Mexicans and Cubans who aspire to the missionary life, either in their own countries or abroad, dedicate their activity to the work of the oratory. This, with its varying catechetical activities, day and evening school, dramatic section, *schola cantorum*, altar servers, band, sports, etc. finds a way into all the families of the district. The Oratory has brought about a true spiritual and social resurrection, which all admire, and has produced happy results in family life. The heads of families, bound together in the Association of St. Joseph and the Holy Family, are stimulated to economy and mutual help by an Elementary Agricultural School scheme, of three years' duration, during which they receive for their practical work a plot of land of whose products they take a third. The simplicity of the programme, with its theoretical work at nights



The High Altar in the International Studentate, Turin.



and work on the land during the day, so appealed to the directive body of a land association attached to the great irrigation works at *Medina Lake* that they spontaneously offered to anyone bearing the diploma of the completed course the option of a piece of irrigable land, of ten to fifteen days' working area in size, and payable for at moderate rates.

The Daughters of Mary Help of Christians also do important work among the young Mexican girls, both by means of an oratory and by after-school work, and certainly with not less success.

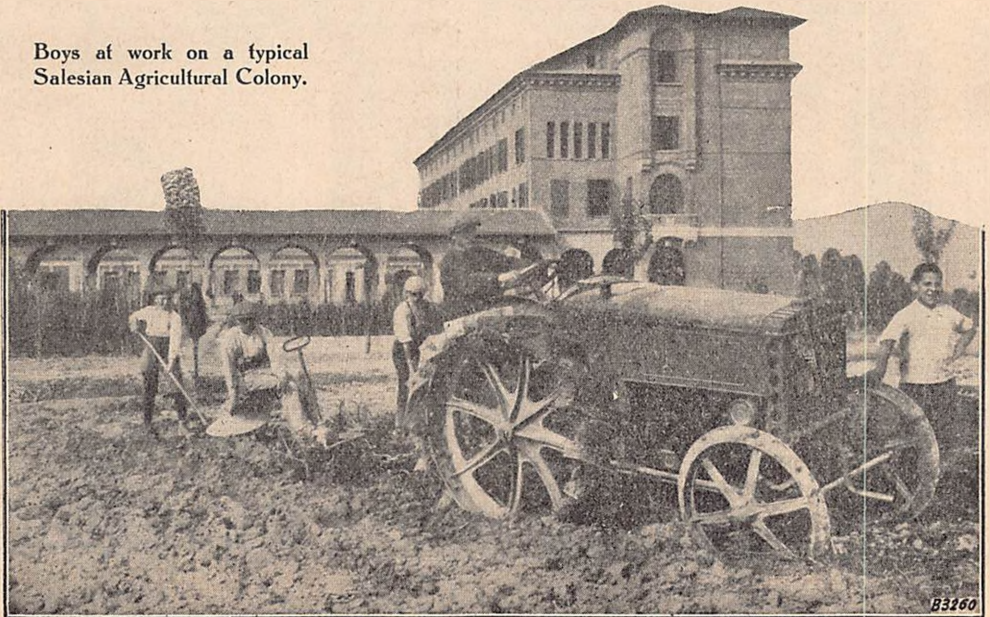
The activities of the oratory in connection with the dramatic section, the altar servers and sports have aroused great enthusiasm in the other parishes which they visit on different occasions during the year. Hence the encouragement which accompanies the Salesians in their work, which is visibly blessed by Divine Providence. Amongst our principal benefactors we must specially mention the names of the Archbishop, Mgr. Drossaert, Mgr. Ruis J. Flores, the parish priest, Fr. Lenzen, and the president of the local Salesian Co-operators, Sen. H. Flores. Several sub-committees of pious ladies are being organised. The Italian colony of San Antonio is exerting its influence to have Salesian work established in its own parish.

### *Cleveland: Yorks.*

"Back to the Land" is much to the fore in the Catholic programme in England and elsewhere. News of an interesting venture in this connection comes from the hard-hit North-Eastern area of England where, with the strong approval of His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle and Bishop Myers, a Catholic lady, the Hon. Mrs Bower, wife of the Catholic M.P. for Cleveland, has launched a new scheme. She has taken Grange Hall, near Sunderland, and fitted it out as a hostel to accommodate 32 boys. These boys will be kept for a period of ten weeks, and instructed in farm work by local farmers. Afterwards, they will be taken on a "living in" basis for two years' guaranteed employment on farms in the district.

The scheme has many practical points to commend it, but the main reason for its mention here is the fact that it has been placed under the special patronage of St. John Bosco, a proof that his interest in matters such as these is becoming widely known. That Don Bosco's patronage is a really effective and beneficial one is claimed by those directly interested in the scheme from the fact that since his protection was sought remarkable success has been attained and many offers of practical help have been received. Floreat!

Boys at work on a typical Salesian Agricultural Colony.







## NEWS FROM THE MISSIONS

### Prefecture Apostolic of Upper Luapala (Belgian Congo).

#### *A Remarkable Grace.*

*Kiniama!* A clearing in the vast forest of the Belgian Congo; large enough for a landing-ground for aeroplanes and enlivened by the silvery waters of the *River Kalubu* which winds its way along, murmuring as it crosses each line of stones obstructing its path. Opposite the Mission this river is over a hundred yards wide.

A visitor arriving at night — and to do so he would have to travel close on two hundred miles, presuming always that he had come from the nearest civilised centre from *Kiniama* — might be tempted to ask: "What station is this?" Or again: "What is this hotel with its myriad electric lamps shining on the opposite bank of the river?" And the one who had come to transport him across on the raft would reply: "It is the Salesian Mission."

