

THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATION
OF SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS

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Number 3.



Blessed Joseph Cafasso of Turin.

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THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

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! Co-operators! 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; last year, at least 127 Salesians have departed for the Missions; we would like to double the number this 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 Promotors and 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: A Flower of the Jubilee. Blessed Joseph Cafasso of Turin. — A Maytime Ode. — From Beyond the Tomb. — Death—but not the Priesthood! — Salesian Notes and News. — I Am Needy and Poor. — News from the Missions: A New Centre of Evangelisation in the Congo. — The Daughters of Mary Help of Christians in India. — Cannibalism in Central Africa. — Tribute to Don Bosco. — A Sonnet for June. — Environment. — Devotion to Our Lady Help of Christians. — Graces and Favours. — The Life of the Ven. D. Bosco. — Obituary.

A FLOWER OF THE JUBILEE.

Blessed Joseph Cafasso of Turin.

The Church is holy: she brings forth flowers of sanctity at all seasons, and some of her fairest blooms have been culled in the seasons of storm and tempest, midst the snows and frosts that had blighted the scarce products of the unfructiferous sects around. The Church is holy because of the essential holiness of the fount from whence she springs; because of the intrinsic worth of the holy doctrine with which she nourishes the souls of her children, helps them to overcome vice, and to strive after virtue and moral perfection. Never has she betrayed her trust in promoting and defending this holy doctrine; no thought of gain has ever availed to shake her immobile constancy; the world and its hate she has faced unflinchingly in the past, and may have to do so till the end of time, but the Christ she preaches will always be the same Holy, Divine Being, Begotten of the Father; the Scriptures for her will ever remain the Holy Writings inspired by the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity; the traditions she hands down from generation to generation will always be those that had their beginnings in apostolic times.

In her institutes, in her laws, in her worship, in her Sacraments, the Church is holy, and this is the spiritual food that has produced throughout the ages, amongst men and women from every station in life, the most remarkable instances of heroic sanctity. This heroism in virtue is an exclusive mark of the One, True Church: God reserves those special gifts and graces necessary in the making of Saints for the

pilgrims in Peter's barque alone, and if it is sometimes wondered why our separated brethren in the sects have never seriously attempted to set up machinery for official canonisation, the most potent reason is to be found in the absence of candidates: good men, upright men, exist, we know, without the body of the Church, but deprived as they are of the quickening unction of her ministrations, they can never rise to that high eminence of conspicuous sanctity which is the hall-mark of the Servants of God.

The Jubilee a Stimulus to Sanctity.

The Jubilee Year is one more means that the Church adopts for attracting her children to the high paths of sanctity, and what more fitting than that she should place before them, at this special time, examples of men and women who have successfully scaled the sublime heights and whose virtues have marked them out as worthy candidates for official recognition in the catalogue of the Saints. Thus we find that the list of Beatifications and Canonisations for the Holy Year is quite an imposing one.

When this number appears in print the world will have already been informed of the Beatification of Mgr. Gianelli, an Italian Redemptorist, of Mgr. Strambi, an Italian Passionist, of Fr. Cafasso of Turin, and of the Spanish Religious Micheline of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Canonisation of the Little Flower is fixed for May 17th; of Blessed Peter Canisius for May 21st; of Blessed Marie Postel and

Blessed Sophie Barat for May 24th; and the Blessed Cure of Ars and Blessed John Eudes for May 31st. June 7th will probably witness the Beatification of Bernardette Soubirous, Fr. Tymard, Mgr. Imbert, the Martyr of Korea, and of the French and Jesuit Martyrs of Canada.

Some of these Servants of God are well known to the whole world; the lives and virtues of all of them are worthy of study and humble imitation: here we shall endeavour to bring before our readers a few brief items with regard



THE HUMBLE DWELLING IN WHICH BLESSED CAFASSO WAS BORN.

to the career of one of the new *Beati*, Blessed Joseph Cafasso, a holy Turinese priest who was the friend and counsellor of our own Ven. Founder, Don Bosco.

Blessed Joseph Cafasso.

Joseph Cafasso was born at Castelnuovo d'Asti, in Piedmont, on the 15th of January, 1811. His parents, John and Ursula Cafasso, were humble farming people who tilled their own land, and by their thrift and industry, qualities characteristic of the Italian peasant, they had managed to attain to quite an independent and estimable position amongst their country neighbours. Little Joseph, like so many other Servants of God, was fortunate in being thus

blessed with parents who were exemplary in every way. His mother especially was known to all for her piety, for her almsgiving, and for her charitable deeds amongst the sick and poor of the district; and if, as they say, the man is formed at his mother's knee, such a mother could not but have had a notable and salutary influence on the character of her son. But her office in regard to little Joseph was reduced to that of Guardian Angel and to the giving of good example, for the lad needed no exhortation to impel him to good. He thrived and revelled even in the high moral atmosphere in which Providence had placed him, and untouched, to all appearance, by those germs of evil, the consequences of original sin, so strong in some natures, he assimilated with avidity the good elements around him, grew in piety day by day and came to be called by his companions and friends, the *santello*, the little saint.

During his early years Joseph attended the public school in the town and was noted for his swiftness of understanding and for his retentive memory, so much so that many of his companions had recourse to him in their difficulties and he was always ready with the desired help and explanation.

As Latin was not one of the subjects taught at the Public School, it was arranged that Joseph should go for private lessons to Fr. Moglia, a priest from his own place, and it was during this early Latin course that he began to give indications of the high career to which he was called. A wonderful zeal for the distributing of spiritual food to his companions and even to the grown-ups of his acquaintance began to burn in his small frame. He began to teach catechism to those of his own age who were backward or negligent in its study. He took special delight in teaching simple Catholic prayers to a little boy whom his parents had procured as cowherd: the little fellow was a woeful stammerer, and for this reason no one had ever had patience enough to teach him even the words of the *Our Father*. In the Cafasso family the beautiful Catholic custom of reciting the Rosary every evening in common had been preserved, and it was Joseph's delight to go around and summon the household to prayer, to prevail upon the shy or lazy ones amongst the servants and workmen to attend, and it was rare that anyone turned a deaf ear to his winning appeal. The fame of the little one's wisdom and sanctity spread abroad, and it has been attested that before his thirteenth year he was known to have preached on some sacred subject for more than an hour on different occasions to a large number of people gathered

together in one of the farm buildings. All wondered at his precocity, and prognosticated a brilliant future for him — should he live!

Should he live—that was the apprehension in the minds of all at this time. Little Joseph had always had delicate health, and when it was noticed, about his thirteenth year that he began to have a decided stoop to the left and that his right shoulder was raised perceptibly above the other, this was taken as an indication of some fatal disease that would soon terminate his earthly pilgrimage. Divine Providence had

celebrated with great solemnity in the neighbouring hamlet of Murialdo. The two great souls were drawn to each other even from the first: little Giovanni Bosco was especially impressed by the words and saintly bearing of the young ecclesiastic; and one particular phrase he had used remained riveted on his memory: "He who embraces the ecclesiastical state" Cafasso had said, "sells himself to the Lord." This was indeed the contract which both of them made with Heaven, and their lives are the best confirmation of their faithful adherence to it.



CASTELNUOVO D'ASTI, BLESSED JOSEPH'S NATIVE YOWN.

ordained differently, however, and this weakly physical instrument was to be used for the accomplishment of a moral work of gigantic proportions.

Joseph Ordained Priest.

As Joseph Cafasso was clearly cut out for the Priesthood, he was sent to Chieri to commence the humanity course in 1824 and remain there for two years. He was given the cassock in his own parish church at Castelnuovo in 1827, at the age of 16, and finding it impossible to procure a place in the Seminary for Philosophy at Turin returned again to Chieri to complete his second year in that subject.

It was just about this time that the young cleric, Cafasso, had his first meeting with our Ven. Founder, Don Bosco, then but a boy of twelve. The meeting took place on the Feast of Our Lady's Maternity, which was

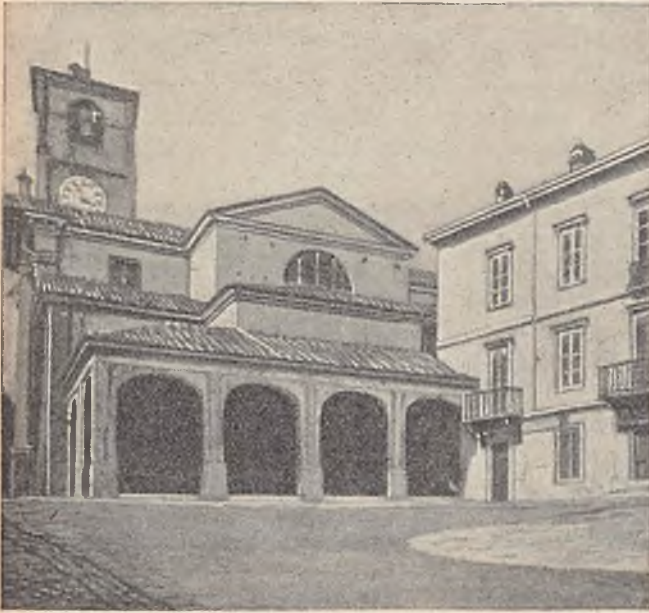
Many other students endowed with gifts of intellect and memory such as young Cafasso possessed would have considered themselves excused from a continuous application to serious study; not so the Servant of God: his fellow students have repeatedly affirmed that no one was more assiduous than he in the study of Philosophy and Theology and other kindred subjects necessary in the moulding of a priest. It is no wonder, then, that his success was so brilliant, and that by dispensation he was able to be ordained Priest fifteen months before reaching the canonical age. The ordination ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Bobbio in the Autumn of 1833, and Joseph sang his first Mass in the church at Castelnuovo on the following Sunday. All who saw him at the altar were convinced that he would one day be hailed as a saint, and, in fact, during the short vacation which he allowed himself at this happy time, his one prayer, poured forth

with all the ardour of his heart, before the crucifix was: "Lord, that I may become a saint, and a great saint! This is my one desire and will be my most earnest endeavour."

Rigorism in Piedmont.

Shortly after his ordination Don Cafasso went to Turin to enter upon a course of Moral Theology in preparation for the duties of preaching and of hearing confessions.

For some time, the Church in Piedmont had been suffering from the scourge of a malevolent



THE PARISH CHURCH IN WHICH DON CAFASSO AND DON BOSCO WERE BAPTISED.

rigoristic spirit, an aftermath of Jansenism, that had pervaded all classes and had obtained a special hold upon the younger members of the clergy. In the schools of Moral Theology, and there were two in the town, these rigorists, with pharisaical industry, delighted in hair-splitting and disputing over inane subtleties in regard to the cases of conscience put forward, and their one endeavour seemed to be to find faults and aggravating circumstances everywhere. To combat the same sort of tendency, God had raised up in the preceding century a valiant champion in the person of St. Alphonsus Liguori, but his theological teaching, in this part of Italy, was now almost totally neglected or regarded with something approaching contempt.

