

THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

ILLUSTRATED REVIEW.

ORGAN OF THE
ASSOCIATION OF
SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS



«DA MIHI ANIMAS, CAETERA TOLLE»

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1927

SCRITTORI LATINI.

- AGOSTINO (S.). — **Delle "Confessioni", i libri VIII e IX.** Con introduzione, testo latino e note di S. Colombo L. 4 —
- **Trattato Catechistico** (*De Catechizandis Rudibus*). Testo latino con introduzione e note di S. Colombo » 4 —
- AMBROGIO (S.). — **De Officiis** libri tres. A cura di G. Tamietti » 6 —
- Antologia vergiliana.** Pagine scelte dalle *Bucoliche*, dalle *Georgiche* e dall'*Eneide*. Il *Moretum* e la *Copa*. Con introduzione e note di L. Foffano » 10 —
- Autori latini** scelti e annotati da S. Sciuto.
 Vol. I. Cornelio - Fedro - Eutropio - Ovidio - Tibullo » 10 —
 Vol. II. Cesare (*De bello gallico*) - Sallustio (*De coniuratione Catilinae*) - Cicerone (*Orazioni e lettere*) - Livio - Ovidio (*Metamorfosi e Fasti*) » 10 —
- CERIA EUGENIO e MASERA GIOVANNI. — **Usi, costumi, istituzioni della vita militare, giudiziaria, politica e familiare presso i romani.** Trattazione desunta dalle opere di Cesare, Cicerone e Tito Livio con passi scelti e commentati » 20 —
- CESARE C. G. — **I commentari della guerra civile.** Testo con introduzione, note, illustrazioni e indici analitici a cura di A. Brunacci.
 Volumetto I (Libro I) » 6 —
 Volumetto II (Libro II) » 3 50
 Volumetto III (Libro III) » 8 —
- **I commentari della guerra gallica.** Testo con introduzione, note, illustrazioni, carte e schizzi geografici a cura di E. Ceria.
 Volumetto I (Libri I, II, III) » 5 —
 Volumetto II (Libri IV, V) » 4 —
 Volumetto III (Libri VI, VII) » 6 —
- Christianae litterae.** Pagine scelte del Nuovo Testamento, di Lattanzio, di S. Agostino, di S. Ambrogio e dell'*Innografia Ambrosiana* a cura di S. Colombo » 10 —
- CICERONE M. T. — **Della natura degli dèi.** Libro II. Con introduzione e note di S. Carrasali » 5 —
- **De oratore.** Libro I con introduzione e note di C. Costa » 8 —
- — Libro II con introduzione e note di C. Costa » 12 —
- **I tre libri "De Officiis",** con note di P. Giardelli » 10 —
- **Il Catone Maggiore.** Dialogo intorno alla vecchiaia. Introduzione, testo e note a cura di E. Ceria » 2 —
- **Il Lelio.** Dialogo intorno all'amicizia. Introduzione e note a cura di E. Ceria » 5 —
- **In M. Antonium Oratio Philippica I.** Con note di G. Mazzoni » 2 —
- **La prima Orazione contro Verre.** Introduzione e commento di G. Gaschino » 4 —
- **Le quattro Orazioni contro Catilina.** Introduzione, recensione e note di C. Costa. 4 volumetti. Caduno » 3 —
- **Lettera diretta al fratello Quinto, sul governo dell'Asia.** Introduzione e note di A. Aureli » 2 —
- **Lettere Brindisine.** Introduzione e note di E. Ceria » 4 —
- **Lettere scelte.** Commento a cura di S. Sciuto » 3 —
- **Lettere scelte dalle familiari.** Con note di G. Isnardi » 3 50
- **Lettere scelte dalle provinciali** illustrate da E. Ceria » 6 —
- **Le Tuscolane.** Libro I con note di P. Giardelli » 6 —
- — Libro II con note di P. Giardelli » 2 —
- **Orazione in difesa di T. Annio Milone.** Introduzione e note di M. Polenghi » 4 —
- **Orazione in difesa di Archia.** Introduzione e note di E. Ceria » 1 50

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SUMMARY: Christmas Greeting. — "Thou Art a Priest for Ever ..." — Modern Knights. — News in brief. — Blessed Cottolengo. — The First Nowell. — Progress in Japan. — All Souls. — The Poor Indians. — Lest we forget. — An Old Boy's Corner. — Devotion To Our Lady Help of Christians. — "You know not the hour ..." — Graces and Favours. — Reviews Received. — A Child at the Crib. — Immaculate. — Life of Ven. Don Bosco. — Obituary. — Index for 1927.

Christmas 1927

That the Child Jesus may come and reign in the hearts of all of you, and of all those who are near and dear to you: that this Christmas may bring all true blessings to you and to your families: that the festal season will be but a prelude to a successful year for all our benefactors, are the earnest wishes and constant petitions of

Very Rev. Philip Rinaldi

Superior General of the Salesians

for

Each and Every Salesian

Co-operator

“Thou Art a Priest for Ever”.

This solemn utterance is delivered in the raising of a man to the sublimest of all dignities—the priesthood of Christ. The eternity of the election is thus portrayed and the result is the impression of the sacerdotal character, which can never be effaced from the soul of the elected. No matter how the man passes his future, whether well or ill, he remains a “*priest for ever*”. No man can take from him this dignity, although the exercise of it may be forbidden him. It is a great and awe-inspiring thought that this man is sealed particularly with the sign of the cross of Christ. Whether he has kept the impression fresh and unsullied will be one of the main points of his last judgement.

“I have chosen you.”

Many are the metaphors and similes employed to convey the sublimity of the priesthood. Many are really good, none are adequate. This dignity transcends human expression. We can but observe and wonder. The usual simile is that of an earthly monarch raising an obscure person to an important position near the throne. How inadequate this is, is apparent from the fact that between monarch and subject there is only an accidental difference—one of state. Between God and man there is infinity.

In simple but sublime words God says to man—“*Come follow me*”. The free-will of man is in no way coerced. He is free to refuse and many are they who do refuse, to their detriment. Many also are they who accept, and to them the words are addressed “*You have not chosen Me but I have chosen you*”. From the teeming races of the earth, God himself singles out certain individuals to be his friends. “*I will not call you servants but friends*”. These He appoints to dispense His mysteries, to offer to His Name a clean oblation, the cleanest of all possible oblations, the Immaculate Lamb of God.

These men are commanded to preach the Gospel, to spread the kingdom of

Christ, to defend the interests of God, to reveal the ineffable love of God for man. These are God’s ambassadors to the human race. The ambassador, of necessity, partakes of the dignity of his master. The dignity of God is, like God Himself, infinite. The dignity then of the priest far surpasses any human dignity.

“Do this in commemoration of Me”.

When Christ was about to leave His apostles, in order that He might accomplish the redemption of mankind, He instituted the sacrifice of the new law—the Holy Mass. He left to them and their successors a testament. They were to celebrate in commemoration of Christ the sacrifice of the body and blood of the Man-God. “*Take ye and eat for this is My body which shall be delivered for you. This do for the commemoration of Me. In like manner also the Chalice after He had supped saying: this chalice is the new testament in my blood. This do ye, as often as ye shall drink, for the commemoration of Me*”. On the cross the real body and blood of Christ were sacrificed for man. Hence in the Mass there is sacrificed the real body and blood of Christ, since Christ Himself says “*This is my body which shall be delivered for you*”. The only difference is in the manner of offering. Christ was offered on Calvary, priest and victim, a bloody sacrifice. Christ is offered in the Mass, priest and victim, an unbloody sacrifice. The sacrifice of calvary and the mass are not different, they are the same. The same priest, Christ, the same victim, Christ, the same ends, the pardon of sin, the obtaining of favours, the worship of God,—Oh the glory of being a minister of Christ! to stand at the altar taking the place of Christ! the visible representative of an invisible God! Truly it is a stupendous mystery! The merits once obtained by the death on the cross are daily distributed by the mass. The distributor of these merits is God Himself, whose gerent is a man.

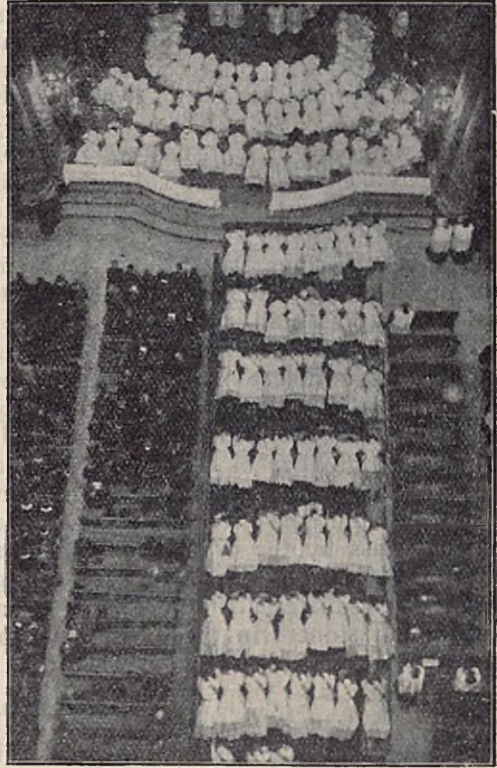
A man of dust and ashes, a man of passions, a man of caprices, a man like the rest of us, a man whom God has chosen to be His instrument in the salvation of many souls. The mission of the priest is a tremendous one. The greater the mission, the greater the dignity of the legate. There is no mission comparable to that of the priesthood of Christ.

The Church of Christ.

The priest in the Holy Mass exercises his ministry over the real body of Christ. There is still to be considered the power of the priest over the mystical body of Christ, namely, over the church, or, the congregation of the faithful. In the Church militant there are two classes of men, the clergy and the laity. The former is split up into a great number of different grades collectively called the hierarchy. This is not the place to discuss this point so we will pass by it in silence. Generally speaking, we may state that the clergy are the officers of the army of Christ. The members of the hierarchy differ in dignity just as officers differ in dignity. All however have the same character—that of a priest. Their duties then are to guide the main body of the faithful, the laity, to uphold the dignity of the church, to preserve unsullied the standard of the church, to keep intact Her traditions, Her liturgy, Her doctrines. They, it is, who must see that the members of this mystical body conform, as far as is in their power, to the head of the body, which is Christ.

The church is the spouse of Christ, and it is the main duty of the priests of the church to see that they preserve Her a worthy spouse of Her Heavenly Groom. *"Christ loved the church and delivered Himself up for it that he might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish"*. This then is the high state of perfection that the priest must always strive to obtain for the church; for himself primarily and for the other members of the church, that so the mystical body of Christ, the faithful, may be *"without spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be*

holy and without blemish". Truly the dignity of the priesthood transcends human understanding! That God should demean Himself to take human flesh is sufficiently difficult of intelligence, but that He should make man, part of Himself,



A Scene at the Ordination to the Priesthood of Salesian Clerics.

put Himself into the hands of His own sinful creatures, is a matter that we can only admire, and admiring, adore and praise. Truly do the words of St. Paul emphasise this awful dignity where he utters the solemn warning *"Neither doth any man take the honour to himself but he that is called by God as Aaron was. So Christ did not glorify himself, that he might be made a high-priest; but he that said unto him "Thou art my beloved Son; this day have I begotten thee". As he saith also in another place: "Thou art a priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedech"*. Here the parity between Christ and the priest is evident. The priest has according to the same apostle to be *"alter Chris-*

tus" another Christ. That is, he has to renew in his own person the sufferings of Christ in expiation of the sins of the people. He is appointed for those things that are of God. His position of mediator between God and man is a tremendous one. He is more nearly allied to Christ than was Simon of Cyrene in the passion. Not only has the priest to help to bear the cross of Christ, but he must also bear the sufferings of Christ, thus in the words of St. Paul making up "*What is wanting of the sufferings of Christ in his flesh for His Body which is the Church*". Not that the sufferings of Christ were inadequate to satisfy the Divine Anger. God forbid! but that sufferings are still necessary in the mystical body of Christ, and the priest, as the representative of the "*man of sorrows, glutted with reproaches*", is the most worthy object for the bearing of these sufferings, that cleanse and purify the stains in the body of the faithful. Finally a dim idea of the dignity of the priesthood may be gained from the fact that it is mainly the offering of the sacrifice of the Mass by the priest, that prevents the just anger of God from sweeping down on this materialistic world, and from cutting off sinners in the midst of their sins.

Conclusion.

Surely this God-given mission of mediator between the Most High and the lowest (for man by sin degrades himself far below the level of the beasts), is one that deserves more attention, and greater respect, than the world pays it at the present day. The priest as it were, co-operates with Christ in representing the sacred Passion to the Eternal Father in reparation for sin. For as St. Paul points

out there is but one high-priest in the new law—Christ, who has taken the place of the many independent priests of the old law; there is but one sacrifice in the new dispensation, as opposed to the many substantially diverse sacrifices of the old dispensation. One sacrifice, one priest, one priesthood, all of Christ and according to the order of Melchisedech. Unity is strength and the unity of the catholic church rests with her priests, who all obey the same head, observe the same commandments, teach the same doctrine and tend to the same end. The church's perennial growth is dependent in the priesthood. No man can deny the dignity of the church, for, of all the churches, She alone has outlived the temporal disasters that have swallowed dynasties and nations, and changed continents. She alone is the same as She was in the days of Christ. She alone has a mission to perform and that through the ministry of Her priests, the chosen ones of Christ. How great is the dignity of these priests then, who alone on earth have a definite message to the world, a definite creed, a definite mission: who alone fearlessly preach the ultimate destruction of the unrepentant sinner: who alone uncomplacably defend the rights of God: who alone have the right to loose and bind sins: who alone have power to call down the Creator of Heaven and earth among His creatures.