— "But all these electric lights?"

— "They are the lights of the Mission. of the playground, the pupils' dormitories and the rest."

— "A shining Mission!"

— "Exactly, and one which makes those who come to it beam with joy. I might tell you an interesting story in regard to it, but perhaps it would take too long."

— "No, a story is always interesting."

— "Very well, then; it is a story in two parts.

— "Go on then, let me hear both parts."

#### *On the Damas Road.*

"On the evening before Ash Wednesday there arrived at the doors of the Mission a motor-car covered with mud. A gentleman, followed by a lady and three fine, growing boys, got out. They were English and could speak nothing else. They had come up from Transvaal, and had passed along the east coast of Africa, crossed the Portuguese possessions, Nyassaland and Northern Rhodesia and were making their way to *Lobito*, passing through *Kiniama* en route.

Their journey had lasted two months, and in twelve days time they should reach *Lobito* where they would embark for England.

Providence, however, had disposed otherwise: it was impossible for them to continue their journey. The rainy season was at its height, the roads were impassable and a short distance further on no bridge was available to cross the river.

The Superior of the Mission welcomed them with his customary hospitality and



housed them in a building especially arranged for visitors.

It so happened that on that day the Christians were arriving from all parts for the ceremony of Ash Wednesday. In the evening, when the bell sounded for prayers, the church was filled in a few minutes. The full details of the interior were clearly outlined in the glow of the electric lights and the figure of Our Lady, crowned with an aureola, brightly illuminated, smiled down on the kneeling throng.

The Father Superior went to get his guests — they were Protestants — to invite them, if they wished, to assist at the spectacle. From the porch, they contemplated the dazzling interior, listened to the recital of the prayers, said in perfect unison by the hundreds gathered inside, and watched in admiration this black, kneeling, immovable and respectful crowd. This sight, so unexpectedly beautiful, this grand, united demonstration of religious feeling electrified them: they seemed suddenly bathed in the warmth of the rays of the sun. 'Marvellous,' the lady could not help but keep repeating to her husband.

It was the first movement of grace!

On succeeding evenings they could be seen in the same place assisting at the hymns, the prayers and the instruction which followed. It goes without saying that during those days they talked much about religion and, in fact, the gentleman, unknown to the

other members of his family, commenced courageously to study a large explanatory catechism which someone had managed to secure there for him.

Four weeks later, the 19th March and the feast of St. Joseph, twenty-five pupils of the Mission school received baptism after three or four years of continuous and difficult instruction. The guests asked to be allowed to assist at the ceremony.

'But it will be a long ceremony and will, perhaps, tire you too much,' said someone.

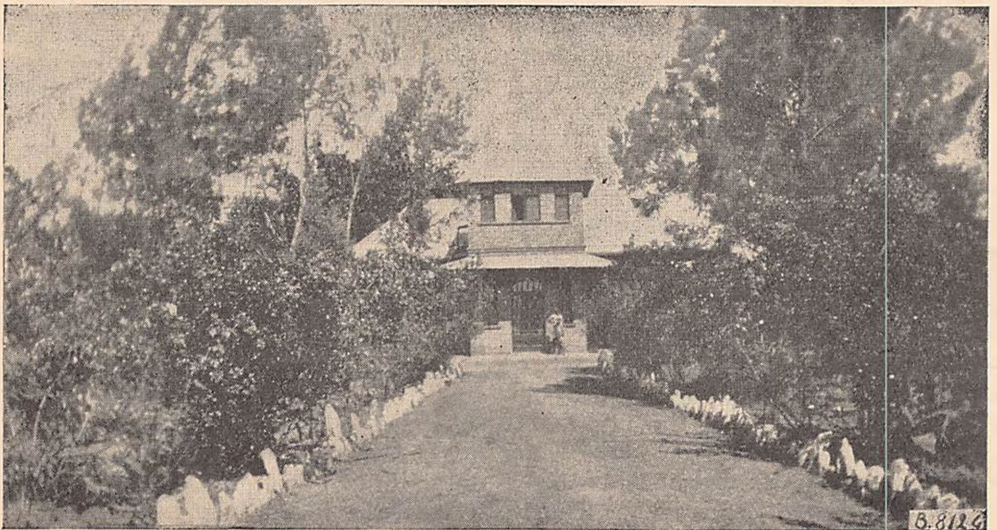
'That will be all right,' said the father, 'but we should all like to see it, and we shall talk about it when we get back to England.'

At six o'clock in the morning, whilst the two dozen catechumens, clothed in white, formed themselves into a circle for the ceremony, the five Europeans took a place in the church. For two long hours, whilst the full liturgical ceremony was carried through without any omissions, they watched these woolly heads incline one by one at the baptismal font and then return, modestly to their places, their faces betraying that inexpressible joy which was flooding their souls.

During the High Mass which followed immediately, the neophytes received for the first time Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament of His love into their innocent hearts.

