

SALESIAN BULLETIN

ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATION OF
SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS



NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1930

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CO-OPERATORS

SUMMARY: Attacks on Don Bosco's Life. — A Bishop's Snake Bite. — The Missionary and the Chinese Language. — From the Salesian Bulletin 50 years ago. — "And what if you should have to work with little boys?" — Mgr. Perros, Archbishop of Bangkok on Siam. — The Mission call of the Pope. — XIth. International Congress of the Salesian Co-operators. — With our Missionaries in far off lands. — Here and there through the Salesian World. — Lest we forget. — Obituary. — Index 1930.

1852 - 1853 - 1854

Attacks on Don Bosco's Life

The price he paid for his "Catholic Readings."

The years 1852, 1853, and 1854 were years in which Don Bosco could not go about without having fear that he was in danger from the many enemies his determined work on the "Catholic Readings" had made for him.

To-day, when we are deluged with every imaginable kind of reading—good, bad and indifferent—it is difficult to realise why it was that it should have cost Don Bosco what it did cost him to begin and carry on his "Catholic Readings".

In his own time the popular press was in its infancy, and Don Bosco fought and won, or at least held his ground, against the flood of vicious writing that swamped Turin from the Waldensian heretics and the anti-clerical, revolutionary radicals of the time. Catholic action already strained to its limits by the anti-papal sympathies of the popular party, could hardly have answered the challenge to the Faith, had not Don Bosco—the opportunist—stepped into the breach and met the enemy on his own ground.

That he was successful the following incidents—all fully authenticated—show. Men hate what they fear, and they so feared Don Bosco that time and again they tried to murder him

A Butcher's Knife.

It was about six o'clock, on an evening in August; Don Bosco was standing by the little wooden gate at the entrance of the Oratory play-ground, and talking with some of his boys, when a loud cry went up in the midst of them: *a murderer, a murderer!*

And there, to be sure, was a certain Andreis in his shirt-sleeves, with a butcher's knife in his hand running furiously for Don Bosco, shouting: *I want Don Bosco, I want Don Bosco!*

Immediately the boys took fright and ran in every direction, some into the open field outside, some into the yard of the house. Now, among the fugitives there was one, Reviglio. His flight was indeed providential and the salvation of Don Bosco; for the assassin mistaking him for Don Bosco ran after him, until he found out his mistake. In that short space Don Bosco had time to reach safety, running up to his room and

turning the key in the small iron gate that closed the stairs. This gate was barely closed when the ruffian reached it and began to batter it with a large piece of rock, then to pull and shake it, but all in vain. He remained there for more than three hours like a wild beast waiting for its prey; indeed, he seemed mad, though it is almost certain he put it on for the purpose.

In the meantime the boys, having got over their first fright, came together, and at the sight of the creature, who had threatened the life of their benefactor and father, they became desperate. They armed themselves with anything there was to hand, some with sticks, some stones, and all were ready to attack the enemy and give him a very rough time. But, Don Bosco on his balcony, fearing that some might be hurt, forbade them to do the man any harm.

They sent for the police, but neither a guard nor a carabinieri could be found until half past nine at night. It was only then that two officers arrived and binding the man, carried him off to the station, thus freeing Don Bosco from an attack that did little credit to those responsible for the public safety of those days. As if such slackness were not sufficient to worry any law-abiding person the very next day the superintendent did an even more imprudent thing. He sent a policeman to ask Don Bosco whether he forgave the man. Don Bosco replied, that as a priest and a Christian he forgave him that and other injuries, but that as a citizen and the head of an institute, he demanded, in the name of the law, that the public authorities should guard him and his house a little better. Although it is difficult to believe, the next day the police set the ruffian at liberty and that very evening he was standing a little way away from the Oratory waiting to carry out his unholy design, when Don Bosco should show himself.

Saved by a shout.

In the spring of 1854, about sunset, John Cagliero, coming from school, saw Don Bosco some way ahead at the bend of the little road that led to the Oratory and hastened to catch him up. He was almost there when he saw the man Andreis, in his shirt-sleeves running furiously towards them, he thought him drunk and stepped

aside quickly to give him room, Don Bosco did the same on the other side so that the fellow, not being able to stop himself, shot between them. In the meantime Don Bosco, having seen the flash of a knife in his hand ran for the house and was almost there when the would-be-murdered came again to the attack. John Cagliero who at first did not understand what was going on now began to shout for help at the top of his voice. At this the other stopped, thought better of it and went off his own way.

In Disguise.

On another occasion the same Andreis, wearing different clothes, came to the Oratory and not seeing Don Bosco with his boys called to speak with him and went upstairs to his room. But John Cagliero recognised him and noticing that he had his right hand in his pocket, perhaps on a knife, he told the others; Reviglio and Buzzetti, being the strongest boys, ran to the balcony to stop the man reaching Don Bosco. They had him in time, forced him downstairs and with the help of the others threw him out of the play-ground.

The fellow, perhaps, would have gone to prison, but Don Bosco called the inspector telling him that he did not wish to lay any complaint, and through his good offices the man was set at liberty. It was prudence that suggested that course of action, for the police would have acted very leniently and the fellow would have gone on hating the priest.

But what was the cause of all this?

We can give some idea by telling how it was stopped by a great friend and benefactor of Don Bosco, Comm. Dupré. This friend, feeling that there was no hope of a secure defence from the police, took upon himself to speak to the man, who night and day kept the Oratory in constant suspense.

"I am paid to do it," answered the ruffian, "but if you give what the others have, then I will go away!"

That being the case, they paid him eighty francs of money due, and another eighty by way of anticipation, and in this way the matter ended, though it might well have come to a real tragedy. Andreis got quite tame, and Don Bosco treated him with that gentleness that he always showed to those who had in any way offended him.

"More than that," Mgr. Cagliari told us, "he even helped him. Having sent away all the lodgers from the Bellezza, a house of ill repute, he allowed Andreis and his family to remain in the rooms they had." How many times was he heard to say: "*Diligite inimicos vestros, benefacite his qui oderunt vos.*"

At a Death-bed.

But more insidious still was the attempt that was made later and from which Don Bosco was not to escape entirely unscathed.

A little after the Andreis incident, one Sunday night, Don Bosco was called to hear the confession of a sick woman in the house of a certain Sardi. Now previous happenings warned Don Bosco that it were better to take with him a couple of big boys in case of accidents.

"No, no, leave those boys at home, don't disturb them," said one of the messengers, "we will accompany you by ourselves." These words only served to increase suspicion: and instead of taking two boys, Don Bosco called four, among whom were Giacinto Arnaud and James Cerruti so strong and muscular that had need be they could have felled an ox.

Having reached the place, he left two at the foot of the stairs, and the two we have just named he took along with him, and there they stood on the landing just outside the door of the room. Inside, there was a woman on a bed panting painfully, so well was she acting that she really seemed to be at her last gasp. Don Bosco asked the four who were seated in the room to go so that he might speak to the woman and help her to make her confession

"Before hearing my confession," cried the woman in a strong voice, "I want that villain there to take back the calumnies he has said of me." And she pointed out one who was in front of her

"I won't!" he answered jumping to his feet.

"Keep quiet!" cried a third.

"You shall," screamed the woman.

"I shan't," shouted the man, "and keep quiet or I'll throttle you!"

This and much more, mixed with the most unutterable imprecations, made the room like a little inferno. All were now on their feet. And in the midst of the shouting the light went out. In the darkness the shouting stopped, to give place to a hail of blows from sticks directed

towards the place where Don Bosco was standing. He was not slow to guess what they were about. In this *mêlée*, not knowing how best to protect himself, with a quick movement he seized the chair which stood near the bed and turned it over his head. Under this shelter he tried to gain the door. In the meantime the murderers dealt out what would have been mortal blows, but which, instead of falling on Don Bosco's head fell on the chair. Don Bosco reached the door, found it locked, but with that extraordinary strength of his, with one

hand he grasped the handle and burst the lock. Just then the boys outside, hearing the noise, had put their shoulders to the door to break it open: Arnaud entered, grasped Don Bosco by the arm and drew him outside, the good priest was only too happy to have kept his head and shoulders safe. Nevertheless, he did get a blow on the thumb of his left hand. The injury though nothing very much in itself took off the nail and bruised the flesh and for thirty years and more he bore the scar. When Don Bosco was in the open air he told his boys not to speak to anyone of what had happened, neither of the place nor of the persons concerned, saying; "Let us pardon them and pray for them, perhaps they will repent. Unhappy people to be the enemies of religion."

Christmas Wishes

December 1880.

*D. Bosco and his boys
wish the Co-operators a
prosperous and a happy
Christmas from the bot-
tom of their hearts, pray-
ing God to give them
health and the precious
gift of perseverance in
doing good.*

The suspicions are not therefore altogether unfounded that these and many other attacks were done for malice or for the money of those who hated and feared the Catholic Readings and who wished to frighten or to do away with the author.

"Shoot," said Don Bosco.

On a Sunday afternoon in the January of 1854, two elegantly dressed ladies went up to the room of Don Bosco, who received them with his usual courtesy. The playground was deserted because the boys were singing in Church. John Cagliero, who had seen the visitors began to suspect something, and hid himself behind the door in the room next to Don Bosco's. Though listening intently he was not able to hear what was said at first, though it seemed that Don Bosco was refusing to agree to something they had demanded of him. But when they began to raise their voices Cagliero heard these words distinctly: "But when all is said and done what does it matter to you whether we preach one thing or another? What reason have you to go against us?"

To which, Don Bosco replied, "It is my duty to defend truth and religion with all my power."

"Therefore you will not stop writing the Catholic Readings?"

"No," answered Don Bosco resolutely.

It was then that they began to menace him and one of them drew a pistol from her pocket and said, "Make up your mind to do as we want, or you die"

"Shoot," said Don Bosco tranquilly, looking her straight in the face. At that instant a loud bang echoed through the room, startling the two women, who very quickly put their pistols back into their pockets. What had happened? John Cagliero, not being able to get the sense of the last few words but fearing that harm might come to Don Bosco, had banged on the door with all his might and had then torn off to get Buzzetti. Both reached Don Bosco's door and were about to enter, when who should come out but the two ladies, looking very nervous and very much put out. Don Bosco followed them humbly, with his biretta in his hand, wishing them goodbye with unmoved courtesy.

This was the second time that John Cagliero had had the good fortune of saving the life of Don Bosco.

"Notwithstanding these continued attempts," wrote Don Reviglio, "Don Bosco was never disturbed, rather he rejoiced every time that, for the glory of God, he had to meet with insults and threats from his enemies. He never carried any weapons, neither did he ever use his own great strength to defend himself. Indeed, had two strong men annoyed him he was powerful enough to have taken hold the one to beat the other.

One dark night.