Seeing the havoc that this Jansenistic spirit was playing with the consciences of the Faithful, a learned theologian of Turin, Dr. Guala, Rector

of the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, determined to open up an Ecclesiastical College for young priests who were preparing themselves for the duties of preaching and hearing confessions. Having obtained permission from the authorities, he opened up his Institution in 1817. St. Alphonsus' Theology was to be given a due place in the course decided on, and rigorism in all its forms was to be strenuously combatted. The project was much criticised and Dr. Guala had but few disciples during the initial years; but he was a man of strong character, profound knowledge and solid piety, and encouraged by the moral and material backing of a few notable ecclesiastics and the Jesuit Fathers, he fought his way to glorious success.

The young priest, Cafasso, as we said, had come to Turin to study for faculties. He first of all went to hear some of the theological lectures at the University and at the Metropolitan Seminary, but, with a saint's intuition, he came away from both places keenly disappointed and with the conviction that there was something wrong. Hearing of Dr. Guala's institution in the town he went there to attend one of the public conferences and was so struck by the teaching of the learned and pious doctor that he decided there and then to ask for admission to the College. This was easily obtained and for three years he was the most exemplary of pupils. He finished his course in 1836, and with such success that he was publicly complimented by the Rector. But this did not end his connection with the institute; it was

in fact only the beginning. The post of under professor — *ripetitore*—became vacant at this time and he was unanimously chosen to fill it. When Dr. Guala became stricken with partial paralysis and unable to continue the work he had so much at heart, it seemed natural to all that the brilliant young Cafasso, his most devoted disciple, should lecture in his stead, and in fact, the entire administration of the institute came gradually into his hands. The great old theologian died a saintly death on the 6th Dec. 1848, and on the very day of his death Don Cafasso was appointed as his successor.

Don Cafasso, Rector of the Ecclesiastical College.

This then was Don Cafasso's *official* life work—he was an educator of priests. He consoli-

dated and brought to perfection the work that Dr. Guala had so courageously begun, and as his reputation grew, and the fame of his sanctity and learning got abroad, the two other schools of Moral in the town were almost bereft of pupils, and the professors themselves from these institutes came to Don Cafasso for advice and guidance.

One of his pupils tells us that "sitting at his desk before his disciples he spoke in peaceful, tranquil and kindly tones, which were at once wonderfully resolute and persuasive, whilst his striking countenance, always serene added new unction to his words, and from his entire person there transpired an air—a halo—of unmistakable sanctity."

It has also been deposed that the great clearness, precision and facility of his teaching was attributed by many to the genius of the Servant of God, to the excellent preparatory studies he had made, and to the loving pains with which he had accomplished them: but the majority of his pupils declared that the unction of his doctrine and the compelling force of his words were inexplicable unless by supernatural intervention.

An Apostle of Charity.

We said that teaching sacred science was Don Cafasso's *official* life work, but it was by no means the only occupation which his large-hearted charity and his craving for souls led him to undertake. He was Rector of the Church of St. Francis of Assisi; he was known as the Apostle of the Prisons and especially as the consoler and comforter of prisoners condemned to death; as a confessor he was the person most sought-after in Turin by all classes of society. "Those of our priests" he used to say, "who wish to participate in great, noble, glorious and sublime actions give themselves assiduously to the work of the confessional; those who wish to be of the greatest service to their fellow-men hear confessions; those who wish to gain much merit for themselves devote their energies to this salutary work."

Turin is the home of Pious Institutes of Charity, and Don Cafasso was directly connected with all those which came into existence towards the middle of the 19th century. He was the

intimate friend of Fr. Anglesio, Blessed Cottolengo's successor in the Little House of Divine Providence, and at his death bequeathed most of his substance to him for the promotion of this great work of charity. He was the confessor and habitual adviser of the Marchesa Barolo, that pious noblewoman of Turin who spent a vast inheritance in founding no less than



A PICTURE RECENTLY UNVEILED AT THE "CONSOLATA" SHOWING BLESSED CAFASSO IN HIS WORK OF CHARITY.

eleven institutes of charity, all prosperous and flourishing to-day. He was the counsellor and benefactor in a material way of Don Cocchi who founded the College for little artisans and the Reformatory Agricultural Schools, of the famous Abate Faà di Bruno who attested that he would not have been able to carry on with his work but for the assistance Don Cafasso gave him, of Don Saccarelli, Don Merla and Don Prinotti—founders of orphanages and institutes for the deaf and dumb. Don Cafasso

had a part in the apostolate of all these benefactors of mankind, but in a very special way he was the friend and benefactor, counsellor and confessor, of our own Ven. Founder, Don Bosco; he guided him in his studies and in the way of his vocation, showed him with precision and confidence the great work that God had marked out for him when Don Bosco was half-inclined to dedicate himself to the work of the Missions in the ranks of the great Franciscan Family; he encouraged him in all his doubts and difficulties, and publicly upheld and supported him in the face of opposition and hostile criticism.

Don Cafasso, then, was a co-founder, the first collaborator and co-operator in the work of the Salesian Oratories, and for the great grace of his Beatification the large Salesian Family scattered throughout the world to-day are looking heavenwards with emotion in their hearts and prayers of thankfulness on their lips whilst with anticipated joy they see in this glorification of the master the promise of a like triumph for his faithful friend and disciple.

The holy priest died in the odour of sanctity on the 26th of June, 1860 in the Ecclesiastical College of St. Francis of Assisi. The manner of his death was as edifying as had been his life of charity and fervent zeal. Cardinal Cagliero writing of the event has said: "Don Bosco, just returned from the death-bed of Don Cafasso assured us that he had seen him just a few moments before he breathed his last, all radiant in countenance and raised up from the bed in the act of embracing Our Lord and Our Blessed Lady, to whom in those last instants he recommended his poor soul, full of faith, of hope and most ardent charity—a saintly soul rich in merits before God and men."

The *Civiltà Cattolica* of the time speaking of the death of Don Cafasso at the early age of 49, saluted him as "Turin's true apostle, the educator of the junior clergy, the counsellor of priests and of most distinguished personages, the angel of the prisons and the comforter of those condemned to the gallows."

Sunday.

One object of Sunday is doubtless its physical recreation. Whatever is beautiful, refreshing or pleasing in the contemplation of green fields and wooded landscapes, is wholesome Sunday recreation. Whatever is strengthening, diverting or genial in Sunday sports or amusements, can be reconciled with a proper Sunday observance.

A Maytime Ode.

*Hail, full of grace! The flowers of May are springing.
Young buds are swinging on the greening trees;*

*Hail, full of grace! The homing birds are winging
Back to our shores from summer overseas.*

*O Maiden, tender as the snowdrop blossom!
Mary, most holy in God's holy place,
Thou who didst bear Our Saviour on thy bosom,
Show us our summer in thy shining face!*

*Hail, full of grace! The planets roll beneath thee,
Young worlds are wheeling where thy glories are,
Uncharted suns fling out their light to greet thee
Throned forever as God's highest Star.*

*The earth that bore thee trembles at thy glory,
The winds, night hushed, lie down at close of day
Yearning to hear again her wondrous story.
Whose radiant flowering is the crown of May.*

*Hail, full of grace! The happy children gather
Cowslips and daisies at thy feet to strew,
Lisp'ing their three "Hail Marys" and "Our Father"
Calling thee Mother God's Mother, too.*

*Down in the valley little lambs are bleating
(The Lamb of God was folded on thy breast),
A misty moon the kiss of eve is meeting—
Hail, full of grace! Thy name is peace and rest.*

*Blessed art thou! The seas that ever vary
Thrill to their deeps and all the waves of them,
When mourning mothers wail to thee, O Mary,
With sad hands groping at thy garment's hem.*

*Soft as the wand of death o'er hopeless weeping,
"Am I not Mother, too" thine answer saith—
Mother of Christ, we give unto thy keeping
All we have ever loved in life and death.*

*Hail, full of grace! Thy touch of mystic healing
Laid on our hearts when pain and woe assail,
Is like the tidal wave of heavenly feeling
Flooding thy soul when Gabriel whispered
["Hail!"]*

*O Mary, reaching through the hovering shadows,
Find us and bind us on the road we fare,
Till out of sleep we waken in God's meadows,
And thou, O Full of Grace, to greet us there!*

TERESA BRAYTON.

From Beyond the Tomb. (1)

God, in His infinite mercy, after having revealed the dogma of Hell to us, permits that from time to time some soul shall return to the world from out the mists of eternity in order to convince us of the all too real existence of that place of awful suffering. These manifestations are more frequent than is commonly believed, and when they are vouched for by trustworthy witnesses they are undeniable facts that must be admitted just in the same way as any other facts of history. I hasten, however, to affirm that I do not bring such facts forward as the principal or basic argument by which the dogma of Hell is demonstrated, for the infallible word of God is a far more convincing argument than any human testimony ever could be: my sole purpose in citing these apparitions is to confirm us in our faith regarding this great truth, to put it in a clearer light, and to furnish material for salutary meditation.

Mgr. de Segur, in his golden little work on Hell, tells us of some events in this connection that occurred during last century.

"The following incident" he says "took place almost within my own family circle in the town of Moscow, Russia, just before the terrible campaign of 1812. My grandfather, Count Roctopchine, Military Governor of Moscow, was on intimate relations with the famous general, Orloff, celebrated indeed for his bravery, but not less impious than courageous. One evening after supper, General Orloff and his sceptical friend, General V—, began to make fun of religion and especially of the doctrine of Hell.

'But', said Orloff, at one part of the conversation, 'what if, after all, there was some such place as Hell beyond the tomb?'

'In that case' replied General V—, 'whichever of us two dies first must come back and warn the other. Do you agree?'

'Certainly' said Orloff, and they solemnly gave their words of honour to be faithful to the compact.

Some weeks later, one of those wars that Napoleon, in his own peculiar way, knew how to bring about, broke out; the Russian army was mobilised, and General V— received orders to depart immediately in order to take charge of an important post.

Two or three weeks had passed since his departure from Moscow, when, early one morn-

ing, whilst my grandfather was dressing, his door was pushed rudely open, and General Orloff, in dressing-gown and slippers, his hair disordered, his eyes rolling wildly, burst abruptly into the room.

'Orloff!' cried my grandfather, 'You here at this hour? And pouncing in upon me in this abrupt way! What is the matter?'

'My dear sir' replied Orloff 'I think I shall go mad! I have just seen General V—?'

'General V—! Has he arrived then?'

'No, oh! no!' wailed Orloff, throwing himself into a seat and clutching nervously at his dressing-gown, 'he has not returned, and that is just what frightens me!'

My grandfather was completely at a loss to understand. He tried to calm the general and then said: 'Tell me, now, quietly, what has happened and what all this means?'

And Orloff, overcoming his emotion only by a great effort, gave him the following strange account.

'Dear Roctopchine, not very long ago, General V— and I made a solemn compact that whichever of us should die first would come back and tell the other if there really was a life beyond the tomb. Well, this morning, whilst I was lying quietly in bed, after having been awake for a long time, my bed-curtains were suddenly pushed back, and there, before me, not two paces distant, stood General V—no thought of whom had entered my mind—upright, pale, with his right hand on his breast. He saluted me with these awful words: 'There is a Hell, and I am in it!'—and then he disappeared. I ran here immediately; I am losing my head; what an awful business! I don't know what to think'.