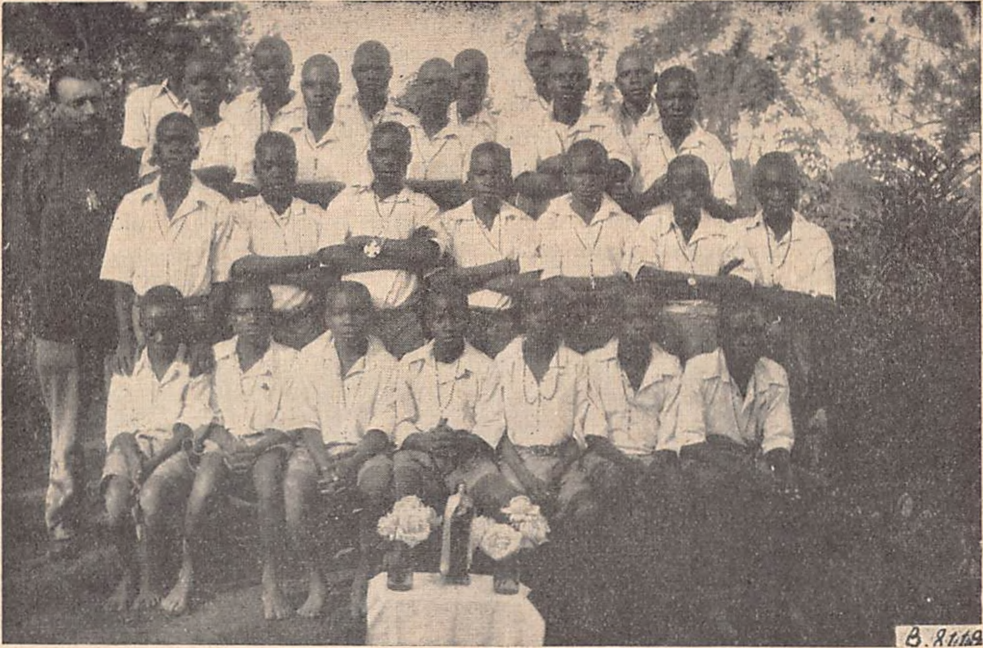
'Marvellous, beautiful,' the lady remarked as she left the church.

— This was the second movement of grace for these curious spectators.



The Residence of the Salesian Missionaries at Kiniama.





The 25 young Congolese baptised on the feast of St Joseph.

— 'It must have been a very affecting movement.'

— 'It was. Listen to the rest!'

### *The Conversion.*

"On the following day, the Father Superior was in class with his newly-baptised pupils. The Englishman was walking up and down in the playground outside, visibly preoccupied, striking with his stick, as he went along, the pebbles which happened to be in his path. Soon, he passed before the open window of the classroom. He glanced within and, as the priest approached him:

— "They are happy now," he remarked.

'Oh, yes, very happy,' replied the priest, noting meanwhile the red eyes and the obviously agitated expression on the Englishman's face. He moved off once again and with a nervous gesture, threw his cigarette end away.

The same evening, husband and wife knocked at the Superior's door. They quickly commenced to talk about the feast of the solemn baptism of the black children. The lady could not find words enough to praise the beauty of the ceremonies; she had admired the devotion of the Christians as

they went up to receive Holy Communion, she had felt moved at hearing their prayers and hymns.

— 'Yes,' said her husband, 'but at the baptism of the pupils yesterday, two were missing.'

— 'Two? Which two?' asked the priest.

— 'My wife and myself,' he replied with a sigh of relief. Him! The priest could scarcely believe it after the tone of his earlier conversations. It turned out that the husband, though baptised in the Protestant church, had, during the war, followed a course of instructions from a Catholic priest with a view to conversion to Catholicism; he had, however, slacked off and failed to persevere in them. But his wife was a convinced, practising Protestant, and rather prejudiced against the exterior practices of our religion. But she was a religiously-minded woman and devoted to her husband.

— 'And your children,' asked the priest?

— 'They are respectively 17, 15 and 13 years of age. Before our departure for South Africa, their aunt, who is a convert to Catholicism, had them rebaptised by a Catholic priest and since then, that is to say for ten years, they have lived like ourselves in Protestant surroundings.'



The conclusion: Both demanded insistently to be baptised; they felt well-disposed, were free from all material worries and were afraid lest, if they delayed until their return to England, business and perhaps relatives would cause them to defer further the date of their conversion. Finally, by common consent, Wednesday of Holy Week was decided upon for the baptism of the parents and Holy Thursday for the first communion of the whole family.

priest of the Mission all the instructions necessary for the reception of the sacraments.

At seven o'clock on the Wednesday evening of Holy Week, the church of *Kinama* was brilliant with light; the newly-converted ones knelt there and, with their hands on the book of the Gospels, made their profession of faith, renouncing their errors. Then, at the same baptismal font before which, a short time previously, they had watched the native catechumens incline, they asked



The Converted Family with one of the Missionaries.

The ten days following this interview were passed in the study of the catechism and prayers, and in resolving the various difficulties advanced. Every evening, until very late hours, the priest discussed different religious topics with them, spoke to them of the beauty of the sacraments, the marks of the true Church, the infallible authority of the Pope, and of such subjects as Lourdes, and likewise of some of the miracles of St. John Bosco.

— 'And what did they say to it all?'

— That all this was lacking in the Protestant Church and that they were convinced that the Catholic Church was the only true one.

The three children received from the other

humbly, and with their eyes wet with tears, for Holy Baptism. Their three sons assisted at the ceremony. It was a moving spectacle. As they left the church, the Christians and the children from the school gave them a veritable ovation. They had a magnificent retinue. They were jostled here and there by the throng; all wanted to be close to them and to shake their hands.

The evening was passed in a state of really holy joy, in edifying conversations in preparation for their first Communion on the morrow, Holy Thursday. That morning, all the family shared in the feast: the father, mother and the three sons all approached the Holy Table for the first time, their hands piously joined, and, in their eager hearts,



they received the Divine Saviour who had so lovingly called them to Him.