Only on one occasion, seeing himself lost, did he resort to a trick. Signore Pasquale tells the incident. "Very late one night Don Bosco was coming home from Moncalieri, and was walking by the side of the road. When he had gone about half way, he sensed that he was being followed. Turning he saw a man, with a large cudgel raised to strike, running towards him. He was almost on him, when Don Bosco swiftly stepping aside gave him such a push as he went by that he landed in a deep ditch with his heels in the air. Without waiting Don Bosco hastened to join some people a long way ahead."

While we marvel at the sight of Don Bosco's imperturbability we must not forget the continual anxiety of Mamma Margaret. How many times did she not thank God when she saw attempts made on her son come to nothing. At that time the Oratory was situated in the midst of orchards and fields, and quite isolated so that it was necessary to put an iron gate at the foot of the stairs to close the passage that gave on to the balcony and Don Bosco's room. And there the stronger boys would be constantly on guard, especially at night time. Moreover Mamma Margaret sent to Castelnuovo for her other son Joseph to help defend Don Bosco from his enemies. And when the evening drew on and Don Bosco had not yet returned home from some errand of charity, Mother Margaret would send some of the bigger boys to meet him. She seemed to have the power of sensing dangers about to come upon her son.

John Cagliero and two or three of the

older boys used to wait for Don Bosco at the crossings of the footpaths and byeways of the neighbourhood. Often was he warned by friends or by anonymous letters to be on his guard against the plots the Protestants were hatching. And more than once did he see Don Bosco in the midst of friendly working people who went with him to keep

door with sticks during the sermon. Many a time Don Bosco could not hear himself speak. For some Sundays they put up with it, but at length the disturbances became too much, a few of Don Bosco's boys, without asking any permission, armed themselves with sticks and waited behind the door for the commencement of the usual bombard-



Mgr. Canazei, the new Salesian Bishop of the Vicariate of Shiu Chow, China.
He is seen holding the handle-bars of a bicycle.

him from danger; and another time he saw him with an armed soldier whom he had asked for from the guard in the Porta Palazzo.

All that we have related took place between 1852 and 1854 and all during this time the originators of these attacks had the help of a crowd of loafers who, urged to do all they could against the Oratory, would come on Sundays and throw stones and beat the

ment. It was not slow in coming, and John Cagliero, followed by the others dashed out. The first they met went to the ground, and on they sped after the rest. In no time there were five or six ruffians lying along the road. Of course Don Bosco stopped preaching to run out after his boys who came to him immediately. From that day onwards the disturbances began to grow less, and finally to disappear.

A Bishop's Snake Bite

Mgr. Bars the Apostolic Administrator of the Diocese of Krishnagar (India) writes to his mother having somewhat recovered from his snake bite.

My Dearest Mother,

This time I write your letter with my own hand so that you may not think that it is others that write it, and that I am so helpless that I can scarcely sign my name.

I have a tale to tell you which bid fair to have a sad ending though now it has gone off happily. I set out straight for the next world but they hunted me back again as not yet ripe enough. There is not really very much to say, just the inadvertant touch of a little reptile—of a little snake which they call a *Cobra* or the "snake in spectacles", had it had two pairs on instead of one it might have been better for me—



Mgr. Bars on one of his apostolic journeys through the hills of Assam.

The poison of this snake is terrible, if instead of just piercing the skin, it had bitten me properly, in three minutes I should have been a dead man, and should not have had time to apply any remedy. Indeed I should have died with the sting I received seeing that I did not think the poison had gone in, until the sight of the blood of my arm going as black as coffee convinced me quickly enough. They bound my arm above the wound and again a little higher but still the blood was black, so then they tied it as high as they possibly could, and thanks be to God, here the blood was good enough. The binding was pulled as tight as you lace a football, and I can tell you that the pain was atrocious and continued to get worse. All the arm swelled up like a bladder and it remained thus bound for 14 hours. But that pain was as nothing compared with that I had to bear during the operation of drawing off the poison. It lasted from one in the afternoon to three o'clock the next morning.

You'd never guess the means they have here of stopping the effects of snake poisoning. I know them so well by experience that I shall not forget them until my dying day. To tell you is to let you into a secret art. The practice, not known in England, out here is quite common and I have heard it said that it is infallible when taken in time.

To me it seemed more like a cooking lesson than anything in surgery, for they do all the things you do in a kitchen; they cut, and salt, and season, and cook and taste and eat.... all this they did to my poor arm without any thought of economy!

The operation of cutting is very important since they have to get the bad blood away as quickly as possible. A Mussulman, who was working about the house as a bricklayer was the only surgeon to hand, he had seen the cutting done before, but was rather out of practice! Still, whatever he did it was his best and I shall be everlastingly grateful to him.

After some time a real doctor arrived, an Indian; he was horror-struck at those first slashes of the amateur, so he made some more, this time not very deep, which neither hurt so much, nor took so long to heal; when this was done he commenced to massage the limb from top to bottom, with all

his strength, to make the blood squirt out of the incisions he had made and flow towards the fingers. The pain this caused was indescribable. Afterwards he commenced the more serious part of the business giving me the most excruciating agony I have ever known. The two men got hold of my arm in both hands and taking as much salt as they could, they rubbed it for all they were worth into the cuts. They use the salt with the object of making the blood move more rapidly. Here followed a good washing with lemons and water, which operation was not without its own peculiar pain. Then they anointed it with oil and went up and down with a piece of burning wood after having bound it with banana leaves. The various tests they tried showed that there was still some poison present.

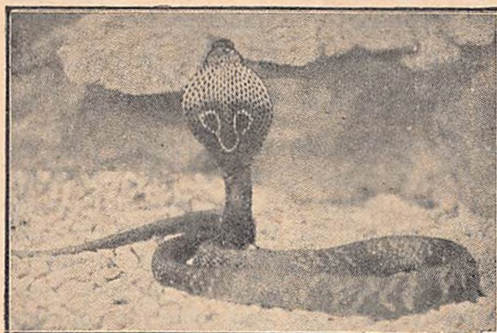
At nine o'clock the professional "sucker" arrived. He looked at the arm and diagnosed poison at once. So he began to suck away and to spit out the blood, which was very often quite blackish. He had no pity but bit into my arm until he touched the bone; and still they continued to rub that unbearable salt in. At length the "sucker" no longer tasted that peculiar flavour caused by the poison; anyhow he experimented. Taking a chicken he spat some of my blood down the bird's throat; it did not die, which was a good sign but not sufficient to pronounce me out of danger. So they tried again, this time cutting the bird a little and putting its open wound in contact with mine on all parts of my arm..... they waited a little. The bird lived, and still lives and so do I.

That was enough for the moment, and now I could rest. But I was still in agony from that binding on my arm. So tight was it that the blood was cold, more than that, almost congealed. At three o'clock they cut the bandage and after a little while, with tender treatment with some remedies we had in the house I became easier.

Still my hand below the wrist remained white and useless, so the Sister who had assisted at the operation ran for a relic of Blessed John Bosco which I kissed and put on the arm. Almost immediately I could move my fingers. And that is all. Of course we kept a feast to commemorate the event, to which we invited all the Christians, Mussulmen and Hindoos who cared to come. Many did come, so perhaps this trial of

mine may be the beginning of much work for conversions.

From all I have said you see your son has a hard skin and doesn't die even when the Cobra bites him!



The Cobra: the 'snake in spectacles' which bit Mgr. Bars.

The Missionary and the Chinese Language.

It is not an easy thing to manage to live in China during these troublous times, but that is as nothing compared with the difficulty there is to learn Chinese

In this strange country, as in Persia, they write in one way and speak in another. The highest perfection in literary Chinese, is the elevated, pompous, flowing style quite out of reach of the simple people and altogether different from the spoken word. The poor Chinese schoolboy of the fourth form is not yet advanced enough to write the shortest note home to his mother and father; he must either go to his master or to a fellow schoolboy in a higher grade in order to make a rough copy.

To write the language as it is spoken means not to be understood. Missionaries sometimes use books written in the vulgar tongue in order to made their own study of the language easier, but their masters find the greatest difficulty in teaching from them.

* * *

The Chinese language is monosyllabic and there is really no proper alphabet. 240 different characters, or fundamental signs do instead, and with these the other sounds are made up to a number, which they say,

passes 80,000. Everyone has his own way of writing, within limits. Many sounds are quite equal varying only as the tone is higher or lower, shorter or more prolonged, other sounds are quite the same and it is not a rare thing in speech to have to draw the sign in order to be understood.

So for example, 因 Yan, *a cause*, has the same sound as 姻 Yan, *to marry*, and of 因 Yan, *a benefit*. It is true that the context in many cases will tell you which it is, but if then you take into account the tones, you will see that you need the most sensitive of ears and the most pliable of vocal organs in order to produce them correctly. To give you some idea of what

we mean: there is 人 Yan, meaning *a man*, if pronounced in a rather low tone; all the examples given above were in the high tone, that is, in the first and second tone.

In which second tone, we find another 仁 Yan, meaning *pity*, and 黃 Yan, *to honour*.

Passing to the third tone we find 忍 Yan, *to be patient*, 隱 Yan, *to hide*, and 引 Yan, *to guide*. And then you can go on

with the fourth and fifth tone, 印 Yan, *a sound*, 孕 Yan, *to conceive*, but that is enough to give an idea, though it must be understood we have chosen one of the easier words; there are others far more difficult and complicated, with their aspirates and nasals as 乾 Kon, meaning *dry*, and 講

Kong, *to speak*, and 匡 Khong, *a couch* and now you can guess the trouble it is to learn this language and the obstacle it is to the evangelisation of the Chinese people.

And we say nothing here of the difference there is between the pronunciation of one district and another, for the regional dialects abound. It is a strange thing to witness the meeting of two Chinese who have to speak pigeon-English to be understood or have to go to the missionary to get him to interpret. It is because there is no fixed national language spoken.

And if the Chinese native born meets so much difficulty in learning his own language what about the foreigner. How many years

must a missionary puzzle his head over it before he can manage the strange idiom? Perhaps one who has health, brains, time and occasion could learn it sufficiently in five years and still not be able to write it, since this needs a special gift, an artistic tendency that few possess: above all it demands a good ear and a memory. And you find men with all these qualities about as often as we find June roses in December. Few there are who can put up with the constant and painstaking study the work demands. Among the missionaries you can find many who speak it magnificently but who cannot write it, many can read journals and books of every kind but are the poorest speakers, and there are others who know and write many characters but who do not speak because they lack the ear for the difference in sounds, and the changing dialects.

All this goes to show the difficulty if not the impossibility for the foreigner to master the language sufficiently to get up before a class and teach. The people who live with us and near us get to understand our way of speaking but those who come for the first time often strain their ears, and pucker their foreheads because they have understood our *Ti Tu* which means *geography paper* when we meant to say *Tu Ti* which means *disciple* and the like mistakes of transposition.

