

THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

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OF SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS

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Number 2.



His Holiness Pope Pius XI, Vicar of the King of Peace.

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This little Journal is the official periodical descriptive of the Salesian Work and Missions throughout the world. It is published in the chief European languages; the English edition is bi-monthly and is sent gratis to the Salesian Co-operators, the supporters of the above-named Works.

The Founder of the Salesian Work and Missions was the Ven. John Bosco (1815-1888) the Apostle of Youth who instituted the Salesian Congregation and that of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians.

The Salesian Co-operators

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

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

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

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

Application for inscription in the UNION, for certificates and rule books, should be made direct to the Superior General of the Salesians, 32 Via Cottolengo, Turin, Italy.

For the Salesian Missions

Co-operators! Cooperators! We are now in the Golden Jubilee Year of the Salesian Missions. The first Missionaries left the Mother House in 1875; they numbered 10; increasingly larger groups have been sent out almost annually since then; this year, at least 172 Salesians have departed for the Missions; we would like to increase the number each year—will YOU help us? Will you become a Co-operator in the great work—become a Missionary in heart and in spirit even though your duties tie you to the homeland?

Our Missionaries are calling out with almost daily insistence—not only for vestments, linen and other objects for the exercise of the Sacred Ministry, but also for cloth, clothing, footwear, medicine, anything at all that can be of service to our numerous orphans and neophytes in the Missions, and help us to initiate them into the ways of Christian civilisation. If only we had zealous Co-operators in the various large Institutes, Firms, and Commercial Houses, how much more might be done for the Faith, and for the spiritual welfare of these unfortunate fellow creatures of ours, who have been left so long in the power of Satan, and bereft of the uplifting influences of our Holy Religion! Even the smallest offering or contribution will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged by our SUPERIOR GENERAL, 32 VIA COTTOLENGO, TURIN, ITALY.

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SUMMARY: Liberty in Education. — The Trials of a Prison Chaplain. — Spring Cleaning. — The Holy House of Loreto. — The Kingship of Christ. — Salesian Notes and News. — News from the Missions. — Devotion to Our Lady Help of Christians. — Graces and Favours. — The Life of the Venerable Don Bosco. — What the World owes to the Monks. — Obituary.

LIBERTY IN EDUCATION.

The education of youth too often means the exclusive embracing of one of two systems, namely, that of extreme rigour or that of extreme liberty. When it is not just a question of routine or the desire to avoid fatigue, that inspires the one or the other, these systems are the logical outcome of a philosophy that professes to have probed human nature to its depths and that knows how to make the best of it. To some, our human nature appears to be bad in itself, radically unfit to lead to good and always ready to take the evil road. Such being the case, it is necessary always to keep it securely bound, to bridle it effectively and to crush it under an iron discipline. This is the reign of legalism, of the barrack-room system, of a discipline unanimated by any personal or sympathetic influence. (Rousseau)

Others, on the contrary, stand for the incontestable maxim that the first promptings of human nature are always good, and that in man there is always a natural element of true nobility (Kant). Pushing this principle to the extreme and forgetful or ignorant of that great catastrophe that blighted our nature almost in its birth they adhere to the system of *laissez faire, laissez agir*. Human nature must be allowed to go on its unbridled way, untrammelled and unchecked. This is the reign of an ill-understood liberty, an anarchy of the appetites. It is

the triumph of caprice and instinct over the order of reason.

But with a less absolute and more orthodox idea of human nature, and by taking from these systems what truth there is in them, another pedagogy was formed which regards the real order of things and which is the mean between the two extremes of rigorism and extreme liberty.

At least one pedagogue believed in this middle course, and after thirty years of laborious trials, constructed, as it were, a monument of noble unity, in which the heart and reason, authority and liberty find their own proper place.

The Ven. Don Bosco, mindful that there is yet something good in our fallen nature did not hesitate to base himself on the spontaneity of youth, on the personality of the youthful Christian, on the living forces of nature. He rightly thought that education does not consist in smothering the original expressions of youth but rather in developing them. He did not want the educator to be a tyrant or an inexorable drill-sergeant but to be rather the collaborator of the child, instructing it how to rule and perfect itself; for in the true Christian sense liberty (not to be confounded with license) is simply a capability bestowed upon a creature of working out its own perfection under the influence of grace.

The Trials of a Prison Chaplain.

The last three-quarters of a century has produced many changes in the social life and institutions of our European countries, but perhaps the most radical change of all has taken place in regard to our prison systems. Even during the fifties of last century, the conditions of our gaols and prison institutes was a disgrace to civilisation, and an incomprehensible state of affairs in a world that had enjoyed the teaching of Christianity for almost 1,900 years.

What was true of other countries was equally true of Italy and especially of Piedmont—the province in which the holy priest, Fr. Joseph Cafasso, beatified during the recent Jubilee Year, exercised a fruitful apostolate of charity.

Blessed Joseph Cafasso was not officially a Prison Chaplain; he was a Seminary Rector and Professor and in that capacity alone would have had enough worry and occupation to justify his employment of odd hours of leisure in more pleasurable pursuits. But Joseph Cafasso was a saint and had all the saint's ardour for the prosecution of works of charity in each and every way that presented itself, and his apostolate led him to many queer places.

His work in the prisons of Turin was what he would have called his hobby and the inmates of those dreary and miserable institutions were his special "pets", the objects of a heroic patience and tireless zeal.

The conditions under which these unfortunates had to drag out their lives made a deep impression on the sensitive soul of Don Cafasso. However far they had wandered from the straight path they were still the sons of God and could not be left thus to corrupt and rot, uncared-for and unthought-of, in those schools of iniquity and vice (the true designation of the governmental penal institutes of the time). The good priest openly deplored the faulty prison system that produced results so detrimental to individuals and to civil society, and his strong condemnatory words, uttered in season and out of season and in the hearing of high officials, were the harbinger of a much needed prison reform which was eventually effected and with beneficent results.

Nothing could keep Blessed Cafasso from

his self-imposed work amongst the prisoners of Turin though in itself it was anything but a pleasurable occupation. The moral perversion of some of the inmates was calculated to produce in the soul of any visitor feelings indeed of pity, but combined with a profound disgust. Their surroundings were horrid and repellent; they were huddled together like wild beasts, angered, embittered, and suffering often from the acute pangs of hunger that found vent in blasphemy and oaths and a snarling abuse of every form of authority. The stench in the prisoners' quarters was almost insupportable; their cells or dungeons were infested with vermin and insects, and many a time on returning home Fr. Cafasso had to change his clothing entirely before he could present himself to his friends. He accepted all however as the wages of his priesthood, and all these little discomforts only served to put him in the greatest of good humours.

Just to Keep in Form!

Living under a system in which there was no idea of reform the delinquents in the Turinese prisons took advantage of every opportunity that offered for keeping themselves expert in their old games of thieving and pilfering; and who more suitable as an object for these little professional practices than the good chaplain who came so often amongst them. Thus it was that the money reposing in the pockets of the latter was often surreptitiously extracted; the little packets of tobacco that he was in the habit of bringing for distribution amongst the prisoners would often find their way into the possession of one only individual; to retain the ownership even of his pocket-handkerchief was no easy task and he had to be continually supplying himself with new ones.

This heroic chaplain used to spend much of his time in devising means for the gaining of the hearts of these wretches, and he never went to visit them without taking eatables and other material comforts to them, and to their guards also, so that the latter might treat them better. Pounds and pounds of tobacco he distributed amongst them, and especially snuff, for on remarking one day

to one of the guards that the walls of the cells all round, to the height of about two and a half yards, were devoid of the plaster coating that had once been there, he was informed that many of the inmates, desperate in their craving for the snuff that they could no longer obtain, were in the habit of pulling the plaster off the walls and grinding it down to take the place of the much-desired tobacco.

One day, amongst other things, he had caused the prisoners to be regaled with beau-

tiful ripe cherries. They accepted the fruit willingly enough and enjoyed them while they lasted; but when they had eaten them all and there was nothing else to be done, they gathered the cherry-stones and, just for a joke! pelted their good-natured and thoughtful benefactor with them. One of the prisoners, less debased than the others, commenced to reprove his fellows for their coarse and ungrateful proceeding, but Don Cafasso stopped him with the words; "Let them alone, poor things! their amusements in here are but few. I am glad if this sort of things makes them happy, and, after all, it does me no harm".



Blessed Joseph Cafasso in the Turin Prisons.

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Courting Death.

Mgr. Bertagna, in his depositions during the Beatification process for Don Cafasso, declared that during the ministrations of

a desire to make his confession and had the chaplain called to his bedside. Don Cafasso was with him immediately, but he soon saw by the agitation and suppressed excitement of the man that he was dealing with no ordinary sick patient. It may even be that by means of that extraordinary intuition with which saintly men are sometimes endowed that he had some inkling of the man's real intent. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the words he used and the considerations he put before the malingerer were so much to the point and wrought such a revolution in the wretch's sentiments that he openly confessed what he had intended to do and drew forth and exhibited the weapon with which the deed had to be accomplished.

On another occasion a strong-limbed individual got hold of the priest with both hands by the throat and half seriously and

half facetiously exclaimed: "Look here! if I wanted to, I could eat you as I would a bowl of salad". Blessed Joseph did not resist in the least and when the man had let him go replied smilingly: "In that way you would do little honour to your appetite for I would make but a sorry mouthful".

One day, during the Winter of 1841, another prisoner, simulating repentance and pretending to yield to the exhortations of the holy priest, expressed a wish to make his confession, but saying he was not prepared just at the moment invited the chaplain to come again at a certain fixed hour. True to his appointment Don Cafasso passed through the large gates of the Senatorial Prison at the hour agreed upon and commenced to walk along one side of the prison yard. He had not gone very far however when there descended upon him from one of the windows of that part in which his *penitent* friend resided a shower of some evil-smelling liquid so that his hat and soutane were completely soaked and practically ruined. Don Cafasso understood immediately the brutal trick that had been played upon him but determined to carry on in his quest of a soul as though nothing had happened. He went back and borrowed a mantle and some other clothing from the warder at the gate, then he proceeded on his way to the upper storey where the trickster was detained. Smiling and affable as ever, he entered the cell where the prisoner was, and the latter at the sight of his imperturbability and his readiness to suffer both insult and injury in pursuit of his sacred calling broke into tears, asked for pardon of his unworthy act and ended up by making a sincere confession.

The Friend of the Condemned.

Don Cafasso's fame as apostle of the prisons was great, but he was known especially for his assiduity and success in assisting those who had been condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. On returning to Turin once after a short absence, he was informed that a prisoner had been executed whilst he was away and that he had gone to the gallows unrepentant and defying all authority, human and divine. Blessed Joseph went immediately and prostrating himself before the Blessed Sacrament, offered himself as the minister and confessor of those condemned to death, and asked for the conversion of all such whom he would assist at the gallows. And that prayer of

his must have been heard, for of the close on seventy whom he assisted not one went to his death without making a sincere confession, though some of them, indeed, during their lawless careers had been veritable monsters of iniquity.