After them, the Christians communicated in hundreds and, during the day, the new converts did not fail to spend their hour of devotion before the Blessed Sacrament. The beautiful offices of the last days of Holy Week, though so long and held in a church full of natives, found them always in their seat, which they were always last to leave.

Oh, how they now love this church into which they scarce dare enter barely seven weeks before!

'Before,' the gentleman remarked to me, 'I could never make up my mind to make a genuflection; now, I will make one here in the street if you wish.'

Another time, always enthusiastic, he said:

— 'Think! I have spent thirty years in England; that brought me nothing very great; ten years in the 'Transvaal and I was still nothing; now, after only a month in your mission, I have gained all!'

On the evening of his first communion, the youngest of the sons, leaning over the table, suddenly interrupted the conversation.

— 'Mother,' he said, 'I want to become a priest; you will be pleased, won't you?'

— 'Certainly, and your brother as well, if he wishes.'

— 'But I want to become a missionary.'

— 'God bless you,' replied the mother; 'God bless you,' — and she let fall a tear.

On Tuesday of Easter week they took their departure. The roads had become practicable, the bridges had been repaired.

Breakfast that morning was a strange affair. None seemed able to eat, words were difficult.

— 'We must go to the church once again to thank the good God,' said the lady.

The thanksgiving in the church was long and fervent; they could scarce take their eyes from this altar where reposed the Master of all mercy, or from the beautiful painting of St. John Bosco, whom they had taken as their family patron. The Superior who accompanied them had at length to give them a sign to rise.

Slowly the mission rafts bore them to the other side of the river, where, on the opposite bank, the motor had remained all Lent. It had now to start anew to cover the twelve hundred or more miles which separated it from *Lobito*, the port of embarkation for England.

The separation was, as can be imagined, a moving and difficult one for all concerned. Finally, however, amidst many signs of farewell, the party set off and were lost to sight in the forest.

The impression made upon the blacks by the remarkable series of events was a profound one. *Abo bashuka!* they repeated, in other words: 'What a grand chance they had!' It was, unconsciously, a parallel to the remark of the English people who, fifteen days before, referring to the newly-baptised natives, had remarked: 'They are happy now!'

FR. RENE VAN HEUSDEN,  
*Salesian Missionary.*



Offerings may be sent to: **The Very Rev. Superior General**  
ITALY Oratorio Salesiano - Via Cottolengo, 32 TORINO

Will all those who have to correspond with the *English Salesian Bulletin* in Italy please note that the correct postage for all ordinary letters is: From England 2½d. and Colonies 3d. — From the Irish Free State 3d. From the U. S. A. 5c.

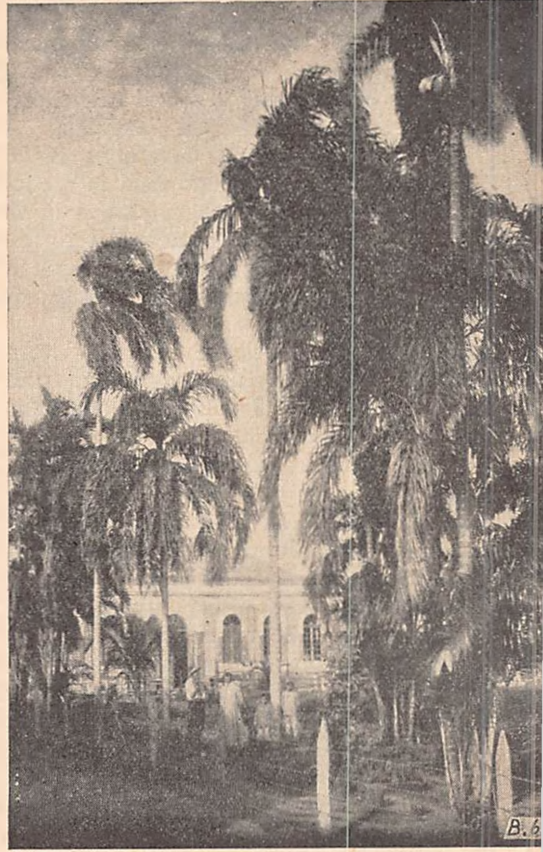


## On The Banks of the Rio Negro (Brazil).

*Taracua*, the native mission which rises, smiling and beautiful, on the right of the gigantic *Vaupès*, the greatest tributary of the Rio Negro, recently celebrated enthusiastically, the completion of the first ten years of its existence. It was a memorable feast; one calculated to arouse in the soul of even the most apathetic of the Indians sentiments of more noble aspirations.

The feast was considerably enhanced by the presence amongst us of our apostolic prelate, Mgr. Massa, who pontificated at Solemn Mass, at which the music was admirably rendered by our young Indians under the direction of one of the Sisters, who is the organist and choirmistress of the mission.

