

THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

ILLUSTRATED REVIEW.

ORGAN OF THE
ASSOCIATION OF
SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS



“DA MIHI ANIMAS, CAETERA TOLLE ”

JULY-AUGUST 1928

“Cast thy bread upon the running waters...”

THE advice given in the Holy Scripture I was primarily intended for the agriculturist. The wise agriculturist in Palestine hastens to attend to his sowing at the time of the early rains. His harvest depends totally upon the rains, which are fairly heavy. Hence the running waters. The sacred writer goes on to say that, “*after many days it shall return unto you*”. That is, in the harvest he will reap what he has sown. The reaping will be larger or smaller in proportion with his generous or scanty sowing.

The application of the above text to almsgiving is most apt. The waters of charity are running for ever and are ever drenching souls with their fructifying virtue.

But all the souls have not the seed of the word of God. They have no one to teach them, to sow in their hearts the seed of truth. Without sowing no matter how bounteous the rain there can be no harvest. The sowing is the vital matter. The rain of charity, regulated by the Providence of God, will be furnished in due time. *But the seed must be sown.* For this, labourers are required and the labourers are few. Will you, catholic readers, help to increase the number of the sowers? Will you help numerous pagan souls to the kingdom of heaven? Will you save your soul in the saving of the souls of your pagan brethren? They, as well as you, were included in Christ's super-abundant redemption. Must the Precious Blood of Christ be lost for these souls? Must their lives be spent in ignorance of the love of Christ? It is the duty of us, who have the faith, to hand it on to others. Our purpose in this life is to extend the kingdom of Christ. Will you help effectively and practically in this work by helping us to form Missionary Burses?

After many days the seed you sow will bear fruit. In the temporal world the harvest is contingent on many various things, the lack of any one of which spells failure. In the spiritual sphere, the harvest is more sure. God is the Provider and He will not allow the seed to remain sterile. The seed that the christian sows in the kingdom of Christ on this earth, will bear fruit a hundred-fold in the kingdom of heaven. God will reward, and His treasures are infinite. You cannot outdo the Almighty in generosity. A cup of cold water will be amply rewarded. How much more the salvation of a soul! The foundation of a Missionary burse means the salvation not of one or two souls but of many, many, souls. Can you hesitate? Do you not long to take part in the work of converting the pagans to the love of Christ? Help Christ to bear His Cross. Make up in your bodies the things that are wanting in the sufferings of Christ. If your offering, no matter how small, causes you some sacrifice, rejoice at it for your reward will be exceeding great in heaven. “*God loveth a cheerful giver*”.

The Salesian Society sponsors *perpetual* missionary burses for the education of Missionary students. The burses are at £ 200 each. Will you become a subscriber. The smallest amounts will be received, with gratitude, by,

(1) The Very Rev.: Superior General, Salesian Oratory, Via Cottolengo, 32. Turin.

(2) The Very Rev. Provincial, Salesian School, Surrey Lane. Battersea-London. England.

(3) The Very Rev. Provincial. 148 Main St. New Rochelle. N. Y., U. S. A.

NB. *The envelopes should be marked “Missionary Crusade” in the top left-hand corner.*

SALESIAN BULLETIN

ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATION OF SALESIAN
CO-OPERATORS

SUMMARY: The Missionary Crusade: "In labour and painfulness." — Among the Jivaros. — In great Power and Majesty. — Be Brave. — A Modern Third-Order: The Association of Salesian Co-operators. — Lest we forget. — Missionary appeal of Pius XI — Into the Unknown. — Life of Ven. Don Bosco. — Obituary.

The Missionary Crusade

"IN LABOUR AND PAINFULNESS"

THE Very Rev. Philip Rinaldi, in giving you my letter, from Siam, has proclaimed far and wide the *Missionary Crusade*. What will be the outcome of this venture? I am confident that it will be adequate to the needs that evoked it. I am sure that, when the co-operators and friends of the Missions learn of the real and pressing need that besets the work of Christ, they will come forward and supply the missionary burses for which we have asked. The eloquent voice of self-sacrifice will make itself heard. The spirit of holy emulation will furnish the incentive to an enthusiastic prosecution of the Crusade.

However, the missionary is in distant lands and, hence, is liable to be forgotten. The old proverb of, "out of sight, out of mind", expresses a truth that is only too evident. Anyone who has spent a short time with the missionaries feels an irresistible impulse to convey to others the salutary impressions received. The missionary is in distant lands, but also he is often alone,—a solitary figure amid the pagan natives. He is there in the isolation that begets "nerves", at times he is ignored, at times he is victimised by the hostile natives. Often and often, he is without

even the necessaries of life—hungry, weary, discouraged and alone. He performs miracles of self-sacrifice, sticking to his post, keeping the flag of Christ flying aloft, living a life that, to his eyes, is most ordinary, but which, to us, would seem one of heroic endurance not to say impossible of support.

Hence I add, to my letter from Siam, this second letter, wherein I propose to throw into relief a few of the sacrifices that the missionary may have to encounter and bear. I have for the most part been witness of the facts here presented and so can vouch for their truth.

Every year from the Basilica of Mary, Help of Christians, at Turin, there sets out, for different parts of the world, a band of missionaries. The ceremony is very inspiring, but also a little melancholy. The sight of so many priests, clerics, sisters, departing for the distant mission fields makes many men "*play the woman*". These young men and women are leaving all to follow Christ. They leave their home their country and their families. An embrace in silence, for words will not come and—they are gone. It may be that many think that this is the

decisive moment, the definite sacrifice that will settle all things. It is a great sacrifice but it is only the beginning of a series of sacrifices that will end only with the zealous missionary's life. The life of a missionary is a life of sacrifice.

In fact, when the missionary arrives at his field of labour, ready and eager for the work to which he is to devote his life, he finds himself suddenly pulled up short. He would like to begin at once and, in work, forget the many memories that would take him back too poignantly to the land and home he has left. He may be a doctor, a professor of note, a renowned preacher—it is all the same—he must begin to learn the language. Once again he descends to childhood's days and learns the A, B, C, of a new language, always supposing that the language has an alphabet. In China there is a hideous nightmare of hieroglyphics to be mastered;—among some of the tribes of South America,—for instance among the Jivaros and the Bororos,—there is no alphabet, no grammar at all. In this case the missionary has to begin to construct the accidence and syntax of a language of which he is completely ignorant. Only those who have experienced this difficulty can imagine the enervating force of the difficulties encountered, the oppressive sense of helplessness and discomfort that attends the missionary in this preliminary task, this necessary means of doing any good at all.

"In journeying often."

On the 17th of August, of the year just past, I was in China, at Nam-Young, a city of 50,000 inhabitants. We, that is myself and some of the missionaries, were due to start for Fong-Tong on a visit of inspection. This place can be described only as a village and is lost amid the highest mountains of Kuang-Tong. At half past two *in the morning* the preparations for our journey were well on the way to completion. The organiser of the party, Fr. Dalmazzo was ubiquitous. He arranged everything, forgot nothing and finally started us on our journey. The day was to be a long long day for we were to traverse about fifty miles of rough country during the heat of the day. Fortunately

while on our way it rained three or four times, thus refreshing our bodies, weary from the steep climbing, that had to be encountered, but also, adding to our discomfort, for our clothes were already saturated with perspiration.

Towards noon, we called a halt at Ching-Kong, which is about half-way between Nam-Young and Fong-Tong. We sat down by the wayside to take a little rice and other refreshment that we had brought with us. As usual, we were surrounded by a curious and gaping crowd. One young man, noticing my white beard and also, that I did not speak Chinese, could not restrain himself from exclaiming, "What? Doesn't he know how to talk at his age?"

We laughed,—but, it is not always that the poor missionary can afford to laugh at his ignorance of the language, which ignorance often brings annoyances and unnecessary pain.

What a great hardship is this for the missionary! He finds himself in the midst of souls that he longs to save and help, and he cannot even say a word to them: he is questioned, and cannot reply: he is often in urgent need of expressing his wants, and has no medium through which he can make known his desires.

Then, again when the missionary has, with persevering endeavour, overcome this difficulty; when his knowledge of the language has become a little practical, he rejoices that now, at length, he can give himself, freely, to his chosen work and with a light heart sets out to visit his flock. Disillusion awaits him. He no sooner reaches a distant village, than he becomes aware that few of the inhabitants understand the language he has taken such pains to learn. *They speak a dialect of their own*—and so with the other villages. The whole trail has to be trodden again. More weary months pass before he is able to do a little of the work he was so eager to begin. The enervating and disheartening effect of these initial difficulties are but too evident to need any further explanation.

When finally he has attained the pitch of being able to make himself intelligible, he finds that the language itself is of the earth, earthly, and too materialistic to

express the abstract ideas, the spiritual concepts, the deep mysteries that form the foundation of our holy religion. He finds the utmost difficulty in putting into simple words, the ideas of christianity in such a way as must appeal to these people. The people are crude, ingorant, materialistic to a degree, and much patience is needed to overcome the secularism that has been implanted in their natures by

overjoyed when he was able to give himself entirely to the work of evangelization. He, too, had met with some very disconcerting experiences in his work. He told me that, often, after long weary hours of explanation of the most elementary truths of our holy religion, he received evidence that his audience had understood nothing at all. "Once", he related, "I spent hour after hour explaining the



Missionaries' means of travelling in South America.

centuries of family tradition. The ground is but arid for the implanting of the word of God. The missionary has indeed to be a skilful and patient gardener to dig about these barren trees, so that they may bring forth fruit unto salvation. This work is difficult in the extreme and, only the help of those he has left at home, only by the impetratory power of the prayers of his brethren, can the missionary hope to succeed. Let us not be wanting.

"Who knows?"

In January, 1908, I traversed the boundless plains of Patagonia, with that intrepid missionary Fr. Dominic Milanese. He had been at great pains to learn the language of the Indians and was

existence of God. I tried, as far as possible, to use only the simplest and easiest terms. I multiplied similes and metaphors to convey my meaning. At last, I thought that everybody would have understood. It seemed impossible that anyone could have failed to grasp my arguments—so, I turned to one of the most intelligent of my audience and said, "Tell me, does God exist!" Imagine my dismay upon receiving the laconic reply—*"Who knows?"*

Well balanced nerves are needed in a case of this sort, but, above all, faith, charity and limitless patience are necessary to begin all over again, with the prospect, when adults are the subjects of instruction, of the same result as before.