To conclude we may gather the dignity of the priesthood from these words of the Imitation "When a priest celebrates he honours God, he rejoices the Angels, he edifies the Church, he helps the living, he obtains rest for the dead, and makes himself partaker of all that is good". O admirable mystery!

It will greatly assist in the expedition of the *Salesian Bulletin* if Co-operators would notify us *immediately* on any change of address. In forwarding this notice *it is necessary* to cite *the old address* so that it may be cancelled and the new one inserted. This notice should be forwarded to.

*The Administrator. English Salesian Bulletin,
Via Cottolengo 32, — Turin 109 (Italy).*

MODERN KNIGHTS

The word knight produces in the imaginative mind of youth manifold emotions. For every boy a knight is a being to be wondered at, a hero unattainable whose deeds are read with bated breath. For the youth who reads the average number of boys' books, the deeds of the age of chivalry are re-enacted. He himself becomes one of the actors in the great business of righting the wrongs of oppressed, of consoling the afflicted. For him Camelot is no fairy city produced by the imaginative mind of the poets, but a reality towards which his whole endeavour tends. He is an embodiment of one or other of the heroes of the Round Table. Their adventures are his. Their faults he sees in himself. Their virtues he strives to emulate. The age of chivalry is ever with him, and he wonders to hear that chivalry is dead, for he himself possesses it within his own soul. Every woman is an object of respect and admiration. The old and afflicted are the choicest objects for the exercise of his bounty. Every woman is a potential princess. Every house a potential palace. Every poor one a potential Cinderella or Gareth.

"Greater love than this..."

However we do live in a materialistic age. The great tendency (a wrong one) is to scoff at everything that cannot be measured with compass and ruler. The creatures of the imagination have become the feverish offsprings of a madman's intellect. Has the world gained by the change? I think not. For those who seek it, beauty is still a force in the world. Self-sacrifice has still a potent charm. Pity still holds her sway over some hearts. Love of adventure still calls to youth, if they do but listen. The foregoing thoughts I had been at some pains to impress on a sceptical and cynical companion one day in October

1927. My practical proof was that on the 8th of October there would start from the Salesian Oratory at Turin, ninety-five men, who were leaving all, father, mother, home, country and associations, to devote themselves to the evangelization of the ignorant and infidel nations of the world. My friend had objected that perhaps they were all orphans, or were expecting better things in the land that they were adopting, or that they were tired of their own country, and some other inane remarks which have now escaped my memory. I clinched matters by asking him to come to the ceremony of departure, to which proposal he unwillingly consented, grumbling that it was a shocking waste of time to spend so much of it in church. However I kept him to his promise and October 8th found us in the Basilica of Mary, Help of Christians, in Turin.

The large basilica was brilliantly lighted and decorated. The space at the disposal of the faithful was none too large but by dint of much judicious elbowing we gradually approached the Sanctuary. The Sanctuary itself was covered with a magnificent carpet and the altar was bedecked for this great feast. In fact all appearances pointed to a great solemnity and at the same time to a joyful one. Somebody had by this time begun to play the organ. The soft notes came sweetly down, caressing the ear and raising the thoughts to realms above. The player was a skilful one, for the cadences were so well developed and the interpretation so good that the effect was such that made one's heart contract and then swell with exquisite pain as the beautiful harmonies struck home their note of good-bye and God-speed. I glanced at my companion and was satisfied to notice that the surroundings had not failed to attract his attention and affect him. He seemed sunk in a reverie, and doubtless his musings were far from being on the waste of time he had so deplored.

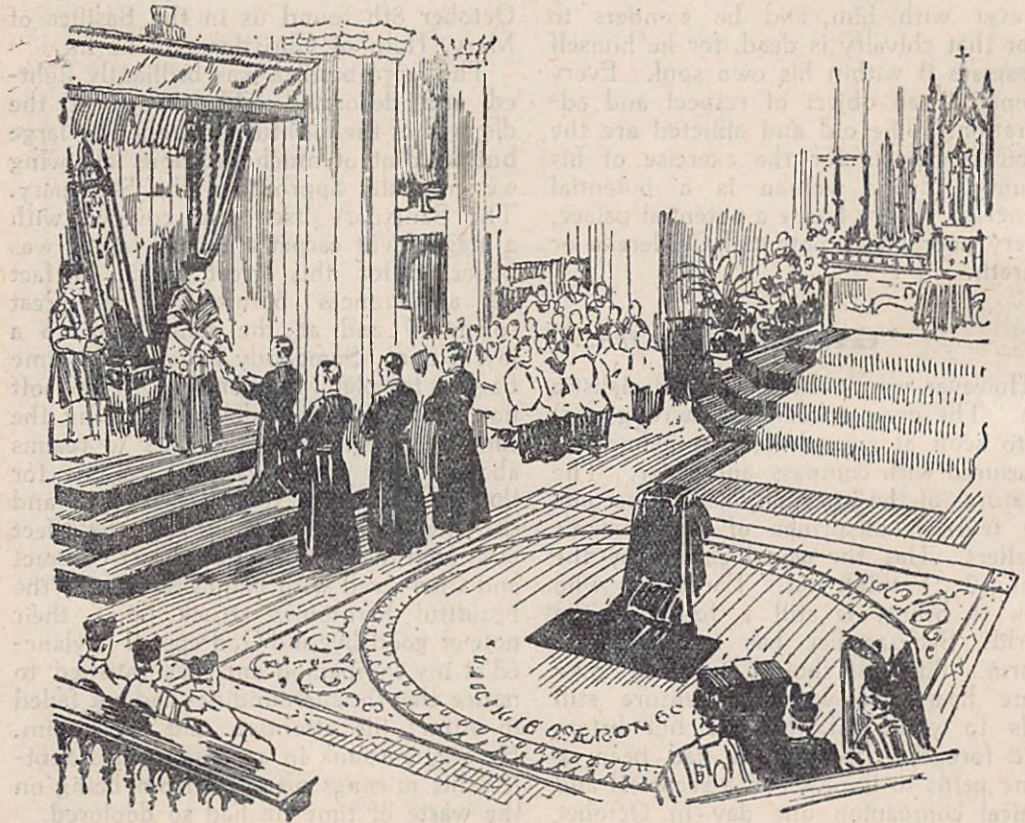
"Go ye and teach".

Now from the sacristy there starts out a long long train of clerics. In cassock and cotta they proceed to the sanctuary and fill its spacious depths with their numbers. Last of all come some venerable men who are, I hear, the members of the Superior Chapter of the Salesian Congregation. Last of all comes the Cardinal Archbishop of Turin, whose privilege it is to give the sign of their mission, the crucifix, into the hands of these men. The trained choir bursts forth into hymns of praise and joy. Never had I heard so many trained voices in unison. As the glorious combination of voice and organ reverberated through the great church, many a heart was touched, and tears flowed unheeded. The sermon followed. A brilliant piece of rhetoric, but, as was inevitable, inadequate to express the sentiments that the people received from seeing these men, about to leave home and country for a foreign land. The

most affecting of all sights was the joy that radiated from the faces of these missionaries. They were glad to go. No man could look at them for a moment and doubt it. Some were going for the first time, others to continue the work they had already begun, and to which they now return after three months rest after twenty or thirty years abroad. Some of the missionaries were mere boys and in the vast crowd one could easily pick out their mothers and fathers.

After the sermon the distribution of the crucifixes was begun. The archbishop gave to each a small crucifix with the words, "Go ye and teach all nations". The crucifix received, the recipient went to each priest on the sanctuary and received a few words of advice and the kiss of peace.

I wondered what were the thoughts of my companion, but my own thoughts kept me so busy, that I had little time for such speculations. Here were these men saying "good-bye" to their friends, comp-



anions of their childhood and to their teachers. Before God's altar they bade them God-speed. There were few dry eyes in the church during this ceremony. The tears came into my eyes without my being aware of the fact, and I beheld my companion surreptitiously wiping away a tear. Old puzzling questions began to torment my mind once again. I too had felt the call to this life but had put it aside as a romantic illusion of youth. Now my doubts returned with greater strength. Could I be a missionary? Did God really want me to be a priest? Had I strength of mind enough to leave my mother, father, sisters and brother all of whom I loved so well? Was I a coward, hiding myself from conviction? Was I unworthy of the great destiny that these young men so joyously embraced? I began to believe that delay was fatal and made up my mind to take steps to become worthy of a missionary vocation.

A touching incident.

This ceremony over the procession formed again. As they proceeded towards the sacristy one young man left the ranks and went over to a woman who was crying as if her heart would break. "Courage, good mother, God needs me".

The woman looked up, a smile breaking through her tears, and in a voice broken with sobs, she said "Ah, Peter, the good God needs you and I give you willingly to him. 'The Lord has given and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord'. I offered you to God before you were born and he has accepted the gift. I am proud to be the mother of a missionary. Day and night will I pray that you may be found worthy of your sublime vocation. Good-bye, sonny and God-speed" An embrace in silence. A tearing away of himself from his parents and the youth was gone into the great adventure. His mother continued to cry but her tears were tears of joy. There before the Blessed Sacrament she renounced her child to God and since God is never outdone in generosity we can be sure she will be abundantly rewarded both here and hereafter. This incident profoundly affected all who witnessed it

and I think won many more volunteers for the greatest of all vocations. My doubts melted away. If this young man can leave all and be bade God-speed by a heart-broken but happy parent, why not I?

Modern Knights.

It was dusk when we left the church, and in silence we walked home. My friend was very pensive and when we arrived at my house I rallied him on his thoughtfulness, for he had deplored the visit as a waste of time. His answer more than surprised me.

"See here, Ralph" he said "that ceremony affected me more than I like to acknowledge. For many years I have felt a call to a higher life, but I have hidden it or tried to hide it from myself. I have never been happy in my present state of life but have tried hard to repress my leanings towards the spiritual life, thinking I was being sensible, but I now realise I was being foolhardy. Hence I believe I have a missionary vocation myself. Like most youths I am fairly well inflated with a sense of my own importance, I believe in being practical and end by being stupid. My ideas are all cut and dried for me by the cynical witticisms of the day. I never give my imagination a chance. However in that church tonight I allowed my feelings to have their way and I believe I have been more sincere with myself, than I have been since my childhood days. I begin now to see that far from being over, the days of chivalry are but beginning. I see in these Sons of Don Bosco, modern knights but real knights of Christ, for all their modernity. That they have an ideal is evident from their faces, for no man can possess such transparent tranquility of soul without an ideal. Their "faerie queene" is Mary Help of Christians who is to them far more than any "faerie queene" was to the knights of old. She can see all they do. She can, and will help them in difficulties. She can, and does inspire them in their hours of distress and despair. She is a more real force than any Gloriana in the days of chivalry. These men are more effectively knights, than Lancelot or Arthur. Singularity

NEWS IN BRIEF

Melbourne, Australia.

"Ruperstwood", the former stately home of the Clarke family, who have figured prominently in Victorian history, has been acquired by the Salesian Fathers (says the Melbourne "Advocate"). It is the intention of the Salesians to establish an agricultural training college for boys. In addition to the mansion, the Salesian Fathers have purchased about 800 acres of adjoining land. "Rupertstwood" is one of the finest country mansions in Australia. It is situated in pleasant surroundings at Sunbury, and is approached by a spacious drive through a beautiful avenue of trees.

The Salesian Fathers took possession of their fine property on Sunday, June 26. The solemn blessing ceremony was performed by His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, who was supported by His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, and the Very Rev. Fr. Manassero, Provincial of the Salesians in the United States.

After the ceremony, addresses were delivered. Father Manassero said that on coming to Australia he had been instructed to study the possibility of a Salesian foundation, and he was pleased to say that he had received many useful suggestions. "Rupertstwood" had been acquired, and he considered it very suitable for the purpose that it would serve. The buildings were in splendid order, and the place was well adapted for an agricultural college.

Archbishop Mannix thanked Mr. Naughton for his generosity to the Fathers in the sale of the estate, and the Apostolic Delegate for his presence. He stated that the Salesian Fathers had desired to come to the Melbourne Archdiocese long since. More than 25 years ago the late Archbishop Carr, who was very wise and far-seeing, considered it was necessary that an institution should be established under the management of the Salesian Fathers. So great were the demands upon the Salesian Fathers in Europe, America, and other countries during the last quarter of a century that the found themselves unable to accede to the Melbourne request until recently. He then dealt with the work of the Salesians in other countries.