The celebrations commenced with a triduum preached by Mgr. Massa, who, by his ardent words and easy command of language, electrified the souls of all, but particularly those of our little Indians and our past pupils who understand the native tongue so well. A month before, various canoes had been sent up the river and along the various tributaries to notify the Indians of the coming feasts, for which many of them would have to travel for an entire week. From the earliest days of the festive week, canoes, in a constant procession, began to arrive, all loaded with flour, bananas and various kinds of fruit to be sold at the mission, and in exchange for which they would obtain salt, matches and cloth. It was a most interesting sight to see these canoes arrive. Our Indians possess but little, but what they have they carry, when travelling, along with them. At whatever point of the river night may surprise them, they refuse to be dismayed. Selecting a dry spot on the bank, they land, kindle a fire and prepare their supper which consists always of broiled fish, the fish being caught as they travel along. They squat down and eat with a slowness and tranquillity quite peculiar to themselves. That done, they prepare a mixture of mandioca flour, well soaked in water, which they gulp down in large quantities. Finally, they



A Mission Hospital on the Rio Negro.

swim for some minutes in the river, wash their mouths, clean their teeth with the index finger of their right hands, and come out drying themselves most vigorously with both hands. Then, slinging their hammocks, which are often made of very light material, between two poles, they toss themselves into them, thinking nothing of the fact that they may possibly fall with them during the night. They are, however, extremely careful to keep the fire alight, for this is their only means of protection during the night both against the excessive dampness and against wild animals, particularly tigers and snakes. They get down from their precarious perch only to attend to the fire or to protect it from the rain by making a shield for it with their bare backs. But let me return to the feast, which is our subject for the moment.

During the week preceding the feast, the one and principal work of our young Indians



was to clean the streets and open spaces, particularly at those parts where the procession would pass. During working hours each one betook himself to the post allotted to him and refused to allow the fierce heat of the equatorial sun, whose rays poured down upon him, to inconvenience him, such was the ardour of all to do the best possible. They did not even wear a hat upon their heads; our Indians do not allow such trifles as these to worry them. It is already sufficient agony for them to support the inconvenience of a pair of trousers and a palm shirt, luxuries in which they allow themselves to indulge only in the presence of civilised people and at the mission. At home, a piece of long cloth suffices, and this is never dispensed with.

Saturday, the eve of the feast, was devoted to the preparation of arches and festoons. Soon after breakfast, all the young Indian boarders of the mission, from the smallest to the biggest, taking their own oars and knives, went down to the river and took possession of every canoe in sight. Two, three, five, ten, for every canoe, according to its capacity, and then they set off for the chosen spots where they knew they would find beautiful and abundant palms, the most beautiful and simplest of ornaments that nature has provided in these lands of sun. Oh,

the beautiful and elegant palms of these immense forests! They are there to suit all tastes. They are of every species and variety; let the botanists classify them as they may. They are of every size, from a few inches to fifty yards in height. Some were cut down in the Isle of Flowers in order to construct there a new missionary residence, dedicated to the heavenly Patroness of the Missions, St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.

After a couple of hours, our good Indians were back with as many palm leaves as would have sufficed to cover one of our public parks. Towards evening, the mission and the village seemed as though they were lost in a forest of palms. Every door, every window was festooned with palm leaves, which were so interwoven as to form beautiful gothic arches. Like all the streets and the squares, the church presented an imposing spectacle, and this particularly during the religious service in the evening during which the enthusiasm of all was at its height. In the mysterious silence of evening, the silvery voices of our young choristers, singing the "*Quicumque certum quacritis*" and the "*Tantum Ergo*," rang out. The Eucharistic Benediction must, indeed, have descended more copiously than on those good souls, upon our hopes for the morrow, and also on those crowds who stood outside at the doors



The new façade of the Church at *Taracua*. On the right is the college of the Sisters. In front: native boys tidying the road in preparation for the procession.



and windows of the church, astonished at all they could see and hear. Oh may the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to whom the mission of *Taracuà* is dedicated, draw quickly to Himself these poor people and the many who live buried in the depths of the forests and on the banks of these immense rivers, ignorant of the Gospel light!

On leaving the church, the huge bonfire erected in the square was lit. Away it blazed amid the cheers and shouts of all. Two hours of holy and enthusiastic joy followed. Then the flames having no more wood to devour, gradually died away, leaving but a smouldering mass behind, whilst the moon from on high seemed to smile down upon the scene. Then, and only then, did our little Indians go to rest after the tiring labours of the day. The Indians who had come from afar sat round the flickering remains until a late hour, chatting and relating in minutest detail the story of their voyage and of their day. They will chat thus for hours, and this is one means of civilising them a little.

What shall I say of the next day, the day



On the Rio Negro: Making an exchange.

of the feast? There are so many things to be said that one must perforce leave some aside. I must speak in brief of the great awakening of that morning. An improvised cannon, made of a piece of iron tubing some ten centimetres wide and about a yard long, the invention of one of our confrères, did the trick. And what a row, what a success! Certainly one could not guarantee the life of anyone who had wished to stand too close in order to see it function. It made all who slept within the vicinity of the mission jump up at once. It was answered by hundreds of others of lesser calibre from both banks of the river, and also by rifle shots from all sides. It might be safely said that all our Christians at *Taracuà* had one. And so much the better, for, to acquire one, they had worked for months in or near the Mission in the extraction of india-rubber. When the day came, as may well be imagined, all were well supplied with powder, which they had been given as a present, and, indeed, it seemed like a proper war. This over, the bells rang to announce that Mass was about to commence. The "war" was repeated again towards mid-day, and, later, during the procession. The "cannon" sounded once more at the end of the solemn Mass, at which, as has already been stated, Mgr. Massa pontificated. After this the playgrounds of the two schools were taken by assault, the men occupying the boys' playground and the women that of the girls. This was certainly for the still crude Indian the best hour of all, for it was dinner-time. It was the first time, too, that they had eaten from a plate, had spoons, and a table. The refectory tables were drawn up in the playgrounds and the Indians sat down in turn in hundreds to devour the ample meal of pork, rice and beans that the mission had prepared for them.