Even after the administration of baptism,

many painful surprises await the missionary. I was crossing the Cordilleras with Fr. Milanesio, during my tour of inspection in 1908, and we were well on our way when night surprised us. We halted in the vicinity of a poor ramshackle hut. An Indian (Araucano) of magnificent physique, approached and offered us hospitality. We accepted, but remained in the open on account of the oppressive heat. In the course of conversation Fr. Milanesio asked the Indian if he was a christian, and received the reply, "Oh yes, I am a christian *twice over*".

What had happened? We learnt afterwards that, on the day of his baptism, the Indian's friends had given him some small presents. Hence, he thought that it would be a good idea to repeat the ceremony and hence increase his possessions.

Thus the daily bread of the missionaries



"In the missions of America it is often possible both to have and to use a horse."

consists of disillusion, apparent failure and surprises that come as a revelation of ignorance, superstition or malice.

Stinks and Stings.

Among the precepts enjoined on a faithful adherent of Brama, is that of not causing the death of any living being. The most observant of the followers of Brama, the pharisees of Hinduism, wish to extend this precept to even the smallest insects. The result is more easily imagined than described. Fortunately, not all the adorers of Brama are observers of this law. The plight of the missionary, who has to come into contact with people, who practise this law; who has to penetrate into hovels, where the rigid observance of this precept is regarded as vital to the religious ideal, his plight, I say, is pitiable in the extreme.

I feel somewhat uncomfortable; I feel a little repugnance in confessing that I, too, was a victim of the strict observance of this precept. I spent only one night in that locality, where the people were scrupulous over the observance, but that one night was sufficient to increase my zoological possessions in a surprising manner. I was at no little pains to expatriate those animals, and it took me nearly a month before I got rid of the stinging and importunate insects. These things are laughable to read,... but to experience... Imagine then the lot of the missionary who, not once only, but, time after time has to undergo the same experience.

Then again, the unavoidable lack of clean linen, the total absence of anything like hygiene, the filth of the persons and places which he visits, the fetid odours that infest many of the homes of the poorer people, constitute, in many places, sacrifices that are by no means among the least painful and heroic.

"One man's meat..."

Change of country includes usually a change of diet—and herein is one of the missionary's greatest crosses. "One man's meat", says the proverb, "is another man's poison", and truly it often happens that the missionary in the course of his

ministry is called upon to swallow food, that the hosts deem exquisite, but which, to the missionary is little less than nauseating. I shall not forget in a hurry, a certain day in July, when I was called upon to eat rotten eggs; without exaggeration they were putrid, black, green and various other colours that I did not delay to analyse—and the odour of them! and yet these same eggs were considered a delicacy by my hosts, — something in the way of jugged hare or partridge — but I am sure no partridge, no matter how long it was kept, would become as “high” as those eggs.

The way in which the victuals are concocted is sometimes far from appetising. In those countries where handkerchiefs and towels are unknown let alone any clothing for the body, certain rissoles are prepared not merely on a table, but more often on the stomach of the cook. They take shape upon this novel table and the missionary must be careful to conceal any disgust he may feel. Among the Kivaros the missionary is usually *honoured* in the following manner. The lady of the house takes a piece of meat, masticates it well and then hands it to the missionary. It would be an insult to refuse the chewed meat.

On a certain occasion, I was travelling with Fr. Milanesio across the valley of the *Alluminè*. His famous carriage, (by courtesy a carriage), had fallen a victim to the rocky journey and we were obliged to pursue our journey on horses, without any saddles to ease our weary limbs. Fr. Milanesio thought he would cheer us up and exclaimed all of a sudden, “Never mind tonight we shall make some *gnaco*”. *Gnaco*! The name conveyed nothing to me and the dish had all the charm of novelty. My appetite was considerably sharpened by the anticipation of the treat in store for me. At sundown, we halted and Fr. Milanesio set about his preparations. He went to a pool of water and filled a bowl with water, that, by no stretch of the imagination, could be called crystal—far otherwise. Then, from his



Fr. Ricaldone on board a Chinese wherry.

haversack he extracted a material that was either sand, or crumbs of toasted bread I don't, to this day, know which. This he mixed with the water and after five minutes energetic stirring exclaimed in triumph, “Behold—*gnaco*! Try it and you will find it excellent”. I did!!! Anyhow, there was nothing else to eat...

During my visit to the East I went on a journey from Jeong Shan to Y Tow Heui. Fr. Parisi, who was my guide, was very put out because he could not find food of any sort. We had refreshed, if not re-invigorated, ourselves at an icy spring in the mountains. Fr. Parisi turned to me and said, “Let us push on a little. We will soon come to a small village where there lives an old woman. She always has something for us to eat”. In point of fact we soon pulled up before a hut, and, at the sound of Fr. Parisi's voice, there issued forth the lady of the house. Her

hands, which were far from clean, held a black loaf—it looked like a piece of india-rubber to me. With a great deal of exertion she succeeded in detaching a slice, which she handed to me. I tried to eat it. When I gave up in despair, I tried it on my horse. Even the horse could not manage it.

And yet the missionary has to endure these things day after day. Often, indeed, he does not succeed in finding anything to eat. On other occasions, he has to swallow, with a good grace, victuals that revolt his stomach. These are sacrifices that are known to God alone and He will reward them in His own good time and in His own good way.

Woe to the missionary who refuses these concoctions. His career in that village would be jeopardised. He would be guilty, not only of a grave breach of good manners, but even of a deep insult to the person who proffered the hospitality.

Preserved whale.

Mons. Fagnano once accompanied me on an expedition in the Land of Fire (Terra del fuoco). To journey with him was at once a pleasure, an experience and a stimulus. He was a delightful companion. On approaching the shores of a stream we became increasingly aware of the characteristic odour of rotting whale. It is not unusual in these parts that the whale, although harpooned, succeeds in making good its escape from the whaler. Then, exhausted from loss of blood, it dies and is cast up on the shore by the waves.

The discovery of this gift from the sea caused infinite joy to the Indians. Here they had meat and to spare. It was always fresh *for them*, even after months and months of exposure. The enormous carcass furnished them with food for a considerable length of time. To describe the fetid stink that exuded from the corrupt mass is impossible. The sight alone turned the stomach.

Mons. Fagnano, in search of his beloved Indians, found them gathered round the whale. They were beyond themselves with joy and were feeding ravenously on the flesh. Some helped themselves with

their hands—others used sea-shells to hack off the flesh. At the sight of Monsignor Fagnano the first thought was to offer him some of the whale. It would have been most rude not to have done so. Hence, one of the politest of the Indians stuck a shell into the sticky mass and offered it to the Monsignor.....

Let us leave the *Land of Fire*. Merely to recall some of the cups that they offer in China is enough to turn one sick. At the wayside stalls they offer tea in dirty basins which bear the marks of numerous other drinkers. One truly needs a stomach of the cast-iron variety.

Pullman trains.

Yes, I admit, the journeys are poetic in some respects. However these journeys are also executed, or rather are commonly executed, on foot, beneath the burning rays of the sun, in the rain, with a strong wind thrown in to vary the monotony. If you had only seen us on some memorable days. Splashed up to the neck with mud, bathed in perspiration, we were unrecognisable, and it would have been a pardonable mistake to have taken us for tramps.

In the missions of America it is often possible both to have and to use a horse. Not so in the East; for, in certain places, the horse is a luxury: in other places, it is a real danger, for it arouses the cupidity of bandits and soldiers; in other places, it can be an unmitigated nuisance, for the small quadruped becomes unable to carry its rider over the rough ground, and has to be led.

One can of course hire a sedan-chair, but it is not always convenient and, when possible, is often inexpedient. Sometimes in the course of a journey, (as actually happened to the writer), the occupant of the chair finds himself frequently ejected on to the ground and hence the pleasures of walking (particularly in dangerous places) become infinitely preferable.

However, I set out to talk about trains and so I will come back to the point. I entrained at Canton to go to Shiu-Chow. It was an unheard of luxury! Fr. Boccasino moved heaven and earth to get me

a place. He was a friend of all the railway officials, and so, having friends at Court, I expected, and he encouraged the hopes, that I would find myself settled in, at least, a Pullman Saloon Car. I had as a matter of fact a reserved seat. I was loaded—the official term—on to a goods train and occupied a place in a truck between boxes and barrels that might have contained anything from salt-pork to tar. The journey is more easily imagined than described.

How many episodes, that had disastrous sequences, how many accidents, how many grievous losses could be related, the better to illustrate the life of abnegation of the catholic missionary!

The poetry of the horse, the romance of the journey, disappear completely in face of the discomforts, the heat, the hunger and the thirst that accompany the journey. Perils there are, that take the mind far from the poetic side of nature and leave in the soul of the missionary



China — After the battle — Desolation reigns supreme.

These journeys, thus, executed under these, but more frequently under far more painful, conditions bring to the poor missionary, not only physical discomfort but often diseases and, not infrequently, are the direct cause of the premature death of the intrepid pioneer of the catholic faith. In fact, the late Fr. Colombo, worn out by his labours, and exhausted by sickness, fell unconscious on the road to Fong Tong and his corpse was carried back to the residence by the natives who discovered it.

At Chos Malal, in the heart of the Cordilleras, I saw the treacherous waters of the Neuquen that engulfed in their depths the late Fr. Agosta.

nothing but the poetry of his quest. The seeking of souls, the expansion of the kingdom of Christ, the love of the Man-God, are the harmonies that produce in his heart a melody that surpasses earthly melodies and gives to the weary soldier of Christ, strength to endure, courage to persevere and hope of an eternal recompense for the present ills, that at times seem unbearable to his human nature. He looks up to God and does all things in Him Who strengthens the weak.