My grandfather tried to reassure him as well as he could, but it was no easy job. He spoke to him of hallucination, of strong imagination; he said that perhaps, after all, he had been asleep, that strange cases often happened that were not easy to explain—in short, he had recourse to all those phrases that, without meaning very much, are often a source of consolation to strong natures. Then he ordered the carriage and had the general taken back to his own house.

Ten or twelve days after this strange occurrence an army courier came to my grandfather with certain dispatches and one of them was a notification of the death of General V—. The very morning on which General Orloff had

(1) From a little work entitled 'Hell Exists' by the Servant of God, Don Andrew Beltrami S. C.

seen him and listened to his words—at the very hour when he appeared in Moscow, the unhappy general had gone out to reconnoitre an enemy position, was shot through the body and fell dead to the ground’.

“There is a Hell, and I am in it!” These

time when he heard the story, which would be about the Christmas of 1859, and she was then but little more than 40 years of age.

This lady, a young widow of but twenty-nine summers, very rich and given up wholly to worldly pleasures, was residing in London during the winter of 1847-1848. Amongst the smart people who frequented her entertainments, one of them, a mere youth, was especially notable for the anything but edifying life that he was known to be leading, and his frequent visits compromised this lady’s reputation not a little.

Late one night—it was already past midnight—the lady was lying in bed reading some light novel and trying to make herself sleepy. The clock had just struck, and she had just put out her candle and was settling down to sleep, when she became aware that a strange white light, that seemed to advance from the door, was spreading itself throughout the chamber and growing stronger every instant. Quite unable to account for such a thing, her wonder continued to increase, and all at once she saw the door open, the dissolute youth, before mentioned, entered the room, and before she could utter a sound, he advanced quickly to the bed, took hold of her wrist in a terrible grip, and in despairing accents, said to her: “There is a Hell!”

The pain of that grip was so intense that the lady fainted. When her senses

returned to her she rang immediately for a maid. The latter came at once and as soon as she was in the room perceived a strong odour as of something burning. She hastened to her mistress, who could hardly speak, and saw quite plainly that around her wrist there was a mark caused by burning, but so deep that the flesh was almost all consumed and the bone could be seen for the space of a man’s hand. She observed, moreover, that from the door of the chamber to the bed and back again to the door there



THE SERVANT OF GOD FR. ANDREW BELTRAMI, S. C.

are the words of at least one unhappy soul returned to us from the other world.

Here is another fact recounted by the same author which he holds to be as indubitable as the preceding, having received his information from a worthy ecclesiastic, superior of an important community, who had the particulars from a very near relation of the lady figuring in the account. The lady was still alive at the

was a trail of human footprints burnt in the carpet. Acting on an order from her mistress, she opened the door of the room and saw that the trail came to an end just at the threshold.

Very soon after, the lady learnt—and her terror at the news may easily be imagined—that during that same night—that is to say, about one o'clock—the young man had been found hopelessly drunk, by his servants, had been carried by them to his room, and that he had expired there in their arms.

"I don't know" concluded the Superior "if this terrible lesson has succeeded in converting the unfortunate lady; this however I do know: she is still alive and in order to hide that sinister brand from curious eyes she wears a bracelet—a large golden band—around her wrist, continuously, day and night. I got these particulars, as I said from her very near relation, a sincere Christian, in whom I have every confidence. But the event is never spoken of in the family and though I have given you a faithful account of it I must keep the lady's name secret".

Death—but not the Priesthood!

Though Don Bosco was known as the apostle and friend of the poor, his advice and friendship were often sought after by the rich and influential. Thus it happened that one day a lady, well known in Turin society, came accompanied by her youngest son to pay Don Bosco an afternoon call. The family to which this lady belonged was regarded as irreproachably Catholic, since it was a well known fact that after relations were broken off between the Civil Power and the Holy See, the lady's husband, a *chargé d'affaires* in the Government of Piedmont, had voluntarily retired into private life.

Don Bosco, with his usual kindness, asked about the various family interests and ended by saying: "And what are you going to do with your eldest son?"

"He will follow a diplomatic career like his father."

"Good! and the second?"

"The second one is already studying for the army; his ambition is to become a general, I am sure he will make a great name for himself."

"Splendid! And this little man—" said Don Bosco putting his hand on the head of the bright little fellow, who, all eyes and ears, had been looking up into his face during the whole of conversation,—"we shall make him a priest; isn't that so?"

At Don Bosco's words the noblewoman jumped up from her chair and seemed for an instant to become speechless, then animated by sudden fury she cried out passionately: "A priest! never! I would rather see him dead."

Don Bosco, as may be imagined, was greatly surprised and deeply grieved that his words should have caused the good lady to lose control of herself to such an extent. He hastened to explain that his words were not a sentence by which her son's future would be determined. But all efforts to attempt to soothe the good lady's offended dignity were unavailing and she took herself off with the air of one who had been greatly insulted.

Just one week later Don Bosco found that the same lady had again called to see him, but this time she was trembling with agitation and bathed in tears.

"Oh! Don Bosco!" she cried, "Come at once! Come and save my little boy—the one I brought here last week—he is dying!"

The good priest did not hesitate, and in a very short time he was at the bed-side of the dying child. The little fellow was still conscious and kissed Don Bosco's hand after he had blessed him. The doctors were present but confessed themselves quite unable to discover what the sickness really was. The child heard all that was said and then calling his mother he murmured in a feeble voice which was yet distinctly audible to all present: "Mother, I know why I am dying: you remember what you said when we were with Don Bosco? Didn't you say that you preferred me to die rather than be a priest?" The child uttered these words quite ingenuously, but the effect they had on the poor woman can easily be imagined. Don Bosco did what he could to console the family and promised to get his boys to pray that God might spare their little son. Not many hours afterwards, however, word was brought to the Oratory that the little one had passed away.

The Truly Great Man.

I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility, doubt of his own power, or hesitation in speaking his opinion. But really great men have a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not in, but through them; that they could not do or be anything else than God made them. And they see something divine and God-made in every other man, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful. — JOHN RUSKIN.

SALESIAN NOTES AND NEWS.

The Oratory, Turin.

Many visitors on their way to Rome or when returning from the Eternal City are finding time to break their journey at Turin in order to come and visit the Mother House of the Salesians to make a little pilgrimage to Don Bosco's room and chapel and sometimes to his tomb at Valsalice. Some of these visitors are keenly interested in Salesian work; they have read so much about Don Bosco and the wonderful development of his two Congregations, and their admiration leads them to seek out and see for themselves the cradle of these Institutes so flourishing in the world to-day, though still in their infancy from the point of view of time. Many of these visitors, again, are illustrious prelates and churchmen who were personally acquainted with our Ven. Founder during their academical course pursued in Italy many years ago. Such a one, for instance, was Mgr. Mathieu, Archbishop of Regina, Sashatchewan, who came to the Oratory on May 7th. The last occasion on which he visited the Oratory was in 1880, two years after his ordination to the priesthood, and when our Ven. Founder was still alive and pursuing his active and fruitful apostolate. The venerable Archbishop has had a brilliant career since then having been Seminary Rector and subsequently Rector of Laval University previous to his elevation to the episcopacy; but his meeting with Don Bosco and subsequent friendship with him are amongst the dearest remembrances of his life, and the three letters he had from the Servant of God before the death of the latter in 1888 are preserved amongst the most cherished objects in his possession.

The early part of May saw the arrival, also, in Turin of the Very Rev. English Provincial, Fr. F. Scaloni who had passed his boyhood in the Oratory in the days of our Ven. Founder. As it happened, on the very first Sunday after his arrival the Artisan Section at the Oratory were giving the famous missionary drama entitled "Patagonia" or "A Vision Realised"—presented with such success just lately at the Salesian House, Oxford. The event took the mind of the revered Superior back to a certain evening, fifty years ago when he had acted the part of "Puelci" in the first produc-

tion of the now famous drama. The histrionic abilities of Don Bosco's boys, even at that early period, must have been well known and appreciated by all classes in Turin, for the theatre was considered much too small for the crowds expected, and the performance was given *al aperto* in the large playground of the school. Large numbers did indeed come to the entertainment, and amongst them the elite of Turin; but one little incident more than all the rest impressed itself upon the mind of the little boy who took the part of "Puelci" and that was the fact that during the performance our Ven. Father wept freely. Don Bosco had the heart of a Missionary, and he had but lately sent his first apostles to evangelise the natives in the wilds of Patagonia. The vivid portrayal on the stage of the misery and spiritual dereliction of these Indians not less than the remembrance of his dearest sons toiling and suffering in distant America had touched his fatherly heart.

As we go to press we have just been informed that a large party of English Co-operators under the leadership of Fr. Mc. Conville will leave England on May 14th on a pilgrimage to Rome and Turin. They will go to Rome first and get back to Turin in time for the Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians on May 24th. The Salesians at the Oratory will welcome them heartily, and the great festivities in honour of Don Bosco's Madonna in which they will participate, and the scenes of devotion and enthusiasm they will witness on the great feast-day will repay them for all the fatigue, trouble and expense of the long journey to Italy.



The Salesian International Seminary, Turin. On April 25th, the theological students at the Crocetta were remarkably privileged in being able to listen to an inspiring

conference given in their own study-hall by Father Mathew Crawley the great propagandist of devotion to the Sacred Heart, who is already a well known personality in many countries. All looked with interest at the black-robed figure as he took up a position, seemingly with some difficulty, at the high desk. He had the aspect

of one who is suffering, and yet in his eyes, as he looked around upon that throng of clerics representative of almost the whole civilised world, there shone the light of a mute interior joy and pent-up emotion. The personality of the speaker impressed itself upon his hearers, yet his words and manner were very simple, and his message, delivered with touching, impressive earnestness, was the old, old plea for disinterested love and an ambition for sainthood in those who were supposed to lead the people to Christ. It was better to have one saintly novice, he said, in a community, than to have fifty who did not seriously aim at being saints. Learning and eloquence were of themselves futile in winning souls; unless they were accompanied by sanctity they might even prove injurious to their possessor. In religious Institutes, noisy activity which did not emanate *ab intus* from a supernatural motive of love was simply an annoying echo of the bustle and din of the commercial world. The poor nun whom he had known, and who from every human point of view, was simply an encumbrance—a burden—upon her community, since she had been bedridden for years and years, was a true apostle was the living explanation of the great success her sisters were having in their work for souls, because the heart that beat in her diseased body was inflamed with love for the Sacred Heart; with a true spirit of sanctity she had united her will completely to the dispositions of Heaven and had offered up her sufferings as a holocaust for the salvation of her fellowmen.

The speaker was a great admirer of our Ven. Founder, and wherever he had gone he had always been impressed by the family spirit that existed in Salesian Houses, the close union and sympathy between superiors and inferiors—barrack-room discipline, he said, and religious charity did not harmonise well—and the friendly and intimate relations that existed between masters and boys. Fr. Crawley spoke in Italian and just as fluently as he speaks many other languages. At the end of the conference all were anxious to shake hands with the great man whose touching devotion to the Person of Our Divine Lord is impelling him to travel the world in order to stir up the hearts of the Faithful to a greater sense of gratitude and love, in their daily lives, for the Sacred Heart.