The procession later through the streets of the village and the mission grounds with the rich statue of the Sacred Heart was a beautiful and devout one. Our little altar-servers, to the number of thirty, made a brave show in their red cassocks, looking like little cardinals. The little baby girls scattered rose petals, and the singing of hymns was interspersed with the recital of decades of the rosary. Upon the return to the church, the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered, the prelate exhorting all to give to the Sacred





Native pupils of the Mission who took part in the drama of St. Tarcisius.

Heart their most lively thanks for the benefits received during the ten years of the mission's existence, and to correspond ever more faithfully to the great grace which the Lord had granted them in sending the missionaries to them that they might teach them the way to heaven. The Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was then recited, being repeated word for word by the people. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed as on the vigil.

The feast was not yet ended. As in every Salesian house, there had to be a theatrical performance. A real drama, "The Story of St. Tarcisius," was presented. Imagine a child of the forest dressed as a Roman, standing on a stage, gesticulating freely and without embarrassment, pronouncing his words clearly in Portuguese. And this every actor did, as though born to the stage, and this at their first attempt. Here you see the fruit of ten years' continuous work, of sacrifice by the Sons of Don Bosco lost in these infidel forests, far isolated from every human comfort, in a deadly climate such as

is this of the Rio Negro. Of the three who took part in the foundation of the mission of *Taracua*, two have already departed for eternity, namely Fr. Balzola and the lay-brother, Augustus Framarin. The third is Fr. Marchesi, who was present at the feasts and who must have felt deeply moved when he thought again of the beginnings of these foundations and especially of those first days when they landed on the hard ground where to-day he sees fine and elegant buildings on the very spot where but yesterday the wild forest reigned supreme. There they laboured to build a hut to protect themselves from the torrential rains and from the fierce rays of the equatorial sun. The forest, absolute sovereign for so many centuries, yielded little by little to the vibrating blows of the axes of those whose hearts were filled with love of souls. To-day those gone to their reward contemplate from afar the bubbling life of their little children of yesterday, but to-day children of the Redemption, completely transformed and living the civil and Christian life, proclaiming it to all who yet



dwelt in superstition and mystery. Today, life is truly beautiful and gay.

To-day no longer are to be heard the ferocious howlings of the tiger, the hiss of the serpent or the lugubrious song of strange night birds. To-day, instead, are heard the sounds of happy laughter and joyful songs; signs abound of the arts, of agriculture, of study, virtue, prayer. Behold the fruit, the synthesis of ten years' of work, sacrifice and prayer. Hundreds are the children of both sexes from these forests who have passed through *Taracuà*, where they learnt to know and to love their earthly Fatherland, but still more the heavenly one above. Numerous, too, are the families formed with the sacramental union of matrimony from the ranks of our past-pupils of both sexes. These families are, as it were, the pupils of our eyes, for only with the formation of the Christian family shall we have the evangelisation, and hence the civilisation of these poor, savage tribes. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus continue to protect and bless this Mission! Let all to whom it may be given to come to our aid, to share our labours, our

trials, our fatigues and our sufferings be not dismayed. The Lord does not let Himself be outdone in generosity.

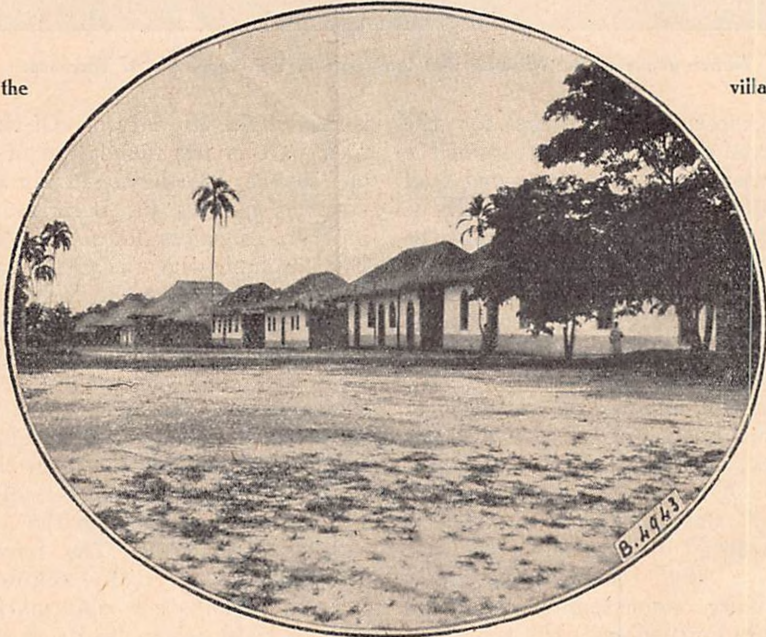
How grand it is after a day of fatiguing work, both spiritual and material, to find oneself surrounded by a crowd of nimble, lively, little Indians who understand and love you, whose smile is salutary and cooling water in the greatest heat.

I cannot finish without presenting in my own name, in that of my confrères, and, indeed, of the whole Mission, profound and grateful thanks to Mgr. Peter Massa, our beloved and apostolic prelate, who, at the cost of so many sacrifices, desired the foundation of this native Mission which is not the only one, for five days in the canoe brings us to where rises that of *Javaavete*, the rival, if not the superior, of that at *Taracuà*. He has sustained the Mission in difficult moments and continues to sustain it with equal generosity in these trying and critical times.

To our benefactors, one and all, our thanks, our prayers and our sacrifices.