The most notorious criminal whom Don Cafasso had the happiness of converting before his execution was a certain Piero Mottino. This individual had deserted from the famous bersagliere regiment in the Piedmontese army and had become the captain of a troop of brigands who invested the country for many a day (1).

The Bersagliere of Candia he was known as, and owing to a certain kind of Dick Turpin chivalry with which he accomplished his lawless acts he became a sort of hero in the eyes of the country people who still tell of his deeds of daring and cunning. Murderer and robber he was, but assisted by Don Cafasso he went repentant to the gallows. At the same time, though conquered by grace and acknowledging the justice of his sentence, his physical courage did not desert him at the thought of his approaching fate. He was a true bersagliere to the end, and at the foot of the gallows asked his confessor for leave to perform some feats of agility and athletic skill for the benefit of the public. Blessed Joseph saw no reason to refuse such a request: the performance, naturally, in such circumstances made a peculiar impression on those who witnessed it, but justice had to be done, and the Bersagliere of Candia, 26 years of age and still full of the vigour of early manhood was launched into eternity to meet his Judge.

Another criminal executed at that time and one with whom Fr. Cafasso had to battle long and patiently before gaining his heart was a certain Francis Delpero, who, considering the number of murders he had committed and the ferocity he had displayed in attacking his victims had seemed to be more of a wild beast than a human being.

The more the Blessed Servant of God

(1) Nimbleness was and still is the characteristic feature of the famous Italian *bersaglieri*. All their exercises are done at the double; their ordinary pace along the line of march is twice as swift as that of other corps. At the time of which we write the discipline was much more severe than it is at the present day: there were no doors, for instance, in the barracks, and the soldiers had to effect an entrance to their quarters by scaling a wall or climbing up a rain-pipe or in any other way that their resourcefulness might suggest.

pleaded with him, the more hardened he seemed to become. And in the end he was about to throw himself furiously upon the defenceless chaplain and so add one more to the long list of his victims when the good priest calmly and tranquilly held his crucifix aloft and exclaimed: "I count for nothing; but He—He is everything!" Delpero drew back and lowered his hands and his head; he was conquered at last and sought reconciliation with his Creator before his execution which took place shortly afterwards in the Piazza d'Armi.

* * *

Glorious Catholic Church which can raise up apostles at all times and for all needs! Don Cafasso was a hero of charity in whatever capacity we find him, and his occupations were legion; but this prison work of his, voluntarily undertaken, and pursued perseveringly for years, his cheerful serenity under the most harrowing and nauseating circumstances, his shining singleness of purpose—for, humanly speaking, far from his having anything to gain, those prison pets of his were a great drain on his resources—all this shows us clearly to what heights of sanctity Don Cafasso had attained, how absorbed he was in his priestly ministry, how well he had learnt from his Master the value of a human soul.

Spring Cleaning.

"Spring is returning"; we feel the truth of the old song in our blood, those of us who are young; and those of us who are old (and rheumy!) feel the same glad truth, a little more pungently perhaps, in our bones. We feel as though we had just wakened up from a long Winter lethargy, and the energy that has come suddenly upon us with the first pale rays of a springtime sun is quite extraordinary and unaccountable. We feel as though nothing could stop us; we want to conquer worlds old and new, spiritual and temporal; but, at the very least, if we cannot just at the moment, owing to family ties, set out in quest of Golden Fleece No. 2, or if it is now too late to paddle our way on

foot to Rome to gain the Jubilee Indulgence (pity this spring sun did not come out before Christmas!)—why! the next best thing to do is to have a good clean up! that's it—a good spring-clean! We must work, and though one swallow does not make a Summer, we know that one good Spring-clean makes a good, clean Spring and we shall feel orderly, neat and tidy all during the season.

Spring-cleaning, you know, is just a practical application of the old adage "Charity begins at home". Spring-cleaning and charity—there is a connection you see! I know you have been wondering what the object was of these apparently aimless remarks, but you do see it now, don't you?

We knew beforehand, you know, about this exhilarating Spring energy and how you would reason it all out; but, (lovers of the Preventive System that we are!) we wanted to prevent your doing anything rash whilst operating under this new influence. It goes without saying that in this energetic Spring cleaning mood you will be throwing away all sorts of old things: pots and pans, old clothes, old boots, and, who knows? perhaps also in your reckless energy—old banknotes, old dollar-bills, those dirty old bits of paper, you know, that you would no longer have the courage to present to anyone in the ordinary way of business. Now, don't do it, we pray you! Don't throw them heedlessly away! We can use up all kinds of old things, from old false teeth, downwards, for the benefit of our Missions and charitable works, but we have a swift and unique process for turning those old notes to good account. Therefore, gentle reader, pause awhile—put those old scraps of paper into an envelope—an old one if you like—address it: Fr. Ph. Rinaldi—Ven Don Bosco's Successor, you know—same address as on page 48. Ah! that's done! It is good to get rid of these old things at this time of the year, isn't it?

Charity begins at home, but that charity is the more perfect that can wander far abroad to succour the widow and the orphan, to provide a father or a teacher for neglected youth, that can interest itself in bringing the wild savage of plain or forest into the One, True Fold of Christ.

The Holy House of Loretto.

As Catholics we are not bound to give the same credence to the tradition in favour of Genazzano, Loretto, Lourdes etc.,—as we are, for instance, to the Apostles' Creed; our Faith lays no strict obligation on us at all in these matters; but at the same time as reasonable beings we are precluded from definitely disbelieving in them, and still more from ridiculing them, until we have given a fair hearing to the arguments in their support. The Catholic Church does not allow devotions to be practised publicly which have not something solid to be said in their favour. An unbeliever may, consistently with his unbelief, deny the possibility of miracles at all. A Christian can only logically deny a particular miracle by disproving, on its own demerits, its claim to credibility.

To tell the story of the Holy House of Loretto briefly: In the early morning of the 10th. May, 1291, some peasants discovered, between Fiume and Tersatto, on a small fiat-topped hill, a house set down without anything in the nature of foundations, and from their intimate knowledge of every foot of the country around they knew that such a structure had not been there before. Closer inspection proved it to be a modest dwelling-house half converted into a shrine, and within were to be seen household utensils, a chimney place, an altar and an image (oriental in design), sculptured in wood, of the Mother and Child. The stone walls were covered with a layer of plaster on which as on the roof, were artistic designs. The building was oblong, possessed of but one door and one small window.

The peasants hastened with the news of their discovery to Duke Nicholas Frangipani, Viceroy of Dalmatia, Istria and Croatia, and Lord of Fiume and Tersatto. On the way however they informed the Parish Priest of Tersatto, who would have visited the shrine immediately but was unable to do so owing to the serious illness from which he was then suffering. His ardent desire was satisfied, however, for Our Lady appeared to him and told him that the house in question was indeed that of Nazareth, the very one in which she had lived and which had been revered as a Sanctuary from apostolic times. She restored him immediately to

health and soon after, at the instance of the Governor and with the approval of the saintly pontiff, Innocent V, and the reigning emperor Rudolph I, he was chosen, because of his piety and prudence, with three others, to visit the site of the Holy House in Palestine, and there to institute enquiries, take measurements, etc. This mission they fulfilled with comparative ease owing to their high credentials and the Duke's munificence. The dimensions corresponded and the handful of Christians whom they found near Nazareth informed the delegates that the house had been missed on the very morning when it was first observed on the hill of Raunizza. They then examined the foundations and the ruins of the Empress Helena's Basilica, as also the cave, truly Syrian in style, with which the house had been connected. On their return to Europe they sealed their testimony with a solemn oath and a great impulse was given to devotion at the Shrine.

Before following the "Santa Casa" on its second wonderful journey from the shores of the Gulf of Garnero, across the Adriatic, a distance of about 140 miles—to its present neighbourhood, some ten miles south of Ancona, a few words on its history in the Holy Land, before its journeyings began, will render this account less incomplete. The ungrateful treatment shown to Our Lord when He returned to preach in the Synagogue of His native town—"the Flower of Galilee"—will be remembered. This hostility seems to have been extended to the Christians of the early ages of the Church, and Nazareth continued a bigoted stronghold of Judaism. This very fact, in the Providence of God, protected the Holy House from the desecration, at pagan hands, that had befallen the holy places known to be Christian centres. In the year 345, when St. Helena visited Palestine, the population was entirely Jewish, though the Christians paid the "Santa Casa" furtive though not infrequent visits. The Saint had a costly Basilica built over it which was visited forty years later by St. Jerome and his companions. A pilgrim of the year 1102 tells us that he found the shrine in a state of desolation—the work of Saracen hands. In the year 1219 we find St. Francis of Assisi on his way to

Nazareth whither he was followed thirty years later by St. Louis, King of France. The year 1263 witnessed the complete destruction of the Basilica by Birbars, the Sultan of Babylon, but the jewel which it enshrined "The Holy House" remained intact. The greed of the infidel was stronger than his fanaticism: if the Christian pilgrim could only pay his way handsomely he might still perform his devotions unmolested. And so the "Santa Casa" was allowed to stand. But God had other plans for its preservation, and hence its transfer by the hands of angels just some days before the crushing defeat of Acre, in 1291, brought about the expulsion of the Christians from Palestine and closed that sad chapter of history known as the Crusades.

But this is retrospect. We had reached the point where the Holy House had crossed the Adriatic and was deposited in a wood near Recanati. It had remained at Tersatto for three years and some months. This second translation was seen by witnesses who attested to the prodigies accompanying it; and, certainly, if it was indeed the house in which Joseph and Mary had lived with their Christ-child, what wonder that a heavenly light should shine from it, or that the very trees should bow in reverence as it passed on its onward way!

Pilgrims soon flocked to the new site, but those were troublous times and the pilgrimage groups were often preyed upon by bands of brigands whose operations were favoured by the Guelph and Ghibelline feuds then in vogue. At any rate, after but four months' stay the little house was removed mysteriously to a safer situation on a hill a thousand paces distant from the wood. The ground it had left retained its impress and was subsequently enclosed. But the two young nobles, brothers, to whom the hill belonged became possessed of a mercenary spirit, and seemed to have quarrelled over the proceeds of the Sanctuary. They showed themselves unworthy of the high favour they had received; it was soon withdrawn, and the sacred edifice took up its present position, about one mile from the shores of the Adriatic. The name "Loretto" is derived from the name (Laureta) of the lady on whose estate it finally rested.

The people of Tersatto mourned for their Madonna. When they discovered its new resting place they flocked to reverence it. The prayer that they made before it is touching in its simplicity: "Torna, torna a noi"

they prayed, "bella Signora, con la tua casa". (Return to us, return to us, O beautiful Lady, along with thy house). This is not the conduct of impostors who had been outwitted by rival rogues wishing to divert the offerings of the credulous to another "bogus" sanctuary!

* * *

The story now lies in outline before the reader. The proof of it rests mainly on



The Basilica which contains the Holy House of Loreto.

tradition, and (to a Catholic) on the supernatural results. There is little, if any, direct contemporary written evidence. But the argument from silence (*ex silentio*) is inconclusive: in the correspondence of a famous letter-writer resident in London during the Great Plague no mention can be found of that disaster. There is the monument (the shrine) at Loreto to be accounted for; and there is the tradition to be accepted or justly explained away.