On Easter Monday, the whole Institute went in charabancs to Becchi, the birthplace of Don Bosco. The Very Rev. Prefect General of the Congregation Fr. Ricaldone was the leader of the pilgrimage and preached the sermon after the early morning Mass celebrated in the

beautiful little memorial church erected beside the ancient farmhouse in which our Ven. Founder first saw the light of day, and in one tiny room of which he had his famous dream or vision when only nine years of age. From Becchi the students went to Mondonio, the little village to which Dominic Savio retired from the Oratory. Here they were able to visit the room in which the young Servant of God breathed his last, and to see the beautiful statue erected to his memory in a prominent position at the entrance to the village.

Dinner was served in the College at Castelnovo—a truly international dinner followed



OUR LADY'S BASILICA, TURIN.

by five minute speeches in all the different languages—the English and Irish tongues having a worthy representation. Castelnovo is the birthplace of Blessed Joseph Cafasso and of H. E. Cardinal Cagliero, and in the little parish church of the town Don Bosco himself was baptised.

The next stopping-place for the party was Chieri. The town is simply full of interest for the Sons of Don Bosco, for it was in the diocesan seminary here, that our Ven. Father pursued his early studies during a period of seven years, and Blessed Joseph Cafasso, his friend and counsellor, had preceded him in the same Institute. The pilgrims were especially interested to see the room in which the holy cleric, Comollo, as is related in the *Life of Don Bosco*, appeared to him after his demise. The body of this cleric lies under the pavement of the sanctuary in the little seminary chapel, a beautiful little structure which is but little changed

from the days when these holy Servants of God poured forth the devotion of their young hearts within its walls.

Before leaving Chieri, the students were able to see the miraculous girdle of St. Thomas Aquinas preserved in the beautiful Dominican church, and the house owned by the Gonzaga family in which St. Aloysius performed some of his austere mortifications.



Copsewood, Limerick. The Very Rev. Fr. Scaloni, Provincial of the Salesians in England and Ireland arrived at Pallaskenry on March 9th. for his annual visitation. He was given a hearty reception by the staff and boys of the College, and the jubilation of the latter ascended to a great pitch when a whole holiday was proclaimed in honour of the distinguished visitor. The morning was spent in a poetic sojourn along the winding banks of the Shannon with a short rest at Kingmoyle Pier: the young gentlemen at the college spend their lives in close contact with the beauties of Nature, and they know how to appreciate these rural excursions to the fullest possible extent. One of the Hurling Cup Competition matches was able to be played after dinner: very interesting and exciting it proved and quite in keeping with the festive spirit that an extra holiday never fails to bring about.

The Provincial said the Community Mass every morning during his short stay at the College. He was pleased and edified at the large number of daily Communions that were made, and it was quite an experience for him to hear the Rosary and the Litany recited in Irish by the children of Don Bosco in the Green Isle.

St. Patrick's Day, as usual was one of the events of the year. For days previously, the boys were out collecting bunches of shamrock to be sent all over the world, for there are very few provinces of the Congregation in which Irish Salesians are not to be found and they look forward to the arrival of the little box containing the Irish emblem to be worn as a sweet memory of the "ould country" on St. Patrick's Day.

The weather at Limerick for the national festival this year was glorious, and after the second Mass at 10 o'clock many exciting hand-ball matches in the school alleys whiled away the time till the gong sounded for dinner. The latter item had its own importance on the programme: whether it had any influence on the

terminal match between Agricultural and Commercial that was played soon after is not stated in the chronicle, but the result was 4.5 to 0 against the Agricultural.

In the evening there was a grand concert and entertainment, for the success of which much praise is due to Bro. Cornelius S. C. who had devoted so much time and energy to the training of the aspirants and boys who performed so creditably in the play and in the other items. Irish songs and dances given in the inimitable Gaelic way so expressive of that innate joviality with its strain of emotion and deep feeling characteristic of the Irish race, were very well received, and one item especially—the dancing of Master Martin Crehan to a violin accompaniment by Master John Rice—succeeded in raising the admiration of the audience to a high degree of appreciative enthusiasm. The "Illustrious Stranger" was the title of the play—a most enjoyable performance from start to finish. The characters were numerous and each one gave of his best to produce the fine effect presented by the whole spectacle so correctly arranged and ably staged.

Mr. Magiure, the government inspector, came on March 27th for the terminal examinations, and seemed, as usual, to be pleased with the standard maintained in the College.

All were sorry towards the end of the term when they had to say good-bye to the able Agricultural Master, Mr. Humphrey who has done such great work for the school; but at the same time he is to be heartily congratulated on his promotion as Agricultural Instructor in Co. Kilkenny, and the good wishes of all go with him to his new post. Mr. Humphrey's place at the school has been taken over by Mr. Brosnan A.R.C.Sc. I. from Cork.

The boys went on April 1st for the Easter vacation. The term on the whole had been very wet and farm work was somewhat impeded. St. Patrick's Day, however, saw a change for the better in weather conditions thanks to the many intercessory prayers that went up to the patron saint, and no doubt the crops at Pallaskenry will be as good as ever this year.



Warrenstown, Co. Meath. Football matches between the Home team and the boys of the De La Salle Schools, Navan; a concert and theatrical entertainment in their own concert hall, marked the occasion of the National Festival in the Salesian Agricultural College at Warrenstown. It was a day of real joy in the College for with the Festival came

the visit of the Provincial, Father Scaloni, who was obviously delighted with the wonderful improvements which have been effected in Warrestown since the property came, so providentially, into the custody of the Salesian Order; and delighted too at the appreciation given to the work as reflected by the presence of so many sturdy, manly and accomplished pupils. One seeks with difficulty to find an expression which would fittingly describe the atmosphere

inside the walls of the Salesian Agricultural College at Warrenstown. And even already the results are such as to make one really proud: the slightest study of the pupils convinces one that whatever may be their future career, foppery, meanness or pettiness of any description will never penetrate through the armour of Christian education which they have received; an education which teaches them that it is a glorious thing to live and work and that their



LITTLE BOOKBINDERS IN THE SALESIAN MISSION, BELGIAN CONGO.

that is such a peculiar feature of Warrenstown College; and finally one is forced to the conclusion that the explanation is that here, as in so many other lands, where the Salesian Houses flourish, the ideals of Don Bosco are upheld with such devotion that we have a community of boys. The boys are boys; the Brothers are bigger boys, and the Priests, grey haired with years of missionary labour; stricken perhaps by the dangers of the malarial swamps or tanned with the sun of the tropics, are only the senior boys. These Salesian Fathers give their manhood to be boys for the purpose of guiding boys, and as one misses, or appreciates this aspect so will one form one's conception of the work for God and for Ireland which goes along so quietly but so efficiently and determinedly

faith and religion are integral parts of their every day life.

For the evening entertainment there was a very large number of visitors, mostly the parents of the pupils and friends of the community. Following some choruses by the College choir, which were very sweetly rendered, an address of welcome to Fr. Scaloni was read and warmly applauded. Then we were treated to a five act College Drama which in subject and treatment went right away from the beaten track of dramatists in such a sphere. The plot centred around a priest who found difficulty in securing funds for the completing of his church (in a non-Catholic country); his Bishop gives him but slight assistance but he is helped along by an anonymous contribution in Bank

of England notes. Amongst his flock is a Russian forger who has as a tool an Irishman named Kenny; Kenny at a suitable opportunity replaces the good notes which the priest received by some of the Russian's forgeries, and Scotland Yard men who have misconceived the relations between the priest and the forger have Fr. Corcoran arrested and convicted as an accomplice in the forgeries. Kenny—and this is where the unusual note is struck—silences the priest's defence by means of a sacrilegious confession, repents, is fatally wounded by his accomplices; then through dying declarations in the court he secures Father Corcoran's acquittal and dies in his arms repeating with dramatic intensity the simple prayers he had said as a boy in his native Ireland. The Drama demands some remarks: firstly it could scarcely be properly presented except by boys, secondly few college classes anywhere could present it better than did the boys of the Salesian College. From prologue to final curtain not one word was said that was not plainly heard at the extreme end of the concert hall; the death scene was as realistic a piece of artistry as one would find on any stage, and those taking the roles of the Bishop, Fr. Corcoran, the Judge, Huntley, Vorovsky and Pat Kenny could scarcely be excelled. They and their fellow artistes fully deserved the commendations showered upon them at the completion of the play.

"Erin the Tear," and "St. Patrick's Day", having been rendered by the Choir, the Earl of Fingal, who was amongst the distinguished attendance present, fittingly expressed the gratitude of the audience to Fr. P. J. O'Grady (the Principal), the staff and the boys for their excellent entertainment. He made special reference to the "Death Scene", which he said could scarcely have been surpassed on any stage; the excellent training so demonstrated reflected the utmost credit on Fr. O'Grady and those connected with him, and was a guarantee that those pupils who had been so trained would do themselves and their Instructors credit in whatever sphere of life they might be called to.

Father Scaloni then spoke, but a repetition of his words would give but a very imperfect impression of what those words conveyed. In excellent English and with that wealth of gesture which gives English an expression which is not its own, he expressed his thanks for the address of welcome which had been extended to him. He thanked his Lordship for his words of appreciation, but added naively that his own words would be few as he did not wish to destroy the impression which the beautiful, simple religious drama had had upon them!

He was grateful to see so many visitors present at their entertainment for it was a great encouragement to their dear boys. "I," he said, turning to the boys, "also wish to congratulate you, but not in the presence of all these people, for, if I congratulate you, will they not naturally say, 'Oh, a father is always fond of his children and indulges in a little exaggeration where they are concerned!'" But as so much praise had come from his Lordship he felt free also to extend his congratulations both for their drama and on their progress, which was a source of the greatest pleasure to their superiors,—"for," he continued, "as I say in every House I visit, we live for you, our lives are entirely consecrated to your present and future welfare and when you make progress, then our troubles, our trials and our fatigues are all forgotten!" He concluded by telling the boys that the essential thing was that later on when they were out in the world their religious superiors would find in them the greatest help in their apostolic labours and find cause to thank God for the results of the Christian education they had received. At the conclusion the boys gave three hearty cheers for the visitors and but for my colleague I would have missed the extraordinary sight of the "Bishop of Everingham" lustily waving his biretta, in a manner most amazing for such a high and dignified ecclesiastic!



Capetown, S. Africa. A meeting of the supporters of the Salesians was held on 22nd inst. at the Institute in Somerset Road, with the object of devising means to help the New Salesian School in Claremont.

There was a good attendance and the brave old workers were well represented. Mr. Devitt was duly nominated to the chair and he concisely explained the needs of the Salesians in general, and the house of Claremont in particular. Father de Bary extended a hearty welcome to those present and all augured well for the success of the meeting judging by the splendid work done at other Salesian functions by the members present.

