

another'. The burden of the "Sacro Cuore," the great church of the Sacred Heart which Don Bosco had accepted on behalf of the Salesians at the request of the Pope, was indeed a heavy one. He marshalled all his forces, all his experience in gathering funds, he himself working unceasingly, begging from old friends and knocking at new doors at which he was not always well received, but enduring the humiliations as a penance to earn help elsewhere. Don Rua and other Salesians worked overtime in searching for new sources of charity. Money poured in but it was never enough. Building in Rome and for the Pope has a character all its own. Over hundreds of years, the Romans have had a saying that "in working for the Pope, there is always something to eat for everyone". Fair game for workers and contractors. Slow work, shoddy work, exorbitant prices and charges, constant drain of thefts of tools, machines and material; it needed much sharper control than could be exercised by a couple of inexperienced priests who were not Romans.

The Pope had had to stop building and it looked as if Don Bosco would have to do the same. Someone remarked he was looking a little bent; "No wonder," he said, "I'm carrying the weight of the Sacro Cuore!" He could laugh, ruefully, "They say the Church is being persecuted; well, all I know is that it is the church that is persecuting me just now!"

It was then that he came to a decision. He would go outside Italy, he would go to France. "France has always been generous, they have always helped me." Mixed reactions from his friends followed the announcement. Certain 'experts' said it would be a fiasco. "France is just getting over its war with Prussia, it had to pay heavy costs and, as for Paris, Paris is trying to build its own church in honour of the Sacred Heart, the Sacre Coeur on Montmartre, which is costing millions and is nowhere near finished. No, they won't give you a sou!"

Well, he had met faint hearts before. He was old at sixty-eight, so infirm that he needed a strong arm to help him walk: but his heart was high. He left Turin on January 31st and was away four months. He came to Paris by way of Nice, Marseilles, Avignon and Lyons. France knew he was coming and knew all about him. The moment he put his foot on French soil, all doubts vanished. He had made it quite clear what he was coming for and France opened its great heart and its purse. His slow journey was a triumphal progress. No-one could possibly have foreseen the warmth and enthusiasm with which vast crowds greeted "this poor old country curé," as he called himself. At Avignon the streets were decorated; they snipped bits of his cassock, even tried to get locks of his hair! "All the lunatics aren't locked

THE GREAT JOURNEYS

Chapter Forty

DON GIOVANNI BOSCO was not by nature a man who easily turned the other cheek; readers of his early life would realise that; his reactions as a boy and as a young man were often swift and even violent. Hence the great strain, in later years, of curbing his natural tendencies, the constant efforts of preserving charity and patience, had a visible effect on him which was all too evident in the closing years of the Archbishop Gasaldi regime. Some of his biographers do not hesitate to say that he had been "through hell" and was physically and mentally a "broken man". Be that as it may, while the grace of God was sufficient for him in his sufferings, nevertheless, the appointment as Archbishop of Turin of Cardinal Almonda was an enormous relief, the greatest grace perhaps he could have had. The Pope, Leo XIII, mentioned the fact to Don Bosco, "In appointing the Cardinal, I thought of you".

The change was immediately evident. The Cardinal himself came to Turin very quietly and discreetly, with no fanfare of trumpets. The times were difficult, political feelings running high, in the long aftermath of the taking of Rome and the excommunications that followed.

After a short delay, Don Bosco wrote to the Cardinal, requesting a meeting and asking when it would be convenient for him to call. The reaction of the new Archbishop to this request was typical. He at once called for his carriage and went posthaste to Valdocco, "It's quicker this way," he smiled, and at once showed his pleasure at meeting Don Bosco. They talked for some time and then went out into the verandah overlooking the playground. As they appeared, at once the band, gathered before the windows, began to play and the boys to applaud. "I wanted to give you a surprise," laughed the Cardinal, "but you have given one to me!" There is no doubt that in the remaining four years of Don Bosco's life, the friendship and kindness of the new Archbishop was a great comfort to the ailing priest at Valdocco.

The Cross of the Sacro Cuore

However, if the saints 'come down from one cross, they are nailed to

up!" he shook his head. At Lyons they had to put up barricades to control the crowd. One coachman, trying to get through the crush, cursed, "I'd sooner drive the devil than a saint if it's going to be like this all the time!"