The language of itself is bad enough, but for the missionary it is still more so. You see there is no Christian vocabulary, in fact the whole ecclesiastical language is restricted to some few hundreds of characters sufficient enough for the most simple needs, but the real point comes in the Schools and the Colleges where the work of the missionary is very much curtailed, especially in those functions of his office which have to deal with the formation of character. The teaching of the catechism is not impossible in the higher forms but in the elementary classes it is heartbreaking. If only it were possible to fill the gap with native priests or lay brothers, a thing we are aiming at, but in the meantime seeing that that is impossible we have to use what there is to hand, and that means that we must fill our staff with external teachers—by the grace of God they are Catholics—but with these men we are unable to give the boys that care in their religious growth that is so necessary

From the Salesian Bulletin 50 years ago

November and December.

One of the early letters written by Fr. Fagnano to Don Bosco from Patagonia whither he had been sent on the first Missionary expedition to South America.

*Patagones,
September 5th 1880.*

Carissimo Don Bosco,

In the short time we have been here we have opened a school which is frequented by some 48 boys, while the Sisters of Mary Help of Christians have one also with about 40 girls. Besides this we attend to the instruction of the children of the Indians who come into our part of the country to buy and sell, and to get work.

Don Espinoza with special faculties from the Holy Father, Administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to over a hundred people... we are beginning to see the fruits of our mission! But that this may go on growing other works and other sites must be taken over.

I will tell you now the principal things so that you may know the need and be able to provide help.

In the first place a building of some kind is necessary for these poor children of the Indians who send them to us willingly to be taught arts, and trades, reading and writing: a similar structure is needed for the girls. With continual instruction we could easily make them Christians and through them be able to obtain the conversions of their families.

Another work which would bear great fruit for souls is the evangelisation of the savages who live along the banks of the Negro River. There is an European colony near by composed almost entirely of English people, all are Protestant, with the exception of about 40 Catholics; the Indians come there to sell their hides, skins and wool and to get in return sugar, and spirits, we could do so much good there where the natives are col-



Mgr. Joseph Fagnano
one of the greatest missionaries of Don Bosco.

lected in large numbers from places long distant.

Another important place to keep in view is the *Terra del Fuoco*, inhabited by thousands of savages. The Protestant missionaries are there already and have a central house in the island of Maluine.

There you have a very brief account of the little good we have done already and of the much that remains. If you could send at least ten Salesians and as many Daughters of Mary Help of Christians we should be able to set on foot great works. Send them to us Good Father, that so great a harvest waiting for the workers may not be lost. I know full well the great difficulty that presents itself... there are plenty of

courageous souls, men and women, among your sons and daughters who would be willing to come but money is the obstacle. What can we do. Extreme needs demand extreme remedies. Here we will manage to provide enough to live upon, and to that end we will fast, restrict our already scanty means, and make savings of every kind to be able to put aside as much as possible to share with our brothers and sisters whom we anxiously await. Do you dear Don Bosco appeal to the charity of Catholic Europe; they would at least give sufficient to pay the passage out here.

What we have done so far we have done through the charity of the faithful and what we shall be able to do in the future will be done by the same means.

Do you, therefore, Don Bosco ask in the name of these unhappy people, ask in the

name of your sons in the extreme parts of the earth and God will come to our aid.

Please, Dear Don Bosco write me a line or two, or get someone to write in your name, 8,000 thousand miles away from home you can well imagine the consolation a letter brings us from one who loves us so much and to whom we bear so great a love.

Goodbye Don Bosco, who knows whether I shall ever kiss your hand again. I fear not, so far off in this Mission. The thought troubles me, but I comfort myself with another thought, that the day will come when I shall see you in Heaven and then for always.

Pray for us Dear Father and have prayers said and we promise you, that following the example of the lamented Don Bodrato we will give our lives for God and for souls.

Don G. FAGNANO.

“And what if you should have to work with little boys?” asked Don Bosco.

A Sister of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul tells of her meeting with Don Bosco many years ago.

On September 4th., 1880, a group of young novices of the Central House of S. Salvatoro of Turin received the habit of the *Daughters of Charity* and a few days later they left for their various posts in the service of the poor.

I, Sister B., was destined for Sardinia but had to remain a few days longer in Turin, waiting for two older Sisters with whom I was to make the journey. While I was there my novice-mistress came to see me and asked the Sister Superior that I should be sent to a good house. The Superior answered: “Oh! You have no need to worry, she is going to the best house in Sassari, to the Orphanage for Girls, with Sister S.”

I was very happy, and very pleased with my destination.

We left on the 11th of September 1880. Having taken our places in the train I did not put my valise, which bore my name, on the rack as my companions did, but put it under the seat and pushed it out of sight.

A few minutes later a gentlemen and a priest got into the train and took seats opposite us. For a good part of the way we went along in silence. But having come to the first stop—Asti—a crowd of young men came to the open door, all looking very pleased, and saluted the priest with a “*Good day, Cereia! Don Bosco!*”—and they waved to him still calling out his name.

Then I understood that it was really *the* Don Bosco, the holy priest who did so much work for boys, and that those young men had certainly been his pupils. Great was my joy at seeing him, because I already thought that he must be a Saint. But in view of the great influence he had over boys, I had imagined him a tall person, very well built, and rather imposing to look at.... while here was a priest, nothing out of the ordinary, indeed I noticed that he had rather large ears.

We had started again, when Don Bosco

turned to his companion and said to him: "Once I had the inspiration to have my photograph taken, but when the man brought me six small copies, I looked at one of them and in surprise, I cried: Oh! I thought I was...." and here Don Bosco repeated exactly what I had thought of him.

I became as red as a boiled lobster and then, perhaps to put me at my ease, he said to me with a smile.

"Well Sister, and where are you going?"

"Sardinia," I replied.

"And in Sardinia, what will you do?"

"I going to an Orphanage for Girls."

"But what if instead, you should have to work among little boys?"

My only answer was a long "oooh!"

"But wouldn't that please you?" continued Don Bosco.

"No!" I rejoined promptly.

"But surely," he said, "among those little rascals there is a great deal of good to be done?"

One of the other sisters broke in: "Don Bosco, you send your own priests there! And they would do the good there is to do!"

He shook his head a little and said: "For the present, it does not seem that Sardinia is for us... We shall see!...."

In the meantime we had reached Sampierdarena. Don Bosco got out and having said good-bye to his friend, turned to me with a smile and said: — "Sister B. *work very hard for those little boys!*" But I thought to myself, *you may want me with boys, but I'm going with girls.*

At Genoa we also got out, and thence took ship to our destination. The following morning we reached Livorno, where we had to stay until the evening. We went to the House conducted by our Sisters. The Sister Superior welcomed us kindly, and, having given us a little rest, she said: "There is a letter for you"... and she read the name of one of the sisters with me, who opened, read it quickly, and then began to laugh.

"See," she cried turning to me, "Don Bosco was right after all!... You have to go to the *Ospizio dell'Immacolata e S. Vincenzo* and not to the Orphanage for Girls any longer."

I had to bow my head and resign myself.

We set out again and arrived the day after at *Porto Torres* and later in the evening at *Sassari*. The following morning I met

the dear rascals for the first time and immediately understood the reason of Don Bosco's advice. It was, a very poor house with 50 small boys to be looked after and instructed, and five sisters to do it, two of whom on the short space of six months had gone to Heaven to receive their reward. On that account the work had accumulated tremendously so that my Superiors had had to change my house and here is the reason Don Bosco exhorted me to work hard for boys.

At that time I did not think that 50 years afterwards I should see Don Bosco beatified, but now I hope to have him as my protector in the great journey to eternity.

Sister B., Daughter of Charity.

THE PRAYER

of Pope Pius XI for the Missions.

O Most Sweet Jesus, Who, at the price of Thy Precious Blood, hast redeemed the world, turn thine eyes of pity upon our poor humanity which lies, in so large a part, plunged in the darkness of error and in the shadow of death. Grant that the light of truth with all its radiance, may illumine it. Multiply, O Lord, the apostles of Thy Gospel: by Thy Grace, strengthen, make fruitful and bless their zeal and their trials, so that through them all infidels may come to know Thee and be converted to Thee, their Creator and Redeemer. Call back to the fold those sheep that go astray, bring those who would not into the bosom of Thy true and only Church. Hasten, O most sweet Saviour, the coming of Thy Kingdom upon earth; draw all men to Thy most tender Heart so that all may enjoy the incomparable blessings of Thy Redemption in the eternal happiness of Heaven. AMEN.

Three hundred days indulgence each time this prayer is recited with a contrite heart.

A Plenary Indulgence once a month on the ordinary conditions to those who recite it daily.

Mgr. Perros. Archbishop of Bangkok on Siam

Its climate, its language, its religion and the Salesians there

Mgr. Perros is Archbishop of over one half of Siam, his diocese contains about 372.000 sq. klm. out of a grand total of 516.000; and the population is in the same proportion; there are 10.000.000 Siamese



Two Siamese boys straight from the forest with their load of coconuts.

and His Grace is, at least in desire, the spiritual father of some 6.400.000 of them, of these, 33.000 are Catholic.

The priests number 70, made up by 23 missionaries from the '*Rue du Bac*', 39 native priests and the 10 priests with the fairly numerous clerics the Salesians have sent there. This huge diocese is bounded on the north by the mysterious, inscrutable Indo-China, on the south by the Gulf of Siam and on the west by Burmah. Lower down there are two Siamese provinces under the care of the Bishop of Malacca who lives at Singapore, these comprise, the Federal States, the non-federal states, ruled by Rajahs; and lastly the Strait Settlements, all

under the protection of the British Government.

The Salesians work in the southern part of the diocese which reaches almost to the Isle of Malacca; they have charge of four out of the eleven Siamese Provinces under the Archbishop and altogether there are perhaps 6.000 Catholic widely spread all over the place.

As a country, Siam is very rich, the heavy rains from April to October fertilise the soil. In fact Siam in some respects is not unlike Egypt, it has its own miniature Nile in the River Mekong. It is a land of canals; and Bangkok, the episcopal city, is just Amsterdam transported to the East. Rice plantations abound everywhere, twenty different species are cultivated; and His Grace assures us that when the Salesians found their first Agricultural School there, they will be able to supply all the houses in the Society! Nevertheless rice is not the only thing, there is plenty of pure tin; coconuts, copra, rubber and also a great deal of teak, the toughest of all hard woods. Until recently the only means of travel in Siam was by small river craft, but now the railway gives a serious challenge to the boats. Already it has 1.900 miles of track laid and very soon there will be a net-work of lines north, south, east and west. Motor-cars are also coming into fashion, you can find nearly all makes on the roads, which by the way are splendid in Siam. With a car the journey round the provinces is an easy matter so if there is a car free anywhere don't hesitate, send it to Siam.