The archives of Recanati in which should be inscribed the depositions of the sixteen delegates who visited Tersatto and Recanati and found all particulars to tally have not yet been unearthed.

The earliest extant account is by Peter Teremano, guardian of the Santa Casa in 1460. He states amongst other things that a witness deposed to him how his grandfather, whose memory just covered a century had told him that he (the grandfather) had seen the "House" in the wood at Recanati. The Bulls of Paul II (1464 and 1471) speak of the House of Our Lady at Loretto. But Flavius Blondus who wrote 1430=40 is a better witness. He speaks of the shrine as being the most celebrated in Italy. Now it must have owed this to some cause. Tradition assigns an adequate cause and a likely date.

But even had never a word been put on paper about the shrine of Loretto, the *phenomenon* exists. A stately basilica, enriched by the piety of generations, contains, concealed from the outside, it is true, by marble slabs, a small house, the rough walls of which are visible from the interior. It was once argued very triumphantly by the late Dean Stanley, that since the house of Loretto was made of bricks, and there is no brick in use in Nazareth, that therefore the house could never have been built there. Had he only scraped the wall he would have solved his own objection. A thin layer of cement of which one of the ingredients is volcanic powder from the neighbourhood (hence the reddish hue) conceals stones bound together by more cement. Clement VII, who, by the way, had sent three prelates to investigate the story of the shrine and its wanderings, and who, when the Church was threatened by the Turks from without, and by the "Reformer" from within, visited it himself in 1533, had this outer plaster laid on to protect the original masonry from the indiscreet devotion of pilgrims. And Cardinal Bartolini, after visiting Nazareth and bringing thence specimens of stones and cement, obtained leave to chip portions from the shrine and submit these two fragments—along with two similar specimens from Nazareth, all numbered for his own guidance, to an eminent Roman analyst. All four were pronounced to be a kind of limestone and substantially alike. An opponent may urge that the stones for the Casa Santa were brought from Palestine just as soil was for the Campo Santo. Well, if this is so, so was the cement. It also proved to be a variety peculiar to the neighbourhood of Nazareth. So stones—and cement—will sometimes speak!

* * *

Here we have the body of the evidence. Is it strong enough to warrant a reasonable Christian, apart from his trust in the guidance of the Church outside matters purely dogmatic, apart from his respect for the memory of forty-eight Pontiffs—from Nicholas IV to Pius XI—who have publicly shown their belief in it, apart from all this, is such a one warranted in reverencing the "Santa Casa" as the home of the Holy Family, the "oikiskos" of which the Greek, Phocas, speaks in 1183 and to which the Archimandrite Daniel refers seventy years earlier? The reader must decide.

But in coming to a decision we must bear in mind that the true historical faculty does not consist in doubting in all cases in which our assent is not overwhelmingly compelled. Such a frame of mind is censured by Professor Ramsay as being "critical" in opposition to "historical". Such a spirit let loose on the annals of the world would play sad havoc with much that is really reliable. Rather we should be reasonably disposed to admit whatever comes with good credentials, and beware of allowing our wish to disbelieve be the cause of our giving undue preponderance to objections or of failing to attach due importance to the less strong portions of the proof. Accumulative evidence—documents, monuments, tradition—all taken together must decide the question and we must leave the balance free to swing to the side of truth.

Whoever rejects the legend entirely must find some other way of accounting for the presence on the banks of the Adriatic of a house typically Syrian in style—witness its small door and window, characteristic of houses built in countries with warm summers and chilly winters, whose inmates live mostly in the open and consider a house to be only a retreat from the heat of the sun, warm winds and night mists—and composed of stone and cement indistinguishable from those of Nazareth. This and the devotion of ages require explanation.

A French writer (Milochau) speaking of this very subject makes an apposite remark with which we may conclude. He says that the state of the case leaves him only the choice between miracles: either he must admit that the laws of nature have been for a time interfered with in the miraculous translation of the House—or that the laws of reason have been upset and the very notion of the trustworthiness of human testimony destroyed. He prefers the former.

The Kingship of Christ.

A Few Passages from the Encyclical "Quas Primas."

"St. Cyril of Alexandria, writing on this subject, (Christ's sovereignty) point out the basis for the royal dignity and power of Christ when he says:

'He obtained the dominion over every creature not by force nor because of mere external reasons, but because of His very essence and nature'. What he affirms is that the Royalty of Christ is founded solely on that admirable union in Him of two natures which we call the Hypostatic Union. From which truth it follows that Jesus Christ must not only be adored by angels and men as God, but that they must be subject to and obey Him as well, because He is Man: it is by reason of the fact of the Hypostatic Union, and that alone, that Christ has power over all creatures. What thought could be more beautiful and more inspiring than that Christ rules over us, not only by right of birth but also by right of conquest, brought about by His redemption of mankind? God desired forgetful man to recall at what a great price we were bought by Our Saviour. 'Knowing that you were not redeemed with corruptible things as gold or silver, from your vain conversation of the tradition of your fathers: But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled'.—(I. Peter i., 18-19). We, therefore, no longer belong to ourselves alone, for Christ has bought us at the highest possible price. Our bodies too are members of Christ.

"We now wish to outline the nature and importance of this supremacy of Christ. It consists of a threefold power, of which if even one element were missing, it would no longer contain the idea of a true and real supremacy. The text of the Sacred Scriptures that treat of the universal empire of Our Redeemer superabundantly prove what We have said. It is a dogma of faith that men have been given Jesus Christ as a Redeemer in Whom they must believe and a lawmaker Whom they must obey. The Holy Gospels not only tell us that Christ promulgated laws, but they also present Him in the very act of making them. Under different circumstances and in different words the Divine Master affirms that whosoever will keep His commandments gives proof thereby of loving Him and will remain in

His love. Christ Himself affirmed in the presence of the Jews, who had accused Him of having violated the Sabbath by curing the paralytic, that the Father had given Him judicial power. 'For neither doth the Father judge any man, but hath given all judgment to the Son.'—(John V., 22). By this we must understand that He had the right also of rewarding and punishing men even during their lives since this inheres in the power of judging. Executive power must equally be attributed to Christ, since it is necessary for all to obey His commands, and for none to escape them without meeting the punishments He established.

His Kingdom Chiefly a Spiritual One.

"That this Kingdom is principally a spiritual one and to it belong spiritual things, the passages of the Holy Bible referred to above show, and Jesus Christ Himself confirms by His deeds. On various occasions when the Jews and the Apostles themselves believed falsely that the Messiah would free the people and establish the Kingdom of Israel, He sought to dispel this vain hope from their minds. When He was about to be proclaimed King by the multitude that admiringly crowded about Him, He declined the title and honour, and retiring hid Himself in the desert. Finally, He announced before the Roman Consul that His Kingdom 'was not of this earth'. In the Gospels this Kingdom is presented in the following manner: Men must prepare themselves to enter therein by means of penance and they cannot enter except through faith and through the Sacrament of Baptism, which, though an external rite, signifies and produces interior grace. This Kingdom is opposed only to the Kingdom of Satan and the powers of darkness. It requires from its subjects not only that their souls be detached from riches and worldly things; that they rule their lives, and that they hunger and thirst after justice, but also that they renounce themselves and take up their cross. Who does not see royal dignity in the spiritual character of Christ as Redeemer founding the Church by His blood, and of Christ as Priest offering Himself forever as a sacrifice of propitiation for the sins of men.

"Moreover, since Christ has received from the Father an absolute right over all created things, so that they all are subject to His will, they would err grievously who would take from the Christ-Man power over all temporal things. Yet, because on earth He abstained completely from exercising that power and despised possessions and the care of worldly things, so He has permitted and permits rightful possession of them, but He commands that the possessors must serve

when united in society than as single individuals, He alone is the source of individual and public welfare. 'Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is no other name under heaven given to men, whereby we must be saved'.—(Acts iv., 12). He alone is the Author of prosperity and true happiness both in individual citizens and in States. 'The duties of the blessed city and the duties of man are no different; for the city is no other than a concourse of men'.



In the Congo the Missionary is Physician of both Soul and Body.

Him. The words 'He does not take from us mortal things Who bestows upon us heavenly Kingdoms' are well adapted to show this. The dominion of the Redeemer embraces, therefore, all men, as was said in the words of Our Predecessor of lasting memory, Leo XIII., which We here make Our own: 'The Empire of Christ extends not only over Catholic peoples and over those who, reborn in the fount of Baptism, belong by right to the Church, even though error has driven them far and dissension has separated them from the bond of love; it embraces even those who do not enjoy the Christian Faith, so that all mankind is under the power of Jesus Christ'.

"Nor is any distinction made between individuals, the home, or civil society, since men are no less under the power of Christ

If the heads of nations wish for the safety of their governments and the growth and progress of their country, they must not refuse to give, together with their people, public testimony of reverence and obedience to the empire of Christ. What We said at the beginning of Our Pontificate about the breakdown of the principle of authority and of respect for government may fittingly be said again: 'They have driven Jesus Christ'. We then lamented, 'out of laws and public affairs'. Authority suddenly appears to be something derived not from God but from men, and consequently its foundations totter. Forgotten the First Cause, there is no reason why one should command and another obey. From this error indeed come those widespread disturbances in society when it rests no longer upon its natural foundations.

SALESIAN NOTES AND NEWS

Battersea, London. Battersea may be congratulated on the very successful meeting of the

Old Boys' Association connected with the School, which was held on Sunday, Jan. 3rd. There was a record "gathering of the clans" on this occasion; over one hundred and twenty were present besides several visitors representing the various Salesian Schools in the Anglo-Hibernian Province. The afternoon was devoted to a football match, Past versus Present. The weather was dull but good playing weather; the majority of the boys were still on holiday, so the Present were taken rather at a disadvantage; the result of the match was a win for the Past by seven goals to three.

After Tea all assembled in the School Chapel for Solemn Benediction, and this was followed by the Annual General Meeting of the Association when after a few words of welcome extended to all by Father Provincial, Mr D. Dempsey was unanimously elected chairman.

Bro. Vincent read the Annual Report which among other encouraging items showed a substantial increase in the numbers of the Association. The outstanding event of the year was the Grand Concert held last November in the Town Hall, Fulham. The Committee had held ten meetings during the past ten months. The work accomplished shows that the Rev. Secretary and his colleagues had spared no pains to make the year a successful one from every point of view.

Bro. Vincent expressed regret that Fr. Poggio, owing to his Sunday duties could not continue his work on the Committee, and the same was also the case with Mr Julliard whose business had taken him to France for a lengthy period. Bro. Vincent also said how grieved all of them had been on hearing of the death of Mr. Felix Gumbley to whom the Association owed so much for his work on its behalf especially during the early and difficult days of re-organisation. With characteristic kindness, too, he had remembered them even in his will and had left his typewriter for the use of the Old Boys' Secretary. Mass had been offered for the repose of his soul on Oct. 28th. With hardly less regret, continued Bro.