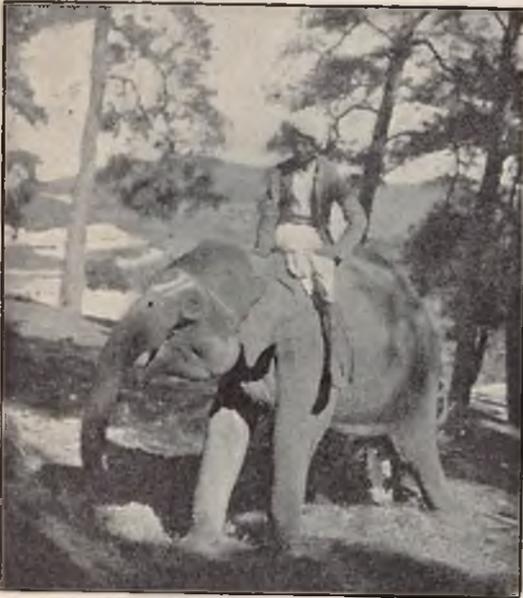
A peaceful night?

Some readers may, perhaps, be inclined to think that, this life of sacrifice

is merely a thing of the day-time and that, night brings to the missionary a little relaxation. That, after the day's work is done, he can find a bed, upon which to stretch his weary limbs; that, at night, he is sure to find some friend with whom to spend a few moments in conversation. These ideas are wrong. Many and many a time does the missionary experience the contrary. In the trackless expanses in Patagonia, after travelling all day, tormented by the trouble-

creaking boards of the boat, alongside the rowers. His rest is very poor for the exhalation of opium, the woeful ditties of the rowers, or their ceaseless chatter, contrive to prevent him closing an eye, until he is absolutely exhausted. Night often means added trouble, for it is especially after sunset that the stinging insects issue forth to add to the already great discomfort of the journey.

In Fr. Damien's footsteps.



India — Commodious means of transport.

What are we to say of the awful maladies that abound in many of the missions and which cut short, in no few cases the apostolic career of the missionary. Day by day treacherous and deadly climates take their toll of the workers in the vineyard of the Lord.

Cholera, which among us strikes such abject fear into every heart, is a commonplace in many missions, occurring at regular intervals, and claiming many victims. Whilst this dread disease was rampant at Tanjore, in India, we were edified and consoled at the sight of the serene heroism of the missionaries, who, with abnegation truly christian, gave themselves to the care of the stricken.

Malaria, intestinal fevers, dysentery, plagues on the model of the "Black Death", reap a rich harvest in the badly ventilated and totally unsanitary homes of the natives. Leprosy is not uncommon; that living death, wherein the body, though alive, has already begun to corrupt, and the living victim has to watch his flesh drop away, bit by bit, until death comes as a happy release to his tortured frame.

some *pampera*, the missionary often finds himself surprised by night, far from anywhere. He then looks about for the softest and driest bit of ground, and, for a few hours, under the shining stars, he lies at rest, but not at ease, for he is tormented by the mosquitoes and myriad other insects, that seem to have concentrated upon this spot for the purpose of disturbing his rest.

How many times in China—and well do I remember it—does the missionary in his voyages have to take to the stream in any boat that happens to be going his way! Sometimes he is days and weeks cooped up and stifled on the little wherry, and, at night, seeks his repose upon the

Still vivid in my memory, is the sight of the poor lepers. Their faces disfigured, their members swollen beyond belief, their arms no longer sound but mere stumps, their whole body in some cases eaten away and destroyed by the ravages of the most horrible of diseases. The sight of the suffering children would bring tears to the eyes of the most callous. Their apathetic appearance, their eyes so sorrowful, sometimes so nearly eaten away, their youthful bodies, stricken before attaining the spring of life, spoke volumes and appealed for help to those whose hearts and bodies were sound. The

sight of these poor unfortunates would make a wave of pity sweep over any who saw them.

After my visit to the lazarettos, my heart rose spontaneously in prayers of thanksgiving to God for my health, and my devotion to and love of our Holy Religion was increased immeasurably. The catholic religion alone knows how to

ity, and to whom they desire to be subject as to their masters.

No longer is it merely one or two who give themselves to this work. Fr. Unia, the Apostle of the lepers of Agua de Dios, has a very numerous following. Many have followed and are following his illustrious example.

What more? Ah, thank God, even our



India — A bamboo bridge — Gently does it.

inspire priests and nuns to devote their lives to the poor lepers. Salesians and Daughters of Mary, Help of Christians deem it an honour, a special grace to be allowed to consecrate their lives to the uplifting and consoling of the lepers. Fortunate indeed are these children of Don Bosco, who have rejoiced and rejoice at being allowed to dedicate themselves to the stricken members of Christ's body. Fortunate are they, to whom God gives the vocation, to desire to serve these disease stricken people with christian char-

humble congregation has paid largely its tribute to the malignant malady. Kind and gentle Fr. Santinelli was the first to succumb to the disease; others were stricken after him; some, today, stricken among the stricken are, at once, victims of charity and pain.

The saintly Sister Rota, who, serene and cheerful, continued to spend herself for her beloved lepers, even when, stricken with leprosy herself, she saw her young life cut short, her body begin to corrupt under the attack of the disease, is a potent

example to all, and will continue, for ever, to be a splendour and a glory of the Congregation of the Daughters of Mary, Help of Christians.

Bandits and soldiers.

There is more to come. Not always can the missionary discharge his apostolic



Japan — One of the 8,000 Gods of the lower regions.

labours unmolested. Everybody is conversant with the fact that, to quote but one example, in China, before making a journey, one has to take into account the bandits, that infest these immense regions of country, that afford plenty of hiding places for their dens. I do not intend to expatiate upon my encounter with these same, for, in my case, they were,—so to speak,—gentlemen. But it is not always the way. The issue of the

encounter is often very different, as actually happened in the case of Fr. Canazei, and, recently, of Fr. Vincenzo, who was received with guns and suffered a wound in the hand. Poor Fr. Vincenzo fell out of the frying pan into the fire. He was captured, not by the bandits, but by the soldiers and owed his safety less to his running powers than to a special protection of heaven.

The soldiers? Too true, they are but soldiers in name. They are sometimes worse than the bandits themselves. Only recently, I received a letter from a young missionary in China who writes in the following heartbreaking terms, "I am writing from Lok Chong and I have just returned from Leu Ha where I had a most painful experience. The soldiers had but lately departed and they had sacked and destroyed everything. They profaned all the sacred places. The church linen and some vestments they carried off as booty. In the church they committed the most nefarious sacrileges. The statues and holy pictures they smashed and used for vile purposes. They defiled everything. They broke open the Tabernacle, but, by great good fortune, the Blessed Sacrament was not there. The sacred vessels and vestments they trampled under their horses feet. The agony of the poor christians can easily be imagined. The whole district is a prey to desolation and want.

The slaughtered can be counted by the thousand. They were beheaded after their arms had been amputated. Other horrible tortures were inflicted on them both by the soldiers and by the bolshevists. When I returned to Lok Chong, I found the same desolation and terror. Our residence has been invaded by the soldiers and its condition is miserable in the extreme. Vexations and depredations continue without any hope of cessation. Life itself is scarcely secure:

On the 17th of February I was witness of a brutal, sickening, cannibalistic scene. It took place at a short distance from our residence.

Nine bolshevists fell into the hands of the soldiers. They were promptly slaughtered and quartered in the most barbarous fashion. But the worst was to come. Not satisfied with their deaths,

these human wolves threw themselves upon the still palpitating members to tear out the liver and to eat it. They were horribly convinced that thus they would acquire fresh courage and strength. The soldiers, who had invaded our residence, succeeded in getting hold of a corpse and they tore out the liver, divided it among them and ate it raw and bloody as it was.

Terrified, we ran to the chapel, to pray for these misguided and abandoned creatures, and to avert the wrath of God from

Here you have a very brief summary of some of the many sacrifices computed by our missionaries. Here you have an outline of their difficult lives. They spend themselves willingly, aye eagerly, in the service of God. The love of souls inspires them to these sacrifices. The zeal of the House of God hath eaten them up.

What are we doing in the great, the vital work of spreading the kingdom of God? We must all answer for the souls



Will you help us to Catholicism? Thank you.

descending upon them, for they had indeed provoked the Almighty with their frightful barbarity.

Poor China! Poor Mission!. Yan Fa sacked and burnt. The same sad fate befell the residence at Chong Thong and Pian Sak. Perhaps, tomorrow, the same will happen to Lok Chong.

We are in the hands of God and our confidence is solely in His aid and in the protection of Mary, Help of Christians. May God hasten the day of peace, the day of redemption and the day when His love shall reign in this poor land".

Arrived at this point, I take the liberty of speaking a word to our co-operators and to all generous hearts and I say to them,

of our brethren at the judgement seat. Are we doing our best to extend the reign of Christ, the King? Are we all practical catholics and not merely apathetic followers of Him, who gave this life for us? We must all be apostles, although we cannot all go abroad to work.

What will be the result of the Missionary Crusade? Shall we have the thousand missionary burses?

I am confident that, the prompt and generous reply will come from your charitable hearts. "*As long as you did it to these, my least brethren you did it to Me*".

I will treat in a proximate number, of the issue of the Crusade and am,

Yours devotedly in J. C.,
PETER RICALDONE, S. C.

Among the Jivaros.

The letter which follows is a personal one received at the International Theologate at Turin, from a missionary in Ecuador. It contains few private references and is a specimen of the simple but apostolic life led by these pioneers of civilisation and christianity, among the nations that yet have to receive the "tidings of great joy".

Indanza, November 1927.

My dear friends,

I received your most welcome letter somewhat late but nevertheless safely. When I shall have received the *breviaries* that you are so kindly forwarding to me, I shall inform you by return of post. You are in an enviable position. Think for a moment that I am here *alone*, and no word can express the loneliness that creeps over me at times. I have no companion to accompany me on these journeys through the forests. Time for correspondence is, as you will understand, not very plentiful and I am snatching from sleep the few moments to write this brief account of my recent journey among the *Jivaros*.

It was a "tour" of twelve days. On the second day, I arrived near my first halting place and was very tired. Suddenly, I heard the shrill cries of some of the *Jivaros* children, and soon saw the bodies to which the voices belonged. They were three little boys, and they were very jubilant over the abundant "catch" of birds that they had just achieved.

They soon caught sight of me and came towards me immedi-

ately. They took hold of my hands and fired off a number of questions, one after the other, "Hello Father, how are you? Have you brought anything for me? How long are you staying! etc., etc.". When I replied that I was very tired, and that I had brought many nice things for them, one of them, with the promptitude characteristic of these children of the forest said,— "Wait here, Father".