Three big difficulties.

The difficulties the missionary in Siam has to face are three, the first two can be overcome, but the third...!! The first is the climate. Now this is not excessive as you can guess when you learn that the vicar general of the Diocese with all his eighty-two years, and his 57 missions, is still hale and strong, in spite of the fact that he has

only visited Europe once. The climate, of course is hot, you expect that near the Equator and Siam is altogether in the tropics. Then again the land is so low lying on the whole that it seems a miracle that it keeps above sea level at all, and the absence of mountains does not improve matters. But if you avoid all excess and take certain precautions you can live quite a long time and do much good. You can't turn night into day, and drink everlastingly of iced waters as they do in Europe. As a matter

gainers to make the most astounding statements. But still it is not too difficult and we are told in proof of this that there are Salesians in Siam now, who can speak Siamese very well; and of these, two are Italians having passed through their training in Cowley, Oxon.

The great obstacle is the religion of the country, Buddhism. It flourishes there in a way that is astonishing. It is as old as the hills and has the hold it has on the people because it identifies itself with the country,



The Team of the Festive Oratory, Bangkok.

What all boys, the world over, understand; a cheery smile and large foot-ball.

of fact the Archbishop insists that the best way to quench one's thirst there, is to drink hot water and after the first mouthful or two your thirst has gone! The climate has its difficulties but so has everything else and the missionaries can manage. The second difficulty is the language, but this is really no worse than the temperature. Siamese is not Chinese, and with constant study can be managed in two years. In structure it is a phonetic language of 44 letters and the only difficulty lies in the *tones* of which there are five. So if you raise, lower or modify your voice on the same Siamese syllable you pronounce a different word. These tonic shades and subtleties cause be-

the nation and the reigning dynasty, so much so that the King is the Supreme Pontiff of the cult; the priests are all constituted by the State. Whoever becomes a Catholic becomes a traitor. A convert is a man who has thrown aside the religion of his fathers, of his country to take up that of the Europeans which to them is in every way inferior. There you have two things explained; why it is the Catholic Church finds most of its recruits from the Chinese, Confucians etc.; who are mixed with the Siamese throughout the country, in the humble trades, in manual works, in commerce etc., these are never accused of betraying their gods. On the other hand why the Siamese converts

have a hard time of it, they have to proclaim openly, and above all to prove by their actions, that the State, the country, the dynasty, has no more loyal, more devoted servants than they are. Because of their Catholicism they can never hope to hold any brilliant posts, but there where Providence has placed them they must remain and bear witness by their conduct that the Faith of Christ is good for all people and that it fashions subjects and citizens who can compare with any one.



On the threshold of the Faith.

The Salesians.

And the Salesians in Siam what of them? They have been able to make some little progress in this difficult country, and that by the simplest means in the world. The Siamese people, of all others, give first importance to the education of their children, and for that reason give them over to the monasteries at the earliest age; if they do not enter a pagoda they follow the course at the Siamese school. Indeed there are very, very few illiterate people in Siam. Here is the reason of the small Salesian success.

Work among the little ones is the very work they were founded to do, and in a manner that is characteristic. They try here, as elsewhere, to fashion the youth of to-day into the Catholic society of tomorrow: and then, the parents are more get-at-able through their children. The Festive Oratory is the kind of work that has been started; with its spirit of joy, gaiety, happiness and goodness it attracts the children, and the Siamese parents do not think of the Salesians as Buddhists or Catholics, Siamese or Europeans, or anything else. Their little ones get to love these missionary people for the happy times they give them and they return to their homes the better for it, and that suffices. Mgr. Perros, when he was at the Oratory of Turin, after telling us what we have summarised for you, went on to say: "*The day, the number of your personnel allows you to open one of your large professional schools, or agricultural colonies, on that same, day you will enjoy an envied position in Siam.* It is not a long time ago that the King visited the grand college of the Assumption where the Brothers of St. Gabriel teach more than a thousand Siamese children. His Majesty was delighted with the results obtained. '*I am very satisfied with the work done here,*' but he added, '*I also think it necessary to consider means for developing the economic side of the nation,*' Which means this, that there are numbers of well instructed young men, and to spare, but there are too few master craftsmen, trained, and skilled workers. The Minister of the Interior whenever he meets me, asks: "*When are we going to have that professional school of yours?*"

The Salesians can only give the answer every other missionary order gives, we would if we could, but the work we have already in hand is more than we can manage. In the future perhaps something may be done. But the Archbishop was impatient. You see he loves the Siamese so much and is anxious for the future.

The work ahead in Siam is very hard. The people are a fine race, with all the refinement centuries of culture gives, but the barrier that their religion, with its error, puts up, is almost insuperable, for interwoven with it are their finest natural aspirations; love of country, love of their children, reverence and loyalty to the dead.

THE MISSION CALL OF THE POPE

The Salesians respond with their Missionary Colleges

PIUS XI is the Pope of the Missions: what has been said in every Catholic magazine times without number, beats repetition here, because it alone explains the phenomenal activity throughout the Catholic World for the Foreign Missions. The response to the Holy Father's call, early in His Pontificate, has been universal. The secular and religious clergy, in the Old and New World, have so multiplied their works at home and abroad, that an ever increasing number of men go out each year, and these, not merely as priests, but as trained missionaries in all that concerns the full evangelisation and development of pagan peoples.

A glance at the figures of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith during the years following the Great War gives some idea of the enormous amount of work done and the rate of progress. From the March of 1922 to the March of 1929 no less than 78 new missions were established, while in 1929 alone there were 23.

Not only have the clergy taken their places by the side of the Holy Father, but the Catholic laity have responded loyally and enthusiastically to the Pope's desire that every Catholic should, in his or her own sphere, become a Missionary. That they have done so in a practical way is shown by the fact that in 1929 the Society for the Propagation of the Faith could dispose of 6,000,000 lire more than during the year previous. Money is one thing, but there have been other signs of the virile growth of a Catholic Missionary spirit all over the world. To-day there is not a country that cannot boast of a large number of inspiring Missionary Magazines, well written and well printed, and what is more, well supported; this is particularly true of England and America, where the number of periodicals seems at first sight almost out of proportion with the number of Catholics available. Parish priests preach the missions to their people, bishops take it as the text of their pastorals, while in a wider sense whole

nations have taken part in the work by the Missionary Exhibitions such as have been seen at Barcelona, Spain; Lisieux, France; Louvain, Belgium; Luxemburg; in Italy and in South America.

Everywhere there are the most encouraging signs, and the future promises a still more intensive and enthusiastic development.

The Salesian response.

In this world-wide move towards the missions the Salesians have taken their modest part. It was not without some sacrifice that they accepted new missions in America and in the Orient. But by far the most important work they are doing to-day for the Catholic Missions, is being done in Europe.

Here they are concentrating all their energies and resources on the establishing of special institutes solely devoted to the training of Missionary Aspirants, both priests and lay-brothers. At present they have nine such Institutes, seven in Italy; — at Ivrea, Cumiana, Bagnolo, Penango, Castelnuovo, Turin and Gaeta; one in Spain at Astudillo and one in England at Shrigley.

By taking three of the Italian Colleges as the most complete expression of the Salesian Missionary plan some idea of the scope of any such College in the Society may be had.

Let us take Ivrea, Cumiana and the Institute of Count Rebaudengo (opened early in October) at Turin as representative.

Ivrea.

At the Missionary Institute of Cardinal Cagliero, Ivrea, there are some 200 boys and young men, whose ages range from twelve to twenty-five, in training for the missionary priesthood. In studies they do the remote preparation necessary for a priest in a course that varies from three, four to five years, this includes a special study of English for the Oriental Missions of India, Siam, China, Japon etc. When they have finished at

Ivrea they are ready for their various novitiates. A few remain in Italy but the great majority leave immediately for their future work and go through their religious training on the spot.

Training the future missionary.

The boy, at Ivrea, quite apart from the secular knowledge he absorbs, under the intensive system of study, develops naturally along two lines: first and foremost in the traditional spirit of Don Bosco. The spirit of joy and boisterous happiness, the spirit of piety and hard work, the spirit of recollection and study, all at the right time, to be found at Ivrea, are the direct results of what is called the Salesian System, put into practice, with its essential features well emphasised—the sacramental life growing through frequent confession and daily Communion, and the boys expanding without any restraint in the atmosphere of a huge family. There is not a moment, day or night, when they are left to themselves and nowhere could you wish to find a more genuine fatherly or brotherly affection between those teaching and those taught. All that is just as it should be.

In the second place they are proximately



The new Missionary Institute of Co

prepared for the missions by being trained to do everything for themselves. Everyone does his share. In the work about the house there is sweeping, cleaning, scrubbing, painting: on the farm they tend the cows, the crops and the orchards: in the garden there is the flower growing, vine tending, weeding and general beautification: out in the grounds and the hills, they make roads, haul rocks,



The Study Hall at the Missionary College, Ivrea. There is an incident told: the Superior General, p Hall, and passed along the gangway between the desks, not one of the boys looked up from his book



baudengo, Turin, opened in October.

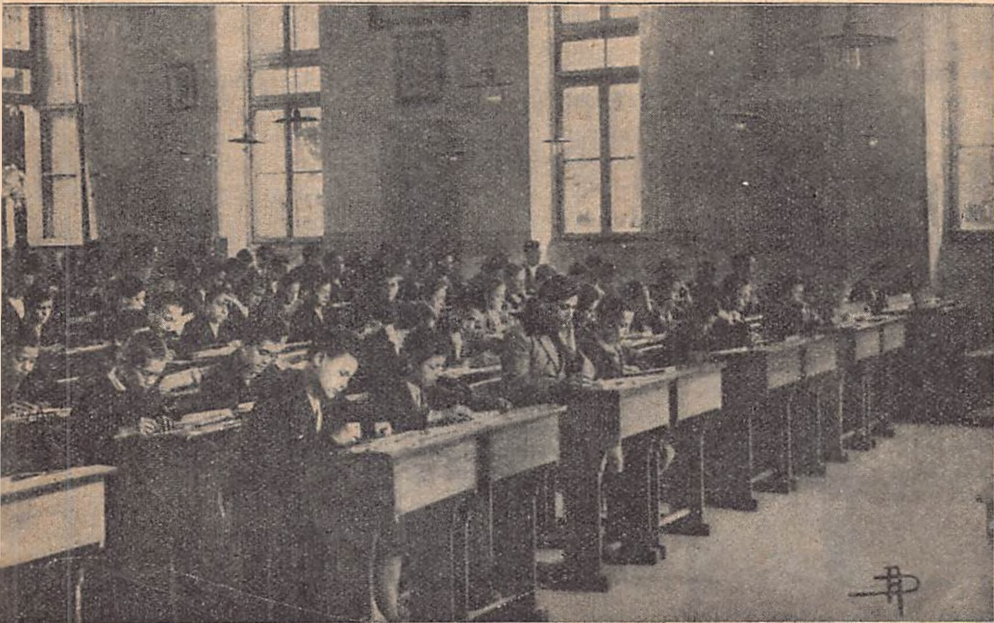
build walls, level and plan the innumerable slopes and in general begin to make what was at one time sheer, hard uncompromising *Sassonia* (Land of Rocks) into a fine estate.