Vincent, he had to inform them of the recent death of another member of the Association, Mr. Dan Sheen, an Old Boy of East-Hill. Mass would be said for the repose of his soul that week. The Holy Sacrifice had been offered for all deceased members on Armistice Day.

The Secretary then went on to show how an active and interesting programme had been drawn up for the present year and he is very keen on having the names and addresses of all Old Boys who have got out of touch with the School during recent years. Amongst the more attractive events already scheduled to take place we note especially a Dance after Lent, the Midsummer Reunion and a Concert in October.

On the whole, and considering its present flourishing and progressive state the Association need have no fears for the future; indeed within a few years it is likely to rival some of our most successful branches.

Fr. Brown, received with cheers, proposed the election of a Secretary, Treasurer and five members of the Committee to take the place of those who had resigned or who had completed their term of office, and he proposed Bro. Vincent for re-election as Secretary. Bro. Vincent and Mr. C. T. Davies (Treasurer) were re-elected, as were also Mr. B. Mc Court and Mr. F. Davies; the new members were Capt. T. Butler, Mr. T. Monahan and Mr. J. Reynolds.

At seven o'clock a company of about one hundred and fifty met for dinner in the large refectory of the School. A flashlight photograph was taken of the company, and there was another innovation in the presence of an orchestra under Rev. Bro. Hondermark which executed an excellent programme of music during the course of the dinner.

After the loyal toasts proposed by Fr. Provincial, the Rector, Very Rev. Fr. McCarthy rose to congratulate the Association on its prosperity and prospects. He had hoped to see amongst their visitors that evening one who would be well known to the very old members of the Association, Rev. Fr. Biebuyck (cheers) who had been with them but recently celebrating the Silver Jubilee of his Priesthood. He had spent a very happy Christmas with them, but previous arrangements had prevented his remaining

for the Reunion and he had left for Turin on the previous day. Further toasts were proposed by the Rector, Mr. B. McCourt, and Fr. Brown. The latter informed the company that Fr. Provincial would be leaving England on January 8th in order to visit the Salesian Houses in Africa. He was proceeding to the Congo on a special mission for the Belgian Government, and business on behalf of the Congregation would also necessitate his making a tour in Rhodesia. He would be pleased to convey their greetings to the Old Boys' Associations in that distant land, and asked for their prayers so that his business especially in Rhodesia, might be attended with success.

After supper a Smoking Concert was held in the School Hall; the principal items of entertainment were contributed by Fr. Mc Carthy, Fr. Smith, Brother Dunstan, Messrs A. Healey and Lloyd, Mr. Dan Dempsey, Dr. A. Byrne Quinn, Mr. B. Brophy, Mr. J. Kenny. Fr. Couche presided at the piano.



Salesian For the Feast of St. Francis of Sales the usual studious atmosphere of the Theological Seminary was enlivened by the final sessions of a Missionary Congress that had been organised by the clerics of the institute. H. E. Cardinal Cagliero and Very Rev. Don Rinaldi were the Hon. Presidents of the undertaking and Mgr. Luigi Olivares, S. C. Bishop of Sutri and Nepi presided as President of the Executive Committee over the three principal assemblies of the Congress.

Under the management of the above Committee, chosen from the Senior Theologians, the principal themes proposed for the Congress had been discussed and voted upon in the preliminary meetings held during the preceding weeks, all in preparation for the final sessions to be held during these three days. The themes were three, and each would be treated of in a separate session.

On the evening of the first day, the Feast of St. Francis of Sales, after Solemn Vespers and Benediction, the Congress was solemnly opened by Mgr. Olivares in the large Conference Hall of the Seminary which had been richly decorated for the occasion. His Lordship was supported by the Rector and Professors of the Seminary and many visitors

were present from other Institutes and Colleges.

The proceedings opened with a stirring Missionary Hymn, the words and music of which had been composed by the theologians themselves. Then followed the reading of the first paper, "The Priest as a Missionary", the proposals made in regard to the theme, the taking of the vote and the reading of various letters of support that had been received from the Houses of North and South America. A musical selection was contributed by the French Colony during the interval. At the conclusion of the sessional meeting lantern slides were shown of the pioneer Missionaries of Patagonia and a short account of the work accomplished by each one was given by a stalwart theologian from that distant clime.

The second day of the Congress was "Eucharistic Day". From early morning the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the Public Chapel adjoining the Seminary, in order to invoke God's blessing and protection on our Missions, and the constant stream of worshippers visiting the chapel throughout the day was a significant indication of the widespread interest taken in Don Bosco's Missions. At that day's session, besides Mgr. Olivares, there were also present the Superior General and the Prefect General of the Salesians, as well as the Superiors from all the Houses in and around Turin, including the Missionary Training Colleges of Ivrea, Penango and Foglizzo.

During the morning session an interesting paper was read on the second theme of the Congress: "The Salesian as a Missionary"; then followed the discussion and vote, and the reading of many encouraging letters from the Houses of Italy and the German Province. The intervals were enlivened with musical items rendered by the choirs of the Polish, Slav and Brazilian Colonies. A telegram was read from the Holy Father who sent his blessing to the congressionists and all their supporters. Blessings and congratulations were also received from Their Eminences Cardinal Cagliero and Cardinal Maffi, from His Grace the Archbishop of Turin and from almost all the suffragan bishops of Piedmont.

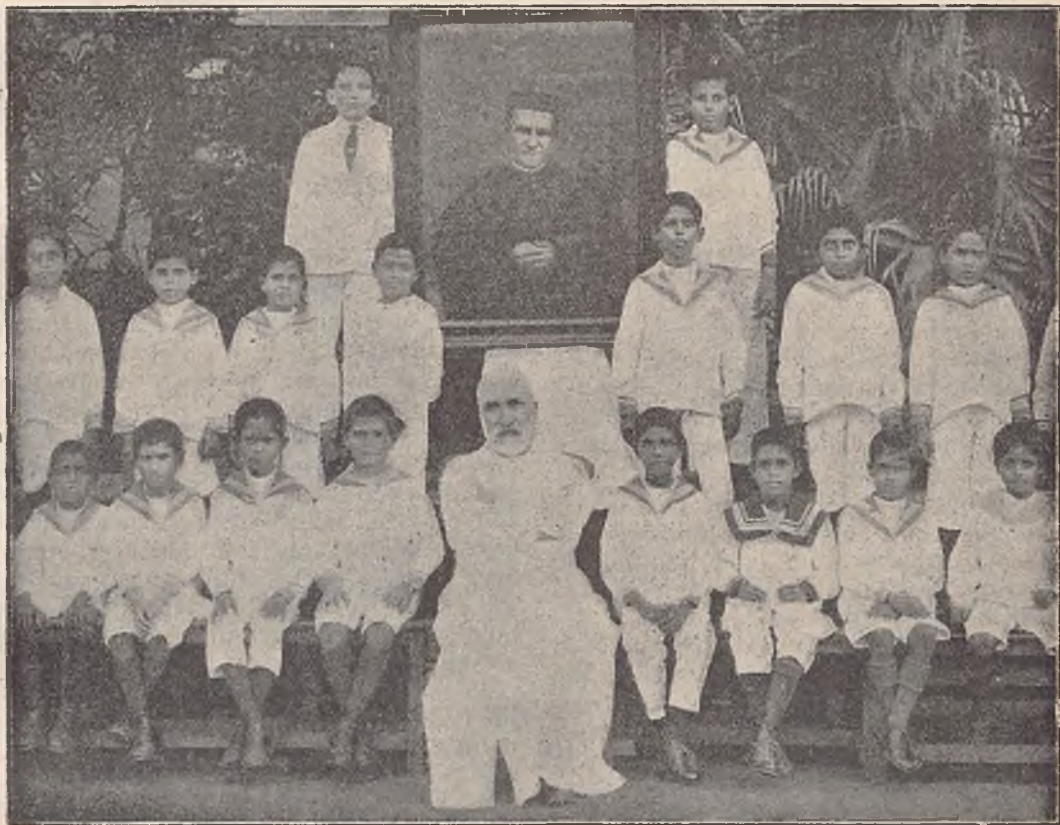
The final session was held that evening, the principal paper being that on the "Salesian Missions". The musical programme was sustained this time by the German, Spanish and Italian clerics; letters were read from the Spanish and English Provinces

and the screen was again requisitioned in order to depict the efforts of our first Missionaries in Brazil, the Congo and China. "Eucharistic Day" was brought to a close by Pontifical Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Next day, Sunday, was the last day of the Congress and coincided with the annual commemoration of Ven. Don Bosco. Pon-

Mylapore, India. The following generous tribute was paid by a Madras contemporary "The Catholic Leader" to the memory of the late Fr. Tomatis, S. C.

"With profound sorrow we record the untimely death of the Very Rev. Father George Tomatis, S. C., Superior of the San Thome Orphanage, which occurred on the



Fr. Tomatis S. C. with the Orphans of San Thome.

tifical High Mass was sung in the Seminary Chapel by Mgr. Olivares and later, on in the morning Lawyer Masera, President of the Old Boys Association gave a stirring address on the progress of Salesian Missions. The theatre was thronged with distinguished guests for the occasion—the Consuls of the various nations represented at the Seminary being amongst the number.

In the evening Don Lemoyne's famous five-act drama "Patagonia" brought the Missionary Congress fittingly to a close.

The Acts of this important Congress, the resolutions taken and proposals made are being printed and will soon be ready for distribution.

25th of November in St Martha's Hospital, Bangalore, after a very brief illness. His mortal remains were brought down to San Thome, the scene of his many-sided activities, where amidst his sorrowing orphans and a vast concourse of clergy and laity he was laid to rest.

Father Tomatis was a real father to his orphans; he was all in all to his boys for whom he ever manifested a singular disinterested love and paternal sympathy. He had a special gift of understanding the character of each and every one of them. His supreme happiness was to be in the midst of his children during their recreation, studies and boyish games. His influence

over them was something extraordinary, almost magnetic; his mere presence was enough to keep the lads, naturally unruly and prone to mischief, in perfect trim. No disorder or breach of rule was possible when Fr. Tomatis was present; it was not the fear of the man that kept them in order, but rather a reverential and filial love which he inspired in them by his genial and suave manners. This was the dominant note in his method of training his boys, the key to the Ven. Don Bosco's system of education which he imbibed in his early days when he came under the spell of that Great Lover and Character-Builder of youth. He would take infinite pains to make his boys happy; to touch them was to touch the apple of his eye. The material he had to work upon was not very encouraging but he was satisfied with what Providence gave him and set himself with all the optimism he could command to make of these orphans useful members of State and Church. His paternal solicitude was not confined to the four walls of the orphanage alone, but also extended to his past pupils for hundreds of whom he was able to provide a decent start in life.