He took to his heels, and made for the settlement. In a few moments Jimmy (the youngster who had gone off), reappeared on the scene and presented me with a bowl of soup and said,—

— "Drink the soup, Father, and let us make for home. The *Jivaros* are very glad that you have come and *mamma Mary* told me to tell you to accept "*Mandioca*" from no-one; that she has gone to the garden to get some roots, and that you would keep a looking-glass, a needle and thread for her".

We had proceeded but a few steps when we came upon *Mary* who said to me—

— "I am going to look for some "*Man-dioca*". Do not give anything to the *Jivaros* until I return".

I made the promise and we proceeded on our way. Scarcely had we entered the settlement when fourteen of the children gathered round and overwhelmed me with questions. —

"What have you brought? I want a looking-glass. I want a needle, I want a thread, I want a vest, I want a jacket," and so on, until I was almost deafened by the hub-bub.

Profiting by their curiosity to know what I had brought,



Jivaro children — facing the camera.

I asked them to listen to me for a few moments and to recite a few prayers, so that I should be able to say the rosary that night. They complied willingly, and I showed them my pack.

I remained in this settlement three days, spending all the time in teaching catechism. One of the most popular of the devotions was certainly the holy rosary, which we recited every evening. Thirty-four *Jivaros* surrounded me and in the recitation of the *Hail Mary* (the only prayer that they know), I am sure

that there were at least thirty different renderings of the angelic salutation. But I expect Mary, Help of Christians and Don Bosco understood all the same and smiled in heaven. After leaving this place I visited three other settlements, following the same course of instruction and prayer.

I came to the end of my tour at last, and was about to set my face towards home. I had already left the last settlement, when all at once, I heard the sound of running feet and men's voices. I turned round and saw three *Jivaros* running towards me, all of them evidently panic-stricken. One, who was a little in advance of his companions, on coming up with me, threw himself at my feet, and said,—

— "Father, cure me. I have been bitten by a *Macancí* (one of the most venomous serpents of these parts) and I am doomed to die".

Fortunately, I had with me a phial of antidote which I began to administer. After a short interval other *Jivaros* arrived and it seemed, from their shouts and yells, that they were about to go upon the war-path. The poor stricken man began to swell in an alarming manner. I continued to administer the antidote and other *Jivaros* remedies, but my confidence was



"Music hath charms"

mainly in the help of Mary, Help of Christians.

That day and the following night were times of great apprehension. After two days, when the *Jivaros* had seen that the feared hemorrhage—a fatal symptom in these cases of snake-bite—did not manifest itself, they began to grow a little easier and I was free to start on the home trail once more.

The sick man continued to be in a perilous state for another fifteen days, but thanks be to God, he recovered. Ten

days later, he came here to the Mission, to thank me for my timely aid.

This is about all my news concerning the "expedition". Much has been done for these poor people but much more remains to be done. We hope ever in the help of God and in your prayers. Never forget to whisper a prayer to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary for this Mission and for yours affectionately in J. C.

THOS PLA, S. C.



Bearing With Faults.

To bear with other's faults without complaining is the beginning of solid virtue; yet it is only justice, since others have to bear with ours. To bear with other's faults without expecting them to put up with ours, even to find an excuse for them when they do not bear with us—this is another step on the road to virtue. Let us think that if everybody bore with us we should never know our faults and never correct them. In this world we are all at work filing one another smooth, but it is not our business to be the file.

In great Power and Majesty.

IN the Gospel of St. Mathew, there occurs the splendid but terrible picture of the events that shall herald the end of the world. The picture is a graphic one in every detail and, whoever looks upon it cannot but be struck with salutary fear. There is, however, a verse more terrible and yet sadder than all the rest of the narrative. It is the verse, wherein the sacred writer conveys to the reader the words of Christ, "*And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven. And then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn*". Was ever there an occasion when sadder or more awful words fell from the Divine Lips of the Saviour of mankind? The end of all things, the time when the Redemption of humanity shall be concluded by the destruction of death for evermore; the time, when the Son of Man shall come to take to Himself His elect; the time when the use man has made of the Passion of Christ will be revealed—"*then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn*".

What an awful testimony is this to the decay of truth amongst the children of men! What a woeful tale it reveals of the neglect of the sacraments of the Church! What a terrible judgement it foreshadows! The de-christianization of the world has come to the point that "*the sign of the Son of man*" shall cause *all the tribes* of the earth to mourn. "*All the tribes*", seem to convey the idea that the just, who will rejoice at the "*sign of the Son of man*", will be but as a few lilies amid festering weeds. The approach of the Son of Man, that should be the cause of joy to *all* christians shall be a cause of sorrow. Is this then the return that Christ is to receive for His three and thirty years of sorrow? He came down from heaven, lived with men, suffered with and for them, lowered himself to their level that they might the more easily follow Him and this is His return—"*all the tribes of the earth shall mourn.*" He left Himself with men, as a perennial pledge of love in the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar and yet love has not been loved. Man has neglected the only ne-

cessary thing, so that, the sign of the Son of Man, the cross of Christ, gives him cause to bewail and bemoan instead of to rejoice. Oh God! how desolate is the picture!

"*They shall see the Son of Man coming*", yes they shall see Him, but how? "*Coming in the clouds of heaven with much power and majesty*". Then shall their folly be revealed to them. The idol of their wealth shall be shattered. Their false sense of honour shall be torn from them. They shall stand in the presence of the God-Man, naked of anything that shall serve as a pretext for mercy. They were taken up by the vanities of their worldly hearts, and those same vanities have formed themselves into so many irrefutable accusers. They shall curse their folly, but it is irremediable. Had they but seen Him on earth, *in much power and majesty*, they would have served Him with a servile fear: but because He was on earth, a poor man, and afterwards remained under the appearances of common bread, they despised and neglected Him. He tried to gain their sincere love and loving service by His condescension and only gained their contempt. But now the tables are turned and the object of their former contempt is unutterably desirable. They curse the day of their birth, but with better reason should they curse their own blind folly and stupid, culpable, ignorance.

The terrible import of these words made a deep impression on the Apostles. There overlooking the city they loved, Jesus spoke the awful end of Jerusalem. The city had rejected Him. It had not known the gift of God, and the consequent ruin was complete. The fate of Jerusalem is a symbol of the fate of the individual and of the nations that reject God and, "*Him whom He sent Jesus Christ*". Their ruin will be irreparable. The lasting impression that these words made upon the Twelve, is borne out by the fact that, some fifty years later, John, the beloved disciple re-echoed them from Patmos, "*Behold, He cometh with the clouds and every eye shall see Him.... And all the*

tribes of the earth shall bewail themselves because of Him."

But why will the nations mourn? Because of the sign of the Son of Man, the Cross of Christ. They had deemed that cross the symbol of a magnificent, but none the less tragic, failure; whereas, had they had but understanding, it was the symbol of the triumph over sin,

that the sacrifice of the cross and the sacrifice of the Mass were one and the same. They had neglected the Mass and its import. Herein shall be the greatest accusation against the nations of the earth. The neglect of the Holy Mass will be their greatest cause of sorrow. It would have been so easy to have attended. But time is past and there remains only a



Blessed be His Most Sacred Heart.

death, and all the woe, that entered the world through man's first transgression. They had never dreamed of the triumph of failure. The mystery of sorrow for them had always been insoluble. The only reality in their limited experience was blatant and temporal success. They had not understood. The Cross of Christ had been ever before them, but its meaning was hidden from them. Their inane minds could not penetrate its message of love. They had not understood that the Cross of Christ was the perennial record of the greatest sacrifice that love had ever made. They had not understood

palpitating fear of the consequences of this omission. The Son of God will demand *why* they did not come to Him; *why* they did not avail themselves of the infinite virtue of the Mass and they will be silent. Reply they will have none. Paltry excuses and diplomatic flattery will be of no avail, for they stand before Him Who cannot be deceived. He Who scrutinises hearts will demand an explanation. Their ruin will be great indeed!

The desolation of this picture would be without relief but for the consoling verse concerning the elect: for, it is written, "*He shall send His Angels with a trumpet and a*

great voice: and they shall collect His elect from the four winds, from the farthest parts of the heavens to the utmost bounds of them." From every corner of the earth will they come, the despised ones of the earth, to sit in judgement over the princes of the earth. They will come, trooping, the blind, the lame, the needy and the poor, who had gloried in the Cross of Christ. The mighty ones of the earth will be dumbfounded. They will then see their servants, their slaves rather, the men they had treated as dirt beneath their feet, they will see them raised up to judge them. "He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble. He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich He hath sent empty away".

Who would not desire to be of the number of the elect? Who would not desire, on that day of wrath, that awful day, to be able to console the Heart of Christ for the nations that shall have rejected Him, thus making vain His Sacred Passion? Is it hard to be of the elect? Yes, for it requires a life of sacrifice, but we can do all things in Him who strengthens us. He will help us if we ask Him and where can we implore His aid with more surety of success than in the Holy Mass. But, some may object, I cannot go to Mass every day. My occupations leave me no time for personal attendance at Mass. Fear not, the solution is the same. Attend Mass daily. Attend six Masses daily in spirit. Receive the graces of six Masses daily, that are said in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Rome. What must you do? A very small thing. Send *one shilling*, to have yourself enrolled in the Association of the Sacred Heart. You may send it direct to Turin, (the address is to be found at the end of the Bulletin), or to the Salesian House, Cowley, Oxford. Don't delay, but begin *now* to lay up treasure for heaven. The graces that will come to you by this means are incalculable.

"Remember then O Saviour

I supplicate of Thee,

That here I bowed before Thee,

Upon my bended knee:

That here I owned Thy presence

And did not Thee deny,

And glorified Thy greatness,

Though hid from human eye".

Be Brave! Be Trustful!

Courage! Confidence!

Let us have but one goal, but one wish: the kingdom of God within us. God in all our actions, God in all our life.

Courage! Confidence!

The path which leads to duty is often rough, but the soul whetted with God's love is invincible.

Courage! Confidence!

More you shall have suffered, more you will be blessed.

Courage! Confidence!

Fear nothing; God is with you. What can He deny you? Dare all things with the help of prayer.

Courage! Confidence!

However great your spiritual poverty, pray. Prayer will shelter your soul against the greatest perils.

Courage! Confidence!