It was all breathtaking, beyond all expectations. But now for Paris. What would Paris do? Paris, elegant, sophisticated, inclined to be amused at 'country cures'. How would Paris respond to this simple Italian priest with his hesitant, sometimes almost inaudible French? Political relations between Paris and Rome were distinctly cool at the moment. He need not have worried. He simply smiled at them, loved them and they loved him in return. The papers said, "Paris threw herself at his feet!" They could talk of nothing else. The press columns are there for all to see to this day. They spoke of his appearance, of the crowds, they wrote of miracles, yes, miracles witnessed by many, at once attributed by him to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. In the manner of journalists everywhere they invented miracles if they did not witness any. Don Bosco insisted, "I am a sinner like everyone else; if you want miracles, you must turn to Mary, she is your mother, she will do wonders if you ask her with humility and fidelity". In the church of the "Archconfraternity for the conversion of sinners" where he was preparing to say Mass, the crowds overflowed outside. "Whatever is going on?" asked a casual visitor. A simple woman answered her, "It's a Mass for the conversion of sinners and it's being said by a saint".

The hierarchy of Paris were warm in their support. In the church of St. Peter, Cardinal Lavigerie introduced him to the congregation, exhorting them to be generous to this priest who was "the St. Vincent de Paul of Italy". The response of all Paris was overwhelming. Half a dozen 'secretaries' worked long hours answering letters and recording the donations. So much came in that once there was simply nowhere to put the money as it poured in, in notes, coins, even jewellery. Don Bosco's day began as early as 5 a.m.; within an hour the crowds waiting to see him were building up; they lined the stairs and the corridors. They wanted to ask him for help, advice, cures, some simply wanted to touch him, even to see him, close at hand. He made himself available for photographs, alone or flanked by Don Rua and Don Bartuel, his two companions. Some anti-clerical papers commented sourly on the photographs. Vanity? No, just a means to get his work known. They were useful to a Doctor D'Espiney, who was writing the first French biography; it sold 50,000 copies in a couple of months.

When at last he left Paris by way of Amiens and Lille, he met the same excited jostling crowds . . . and those scissors! "They're just as crazy here as they are in Paris!" But there were tears of gratitude when he spoke of France

and its overwhelming generosity. The yield was enormous; but the bottomless well of the Sacro Cuore swallowed it all up. His health was worse but, in 1886, he said, "I must run to France again," which he did against all advice. The doctors said it would be a miracle if he returned; so he made his will. He did return though even further enfeebled. This was a much shorter visit but the enthusiasm was the same. The noble family of Colle themselves gave him the vast sum of 150,000 lire.

Still the church was not finished and not paid for. So, later in 1886, he set off for Spain, being received there with the same generosity. He was able to meet in person the "Mother of the Salesians," Madame Chopitea, the once rich lady who gave her entire fortune away for the poor, much of it to the Salesians for their work. (Her Cause for Beatification has been introduced.) Other Spanish friends gave generously; he was given a site on the hill in Barcelona called "Tibidabo" (Latin from "I shall give you") upon which the Salesians later erected another great church in honour of the Sacred Heart, surmounted by a gigantic statue, which the Communists used for target practice during the 1936 revolution. However, it has survived.

The Final Journey

A year later, he made his last visit to Rome. The journey from Turin took ten days, so feeble was he. But he was determined to be present at the opening, after seven years of unrelenting labour, of the 'Basilica' of the Sacred Heart. It too, is surmounted by a great golden statue of the Sacred Heart, across the street from the central Termini station.

There he said his last Mass in Rome, his first and only Mass in the new church. He had to be supported by two priests, overcome by emotion, with frequent stops. As he was led from the high altar, he looked across at the statue of Our Lady and gasped out, "When I was a boy, she said to me, 'One day you will understand'. Today, I have understood".

"Make yourself humble and strong." She had told him. She had shown him the way in mysterious 'dreams', she had intervened in moments of crisis with power from Heaven, for which he gave her his heartfelt, unsinted praise.

But he and his immediate helpers had earned that help by their own almost terrifying labours in finding the means, year after year, to build churches for the people, schools, workshops and orphanages for the children in need. He had made himself humble and strong but now he was a wreck of a man, exhausted in every function of his body. He had promised total commitment and had kept his promise, with every breath of that body, with every beat of a great heart.