Within the space of 16 years that he laboured in San Thome he increased the number of orphans from 40 to 180 and he would have even doubled this number had he not been handicapped for want of accommodation. The Don Bosco's Hall which serves as the refectory and study hall of the Institute is a standing memorial to his indefatigable energy. Not satisfied with this, he was planning the erection of another pile of buildings to harbour more orphans. With regard to his administrative capacity, his Lordship the Bishop of Mylapore had unstinted praise, for he used to say that Fr. Tomatis' administration was excellent. Often his path was beset with sore trials and disappointments that would have discouraged any other man gifted with less fortitude. But nothing daunted him nor perturbed his spirit. He had an unshakable trust in God that kept him at his post of duty with unflagging zeal and constancy. Practical, genial, humorous, he had an inexhaustible fund of stories and *bon mots* to brighten and cheer the life of his young charges and his occasional visitors.

His was entirely a priestly soul; a worthy son of the Ven. Don Bosco and one who lived up to the highest ideals of his Society. His religious advice was sought by everyone and as a preacher of retreats he was well known. Never a year passed without his being invited

to preach a retreat to some religious community or other in Southern India.

He was just entering upon his 61st year when the end came almost tragically. Even his friends were not aware of his illness when they heard that he was no more.

His name will ever be enshrined in the hearts of myriads of young boys and hundreds of poor widows whose father and benefactor he ever proved himself to be.

"Beatus qui intelligit super egenum et pauperem, in die mala liberabit eum Dominus".



Watsonville California.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception was a memorable day at St. Francis School, Watsonville, California. The celebration began the evening before with the baptism of ten convert pupils. On the morning of the feast itself Mass was celebrated at seven o'clock, and thirty-three boys made their first Communion. The other boys also received Holy Communion in a very devout and edifying manner. The spacious sanctuary was beautifully decked with flowers, and provided with seats to accommodate the first Communicants and the large number of altar boys. The entire scene was truly touching. No other occasion of first Communion at St. Francis' had ever been more orderly and impressive.

In the afternoon the boys were invited by the California Theatre of Watsonville to witness an educational moving picture which was enjoyed by all. In the evening Vespers were held and baptismal vows renewed, followed by Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

The whole day was spent in an atmosphere of entire happiness, and the remembrance of it will long be cherished by all.

* *

On November 24th, six of our scholastics at St. Francis' School made their religious profession in the Salesian Congregation. This brings the number of religious professions since October 7th, to fifteen.

*Donations for the propagation of Salesian works, and offerings in connection with "Graces and Favours" received, may be sent to: The Very Rev. Superior General
32, Via Cottolengo - TURIN 9 (Italy).*

NEWS FROM THE MISSIONS

An Apostolic Journey through Katanga, Congo.

By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph Suk, S. C.

Very Rev. Fr. Superior.

I have just returned from a round of visits to the Congo villages scattered over an area of some 300 kilometres between Elizabethville and Sakania, the first and last mission-posts founded by the Sons of Don Bosco in this part of Africa, and from Sakania I even ventured as far as Katala. Persuaded that you would be glad to have a brief outline of my fifteen day's evangelisation tour I am sending you an account firsthand.

The Congo Villages. - Two Porters Desert.

I set out on this journey on the 12th of last May with about twenty native porters to carry my tent and provisions for the trip. We were going towards the "unknown", you must know, and so certain little elementary precautions were not out of place. As far as the first villages were concerned Fr. Shillinger who has them under his care gave me minute advice as to the route I was to pursue, and, then, wishing me *bon voyage* he left me to the mercy of my porters on an almost indistinguishable track leading to the brushwood. Going by way of the villages Charavera, Kiluba, Mivebela and Lilefive we arrived at our first mission-post towards midday. I arranged that the natives should assemble together at a certain hour and just left myself time to pitch my tent, have a snack and prepare some instructions in Kibemba—a dialect with which I was not too familiar. About 3 o'clock, then, the *tam-tam* was beaten to call my flock towards the tent and very soon I had a good 250 around me all eager to join in the service. A hymn, a simple instruction on the essential truths of our holy religion, another hymn and then I dismissed my audience, intimating that night prayers would be at 6 o'clock and that I should have an announcement to make to them then. Dinner was the next item on the programme: Providence thinks of his own, and so does the Chief of Nivamba: chicken and eggs are brought for



Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. Suk, Prefect Apostolic
of Upper Luapula.

the Missionary and the porters are regaled with meat arachides and potatoes.

At night-prayers I reminded my parishioners that I counted on seeing all next morning at Holy Mass, which would be celebrated in the chapel they had built. Just a few of the women came and asked to be excused; it would not be wise to come out with their babies in the cold morning air; the little ones slung behind them on their backs would be certain to catch pneumonia during the long wait! I bowed before such excellent reasons; the people dispersed into the darkness, some of them belonging to other villages; and then my porters kindled a huge fire with wood from the neighbouring jungle where the Katanga lion prowls of a night in quest of prey.

After Mass in the morning, and a short instruction, in which I encouraged them all to persevere in their study of the catechism we prepared to take our departure. Only then I discovered that during the night one of our porters had deserted us. This was

serious, for porters are a precious commodity when travelling through the heart of Africa; each one represents the only means of transporting a certain amount of necessary baggage. Who was to take our man's place? Our little Mivamba catechist at once offered his services as far as the next mission-station, and so that being settled we were soon on our way again. The journey was a painful one, however, for tall reeds and intricate jungle grass hindered our progress and taxed our patience at every step. But notwithstanding this we reached Mulenga at 10 o'clock where we had a cordial reception. I gathered together my 74 catechumens and distributed medals to them; then I took down the names of some more neophytes and held a short catechism class for all. Mulenga has a goodish population; their chapel is not up to the one at Mivamba, but then one cannot expect too much from such a poor settlement.

Early on the morrow we were again on the way and plodding along our uncertain track. Passing through Hundaka we went on to Mwazabemba, Mfulwe and Kabalondo and during the course of the morning were able to call a halt at Kunkuta. This is a quaint village built in true native style and has a well chosen site. The visitor's first impressions are most favourable. I made my way to the chapel and what was my surprise to find a catechism class in full swing. All the children were gathered there; the chief Kunkuta was presiding and the village catechist was conducting the class. The chapel was quite a pretty one with little apertures in the walls made of clay, which allowed just sufficient light to enter to render the interior dim and cloister like. I put down my portable altar and got into conversation with the chief who was extremely affable and insisted on offering us hospitality at once.

I spent the afternoon in dressing the sores and wounds of the natives, some of them of a most repulsive nature. Then I gave a short instruction to the villagers and was afterwards introduced to three other chiefs from villages on the other side of the Kafubu under the spiritual care of Fr. Noel. I distributed 120 medals in this village and then set off again for the next station accompanied by the Catechist. One of my porters who had got into trouble with the police of Sakania on some former occasion could not persuade himself to go near the place again and he too decamped under cover of the

night. This was the only reason I could see for his desertion, for I had not pushed them too hard; 27 kilometres was the ordinary day's march and the load of each man diminished from day to day. In order to arrive at Titima we had to pass two swamps, the village Mutapila where I gave a short instruction and passing through Mulela we arrived at our destination on the stroke of twelve. The blacks, men, women, and children all came out to welcome me and began at once to show me their sores, all due to the "pain" a loathsome disease very prevalent amongst the natives. Without more ado I set to work; the whole afternoon was taken up with the care of the sick and diseased: one need not be a psychologist to see that my natives are more willing to hear of the charity of the Gospel after these little acts of fraternal attention.

Titima is a very important station; it is 74 kilometres from the Kafubu and is the last post touched so far in this direction by Fr. Shillinger. Its chapel is a very humble one, but useful for all that; it is the last one I shall meet with from now onwards. I have still about 200 kilometres to cover and all the villages *en route* are in my Prefecture. Poor flock! so numerous and needy and only two pastors to care for them!

I distributed at least 300 medals to the catechumens there and set to work again to bandage up sores and dispense medicines, for I must take what care I can of these poor unfortunates. Till late on in the night I worked but there were still some unattended; however, I had prepared large bottles of disinfectant for them from which they themselves would be able to draw applications for their legs and feet.

The morning of the next day, the 16th, saw us *en route* for Kombo. Before starting the Catechist had warned me that it would be better to go by Makensa instead of making straight for Kombo, for the intervening jungle was very difficult to penetrate. The advice seemed reasonable enough, but I was loathe to lose 24 hours and decided to go straight ahead.

Half an hour later we hit the swamp and were soon battling through a forest of jungle grass 5 or 6 feet high. We had nothing to serve as a protection for our faces; we perspired and shivered at the same time—perspired because of our hard work, and shivered because these tall reeds were abundantly bathed in the morning dew and our clothing was soon soaked through and

through. Then, to add to our discomfort, we were attacked furiously by a swarm of mosquitoes that gave us no respite; my hands and neck began to swell visibly from their bites. Oh! why had I wished to be wiser than my black Catechist so used to jungle conditions! I had to smart for my temerity and heartily longed to be free of that awful jungle, seemingly interminable. We got through at last however and emerging into the open the way became less difficult.

After a little well-merited repose, off we were again. Just at this point we were met by five negroes journeying in the opposite direction. They commiserated us on seeing our weary condition, but assured us that a little further on our troubles would but commence again when we came upon another stretch of jungle. A most tiring and painful journey it was, too, and whilst a young negro and I accomplished it in an hour, my poor porters took two and a half hours to get through and then they burst in upon the village at last almost in despair and shouting "Kombo! Kombo!" but all of us were soon consoled and happy enough to be at the end of such a journey.

The Miseries of Kombo. - Porters who are Apostles.

The first native I had met on coming to the outskirts of this village was a woman who was suffering from a frightful wound: she had been terribly burnt and from the knee to the foot there was one large sore exposing the bone. I told the chief that the poor creature must be sent to hospital at once. Ah! how little they know of the good they do, our European or American friends, when they place a portable dispensary at the Missionary's disposition! How many aches and pains we can soothe with such help at hand! And if we were furnished with surgical appliances our work would be even more efficacious; sometimes we feel quite powerless at the sight of so much pain and misery.

Arriving on Saturday at Kombo we decided, to the huge delight of my men, that we would do no travelling next day. I set out with two of them on a little hunting expedition in order to replenish our larder; one of the blacks succeeded in tracking down an antelope, another discovered some honeycombs, and I succeeded in winging a brace of guinea fowl. With this we were more than amply

supplied and we returned joyfully to the village.

At dinner afterwards we had rather an amusing *contretemps*; my Catechist had scarcely shared out the honey when our fat old chief jumped up suddenly, his face furious and his mouth foaming. For some reason or other he had become violently angry and attacked the porters one after the other with a string of insulting invectives. Exhausted at last with his outburst, he finished up by snatching a large piece of honeycomb from the dish. And then we began to see light: His Majesty had been overlooked in the share of the spoils and such cold neglect had touch-



A Congolese Mite in the Arms of Morpheus.

ed him to the quick. We hardly knew whether to laugh or be frightened at seeing his great corpulent form gesticulating wildly in the air and his face wearing the grieved expression of a baby from whom someone had snatched a sugar-stick. Fortunately, the incident terminated in general laughter, in which the chief himself was at last induced to join, especially after I had helped him to a choice cut of roast antelope, which was then ready for carving.