Ever recommence the work of amendment and of Christian vigilance and you will heap up treasures for heaven.

Courage! Confidence!

What an Apostle one may become beneath the hand of Grace. How well Grace overcomes the heart after disappointment and useful sorrow.

Courage! Confidence!

God allows us to purchase heaven by well spent minutes.

Courage! Confidence!

Time is so short, suffering so small a thing and the merit so great.

Courage! Confidence!

Jesus only! In our mind to enlighten it, in our soul to possess it, in our life to sanctify it.

Courage! Confidence!

Love God! Seek him; do not cleave to the earth which passes away; only give your heart to the affections which God inspires and sanctifies.

A MODERN THIRD-ORDER

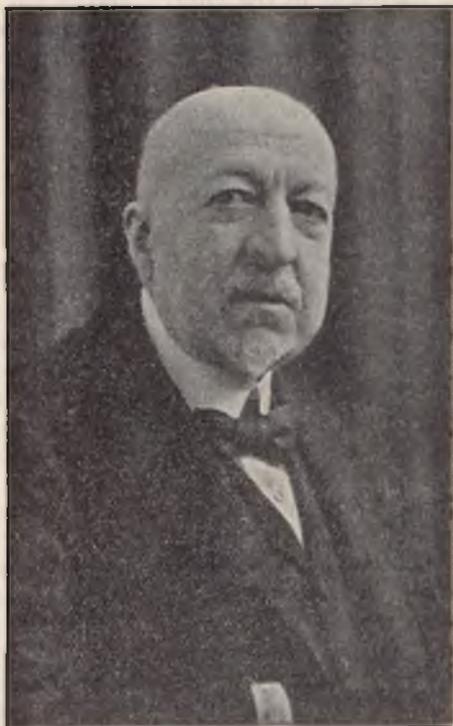
The Association of Salesian Co-operators.

(Continued).

Don Bosco, as we said in a recent article, was a precursor of the modern age, an apostle of its spirit, and one who supplied its needs. It was, in fact, the year 1841, —an important date, for it is but eight years since the foundation of the *first* conference of St. Vincent de Paul,— that Don Bosco foresaw the important rôle, that was to fall to the laity of the Catholic Church, in the near future. He saw the new circumstances, that were to make of the laity, the weapon with which to fight the errors of the age, the pseudo-scientific notions, the licentious press, the libertine propaganda. He foresaw this and, in anticipation, embraced the laity, in his religious family.

It is an indubitable fact, that, the abandonment of the country and agricultural pursuits, is due to two main factors— pleasures and machinery. The city provides these two things and hence, the people fly to it, often to the detriment of the country at large and of the individuals in particular. The consequence is, that the cities are over-populated. The cities attract, and engulf innumerable multitudes. The parishes automatically become larger, but the workers in the parishes, the clergy, do not increase in proportion. The clergy are overwhelmed by the people that demand their ministry. They, thus, have to appeal to the laity for help, and assign to them those tasks that do not need the sacerdotal character.

In many of these spheres of activity the layman is in his own proper domain. As teacher, gymnastic instructor, theatrical producer, band-master, lecturer, accountant, organiser the layman devotes his talents to the service of souls. His action is, of course, controlled by the priest, but is not impeded nor opposed. This work of the laity is infinitely precious and truly one of the corporal works of mercy.



Count E. Rebaudengo
International President of the Salesian Co-operators.

Finally, there are the people (and they are many), whom the priest cannot reach. Maybe through lack of time, maybe that they themselves have no faith in the clergy. The path must be cleared by some person whose attire and calling give no reason for doubt or suspicion. This rôle can be admirably filled by the Salesian Co-operator.

Thus, the above-mentioned reasons have created today, and will continue to create, in our catholic organisations a valuable place for the work of devoted christian laymen.

This collaboration is of course a delicate matter. The dangers that beset it are

evident. On the one hand, there is need of much tact, of *savoir-faire*, for these auxiliaries, these ready and often indispensable collaborators, are not *servants* but friends, *brothers-in-arms*. On the other hand, they themselves might have the tendency to encroach upon and reduce the sphere of action proper to the priest. They might incline to restrict his action, too narrowly, to the church and its functions. There is the peril of domineering on the one hand, and of laicization on the other—these dangers are undeniable, but how often have they been successfully combatted in the name of the charity of Christ, that reigns in the hearts of all His followers!

Bonds of Union.

The problem, that presented itself spontaneously to the Ven. John Bosco, was how to unite these auxiliaries, among themselves, and to his religious family, by light but strong ties. What objective, concrete and general was he to assign them?

The solution was at once wise and ingenious.

The whole army of Salesian Co-operators is held compact, and united to its chief, by a threefold chain. First of all *every day*,—and this is *obligatory*—they have a short prayer to recite to St. Francis of Sales (1). This act of piety can easily be performed at the same time as the morning prayers:—*every month*—this is only a counsel—they are to reserve one day for recollection, to enquire into the state of their souls: *every year*—again of counsel—they are expected to put aside a few days for a spiritual retreat, to take stock of the year past and to tend towards the *chief end* of the Union of Co-operators—the salvation of their souls. This first chain is joined to the second and is fortified by it. The first chain is wholly of piety and is the most important, for on that depends the strength of the bond and the efficacy of the Association. The second chain is closely allied to the first and consists wholly of privileges.

The Sovereign Pontiffs have been very munificent with the Co-operators. They have opened for them, in a surprising manner, the treasury of the Church's indulgences and the list of the favours obtained by Don Bosco, and his successors, for their collaborators, rivals in richness and length, that of any of the other older third-orders.

Finally, the third chain is the *Salesian Bulletin*, which is issued *free* to our Co-operators. The English edition is but two-monthly but the future will probably see it return to its monthly issue. Every year, also, there is a special local conference, the scope of which is to make known to the Co-operators the work done, the work in hand, the work projected, the needs of the Salesians and the necessity of the Co-operators' efficacious assistance.

Means of Co-operation.

The co-operators assist in the Salesian undertakings in various ways, according to the means of each co-operator. Some support the work by their fervent prayers, others assist with their alms: some place their influence at the service of the Congregation, others place themselves and their talents at the disposition of the two religious families of Don Bosco.

It is a false idea, or at least an incomplete one, that the Salesian Co-operator is one who, at least once a year, gives his offering on behalf of the Salesian works. The idea is false, for it gives the notion, that the *main object* of the Salesian Co-operators is to supply the Salesians with money for their works. *The main object of the Union of Salesian Co-operators is the personal sanctification of its members.* The support that the Co-operators give by their alms is the least of their means of co-operation and may be a mere mechanical action, a sort of taking the line of least resistance—the method of co-operation that involves least personal inconvenience. It is necessary, without a doubt, for the Salesian works are the result of the offerings of the Co-operators, but it is surpassed in importance by the many other means of helping.

The Co-operators who find for us real solid vocations to the priesthood; who

(1) An Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father with the ejaculation St Francis of Sales, pray for us.

prepare a hostile soul for the approach of the priest and his ministry; who make possible a Salesian foundation on behalf of youth; who are real apostles of charity in the homes of the poor; who spread abroad the propaganda of decent literature; who fight the evil tendencies of the age; who put at the disposal of the Salesian works their talents as writer, lecturer, doctor or lawyer to assist those, whose means do not allow the use of such people; who come and help the priest out of a difficulty by giving a catechism class, by organising the after-care club, by doing all in their power to advance the kingdom of Christ, — these are the co-operators, who are in the full spirit of their vocation: — these are the co-operators, who correspond to the ideal of Ven. Don Bosco, who thus defined their vocation, — *a constant desire to devote oneself to the service of poor and abandoned youth, to make it more perfect, to ennoble it with the same means that St. Francis of Sales used.*

These men and women, who together with the Salesians work on behalf of the youth of the nation, are plentiful, but not by any means equal to the demand. Witness the constant cry of the leakage in the Catholic Church, due to the lack of after-school clubs. This want could be very well supplied by Salesian Co-operators, in conjunction with the several parish priests. In other countries our co-operators work really *with* the Salesians. At *Romans*, recently, a retired colonel substituted as a professor for a Salesian who had been taken ill. At *Prisles*, a brilliant mining engineer has for some time past been the professor of algebra. At *Nice*, *Marseilles*, *Montpellier* our co-operators,

after the storm of anti-clericalism in 1902, saved the Salesian works by their prompt and efficacious assistance. Examples could be multiplied. What we have said suffices to prove the opportunity of the foundation of the Salesian Co-operators, who know so well how to adapt themselves to all circumstances and all persons, who are composed as well of the active laity, the stricken poor, the sick members of Christ and the religious of other orders.

The co-operation of a paralytic by prayer, of a Carmelite by mortification, of a secular priest by his daily labour, of the laity by their ordinary toil are all of inestimable value in forwarding the Salesian works, for, *the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away*".

The Co-operators and the Holy See.

Under the Providence of God, this creation of the Ven. John Bosco has developed with an extraordinary rapidity, since its approbation some fifty years ago.

At the present time some hundreds of thousands of co-operators contribute—as Pius XI said—to the success of the works undertaken by the Salesians, on behalf of the young. Every year the ranks increase in proportion with the increase of the needs of the apostolate of the Salesians. The need continues to create the means, just as it did, in the times of the Ven. John Bosco, and his first Oratory.

We must add a word on the action of the See of Peter on behalf of the Salesian third-order. The benediction of the Popes has always been upon it. From Pius IX to Pius XI, the successive Pontiffs seem to have vied with their predecessor in



Learn of Me, for I am meek humb'le of heart.

generosity. They have blessed it, extolled it, enriched it with their spiritual treasures. Two of them Pius X and Pius XI were Salesian Co-operators before being raised to the See of Peter. The Patriarch of Venice (Pius X) and the Archbishop of Milan (Pius XI) were glad to assist in the execution of the projects, conceived and carried out by the Salesians, and, at least once every year, their offering showed their sympathy with the needs of the young Congregation.