Father Tozzi, before entering into the needs of the Claremont School, remarked that he had to perform the pleasant duty of presenting Mrs. A. Spillane with a decoration granted to her by His Holiness Pius XI.—the Cross "pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" ("for Church and Pontiff"). This decoration conferred on Mrs. Spillane, who so efficiently organized street collections, bazaars and charitable enterprises,

was a reward for the Secretary and Organizer, but it was intended to honour also those many ladies who worked with her with such enthusiasm and self-abnegation. This decoration was an expression of the sincere gratitude of all the Catholic and charitable institutions of Cape Town and the Salesians, the Nazareth Sisters, the Sisters of the Good Shepherd and of the Holy Cross wished to be represented in a united manifestation. It was not only a personal honour—it was intended for the whole family. Mrs. Keane had always nobly co-operated with her daughter, and Mr. Spillane had given her a constant and hearty assistance. In conclusion, Fr. Tozzi called on Mr. Spillane to pin the decoration on his worthy consort.

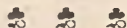
Rev. Dr. C. McCarthy seconded in suitable words, remarking that while honours, like all human glory, quickly pass away, the fruit, and merit of charitable works as performed by Mrs. Spillane with christian devotedness remain for ever. Mrs. Spillane, with feeling, acknowledged briefly the honour conferred on her, and her husband followed expressing his appreciation of the honour paid to his family.

The business of the meeting may be summed up in the three following points: The Salesian School in Claremont is saddled with a debt of £ 3,000 at the interest of 6 per cent.; many improvements have yet to be made before the land is made productive; the irrigation plant is to be erected and outhouses and storage rooms have to be built. The present boys, about thirty, are educated so that they may pass into Standard V. and go to the Town Institute to learn a trade. But the School has no funds for the up-keep of these boys with their staff and much less for the needed improvements.

After considerable discussion it was decided:

1) That a small committee composed of Messrs. J. Devitt, J. Carroll, W. G. Spillane, T. Brennan, A. Drew, and Inghami (Secretary) should call a large, representative meeting of gentlemen to discuss and organize a collection among the prominent and well-to-do people in the town.

2) That the ladies of the different parishes shall arrange a function in aid of the School in Claremont before the end of the year. It is hoped that keenness between parish and parish may be fruitful in providing the needed funds. Mrs. Spillane was elected Organizing Secretary.



I Am Needy and Poor.

(Psalm lxi., 6).

*Dearest Jesus, all Thy creatures are more worthy
of thy grace
Than the vile and wretched sinner who now kneels
before Thy face,
Yet one claim I have upon Thee, which Thou
never wilt deny;
In the bounds of Thy creation, no one needs Thee
more than I!
Other souls have been more faithful, and have
served Thee better far.
Many spotless hearts more fitting for Thy gracious
Presence are.
Many lips devout a greeting far more fervent can
supply,
But, dear Master, well Thou knowest, no one needs
Thee more than I!
Many loving hands have carried richer offerings
to Thy shrine.
Many generous hearts have loved Thee with a
purer love than mine;
These Thy chosen ones approach Thee, as the doves
to covert fly.
I am utterly unworthy, but none need Thee more
than I!
Sins unnumbered, unatoned for, have made havoc
in my soul,
And against me stands, as witness, the recording
angel's roll;
All untilled has been my vineyard, and its soil is
hard and dry.
O my God! my only Refuge, no one needs Thee more
than I!
For without Thee I am helpless, fast in sin's
strong fetters caught.
Blinded by my evil passions, swayed by impulse
all untaught;
I could do no good unaided, it were worse than vain
to try,
Come Thyself to me, sweet Jesus! No one needs
Thee more than I!
Thou didst leave the Father's bosom to reclaim and
save the lost.
Thou didst take upon Thee freely our redemption's
awful cost,
Thou Thyself hast called me to Thee, Thou wilt
hearken to my cry,
In the bounds of Thy creation, no one needs Thee
more than I!*

NEWS FROM THE MISSIONS.

A New Centre of Evangelisation in the Congo.

By. Rev. H. Bushkens S. C.

This year during the annual vacation of our European pupils of Elizabethville I was able to undertake some missionary work right in the interior, so please let me give you some particulars of my doings and of the consoling results which by God's mercy and the help of our Celestial Mother we have been able to procure.

As I told you in my last account of the Shindaika Mission, it had always been my desire to go and stay for some time in some of the outlying villages where the inhabitants had already had permission to construct school-chapels in which they said their prayers in common, learnt their catechism and had lessons in reading and writing under the direction of native catechists. My dream has at last been realised: in three different centres—Lumata, Kiombo and Kilobelobe, many of the inhabitants of which were already well disposed towards the Faith—three Mission Stations have been officially set up.

The Inauguration of the Lumata Mission.

Lumata is a village lying about 22 miles to the south-east of Shindaika. On the morning when I had to set out for the place I was staying at Kafubu whither I had gone to say Mass and hear confessions in lieu of Fr. Shillinger who had gone on a mission to Dilanda further south.

The distance from there to Lumata is 25 miles. According to what I was told, if I set out early in the morning, I could get there before noon, give a short instruction, do a little teaching, take the names of new catechumens, install some catechists and get back again to Kafubu that evening: so it was useless to carry along a big stock of provisions; some bread and butter would be quite sufficient—but alas, things proved otherwise in the event! After many adventures, I arrived at the village at 2 p. m. followed by three dogs who had insisted on bearing me company, whether I liked it or not. As soon as the nearest inhabitant caught sight of me, word of my arrival went round like wildfire and in the twinkling of an eye I was surrounded

by the whole population who greeted me with interminable salutations and shouts of joy. In that particular part there are five villages all near one another and natives from all of them came to swell the crowd. The chief made a sign to his black subjects to sit down around me and to be very silent since I wanted to speak to them of God and to teach them how to pray.

I sat down on a stone and the whole crowd of them stared at me in great curiosity; my beard especially was an object of wonder and a thousand comments were made upon it. I had no sooner made a sign that I was about to say something than they all began talking at once, telling each other to be quiet as the Father wanted to speak. I wanted to make them understand that I would speak to them later on, after I had rested a little, but the Chief, a veritable giant, though now slightly bent with age, raised himself toweringly above all, and having imposed silence commenced the following panegyric in regard to myself:

"You see here before you the Father who has come to teach us the law of God. Well, now, he is our *Bulamatari mkubwa*—our Great Chief. All must do as he says, all the chiefs must bring their children to him, and there is no other teacher but him (this was an allusion to the Protestant propagandists who are very busy in this region). It is he who is the Father of our Chief at Shindaika and he must also be our Father".

When this peroration, given in a loud and sonorous voice, had come to an end the Chief looked round upon all the lesser Chiefs and men about him and demanded if he had spoken well. Their approval was evinced by a great clapping of hands and shouting of "Heim! Heim!" which means, "yes".

Going on with his speech the Chief informed them that they would have to do whatever I told them and avoid doing whatever I forbade; that each one must come daily to the chapel-school, about to be inaugurated, to pray; that all the children would have to study hard and that the adults would have to be vigilant in seeing that their little ones frequented the school regularly. Any disputes that arose were to be submitted to the Father for settlement etc, etc.

At the end of every communication the old man demanded: "Have I spoken well" and the crowd replied with a shout of approbation. This sort of thing lasted for an hour, and as I felt somewhat rested at the end of it, I intimated that I would give them an instruction in the chapel on the way to become good Christians. There was an immediate rush for the rude structure which was found to be much too small and able to hold only half of those who

The chapel was then transformed instantaneously into a schoolroom by the simple process of pulling forward a large alphabetical chart. I made them read from A to Z and backwards several times; then I questioned them individually beginning with those whom I thought would be more likely to answer correctly. The women and girls—strangely enough—answered just as well and as eagerly as the men and boys. After an hour's class—not completely



A VILLAGE SCENE IN OUR CONGO MISSION.

wished to enter. The service commenced with a fervent prayer and the singing of a hymn to Our Lady which my catechist had already managed to teach to a good number of the natives.

Then I gave them a little sermon: I spoke to them of God, Creator of Heaven and Earth, Lord of all men, Who rewards good actions and punishes evil ones. I told them how much He had done for us and showed them how they could become His sons. I added a few words about the Blessed Virgin whose praises they had just been singing and whom they had just saluted with the beautiful prayer: *Moapoleni, we na njumu!* Hail Holy Queen! And we finished the little service with another hymn and a prayer.

conformable perhaps to modern pedagogical methods, but none the less interesting—I finished up, and praising them for the good will they had shown, I encouraged them to persevere and above all to pray and follow with diligent attention the instructions that would be given them from time to time by my catechist—Chimbi—a little fellow who happens to be headman of his village.

It was now time to let them go and enjoy themselves outside. I had brought an old football along in my knapsack as I knew of their great passion for the game. In less time than it takes to tell several small trees standing in the way were torn up by the roots and made to serve as goalposts, and without wasting time a match of the most animated kind

was soon in progress. The old men and women were interested spectators; they looked on and laughed heartily especially when some one or other received an unlooked-for blow from the ball or went rolling unexpectedly on the ground. But the first night clouds began to gather at last and I was obliged to bring the game, interesting and enjoyable as it was even though the rules were not all known or observed, to an end. The happy day ended with a prayer, a hymn and the traditional Salesian "Goodnight".

To tell the truth, we had been so busy ever since my arrival that it was only now that the feeling of emptiness within me began to make itself uncomfortably felt; I had been obliged to distribute the sandwiches with which I had set out in the morning to some hungry little boys whom I met on my way; and the worst of it was, that, as the natives have the idea that the whites always travel well provided with all necessities, the catechist's wife, though she had gone to the trouble of fixing up a sleeping place for me in the corner of the schoolroom, had not even dreamt that I should be in need of eatables. What was to be done now? It was necessary to remedy this embarrassing and somewhat painful situation at once, but how could I do it in a dignified way and without a breach of etiquette?

An Aristocratic Dinner!

All at once I had an inspiration—I would ask for some food for my three dogs, the faithful companions of my journey. I would ask this new "Manma Margaret" for a large plate of potatoes, beseeching her at the same time not to adorn them with the insipid native paste called *bukari*, since it was too good for the dogs, and—I added to myself—a little too rich for me!

The good lady very sensibly fell in with my request without asking too many questions: a large dish of potatoes was soon prepared and brought to my sleeping-quarters along with a jug of the native beer which is generally offered to white travellers. I thanked the good mother, bade her good-night and shut myself in along with my guests. When the *Benedicite* had been said, we commenced operations: one potato for me; one for each of my shaggy companions and so on according to the rules of fair division. They were much quicker than I was, however, at hiding those potatoes; in fact their table manners, on the whole, left much to be desired, and I believe they were slightly offended because I did not share my beer with them, but the meal went on merrily enough, and

when it was finished I wasted no time before saying a few prayers and getting to sleep.

Because of the cold and certain painful sensations in my limbs I was awake before five, and at the first sign of the dawning of a new day I was already on the way to headquarters.

629 Catechumens.

And this was the result of my short visit: all the children of the place who used to come under the influence of the protestant propagandists of that region are now with us; my catechist has brought me a list of 144 catechumens—men, women and children without counting the very little ones; every evening all the inhabitants of those five villages, clustering together, meet in the chapel for prayers; the children spend some time every day in learning to read and write and on Sundays the best walkers amongst them come to Shindaika for the instruction.

By means of the catechism, God and His law are becoming better known every day, the Blessed Virgin is now honoured and loved, and little by little Satan's hold upon the souls of these poor people must be entirely broken as the Kingdom of God is extended in their midst. A new harvest of Christian souls is certainly ripening in these poor hamlets and I am certain that with the help of our good Mother Mary this Mission also will bring forth its saints.