The Apostolic Delegate said the spirit of their venerable founder influenced the Fathers in all their undertakings, and they would be a great asset to Australia. He felt that all who came under their care and protection would

get every possible encouragement. He represented the Holy Father. The Salesian Order had its origin in Italy and was founded by a great worker for God, the Venerable Don Bosco. He desired to congratulate the Fathers on acquiring such a magnificent property, and he wished them every success.

Mr. Naughton, in the course of a short speech, said he believed in giving encouragement to those who were compassionate towards the poor and needy. He wished the Salesian Fathers every success. Mr. Naughton said he had experience of Italians in Queensland, and he knew them to be men of good habits and splendid workers.

The Italian Consul-General (Signor Grossardi) also spoke, and referred in appreciative terms to the sympathetic words expressed by the Papal Delegate and the Archbishop of Melbourne

Battersea, London.

The examination results of the Salesian School, Battersea, reflect great credit on the staff. In the London Matriculation eighty per cent of those presented succeeded in gaining this much coveted certificate. In the Senior Oxford Examination or, as it is now called, in the School Certificate Examination, seventy-five per cent were successful. In the Junior Oxford Examination fourteen certificates were obtained two pupils qualifying for second class honours.

SUMMARY.

<i>Matriculation.</i>	4 Passes out of 5.
<i>Oxford.</i>	
<i>School Certificate.</i>	6 Passes out of 8.
<i>Juniors.</i>	Honours 2, Passes 14.
<i>Sheffield Locals.</i>	
<i>Juniors.</i>	13 Honours; 10 Passes.
<i>Adv. Prelim.</i>	20 Honours; 4 Passes.
<i>Prelim.</i>	7 Honours; 18 Passes.
<i>Prep. Prelim.</i>	13 Honours; 14 Passes.
<i>Elementary;</i>	11 Honours; 8 Passes.

Buenos Aires, Argentine.

There was recently witnessed in Buenos Aires an extraordinary act of filial devotion and loyalty to the Holy Father on the part of the Salesian Schools and institutions of that city.

At an early hour a vast concourse of Salesian pupils, boy scouts, gymnasts, festive-oratory boys and ex-pupils, including more than six thousand Salesian schoolboys, had united in the quadrangle of the Pius IX College. The proceedings commenced with the singing of the National and Papal Anthems. A Salesian Old-boy, Dr. John P. Podestá, then greeted the Nuncio, His Excellency Mons. Dr. Cortesi, and, on behalf of all present, expressed sentiments of filial devotion to the Apostolic See. Various boys, in the name of their companions, read addresses. The Provincial, the Very Rev. Father George Serié, presented greetings from those colleges which, on account of distance, were unable to participate. The Nuncio then spoke in eulogy of Don Bosco, of the Salesian missionaries, and of all those who in any way co-operate with Salesian work. His words were received with the profoundest sympathy and respect on the part of all his hearers. Finally, His Excellency imparted to those present the papal blessing, with plenary indulgence.

H. M.

St. Patrick's, Malta.

— The Very Rev. Michael J. Burke, S. C., Rector of St. Patrick's, Sliema, has relinquished his charge of the Salesian School to take up an appointment at Pallaskenry, Ireland. He desires, through these columns, to wish his numerous friends and well-wishers "Good bye" as he finds it impossible to visit everyone personally. He thanks most heartily all those who so kindly cooperated with him and helped him in his difficult charge, and he hopes they will continue their kind services towards the new Rector, the Very Rev. William J. Harrod, S. C., who was stationed here about sixteen years ago.

Fr. Burke's departure is a far severer loss to the Island than can well be made good. During his year's tenure of the Rectorship of St. Patrick's, he has worked veritable wonders with the co-operation of his staff, and has set for his successor a very high standard of efficiency. Fr. Burke's successor, Fr. Harrod, is another old friend of Malta, having, as mentioned above, been here some sixteen years ago. We have, indeed, been fortunate in English and Irish Rectors of the Salesian School in Sliema. Fr. O'Grady, Fr. Giltinan, Fr. Burke and now Fr. Harrod, are all men alike actuated by the sentiments of apostolic zeal and love and understanding of the Maltese. Though not given the prominence it deserves, the work of the Salesian Fathers in Malta has done untold good for the Island, and it is our fervent hope that under God's guidance they may long continue their work in Malta. (*Malta-Gazette*).

Cumiana, Turin.

In November 1927 there will be opened at Cumiana, Turin, a Salesian Agricultural School. The edifice has been specially constructed on the methods of modern schools and is situated in a very apposite locality for its object. The scope of the new foundation is to educate and form Salesian Missionaries in the agricultural life.

Any young men who are convinced that they have a vocation to this life will be received at this school, will learn all the modern methods in agronomy, and will have opportunity to take part in the practical part of the life, which training will fit them to become, one day, guides and teachers of agriculture. Theory and practice are combined and there is thus complete confidence in the course proposed. These young men will later become Agricultural teachers in the Missions, adapting their teaching to the different circumstances of time and place.

Thus will these lay-brothers become real apostles, will be nobly and closely associated with the priests in the sublime work of evangelization. Young men from the ages of 14 to 35 can be received *gratuitously*.

Application must be made to Rev. Philip Rinaldi, Superior General of the Salesians, Via Cottolengo 32, Turin 109, Italy. There will be required statement of age, knowledge (if any) of agriculture, and recommendation from Parish Priest.

Parish Priests are earnestly urged to direct to the given address any young men, who manifest the desire of consecrating their lives to God in the missions, in the capacity of agricultural teachers.

Valsalice, Turin.

Last year at the tomb of Don Bosco there were gathered together the Superiors of the Salesian Houses in Europe. They numbered some three hundred.

This year the turn of the Superiors of the Salesian Festive Oratories came round. The convention was attended by about one hundred Directors. This by no means gives each Festive Oratory a representative, for the Festive Oratories in Europe number 261 with a total of 51,580 children attending.

Italy herself was represented by but a small contingent. Nevertheless the congress had a somewhat international character. France, Spain, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Hungary, Yugo-Slavia, Poland and Switzerland were all represented. England, alas, has not yet taken up this primary branch of Salesian activity but perhaps the future will bring England to the fore in this work, so partial to the heart of Ven.

Don Bosco. America for obvious reasons, had not been invited but fortunately a Director of a Festive Oratory of St. Paul, in Brazil, happened to be in Turin and he attended as the American representative.

After a week spent in retreat, together with all the members of the Superior Chapter of the Salesian Congregation, the Directors held a congress from Saturday August 27 th to Tuesday August 30th. The questions discussed

a few simple prayers, and listen to his version of the sermon, which he had heard in the morning at the Parish Church at Murialdo.

Salesian Oratory, Turin.

October 2nd marked a great solemnity at the Salesian Oratory, Valdocco, Turin. The event in question was the celebration of the golden jubilee of his elevation to the priesthood, by



Buenos Aires. — Celebrations in Honour of the Pope.

were important and interesting. Among the main points dealt with were, *the duty of Salesians in Festive Oratories, Inter-parochial Oratories, the position to be taken with regard to the Scout movement, the relations to be entered into with other catholic organisations such as Catholic Young Mens Society (in Italy Gioventù Catholica) and finally of the attitude to be taken in the work of parents in the Festive Oratories.*

The Congress closed on Tuesday afternoon at Becchi, at the humble birth-place of our Venerable Founder. At Becchi, where in the sloping meadow under the trees the future apostle of youth initiated his work. Unwitting was the initiation (for John Bosco was then but ten years Old), but nevertheless real, for here it was that he used to amuse his companions every Sunday, by his acrobatic feats and conjuring skill, after he had persuaded them to recite

the Very Rev. Aloysius Nai, S. C. There are very few to whom this honour falls, of being able to look back upon fifty years exercise of the sacerdotal duties. Representatives of the various spheres wherein the Rev. Jubilarian has passed his sacerdotal life were present. Thus we saw old pupils of the Salesian College of Arts and Trades of San Benigno Canavese, confrères from Palestine and Chile and the other countries of Southern America. On October 2nd Fr. Nai sang the Solemn High Mass at 9.30. a. m. during which a discourse was most eloquently pronounced by the Rev. Robert Riccardi S. C. In the evening the solemn vespers were magnificently attended and were followed by solemn benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. A successful and enjoyable entertainment brought the great day to a close.

London. An Anniversary.

December 30th is the thirty-ninth anniversary of the death of Father Edward Mc Kiernan S.C. He was the companion of Father Macey and came over from the Mother House to take charge of West Battersea Mission. Like the majority of Salesian works this foundation was commenced in a very humble way, but its poverty was blessed; it blossomed forth and prospered, though Father Mc Kiernan was not destined to live to see the result of those heroic days so full of sacrifice. His health had not been good for some time past and the last occasion he offered the Holy Sacrifice was on his feast day, St. Edward's Day October 13th. The sick priest had the consolation of seeing the late Cardinal (then Monsignor) Cagliero and Father Roussin a few weeks before the end came. The dying priest breathed forth his soul into the hands of his Maker in the late afternoon of December 30th 1888. The small community was gathered round his bed with the exception of his old companion Father Macey, who at that sad moment was absent on an errand of mercy, administering the last consolations of our Holy Faith, to a poor man who was dying in the Parish. The mortal remains of this first Salesian Superior in England rest in the Catholic Cemetery at Mortlake, and since the dead are so easily forgotten and we never know how much the divine justice may need in expiation of sins committed here below, we commend his soul to the pious prayers of our good co-operators.

R. I. P.

Pallaskerry, Ireland.

The progress of the above college has been noted in our columns during the year. The development of this work in Ireland gives much satisfaction. Since it is an undeniable fact that Agriculture is the greatest factor in present-day Ireland, it follows that those who encourage the scientific and thorough study of the same, are great benefactors of the country. Hence the Salesians can be termed real benefactors of Ireland, for at Limerick the boys are given a thoroughly sound training in Agriculture and in other subjects, so as to fit them for their future life. The good thus done will continue to increase in geometrical progression until the end of time. To prove the efficacy of the training provided, there comes the report of the examinations held in July 1927.

A. Government Agricultural Tests

Entered 20 Pupils.
Passed 17 Pupils.
Percentage 85.

B. Dublin Local Examinations

Entered 28 Pupils.
Passed 28 Pupils.
Percentage 100.
(Honours obtained. 12).

The general percentage thus comes to 93.75 A record, I think that will favourably compare with that of any other school of the like nature in Ireland.

The visit of the Provincial the Very Rev. A. E. Tozzi to the Salesian College at Copsewood was a red-letter day in the annals of the school. Fr. Tozzi recommended very earnestly the spreading of devotion to Mary Help of Christians and Don Bosco and to these two special pleaders we trust all our work. May their aid be efficacious in obtaining the continued success for the work in Ireland. Fr. Tozzi also remarked on how pleased he would be if the Salesian Festive Oratories, so dear to the heart of our Ven. Founder, could be started in "Dublin's fair city". We hope to be able to give an outline of this work in our columns in the near future.

August 15th and 16th were the days chosen for the Annual Garden Party and Fête at Pallaskenry. The arrangements were all made by the Salesian Cooperators of Limerick, who also were responsible for the great economic and social success of the same. More than one thousand friends attended the Garden Party and went away sincere admirers of the Salesian work in Ireland. The co-operators of Limerick are evidently an energetic and zealous body.

However a more convincing proof of the flourishing condition of things Salesian in Limerick, is the number of novices sent to the novitiate. For some years past the Irish novices have been numerous. Now this year there go to the Salesian Novitiate at Cowley, Oxford, eight novices from the Pallaskerry foundation. Four of these are destined for the dignity of the priesthood, and four for the beautiful vocation of Salesian lay-brother. The increase of lay-brothers for the work in Ireland will mean much, we might say all, for the future success of the Salesians in Ireland. The work depends on our lay-brothers and we look to them to bring Pallaskerry to a foremost position among the Agricultural Colleges of Ireland. May these holy vocations increase and multiply until all our Irish Colleges are staffed with Agricultural Masters of the Salesian Congregation.

New Rochelle. New-York.

The Very Rev. Anthony Candela, S. C., a member of the Superior Chapter of the Salesian Congregation, after completing a visitation of the flourishing Salesian Houses in Belgium,

England and Ireland, has been also to the New World where he has visited the Salesian Houses in Mexico, Cuba and the United States.

In all the Houses that Father Candela inspected he was received with lively manifestations of deep joy on the part of the Fathers, Brothers, Novices and boys, all of whom realized full well that the good Father had come in the name of the Superior General of the Salesian Congregation. An accomplished linguist, Father Candela speaks also a clear and fluent English which enabled him to reply in a touching and fatherly manner to the numerous expressions of greeting addressed him in the various American Houses.

To speak solely of the Salesian work in the United States, the careful visit Father Candela made of the Houses in this great country gave him a firm conviction that the work of the Venerable Don Bosco is bound to take on the same large proportions in this part of the world that it has in many countries of Europe, South America, and also Africa and Asia. New Rochelle the novitiate is yearly sending out splendid groups of young Salesians, who after two more years of intensive study in philosophy, pedagogy, and advanced scientific and literary subjects are ready to take up active work in the different Salesian Houses in the Eastern and Western Provinces. When three more years have elapsed these young Salesians take up a four year's course in theology either at New Rochelle, N. Y., or Ramsey, N. J., or Watsonville, California, in preparation for their ordination to the priesthood. Some of these young men take up their theological course at the Salesian International Seminary in Turin, where there are over two hundred Salesians from every country, studying for the priesthood. At present there are two from the United States and this summer two more have gone to complete their course at Turin. The Salesian International Seminary was opened but a few years ago and it is already one of the best of its kind in Europe.