This predilection of the Popes for the Salesian Co-operators is explained in two ways: primarily—and this is self-evident—from the opinion they have formed of the opportunity of the Union: secondly from the conviction, that they have always had, that, in the Salesian Co-operators, they have a body of Catholics, organised for the apostolate of youth, and at the same time, unswervingly attached to the person of the successor of St. Peter. Benedict XV remarked this trait of devotion to the Holy See, in his letter to Don Albera in March 1917. This attachment is a family tradition. It is an inheritance from the Venerable John Bosco and there is no son of Don Bosco, no friend, no auxiliary of the Salesians, who is not ready in *all* circumstances, at *all* times, even and especially in the most tragic occasions to think as Rome thinks, to defend the policy, to uphold the dignity of the Church of Christ, and of the successor of St. Peter.

A special smile of heaven descends upon those, who hold themselves closely attached to the Apostolic See. The Salesians, the Daughters of Mary, Help of Christians and the Co-operators make of this fidelity a duty, at once sacred and pleasing. Finally, it is on account of this characteristic of the foundation of the Ven. John Bosco that the mustard seed, thrown into the earth, in 1843, has become a great tree with three immense branches, in the shadow of which, the youth of all the nations of the earth is blessed and is at rest. In the shadow of this giant of the forest of the territory of Christ, the youths of the world are educated, according to the principles of the Gospel, and are rejoiced that God has given them the privilege of such a refuge.

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—

- July 1st — Precious Blood of Our Lord.
- July 2nd — Visitation of the B. V. M.
- August 6th — Transfiguration of Our Lord.
- August 15th — Assumption of the B. V. M.
- August 16th — St. Rock.

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.



“Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest that He send more labourers into His Vineyard.,

A missionary appeal of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius XI, gloriously reigning.

(The following is a commentary of the words of His Holiness. The italics signify the words of the text)

Strive to introduce, where necessary, and thus gradually to extend the holy custom of praying the, Lord of the harvest that He send more labourers into His vineyard. Earnestly direct your prayers, to gain for the infidels the necessary dispositions to receive the faith of Christ and the gift of heavenly grace.

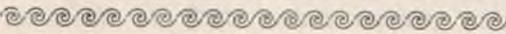
Since there is no-one to whom prayer is impossible, all have, in prayer, a most efficacious means of providing help for the Missions of the Catholic Church, of providing that which is as necessary to their apostolic labours, as food is to the body, nourishment; supernatural nourishment, the grace of God. Hence it is Our desire that the faithful should add to their ordinary prayers, some special prayer for the Missions and for the conversion of the pagans to the true Church. Also We wish that some special prayer for a like purpose be added to those prayers that are usually recited in the parish Churches.

In this most Christian of works, let the children be encouraged to co-operate. Strive to inflame their ardent souls with pity and love for those who “sit in darkness and in the shadow of death”. We desire therefore that in the schools, in the orphanages, in the colleges, kindergartens and such like

institutions, the children be invited to pray daily for the needs of the Missions. Let their prayers ascend daily to the great white throne of God, to obtain that the Divine Mercy would deign to pity so many unfortunate men, such great masses of pagan idolaters. Let them pray earnestly that the Passion of Christ be meritorious also for these men who as yet know Him not and love Him not. To their innocent and childish petitions our Heavenly Father will not turn a deaf ear. He will hear them for children are specially dear to the heart of God, as witness the punishments threatened against those who scandalise them.

Then another most useful purpose will be served by exciting the children to pray for their pagan brethren. The hearts of children are tender and impressionable, they easily take an ideal and build up their lives about it. Then let this ideal of Christian Charity be set before them. Let them have this impression of unselfish love from their early childhood and we may hope that gradually they will be led to give themselves to the apostolate, to give themselves to try and help on as effectively as possible that for which they have prayed so long. If these young plants are care-

fully trained and guarded against the harsh winds of worldly vice and criticism, *they will bear good fruit in the days to come—fine, sturdy, apostles, of the Church.* Let both girls and boys be helped to become more fervent in their prayers for the unbelievers. Let them all strive to obtain a vocation for the Missionary life and they will not be refused. Many Sisters, priests, and lay-brothers, are urgently needed. There is room for all. If God does not grant them this vocation, they will be granted another, to follow which they will have many graces, but, in whatever sphere of life they may be, they may be united in one great apostolate—the apostolate of prayer. Let us all pray that soon there may be but one flock and one shepherd and, that the other sheep that are not as yet of this fold, them also Christ will bring into the one Church, into the one ark of salvation, that is open to all men, all races, but chiefly to all sinners that they may be cleansed from their sins and saved from the wrath to come.



Parable of the Schoolroom Floor.

A schoolroom floor, newly washed and scrubbed, always preaches to me loudly, says the Rev. David Bearne S. J. At first sight it seems doubtful if that thorough cleaning has improved its appearance. Before it was washed we knew that its ink-stains were many and big: they were not nearly so apparent as they are now. For, mark you, the floor has been scoured with hot water and cleansing soap, and the effect has been to throw out into a sort of relief every indelible splash of ink. By contrast with the clean white portions of the boards these little pools of red and blue and black immediately arrest the attention. Before the cleansing you scarcely noticed them: today they catch the eye and hold it. One never dreamt that so much ink had been spilled upon the floor or that the use of soap and water would emphasize the fact and make these many catastrophes so entirely evident. Better, you think, to have left the floor unwashed.

Nay, nay! this scrubbing is an enormous gain. The floor is clean. Incredible dirt was removed in the washing, dirt that a daily sweeping could not touch. The floor is stained, but it is clean. It is a picture of some souls. They lie before God clean, but not stainless. Past catastrophes have left their mark; yes, but the guilt of sin has been removed, just as surely as the actual dirt has been washed from this schoolroom floor. Almost with reverence the boys tread upon these whitened boards: with actual reverence the angels are contemplating your blood-washed soul.



Another lesson is taught by the washed floor. The faults of the good are often more apparent than the sins of the wicked. If you had seen this floor before the water touched it, you would have noticed a uniform griminess. Here and there the big black splashes of ink would reveal themselves—if you looked for them: but since the prevailing hue was one of dirt, the stain was not immediately evident. Now, by contrast with the clean white boards, those gigantic blots of ink look very black indeed. The splashes of red actually seem to have been revived by the scouring and to have become redder.

The best wine makes the strongest vinegar, says the old proverb, and we are warned that where there is most light there will be most shade. We ought to ponder the law of contrasts. Freshly fallen snow will show the footprint of the tiniest bird.

They that walk with Christ upon earth will scarcely hope to escape the specks and motes with which the very air we breathe is charged. The freshest and cleanest room will show the mark of even a little grime. Earth is earth, and heaven is heaven. No stain will pass the gates of God.

The humble man knows and acknowledges that he has nothing but what he has received from God, that he is utterly and entirely dependent on God every moment of his life, and that if left to himself he will fall into the lowest depths of sin and degradation.



Battersea-London — Some of the Salesian Old Boys who spent the last days in Holy Week in retreat at the School. The retreat is becoming increasingly popular and promises to become an annual affair. The number attending the 1928 retreat was double that of the preceding year. May the S. O. B. A. reap the full benefit of this truly Salesian movement in its ranks. The personal advantages that the retreatants receive from this spiritual holiday are too evident and well-known to need any explanation.

THE SALESIAN OLD
BOYS' ASSOCIATION

THE SUMMER REUNION

WILL BE HELD AT

SALESIAN COLLEGE, BATTERSEA, LONDON

ON

SUNDAY JULY 1st

All Salesian Old Boys are invited to attend.

All particulars can be obtained from The Secretary.

THE MISSION FIELD. — INTO THE UNKNOWN

Exploration along the Araguay.

Very Rev. Fr.,

BEFORE setting out on my journey of exploration into a zone of Matto Grosso, Brazil, that till the present has remained unexplored and unknown, I write to ask your blessing on this my enterprise.

The scope of my journey is to re-establish friendly relations between the *Carajás* and the civil authorities, who are enraged at the atrocious crimes and more atrocious vendettas of these savages. The second object of the expedition is to look for a suitable place in which to establish our abode among the *Carajás*. This place will have to be chosen with great care, regard being taken by us with regard to position and climate, so as to avoid the malaria and other evils that abound in this territory.

For the above reasons, the Apostolic Administrator, Mons. Couturon, deems it essential that our investigations should be most accurate. To achieve this end we have decided to traverse together, about 125 miles along the Araguay River visiting *en route* the *Carajás* who live near the river and studying the points of the habitable parts of the banks. After this the expedition will split into two parties, —Mons. Couturon will prosecute his journey among the *Carajás* along the Araguay, while I, with a few companions, will attempt the hitherto unexplored part, from east to west between the Araguay and the Rio das Mortes (River of Death). We shall follow the River of Death up to the Colony of the Sacred Heart.

In my journey of some 320 miles in this unknown territory, I will probably find difficulties and dangers at every step. I have full confidence, however, in the protection of Mary Help of Christians. I propose to ascertain on this expedition,—

1) If there is any possibility of establishing a connection between these two great rivers, the Araguay and the River of Death,

2) From which side communication

with the Colony of the Sacred Heart would be easier,

3) If the land is inhabited by savages,

4) If the conditions along the River of Death are favourable for the founding of missionary posts.

The Araguay is uninhabitable for the greater part of its course, owing to the tremendous inundations that occur every year and which, on subsiding, leave behind real death traps, breeding as these deposits do the fatal malaria fever. The Dominican Fathers have had sorrowful experience of the truth of this, for this malignant fever has carried off numbers of their best men and even last year (1927) they had to mourn the death of two of their most valued brethren.

Perhaps the River of Death may be more favourable for our purpose. The name does not sound inviting. However this name may arise from the fact, that the *Carajás* keep as far as possible from this river, for they fear the terrible *Chavantes*, who inhabit the forests on the left bank of the river and who are a most ferocious tribe, that have made the river the last resting place of many of their enemies.

The possibilities of my journey are many and serious. The unknown element constitutes a great danger in these lands. With the help of God, however, I hope to succeed, and make my exploration of great use to the cause of the Gospel, and for the greater good of the people whom we are trying to convert.

Therefore, very Rev. Fr., bless this my undertaking. Perhaps it may seem rash to human wisdom but, these journeys are for us a sacred duty, since we are consecrated to the service of God and the salvation of souls. Pray that in these three months—the duration of my journey—the Lord may accompany me and keep me safe and sound.

Your most humble son,

ANTHONY COLBACCHINI, S.C.



Fr. Colbacchini and his party ready for the expedition



Mons. Couturon among the Carajás of the Araguay.

The murder of Major B. Saldanha.