Cumiana.

The Salesian Agricultural College at Cumiana is devoted to the training of some

120 missionary lay-brothers. What can be said of the spirit of Ivrea can be said of Cumiana. In addition to the Salesian formation, the boys receive the most complete, scientific and practical instruction in everything that has reference to farming, dairy produce, irrigation, fruit-growing, scientific wheat growing, flour-milling, cheesemaking, baking etc. In the Science Room, which is magnificently equipped with space for about 50 boys, they study the chemical side of agriculture, water and its properties, how to purify it, patent manures, their effects etc.; from that they pass on to tropical botany, sugar growing and refining; with some zoology and elementary physics and electricity and magnetism thrown in. On the farm only the most up-to-date methods are taught, ploughing, seeding and reaping is all done by tractors and motor-driven machinery; while the livestock are kept scientifically to produce the maximum results. To complete the course they have a carpenter's and a shoemaker's shop and also, but that goes without saying, a brass band.

It can be imagined what a house like Cumiana means to the development of mission work abroad. What the missionary cannot do, for he has neither the time nor the training, the Salesian laybrother can;



Ivrea a surprise visit, he walked into the house unnoticed. Seeing no one about he went to the Study. At the door he turned and spoke... then there was an uproar. *That is something like concentration!*

he can start a farm on any mission, develop a colony and in time establish what is most needed, regular Agricultural Schools for the native boys. In a year or so Cumiana will begin to produce its first fruits in the shape of the Salesian Missionary Lay-brother—Agriculturalist and Apostle.

The Rebaudengo Institute - Turin.

The Missionary Institute of Count Rebaudengo has not been opened long enough to show its full scope. When everything is finished it will house 300 missionary lay-brothers. Each one will be thoroughly trained in one of the eight different trades taught there. Carpentry; Cabinet-making; Printing and Bookbinding; Bootmaking, Tailoring, Engineering, Electrical Engineering and Metal-working. The boys will have the most complete technical instruction and practice that modern methods and the latest machinery can give. The finished craftsmen from the Rebaudengo will be ready to take their places with their brothers from Ivrea and Cumiana and between them they can give the best that Catholicism and our civilisation has to offer. That this threefold power—the missionary Priest, the missionary Farmer and the missionary Artisan—is absolutely the need of the times in mission lands cannot be doubted, Bishops are appealing urgently for professional and agricultural workers. Where the Salesians have established missions already, they have learnt by experience that the Trade Schools and the Agricultural colonies open the door to countless conversions. For fifty years they have been doing this kind of work among the Indians of South America and now they plan to do similarly in the East.

The above account gives a rough idea of the missionary aim of our Superiors: the Holy Father has led the way, and with the other missionary Orders and Societies the Salesians have followed, and not only the Salesians, but also their Co-operators throughout the world.

Who have done their share by founding and completing missionary Burses to support this work. Special benefactors have shown the most providential generosity... the whole cost of the New Rebaudengo Institute, as the name suggests, has been defrayed by Count Rebaudengo himself.

* * *

Now to go nearer home.

The Missionary College at Shrigley is in itself a distinction for the English Province, excepting Italy, Spain is the only other country with a similar foundation for the Salesian Missions.

The scope of Shrigley has been explained in a previous issue, —English-speaking missionary priests—.

This year has seen many developments and the new house that accommodated 50 or so in 1929-1930 was altogether too small for the 105 due to commence study in the second year. During the summer holidays a new dormitory had to be built, this was done by removing the roof and raising the outside walls some fifteen feet, and there you had room for 100 beds. The expense was very heavy but the work was necessary if the missionary programme was to be carried out. Our Co-operators have shown an enthusiastic interest in this new college, which is in the nature of an apostolic adventure when it comes to the question of ways and means.

There could be no better place for your Christmas offering as Co-operators than to send it for Shrigley. Some co-operators have devised novel means of helping, and have sent food stuffs, jewelry and furniture... everything has been most welcome.

It is of interest to note that this year nearly every county in England has its representative. Devon, Gloucester, Northumberland, Lincolnshire, Durham, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire and Cheshire; some from Wales and some from Scotland of course. Ireland was already well established last year.



The Salesian Missionary College, Shrigley, England.
For Missions in the Far East.



The President of the Republic of Colombia watching the procession from his palace.

XIth. International Congress of the Salesian Co-operators, and the IIIrd. Congress of the Past Pupils. held at Bogotà (Colombia).

Many things came together to make the feast held at Bogotà, the capital of Colombia, a date to be remembered in the Salesian history of America.

The glorification of John Bosco was celebrated by the holding of the Eleventh International Congress of Salesian Co-operators, the Third National Congress of the Past Pupils and the Fortieth Anniversary of the Salesian work in Colombia.

The Feast was prepared for several months ahead, notices were placed all over the State, the daily papers recorded the progress made and what was still to be done, books and pamphlets were printed and sold everywhere. Even the Wireless Station took the matter up, speaking about the coming event in its News Bulletins. While on the 13th of August they broadcasted an all-Salesian programme relayed from the Col-

lege of Music and from the *Schola Cantorum* of the Leo XIII College. In addition to the music, short anecdotes from the life of Don Bosco were related, followed by a lecture on the aim and work of the Salesian Professional School.

The Archbishop of Bogotà wrote an enthusiastic pastoral for the occasion calling upon all the faithful to come forward and take an active part in the Feast as a mark of their gratitude.

The President of the Republic issued a special Decree with the full consent of his Cabinet, to the effect that the National Government in view of what the Salesians and the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians had done for the welfare of the Nation during the past forty years in High schools, Secondary Education, Professional Institutes of Arts and Trades and among the lepers

of the State, they, the Government, associated themselves with all that was being done and gave it their support.

The decorations were superb; and each day of the Triduum had some special feature: the 15th of August was set aside for all the boys of the city; the 16th for all the girls; and the 17th for the Past Pupils and the Co-operators. On the morning of the 15th, while Mons. Comin, S. C. who had come from his Mission for the occasion, was celebrating Mass, several priests were giving Holy Communion to several thousands of boys, and the same grand sight was seen on the 16th and 17th. At the Pontifical High Mass of Mgr. Perdomo, Archbishop and Primate, a thousand voices sang the *Missa de Angelis* in Gregorian Chant. The last day witnessed an enormous gathering of all the Authorities of both Church and State and the illuminations all over the City are things to be imagined not written about.

The Procession formed on the 17th made up of all the boys and girls of the Salesian Institutes in Colombia was nearly three-quarters of a mile long while thousands and thousands of spectators lined the route.

XIth. International Congress of the Salesian Co-operators.

The Congress held in the Hall of the College of Leo XIII was splendidly attended. The main questions raised were:—*The Spirit of the Salesian Co-operator*: Which dealt with the idea of the Salesian Co-operator in the mind of Don Bosco, urging those present to fulfil their mission in the apostolate they had chosen by, first, looking to their own lives in the world as good Catholics and then taking part in all that had Salesian significance in their parishes, giving a helping hand particularly to anything that had the interest of boys or girls as its object; in a special way spreading devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament by word and example, and by having a practical loyalty towards the Pope.

In all these things they were to remember that it was of the spirit of Don Bosco that they should work always in perfect harmony with the priest in charge of their several parishes. In addition, there was the work of zeal for the Foreign Missions which called so much for their support, and this support they could give by helping on the Burses for the training of a Missionary priest and by making the Salesian work known to others.

II. The Social Action of the Salesian Co-operator.

By Social Action the Salesian Co-operator was to understand that he was to get to know the mind of the Holy Father on this matter in what he has said of *Catholic Action*, and do everything in his power to extend and intensify the Catholic ideals in every sphere of life.

III. The Organization of the Co-operators.

By Organisation it was intended that they come closer together as was the intention of Don Bosco, working in a body rather than as individuals, and that to this end the Promoters of Circles should do all they could to hold meetings regularly, wherever possible in the nearest Salesian house, and should try to keep strictly to what is laid down in the rules for the Co-operators, and by so doing make themselves not only Co-operators in name but in fact, and this according to the wish of their Father, Blessed John Bosco.

After these papers, informal discussions as to ways and means took place and many practical resolutions were taken.

IIIrd. National Congress of the Past Pupils.

At the grand Re-union of all the Past Pupils of the Salesians throughout Colombia a Memorial Stone to the Blessed John Bosco was unveiled. The main theme of all that was said was for the revivification of the spirit of Don Bosco in their minds and hearts: and of their obligations as Past Pupils in the Catholic life that lay before them

THE BOOK EVERY CO-OPERATOR SHOULD HAVE

Blessed John Bosco

by A. AUFRAY S. C.

translated into English by W.

H. Mitchell, M. A. — Foreword by His Em. Card. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster.—Illustrated. Price 12/6.