Port Chester, New York.

Sunday, June 26, proved a truly memorable day for the Catholics of the Corpus Christi parish in Port Chester, New York, when their new church was dedicated with great solemnity by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Lavelle, who is rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, and who represented His Eminence Cardinal Hayes. This church has been built and furnished at a cost of but 75,000 dollars through the zeal and persistent efforts of the Rev. Peter Mayerhofer, a humble Salesian of the Venerable Don Bosco, and now replaces a tiny chapel in which the people of Washington Park, Port Chester,

and its environments have worshipped until the present new building became a reality. If it had not been for this zealous Salesian priest the new church would have cost at least 200,000 dollars. *The Daily Item*, a Port Chester daily newspaper, said that the church is one of the finest in Port Chester, and Monsignor Lavelle in a fitting and eloquent address praised the congregation for the support given Father Mayerhofer in the building of the new church, and said that the edifice is one of the most beautiful churches in Westchester County. *The Daily Item*, in an editorial which it published of its own accord under date of June 25, eulogized the work of Father Mayerhofer and at the same time explained the circumstances of the building of the new church. The editorial follows:

A THOUGHT FOR NOVEMBER.

Go during this month in spirit into purgatory, and there you will see souls full of hope, who will exhort you to make the best possible use of time, to make the utmost progress in piety so that on your departure from the world, your entrance into Paradise will be delayed as little as possible. St. Francis of Sales.

If There Is Triumph Worth-While.

Most of us somehow have gathered the impression that unselfish men are characters of fiction—that the day has passed when man gives over his life to ultra-altruistic endeavour. We feel that there is no self-sacrifice, and little idealism or romanticism in the world we know. Yet all those elements are embodied in a story of self-abnegation and devotion to an ideal that has been in course of enactment here in Port Chester during the past few years.

Tomorrow morning, with impressive ceremony, the new church of Corpus Christi, a handsome stone structure on South Regent Street, will be dedicated to the glory of God and moral betterment of mankind. Back of that rite of construction lies the story we have suggested above. One of the participants in the exercises will be a modest, kindly little man attired in the simple vestments of the priesthood. There will be little about him to attract attention—he will kneel silently before the altar, his head bowed in prayer, or his softly

modulated voice will chant the Latin ritual of the Mass. As a group of children sing a concluding hymn, and the congregation prepares to leave the edifice, he will quietly escort from the sanctuary, the group of more noted ecclesiastics who will have been present for this one special service.

Yet that unimposing cassocked figure will be one of the most remarkable men in Port Chester—one of the most unselfish and most beloved men in the community. He is a kindly friend of the little ones, and gentle spiritual guide of the adults, of the growing flock he shepherds, as pastor of the Church of Corpus Christi. Many of them know not his surname—to them all he is simply and affectionately, "Father Peter".

A number of years have passed since "Father Peter" the Rev. Peter Mayerhofer, came to Port Chester. He was sent here to act as assistant pastor of the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary on Palmer Place, in the heart of one Italian colony, and to cultivate their early religious training among the new Italian colony that was springing up in the section known as Washington Park.

The story of Father Peter's handling of that task is too well known to need repetition. For the first year or two he walked miles each day, in blazing heat or frigid cold, in the discharge of his parochial duties. Then, as the population of Washington Park grew, he pedalled about on a bicycle. He brought spiritual consolation to the ill and the aged, and revived the Faith of their fathers in countless others. Eventually, the basement of a "church" was constructed and the influence of the Mass was brought into the little community. More years passed—and still the flock grew. "We must have a real church", decided "Father Peter".

And, so, tomorrow, that "real church" is to be dedicated. In its foundation, and steeple, in the portions of it which may be used as a parochial school, are tons upon tons of stone which Father Peter "begged" for the purpose. Into its construction have gone hours and weeks and months of physical labour alike by Father Peter and scores of his parishioners whom his pious example and zealous devotion inspired to sacrifice their spare time and their skill as artisans. It is, in brief, a monument to the sublime quality of his priesthood.

Blessed Cottolengo 1827-1927.

In August of the current-year there occurred the first centenary of the foundation in Via Cottolengo, of the life-work of Blessed Cottolengo, the founder of the Institute known as the "Little House of Divine Providence". This "Little House" at present boards some 10,000 invalids of either sex and of every disease imaginable (and of some that are unimaginable). The needs of these poor creatures are attended to by communities of nuns. Each community has its own sphere of action. All these orders were founded by the Blessed Cottolengo precisely for that branch of the work that each one adopts. Each order has its own rules and discipline. Silence is practically universal, there being only some two hours, or so, a day for mutual conversation. Naturally those nuns whose business it is to attend to the administration, to guide visitors around the Institute, are freed from the obligations of silence in so far as is incompatible with their office.

"The Little House,"

The work here carried on is, humanly speaking, an impossibility. No funds, no book-keeping, no human precautions taken, to provide for the future. The house is a standing proof of the existence of God. Here truly God shows that "*His arm is not shortened*" and that He has regard for those who trust in Him. The lilies of the field and the birds of the air are less dependent on Him than is the "Little House". The choice of the title is a curious one. "Little House of Divine Providence" is sometimes called the "city of sorrows". A little house and a city are vastly different. The concept of Blessed Cottolengo however was that the whole wide world was the "House of Divine Providence". Thus his work was only a part, a small manifestation of the Divine Power, and hence he called it the "little house".

A curious custom is noticed in one of

the many chapels. Before the statue of the Virgin of sorrows there hangs a cage of canaries who fill the air with their sweet song. The trills and runs of these sweet throated songsters charm many a visitor. If you are curious (and who of us is not) you will be told that these canaries are there to praise Mary to intercede, unwittingly, for the inmates of the house, to keep Mary company when the other people of the house are too busily engaged to do so.

"God will provide..."

An incident that is pleasing in its simplicity, and yet fraught with meaning, is one that happened during the lifetime of the Servant of God. The nun who had charge of the administration appeared before the man of God one evening, and lamented the fact that there was but one gold piece in the house, that they had no food for the morrow, and in short that they had better see about getting help. The Blessed Cottolengo asked for the gold piece, and taking it from the good nun threw it out of the window. The nun was aghast at this act of folly, and remonstrated with the Servant of God, but the only reply vouchsafed her was—"God will provide".

And in point of fact God did provide. Next morning a cart-load of provisions came from no-one knew where. A salutary lesson was thus taught to those of little faith.

"The sentinels change..."

Before Blessed Cottolengo's death his work was naturally well-known. One day while in an audience with the King, Charles Albert, at the Royal Palace in Turin, his majesty interrogated the Servant of God—

"Have you thought, Father, of what will happen to the Institute after your death? Have you provided against that day? Have you in mind the foundation of a congregation of priests? You know you are not immortal, and death will lay hold of you one of these days".

At that moment the sentinels were being changed at the palace gates.

The Blessed Cottolengo beckoned to

the King and in silence pointed to the changing of the guard. Charles Albert regarded the reverend priest with a puzzled smile, "I hardly follow your meaning Father".

"Your majesty", replied Fr Cottolengo, "the sentinels change but the work goes on. I am but a sentinel at the Institute; when I go, another will take my place. The work will go on, for it is not of man. It is the "Little House of Divine Providence".

The truth of these words is evident today. The work still flourishes and shows no signs of diminution. The confidence of the Blessed Cottolengo was by no means deceived.

"Blessed be the man that trusteth in the Lord, and the Lord shall be his confidence, and he shall be as a tree that is planted by the waters, that spreadeth out its roots towards moisture; and it shall not fear when heat cometh. And the leaf thereof shall be green, and in the time of drought it shall not be solicitous; neither shall it cease at any time to bear fruit" (JEREMIAS).



Monument to Blessed Cottolengo.

THE FIRST NOWELL.

The night was far advanced. The stars in the sky above twinkled like diamonds on a dark velvet background. The temperature was low, and the group of shepherds sitting around the small fire, gathered their cloaks closer about them to shut out the increasing cold. The steady munching of the nearby sheep was the only sound that broke the deep stillness of the winter's night. Suddenly a great light shone in the heavens and the shepherds knowing that this was often a prelude to a heavenly visitation wrapped their heads in their cloaks; for it was well known "*that no man can look upon the face of God and live*". A great fear pervaded their whole being.

Sweetly there fell upon their ears, the sound of a voice like running waters, a voice that could belong to no earthly being. In gentle cadence came the words, "*Fear not, for behold I bring you tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord in the city of David: and this shall be a sign to you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger*".

As the last words fell from the lips of the heavenly visitant, a sound of distant music became audible, and swelled until it became to the shepherds' listening ears like a mighty paean of triumph. The beauty of the music was such, that it carried them above the common things of earth, and emboldened them to look up to the place from which the music came. The whole heavens were thronged with celestial spirits, all singing their wonderful hymn of joy. As the shepherds became gradually accustomed to the exquisite harmonies they began to listen to the words, and heard, "*Glory be to God in the highest and on earth, peace to men of good will*". Slowly the heavenly choir faded from their sight leaving them in a transport of ecstasy. Gradually they came back to the things of earth and fell to talking over the wonderful event.

The city close by was still lit here and there, by some belated window's gleam.

Bethlehem, the city of bread, the city of David was at this time thronged with those who had come to be enrolled, in accordance with the imperial edict. One of the shepherds suddenly spoke "*Let us go over to Bethlehem and let us see this word that is come to pass which the Lord hath shewed us. For so it is written by the prophet 'And thou Bethlehem the land of Juda art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come forth the captain that shall rule my people Israel'*". However, before we go, let us select the best of our flocks to offer to this child, that is to be the glory of our race".

Carrying their younger sheep and driving some of the older ones before them, the shepherds entered Bethlehem. Their search was a wide one, but not so wide as it would have been, had not the Angel said that they should find the Child "laid in a manger". They searched through all the important caravanseries but were not successful in finding what they sought. Finally, away out on the hillside, they caught sight of the fitful flickering of a lantern and made their way towards the spot. On approaching they found that the lantern was hung at the entrance to a very rude stable. Inside the stable they could see an old man, who was regarding with tender eyes a young woman, who was bending over the manger. The shepherds knew that their search was ended. Treading softly they entered the stable and were welcomed by Joseph, and by Mary, of the royal house of David. However all their attention was concentrated on the baby in the manger. This then was "*the captain that should rule Israel*". With reverent faces they regarded "*the Orient from on high*". Mary softly approached and taking the baby laid him in the arms of the shepherd who was nearest the manger. The child smiled at the shepherd and the man's heart was filled with an exquisite joy. Peace stole upon him and he felt ready to do anything for the baby he held in his arms. One by one the shepherds held the child

for a few precious moments, and at last returned Him to his mother.

The first christians had been found. He that was to come "to enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; to direct our feet into the way of peace" had come. The shepherds took their leave with three images indelibly imprinted on their minds; that of the great

beauty of the child, the wistful face of the mother, Mary, and the careworn face of their protector Joseph.

Once outside they fell into a steady swinging pace that carried them swiftly to their flocks. Their hearts were ringing with the Angel's song
*"Glory be to God in the highest
 And on earth, peace to men of good will".*



A CHILD AT THE CRIB

*Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
 Once, and just so small as I?
 And what did it feel like to be
 Out of Heaven, and just like me?
 Didst Thou sometimes think of there,
 And ask where all the angels were?
 I should think that I would cry
 For my house all made of sky;
 I would look about the air,
 And wonder where my angels were;
 And at waking 'twould distress me—
 Not an angel there to dress me!
 Hadst Thou ever any toys,
 Like us little girls and boys?
 And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
 The angels that were not too tall,
 With stars for marbles? Did the things
 Play Can you see me? through their wings?
 And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
 Thy robes, with playing on our soil?
 How nice to have them always new
 In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue
 Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
 And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
 And did they tire sometimes, being young,
 And make the prayer seem very long?*

*And dost Thou like it best, that we
 Should join our hands to pray to thee?
 I used to think, before I knew,
 The prayer not said unless we do.
 And did Thy Mother at the night
 Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
 And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
 Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?
 Thou canst not have forgotten all
 That it feels like to be small:
 And Thou know'st I cannot pray
 To Thee in my father's way—
 When Thou wast so little, say,
 Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?—
 So, a little Child, come down
 And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
 Take me by the hand and walk,
 And listen to my baby-talk.
 To thy Father show my prayer
 (He will look, Thou art so fair),
 And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son,
 Bring the prayer of a little one".
 And He will smile, that children's tongue
 Has not changed since Thou wast young!*

FRANCIS THOMPSON:

Progress in Japan.