Mons. Couturon, Administrator Apostolic of Registro of Araguay, in giving us notice of his journey with Fr. Colbacchini, mentions the tragic episode of the murder of Major Saldanha, so that we may better understand the urgency of the need of a Mission among these savages, so that the conflict between them and the civil authorities may cease. The Carajás are a nomadic tribe and are always on the move. Mons. Couturon will make the experiment of inviting them to Cocalinho—the last village of the civilised native—and will attempt to establish there his temporary catechetical classes.

The start.

G. A. de Souza ascended with an numerous band of followers the course of the Araguay, from the direction of Conception of Pará. His journey was directed towards the "garinpeiros" or diamond-seekers, but he was keen also on collecting information about the death of his friend Major Saldanha, who had been assassinated by the *Carajás*.

In the vicinity of St. Isabel, the village in which the assassins of the major usually stayed, he determined to disembark and, on the following morning, to surprise the Indians gathered in the village. He reckoned, however, without his hosts. Some Indians saw him disembark and ran to the village to give notice of his arrival.

The chief of the Indians, an astute and suspicious man, without any delay, took to his canoe and came to where the white men had landed. His object was, ostensibly, to ask for barter, but really to gather information.

After the usual formalities of meeting had been accomplished, G. A. de Souza demanded from the chief, Henry Mabilia, if the two assassins Aracuman and Ascimani were in the village. The chief understood immediately why they were sought and then deduced the meaning of this disembarkation at such an unlikely spot, as is St. Isabel. He replied in non-

committal terms and took his departure. Arrived at the village he warned the assassins of the danger that threatened them and obliged them to depart at once for the River of Death, in order to prevent their discovery and death.

The parley.

On the morning following, G. A. de Souza presented himself at the chief's hut. He noticed that the Indians were unusually restive and that they preserved a certain threatening and warlike appearance. Thus he kept his weapons in his hands. At the sight of the guns pointed towards them, the Indians showed signs of fear, and de Souza took the opportunity of demanding information about the assassins. Finding that they were not in the village he obliged the chief Mabilia, under pain of death, to embark with them. This was achieved and four *Carajás* followed in a canoe.

De Souza then started his cross-examination of the chief. At first it was useless, for the chief denied all knowledge of the hiding place of the fugitives. However, in face of threats he promised that they should be handed over to justice. They then started for the River of Death.

The pursuit.

When they arrived at the mouth of the river, the chief and four whites disembarked into the canoe and began to ascend the River of Death, in the dead of night. At a curve in the river they disembarked and towards dawn silently made their way to the spot where the fugitives should be. In fact they soon came in sight of the fire that the two had kindled to warm themselves.

They quietly approached and came unexpectedly upon the Indians. After the first moment of surprise these two took to their heels. Aracuman was soon overtaken but Ascimani, running with great swiftness, and frequently ducking his head and shoulders, managed to reach the river without being hit by the bullets that were flying all round him. He swam under water and came up only at long intervals for a breath of air. He

was thus a moving target for the bullets none of which took any effect. He arrived at the other side of the river and rapidly disappeared into the forest.

Aracuman was taken aboard de Souza's vessel. He then revealed how the murder had been accomplished.

The reconstruction of the crime.

Major Saldanha sick of marsh-fever had passed by the village in the falling dusk of the evening. He had proceeded

Island of Bananal discovered the crime. He sent a certain Saranã, and by means of threats of dire consequences if they did not obey, obtained all the things they had stolen from the Major.

Summary justice.

When this sad history was concluded, Aracuman was given over to the ship's company to work their will upon him—in short that they might avenge the death of Major Saldanha. The whites



Carajás crossing the Araguay.

to pitch camp some kilometres beyond the village. Aracuman and Ascimani saw him pass and, in the small hours of the morning, took their spears and clubs and proceeded to the Major's camping ground. They came upon him, unawares, as he sat over the dying embers of the camp fire. His companion was close by sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. The two *Carajás* fell upon their unsuspecting victims and killed them both. They robbed them of everything they possessed, chiefly of some very fine stuffs and other merchandise to the value of 35 *contos de reis* (£ 850), and of a Smith Revolver. They hid the Major's boat in a lagoon that connected with the River.

Some days later an inhabitant of the

conducted the unfortunate man to the village of St. Isabel and in the midst of the terrorised Indians stabbed him to death, with cries of *Mata tori*, which would mean—you have killed the whites—so the whites do the same to you.

The Indians were furious but powerless. They were inferior to the whites in fighting material and so repressed their rage and decided upon revenge.

Reprisals.

G. A. de Souza, having avenged the death of his friend, continued his voyage. He thought that what had occurred would serve to intimidate the Indians and that no further trouble would arise. He was

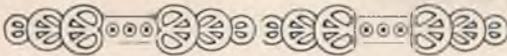
deceived however. The Indians had decided upon their reprisals and a group of *Carajàs*, along the bank of the river, kept up with his boat awaiting the most opportune moment in which to discharge at them a flight of arrows. One of these inflicted a serious wound upon the pilot. The party in the vessel answered with their guns but to little purpose. For eight days the *Carajàs* from the shelter of the forests bordering the river, continued to harass the vessel.

Now it is time this state of things came to an end. These vendettas create a great obstacle to the evangelization of these savages and we must do our utmost to obtain the cessation of hostilities.

Hence our fresh expedition is primarily intended to establish friendly relations between the *Carajàs* and the civil power, and we will use the opportunity of studying the possibility of establishing a missionary centre among them.

We thus wish that our dear Superiors and Co-operators should accompany us on our hazardous enterprise with their fervent prayers that God may deign to open up this new field of activity to the Salesian Missionaries who will thus be enabled to instruct the *Carajàs* in the way of salvation.

✠ Mons. COUTURON
Apostolic Administrator.



RECENT BOOKS

We take this opportunity of drawing our readers' attention to the following recent publications which hitherto lack of space has prevented us from doing.

A Chain of Error in Scoffish History by Major M. V. Hay.

This excellent and valuable asset to Catholic History has had a most unfair criticism passed upon it by a so-called reviewer in the "Times Literary Supplement".

The merits of the book were ignored, and Major Hay and his work attacked in a most unkind and unfair manner. The merits of the book were set aside, and its purport absolutely ignored and the author's methods called into question. It therefore rests with Catholics as a body to see that this book is widely read and circulated, and that non-catholic prejudice be not permitted to prevent such a splendid defence of catholic truth getting widely known. Major Hay indicts the entire clan of anti-catholic historians and runs to earth many of the absurdities which mar Sir Walter Scott's novels. There is nothing slipshod or unscholarly about it. Indeed it is one of those historical works which is awakening the public to realise the ridiculous nonsense that for years has been served up under the name of history. Verily history covers more sins than charity. The work is published by Longmans at ten and six.



The Martyrdom of John Rigby.

Father Newdigate tells the story of the Ven. John Rigby in a most interesting manner. He has edited the life as it was written by Dr. Worthington, President of Douay College. No one who takes up the biography of this gallant Lancashire gentleman, who was martyred in Southwark will miss a page of it, and it will be a doubly interesting narrative to those who have the privilege of knowing his descendants. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., are the publishers.

* * *

We congratulate Messrs. Nisbet and Co., who have not only corrected some fourteen of their School Text Books from historical inaccuracies, and reprinted them so that from a catholic and historical standpoint they are entirely unobjectionable, but all the bound copies and unbound sheets of the offending books still in hand were sent to the Crusade of Rescue to be made into paper pulp, for which practical assistance Father Graven must be very grateful.

THE LIFE OF THE VEN. DON BOSCO

By G. LEMOYNE of the Salesian Congregation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

(Continued).

The year 1861 marked also an advance in the Oratory. The enlargement of the right wing of the building, parallel to the church of St Francis, was undertaken. Porticos were erected so as to raise and enlarge the house of Filippi to almost double its capacity. It was to have a storey added which would serve for a study hall. On the 15th of May the work was put into the hands of the builder Charles Buzzetti. "On that same evening," writes Peter Enria, "Don Bosco in his sermonette prior to our retiring said "Pray always that you may be prepared for death, and so live, that death may be but a passing from temporal into eternal life. Death is ever with us, it may visit any of us at any moment. Take notice but for a short time, and you will observe the truth of this fact: how many perish in accidents; how many from falling from great heights; how many are murdered; how many are drowned; how many are cut off suddenly by heart-failure; how many are struck by lightning... and so I might continue. Death visits us in many ways and usually in the most unexpected one of all. However if we are always prepared, we need have no fear of death, no matter when or where it may come to us". It seemed that Don Bosco had a presentiment of some impending evil and that night he made us recite three Hail Marys so that no accident should befall us in the night.

The boys went up to their dormitories. In the dormitory of St. Aloysius which was connected with Don Bosco's room, there were being held (as were also in the other dormitories) the pious practices in honour of Our Lady for the month of May. The dormitory contained about sixty boys who had Bro John Bonetti as their assistant. Before getting into bed, all knelt down before a little altar to recite, according to their custom, seven Hail Marys in honour of the seven Dolours

of the most Holy Virgin. These short prayers being finished, Bro John said:

"Let us recite three more Hail Marys that Our Lady will preserve us from any misfortune".

The boys surprised somewhat at this innovation recited the Hail Marys with great fervour and then all retired to bed.

Midnight had just struck and the whole house was sunk in the first sleep when there arose a terrific storm. After about a quarter of an hour a tremendous crash was heard, that shook the Oratory to its foundations. The Oratory itself seemed enveloped in flames. A thunderbolt had fallen on the Oratory. It had entered by a chimney into the room of Don Bosco where it broke down a wall, displaced the stove, overturned the bookshelf, destroyed the table, and the electricity communicating itself to the iron bed, raised it from the ground for about the distance of a yard or more, and propelled it towards the opposite wall, at the same time filling the room with a most dazzling light. It was but an instant then all the light disappeared and the bed dropped down with such force, that Don Bosco was thrown out on to the floor, where he remained for some time, dazed by the violence of his fall, and believing himself to have been hurled through the floor into the room below. However the thought of the boys, who were living on the top floor heartened him, and feeling among stones, bricks and plaster he succeeded in getting up, and, groping his way, arrived at the head of his bed which he recognised by the holy picture and holy water font there suspended. By means of careful groping he found the bell-pull and rang the bell.