Chapter Forty-One

THE BOY THE BRONZE GIANTS WERE ANXIOUS ABOUT

ALTHOUGH WE SAID that the three months Don Bosco sent Don Cagliero out to Argentina for extended to thirty years, he did return after a couple of years to take over for a while the care of the Sisters and the start of the work in Spain. There is no doubt that of all the boys who came to Don Bosco in the early years, two were nearest his heart; Michael Rua and Giovanni, John, Cagliero. It was natural that as Don Bosco's age and infirmities grew, he should turn his thoughts to his possible successor. He was travelling with Don Cagliero one day when he suddenly asked him: "If I were to die, who do you think could take over the Society?"

"Don't talk about dying yet, Don Bosco."

"No, but let us admit the possibility. I have two, possibly three, in mind. What about you?"

"I have only one in mind. But let us have your three."

"No, give me your one first."

"There is only one for me; that is Michael Rua."

"Yes, it is true; he has been my right hand from the start."

"More than your right hand, your head and your heart; there could be no-one else."

Nothing more was said: they both knew what was in question; Don Bosco was grateful to Don Cagliero for absolving him from having to make a choice, a choice which could only have been between Cagliero himself and Rua.

The First Bishop

In November 1883, the Holy See issued two important documents; one appointed Don Giovanni Cagliero as Provicar Apostolic of Western and Northern Patagonia and Don Fagnano, Prefect Apostolic of Southern Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego (the land of fire!). Don Cagliero was not raised to the episcopal rank, though this was expected to come later. Don Bosco talked the matter over with Cardinal Almonda and with the Cardinal Bini who was the official 'Protector' of the Salesian Society in Rome. Both

The Boy the Bronze Giants Were Anxious About

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supported his plea that the episcopate be awarded before Cagliero set off again. With only the implacable Cardinal Ferrieri (champion of Mgr. Gastaldi) opposing, Pope Leo in October 1884, agreed "to give the episcopal office direct to the new Provicar Apostolic of Patagonia".

It was a happy day for Don Bosco. His thoughts went back to that day when the fatherless boy first stood with him at the door; he was thirteen but so small that when Mamma Margaret objected there was no room for him, Don Bosco laughed, "Well, this fellow is so small that we can string him up from the rafters in a bird cage!" (Others said "It was an onion bag!" No matter.) Well, he wasn't small now, but a strapping, vigorous man. This was the sick boy, near to dying, over whose head anxious bronze giants had gathered, with the dove that dropped an olive branch over his head. Now the 'vision' was coming into reality, with Cagliero today a healthy forty-six.

The episcopal consecration took place in the sanctuary of Valdocco on December 7th, 1884, a memorable occasion. During the solemn procession, Mgr. Cagliero saw his eighty-year old mother standing; he went at once to her and kissing her white head, escorted her to the seat of honour reserved for her. At the end, it was to Don Bosco that he turned, offering him, 'his' Don Bosco, the first kiss on his episcopal ring.

Don Rua Official Vicar General of the Society

Two months earlier, Don Bosco had proposed to his Superior Chapter that Don Rua be appointed his Vicar General with full responsibility, which was at once accepted by the Chapter, and by the Pope, at the beginning of December that year.

The Episcopal Palace a Wooden Hut

Bishop Cagliero left Turin for South America in February 1885, taking with him eighteen Salesians and six Salesian Sisters. At home Don Bosco waited with eager expectation the long, interesting letters that, from time to time, the Bishop could send him. They were immediately given to the *Salesian Bulletin* for publication.

By the middle of 1886, Cagliero was able to report that the whole of the more populated western area of Patagonia had been visited and catechised by Salesian missionaries. "In the immense valley of Chichinal, we have baptised 1,700 Indians after six hours a day instructing them in the Catholic religion. My episcopal 'palace' is a fine wooden hut, with dried mud between the rough planks to keep out the rain. There are no beds but our good Indian friends have given us warm skins to lie on."

He describes later a long journey across the continent of 1,500 kilometres during which they administered 997 baptisms, blessed 101 marriages and confirmed 1,513. It was while the party was crossing the Cordigliera range, which rises to 10,000 feet, that the Bishop's horse took flight and bolted on a narrow mountain road. Cagliero threw himself off but was badly hurt and bruised, with two broken ribs. He was laid up in primitive conditions for three weeks, before completing the journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

Chapter Forty-Two

THE CLOSING YEARS, THE LONG MEMORIES

NOT FOR NOTHING did Don Bosco take the gentle Saint Francis de Sales as his patron and model, someone to curb his own at times impetuous reactions to injustice; from his childhood he was always ready to fight for what he thought right. His devotion to St. Francis undoubtedly helped him throughout his life; but in his closing years, it became especially noticeable. In spite of trials and problems, he became, possibly like all old people at the end of their days, less troubled in mind. He would leave more to God: like St. Francis, he now seemed to be able to "walk through the raindrops without getting wet". There was a gentleness, a peace about him, a benevolence towards even those who hurt him.