FR. ALOYSIUS ALGERI,  
*Salesian Missionary.*

Residences in the



village of *Taracuà*.

Offerings towards the erection of the new ALTAR of ST. JOHN BOSCO  
will be gratefully received by

The V. Rev. Superior General, Via Cottolengo, 32 — Turin (109) - Italy,



## GRACES AND FAVOURS RECEIVED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF MARY HELP OF CHRISTIANS AND SAINT JOHN BOSCO

**E. O'C.** *New Zealand.* — A thousand thanks to Our Divine Lord, Our Lady Help of Christians and our dear St. John Bosco for speedy and marvellous relief from serious heart trouble after praying to St. John Bosco on Easter Sunday and placing his picture on my heart.

**D. & T. H.** *London.* — Thanksgiving offering enclosed after successful operation. Success attributed to the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians and St. John Bosco.

**Fervent Client.** *Belfast.* — My daughter has been cured of severe heart trouble through the intercession of the Sacred Heart and Venerable Dominic Savio. She was very weak when a Novena was begun, but is now very much better. I promised publication if she were cured.

**M. F. D.** *Bootle.* — You will find P. O. enclosed for favour received through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians and Don Bosco.

**A. M. R.** *Isle of Wight.* — Enclosed please find a thank-offering in thanksgiving to St. John Bosco for a favour received.

**Mrs. L. O'C.** *Co. Dublin.* — I enclose offering which I promised St. Don Bosco for his boys if he relieved my husband from a rather serious complaint he was suffering from. My husband got better almost immediately and has been better ever since.

**Mr. V. G.,** *Glasgow.* — I enclose P. O. in thanksgiving for a favour received (obtaining employment) through the intercession of St. John Bosco.

**Unworthy Client.** *Ireland.* — I enclose a small offering for Masses to be said in honour of the Heart of Jesus, Our Lady Help of Christians and Saint John Bosco for grace to obtain petitions I most ardently implore.

**L. C.,** *New Rochelle. U. S. A.* — I wish to return my most heartfelt thanks to



Mary Help of Christians and Saint John Bosco for a great favour (recovery of wife despaired of by the doctors) received through their intercession.

**M. A. R.** *Georgetown, Demerara.* — Enclosed you will find Money Order in thanksgiving for favours received through Our Lady Help of Christians and Don Bosco.

**Mrs H. B.** *Sliema, Malta.* — I am sending P. O. for 10/- in honour of St. John Bosco



in thanksgiving for a very great favour I have received.

M. S. Bury St. Edmunds. — Please say a Mass for the beatification of Ven. Dominic Savio in thanksgiving for great favours received through his intercession, and that of Our Lady Help of Christians.

M. C. — I enclose an offering towards the new altar of St. John Bosco in thanksgiving for a favour received through his intercession.

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## O B I T U A R Y

*Our Co-operators and Readers are asked to pray for the eternal repose of the souls of the following Salesians and Cooperators who have died recently.*

### Rev. Father John Devine, S. C.

#### AN APPRECIATION.

The news of the death of Father John Devine at the Salesian School, Cape Town, South Africa, came as a great shock and caused no little grief among his confrères and friends in England and Ireland, by whom he was held in high regard and affection.

Hailing from Killishil — his home town in Co. Tyrone, Ireland — Father Devine entered the Salesian College at Battersea as a student in May, 1902, with the intention of studying for the Civil Service. But, being of a very devout disposition, he soon received from God the grace of a religious vocation and joined the Salesians at Burwash in June 1903. After finishing his noviceship, he volunteered for the Missions and was sent to Chile, where he completed his studies and was ordained in January, 1911.

His health was never robust and his many years in a very hot climate told on his constitution, and on doctor's orders he had

to return to England. From then onwards he served in different Houses of the Province in various offices, but his chief work lay in the confessional. He was a deeply religious character and he combined with it a very joyful disposition and thus attracted many to a greater love of the spiritual life.

He made many friends and his generosity was proverbial. It was well-known that he never refused anything he possessed to anyone in need or who wished for any little article he may have had on his person or in his room.

One great desire he had, and it was granted to him, which was to be among the little band of Salesians who went to open the first Salesian House in Ireland. In Copsewood, Limerick, the good people called him the 'Holy Priest,' and his memory will long be treasured there by those who received his spiritual help in times grave and difficult.

He returned to Battersea in 1926, as Catechist, but the following year he departed for Cape Town, South Africa, and here he remained till his death. As might be expected, his end was most edifying and consoling. He was well prepared and joyfully received all the Last Sacraments of the Church. He peacefully passed away, surrounded by the sorrowing confrères of both the Salesian Houses at the Cape. May he rest in peace and may perpetual light shine upon him.

\* \* \*

A solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem was sung by His Lordship Bishop Hennemann, in the presence of the clergy of the Peninsula, at Cape Town on Thursday, July 12th, after which the interment took place, the Bishop officiating at the graveside.

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Rev. P. Ubaldi, S. C., *Turin, Italy.*

Rev. J. Rinaldi, S. C., *Turin, Italy.*

Rev. J. A. Wissink, Longridge, *Preston, England.*

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Please send your offering towards the erection of the new CHURCH of  
ST. JOHN BOSCO at SHRIGLEY to the  
Rector, Salesian Missionary College, Shrigley Park, nr. Macclesfield, Cheshire.