We are happy to be able to place before our readers the following brief despatch which has reached us from the young mission in Japan which operates in the large island of Kiou-Siou. It is full of hope for a future sufficiently proximate. The period of adaptation has come to an end, the difficulties of the language by dint of much study are disappearing, closer relations with the people are becoming possible. Soon, we are confident, the valiant band of nine missionaries, now possessing all the means necessary for the attainment of its end, will manifest its zeal, so long restrained by the exigencies of circumstances, and will show forth in works for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls. We hope to be able to present in the future, further interesting items from the pens of these missionaries describing the customs of one of the oldest of the nations. May the prayers of our readers hasten the day when we can hail Japan as a rising nation in the catholic world!

Miyasaki 1927.

The work to be accomplished in this corner of the Lord's vineyard is tremendous. Naturally, before it can be called a vineyard it must be cleared of the weeds, which are consuming all the substance of the ground and thus leaving the vine little chance of becoming a strong tree: that is, we have to overcome, the superstitions, the prejudices, the bad habits of the people, before we can hope to plant the seed of the word of God with any chance of success. However, a branch of work which calls imperatively for attention, is that on behalf of the youth of the nation, the poor and abandoned children, the hope of the future, the proximate pillars of the catholic church in Japan. The different religious communities out here, naturally look to the Salesians to interest themselves in this work for they all know that this is the particular branch of apostolic endeavour marked out for us by our Venerable Founder. We on our part are just as anxious to begin upon this work, which is truly the work most dear to the Heart of Jesus who said,—"Suffer little children to come unto me".

For the present however we are work-

ing hard at the language of our adopted country, for it is an instrument which is indispensable in the achievement of our glorious end. It is however a difficult task; the Japanese language is of an extraordinary richness and consists in three different styles of writing—the Katakana, the Hirakana and the hieroglyphics, of Chinese origin. In order to attain an exact knowledge of the language, it is thus necessary to commit to memory something like 2500 of these "beloved" characters. I leave it to your imagination to conjure up the amount of labour necessary to attain to this much needed knowledge. Up to the present we have arrived at this point, that if anyone speaks to us slowly, we grasp at least the purport of the conversation: we are able to stammer out a few sentences of our own, and our broken utterances are due, not to overpowering emotion, but to lack of practice and lack of readiness in recalling the necessary character; we can read the language fairly freely. Let me hasten to assure you that that is a great step forward. Our most ardent and sanguine expectation is, as you may readily guess, to be able to preach, even if only for five minutes, and in a manner at least intelligible to our audience. Only when we have reached this point will we consider ourselves missionaries. Then there will be the task of hearing confessions. Up to now we have had perforce to rely on the kindly services of the Fathers of the Rue du Bac for the confessions of the flock confided to our care.

We have received the visit of the Very Rev. Fr Ricaldone. This event was a great one in this outpost of the Congregation and was of great comfort and help to us, for we thus had an opportunity of laying open our difficulties and also the lines to be followed in the pursuance of our mission in Japan.

At present we form but one community at Miyasaki but we will have soon to separate for our several fields of activity for three posts have been assigned to us, namely, Miyasaki, Oita and Nakassu.

Certainly we are not yet able to exercise in all its fulness the sacred ministry nor to substitute the missionaries who are handing over these places to us, where they

have been labouring for twenty odd years. However, while recognising our own insufficiency, we think it advisable to commence work, and to put in operation our first attempts, in order that we may grow stronger and more successful in the practice of the apostolate.

Our arrival in Japan was greeted with joy by everybody. Not having as yet realised any personal work, we would be very foolish to boast of even the smallest result which may have come our way. The little success we have had, is due in its entirety to the *Pères des Missions Étrangères* of Paris from whom we have everything to learn and imitate. They it is who have laboured, sown and watered. Likewise to them belongs the merit of the harvest.

These few notes will probably convey to you the notion that our progress is very slow and in this you make no mistake. It is slow, and is likely to be so for some time to come, but since we know where the evil lies, the application of the remedy will be a much easier matter than it would otherwise be.

For the progress of our work we rely on the prayers of the Salesian Co-operators but particularly upon the prayers of the children in our schools. God cannot refuse the prayer of a child. Hence we appeal to all Directors to ask for prayers for this Mission. The news which reaches us of the revival of missionary zeal in the catholic world, fills us with the best of hopes for the future. Who knows if some of the readers of the Salesian Bulletin, some of the young men "who do no work in England today", some of the many young readers of the Missionary Magazines, will not come to join us in the

near future? Who knows but that these will come and take up our work, blazing the trail of catholicity through Japan, walking where we crawled, running where we walked, reaping where we sowed but all tending to the ultimate triumph of the church of God?

There is such an appalling amount of work awaiting us in Japan. Recall to mind the latest statistics, that is, those of 1926. Of 60,000,000 Japanese there are only 91,000 catholics! To guide this little flock and to search for the wandering sheep there are but 225 catholic priests while the ministers of Buddhism number some 53,000. Each catholic priest would have at this rate 266,000 Japanese to convert, if he wished to do his "bit" in leading this great nation to Rome. Will we ever come to the end of the work, think you, unless the workers for the salvation of this race are multiplied and multiplied again? Shall we ever be enabled to have an indigenous clergy if our own men do not come forward to promote the faith, which God has given them to impart to others? May the Lord of the harvest send us the labourers! This is the most ardent desire of the missionaries who behold the harvest preparing, and in places ripening, without having the necessary power to reap. We dream of the days to come when Japan shall be sending missionaries to preach to her sons abroad; when Japan shall be a great catholic nation; but at present we see but a short way into the future and that distance in fraught with great difficulties and hardships. But "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away".

J. TANGUY *Salesian Missionary.*

IMPORTANT. 1) Will readers, who are kind enough to send offerings for Masses or for the *Salesian Bulletin*, please take care that the letters containing the money are registered. In the event of any letter going astray, as they are apt to do, we will then be in a position to trace the letter in question. — 2) The registered postage is 5½d from Great Britain and 30 cents from America. — 3) The postage for a letter from Great Britain or the Colonies is 2½d, and from America five cents.

All Souls.

The persistent petition of the Church for her departed children is for rest and light eternal, and so we may conclude that the privation of these things constitutes, to her mind, the essential state of the souls in purgatory. It is true, they "rest in Christ", they have fallen asleep in Him Whose members they are, but not yet are they risen with Him into the splendours of that Light which is Himself, Who is the Lamp of the City of Peace. Their unutterable yearning and panting for God disturbs not by a ripple the tranquil ocean of their utter resignation, their glad acquiescence in the decree of Love and Justice, that keeps them back from Him. But none the less terrific is their hunger and thirst for Him Who is their Rest, Whose possession alone can give complete and entire satisfaction to their mighty spirits.

In our present sense-bound existence we can form no conception, except by image and symbol and metaphor, of the indescribable craving of the disembodied soul for God, the Author and End of its being. But even while we cannot understand, we sometimes long to *want* God like that! Whether or not it be *possible* for every soul to go straight to heaven, we may safely take it for granted that the vast majority do not. This is obviously the Church's point of view, else would she be so constant and insistent in her suffrages for the faithful departed? Even while we aim at the highest—and which of us constantly and consistently does that?—how far short we fall! Thus it is that sometimes, when sickened with self, ever ready to poison our motives, to spoil our best actions; wearied by our daily frailties; tired and ashamed of our rebellions and resistances, our frettings under the *shade of that Hand stretched out so caressingly*; we long, perhaps, for that ante-chamber to heaven, to find ourselves among those blessed ones who resist God no longer, but where at last, because He must, He has His way with His fractious children, and where we shall eagerly surrender ourselves to those penal pains which must make ready our sin-stained souls for the Vision of the Most Holy.

Who has not lingered, with something like wistfulness, on these lines of Newman's great poem:—

*"Take me away, and in the lowest deep,
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.*

*There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease*

*To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its Sole Peace.*

There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—

Take me away,

That sooner I may rise, and go above,

And see Him in the truth of everlasting day".

Meanwhile, we must strive, in spite of failings, so to live as to render that period of purgation as brief as we may, for God yearns for us with infinite yearning, and how shall we wilfully keep *Him* waiting?

Beyond the fact that there is a purgatory; that there those souls are detained and suffer for a time who, though dying in the grace and friendship of God, are yet unfit for His immediate Presence, and that the souls thus detained can be helped by the faithful still upon earth; we know nothing for certain, for the Church has defined no more. We learn many things, in image and symbol and metaphor, from the writings of the saints, but although approved by the Church, as containing nothing contrary to faith, they yet have no place in her dogmatic teaching on purgatory. Of the nature of the sufferings of the souls detained there, we neither have nor can have any sort of experimental knowledge whatsoever, for their state is totally and entirely different from our own. Precisely for this reason have Catholic writers in all ages been obliged to resort to metaphor and symbol, and they have done that freely and fearlessly when treating of the sufferings of purgatory.

For the Church herself the departed are those "who have gone before us with the sign of faith and sleep the sleep of peace". Her prayers for them are calm and strong. She is lavish with the treasures she puts into our hands and bids us use them, by way of suffrage, on their behalf.

Prayer for the dead is a truly Catholic instinct, and for most of us the month of November has a sacredness all its own. Day and night there is present to our thoughts that vast sea of souls, awaiting, with unspeakable longing, the unveiled Vision of God. And with a tremendous sense of responsibility we realise that it is ours, because God has so ordained, to hasten, if we will, the possession of the bliss for which they crave.

*Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.*

D. M.

He who has not learned to find pleasure in the good of others is not only uneducated but uncivilised.

The Poor Indians.

A short time ago (April last to be precise) I encountered at the Mission a group of Indians who were carrying a coffin or rather an old canoe which had been adapted to serve as one. I approached them and asked whether the dead person was a man or a woman. You may imagine my horror and surprise on receiving the following answer—

"It is a woman, but she is not yet dead".

"What" I exclaimed in dismay "do you mean to say that you have placed a live woman in that coffin?"

"Well it is like this" was the calm rejoinder, "She has been on the point of death for some days but she does not seem to want to depart. Consequently we have brought her here to see what can be done about it".

What depths of ignorance still exist among these Indians! They at the doors of the capital of Rio Negro and yet their ideas are still as barbarous as if they lived in the depths of a forest. The case is somewhat the same as that of the great cities of today; the extremes of wealth and poverty are usually to be found cheek by jowl in the overcrowded cities of modern civilisation.

They carried their burden into a nearby hut and took off the lid of the coffin. I went over to see the sick person. It was indeed an old Indian woman but the only signs of animation were contained in her eyes: "Has she been baptised" I asked.

"Yes she was baptised and married according to the rites of the Catholic Church, by one of the first missionaries".

Thus only thing that remained for me to do was the to give her absolution and administer Extreme Unction. Without loss of time I had her own people suggest to her to ask pardon for her sins, so that the missionary could give her absolution.

When the old woman had come round a little, and had struggled through the act of contrition, I gave her absolution, Extreme Unction and the Papal Blessing.

A half-hour later she gave up her soul to God. One can truly say that she waited for a priest in order to die.

Late Father BALZOLA

LEST WE FORGET

Salesian Co-operators who, after having been to confession and communion, visit any church or public chapel, as also those who living in community, visit their private chapel, and pray for the intentions of the Holy Father, can gain—:

A Plenary Indulgence.

Every month—

- 1) On any one day in the month at their choice.
- 2) On the day on which they make the Exercises for a Happy Death.
- 3) On the day on which they assist at a Salesian Co-operators' meeting.

On each of the following days—

- | | |
|----------------|--|
| November 21st. | The Presentation of
B.V.M. in the Temple. |
| November 22nd | St. Cecilia. |
| December 8th | The Immaculate Con-
ception. |
| January 1st. | The Circumcision of
Jesus. |
| January 2nd. | The Holy Name |
| January 6th. | The Epiphany. |
| January 18th. | Chair of St Peter at
Rome. |

It is also worth remembrance.

That, on the sole condition of being in the state of grace the Co-operators, who, in the midst of their daily work, unite their hearts to God by a short ejaculation, can gain each day—:

1) For any one of these ejaculations a plenary indulgence. The choice of the particular ejaculation is left to each one's discretion.

2) For each of the others 400 days indulgence each time.

NB. Those Co-operators who, on account of sickness, cannot go to visit a church, can gain the above indulgences by reciting at home, Five Our Fathers, Five Hail Maries, and Five Glory be to the Fathers according to the intentions of the Holy Father.



An Old Boy's Corner

To undertake any venture in this world is to invite criticism. It would be a small thing if this criticism were constructive but it is most frequently destructive. The launching of any undertaking is regarded by its initiators with anxious eyes, by its friends with expectant eyes, and by its many enemies with sceptic eyes. This is all true in the material world. When one approaches the spiritual sphere, one can confidently say that the scepticism increases and the friendliness decreases. In the material world failure is but relative, and indicative of very little, while in the spiritual world failure is more absolute; and being more of a personal affair gives a very just indication of the state not only of a corporate body, but also of the component members of that body.

Hence the undertaking of a spiritual retreat by the Battersea Branch of the Salesian Old Boy's Association for its members was momentous. Many were the cares expended upon the preparations. Many were the anxieties expressed as to the success of the venture. However the result has more than justified the initiation of this extremely important work. The retreat, which was held at the Salesian School, Battersea, was an unqualified success. The more praise is due to this effort from the fact that the Battersea Branch of the Association, while being one of the youngest and smallest Branches, is yet the first in Europe to hold a retreat for its members. This fact is indicative of great spiritual activity in this body and augurs well for its future.