On the Sunday, my porters rounded up the whole village for Mass and instruction, and in the evening for night prayers. Our Sunday devotions over, we were entertained to a native concert and dance, in which Chief Kombo and his dame played the principal part. The chief beat out a monotonous tune on a wooden sort of instrument, to the accompaniment of 4 tambourines, whilst his good spouse, her feet ornamented with small bells went through the contortions of a weird dance in such light and airy fashion

as to put many of our European light-foot dancers quite in the shade.

We struck camp on the 18th and set out for Ndikoso. The journey might have been long and difficult but I had secured the services of 2 young blacks to pilote us through the labyrinth of the forest, and so we got over the distance in one and a half hours. Ndikoso lies at the foot of a mountain famous for mica, and in the evening my porters brought me some large sheets of this glittering mineral. At nightfall the inhabitants gathered around the large fire lighted to scare away the wild things of the forest and there we said our night prayers. After this the natives, tentatively humming the tune of a hymn my porters had taught them, got back to their hutments. And these black porters of mine are great treasures and apostles in their own little way. To see them there dispersed amongst the villagers speaking to them cheerfully and enthusiastically of the Faith and teaching the women and children the Sign of the Cross you would never guess that they had walked so far that day and carried such a heavy load.

Shindekeni and its Friendly Chief. - Sakania.

The 19th found us pushing on to Shindekeni. Another fatiguing march, and at the end of it I made no scruple of accepting the terra-cotta pot of "inhoyo" native beer, offered me, though it is a most uninviting beverage in the ordinary way. The porters arrived two hours later and were soon doing their best to exhaust the supply of this providential thirst-quencher.

The chief of Shindekeni, a young man, who knows how to read, was very well disposed towards us. He at once accepted the rôle of Catechist and I forthwith inscribed my Catechumens and distributed my last medals. Dear Father, you must have the kindness to send on hundreds of medals of Our Lady Help of Christians to me; they are in continual demand for the new catechumens whom we accept for instruction all over the Prefecture.

At the gathering in the evening around the large fire, I spoke for a long time about our Holy Religion, teaching the Gospel and its doctrine in the form of short simple stories, for in speaking to these tribes you must appeal principally to their imagination and then religion becomes for them something tangible. As I narrated these stories my own men forgot their recent fatigues and

when I would have finished they urged me to begin again.

Next day we directed our steps to Kindupula. We had to drive our way for three-quarters of an hour through tough unyielding jungle grass before finding the track; my rifle came in handy for this work, as I held it horizontally before me and simply pushed ahead, but the strain on my arms was very painful.

Kindupula was poor, miserably so; the women and children were in rags and tatters. The question then before me was—how to find a meal for my tired and hungry porters? I set out with my rifle and had the good fortune to bring down 8 wild pigeons almost immediately. After a short rest and some much needed refreshment we assembled such of the inhabitants as were available for a little instruction and the recital of some prayers. This service over, each one sought repose, the day's fatigues overcoming even the lure of the large fire inviting us to indulge in friendly conversation.

There remained but three days for reaching Sakania, our last Congo Mission-station on the Rhodesian frontier; that meant that we would hardly have time to pay even a flying visit to all the intervening villages. It was necessary, therefore, to press on, and the dawn of the 20th found us well on the way to Kakompe. After the first five kilometres we came upon the camp of the contractor who fells the trees for the building of the Katanga railroad, and here we had the good fortune of meeting the Administrator of Sakania and his wife, who kindly invited us to have a meal with them.

Just outside Kakompe we hit upon a splendid site for the chapel we intended to improvise there on the morrow. I was settling down to have a moment's rest after our long journey, when one of the porters with breathless excitement ran up to inform me of a great piece of good fortune: Shimbi, our best shot, had bagged a moose-deer, half a ton of the choicest meat at one fell stroke. I had to hurry up and send along to bring in the kill, but there was no lack of volunteers, and our newly found supply of meat was soon frizzling merrily on six spits over the hastily kindled fires. Our whole company were *en fête* and singing away like morning larks. In the midst of our joy we did not forget to be grateful to God who had been so bountiful towards us, nor did we forget, this time, to send along a good proportion of the meat to the chief of Kakompe who was

immensely pleased and recompensed us with a cask of native beer.

There is nothing important to relate with regard to our last three journeys; they were like the ones that had preceded them, long and fatiguing, but consoling in good fruitful work. About a dozen other villages, perhaps, we passed through on our way and arrived at Sakania in time for first vespers of the Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians.

What progress has been made in this little Salesian stronghold since last I saw it!

the European residents came for the 10 o'clock Mass; I preached to them and got into conversation with many of them after the service. In the evening the distinguished people of the place were invited to dinner at the Salesian House. I was thus enabled to express publicly the gratitude of the Salesians to all those good people who had aided them so constantly in their difficult work in those parts.

After a couple of days rest I was accompanied by Fr. Bufkens to Katala, a large



A Catechist at Work in the Congo.

The two schools, one for white children and the other for black are full. The latter has an attendance of 175. I thought to make them happy by proclaiming a half-holiday, but, on the contrary, they seemed quite grieved at the announcement: poor little Katangans! (though this may seem incredible to our European children) they enjoy nothing so much as being at school and with their teachers.

The building occupied by the religious is neat and serviceable, but there is nothing luxurious about it, and the same may also be said of the chapel. The white children are accommodated in the lower part of the building and the blacks in the upper; all is well ventilated and arranged.

The Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians was a great day for this little settlement. All

village about 28 kilometres away, and which is a kind of capital of all the surrounding villages. There I met the grand chief of the district who at once produced the inevitable native beer as a preliminary to our discussion of affairs. I told him of my wish to install the Sisters in his territory so that they could attend to the little ones and do a great amount of good for the women, and that I also intended to send a Priest to look after the boys. The good chief was immensely pleased with my proposal and promised me his whole-hearted support. Straightaway he pointed out what he thought was the best site for the two communities, and assured me that his people would assist in the construction of the buildings.

I am very pleased with this new development, for here we shall have an important

centre in touch with a dozen major villages, and excellent villages too with peaceful inhabitants who take kindly to the ways of civilisation and to agricultural pursuits.

From all this it will be evident to you, dear Father, that our great need at the moment is—reinforcements. The whole country would be ours in a very short time if only we had a sufficiency of apostolic labourers. Medals, crucifixes and medicine are of great use to us, too, in our work and we seem always

I must tell you that our hearts are overflowing with gratitude for the extraordinary manner in which the Mission of Assam is being continually blessed by God and guided by Mary Help of Christians. It is scarcely four years since we arrived to take over our new Mission in India; there were eleven of us in that first group and we have all been witnesses of wonderful things accomplished for God and His Church in this vast area confided to the Sons of Don Bosco. And



A New Salesian Church under Construction at Tanjore, India.

to be working on a very short rationing of these. If you know of some kindly Co-operator, dear Father, who is bent on doing a work that will be extra specially charitable and pleasing to God please recommend our Congo Mission to him and assure him of our gratitude and prayers.

The Salesians in Calcutta.

*Letter of Fr. Bonardi S. C.
to the Superior General.*

Now that we are growing accustomed to the new sphere to which obedience has destined us, dear Father, we hasten to give you a few of our first impressions. First of all

it is surely a further proof of Heaven's benediction that this year, on a date so dear to us, the eleventh of November, the fiftieth anniversary of the commencement of our Mission work, the Salesians have been able to extend their apostolate to the great city of Calcutta. It would seem but a dream, but it is a consoling reality; the flock of the Shepherd Lad of Becchi has found its way from the banks of the winding Bramaputra to those of the Ganges, the sacred river of the Indians.

On the last evening that we spent in Assam, Fr. Gil, the apostle of that stretch of country watered by the Manzanare came to bid us farewell, and there on the banks of the Bramaputra, enveloped, so to speak, in the majesty of a magnificent sunset, we sat and

exchanged notes and compared the various impressions which our work in this mysterious land had made upon us. We spoke of the sovereign dominion that creatures, and creatures inferior to themselves, had obtained over the souls of the Indians—their sacred rivers, their idols, their sacred animals; and then our thoughts turned consolingly to that other Sovereign of Love and Goodness whom we have the privilege of calling Father; whose influence endures from generation to generation, whose glory is bound up with the triumph of Jesus Christ upon earth;

a while in the city before proceeding to Shillong to take over my duties.

When rooms had been assigned to us and we felt that we had really planted both feet in the great metropolis of Calcutta, we hung up the picture of Our Lady Help of Christians that we had brought with us, and renewing our act of consecration to her, placed this new scene of our labours under her special protection.

That same evening we went to pay our respects to Mgr. Fernandez, Vicar General of the archdiocese; on the 13th we presented



The Missionary on his Rounds in India.

and musing thus we were encouraged to labour on with renewed energy for the realisation of that triumph and for the salvation of souls, under the banner of the Help of Christians.

On the 8th of Nov, having obtained Our Lady's Blessing from our Superior we entrained for Calcutta and arrived there at noon four days later.

From the station we set out for the residence of the Jesuit Fathers, and were received by these good priests with the greatest kindness. They informed us that his His Grace the Archbishop had expressed regret that he would be unavoidably absent when we arrived for he would have been happy, he said, to welcome us personally. Here also we found our confrère Fr. Mora, who had come from Tanjore and was resting

ourselves to the Italian Consul, and on the 14th we went to have our first interview with His Grace, Archbishop Perier, who was now returned. We were received by all of them with the greatest cordiality and His Grace, besides inviting us to dine with him on the following day, invested us with all the faculties and jurisdiction necessary for our ministry in the archdiocese. The Italian Consul who had been stationed until recently in Brazil, where he had had many opportunities of knowing the Salesians and their work, expressed his willingness to assist us in every possible way.

Here at Calcutta we are beginning, as you know, with the Catholic Orphans' Press, a work already well established, but we shall also have charge of the Mission. Besides this the Cathedral which is quite near our

printing press is also being placed under our care and Mgr. Mathias is sending along another Salesian from Assam who will be installed as Parish Priest. Along with this parish work we shall have to take an active part in the organisation at the port for the benefit of Catholic sailors coming from all parts of the world. This work was begun just recently by the Jesuit Fathers and has already proved immensely successful. We have been invited to take over the part concerned especially with Italian sailors and since Sunday last have come in contact with 60 or 70 of them.

The quarter in which we are is very thickly populated and quite central. Our house is situated between two synagogues with their adjacent schools for Jewish children. There is another orphanage directed by the Irish Christian Brothers near at hand, and not far away, there is a Protestant school and several Hindu Temples. Towards evening, on the terraces of the surrounding houses, we can witness pious Mahometans performing their numerous prostrations and devotions and our nocturnal slumbers are often broken by the monotonous beating of drums and religious wailings.