As I said in the beginning, we have set up three new stations; that of Lamata with its 144 catechumens; that of Kilobelobe with 96 on the register and Kiombe with its 68. These three chapel-schools have together an attendance of 307 and if we add this to the number attending the Shindaika Mission but recently founded we get a grand total of 629.

Let me finish up by recommending our Congo Missions to the prayers and charity of our readers and co-operators. Here in the Dark Continent there are magnificent opportunities for the gaining of souls and for the extension of Christ's Kingdom: remember these poor black natives during the great Jubilee Year and help to bring them in large numbers into the bosom of the Church.

Donations for the propagation of Salesian works, and offerings in connection with "Graces and Favours" received, may be sent to:

Very Rev. Don Philip Rinaldi
32 Via Cottolengo, Torino, Italy.

The Daughters of Mary Help of Christians in India.

By a Mother Superior.

Amongst our occupations here on the Mission around Tanjore one of the most interesting is that of the periodical visits we have to make to the numerous villages of this most extensive parish. There are about seventy such villages scattered here and there around the great centre and in some of them there are now quite a goodly number of Christians.

We make our rounds in a typically Indian way, traversing the country in a sort of covered-in cart or caravan which is drawn, or rather jolted, along by a pair of ancient oxen. The heavy beasts plod their way along at the slow, monotonous pace they have been practising for years, and no amount of urging, beating or shouting can make them forsake their traditional gait. It is not a comfortable way of travelling and when we bring our unwieldy vehicle and its team to a halt at one of our villages, after four, five or six hour's journey, we generally get down aching in every limb owing to the uneven nature of the track and the absence of springs in our carriage *de luxe*. Once alighted we feel very much like having a little repose but it is no use thinking of such a thing, for no sooner do the people of the place get to know that the Sami's (the Priest's) wagon has arrived than they come along in crowds and they must be attended to at once.

The Missionary Sisters.

When we made our first visit the natives were astonished when they came to the wagon and saw descending from it, not the Sami whom they had expected, but several Sisters. When they came to know, however, that we had been sent by the Priest—and the fact that we were in possession of his wagon was proof enough for them—and when they learnt that we had come to visit their sick, their surprise soon changed into a welcome confidence, and we were everywhere well received, especially by the suffering and needy and by the mothers with ailing babies.

With the catechist as guide we visited the more urgent cases first, and we came across some worthy of the deepest compassion. We found many poor people who had been suffering for a long time and all for want of a little advice or some simple medicine that would have cured them almost at once. Castor-oil and quinine are the principal remedies in our portable dispensary: then we have some drops for bad eyes, syringes for the ears, tincture of iodine, laudanum, bismuth, perchlorate of iron and numerous salves and ointments for all kinds of sores. Cleanliness, of course, is the first stage of our curative process and the natives have great need of instruction in this elementary science. In general, we have had very successful results; the Indians have come to have great faith in our medicines and when they see our medicine-chest, with its array of little bottles and boxes, opened, they all want something, even those who are not sick. We look after their bodily ills, but we labour also to cure the souls of these poor people, whether they be christians or pagans, who have such



SALESIAN SISTERS ENGAGED IN THEIR WORK OF MERCY.

confidence in us. We speak to them of God, of Our Lady; we teach them a little catechism prepare their minds and their hearts for the light of the Faith and dispose them to trust in God and His guiding providence.

We often find babies who are not destined to live long in this world; we baptise them at once and thus open for them the gates of Paradise. At all our stopping-places we are soon surrounded by a great concourse of people—



TWO STALWARTS ON THE INDIAN MISSION.

christians, mahometans and pagans—they all come to us, and all want something. We give them pictures, rosaries and medals and try to please all of them, but it is not always possible to do this. About mid-day, when the heat is intense, we retire to the shade of some large tree, open our basket and have something to eat. The Indians are often a little surprised at this proceeding for many of them believe that we never eat—that we have no need of food. When night comes we retire to our wagon, or, if there is a chapel, we go there. Once more we have recourse to our basket and when supper is over and when we have said some prayers we spread our mats on the floor and with a box or a bag for a pillow we try to get

what sleep we can. Outside, the Indians, as always, are still talking loudly, and some of them pass the night in the open-air at no great distance away, so as to be the first to be attended to in the morning.

We have already been once in all the villages and are now commencing our second round of visits.

The first of the series is Pullianattam. It stands in the midst of the rice-fields, and the road, or rather, the ditch, leading up to it on the occasion of our second visit had become a sort of canal well charged with water which made it impossible to discern the holes, sometimes of considerable dimensions, along the road. Our journey under such conditions was quite an arduous undertaking but it was not impossible and we were urged on by the thought of the great benefits we could bestow on these poor people. Our oxen had no fear of the flooded track; they are accustomed to difficulties and the driver knew how to handle them. The Christians whom we met on the road followed us to the village where we were received with great cordiality. Our coming, they said, at that particular time, was a very great blessing for them, for half the village were down with fever and there was scarcely a family that was not affected. Fortunately, we had a good supply of quinine with us, and we commenced to deal with the more serious cases. Two days we stopped there and did our best for the sufferers. Our Lady Help of Christians must have blessed our efforts for at our departure the fever, in many cases, had been overcome.

Favours of the Madonna.

Our medicines, in which, as I said before, the Indians have now unlimited faith, really seem, at times, to work wonders. One poor patient—a pagan—had been suffering from cholera for two days, and was tortured by fits of vomiting, dysentery and convulsive trembling. His friends were quite sure that we could cure him and urged us to come and see him. We found him in terrible agony, and the worst of it was that we had but little that would be suitable for his ailment. We recited a fervent *Ave Maria* and *Salve Regina* and gave him what little we had. Two hours afterwards, the sick man himself got up and came along to thank us: he was already cured. What his illness really was, and how he had got rid of it so suddenly, I should not dare to say definitely; but how can we help attributing such favours to the intercession of our Heavenly Mother? And this is by no means an isolated case.

And whilst we were in that same village something of quite an alarming nature took place; one of the women, whilst cutting grass in a field, was bitten in the right hand by a serpent. The reptile was a large one and of a most poisonous species—a cobra, in fact, and no one had any hope of a cure for the poor woman. They brought her in a fainting condition to us, and, seeing the desperate plight she was in, we at once recommended her case to the Madonna. Then we enlarged the wound in order to let the blood flow more freely, applied

these souls from the horrors of idolatry. One day, two young pagans came to the chapel at Pullianattan where we were surrounded by a crowd of natives, some of them in need of medicine, others who had come out of mere curiosity. Though these two young men were wearing the emblem of the god, *Siva*, on their foreheads, they greeted us with the christian salutation: "Sarvesuranuccu Tostiram!" which means—Praise be to God! We were surprised at this and asked if they were Christians.

"No, we are not Christians", they said, "but



THE MISSIONARY'S "CARRIAGE AND PAIR" ON THE INDIAN MISSION.

our most powerful anti-snakebite preparation and gave her an antidote to swallow. And I am glad to say that once again our efforts met with great success and the woman's life was saved. Mary Help of Christians, like a true mother, seems to take pleasure in multiplying such favours in order to augment the confidence of these natives, not only in our medicine, but also in her own heavenly power and efficacious assistance.

Your Religion is too Difficult!

All the natives here, even the pagans, seem to want to have a word with us and we avail ourselves of their friendly disposition in order to lead the conversation to the subject of religion, for, after all, we are Missionaries, and not simply philanthropists, and we want to win

we often come to the chapel; we have learnt to make the Sign of the Cross and we know some of the prayers that the Christians say".

"That is very good"; I said, "but don't you ever think seriously about the salvation of your souls? Is the evil spirit your only god? As long as you are in the service of the demon you can do nothing but injury to your own soul. Why don't you break these shameful chains and become Christians?"

"Your religion is difficult: ours is more convenient. Christians must never state what is false, must never steal... to us, on the other hand, everything is lawful: we can do just what we want to do without ever offending our god".

"That may be true, but when you die you will find yourself in hell with your demon-god to suffer with him there for all eternity, whilst our good Christians will go to heaven to enjoy

the consolations of the Author of all good for ever”.

Our conversation finished there; they had no reply to make. One complained of a headache and the other of a bad throat, and when we had given them some medicine they departed: but it is not impossible that our few words, with the help of God's grace, may produce good fruit in due season in the souls of those poor young men still in the clutches of satan.

A Difficulty.

We are preparing to visit another of our villages, and in spite of the fatigue, the sacrifices and the suffocating heat, we shall make the journey joyfully, for there is much good to be done amongst these poor people who live so far from any church and who receive our ministrations so gratefully. Our only difficulty is this that we have often to make our visits with but a small supply of medicine or even to postpone them sometimes for want of means. In every village we must distribute medicine to the value of a least thirty shillings; then there are the oxen to be maintained and the driver to be paid. When you come to think that the villages number seventy you can easily see that our round entails considerable expense. Here there is no question of indiscriminate charity, no question of throwing money away on undeserving cases, but of coming directly to the assistance of the needy and suffering. May Our Lady, during her own month of May, inspire some generous souls to help us in the great work: they will have the benefit of our prayers and of the prayers of all our poor Christians in this for-off Mission.

Cannibalism in Central Africa.

Last year the French Government were forced to issue a stern decree against the practice of cannibalism that still persists in certain parts of Africa under French dominion. The penalty of death was decreed for all those guilty of assassination or attempted assassination for the purpose of anthropophagy—or the eating of human flesh.

You must remember that in the heart of the tropical forest the native has often great difficulty in finding food, and for centuries he has been accustomed to appease his hunger by eating the flesh of his followmen—prisoners taken in battle or slaves that come into his power.

The custom still continues and is partly explained by the necessity for finding food; but there are also religious reasons to account for cannibalism, for many of the horrible idolatrous rites of these negroes require human victims and a revolting orgy always forms part of their ceremonies.

In the Muni territory there is a secret society of natives who are known as “panther men:” their aim is to find human flesh, and the one who manages to procure a victim undertakes to divide his find with the others.

Cannibalism is especially prevalent in those places in which no Europeans reside; and there are whole tribes, such as the Makas, the Djemes and the Dzinus, which practise it though the territory in which they dwell has been under white dominion for thirty years.

Up to the time of the World War, no white man or Missionary had ever entered the Macas territory and the habits and customs of the natives were quite unknown. Then, owing to the military operations that took place also in the Dark Continent—these people were pushed towards Spanish territory and the Missionaries got into touch with them along the frontier. One of their Chiefs embraced Christianity and he invited the Missionary to come and evangelise his villages. Through this connection set up between them and the whites most revolting practices were discovered. It was found that they were in the habit of filing their teeth to sharp points in order to be better able to tear the flesh of their prey to pieces. Very often, at their dances or public spectacles, they would seize hold of some unfortunate individual, drag him to the woods, butcher him and distribute his flesh amongst the members of the tribe. Before a great feast they settle on some particular woman who will be set apart and fattened up just in the same way as we prepare our fowls for the Christmas table. The first white person who fell into the hands of this savage people was killed and cut to pieces and his flesh was sold at a high price to the members of the tribe who were curious to know what white flesh tasted like.