The preacher of the spiritual exercises was the famous Dominican, Rev. Vincent Mc Nabb. It would be superfluous to attempt to reproduce the eminently prac-

tical discourses of the preacher, since those who heard them will find it difficult to forget them. Fr. McNabb delivered three sermons each day, and devoted one hour daily to the solution of difficulties, placed in the "question box" by the retreatants. Many of these questions contained posers which crop up in the office, club, or tram and which sometimes find catholics unprepared. Fr. McNabb gave the practical solutions and also the general principles for the answering of similar difficulties.

A special feature of the retreat was the earnest and eloquent sermonettes of the Very Rev. Grand President of the Association, the Very Rev. A. Tozzi, S. C. These short instructions were delivered after the night prayers and contained sound points of doctrine and instructive hints for the guidance of life. It is a distinctive characteristic of the Salesian training, to give a few minutes instruction to their pupils immediately after the night prayers, before retiring for the night. Thus the mind is provided with a subject for thought against the sleepless hours, and is thus guarded from the danger of wandering into the fields of idle if not of positively dangerous thought.

On Saturday evening a most instructive discourse was pronounced by the eminent catholic layman, F. Corballis Esq. on "*The Duties and opportunities of the Catholic Layman*". Many points were brought home to the retreatants that had lain dormant for long years, and many views on the position of catholics in the England of today, were well emphasised, so as to bring home the fact that the Catholic Church is an ever increasing body, and that its age-old dignity is becom-

ing once more recognised in the land where, in other days, no other church was acknowledged. On the Sunday evening another instructive lecture was delivered by the Very Rev. M. H. Mc Carthy, S. C. on "*Co-operation in Salesian Works*". Many were the vistas opened up for the astonished gaze of the audience. Never had they dreamt they could be so effectively useful in helping forward the Salesian activities. Never had they realised how deficient they had been in helping

when there was a General Communion at the 8. o. a. m. Mass. At 10. o. a. m. Fr McNabb preached the closing discourse which was followed by the Papal Benediction and by solemn Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

At the dinner Mr Daniel Dempsey, the able Treasurer of the Association, expressed in a neat speech the heartfelt thanks of the members towards the Very Rev. Fr. Mc Carthy, S. C. on account of the kindly and paternal feelings that



on the work which they all so much admired. The efficacy of these two lectures will be amply borne out in the future.

On Sunday the 10. o. o'clock mass was celebrated for the repose of the souls of the deceased members of the Association. At this annual remembrance there were present some fifty or sixty Old Boys. Many of the visitors stayed the day and availed themselves of the opportunity of partaking in the retreat. The number of retreatants was over thirty and would have been far more had not the business claims of many of the members precluded the possibility of taking part in the retreat. The retreat closed on Monday morning

had induced him (Fr Mc Carthy) to proffer the hospitality of Battersea to the Old Boys for their retreat. The speaker also referred in glowing terms to the self sacrificing efforts of the Rev. Secretary of the Association, whose part in making the retreat such a success was by no means meagre.

Very Rev. Fr Mc Carthy in reply, thanked Mr Dempsey for the filial sentiments expressed, and also for the members' kind appreciation of his contribution towards the success of this first retreat. The Rev. speaker went on to say, how pleased he was to have had the retreat at Battersea, how edified he had been by the earnestness of the retreatants, how

proud he felt that the first Association of the many Salesian Old Boys' Associations in Europe to hold a retreat should be that of the Battersea School.

The Rev. Secretary, in response to repeated calls, remarked how exceedingly grateful he was, to have been instrumental in organising this first Salesian Old Boys' retreat. Concluding he said "Gentlemen, you have, by joining in this retreat, done a good work not only for yourselves, not only for our Branch of the Association, but for each and every Branch of the fellow Associations scattered throughout the world. The value of this work will be revealed only in the eons of eternity".

The retreatants were greatly encouraged and rejoiced by the following letter from the Very Rev. Superior General.

"I understand that some of our dear Old Boys are assembled at Battersea for a Retreat. This fact gives me great pleasure and it is a great consolation, for it shows your sincere desire to improve yourselves in the practice of the christian life, by recalling to mind the sacred principles in which you were educated. It is also a proof of the love you bear your former Superiors and the Salesian Society. I most sincerely hope that this Retreat will be most successful and produce great spiritual fruit; and for this purpose I paternally bless all taking part in the Retreat, and I will pray that they may obtain the assistance of our Blessed Lady, Help of Christians and of our Founder Ven. Don Bosco,

*With most cordial greetings to all,
Yours affectionately in Jesus Christ,*

PHILIP RINALDI, Superior General.

At the conclusion of the Retreat the following telegram was sent to the Superior General and Superior Chapter of the Salesians.

"The first party of Salesian Old Boys gathered in Retreat at Battersea send filial and cordial greetings to the Very Rev. Don Rinaldi and the Superiors at Turin, with hearty thanks for the so kind letter received".

A photograph was taken of the retreatants and is herewith produced. Unfortunately many had already left for their various destinations before the group was taken. On Monday afternoon the

retreatants went by *char - à - banc* to the Salesian School, Chertsey where they were most kindly entertained by the Very Rev. W. G. Austen. S. C. B. A.

A most remarkable feature of this course of spiritual exercises was the time at which it was held. The time chosen was the August Bank Holiday week-end. This period is the "close" season of holiday-making and is very often a period of sin, of vice, in an otherwise innocent year. It seems that at this time the spirits of the old pagans invade the bodies of phlegmatic Englishmen, and enslave them to their immoral principles. The flesh at this time is very weak indeed. Hence all the more praise is due to those who forewent this holiday, to spend the days apart with God, and to enjoy spiritual pleasures. For some of the retreatants these few days were the only days rest in their year's work, and yet willingly did they give them up. Surely they will be rewarded. Even from a material point of view they will be re-invigorated, for many holidays are but periods of strenuous and fatiguing exercises for most people, while the period in retreat was in every sense a rest. But the material consideration is not the one which is worthy of consideration. The real benefit is contained in those words of the Divine Saviour of Mankind "*Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and its justice and all these things will be added unto you*". They have sought first *the kingdom of heaven*, and without doubt *all these things*, which they need for soul and body will be added unto them.

A THOUGHT FOR DECEMBER.

Oh that the sacred birth of the dear Infant of Bethlehem would cause holy affections to be born in our hearts! I do not know of any mystery that so sweetly blends tenderness with austerity, love with rigour, sweetness with bitterness.

St. Francis of Sales.



DEVOTION TO OUR LADY HELP OF CHRISTIANS

*"Men say that loving thee I dim
The glory of Thy Son Divine,
But otherwise I learn of Him,
And call thee His, and find thee mine."*

December 8th. 1841.

I would like my readers to come with me in fancy to the city of Turin in Northern Italy. Moreover the time must be in the early morning and in the former half of the past century. The streets are at this time (1841) picturesque. The national costume is more elegant and gay. The streets are more safe for pedestrians. The churches are numerous and the faithful more ready to pay their homage to their creator. The weather is cold, bitterly cold, for the winters in Turin are more severe than those of England. We take our way along a narrow street which is the centre of the business houses of Turin, and turn off on the left, into a side street where stands a Church. The exterior like that of most Italian churches is unpretentious. The interior is rather gawdy to our sober tastes but well in keeping with the tastes and character of the people who therein worship.

The sacristy is at the top of the church and we must traverse the whole of the nave to reach it. Once in the sacristy let us compose ourselves for a good look round. The vestment chest stands in the middle of the floor. The walls are lined with massive cupboards made of oak, while in the corners stand the confessionals. These things we take in at a glance, but our attention is claimed by a priest who stands in the sacristy vesting for mass. A cursory glance at this man reveals no striking features. Of middle height, well made limbs, and a fine head are the general aspects that strike us. On closer observation however, there becomes apparent a very different aspect, the whole bearing of the man is dignified, recollect-

ed and reserved. Exteriorly there appear the signs of great interior recollection and tranquility of spirit. A man that you would trust with your life, and what is more important with the guidance of your immortal soul.

However the priest is ready for mass and the sacristan looks round for a server. Suddenly, he catches sight of a boy in one of the corners (probably he had come into the sacristy for greater warmth), and peremptorily summons him to come and serve the priest's mass. In faltering accents the boy says that he is ignorant of the manner of serving at mass, for he has never served before. The sacristan insists, but finding that he is on a fruitless subject, betakes himself to belabouring the head and shoulders of the boy with blows. Driving him from the sacristy, he reviles him with opprobrious names, for coming into the sacristy without being able to serve mass. Suddenly there breaks in on the scene the voice of the priest. It is stern and sounds angry.—"What on earth are you doing to the child? Why are you beating him? What has he done?" The sacristan turns round and answers—"I am beating him for daring to enter my sacristy although he is ignorant of how to serve Mass".

—"But" remarks the priest "you are in the wrong. You have no right to hit the boy".

—"What has that to do with you?"

—"It has a great deal to do with me, the boy is a friend of mine: call him back immediately: tell him I want to talk to him".

— The sacristan, grumbling under his breath, goes out, and we hear him calling "Blockhead, blockhead, come here". By

dint of much persuasion and a promise to refrain from beating him the sacristan induces the boy to return. The boy is in tears and approaches the priest trembling for the reproof that he expects. However one glance at the priest reassures the child. The face of the priest is lit



"You have no right to hit the boy ...

up with a most benign smile that imparts to it something of heavenly attraction, and which sets the boy at his ease at once. The sacristan, in wonder, listens to the following conversation.

— "Well, my little man, have you already heard Mass?"

— "No father".

— "Come then and hear mine: afterwards I have something to say to you that will please you very much".

The child willingly promised. The

priest on his part led the boy to the altar at which he was about to celebrate and seemed bent on erasing the bad impression the sacristan had given the child of the church. When the Mass is over and the priest has made his thanksgiving, he goes to seek his young friend who is now in good humour and leads him to the sacristy. After talking and smiling together for some moments, the priest asks the boy—

— "What is your name, my little man?"

— "Bartholomew Garelli".

— "Where do you live?"

— "My home is at Asti".

— "And is your father living?"

— "No, he is dead".

— "And your mother?"

— "She is also dead".

— "How old are you?"

— "I am sixteen".

— "Can you read and write?"

— "No, I know nothing".

— "Have you made your first communion?"

— "Not yet".

— "Have you made your first confession?"

— "Yes, but when I was small".

— "Do you go to catechism class?"

— "No I do not venture to do so".

— "Why not?"

— "Because my companions are all smaller and younger than I am, and know far more, and I am a great big lump of a fellow who knows nothing, and so I am ashamed to go to the classes".

— "If I teach you your catechism by yourself would you come to learn?"

— "I would come most willingly".

— "Would you come willingly to this room?"

— "Yes, so long as I don't get my ears boxed for coming".

— "Set your mind at rest, no-one will maltreat you here. You shall be my friend and will have to do with me, and with no-one else. When would you like to begin your class?"

— "As soon as you like".

— "This evening?"

— "Yes".

— "Shall we begin now?"

— "Yes, right away if you are at leisure and can put up with me".

The priest kneels down and the boy follows his example. An "*Ave Maria*" is recited with great fervour on the part of the priest and they arise making the sign of the cross, at least the priest makes the sign of the cross, the boy does not, for he is ignorant of the method.

The first class consists in instructing the youth in the sign of the cross, a few ideas of God, the end of creation and the words of the mass. The priest then gives the youth a medal of the Mother of God and dismisses him, getting his promise to return on the morrow.

There, dear readers, you have the origin of the Salesian work. The priest was Don Bosco, the boy his first pupil and the church, that of St. Francis of Assisi at Turin. The day as you will have noticed is the 8th of December, the solemn feast of the Immaculate Mother of God. The Venerable Servant of God had long felt the need of a work on behalf of neglected youth. His early dreams had been of that labour of love. His ambitions were still fixed on providing a home, instruction and protection for those whose path was beset with vice, and who had no defence against the wickedness and snares of the devil.

For this work there was needed a mother. Who then is more loving than Mary, the Mother of God? Who more ready to succour the children of men than the Help of Christians? Who more tender than the Mother of Sorrows? This then was the loving mother Don Bosco chose for his boys. It was on this day of Her great feast that he inaugurated his work. In succeeding years the 8th of December was *the day par excellence* for starting a new work. He began his work with an "*Ave Maria*". The fruits borne by that simple and beautiful prayer are evident in the rapid diffusion of the Salesian Congregation. The work of Mary is ever for the children of men and She favoured Her servant Don Bosco above the other men of his time, just because his devotion to Her was so vivid, so real, so deep, so fervent.