As you see, dear Father, there is no lack of variety here, and there is plenty of scope for our apostolic aspirations. In the midst of all this variety of belief and unbelief I feel grateful to God not only for having been vested with the high dignity of the priesthood but even for having been born in the Christian faith, and these are my sentiments every time I pass through these crowds of thousands and thousands of people—half-nude some of them, utterly oblivious of the living soul with which their Creator has endowed them, dragging out their miserable lives unsupported or unsustained by any sublime ideal of Faith, and with nothing to distinguish them from the lumbering cattle with whom they rub shoulders in the public ways. Slaves of their heathen fanaticism, of their materialistic deities, they live, grow old (oh! how soon!) and rot in the vices against which they have never been warned, and for the most part in squalid misery.

The greater part of the city is situated on the left bank of the River Hooghly, a tributary of the Ganges. Both parts of the city are linked up by a large floating bridge situated near Nowah Station, the terminus for the Bombay trains.

The city is 42 sq. mls. in extent; the population is quite 2,000,000; half of these are

Hindu, a quarter are Mussulmans and nearly every nation under the sun is represented in the remaining quarter.

From statistics it appears that $\frac{1}{2}$ of the children born in Calcutta die before reaching the age of one year, and the death-rate of babies who live less than one week is enormously high. Colera and other diseases play havoc with the population during the months of March and April, whilst the period from September to December is marked by a vast increase in the number of malaria cases, the disease being spread by the myriads of vicious mosquitoes bred in the filthy stagnant pools that are everywhere around.

But we are in nowise discouraged by our mixed prospects; the Kingdom of Christ must triumph, and if it should happen that one little candle burning on the altar of sacrifice should be prematurely spent—why, even that is a privilege and one not always to be gained at home.

Don Bosco's work will be popular throughout India, there is no doubt of that; but more priests are needed, many priests, holy priests.

Please send us your blessing dear Father and recommend our work to the charitable prayers of our brethren and friends in the old country.

Counterfeiting in China.

By Rev. D. Hourigan S. C.

Our Irish and Italian brethren in Shanghai, notwithstanding the waves of excitement that the intermittent Chinese war and rumours of war cause to ebb and flow in their vicinity are exceptionally pleased with their new situation and with the bright prospects before them. They are especially pleased with their Chinese charges who show themselves extremely docile and adaptable to the Salesian system of education, industrious during work or study hours, full of joy and ready to play with all their might during the hours of recreation.

Our Missionaries have had many experiences in their new sphere of work; they find that in general the Chinaman is simple and inclined to be very hospitable. There are some wily ones amongst them, however, and one of the things that soon impresses the stranger after his arrival in the country is the prevalence of base coins and forged notes in all the important towns.

"There are" says Bro. David "a considerable number of false coins in circulation here in Shanghai, and the visitor or newcomer, if he is not continually on the alert, may easily be victimised even in what are apparently most respectable establishments.

Apart from base metal coins produced by the electro-plating process, there is also to be found that wonderful example of Chinese laboriousness, the "three-piece dollar". This is truly a work of art and if it is true that "genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains" then it must be admitted that the Chinese counterfeiter is fully entitled to the appellation.

one fake coin, yet the total value of the silver abstracted cannot be more than three-quarters of the total value of the original piece of money. In Europe or America a jeweller would demand a very substantial sum for undertaking such a delicate task and in the end the work might not be accomplished with such exactitude. But in China the workmen's unions are still in their infancy and in many places not even born yet, so that labour is still one of the cheapest of commodities. This is why the coiner takes no account of the amount of time necessary for the doing of a "job", and the native patience of the Chinese is proverbial.



A Little Group of Chinese Children Newly Confirmed.

Taking two dollar pieces of the same value and similar in appearance the artistic coiner proceeds to file one down until there remains but the thinnest of shells with the official impress still visible and unharmed on the obverse; taking the other dollar piece he submits it to the same patient process, but this time it is the reverse side of the coin that he preserves. The milled edge of one of these coins is preserved; the hollow shell is then filled up with lead or other base metal and the face of the remaining coin soldered to it so cunningly that even a very close inspection will fail to reveal any flaw in the work.

Labour Cheap in China.

This labour of counterfeiting must take many hours, if not days to produce but even

One must know the ropes, then, if he is to avoid being robbed by the Chinese merchants in Shanghai. Only the notes of recognised banks should be accepted and if any doubt is felt as to the genuineness of a note or coin offered by a shopkeeper the purchaser should oblige the dealer to "chop" it in his presence. That means to say that he is required to hammer a small private die mark on the coin or impress a small seal upon the note. This is the dealer's personal guarantee of the genuineness of the money and he makes himself responsible for it by so doing.

There is much to be learnt in this great empire of China and especially in these large sea-port towns, the rendezvous of so many nations, but for the inexperienced and the unwary the tuition is sometimes somewhat expensive.



DEVOTION TO OUR LADY HELP OF CHRISTIANS

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

For more than three years neither rain nor dew had fallen in the land of Israel. Every blade of grass, every tender shoot and plant had been withered by the burning rays of the sun; the country-side, dry and parched, resembled a desert. It was a just punishment inflicted upon a faithless people who had abandoned the worship of the one true God, to give themselves up to the adoration of idols.

This terrible and lasting scourge opened the eyes of the sinners who tried to become reconciled with Almighty God. Then the prophet Elias, in God's name, appeared before the King, Achab, and promised abundant rain and every other blessing to him and his people, if they would once more love and serve the one true God and overthrow the altars of the idols. The king agreed, and Elias then ascended the heights of Mount Carmel and besought God to pour forth rain in abundance upon the desolate land of Israel. Immediately a little cloud appeared in the direction of the sea. Slowly it increased in size until in a short time it covered the face of the earth, and poured forth the long-sought rain in torrents. The thirsty earth eagerly drank up the life-giving moisture; the brooks, the rills, the mighty streams, once again sang merrily on their way to the ocean and in a few days the country rejoiced in a new verdure which provided an abundant harvest at the proper time.

The great spread of devotion to Our Blessed Lady under the title of *Help of Christians*, which has occurred in these latter days, may be compared to the clouds sent in answer to the prayers of Elias. It is not so many years ago that a church was erected to the August Mother of Our Saviour under this title in the city of Turin. People began to

honour her there and to have recourse to her intercession, and to-day there is not a town in Italy, not a country in the whole world, that does not know and practice this devotion. Young and old, rich and poor, sick and healthy; individuals, families, communities, parishes, entire countries even, all love and honour Our Lady Help of Christians. A day does not pass without bringing to her Sanctuary in Turin countless letters from her devout clients imploring graces as from the throne of the Merciful Queen of Heaven herself. This devotion, or better yet, this love, this trust, this boundless affection and recourse to Our Lady increases day by day among the people at large, and leads us to believe that the day will come when every good Christian, besides his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, will esteem it the highest honour to profess a tender devotion to Our Lady Help of Christians.

We are further encouraged in this belief, by the really marvellous graces of every description that God grants to those who invoke Our Lady under this title, as if to prove by this how pleasing this devotion is to Him. These graces are so numerous that if we were to publish them all, a large volume would be filled every year. There is no room, moreover, for the slightest doubt as to their veracity, because the original manuscripts are jealously preserved in the archives of the Sanctuary, because these accounts are nearly always accompanied by offerings for the benefit of the Church, and lastly because, over and above the material offering, they are accompanied by the prayers, confession and Communion of those who have received the favours. Everyone knows that in our day nobody will undergo

such sacrifices unless spurred on by a very strong motive, which in our case, can be no other than the knowledge that he has been favoured by Almighty God through the intercession of Our Lady Help of Christians. Moreover these numerous accounts do not give an accurate idea of the number of favours that are actually obtained through Our Lady's intercession; the greater part of these are known to God alone, either because the person who receives them is unable to write, or cannot come personally to the Sanctuary to relate them, or because they are spiritual favours, or even because the person does not wish to make public the ills and troubles from which he has been freed, and for many other reasons that might be named.

In conclusion then, better even than the cloud obtained by Elias upon Mount Carmel, this devotion diffuses over the earth a shower of blessings which will make it ever more known and loved. And thus while it delivers from bodily and spiritual ills those who are in trouble, at the same time it causes the most beautiful virtues to flourish among them and produces plenteous fruits for Life Everlasting, which after all, is the principal end of this devotion.

GRACES AND FAVOURS

For these accounts no higher authority is claimed than that attached to authentic human testimony.

CAVAN, IRELAND.—I enclosed an offering in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians for a favour received. Will you please have prayers said for my intention.

ANON.

LEEDS, ENGLAND.—I am forwarding a p. o. and shall be very pleased if you will say three Masses in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians in Thanksgiving for favours received and begging still another request through her intercession.

Will you please publish this in the *Salesian Bulletin* as I promised to do so to try to extend more and more the devotion to Our Lady Help of Christians.

A. L. GALLI.

SILVERTOWN, ENGLAND.—I enclose a donation in honour of Mary Help of Christians for two favours granted during the past year. I would be very grateful for publication in the *Bulletin*.

AN OLD BOY.

ENGLAND.—Please accept the enclosed as a thank-offering to Our Lady Help of Christians for recovery from an illness.

L. L.

MAYO, IRELAND.—Enclosed please find a money order promised to Our Lady Help of Christians and Ven. Don Bosco for favours received. Now I am in great trouble and am asking for their kind assistance again to tide me over my big financial difficulties and shall be grateful for your prayers, dear Father, and for those of your boys; for the same intention. I shall send a further donation later on; do as you please with the enclosed; it is for Don Bosco's good Works of charity.

"One in Financial Difficulties".

MIDDLETON.—Will you please publish in the *Bulletin* my thanksgiving to Our Lady Help of Christians for many favours received.

An Unworthy Child of Mary.

LONDON, ENGLAND.—Through the *Bulletin* I should like to express my sincere thanks to our Mother, Mary Help of Christians for three important favours which I am sure I owe to her intercession. First of all Our Lady procured in quite an unthought-of way financial assistance for my sister who was in great trouble: then she helped me to avoid a great calamity which might have resulted in a loss of reputation and other serious consequences and lastly she has helped me through a very important test. I have spoken of three favours, but it might be nearer the truth if I asked you to publish my gratitude for life-long assistance from this Holy Mother of ours who has worked miracles in order to gratify even my most minute desires. I shall be glad if these few lines help to stir up a spark of love and confidence in the Help of Christians in some despairing heart.

A WEAK ONE.

THE LIFE OF THE VEN. DON BOSCO

By G. LEMOYNE of the Salesian Society.

(Continued).

Don Boscos' place on the march was always in the rear; he was generally surrounded by one of the merriest groups and as they went along he used to point out places of historical interest and dilate on the customs and produce of the districts through which they passed. Whenever the company came within sight of a town they used to halt and form up in proper order, and then with the band at their head they would make an imposing ingress into the place.