Every man in the tribe is an assassin, and a man's worth is reckoned according to the number of people he has slain. A Missionary one day asked a native youth: “How many men have you eaten up till now”.

“Four”, he replied, and lowered his head in shame, not because of his crimes but because the number of his victims was so small.

What a happy day it will be when we have enough heroic Missionaries to labour amongst these savages, to exterminate their vile practices

and to raise them from the level of the beasts of prey that roam over their vast and unexplored territory. The beasts of the forest kill to satisfy their hunger, and even then they but rarely devour their own kind; but these degraded savages are in the grip of satan who has dragged them down even lower than the brute creation and inveigled them in a network of superstition and idolatry which has blinded them to the most elementary precepts of the natural law. The Church has still a difficult battle to fight in this Dark Continent: those who are already in the field will be grateful for the moral support of your fervent and charitable prayers for them and for those whom they are trying to evangelise.

Tribute to Don Bosco.

As a "sign of the times," or rather of the relations existing between the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in Rome, may be cited the fact that the day before yesterday, at the Salesian House in Via Marsala Rome, before a large and distinguished assembly, including many Bishops, Senators, and Deputies, as well as the General of the Salesians, the venerable Cardinal Cagliero entered the hall, with the Minister of Education, Sig. Fedele, to the sound of the "Marcia Reale" played by the band of the Salesian Students.

In his speech on this occasion the Minister Fedele (an excellent Catholic, by the way), after extolling the apostolic and patriotic work of the Salesians, who made the name of Italy respected wherever they went, used the following words: "For this reason I pay homage here, in the name of the Italian Government, to the memory of Don Bosco. It is not without significance that a Minister of the King sits here next to a Prince of the Church. I seem to see in this the realisation of another dream of Don Bosco's, who, through various different paths, ever desired the greatness of our country. And there is no real greatness, unless it is based on the principles which inspired the work of Don Bosco—to these principles I bow with emotion and reverence." — The "Uviverse."

Would English correspondents please note that the rate of postage for an ordinary letter from England to Turin is 2½d. We have to pay large sums away yearly for excess postage.

A Sonnet for June.

O sweetest Heart of Jesus; to Thy shrine
 In this dear month of June, Thy saints have brought
 Their offerings of word and deed and thought.
 Like fairest blossoms blown in fields divine,
 The blood-red roses of a charity
 Whose seed was gathered from Thy open side:
 The lilies of surpassing purity,
 Amid whose petals Thou dost, pleased, abide.
 Ah! woe is me, I cannot choose but hide
 My blushing face, for I have naught for Thee
 Save these poor violets, these tender-eyed
 And drooping blossoms of humility:
 All wet with tears, they bloom for Thee alone,
 Ah! make the giver and the gift Thine own!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Environment.

A suitable environment does not necessarily make students, but it is a great incentive to the spirit of study. Cardinal Newman fully realized this, and on leaving Oxford, wrote:

"The windows of my study look out on the tranquil court of an ancient college, where the sundial marks the silent passage of the hours, and in the long Summer days the fountain plashes drowsily amid flowers and grass; where, as the evening shadows deepen the lights come out in the blazoned windows of the Elizabethan hall, and from the chapel the sweet voices of the choir, blent with the pealing music of the organ, float on the peaceful air, telling of man's eternal aspirations after truth and goodness and immortality. Here, if anywhere, remote from the tumult and the bustle of the world, with its pomps and vanities and ambitions, the student may hope to hear the still voice of truth, to penetrate through the little transitory questions of the hour to the realities which abide; or, rather which we fondly think must abide, while the generations come and go. I can not be too thankful that I have been allowed to spend so many quiet and happy years in such a scene and when I quit my old college rooms, as I soon shall do, for another home at Cambridge, I shall hope to carry forward to new work, in a new scene, the love of study and labour which has been, not indeed implanted, but fostered and cherished in this ancient home of learning and of peace".

"Southern Cross."

DEVOTION TO OUR LADY HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

The Medal of the Help of Christians.



One of the means that the Ven. Servant of God, Don Bosco, adopted for extending devotion to our Celestial Mother was the distribution of the medal of the Help of Christians. Even before the Sanctuary at Valdocco was consecrated he had numerous medals struck with the façade of the Basilica on one side with the inscription "Church of Mary Help of Christians" and on the other the figure of Our Lady as she appears in the famous painting over the high altar in the church and the words: "Mary Help of Christians, pray for us!" These medals began to be very well known and during these last forty years some millions of them, of various designs, must have found their way into the hands of the faithful devotees of Our Lady throughout the world. And the consoling

feature about the practice is this that these medals when blessed and applied to the sick or worn by them have obtained many wonderful cures, as well as numerous conversions and salutary protection against temptations and evils of all kinds. All the favours, little and great obtained in this way have not been chronicled, but the grateful clients who have given an account of such help received from Our Lady are sufficiently numerous, and we give here one or two typical examples in the hope that the practice of wearing the medal of Our Lady Help of Christians may become still more popular amongst those who are devoted to our chief patron.

* * *

In 1887, a lady Co-operator sent the following account to Ven. Don Bosco: "On the 17th of the month I sent you an offering to have a Mass said for my father who was dangerously ill, and I am writing now to ask you to express my sincerest thanks to Mary Help of Christians. My father who is 81 years of age was reduced to such a state that all despaired of a cure for him. However, with great faith I applied a medal of Our Lady Help of Christians to his head and he got better, instantly, and to such an extent that he was able to be at table with me for supper that evening, much to the surprise of everyone who knew of his grave condition just a few hours before. He had three relapses, but, continuing to pray, I applied the miraculous medal each time, and each time he got better at once. The doctor had told us after the first attack that if he should have another it would only be a question of hours before he would succumb: in any case, he said, he could only live for a few days, for it was impossible to cure him. And yet you see how marvellously good Our Lady has been to me in thus preserving my father whose loss would have left me desolate beyond all telling..."

* * *

"A certain Provano Agostino had fractured his leg in such a way that the bones were protruding through the flesh. The doctors had declared that lockjaw would certainly ensue if the leg were not amputated at once. The patient's aunt, however, an excellent Salesian Co-operator, wrote at once to Don Bosco begging him to send a blessing to the infirm one and to obtain his cure. I myself gave the aunt a medal of Our Lady Help of Christians to put around her nephew's neck and exhorted her to make the Novena in honour of our Heavenly Mother. Our Lady obtained a perfect cure for the young man and amputation was quite unnecessary. The doctors themselves declared that a miracle had taken place."

* * *

"Viassone Gioachino, of this town, was affected with epilepsy to such an extent that his poor mother could not enjoy a moment's peace for fear of what might happen to him when his fits came on. All through the medal of Our Lady Help of Christians and a Novena of prayers he has been free from these attacks for more than two years."

* * *

"Mary Help of Christians has also obtained the cure of a certain C. M. who was affected with insanity and had to be confined to an asylum at Racconigi. Hearing of the young woman's condition I advised her relations to get her to wear a miraculous medal of Mary Help of Christians. Her cure was obtained and the young woman, perfectly sane, is now living at home with her family."

Graces and Favours. (1)

Chertsey, England. Praise, honour, love and thanks to Our Lady Help of Christians who obtained for us by her intercession unlooked for success in a final examination. May this favour be an encouragement to all who stand

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

in need of special graces to invoke the help of our Celestial Patron. No one ever had recourse to Mary and was left unaided.

Four Sisters.

Cork, Ireland. I am enclosing two offerings for Masses on honour of Our Lady Help of Christians in thanksgiving for requests granted after making the Novena recommended by Don Bosco. I earnestly beg for prayers for a special intention.

A Nurse.

California, U. S. A. I have forwarded an offering for a Mass in thanksgiving to Our Lady Help of Christians for the obtaining of a temporal favour I had asked for when making the Novena in her honour. I should appreciate publication in the *Bulletin*.

F. X. F.

Ernakulam, S. India. A child of nine, four years old, was suffering from fever for about four months. Qualified doctors, including the Government's Chief Medical Officer, whom I interviewed, were uncertain of the cause of the fever, but they said ultimately that the child was suffering from tuberculosis. We took him to our native village but here his condition became extremely grave and we were quite in despair about him. Then we had recourse to Our Lady Help of Christians and began a Novena in her honour. The Novena finished on the 24th of that month and next day a friend and classmate of mine, a successful doctor, came to the village and though only remaining there three hours called in to see me. We showed him the boy and he came to the conclusion that he was suffering from an abscess in the liver and advised us to place him under a good surgeon. We took the child back to Ernakulam; the doctors confirmed this last diagnosis, he was operated on twice and had to stay in hospital for two months. Our boy is now in perfect health and stronger than ever. I fully believe that his cure came about through the intercession of Our Lady and Ven. Don Bosco.

An Advocate.

Warm Springs, U. S. A. I am sending an offering to the Sanctuary of Our Lady Help of Christians in thanksgiving for a grace received. Please publish.

M. V. S. and M. E. S.

(Other letters unavoidably held over).

THE LIFE OF THE VENERABLE DON BOSCO

By G. B. LEMOYNE of the Salesian Society.

(Continued).

This is the story as Don Bosco tells it in the memoir which he left regarding these searches. He wrote these pages and left them behind to be used as a norm and a warning by his spiritual sons (1).

And this is how he relates the story of the first search made on May 26th, 1860, the eve of Pentecost:

"About 2 o'clock on that Saturday afternoon a charitable person accompanied by a little boy and bearing a letter of recommendation from the Minister of the Interior, presented himself to me.

Whilst I stood reading the letter on one of the staircase landings three men in gentlemanly attire arrived there and said to me immediately: 'We must speak with Don Bosco.'

'He I am; but please wait for a moment and when I have settled with regard to this boy, I shall be at your service.'

'We cannot wait.'

'As you are in such a hurry, then, tell me in what way I can serve you?'

'We must speak with you privately.'

'Come along then in to the Prefect's room.'

'Not to the Prefect's room, but to your own.'

'But who are you?' I demanded in surprise.

'We have come here to make a domiciliary examination.'

I then understood clearly what I had begun to suspect from the beginning of the conversation. We continued thus:

'Have you brought a warrant with you?'

'No, but this gentleman is Lawyer Tua, Delegate of Public Safety; we two are the Lawyers, Grasselli and Fumagali, representing the Fiscal'.

Whilst this interrogatory was taking place,

several members of the Public Safety Guard had stationed themselves on the stairs, in the playground, and at the door, whilst a squad from another corps, all well armed, had mounted guard outside the establishment.

The Delegate of Public Safety continued in a loud and stern tone: 'Take us at once to your room.'

'I cannot, and will not lead you to my room until you can show me by whom you are sent, with what authority, and for what reason. Take care that you do not proceed to act, for in that case I shall have the bells rung, I shall call upon my sons for help, and considering you as aggressors and violators of our domiciliary rights I shall have you removed from here by force. You may try, it is true, to lay violent hands upon me and take me to prison, but in that case you would be doing something reprehensible in the sight of God and in the sight of men, and something that would be productive perhaps of dire consequences and hurt to yourselves.'