# SPIRITUAL TREASURY

*A List of the Plenary Indulgences which may be gained by Salesian Co-operators during the course of the year.*

1. Once each day by raising up their minds to God by means of any ejaculation, however short. (This indulgence of *Sanctified Labour*, granted by Pius XI, includes also an indulgence of 400 days every time a similar invocation is made. It may be gained also by the Salesians, the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians and the pupils and past-pupils of both).
2. Once each month, on any day at choice.
3. On the day on which they make the Exercises for a Happy Death.
4. On the day on which they assist at the monthly Salesian conference.
5. On the day on which they are inscribed in the Pious Union of Salesian Co-operators.
6. On the day on which, for the first time, they consecrate themselves to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
7. Every time they make a spiritual retreat of eight days.
8. At the hour of death, on condition that having confessed and received Holy Communion, or at least being sorry for their sins, they shall invoke with their lips or heart the Most Holy Name of Jesus.

## ON EACH OF THE FOLLOWING FEASTS

### 1) *Moveable:*

- The Holy Name of Jesus (Sunday between the 1st January and the Epiphany).  
The Holy Family (First Sunday after the Epiphany).  
The Seven Dolours - First Feast. (Friday before Palm Sunday).  
Palm Sunday.  
Easter Sunday.  
The Ascension.  
Pentecost.  
Trinity Sunday.  
Corpus Christi.  
The Sacred Heart of Jesus (Friday of the first week after Corpus Christi).  
The Sacred Heart of Mary (Day following the former).

### 2) *Fixed:*

## JANUARY

- 1 - Circumcision of Our Lord.
- 6 - Epiphany.
- 18 - St. Peter's Chair at Rome.

- 23 - Espousals of Our Lady.
- 25 - Conversion of St. Paul.
- 29 - St. Francis of Sales.

## FEBRUARY

- 2 - Purification.
- 22 - Chair of St. Peter at Antioch.

## MARCH

- 19 - St. Joseph.
- 25 - The Annunciation.

## MAY

- 3 - Finding of the Holy Cross.
- 8 - Apparition of St. Michael the Archangel.
- 17 - Anniversary of the Coronation of the Picture of Our Lady Help of Christians.
- 24 - Our Lady Help of Christians.

## JUNE

- 24 - Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
- 29 - SS. Peter and Paul.
- 30 - Commemoration of St. Paul.

## JULY

- 1 - The Precious Blood.
- 2 - Visitation of Our Lady.
- 16 - Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

## AUGUST

- 6 - The Transfiguration.
- 15 - Assumption of Our Lady.
- 16 - St. Roch.

## SEPTEMBER

- 8 - Nativity of Our Lady.
- 12 - The Holy Name of Mary.
- 14 - Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
- 15 - Seven Dolours (2nd Feast).
- 29 - Dedication of St. Michael the Archangel.

## OCTOBER

- 7 - The Holy Rosary.
- 11 - The Maternity of Our Lady.
- 16 - The Purity of Mary.

## NOVEMBER

- 21 - Presentation of Our Lady.
- 22 - St. Cecilia.

## DECEMBER

- 8 - Immaculate Conception.
- 25 - Nativity of Our Lord.

*Apart from the usual conditions, it is necessary for all, in order to gain these indulgences, to recite daily an Our Father, Hail Mary and Glory be to the Father, for the intentions of the Holy Father, with the invocation St. Francis of Sales, pray for us. (Decree, Oct. 2nd., 1904).*



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# The Literature of Saint John Bosco

Published by Messrs Burns Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. 43, Newgate St, London. E. C. 1.

- LIFE OF ST. JOHN BOSCO.* — Translation from the French of Rev. A. Auffray. S. C. . . . . 12/6
- ST. JOHN BOSCO'S EARLY APOSTOLATE.* — The Story of Don Bosco with his boys . . . . . 7/6
- DON BOSCO.* — By Johannes Joergensen . . . . . 5/-

Published by Messrs Alexander Ouseley, 94, Petty France, London. S. W. 1.

- LIFE OF ST. JOHN BOSCO.* — By Rev. H. L. Hughes. B. A., D. Litt. A popular Life of the Saint . . . . . 3/6
- VIRTUE AND CHRISTIAN REFINEMENT.* — A Month's Devotion to St. Vincent de Paul. A translation of a work written by St. John Bosco . . . . . 3/6

Published by the Catholic Social Guild, Oxford.

- THE FESTIVE ORATORY OF ST. JOHN BOSCO.* — (A Means to save the Young) by Very Rev. E. M. Tozzi. S. C. (Provincial) . . . . . 2d.

## Also:

- ST. JOHN BOSCO.* — By J. B. Calvi. S. C., D. Litt. The story of the saint is told in a beautifully simple fashion: the book contains nearly forty pictures and illustrations. - (Società Editrice Internazionale, Turin) . . . . . 1/6
- ST JOHN BOSCO.* — C. T. S. pamphlet - by Very Rev. W. G. Austen. S. C., M. A. . . . . 2d.  
Music of the New Hymn to St. John Bosco.  
Words by Rev. C. C. MARTINDALE. S. J. Music by Rev. G. PAGELLA. S. C. - Salesian Press . . . . . 3d post free.
- A REMARKABLE SCHOOL BOY - DOMINIC SAVIO - A PUPIL OF ST JOHN BOSCO* (Irish C. T. S. Dublin) . . . . . 2d.

To be published shortly by Messrs. Alexander Ouseley.

- LIFE OF THE VEN. DOMINIC SAVIO.* — The saintly pupil of St. John Bosco.

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All the above may also be obtained from  
THE SALESIAN PRESS, SURREY LANE - BATTERSEA - LONDON, S. W. 11.