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WITH OUR MISSIONARIES IN FAR OFF LANDS

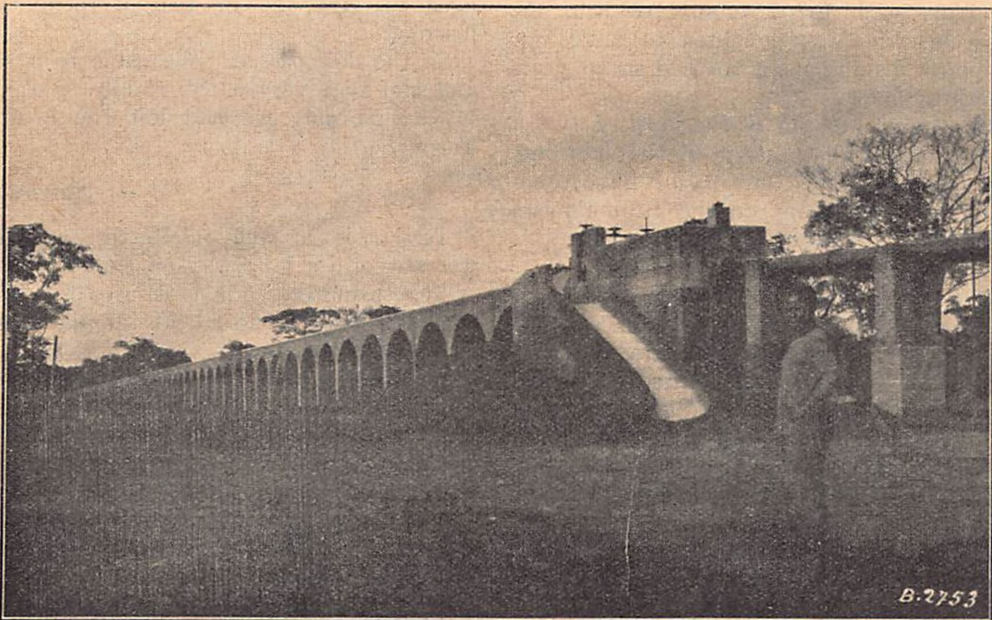
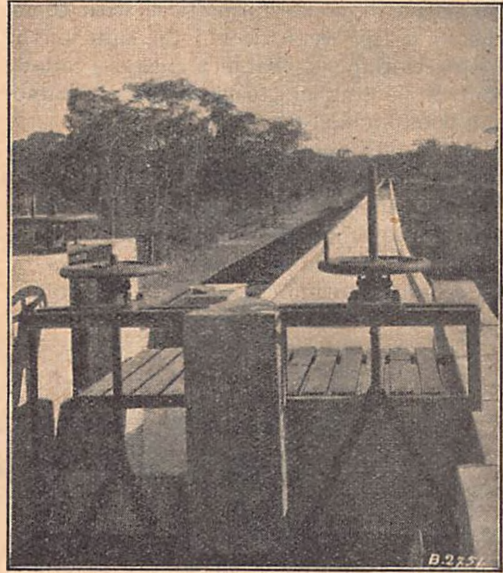
The Prefecture Apostolic of Haut-Luapula (Belgian Congo). The Inauguration of the Professional School at the Salesian Mission of Kafubu.

Electric light in Darkest Africa!

The Salesians in the Belgian Congo took a big step forward in the development of their large mission in Central Africa by adding to their already extensive buildings several more workshops, and a water-driven electric plant for driving the machinery and for their own use in the mission houses. These new efforts were inaugurated on the 16th. March last, in the presence of all the Belgian Authorities in Elizabethville.

The programme opened with a grand Gymnastic Display by the natives. They went through their show with as much skill and discipline as if they had been trained at Aldershot itself.

Here followed the inauguration of the new workshops. Mgr. Sak led his visitors, who numbered about one hundred, into the immense 'Joiners shop' where there are



The New Aqueduct, Belgian, Congo: (Bottom) Shows the arcade and the water rushing into the turbines.

rows of several dozen benches for the young apprentices. A platform had been erected at one end and Mgr. Sak spoke briefly of the Mission, which was soon to celebrate its twentieth birthday; he touched lightly on the difficulties of the early times, when he himself had been there at the foundation of the work, he dwelt especially on the difficulties of the foundation of the Professional School. To-day the Salesians have 180 native boys as apprentices with them, who in a few years would be out in the colony working as cabinet makers, tailors, printers, bootmakers, blacksmiths, mechanics and bookbinders.

The conditions under which they were working continued to improve, and this year saw the opening of their central electric plant for driving all the machinery in the workshops and lighting all the houses on the Mission station. The work of planning

and building had been long and arduous. Putting up a huge aqueduct in Central Africa is not quite the same proposition as in England. But in this they had had the help of the Governor, and of the chief engineer M. Maux.

The Governor M. Heenen, in replying to the speech of Mgr. Sak, spoke highly of the work that was being done for the development of the Colony by this Professional School, which called for more than personal thanks, and deserved the official praise of the Belgian Government.

The whole party then proceeded to the site of the new Power House. The Engineer went on ahead, and when all was ready opened the sluice gates; down rushed the water into the turbines below and the generating motors spun round and round, humming out hundreds of horse-power for the first time.

On the Brahmaputra River - India N. E.

Letter from a Salesian Missionary travelling with Fr. Tornquist

Dear Fr. Rinaldi,

I have just returned from Bokojam, whither I had set out some days ago in company with Fr. Tornquist to help Fr. Piasecki, who was delighted to have our company, having spent the last seven years working alone!

Here is an account of the journey.

We left Guahati early in the morning. The journey turned out to be almost entirely all up-stream on the Brahmaputra River, on a small but not too uncomfortable steamer.

But the people!

There were poor men and women, children in strange garbs, and some in no garb whatever... and all, just to find work and a little rice were leaving their own country to sell themselves on the tea plantations. Poor unhappy souls, all huddled there together, one on top of the other in the boat... and the heat was suffocating.

We had many things to say to them... but the language! Nevertheless the chance of doing some good was not altogether lost, for Fr. Tornquist very soon made friends

with some boys who knew a little English, and between bursts of laughter, caused by trying to make himself understood, he managed to give one or two of them some instruction.

So the day passed. We came to a stop and said Mass very early, and by 7 o'clock in the morning we had left the boat at Tezpur.

Surprises.

Tezpur is a well inhabited spot, but we were still a long way off from our goal. A very primitive train took us a few miles further, then we had to get out and foot it the rest of the way.

Walking was not altogether unpleasant, especially as we stopped frequently to give the children who run out of their huts the chance of having a good look at us. We invited some of them to come along.

We had not been going more than two hours when we noticed a strange noise going on in the distance. When lo and behold! there was Fr. Piasecki himself at the head of his Christians who were decked with flowers

and dancing and singing to their *tamburs* as they came to meet us. At first Fr. Tornquist had rather a fright, they certainly did look a wild lot from the distance, but when they all fell on their knees waiting a blessing, you could not have remained unmoved.

Some women then came up to us, and having given us the Christian greeting—*jisu ki barai* (Glory be to Jesus) they held copper water-pots for us to wash our hands. Then the menfolk came along making us gifts of flowers; and so all to the church, or rather a hut of straw put up for the occasion.

to sit on) and took the rice prepared by the Christians.

There we passed four nights, but not without some discomfort, especially for Fr. Tornquist, who half awake and half asleep, light in hand, tried to find a spot less worthy of malediction on his so-called bed, which the rain was making a gutter of in spite of him.

New Arrivals.

On the afternoon of the second day many other Christians from distant places, arrived.



Salesian Missionaries teaching the natives the mystery of their Redemption by a picture of the Crucifixion. (Assam, India).

We took possession of the hut reserved for us! Mio Dio, what a house! I don't suppose it was much different from Bethlehem, no... it must have been worse, for there at least the gentle ox and the patient ass could stand... but in ours they would have been decidedly uncomfortable.

Nevertheless this hut, riddled with holes, one side half fallen, the other half falling, had served more than once as the throne room for the King of kings, and it served now as the meeting room for the Christians of Bokojam.

In that hut which, because we were so very tired, we found so good... I would almost say comfortable, we sat down—(if one may use that verb when there is nothing

Some had been five days on the road to reach us. Nevertheless they were happy. They found us immediately, knelt and asked our blessing; they seemed quite content with a priest's smile then off they went to find some sort of shelter for the night.

That evening in the light of the moon all the Christians, came along for the dances beating the inevitable *tambur*. The missionary permits these native past-times to continue; first, because the dances here are most innocent, and then to show them that the Catholic Faith sanctifies everything that is good and lawful in their customs and stamps it Christian. In fact we heard nothing at these dances except hymns to Our Lord and to Our Lady.

The Meetings.

The next day, Friday, the meetings began which were to go on at intervals until Sunday night. We were struck by the evident seriousness with which the people took themselves. So great was their interest that sometimes it happened that those charged with cooking the rice, forgot all about it and the poor people fasted twenty-four hours on one meal; and yet they showed no impatience.

Fr. Tornquist was much impressed by the mildness of this people—their ingenuousness was almost childlike—I shall never forget the speech of one old man, very lean of body and long of hair, with a pair of deep-set eyes.

"Brothers," he said, "I know what it is to be a Christian. When I was a pagan I was very wicked; often would I get drunk and fall to the ground like a pig and now I am a Christian I don't drink any more... yet I am happy!"

The Catechists.

On the massed meetings followed the reunion of the catechists, there were about forty present.

In the whole vast mission of the Brahmaputra there are one hundred and fifty, but the distances are too great to bring all together.

Fully aware of the absolute impossibility of going quickly to visit all the Christian centres, Fr. Piasecki relies upon the catechist to carry on in each district.

"All alone here on the mission," said Fr. Tornquist, "I begin to see the importance of the catechist. He is really a proper missionary."

And among these catechists there are splendid missionaries, some indeed have converted whole villages, and Our Lord uses them as channels of Grace to those who stand in need of Divine help.

A Procession in the Jungle.

The climax of the "Congress" for us, was the sight of these simple people showing their great love for Our Blessed Lord in His Sacrament. To see the numbers at Holy Communion every day was enough!

The procession was a simple but impressive sight, a spacious clearing, and all around circled the jungle. Here and there were miserable huts, in another part was the large crowd of people and in the midst was Jesus.

A crucifix led the way, then followed the Christians singing the Rosary in a mode all their own.

Saying Good-bye.

On Sunday afternoon the last meeting was held and Fr. Tornquist said a few words in English which Fr. Piasecki translated into Hindoo. When he had finished, one of the catechists came forward and knelt down:

"Thank you, O Father," he said, "for coming. When you return to your own land, bear our homage to the Holy Father, whom we love so much, and to Fr. Rinaldi whom we shall always thank for having sent us his sons. Tell them that we are without priests and that if more came many, many would become Christians."

Before departing we all came together round the relic of the Blessed John Bosco, given to the mission by Mgr. Mathias of Assam. With how much love and reverence did these Christians kneel and kiss the bones of our Father. This homage must have pleased him. And just as I was on the point of embarking it occurred to me that I had with me sixteen poor boys, who, deprived of parents, alone and very poor, cried out for "*work, bread and Paradise*" in our House at Guahati where they could become Salesian workers. Then I remembered Don Bosco, and I became convinced that he had sent them to me, and though I knew the hard times and the sore straits of the house, yet I took them with me.

Perhaps someone would adopt an Orphan?

As you know, dear Father, we have sixty-five poor, but very, very good orphans. They are to be the future catechists of the, Brahmaputra River, some also, have commenced to study Latin for the priesthood. But you should see our poverty! We have not sufficient clothes, no benches for the school, no books, no linen, no shelter and oftentimes not even a little rice. Remember we are your sons, send us at least rice sufficient for one year, 15,000 lire (in English money about £160). Find us some good person who has at heart the Kingdom of God who will safeguard these vocations by adopting an orphan. Their names will be enrolled in the Book of Life. Yours devotedly in Jesus Christ.

Salesian Missionary.

With our Sisters on the Missions - India

Converted by Charity.

In the Salesian mission of Raliang, on the feast of the Birthday of Our Lady, a homicide of fifty years of age, made his first Communion. Six months before the Sisters had baptised him in danger of death.

It had happened this way.