"I shall always remember" writes Canon Anfossi, "those adventurous walks that raised such admiration, happiness and edification on all sides. I myself, and hundreds of others, can bear witness to the great reputation for sanctity that Don Bosco enjoyed, for at his own invitation I accompanied him on all of them from 1854 to 1860 through those hills of Monferrato. His arrival in those little country towns was generally quite a triumph; the Parish Priest of the district would be there to meet him, and generally even the civil authorities; the inhabitants used to rush to their windows or come out to their doorsteps in order to have a glimpse of Don Bosco; the farm labourers used to leave their work in the fields for the same purpose; all tried to get as close to him as they could, and many a mother used to kneel on the ground to ask for a blessing for her baby. It was really as though one were assisting again at those incidents narrated in the Gospel where we are told of the transports of the people at the passing of Our Divine Lord. It was Don Bosco's custom to go immediately to the Parish Church in order to adore Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and he was generally followed there by a great concourse of people whom he would address from the pulpit and urge to go to the Sacraments. After that, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament would be given during which the boys would sing a specially prepared *Tantum Ergo*.

The Servant of God and his assistants were generally invited to dinner by the Parish Priest or one of the better class families in the dis-

trict. Repasts of a more or less sumptuous nature, but always abundant as far as quantity went, were served up to the boys, and their unalloyed happiness made what was already acceptable more palatable still. When the hour for retiring came they were, on some few occasions, split up and divided amongst various families who were happy to offer them some sort of a bed; but, ordinarily, they all slept in the same place on mattresses or sacks, and as often as not, in the straw in a barn or on benches in ground-floor rooms or cellars.

When the time for taking their departure arrived the whole company would come together in order to say farewell to their charitable host. One boy would read an address put together by Don Bosco and containing a few appropriate verses of poetry; Don Bosco himself used to finish up and always something after this fashion "I promise to make a special memento for you in my Holy Mass tomorrow, for you and for your parish (or family); and, uniting their intentions with mine, my dear boys will recite the Rosary for you and ask God to bestow many blessings upon you. To the charity that you have accorded us during this time please add that of your prayers for my sons and for me, and we assure you that we shall always remember you and the beautiful day you have enabled us to spend."

These rambles began after Rosary Sunday and the first one was generally directed to Castelnovo where Don Bosco had many dear friends of his youth. Every year Provost Cinzano insisted on having his "own" Don Bosco and all his merry company to dinner at the canonry; and the Parish Priest was likewise beside himself with joy whenever he could manage to have Don Bosco as a guest.

"On one occasion" attests a certain Joseph Reano "we were having supper at the canonry and the Vicar commenced to praise Don Bosco up to the skies: 'You, Don Bosco, always had a memory of the greatest tenacity; you used to be able to rattle off whole copy-books of Theology notes to me. And what patience you had!

It seemed quite exhaustless! You are really a wonder, Don Bosco! You are working prodigies at Turin even now and I could bet that within a few years you will have half the world talking of you".

And so he went on in the same strain. Don Bosco listened with a sort of cheerful placidity and then said: "There are some tailors who can make most elegant garments that fit like a glove; there are others who are only good for botching: I am like one of the latter".

The last and longest of these excursions took place in 1864. God only can tell all the good that they did! By their means many a boy who afterwards became a zealous priest was first attracted to the Oratory; through them sinners were recalled to the narrow path of virtue, peace and resignation midst the trials and troubles of life was brought to many a home. After the passing of Don Bosco and his boys many who had always been adverse to the Priesthood completely changed their ideas, and after the ardent and efficacious words of the Servant of God, the Lord of all obtained His due place in many a village where before He had been treated with cold neglect.

After that year owing to a multiplicity of duties and constantly increasing labour Don Bosco was prevented from continuing those excursions, and the only ones that were kept up was the one to Becchi and Dominic Savio's Tomb at Mondonio: even now the Oratory Band has an outing to Becchi every year for their Feast of Rosary Sunday (1).

(To be continued)

(1) In 1861 the joyful caravan journeyed to Casalmottato and Mirabello, Lu San Salvatore and Valenza, going on by train right to Alexandria and back from thence to Turin.

In '62 they went to Calliano, Montemagno, Casorso, Camagna and Mirabello; and the State Railways that year also put two wagons at Don Bosco's disposition for the return from Alexandria to Turin.

In '63 and '64 this facility was extended to the out journey also and so in '63 they were able to go as far as Tortona, visiting Asti and stopping at Broni, Torre, Garofoli, Vilalvernia and Mirabello. And in '64 they went even as far as Genoa doing the stretch from Genoa to Acqui on foot and going by way of Serravalle, Gavi, Mornese, Ovada and all the intermediate villages.

What the World owes to the Monks.

It was quite natural that many people in the early centuries, who were desirous of carrying out Christ's recommendation to the "rich young man" in the Gospel, should seclude themselves from the prevalent pagan wickedness of their day and enter associations, whose members strove for great personal sanctity. Such communities of holy men were quite numerous at the end of the foundation of those monasteries which for many centuries were by far the best thing that the world could boast of. They were the people's Schools and Colleges, the Social Service centres, the places of welcome for travellers and strangers, the nurseries of the arts and sciences.

Our twentieth century is indebted to the monks and monasteries for the preservation of the classics, which are taught in our high schools and colleges; for the history of all the countries in Europe in their beginnings and progress covering several hundred years. Little would there be left of the literature of the first centuries if it were not for the monks; in fact, unless the Almighty had employed other means for the preservation of the Bible, the world would not have it to-day but for them. All the old manuscript copies of the Bible which are still extant, were the work of the monks, and some of them are masterpieces of manuscript art.

The "lazy" monk, which we read of in fiction and in anti-Catholic books, are invented characters. St. Benedict's Rule, which was observed by most communities, imposed seven hours of labour, two of study, and several hours of prayer each day, and only six hours of sleep. Most of what we read about the morals in monasteries is also fiction or calumny. Says James Gairdner the English historian: "The old scandals, universally discredited at the time, and believed in by a later generation, are now dispelled forever." William Lecky, in his "European Morals" (Vol. II, p. 90) says: "As time rolled on, charity assumed many forms, and every monastery became a centre from which it radiated. By the monks the nobles were overawed, the poor protected, the sick tended, travellers sheltered, prisoners ransomed, the remotest spheres of suffering explored".

Maitland, in his "The Dark Ages" (p. 2 of Preface) writes: "That there ever was truth in the coarse and filthy abuse heaped upon the monastic order as a body by some who were forward in the business of the Reformation is what I suppose never was believed by any one who had a moderate knowledge of facts".

Faith without good works is valueless; let our Faith therefore be productive of works of charity.

Ven. DON BOSCO.



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

†

Fr. Joseph Wronski, S. C.

We regret to announce the death of the above-named Salesian Priest, Rector of the Polish Church of Our Lady and St. Casimir, Shadwell, London, which took place on 15th of January last. On that day Fr. Joseph had been summoned to a sick call and asked his housekeeper to prepare some food for him. As his reverence showed no signs of coming down the housekeeper decided to go and call him, but when she arrived in the room she found him dead and half-kneeling across a chair. The priest had a razor in his hand and his shaving utensils were on the table. Medical evidence at the inquest showed that death was due to acute heart trouble. Fr. Wronski had evidently collapsed suddenly just when about to begin his shaving and from his position when found it seems as though he had had immediate recourse to prayer.

The Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of this good Salesian took place in the Polish Church on the Friday following in the presence of The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Butt, Bishop of Cambysopolis. The celebrant of the Mass was Very Rev. Fr. McCarthy S. C. and he was assisted by the Very Rev. Frs. Sutherland and Austen as Deacon and Sub-deacon respectively.

The large congregation present during the Mass included the Polish Ambassador, Consul and Vice-consul, the Mayor of Stepney and a large representation of the Secular and Regular Clergy.

The deceased priest was born at Posen just 47 years ago. He did all his ecclesiastical studies in Italy and was ordained in 1906. He served as a chaplain on the Russian front during the War, and came to look after the religious interests of his countrymen in London just three years ago. In that brief

space of time he had endeared himself to all for his hard work and his love of the poor. That he had plenty to do may be known from the fact that there are at least 3,000 Catholic Poles in the Metropolis and he was the only Polish Priest. He died in the midst of his labours, a zealous priest and a hard-working Son of Don Bosco, and though death came upon him suddenly one may be confident that it did not find him unprepared.

The interment took place on the same day at St. Joseph's, Burwash, Sussex, the private cemetery of the Salesians in England.

†

Fr. Tomatis, S. C.

The Very Rev. Father Tomatis was born in the parish of San Giacomo of the Municipality of Beinette, Diocese of Mondovi, Province of Cuneo, Italy, on the 30th of October 1865. He studied in the Salesian Institute at Turin. He personally knew the Ven. Don Bosco. He was ordained Priest at Randazzo, Sicily, on the 30th May 1890, and after his ordination went to Oran in Algeria as Director of a Salesian Institute where he remained for about four years. Later, he was transferred as Director of an Agricultural Colony at La Navarra, France, where he remained till he went to Tanjore in 1906 being one of the first batch of Salesians to go out to India at the invitation of His Lordship the Bishop of Mylapore. Here he assumed the Directorship of St. Francis Xavier's Orphanage and Industrial School for Indian boys. He was also the superior of the first group of Salesians who came to India. In 1909 the Bishop of Mylapore asked the Salesians to take up the management of the San Thome Orphanage and so he was appointed as the first Salesian Superior. This onerous duty he fulfilled till his death on Nov. 25th—1925.

Fr. Tomatis had celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his Sacerdotal Ordination on the 30th May 1915.

* * *

Mr. Washett.
Mr. J. Murray.

R. I. P.

Sac. Doct. ERNESTUS RUFFINI.

INTRODUCTIO IN S. SCRIPTURAM

Praelectiones habitae Athenaeis Pont. Sem. Rom. et Prop. Fidei.

PARS SECUNDA: *Introductio in novum Testamentum liber primus.* — Volumen in-8° pp. xxii-450. — Libellae 30. — Apud exteros: L. 36. — *Editio 1925.*

FRANCISCUS VARVELLO

Sacerdos, Philosophiae Professor in Seminario Salesiano apud Taurinenses.

INSTITUTIONES PHILOSOPHIAE

PARS I. *Complectens Introductionem ad philosophiam et Logicam.* Libellae 10. — Apud exteros: Libellae 12.

PARS II. *Metaphysica.*

VOLUMEN I. Complectens Metaphysicam generalem seu Ontologiam: L. 6. — Apud exteros: L. 7,20.
VOLUMEN II. Complectens Metaphysicam specialem seu Cosmologiam, Pneumatologiam et Theodiceam: L. 15. — Apud exteros: L. 18.

PARS III. *Etica et Jus naturae.*

VOLUMEN I. Complectens Ethicam: L. 5. — Apud exteros: L. 6.
VOLUMEN II. Complectens Jus naturae: L. 15. — Apud exteros: L. 18.

HORATIUS MAZZELLA

Archiepiscopus Tarentinus.

PRAELECTIONES SCHOLASTICO-DOGMATICAE

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Editio Quinta recognita et aucta.

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VOLUMEN III. *Tractatus de Verbo Incarnato, de Gratia Christi et de Virtutibus infusis.* L. 15. — Apud exteros: L. 18.

VOLUMEN IV. *Tractatus de Sacramentis et de Novissimis.* L. 15. — Apud exteros: L. 18.

ALOYSIUS PISCETTA et ANDREA GENNARO

Sacerdotes Piae Societatis S. Francisci Salesii.

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