As soon as I had said this, one of the guards approached in order to lay hands upon me, but the Delegate stopped him with the injunction: 'As far as possible let us conduct this business without creating difficulties for ourselves. Go and get the warrant from the office of the Police Commissioner.'

In the meantime I terminated my business with the boy who had been recommended and who had stood bewildered during the whole discussion, understanding but little of its import. He was accepted as a pupil of the Oratory, and, if I am not mistaken in regard to the name, I believe he was young Rattazzi, nephew of the famous Urban Rattazzi.

By this time, a rumour had spread amongst the boys throughout the college that the authorities had come to take me to prison. All were seized with great indignation and excitement and a few of the more daring and courageous spirits amongst them came to me and said in a meaning undertone: 'Will you allow us...'

'No,' I said at once; 'I forbid you to use any word or act that may give offence to anyone. Have no fear—I shall arrange all; and now off you go, all of you, about your duties.'

When, at last, the messenger returned, the Delegate donned his questoral sash and the Fiscal's representative, in impressive tones and

(1) « They should be a *norm* of conduct if Divine Providence ever permits any one of our brethren to find himself in like circumstances. Let him try to speak personally with the higher authorities, who either through human respect, natural goodness or politeness, generally act with greater benevolence than their subalterns who often distort the facts of the case in order to show themselves impartial, worthy of promotion, and who wish to stand well with their superiors. We can gain much more by these personal interviews than we could by many epistles of careful composition. These notes will also serve as a *warning* to us to keep ourselves strictly apart from politics even when they attract us under the plea of doing good. In every eventuality, in every difficult situation, have recourse to prayer. Make frequent ejaculations in your heart in order to obtain light and grace from God, then explain your case with all frankness and truth, and answer the questions of the authorities with respect and clearness, but without fear ».

flanked by five policemen said: 'In the name of the law, I hereby intimate to John Bosco, Priest, that a domiciliary investigation will now be made in his establishment.'

So saying he stretched forth the famous warrant for my perusal. From it I saw that a search was also authorised to be made in the residences of Canon Ortalda, Don Joseph Cafasso, Count Cays and others. The part that concerned me was worded thus: 'By order of the Minister of the Interior a diligent investigation shall be made in the house of the Priest, Bosco, and every corner of his establishment must be searched minutely. He is suspected of having compromising relations with the Jesuits, with Archbishop Fransoni, and with the Pontifical Court. If anything be found that may prove of grave interest in the eyes of the Fiscal, let the person herein concerned be placed immediately under arrest.'

Returning the document to its owner, I said: 'As everything now seems to be in order I give you full liberty to exercise your authority, though I do so only because it is imposed on me by force. Come to my room.'

We arrived at the threshold, and as I was in the act of turning the handle of the door Lawyer T'ua, in facetious tones, read the inscription written above: 'Blessed and praised every moment be the names of Jesus and Mary.' I judged it well, then, to stop and add: 'And may the sweet name be ever praised..' then I turned to them and said: 'Take off your hats'; but seeing that no one obeyed, I continued: 'It was you who commenced the ejaculation; now you ought at least to finish it with due respect and reverence. I command each one of you to uncover his head.' At these words they thought fit to condescend, and I concluded, '... of Jesus the Incarnate Word.'

Once inside my room I abandoned myself to their wishes. They commenced by searching my person. They went through every pocket and every garment that I was wearing, my purse and my pocket-book, my cassock and the hems of my clothing, and even the tassel of my biretta was subjected to a minute search with the purpose of discovering, as they said, the 'corpus delicti'—evidence of my crime.

And as this operation was carried out in a most discourteous manner, and I was pushed and pulled in every direction I could not help observing: '*Et cum sceleratis reputatus est.*'

'What was that you said?' one of them demanded.

'I only remarked that you are doing me a service like unto that which certain people, on one occasion, performed for Our Divine Saviour.'

In a corner of the room there was a basket filled with waste-paper and sweepings. As the eagle glance of Lawyer Grasselli fell upon it he perceived an envelope bearing the stamp of the Papal States, and exclaimed: 'This is mine; let no one else touch it.'

'Attention, guards!' adjoined the Delegate, 'and watch everything carefully.'

After that they began to pass the torn envelopes and pieces of paper from one to the other, but nothing incriminating was brought to light.

'Look here, Don Bosco' the Delegate said at length, 'it would be better to shorten this business. Give us the paper that we are looking for and we shall go away immediately.'

'Have the goodness to tell me what sort of paper you desire.'

'Anything that would be of interest to the Fiscal.'

'But I cannot give you what I have not got.'

'Can you deny, then, that you have papers that the Fiscal would be interested to see, documents regarding the Jesuits, Fransoni, the Pope?'

'I shall give you every satisfaction. But, tell me first—will you believe what I say.'

'Yes, provided you speak the truth.'

'Which means to say that you are not disposed to believe me, and so it is quite useless for me to make any assertion.'

'Of course we shall believe you,' said Lawyer Fumagalli. 'Believe you as we do the Gospel' adjoined the others.

'If you believe me, then,' I replied, 'I advise you all to go off about your business, for neither in this room, nor in any corner of the house will you find anything that an honest priest may not lawfully possess; there is nothing therefore that can possibly be of any interest to you.'

'And yet' objected T'ua, 'we were assured that there was certainly a *corpus delicti*, and that we should be sure to find it during the search.'

'If you don't want to believe me' I said, 'then what is the use of asking questions? But tell me, in all good faith—would you take me for a fool?'

'No, certainly not.'

'Well, then, if I am not a fool, I have certainly not left compromising documents lying about where they would be liable to fall into your hands. I should certainly have destroyed them or hidden them carefully away long before now. But continue your search by all means.'

Everything was now thrown open, cupboards, drawers, boxes, safes, and the smallest bit of

paper, whether of a confidential nature or not, was scrupulously examined.

In the meantime I had taken my seat at a desk and was commencing to attend to some letters that should have been answered before, when Grasselli said to me: 'You mustn't write anything without submitting it to our inspection.'

'You are masters' I replied, 'By all means, you may see and read everything that I write.'

I continued to write, therefore, and five of them, one after the other, read through the letters as I finished them. But it soon came about that before the fifth one had read my last letter I had another ready to present to them, and the Delegate was soon forced to remark irritably: 'What did we come here for? We are wasting our time reading Don Bosco's letters and we shall never get through with the formal search for which we came.'

He then arranged that only one should read the letters, and that the others should continue their investigations.

In going through a kind of wardrobe that stood in the room they found there a strong-box, locked. 'Ah! what have we here?' they at once demanded.

'Confidential matters: my secrets: I don't want that box opened.'

'Secrets! What secrets? Come at once and open it.'

'I cannot, absolutely. I hold that everyone has a right to keep secret those things that may diminish his honour or reputation. I beg you, therefore, to pass on to something else, Respect family secrets?'

'We must see everything: either come and unlock it or we shall break it open.'

As they threatened to use force I yielded to their wishes and opened the box. Lawyer Tua wanted to take personal possession of all the documents therein contained, but great was his surprise, or rather confusion, when he discovered that all those slips of paper were nothing else but invoices for oil, rice, flour, bread; or bills from the ironmonger, the tailor, the shoemaker—all still to be paid.

'Why did you humbug me like this?' demanded Lawyer Tua.

'I had no thought of humbugging anyone; but I did not want my private business, my debts, made known to everybody. You insisted on knowing and seeing everything. I am the injured party, but it cannot be helped now, and I hope God will draw good out

of evil and inspire you to pay some of these bills for me.'

They all laughed and passed on to something else. Amongst the various papers inspected was a letter that I had received some time before from the Pope. They wished to take it and carry it off with them but I objected: 'You really mustn't take that for it is the original; I shall give you a copy of it.'



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

Very Rev. Canon Coghlan, P. P. Co. Cork (Ireland).

Very Rev. G. G. Curtin M. R., Waterburg Conn. (U. S. A.).

Very Rev. M. J. McCall, Salem Mass (U. S. A.).

Very Rev. B. Quinn, P. P., Co. Galway, (Ireland).

Rev. G. Quain, P. P. Killmallock (Ireland).

Rev. W. O'Connor, P. P., Co Limerick (Ireland).

Rev. P. Hurley, P. P., Co. Cork (Ireland).

Mr. B. Campbell, North Dakota (U. S. A.).

Mr. P. M. Namee, Belfast (Ireland).

Mr. H. Bradley, Belfast (Ireland).

Dr. and Mrs. Nolan, Carlow (Ireland).

Mr. Brankui, Antrim (Ireland).

Mr. J. Mc. Keown, Antrim (Ireland).

Mr. M. Mc Stay, Belfast (Ireland).

Mr. G. Mudeliar, Tanjore (India).

Mr. Guanadicam, Tanjore (India).

Mr. P. M. Corrigan, Dublin, (Ireland).

Mrs. B. Toomey, Co. Cork (Ireland).

Mrs. R. Mc. Gluckin, Co. Antrim (Ireland).

Opera latina et liturgica.

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 Apud exteros: » 100 —
- **IN OMNES S. PAULI EPISTOLAS** recognovit subiectisque notis illustravit, emendavit et ad praesentem sacrae scientiae Statum adduxit A. Padovani, cum indice analytico ac indice rerum praecipuarum. 3 vol. in-8 max., pag. 1800. Lib. 55. — Apud exteros: Lib. 70.
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 — Liber I. *Normae generales*. — Liber II. *De personis* Lib. 16 50 — Apud exteros Lib. 20 —
 Vol. II. *De rebus*. Lib. 20. — Apud exteros: Lib. 24.
- BLAT Fr. ALBERTUS O. P. — **COMMENTARIUM TEXTUS CODICIS IURIS CANONICI**.
 Liber I. *Normae generales*. Previo tractatu introductorio, et appendice subsequente de legibus ac libris liturgicis: Lib. 7,50. — Apud exteros: Lib. 9.
 Liber II. *De personis* cum authenticis declarationibus usque ad diem 7 Julii 1921 (A. A. S. XIII, fasc. 9): Lib. 30. — Apud exteros: Lib. 36.
 Liber III. *De rebus*. Pars. I. *De Sacramentis* cum declarationibus authenticis usque ad diem 2 Augusti 1920 (A. A. S. XII, fasc. 8). Accedit duplex appendix, prima de relationibus ex libro V, altera de formulis facultatum S. Congr. de P. Fide: Lib. 30. — Apud exteros: Lib. 36.
- Pars II. *De locis et temporibus sacris*. Pars III. *De cultu divino*. Pars IV. *De Magisterio ecclesiastico*. Pars V. *De beneficiis aliisque institutis ecclesiasticis non collegialibus*. Pars VI. *De bonis Ecclesiae temporalibus, cum declarationibus authenticis usque ad diem 31 octobris 1922*: Lib. 24. —
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 Liber V. *De delictis et poenis* (Sub praelo).
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- **JUS POENALE** et ordo procedendi in iudiciis criminalibus. Lib. 6. — Apud exteros: Lib. 7,20.
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Opera latina et liturgica.

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- **SYNOPSIS THEOLOGIAE MORALIS ET PASTORALIS** ad mentem S. Thomae Aquinatis hodiernis moribus accomodata.
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