Ram, that is his name, had been chopping wood. There was an accident. The axe missed and Ram came away with a terrible wound in his right leg. The Sisters tended him, but so serious was the injury that they feared he would have to lose the limb: so they went to him:

"Ram, you are very badly injured, we know how much you are suffering, our medicine cannot help you much more let us forget it; but God can do all things: if you are willing, we will pray to our God for you!"

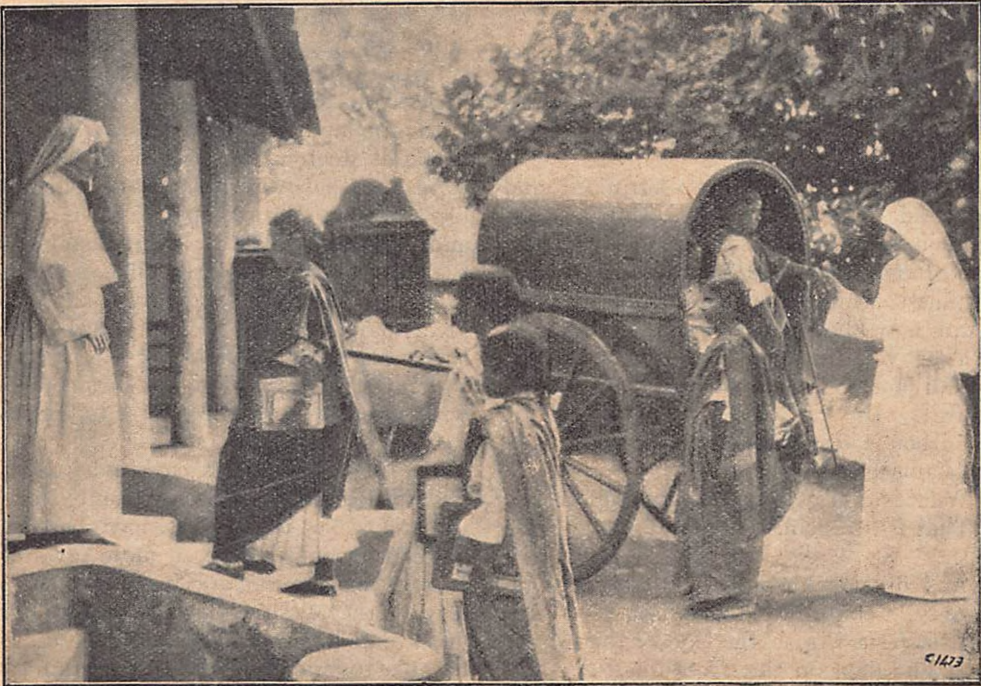
"Yes, pray to your God for me," Ram answered, "and if your God cures me, then

the God of the Christians shall be my God also!"

The constant prayers and the nursing of the Sisters cured Ram, and when all danger of complications was over, limping along on a stick, he made his first visit to the Catholic Church. The news that Ram was to be baptised attracted quite a lot of attention, protestants and pagans alike came to see the prodigy but they were doomed to disappointment, Ram had not finished his period of trial yet.

He had almost got over the wound in his leg, when one day while he was alone in his hut, he was taken suddenly with an epileptic fit. He fell into the fire and burnt his legs so severely that large parts of the bone were exposed. Once again the Sisters took care of him.

Now Ram's hut of bamboo rods and palm leaves, was a good half mile distant from the



New Arrivals. The Sisters receiving their pupils from the college coach! (Raliang, India).

Mission station, and during that month of March it rained in torrents. Nevertheless twice a day the Sisters went to attend him; and twice a day they returned to change their soaking clothes. Going from bad to worse, by the nineteenth of the month Ram was in danger of death, so, in the absence of the missionary, the Sisters baptised him. The next day found him tossing about in agony, his teeth chattering with cold. The missionary arrived, and seeing that giving any instruction was out of the question, administered Extreme Unction. A few more anxious days passed and with them the immediate danger of blood poisoning. From then onwards Ram began to mend.

* * *

Later the missionary came to see him. "Well, have the Sisters been to see you this morning?"

"Yes, Father," he answered.

"And yesterday also, when it was raining so heavily?"

"Yes Father, yesterday also; they come twice every day."

"Ah these Sisters are very, very good, and they have looked after you in a wonderful way."

"I know they are good," responded Ram, "and but for them I should be dead."

"Then what are you going to give them for helping you so much?" asked the priest with a smile.

The sick man looked up surprised and then cried: "I would give much to the Sisters, but you see that I am very poor. They have brought me bread, milk and tea during my illness, while I had nothing of my own.

And now, how am I to repay them?"

"Then you think that the Sisters helped you for nothing, without the hope of any return?"

"Father, I don't know," said Ram very much amazed.

"What is that you have round your neck?"

"That is a crucifix the Sisters have given me."

"And do you know what that figure represents?" continued the priest.

"It is Jesus Christ, the God of the Christians, Who died on the Cross for us."

"Yes indeed, Our Dear Lord, Who has done so much for us. He has commanded

that we love one another and that we love all men. It was He Who commanded the Sisters to help you and He has promised them as great a reward as if they had done the same for Him. What do you think of the religion that teaches us to love and help all men especially those who are suffering?"

"I do not yet know how to pray, so you pray for me; thank Him, thank Him very much for me because He has made me a Christian."

For some months Ram, now *Joseph*, lay upon his *stuoia*, then he began to hobble with a stick. Daily he went to the Sisters for treatment and from the Convent he passed on to the Mission House for instruction for his first Communion. What there was in his past life nothing more came out than that twenty years before in a fit of anger he had killed a man and had spent sixteen years in prison for his crime.

* * *

Though the incident is very consoling for those who labour on the missions, yet we insert it here more for the fact that it shows the kind of work that brings conversions. What these Sisters did for poor Ram, hundreds of others are doing for thousands of pagans all over the world. And what is more they have to do the work under circumstances hard enough for men; and for women little short of heroism.

In England where there are plenty of hospitals, doctors and medicine, it is difficult to realise what it means to have a huge area like Raliang, for example, without hospital and without a doctor. The Sisters nurse the sick in their own large villages and even go to others not too far away, but for the great majority, and there are over hundred such villages in all, in the single district of Raliang, there is nothing for them but to go without or the trust themselves to the tender mercies of the native quacks.

The work the Sisters have done this year has borne fruit in a goodly number of new Christians, but these would have been many more had conditions been more favourable. In view of the need and in spite of the poverty of the Mission they have determined upon some kind of a hospital where they will be able to bring together large numbers to cure their bodies as the first step to the cure of their souls.

Here and there through the Salesian World

A Severe Earthquake in Assam.

On the 3rd, of July this year, a severe earthquake shook the whole of Assam doing considerable damage.

Fortunately the houses there are built in such a way that escape is very easy, on that account there were hardly any victims. And the Salesians have to be particularly grateful that not one of their large community in Shillong was injured by the falling masonry. That no one was hurt was indeed a great blessing, nevertheless our houses there have been reduced to a miserable state.

At Gahauti the church is not safe, the house no longer habitable, while the walls of the Orphanage threaten to tumble at the first puff of wind. The damage there is about £3,000.

At Laytkensew the church must come down some time or other and the walls of the dwelling houses are so split that they should be rebuilt. When Mgr. Mathias made a rapid visitation immediately after the catastrophe he estimated the damage done to the Salesian houses alone at about £5,000.

The whole district has been devastated, one little place near Dubry in the Goalpara District has been swallowed up by the earth opening under it! Bridges built with so much difficulty have caved in and the railway lines have been broken for the distance of some 60 miles.

The shock came suddenly only lasting about two minutes.

Enthusiastic reception of six Salesian Sisters.

In the *Illustracion Narinense* there is a glowing account of the reception accorded six poor Sisters when they arrived at Tuquerres in Colombia to take up their new work.

The town authorities and the gentry of the place did all they could to show how much they appreciated their arrival. A Committee, made up of representatives of the clergy, and prominent people drove to

Piluales with many motors to meet them. The whole countryside turned out with flags and banners and the way was decked with triumphal arches put up at strategic points.



His Grace, Dr. Williams, Archbishop of Birmingham carrying the relic of Blessed John Bosco, during the celebrations at Cowley, Oxon.

The townspeople of Tuquerres awaited their arrival anxiously among whom were a large number of the future pupils of the Sisters. Music and general rejoicing were the order of the day. But that was not enough, on the days that followed there were religious functions and academies in their honour.

The Gospels in Japanese.

The Salesian missionaries at Miyazaki, Japan, have just commenced to print their translation of the four Gospels. The work

chosen for the purpose is the *Unified Gospel* by Don Anzini S. C. The first edition will run to about 5,000 copies, while preparations are already in hand for a second. Each copy will cost 0.30 *lira* or in English money, about 4d.

This is the first Catholic work of its kind in Japan, and has been approved by the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr Giardini, who has written the preface.

The Successor of Mgr. Versiglia.

Since the assassination of Mgr. Versiglia in February of this year, our Vicariate of Shiu Chow, to the north of Canton, China, has been without a leader. We hear now that Rome has appointed a successor in the person of the Provincial, Fr. Canazei S.C.

Mgr. Ignatius Canazei, was made Vicar Apostolic in July and now goes under the name of the Bishop of Caryste.

The new Bishop, who is 47 years old was born at Brizen (Tyrol) in that part of Austria which the Treaty of Versailles has since given back to Italy. He came to the Salesians in 1899, made his religious profession in 1901 and was ordained priest in 1909. In 1912 he left for China where the Salesians had already been at work six years. He was attached to the mission of Heung-Shan to the north of Macau and there he remained until 1918, when Mgr. Versiglia was put at the head of the new Vicariate Rome had offered us, just north of Canton. Fr. Canazei was then sent to replace the new bishop at the Orphanage of Macau. For the last six years he has been the superior of all our Salesians working in China (Macau, Shanghai, Hong Kong and in the vicariate of Shiu-Chow).

The new bishop has the reputation of being a great walker, in fact it is said he does all his visiting of houses on foot. He is a strong man, of a sturdy mountain people well able to do the arduous things his new office has in store for him.

Nine new Roads dedicated to the Blessed John Bosco.

No less than eight cities or districts have named their new thoroughfares after the Blessed John Bosco, all of them are in Italy: at Gualdo Tadino, Frascati at Lanzo, Torre

Annunziata, Marsala, Caserta, Borgo San Martino and Bergamo. While at Gerra Verzasca (Ticino) a peal of bells has been dedicated to him.

Technical School Near Calcutta. Salesians' scheme.

A promising attempt to deal with the unemployment problem for Europeans, Anglo-Indians and Indians alike is about to be inaugurated by the Salesian Fathers, who although comparatively by new-comers to Calcutta, have not been long in arriving at an understanding of the educational and other needs of the city.

Their scheme is the establishment of a technical institution in the immediate neighbourhood of Calcutta, for the benefit of all communities.