Rossi and Reano who slept in the adjacent room, and who were already out of their beds, were just about to knock at Don Bosco's door when they heard the bell. They entered and were greeted by the Servant of God with his wonted cheerfulness, —

"The impudent thunderbolt" — He exclaimed "Without waiting to ask permission, enters my room, puts everything in confusion, throws my bed one way and me another"...

At this moment one of the boys outside was heard to shout—"Reano arouse Don Bosco immediately, and come into our room; the thunderbolt has fallen there; the roof has fallen in on the boys and a good number of them are dead".

The Venerable Servant of God hearing this exclaimed—"My God, thou willest it so and I adore the decrees of thy most holy Will".

Luckily the news was exaggerated. The thunderbolt had fallen at the back of the chimney in the middle of the dormitory. It had thrown into the play-ground two chimney stacks and had partly broken down the roof, throwing down tiles bricks and plaster on the boys' beds. Scarcely was the crash heard than cries of terror broke out from all the boys. The lamps were lit and a sad state of affairs revealed. Some boys were bleeding profusely from the face, others stunned by the electric shock seemed to have gone out of their minds, one had his face burnt, another seemed to be going mad, another lay as if dead.

The effect of the appearance of Don Bosco was like that of a consoling angel. Those who were already out of bed flocked around him and conducted him to the beds of those who appeared most injured. Don Bosco sent for water and vinegar and himself washed their wounds and bruises. When he came to the boy who was almost out of his mind he called him three or four times in a loud voice. The poor child who up to that moment had not spoken a word nor opened his eyes, formulated a word with his lips, opened his eyes and, in a very thin but sufficiently intelligible voice said—"Oh! Don Bosco!". A few moments later he came to himself and joined his companions.

Finally Don Bosco passed to the boy

Perroncini who remained motionless in his bed. Everybody feared that he had been struck by lightning. Bringing the light nearer, Don Bosco examined him, and found that he had a wound in the face, and that a small piece of wood with some bits of plaster, had penetrated his cheek, and had come out again near the lower part of the right eye. Don Bosco tried to extract the wood with his fingers but was unsuccessful. He then asked for a pair of scissors, and using these as pincers, succeeded in clearing the wound of all foreign matter. At this point the boy woke up and thinking one of his companions was annoying him, lunged at Don Bosco with his fist crying "you silly chump, why can't you let me sleep!". The joy of all at this unexpected recovery was inexpressible.

The work of salving the wounds lasted about an hour, and when Don Bosco was assured that all the boys were quite safe, he gave vent to a hearty "Deo Gratias" and added—

— "Let us thank the Lord and His Holy Mother from the bottom of our hearts. We have been preserved from a very great danger. If the house had caught fire where would we have been? Who could have saved us?".

Then, before the little dormitory altar, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin was recited in thanksgiving for Her beneficent protection".

It was scarcely two o'clock in the morning, but, as can be easily imagined, none of the boys fancied going back to bed that "night". They all therefore finished dressing and went down to the church with Don Bosco. There they all wished to go to confession and, up till seven o'clock, Don Bosco was occupied in confessing them. Don Rua said mass early on, and, at seven o'clock, Don Bosco himself ascended the altar.

After the mass was over, Don Bosco went up to his room, whither he was soon followed by the clerics, who were anxious to reassure themselves, that he had suf-

A THOUGHT FOR JULY.

Give yourselves early to the service of God and your heart will be always happy and content. You will also learn by joyful experience how sweet and pleasant it is to serve the Lord.

Ven. Don Bosco.

ferred no ill effects from the disaster of the previous night. They were received smilingly, and Don Bosco thus addressed them, —

"This is the third time that a thunderbolt has taken the trouble to disturb me. On the first two occasions, I suffered somewhat and, for some time after, I was unable to concentrate on any reading or writing, for any length of time without being overcome with a most inconvenient drowsiness. However I got over that, by taking some fairly vigorous exercise.

Te Deum was sung, in thanksgiving, at which many of the day boys and benefactors assisted.

This, however, was not sufficient for the protégés of our Lady. The fall of the thunderbolt had aroused in some the desire that Don Bosco should erect a lightning conductor and spoke to him on the subject. Don Bosco replied—

"Yes, we will erect on the house a statue of Our Lady. Mary, the Help of Christians, safeguarded us so well from the thunderbolt, that we would be guilty



New Rochelle N. Y. — Organising committee of the S.O.B.A. in the United States.

This time, however, I fear that the shock will be more radical and more pernicious to my health".

He was silent for a few moments and then added—

"This is one of the greatest favours that the Most Holy Virgin Mary has ever obtained for us from God".

And, in point of fact, there was not one victim of the disaster, that might easily have proved fatal for numbers of the boys. Notwithstanding this immunity, some newspapers, delighting in the sensational, in announcing the fall of the thunderbolt on the Oratory spread abroad the falsehood that there had been some boys killed.

On the feast of Pentecost, May 19th, after the vespers and sermon, a solemn

of ingratitude if we placed our trust in any other but in Her".

A statue was procured and the scaffolding erected. Upon a feast-day, a few weeks later, after the evening service, Don Bosco mounted to the roof of the house, accompanied by some of the clerics and solemnly blessed the "lightning conductor". Then, from where he was, (surely one of the highest pulpits in the world), he addressed the boys in the playground below, exhorting them to honour, love and praise the great Mother of God, to place their confidence wholly and solely in Her. Then he intoned a hymn to Our Lady, which was taken up by the band and the boys with indescribable enthusiasm. The statue had been placed on the top of the house near the

spot, where the thunderbolt fell and there it remained, until the building was extended, when the statue was transferred to the facade of the building, to the spot where, today, there stands a statue of Mary, Help of Christians.

That same year, the boys of the Oratory of St. Francis of Sales gave another public demonstration of their real piety. At Turin the procession of *Corpus Christi* had always been a spectacle of splendour and majesty, not only from the sublimity of the mystery celebrated, but also, on account of the participation of the king, ministers, senators and deputies. However by 1861 these officials had ceased to render this public act of worship to the Most Holy Sacrament.

The words that follow are those of Canon Ballesio.

"The procession filed solemnly out of the church. There was all the splendour that the Church could provide for Her King and Lord. But the ministers and senators were missing, and in their place, there were hundreds, and hundreds of boys of all ages. Behind the Most Holy Sacrament, they walked reverently and decorously. They were the children of Don Bosco. He had obtained permission to send them to the procession; he had prepared them for the part they were to take; he had thus wished that they should openly, fearlessly, nay proudly practise their religion. The people, seeing these ranks of boys, in the place of the civil authorities, hearing the sweet and fervent voices raised in prayers and hymns, were astonished and not a little edified. This piety and good example were blessed by God, and, today, in those same processions, we have, as successors of those boys of Don Bosco, the aristocracy of the city and the various catholic societies that have sprung up since that time".

(To be continued).

The Guardian angels of children love with a particular love those who bring up their young charges in the fear of God and teach them to love holiness and prayer.

ST. FRANCIS OF SALES.

A THOUGHT FOR AUGUST.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice: and all these things shall be added unto you.

Fear not, little flock, for it hath pleased your Father to give you a kingdom. Sell what you possess and give alms. Make to yourselves bags which grow not old, a treasure in heaven which faileth not: where no thief approacheth, nor moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is, there will be your heart also.

OBITUARY

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.

Cav. John Garbellone S. C., Turin (Italy).

Very Rev. John Ryan P. P., Ballingarry (Ireland).

Rev. J. Nulty P. P., Ballinabracky (Ireland).

Rev. P. Bencom, New York (U. S. A.).

Mr. J. Donaghy, Armagh (Ireland).

Mr. J. Murphy, Neponset (U. S. A.).

Mr. P. O'Connell, Limerick (Ireland).

Mr. W. Runnell, Downpatrick (Ireland).

Mrs. M. Fagan, Mullingar (Ireland).

Mrs. Rooney, Belfast (Ireland).

Mme. M. Louise, Brussels (Belgium).

Miss T. Butler, Faringdon (England).

PRAYER.

Absolve, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the souls of these Thy servants; that being dead to the world, they may live to Thee; and whatever sins they have committed in this life, through human frailty, do Thou, in Thy merciful goodness, forgive: through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The Union of Salesian Co-operators

The Union of Salesian Co-operators, though conferring great spiritual benefits upon its members imposes no strictly conscientious obligations, so that all, even Religious Communities and members of Institutes and Colleges through their Superiors, may enjoy the privileges and become participants in promoting the great work.

The following were the only conditions for membership laid down by Venerable Don Bosco:—

1. Members must be at least 16 years of age.
2. They must enjoy a good religious and civil reputation.
3. They must be able to promote, either by themselves or through others, the Works of the Salesian Congregation, by means of prayer, offerings, or work.

N. B. *There are very few good Christians to whom these three conditions would prove onerous: very few who could not send at least a small annual offering to cover the cost of printing and despatching the "Salesian Bulletin".*

Application for inscription in the *Union* for certificates and rule books, should be made either to

1) the Superior General of the Salesians, 32 Via Cottolengo, Turin, Italy;

or (2) Very Rev. Provincial, Salesian School, Surrey Lane, Battersea, London. S. W. 11.

or (3) Very Rev. Provincial, 148 Main St. New Rochelle. N. Y., U. S. A.

Information upon the various Salesian activities can also be obtained at the following addresses.

England. London as above (2).

Oxford and district. Very Rev. Superior. Salesian House. Cowley. Oxford.

Surrey. Very Rev. Superior. Salesian School. Chertsey. Surrey.

Sussex. Very Rev. Superior. Salesian School. Burwash. Sussex.

Hants and district. V. Rev. Superior. Salesian School. Farnboro'. Hants.

Northern England. V. Rev. Superior, Salesian School. Bolton. Lancs.

Ireland. — *North and West.* V. Rev. Superior. Salesian Agricultural College, Warrenstown. Co. Meath.

South and East. V. Rev. Superior. Salesian Agricultural College, Copewood. Limerick.

America. — *New York and district* as above (3). — *California.* — V. Rev. Superior St. Francis School. Watsonville. California.

Australia. — V. Rev. Superior. Salesian College. "Rupertswood", Sunbury. Melbourne.

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).**

ITALIAN CITIES AND LANDSCAPES.

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