Now worn out, having perforce to rest in the shade and talk to such of his sons who might visit him, he had time to look back over the years. Names came to him. The first Oratory, the dear priests who had helped him in so many ways; Don Cafasso, Don Borel, Don Allassonati, who came with his breviary under his arm. His wonderful Mamma Margaret, of course. The first boys, the young Garelli with whom he had said the first "Hail Mary" that began it all. The eight year old Michael Rua, Cagliero, of course, Pietro Enria, Buzzetti, the faithful one. But there had been plenty of priests and Brothers and boys since the early days. Why, who was that boy who came with his books of sins? Only the other day, wasn't it?

Hard Pavements and Books of Sins

It was in the beginning of the new term, October 1886, that the fourteen year old Luigi Orione had been accepted at Valdocco. His father worked on street pavements and young Luigi had often to kneel by his side chipping the stones and fitting them in. At the Oratory, he was fascinated by all he saw of Don Bosco and on the rare occasions now when the old priest could come down to the playground, he made sure to get as near as he could to him. Don Bosco spotted him.

"What have we here, a new boy? Where do you come from?" Luigi told him.

"Oh, is the moon as big there as it is in Turin?" Luigi laughed and thought it was.

Though Don Bosco was always ready to hear confessions, his weakness restricted them greatly; only boys preparing for the Novitiate were allowed to go to him but Luigi, though a junior, begged to be allowed to go just once. Permission was granted. He at once began to prepare himself for this momentous event by getting a book on confession from the library and writing down his sins. Apart from one or two of the greater ones, like murder and suicide, he decided he had pretty well committed the lot. Soon one exercise book was filled, then a second, then a third. Don Bosco was sitting in a chair and Luigi knelt at his feet.

"Give me your sins, Luigi." He took the first book, held it in his hand as if to weigh it and then tore it up. He treated the second in the same way and likewise the third. "Now you have confessed all your sins; they are forgiven, forget all about them!" After the absolution, he smiled at Luigi, a smile the boy never forgot. "Remember, Luigi, you and I are always going to be friends, always."

Perhaps he saw something in Luigi that he had seen in Dominic Savio or in Michael Rua, this Luigi Orione, the great priest who founded the Order of the Sons of Divine Providence, and the Little Sisters of Charity, caring for the young and the old, for the sick, the incurable, the "outcasts of this world, trying to love those whom nobody loves". Don Orione was beatified on October 26th, 1980.

Then there was the other day when he was trying to talk to the Sisters, his voice so weak that Don Bonetti had to act as a sort of loudspeaker for him. "Tell them Our Lady is here, amongst them," he whispered. "Don Bosco says Our Lady is your mother and protects you," Don Bonetti explained. "No, no, I want to tell them that the Madonna is here, in this house and is pleased with them." Don Bonetti made of that, "Don Bosco says that if you are good, the Madonna will be pleased with you". Don Bosco made a last effort. "No, no, I am trying to say that the Madonna is here, in this house, with you in person, and she covers it with her protecting mantle." He hoped they had understood at last.

Then there was that very old Countess Uggucioni, who had done so much for him, whom he met by chance when he was being helped out of the train in Florence. She was just as infirm. "Oh, my dear Countess, how are you? Would you like to dance?" "Oh, Don Bosco, see what a state we are both in!" "Never mind," he laughed, "we shall dance in heaven!"

A few years ago, there was that rather short, earnest, scholarly young

priest who came to see him in Valdocco, to ask him a few questions. After talking for half an hour, Don Bosco said he had a meeting of his Rectors and would not be able to show him round the House; but just treat it as his own and go where he wanted and then come into lunch. The priest was Achille Ratti, who, fifty-one years later, was to speak often about that meeting with a saint; he it was who, as Pope Pius XI, canonised Don Bosco on that April day in 1934, before 300,000 in St. Peter's Square, crying their "Viva Don Bosco!" as his boys had done. But that was perhaps not given to the old priest to know just then, not even in his dreams.

another 'last' of so many over the years. What was said to him, he wrote down and kept.