The Society of St. Francis de Sales already possesses similar schools at Shillong and elsewhere, and these are functioning successfully. In them are taught carpentry, shoemaking, tailoring, engineering and other skilled trades; and the intention is to adopt as many as possible of these at the new institution, which, it is proposed, will be located at Ghosery—a region lying between Howrah and Lillooah and thus in close proximity to Calcutta. The tentative plans permit of the accommodation of about 600 pupils belonging to all communities.

* * *

The serious dimensions to which the unemployment position has grown has impressed (among others) the Rev. Fr. Herman, Priest of one of the most extensive Catholic parishes in Calcutta who however, is not a member of the Salesian Order. In the course of an interview he said: "The situation has become exceedingly bad and it is getting worse day by day." The trade slump had undoubtedly caused widespread distress among Anglo-Indians and Europeans. It had caught the community worse prepared than ever, and this indicated that repeated warnings had fallen upon deaf ears. Anglo-Indians and Domiciled Europeans had again and again been exhorted to turn to professional and technical occupations and to make their children independent of "jobs" which were within the giving of others, but they

had not been able to adjust themselves to the new outlook in India—with the present unfortunate results to the community.

Observer (India).

Palesfine.

From Palestine there come two items of news.

The first from Nazareth, where they kept the Feast of Blessed John Bosco in a manner that, we believe, is unique. Raised up on the hill commanding the wide plain of Esdrelon stands the Temple of the Boy Christ. Here, during the three days of the Solemnity, Mass was celebrated pontifically in three different rites....—in the Maronite Rite, in the Greek-Melchite Rite and in the Latin Rite.

Mons. Choucralla Khomi, maronite Archbishop of Tyre, pontificated on the first day. This rite is characterised by the fact that the liturgical language is Aramaic—the language spoken by Our Lord—; that in their ceremonies they use incense nearly all the time and the words of the Consecration are intoned aloud as also many other parts of the Mass. On the second day Mgr. Haggiar archbishop of Galilee pontificated in the magnificent ceremonial of the Greek-melchite Rite, in which the chant and the ceremonies vie with each other in originality. The one is a solemn, stately, continuous dialogue between the ministers and the people in which the faithful take an active part; the other is a kind of mystical Drama in which there is symbolism and variety without equal.

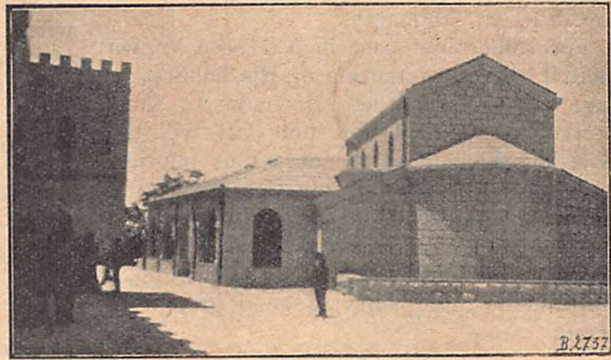
On the third day, at the close of the Triduum, Fr. Gatti S. C., Provincial of the Salesians, sang the Mass in the presence of His Beatitude Mgr. Barlassina, Patriarch of Jerusalem. On each of the three days the panegyric of the Blessed John Bosco was preached in Arabic. And in the evening there were dramatic entertainments, consisting of a Drama—in five acts—written in Arabic by Fr. Challoub, on the Life of Don Bosco and another in three acts called the "Vocation of John Bosco." At these plays all Jerusalem attended.

The huge crowd that came to the celebra-

tions was beyond all expectations. The triumphs that have been witnessed in the large cities of the world in honour of Blessed John Bosco have had their counterpart in the Holy City of Jerusalem.

The second item of interest is the inauguration of the new "Martyrium" of St. Stephen which has been erected on the site of his tomb discovered some years ago by the Salesians in Beitjema. The new sanctuary was offered as an act of love and homage to His Holiness on his jubilee. The letter of acknowledgement of the Pope from Cardinal Gasparri was read.

The main idea that ran throughout all the sermons and speeches was, that in the "Martyrium" of St. Stephen there was concrete



New "Martyrium" raised over the ancient tomb of St. Stephen by the Salesians in Palestine.

witness to the Christian Charity that would embrace all peoples, Arab, Mussulman and Jew alike.

Don Bosco in Magellan.

It is a happy idea that connects the work Don Bosco did for prisoners in the Turin gaols of his own time with what the Salesians did in the prison of Magellan when they kept the Feast. There are three things of moment to report. First, that during the Celebrations of Don Bosco's Feast the almost instantaneous cure of a tumour took place after being touched by the Relic. Secondly, that a triduum was preached to the men in prison there, and thirdly that two thirds of them went to Holy Communion on the Feast day itself. The Salesian Old Boys prepared an entertainment for

them to cheer them a little. The affair is said to have caused something of a sensation, but the Authorities gave their full approbation and we can only rejoice at the results.

Salesians take charge of the Catacombs of St. Callistus.

Early in September, Fr. Pestini, the Salesian Provincial in Rome, took possession officially of the new work given to us by the Holy Father.

Until recently the Catacombs had been served by monks of the Trappist Order from Holland. At the present time there are a round dozen of Salesians there all of different nationalities and not unnaturally speaking different languages!

For some time past it had been known that it was the intention of His holiness to give the care of the Catacombs to some active order. And now not only will the Salesians look after the numerous pilgrims and visitors but will begin immediately to develop an Agricultural Colony on the land of the ancient monastery. Already they have the stables, and a little collection of implements and plenty of good ground to hand.

Don Bosco and South America.

South America the land in the visions of the Man of God has returned a hundred fold in Salesian works the generosity of Don Bosco who sent his first sons there without counting the cost. To-day the Salesians and the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians are all over South America and for the most part very well represented.

The Salesians have 170 large houses, 8 vicariates, prefectures or apostolic missions; 12 archbishops, bishops or prefects apostolic... while the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians have 155 houses there with nearly 2,000 Sisters.

After Turin itself there was nowhere else in the world paid the Blessed John Bosco so much honour as did Buenos Aires and after that the capital of Chile.

Santiago did things splendidly. The first of June was prepared for by a great triduum preached in three churches at once. Seven

bishops preached the panegyric of simple Don Bosco and twenty more walked in procession on the Sunday of the Feast. Our Past Pupils completed the triduum by holding a National Congress, and at the same time the apse of a magnificent temple the Salesians are erecting was inaugurated—it is to be called the "*Gratitud Nacional.*" On the Sunday 7,000 Past Pupils, young men and women, followed the relic and the statue of Don Bosco.

By the special order of the President of the Republic, the first programme of the route had to be changed, and the procession made to pass before the Presidential Palace. General Ibanez del Campo stood on the balcony surrounded by his ministers. The venerable archbishop of Santiago, who is 90 years of age, although too feeble to attend, wrote a pastoral letter for the occasion, exhorting all the faithful to rally together in honour of Don Bosco.

The large business houses held themselves responsible for the illumination of the churches: and during the procession a squadron of aeroplanes flew about in formation.

On the 2nd. of June the Superior of the Salesians received the following letter:

*Minister
of Public Instruction*

—
No. 827

Santiago

The Government of Chile has always admired with particular pleasure the strong support in the matter of education the Salesian Congregation gives it, by the schools which it has founded and now directs in Chile. By its enterprising development the work continues to call for both the help and the gratitude of the Educational Authorities of the Nation.

The Government is happy to take this opportunity of expressing its indebtedness to the Salesian Congregation for all that its schools do for the instruction and economic development of the country.

M. NAVARRETE.

In Chile the Salesians have 15 large houses, two bishops and the Vicariate Apostolic of Magellan (Terra del Fuoco) the last mission on the way to the South Pole. Our Sisters have 20 houses with two hundred religious

Lest we forget

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

A Plenary Indulgence.

Every month—

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

On each of the following days:

November 21st	Presentation of the B. V. M
November 22nd	St. Cecilia
December 8th	Immaculate Conception
January 1st	Circumcision.
January 2nd	Holy Name of Jesus
January 6th	Epiphany.
January 7th	Holy Family.
January 18th	Chair of St. Peter at Rome.

It is also worth remembrance.

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

- 1) For any *one* of these ejaculations a *plenary indulgence*. The choice of the particular ejaculation is left to each one's discretion.
- 2) For *each of the others* 400 days indulgence each time.

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



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.

David Gibney.

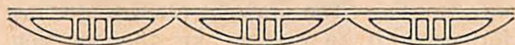
It is with deep regret that we announce the death of this ardent co-operator, which occurred at Bath on the 6th August. He was deeply attached to Blessed John Bosco, and had imbibed his spirit from the constant reading of his life. His zeal found many ingenious ways of expression. He had started long ago in London a circle of Salesian Co-operators who met periodically at his own house. The drawing room was transformed into an oratory for the occasion, with an improvised altar surmounted by the picture of St. Francis of Sales or of Our Lady Help of Christians. A reading from the Life of St. Francis of Sales or of Blessed John Bosco would be followed by discussion on ways and means of promoting the works of the Society. Our latest ventures at Cowley and Shrigley for the training of Missionary Students found in him one of the most zealous supporters. On his death-bed he wanted two large pictures, one of the Sacred Heart and the other of Blessed John Bosco, put in front of him.

Rev. G. Barrett, D. D.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of the Rev. G. Barrett D.D., Rector of St. Elizabeth's Richmond, Surrey, England. Dr. Barrett died on the 1st of Aug. He had been in failing health for some time but his end came rather suddenly. He had the consolation of a visit from His Eminence Cardinal Bourne whom he had succeeded as Rector of St. John's Seminary. It is interesting to recall that the late Dr. Barrett was enrolled as a Salesian Co-operator by Blessed John Bosco himself and he had in his possession the Diploma of Membership of the Association signed by Blessed

John Bosco and by Father Bourne (now His Eminence, Cardinal Bourne) as Secretary. We ask all our Co-operators to pray most earnestly for this good benefactor of our Society.

Elizabeth Bridge, *Formby*, (Lancs).
 Mr. C.H. Grell, *Roseau, Brit. Guiana*, (Sth. A.)
 Miss Nora Lemont, *Trinidad* (W. Indies).
 Mr. Remy Maingot, *Trinidad*, (W. Indies).
 Mr. Ed. Chaill, *Cork*, (Ireland).
 Sir. Nicholas William Throckmorton Bart.,
Coughton (Warwickshire).
 Mr. H.H. Self, *Johannesburg* (Sth. Africa).
 Mr. Th. Montague, *Bundoran* (Ireland).
 Miss Lunt, *Liverpool* (England).
 Mrs Mary Turner, *Birmingham* (England).
 Mrs Fraser, *London* (England).
 Mrs M. J. Syron, *Ballysabevry* (Ireland).



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