The 8th of December every year should be the day of thanksgiving for the many benefits bestowed on the Salesian Congregation. The Mother of God has protected

this Her work from its very origin. Don Bosco has popularised and extended devotion to Mary under the title of Help of Christians, the most glorious title after Mother of God, and almost the complement of it. By becoming Mother of God, She became the Mother of Christ, the God-Man, who is our brother. Her love for us, is second only to Her love of God. The intensity of Her love is borne out by the fact that She is the co-redemptrix of the human race. The Mother of Sorrows, the Mother of men, the Help of Christians, all synonymous titles. Sorrow and man are inevitable and inseparable. To bear that sorrow we need Mary, the Help of Christians. Let us all then turn to Her at *all* times, in trouble in joy, in tears, in gladness, in distress, in rejoicing, in success, in failure. Let us begin all our actions "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost" and with an *Ave Maria*. Let us thus imitate the illustrious example of Don Bosco and we may rest assured that, as we began our actions in Mary, we will end them in Mary, and She will lead us to God with these beautiful words "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased".

MOTOR CHAPEL FOR PATAGONIA.

Remote plateaus and mountain fastnesses will be traversed by the motor chapel which has just been inaugurated and blessed here by Mgr. Gaudenzio Monachino, inspector and supervisor of the Salesian Missions in Patagonia.

The Minister of War and other Government officials were among the brilliant assembly gathered for the ceremony.

Mass was celebrated in the chapel at the close of its consecration by Mgr. Monachino, followed by addresses by Fr. Giuseppe Silva, S.C., and Lieut.-Col. Sanchez Revnappe.

The chapel, which was exhibited at the Salesian Missionary Exposition in Turin, Italy, last autumn, is mounted on a chassis which was the gift of the Fiat Company of that city.

The generous donor of the body of the car, or the chapel itself, is known to be a distinguished lady of Buenos Aires, who, however, prefers to preserve complete anonymity.



“You know not the hour...”.

On October 3rd the sad news reached the Salesian community at Battersea that their esteemed confrere, the Very Rev. Father Michael De Bary, rector of the Salesian Institute at Cape Town, had met that day with a fatal accident.

No details are available as yet, but it would appear that the boys of the Institute, accompanied by their masters, were making an excursion up the mountain. The first Monday in October is a general holiday in Cape Town, and Father De Bary himself took part in the boys' outing. Apparently he slipped on the mountain side, lost his footing, and fell sixty feet on the rocks below.

He was born at Bruges, Belgium, on April 7th, 1878. His mother was Pauline Mostyn—a member of the illustrious Catholic family closely connected with the famous Lord Petre. The present Archbishop of Cardiff, a member of that family, is a cousin of the deceased priest.

Father De Bary first entered the Salesian Society at Battersea in 1895. He completed his philosophical and theological studies there, and was ordained at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, by Cardinal Bourne, then Bishop of Southwark.

A few years after ordination he was appointed rector of the Salesian Novitiate

House at Burwash, Sussex, and later on he held the important post of Spiritual Director and Confessor to the Salesian School at Battersea. He was also for several years secretary to the Very Rev. Francis Scaloni, S.C., Provincial of the Salesians in England, Ireland and South Africa.

In 1919 he became rector of the Salesian School at East Hill, Wandsworth, where he made many friends by his genial manner and kindly disposition. During this time, too, he did very useful work as chaplain to Wandsworth Prison, and he was also for many years a devoted Spiritual Director to several convents, where his work and spiritual guidance were deeply appreciated.

In 1923 he was nominated to the important position of rector of the large Salesian Institute in Somerset Road, Cape Town. His work there was eminently successful, and he endeared himself to all by his kindly manner, and he made many fast friends both inside and outside the Institute.

He seemed to be naturally fitted for the many positions which he held throughout his life, for besides being a skilled linguist, he was well-known for his broad-mindedness, his affability, gentleness and solid piety; it can be truly said of him that “he would not wilfully do anything that would cause the slightest pain to anyone.” His sacerdotal jubilee, last February, was a real triumph, and manifested beyond any doubt the deep esteem and veneration in which the good father was held.

When the late Father Provincial, the Very Rev. Francis Scaloni, was making his canonical visitation last year of the Salesian Houses in South Africa and the Belgian Congo, Fether De Bary accompanied him from the Cape to the Congo, as his secretary and guide, assisted him in his labours, and was assiduous in attending to his needs during his fatal illness. And when Father Scaloni breathed his last, at Elizabethville, in the Congo, so many thousands of miles away from those who were awaiting his return to England, Father De Bary was by his side, as the representative of the English Province of the Salesians, and was able to console him and subsequently do honour to him at his funeral.

Moreover, all the details connected with that last journey and illness of the lamented Father Provincial came from the able pen and thoughtful care of the good Father, who himself has now gone to the reward of his labours, after a life spent wholly in God's service and devoted to the many varied duties which he was called upon to perform. May he rest in peace.

GRACES AND FAVOURS

SLIEMA (*Malta*). — A servant of Mary Help of Christians desires to thank Our Lady for help obtained to pass a difficult examination.

E. de M.

WANSTEAD, ESSEX, (*England*). — Please publish my very grateful thanks to Mary Help of Christians for a temporal favour received, after a Novena made in Her honour. Please also offer a Mass in thanksgiving and in gratitude for this favour.

J. M. C.

IRELAND. — Kindly publish in the Salesian Bulletin my heartfelt thanks to Our Lady, Help of Christians for the following favour obtained. My niece contracted inflammation of the bowels, and the inflammation rapidly spread to her head. All the doctors declared her case hopeless. However after a novena to Don Bosco's Madonna all signs of the disease passed and the girl is now quite well. O Clement, O Pious, O Sweet Virgin Mary.

*A Client of Our Lady,
Help of Christians.*

CAMANOCK (*India*). — Some years ago my brother had a marvellous recovery from bubonic plague. This was while we were at Basara. Since that event which we all ascribe to the efficacious intercession of Mary, Help of Christians, I, and all my family, have had a special devotion to the powerful queen of Heaven under this title. Also, ever since that date, many small favours have been granted to me and other members of my family. Difficulties have been overcome that I never thought could be obviated. Hence I feel it incumbent on me to make a small offering in honour of the powerful protectrix. Enclosed please find my offering to defray expenses of Her Shrine at Turin, and to help forward Her chosen modern work, the Salesian Congregation.

P. D. FERNANDES.

REVIEWS RECEIVED.

The editor begs to acknowledge receipt of: Far East, Catholic Missions, The Field Afar, Our Missions, The Little Missionary, Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart, The Poor Souls' Friend, St Joseph's Sheaf, Help of Christians, Don Bosco Messenger, St Anthony's Annuals.

NB. An exchange of reviews with any other Missionary magazine would be welcomed by the editor.

The Little Missionary. Techny. U.S.A.

With September there begins a new year in the successful career of the above named missionary magazine. Easily the best magazine of its kind, the Little Missionary caters for the romantic tastes of children. There is not a dull page in the whole of its twenty-four pages. Children are transported to other lands. Wondrous events are witnessed. Indian Princesses live again for them. Wondrous tales are told of the quaint customs of other nations. Fairy tales and Folk-lore entrance the ideal mind of youth. May we soon see a magazine of this kind in England. Here is provided healthy, enthralling literature for the younger generation. Here is set before them an ideal to be attained, a cause to be championed, the cause of the ignorant pagans, an enemy to be overthrown, the prince of darkness. Youth needs an ideal; here it is provided with the highest of all ideals—the spreading of the truth of Christ. Prospere, procede et regna.

Immaculate.

*Far down the ages of eternity
Ere stars their vigil kept,
Within the bosom of the God Most High
The thought of Mary slept.
And when the new-made stars gave praise to God
On glad creation's morn,
They were but figures of a brighter Star—
God's Mother, yet unborn.
And when eternity gave unto time
The Virgin preordained
To be the Mother of the God made Man,
Her soul came forth unstained
By e'en the shadow that o'er earth was cast
By Eden's fateful tree—
Her heart a crystal lily-vase that held
The Flower of Purity.*

THE LIFE OF THE VEN. DON BOSCO

By G. LEMOYNE of the Salesian Congregation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

(Continued).

"On the 9th of March 1861" records Don Bonetti's chronicle "Don Bosco returned from the Seminary at Bergamo. His coming was awaited by some, with great anxiety and apprehension, while all the others were quite jubilant over his return. The day of his return being a Saturday he took care to warn those boys that had been won over by the attacks of the devil. On the following day he said that some of them had already been to see him, that others had come to him when he sent for them, but that the rest scarcely saw him but they ran away. Meeting during the course of the day, some of these latter, he said to them, "Hello! what caused you to run away?" The boys no sooner heard this question, so different from the reproachful words they expected, than they began to cry and went to confession".

The chronicle takes up the narrative on the 10th of the following February. "This evening" writes Don Bonetti "four or five of us were in Don Bosco's room. The rest of the community were in the Oratory Theatre. I asked Don Bosco how it was that he was able to see events which were taking place a great distance away. He explained it thus "It is as though, there were a telegraph wire from my head to the desired place. To establish communication it suffices that I concentrate my thoughts on the place I desire and suddenly I see what is happening at that spot. For example, here I am in my room. Now, since I so desire, I see a boy under the portico."

"Nevertheless we cannot understand it" we all exclaimed.

"Ah" responded Don Bosco "that is because you do not know the knack of it. You do not understand the workings of the conjurer's box".

With these words he made us burst out laughing, and so extricated himself

from the necessity of further explanation. Then glancing over us all with the greatest tenderness he said "How fortunate are all of you. You are still young men and have still many years in which to work for Our Divine Redeemer. You have still plenty of time to heap up merit for the next life. I, on the contrary, am already old and must soon die and present myself before my Judge with empty hands".

Upon this, one of us observed that he had no right to talk in that fashion, for he gave himself no rest. Day and night he worked for God and consequently his hands would not be empty. He however insisted that all he did was only what his duty bound him to do. His priesthood was given him merely to perform that work. One of us then interposed with the remark that it would be better to refrain from accepting the priesthood. Don Bosco however replied—"Did Our Lord ever say that he wished anyone to refrain from his vocation? Nay rather one must not resist the call, but obey it with all care. For the rest I console myself with the thought, that God is rich in mercy and that when we appear before Him and can truthfully say "I have done the work thou gavest me to do". He, on his part, in the infinity of His mercy will not be able to refrain from welcoming us with these beautiful words "Well done thou good and faithful servant: because thou hast been faithful in a few things I will place thee over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord".

These, and others even more remarkable, were the marvels which occurred in the daily life of Don Bosco. Prophecy, the gift of reading the secrets of a soul, miraculous cures, conversions, and the other great gifts, with which a beneficent God had endowed him, kept us in a continual state of wonderment. For some years past, young men like Ruffino and Bonetti had written down a sufficiently

prolix record of all they had seen and heard. In 1861 however the idea of forming a Commission, to take account of the most important and unusual happenings, was entertained. The great and luminous gifts which shone forth in Don Bosco; the extraordinary facts which happened to him and which were a source of admiration to all of us; his singular manner of guiding youth along the thorny path of virtue; the great designs which he showed he had in his head for the future; all these revealed in him something supernatural, and made us predict more glorious days both for him and for the Oratory. These facts also imposed on us a strict obligation of gratitude and the duty of preventing anything that happened to Don Bosco from falling into oblivion, and of doing our utmost to keep his memory green against the day, when the splendour of his fame would light up the whole world and be a sure guide for the youth of future generations. This then was the scope of the Commission which was set up by us. It was composed of the following members—Frs. Alasonatti, Rua, Savio, and Turchi, Cav: Oreglia di S. Stephano Federico, Brothers Cagliero, Francesca, Durando, Cerruti, Anfossi, Provera, Bonetti, Chivarello and Ruffino. At the first sitting Brothers Chivarello, Bonetti and Ruffino were appointed as the principal recorders of any extraordinary events. At the second, held on March 3rd 1861, votes were taken for the offices of President, Vice-President and Secretary to which Fr. Rua, Fr. Turchi, and Brother Ruffino were respectively elected. The documents of this Commission have been carefully preserved.

"This was indeed the golden age of the Oratory. Even among the boys there were examples of shining virtue". So writes Don Bonetti "These were the boys who imitated the life of Dominic Savio and renewed amongst us the wonderful and supernatural works which had been so conspicuous in the days of that holy youth. The boys loved one another like so many brothers: there was no strife, discord or quarrels amongst them: they formed but one heart and one soul in loving God and consoling Don Bosco. So great was the care exer-

cised by all to behave themselves at all times, that it was a rare occurrence for a boy to lose a mark in the weekly record of conduct. This was indeed a fine record and it was noticed that if by some chance a boy did lose a mark, his conduct henceforth would be such, that, in all probability, he would not lose another during the rest of the year."

(To be continued).



Rev. John Balzola. Salesian Missionary.

It is with the most poignant feelings of sorrow that we announce the death of Fr. Balzola. From the year 1893 this priest has devoted all his energies to the evangelization of the Savages. For two years he was secretary to the apostle of Brazil, Mgr Lasagna, and then at the instance of the Government, undertook the direction of Theresa Christian Colony, for the civilization of the Indians of the Rio Lorenzo. Three years of intense suffering and privation followed, but success attended his efforts. In 1898 he conducted three of these Indians to Europe, and they were baptized by Don Rua in the Basilica at Turin.