All his life, Don Bosco had spoken of confession, the Sacrament of Reconciliation, to his boys, even more than the Mass and Communion, much though he encouraged even daily Communion. Confession implying sorrow for sins, implying willingness to turn back to God, to trust in His love and mercy, was for him perhaps the most important part of every priest's ministry. So in the last days, quite literally at his last gasp, he would hear some confessions.

On December 17th, thirty boys, due to enter the novitiate, were admitted singly to his room; they knelt at his side, something they would never forget.

A collapse followed and on December 31st, all the Last Sacraments were administered. But the guttering candle flared up again and for three weeks there was a surprising recovery. On January 13th, the Duke of Norfolk was in Rome and heard of Don Bosco's grave illness. He at once hurried to Turin and, Earl Marshal of England though he was, knelt humbly at the bedside for half an hour. They spoke, he said, of the London Salesians, now two months in Battersea, of the Chinese Missions, and of Ireland, a country always dear to Don Bosco's heart. He would kiss the dying priest's hand as he blessed him.

On January 21st, the recovery ended; there could be no further hope. Don Bosco was dying as the saints die, happy to be going to God, concerned about his sons, who would have to carry on. "There are still debts on the Sacro Cuore; what will my Salesians think of me leaving them all these debts?" There was a last thought for his boys, for the thousands of boys who had passed through his hands. "Tell my boys that I shall be waiting for them in Paradise." It was seen as the fulfillment of his promise after his illness of 1846, when many of them had prayed night and day for his recovery. For a further ten days he lingered. He was suffering, unable to change his position. One of the priests suggested, "Dear Father, think of Our Lord on the cross, suffering, too, and unable to move." "Yes, I am doing that all the time." Shortly after midnight, now the 31st, it was plain he was entering into his final 'agony'. Don Rua watching and praying, at last put on his stole and began the prayers for the dying. They were all there on their knees, the weeping Buzzetti, Pietro Enria, Vigiotti, his secretary and others. When Bishop Cagliero arrived, Don Rua passed over the stole to him. He bent over the bed and said clearly, "Don Bosco, we are all here, your sons. We want to tell you how sorry we are for ever causing you any pain. We ask you

Chapter Forty-Three

AT DAWN INTO THE LIGHT

THE DUKE OF Norfolk, a staunch Catholic, greatly revered Don Bosco and was always happy to see him. His visit in 1885 and the circumstances surrounding it, is given prominence in the official history of the Society. In May 1887, he called again on his way to Rome and discussed the proposed opening of Salesian work in England. He stayed for lunch with the community and although he used French in writing to or speaking with Don Bosco, he would find many to converse with him at table.

All that year of 1887, Don Bosco was failing daily. The last time he went out seems to be on October 2nd. His carriage brought him through the playground to the steps leading to his rooms. The boys greeted him with affection and some of the older ones helped him up the stairs, with many stops for him to get his breath. He could gasp out a laugh, "If anybody has any bellows to spare, I'd like to borrow them; mine seem to be full of holes!"

In November, the three Salesians who were to inaugurate the first of Don Bosco's works for the English-speaking world, his last personal foundation, came to ask his blessing. They were Father Edward McKiernan, Father Charles Macey and an Italian Brother who did not persevere. They arrived in London on November 16th and were met by Father Francis Bourne, another of Don Bosco's English friends. At one time, he wanted to join Don Bosco in Turin, who, however, advised him to stay where he was. He eventually became Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

As the year moved into winter, the candle seemed to be burning out. Mass was possible, supported by a priest, on December 5th and 6th; on the 11th, he could not finish; it was his last, from June 5th, 1841.

Weeks before Don Rua had sent an urgent cable to Bishop Cagliero: "Papa alarming collapse" which brought the Bishop as fast as ships could speed him. He arrived on December 7th, greeted with emotional affection by Don Bosco who ignoring his own troubles, was at once solicitous to know if the Bishop had recovered from his accident and broken ribs. They spoke for a couple of hours; then Cagliero asked Don Bosco to hear his confession,

to give us your last blessing. I will raise your arm and say the words for you.” The blessing was for all Salesians, past and present, far and near.

As the dawn began to break in that wintry sky, the breathing stopped. The Bishop said slowly the prayer Don Bosco had taught him and the others to say as the last before going to sleep at night: “Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul, Jesus, Mary and Joseph, assist me in my last agony, Jesus, Mary and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul in peace with you”. It was 4.45 a.m. He took off the stole and put it round Don Bosco’s shoulders, as Pietro Enria gently closed the eyes that had no further need of light for he had already passed into Light Eternal.