On his return to Matto Grosso, Fr Balzola in conjunction with Fr Malan undertook the foundation of a new missionary post. After much exploration he initiated the work at Barreiro. After seven months construction had been achieved, the place was surrounded by Indians ready to slay all the inhabitants. The famous captain Joachin was however persuaded that the missionaries were emissaries of the "Great Spirit", and thus the situation was saved. Fr. Balzola remained in these forests until 1915 living with the Indians, settling their disputes, ruling them and beloved by all. The good he here achieved is incalculable.

In 1915 he turned his energies to the Indians of the Rio Negro. For twelve long hard years he laboured in this mission everywhere being successful, from his identifying himself with the people he wished to convert. He was indeed all things to all men to gain all to Christ. In this mission he founded the residences at St. Gabriel Taracua and Barcellos. His energies

were occupied however in expeditions of every kind among the Indians.

Worn out by his fatigues he came to Europe in 1925. However, restless as ever, he spent the time in giving missionary conferences which were productive of much good. His command of Italian was somewhat poor, for his life had been spent among another nation, with few chances of practising his native tongue. God however made up for this deficiency and his halting language was more eloquent than the rhetorical periods of more cultured men. On his return to his mission, an extraordinary drought redoubled his fatigues and pre-occupations. He began to waste away. The doctors whom he consulted forbade him to return to the mission. Fr. Balzola however, knowing how vital were his services to the mission at Barcellos, returned to put affairs in order. It pleased God to call this indefatigable missionary to Himself while in the labour of his life and heart.

The death of this missionary is a great loss to the Salesian Congregation but will also be an earnest of great blessings, according to those words of Don Bosco—"Whenever a Salesian falls under the fatigues of his apostolate and departs from the field of labour, then be assured that our Congregation has won a splendid triumph and that copious blessings will descend upon it from heaven".

However since we know not the exigencies of the justice of God let us pray for the eternal repose of the soul of Fr. Balzola, and may he on his entrance into heaven bless all who perform this truly Christian work.

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

Rt. Rev. I. Meerchaert. D. D., Oklahoma (U.S.A)
Very Rev. Dr. Manigot P. P., V. G., Granada (W. Indies).

Rev. J. O'Callaghan, Co Cork, (Ireland).

Dr. J. Thill, Echternach (Luxembourg)

Mr. Conbishley, Preston (England).

Mr. Martin, Co Cork (Ireland)

Mr. T. O'Connell, Co Cork (Ireland).

Mr. J. O'Keefe, Co Kilkenny (Ireland).

Mr. P. Ruddy, Co Mayo (Ireland).

Mrs. Roche, Co Wexford, (Ireland).

Mrs. W. Standford, Rendelbosch (S. Africa).

Mrs. E. Finn, Co Wexford, (Ireland).

Index for 1927.

General Articles.

Superior General's Annual Letter to the Salesian Co-operators 2.

Don Bosco 10.

St. Francis of Sales 11.

The Co-operators 30.

An apology 33.

Prize-day at Battersea 34.

Orphanage of St. George. Belgium 36.

Prize-day at Farnborough 39.

A visit to Pallaskerry 48.

The House on the Hill 51.

Da mihi Animas 65.

Decree concerning the Beatification of Don Bosco 66.

Promoters at Battersea 70.

Mariana 72.

Co-operators at Pallaskerry 81.

Missionary Statistics 88.

Superior General's Letter—Easter. 99.

Mons. Hlond, Second Salesian Cardinal 107.

Don Bosco, Educator 110.

An efficacious means of co-operation 129.

Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice 150.

"Come Follow Me 140.

The Rosary 147.

Christmas Greetings 161. — "Thou Art a

Priest for ever" 162. — Modern Knights

165. — Blessed Cottolengo 174. — First

Nowell 176. — All Souls 180.

News from Missions.

Tanjore 16. — Argentine 18.

Uruguay 85. — China 122.

Assam 132. — Belgian Congo 159.

Japan 178. — Matto Grosso 181.

Poetry.

The New Year 10.

St. Agnes 20

The Second Crucifixion 38.

Our Lady, Help of Christians 91.

Ave Maria 94.

The Divine King 145.

An Old Woman's Rosary 147.

Christ crucified 147.

Immaculate 189.

Little Jesus 177.

Salesian Old Boy's Association.

Battersea. 21. 57. 125. 148, 182.

Farnborough 89.

The Salesian World News in Brief.

23, 44, 74, 115, 144, 169.

Lest we forget — 30, 61, 82, 124, 160, 181.

Devotion to Mary, Help of Christians — 27, 62, 92, 101, 152, 185.

Life of Ven. Don Bosco (Instalments) — 95, 190.

Graces and Favours — 30, 64, 94, 106, 158, 189.

Obituary — 31, 64, 94, 128, 160, 188, 191.

SOCIETÀ EDITTRICE INTERNAZIONALE

TORINO (Italia) - Corso Regina Margherita, 174

- CIPRIANO (S.). — **L'unità della Chiesa Cattolica.** Introduzione, testo latino con note a cura di S. Colombo L. 1 —
- Da Dante a Pontano.** Saggi di prosa e poesia umanistica di Dante, Petrarca, Poliziano e Pontano a cura di U. Cosmo e P. P. Gerosa » 12 —
- EUTROPIO. — **Breviarium ab Urbe condita.** Con note, 54 ill., a cura di A. Calvi » 8 —
- FEDRO. — **Le favole,** con note di S. Sciuto » 7 —
- Florilegium Hieronymianum,** anno MD a Maximi Doctoris obitu recensuit, adnotationibus auxit Angelus Ficarra, praefatus est Felix Ramorinus, curavit Pia Societas e S. Hieronymo nuncupata evangeliiis italice pervulgandis » 10 —
- GEROLAMO (S.). — **Quattordici lettere** scelte e illustrate a cura di E. Ceria » 4 —
- La cultura romana.** Luoghi scelti di Lucrezio, Cicerone, Seneca, Quintiliano, illustrati e coordinati per una sintetica rappresentazione della cultura e delle istituzioni romane a cura di V. Ragazzini » 16 —
- LHOMOND C. FRANC. — **Epitome della Storia Sacra.** Nuova edizione con l'aggiunta di capitoli sul Nuovo Testamento e con un più ampio dizionario latino-italiano » 3 —
- LUCREZIO T. CARO. — **De Rerum Natura.** Luoghi scelti ed annotati da M. Belli » 5 —
- Luoghi scelti** da autori latini a cura di S. Sciuto.
Vol. I. Cesare (*De bello gallico*) - Fedro - Livio - Ovidio (*Metamorfosi e elegie*) e Tibullo » 13 —
- NEPOTE C. — **Le Vite dei più celebri capitani,** con introduzione, note e dizionario a cura di E. Ceria » 7 —
- ORAZIO F. Q. — **Le satire.** Introduzione e note a cura di G. Puppo » 10 —
— **L'arte poetica.** Introduzione e note di G. Puppo » 3 —
— **Le Odi.** Testo, commento e una introduz. sulla metrica oraziana a cura di M. Cerrati » 10 —
- OVIDIO P. N. — **Elegie scelte.** Con introduzione e note di S. Sciuto » 3 50
— **Tristia.** Libro I con introduzione e commento di G. Masera » 6 —
— **I fasti.** Scelta, introduzione e commento di E. Curotto » 7 50
— **Le metamorfosi.** Luoghi scelti con introduzione e commento di E. Curotto » 10 —
- Pagine scelte** da Cornelio, Cesare, Sallustio, Cicerone, Livio, Fedro, Ovidio, Tibullo e Catullo.
A cura di S. Sciuto » 15 —
- Pensiero cristiano (II).** Pagine scelte di Minucio Felice, di Lattanzio, di S. Ambrogio e di S. Agostino. Testo latino con note a cura di S. Colombo » 10 —
- PLAUTO M. A. — **Aulularia.** Con introduzione e note di F. Ravello » 4 —
— **Captivi.** Con introduzione e note di P. Giardelli » 5 —
— **Trinummus.** Con introduzione e note di F. Ravello » 3 —
- Poesia latina** da Tibullo, Catullo, Ovidio, Propertio e Virgilio. A cura di S. Sciuto » 8 —
- Poeti cristiani latini** dei secoli III a VI. Pagine scelte con cenni biografici, commento metrico e note di S. Colombo » 6 —
Contiene: Scritti scelti da Commodiano, A. Prudenzio Clemente, Ponzio Meropio Paolino, Petronia Proba, G. Vezzio Aquilino Giovenco, S. Damaso Papa, Sedulio, Cipriano, Gallo, Venanzio Fortunato, ecc.
- Poeti latini** (Ovidio, Tibullo, Virgilio). Scelta e commento di S. Sciuto » 8 —
- Prima (La) lettura di Virgilio.** Nuovo saggio di crestomazia vergiliana a cura di Eugenio Ceria » 10 —
- Prosa latina cristiana.** Pagine scelte e annotate a cura di S. Colombo. Vol. I » 6 —
Contiene: Scritti scelti da Sulpizio Severo, da Lattanzio, da S. Cipriano, da Minucio Felice, da S. Ambrogio, da Cronache varie.
- Prosa latina cristiana.** Pagine scelte e annotate a cura di S. Colombo. Vol. II » 8 —
Contiene: Scritti scelti dalla *Passio Ss. Mariani et Jacobi*, dalla *Passio Ss. Montani et Luciae*, da Rufino d'Aquileia, da S. Gerolamo, da Vittore Vitense, da Paolo Orosio, da Tertulliano, da Ugo da Vittore.

SOCIETÀ EDITRICE INTERNAZIONALE

TORINO (Italia) - Corso Regina Margherita, 174

- Prosa latina cristiana.** Pagine scelte e annotate a cura di S. Colombo. Vol. III L. 15 —
Contiene: Scritti scelti dalla *Passio Ss. Perpetuae et Felicitatis*; *Vita di S. Cipriano*, scritta da Ponzio, suo diacono; la *Vita di Sant' Ambrogio*, vescovo di Milano (340-397), scritta da Paolino, suo segretario; dalla *Vita di Sant' Agostino* di Possidio; *De testimonio animae* di Q. S. F. Tertulliano; dall' *Apologetico* di Q. F. S. Tertulliano; dall' *Epistolario* di S. Cipriano; dai libri *Adversus gentes* di Arnobio; dal *Divinarum institutionum libri VII* di L. C. F. Lattanzio; *Relatio Symmachi*; la risposta alla *Relatio Symmachi* di Sant' Ambrogio, dalle *Confessiones* di Sant' Agostino, libro VIII.
- Prosa latina** da Cornelio - Cesare (*De bello gallico*) - Sallustio (*De coniuratione Catilinae*) - Cicerone (*De natura Deorum e Lettere scelte*) - Livio e Plinio il giovane, a cura di Salvatore Sciuto » 12 —
- Prosatori latini.** (Eutropio - Cornelio - Cesare (*De bello gallico*) - Sallustio (*De coniuratione Catilinae*) - Cicerone (*Scelta dalle orazioni contro Catilina, in difesa di Archia, Marcello, Ligario e Lettere scelte*) - Plinio (*Lettere scelte*) - Livio). Scelta e commento di S. Sciuto » 12 —
- QUINTILIANO M. F. — Il libro X delle **Istituzioni oratorie**. Testo con prefazione, note italiane e indice di G. Garino. Nuova edizione curata da S. Colombo » 6 —
- Saggi della Bibbia Vulgata** con introduzione storico-grammaticale ed illustrata a cura di P. Ubaldi e S. Colombo » 8 —
Contiene: Introduzione, Cantico di Mosè, Elegia di David, Dal libro di Job, Dai Salmi, Isaia, Geremia (*Threni*), Ezechiele, S. Matteo, Dal Vangelo di S. Luca, Apocalisse.
- SALLUSTIO C. C. — **La congiura di Catilina**. Con introduzione e note di G. Puppo » 4 50
— **La guerra di Giugurta**. Con introduzione e note di G. Puppo » 6 —
- TACITO C. CORNELIO. — **Il primo libro delle "Storie,,,** (Regno di Galba e avvento di Ottone. Giugno 68 - Gennaio 69). Introduzione, testo, commento, indice e appendice critica per cura di S. Colombo » 5 —
— **De origine et situ Germanorum liber**. Prefazione, note e indice di F. Ramorino » 4 50
— **La vita di Giulio Agricola**. Introduzione, commento, indice e appendice critica di G. Garino. Nuova edizione curata da S. Colombo » 6 —
- TERTULLIANO Q. S. F. — **L'Apologetico**. Introduzione, commento e appendice critica per cura di S. Colombo » 10 —
- TIBULLO A. — **Elegie scelte**. Introduzione critica, testo e note a cura di S. Sciuto » 4 50
- TITO LIVIO. — **I libri XXIII, XXIV, XXV delle "Storie,,,** Introduzione e commento di C. M. Baratta. Edizione riveduta da E. Ceria » 10 —
- VIRGILIO P. M. — **L'Eneide** con commento di G. Masera. Con illustrazioni. Libri I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII. Cadun volume » 6 —
— **Le Georgiche**. Commento di G. L. Franco. 2 volumi » 10 —
— **Le Bucoliche**. Aggiuntovi il *Moretum* e la *Copa*. Testo con introduzione, traduzione e note di E. De Marchi » 8 —

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