Chapter Forty-Four

EPILOGUE

Of all great hearts, the greatest is still the heart of a saint.

G. K. Chesterton.

FOR SAINTS, FORTUNATELY, there is no scale of measurement. It would be a pity if there were; the question simply does not arise. One thing is certain. There were no greater men or women in the nineteenth century than the saints who gave it its true glory. History offers us its great figures on many stages: men of war, men of science, of medicine, of art, of engineering, of politics, with women as great in their own, usually gentler, spheres. Many of them gave their lives to improve the lot of their fellow men. But none gave more than the saints. They were totally committed, their moral integrity unclouded; unlike many of the historically great, they had no ‘private lives,’ no honours, no fortune. They were ambitious only for the spread of God’s work for the good of mankind; for themselves they were completely disinterested.

John Bosco was born two months after the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo; he would sometimes describe himself as “an old grenadier of Waterloo”. Napoleon made many contributions to humanity in law, in science, in history but his fame as a great man rests paramountly on his undoubted military prowess. It was his insatiable ambition that drove him to his many conquests, conquests that made all Europe a graveyard, brought tragedy and misery to countless homes in every country.

St. John Bosco, and such as St. John Cottolengo, Luigi Orione, dried the tears of orphans, brought solace to the old and the sick, gave shelter to the poor and education to generations. School histories tell our children of the greatness of such as Napoleon: they say nothing of John Bosco. But wherein does greatness lie? In the warmakers or in the peacemakers? There can be no doubt, “sub specie aeternitatis,” in the eyes of God, where it lies.

Don Bosco left behind him two new religious Societies, to which God gave unusual growth. May we in all humility record that for the first hundred years of their joint existence, the Salesians and the Salesian Sisters together opened 2,600 Houses, that is, an average of one new foundation

every two weeks for a hundred years. God gave the increase, God it is who calls every worker to His service, glory to God for entrusting to Don Bosco's sons and daughters a share in the mystery of salvation.

In the aftermath of the Second World War, the rise of atheistic Marxism in Eastern Europe, in the Far East, in China, Viet Nam, and in recent years in certain parts of Africa, has cost the Salesians some 200 Houses. But losses have been more than made up, notably, it must be said, outside 'Western' lands. The Holy Spirit has been active to an ever greater degree in such areas as India, with its six expanding Provinces, already sending splendid missionaries to Africa and elsewhere from its almost 2,000 Salesians. Poland, too, in spite of its political situation, with four Provinces and over 1,000 Salesians, is also sending missionaries for Africa, sparing them from its many-sided activities radiating from more than 140 parishes. Precise statistics are obsolete before they can be printed, but in any case, mere numbers are of little importance. What matters is that God should continue to use the simple, unpretentious spirit and charisma of St. John Bosco to further His work in the four corners of the earth.

Blessed be GOD!

In writing of the great works of the saints, especially of those such as Saint John Bosco who worked for the poor, let us put in a word for our faltering humanity. Had it not been for the generosity of rich and poor, some of the rich almost impoverishing themselves, some of the poor giving to others scarcely more in need than themselves, and for the traditionally generous middle classes, Don Bosco could not have fed a single hungry child, nor built a school, an orphanage, a church, and what we say of Don Bosco, we say of all the saints who have spent their lives in bringing for the love of God, solace and comfort to their fellowman. That humanity continues its generosity today.

Let us pray that, in the final count, God, giving glory to His saints, may include in His infinite mercy, all those who helped them attain to that glory. We may be sure that He will.

SUMMARY

- Giovanni (John) Melchiorre Bosco born August 16th, 1815.
 Ordained priest in Turin, June 5th, 1841.
 Foundation of Salesian Society, December 18th, 1859.
 Foundation of Sisters, Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, August 5th, 1872.
 Death of Don Bosco, January 31st, 1888.
 Beatification, June 2nd, 1929.
 Canonisation, Easter Sunday, April 1st, 1934.
 Canonisation, Mother Mary D. Mazzarello, June 24th, 1951.
 Canonisation, Dominic Savio, June 12th, 1954.
 Canonisation, Joseph Cafasso, June 22nd, 1947.
 Beatification, Michael Rua, October 29th, 1972.
 Beatification, Bishop L. Versiglia, Martyr, May 15th, 1983.
 Beatification, Father C. Caravario, Martyr, May 15th, 1983.
 Beatification, D. Philip Rinaldi, April 29th, 1990.