

THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATION
OF SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS

Volume XVII.

JULY-AUGUST 1925

Number 4.



Mgr. Comin S. C. with his American Indians.

PUBLISHED BY THE SALESIAN FATHERS: 32 VIA COTTOLENGO. TURIN, (ITALY).

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

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

The Salesian Co-operators

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

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

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

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

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

For the Salesian Missions

Co-operators! 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 Promoters 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: *The Commemoration of a Dream.* — *St. Teresa, Missionary.* — *The Angel and the Soul.* — *Thoughts on prejudice.* — *Re-union of past pupils at Battersea.* — *"Piety and Pietism"*. — *"God Save All Here!"* — *Salesian Notes and News.* — *News from the Missions.* — *Devotion to Our Lady Help of Christians.* — *Graces and Favours.* — *The Life of the Ven. D. Bosco.* — *Plenary Indulgences.* — *Obituary.*

The Commemoration of a Dream.

All over the world wherever the Sons and friends of Don Bosco are to be found, imposing celebrations have been held to commemorate the famous "dream," foreshadowing the Salesian Apostolate in the world, that Don Bosco had just one hundred years ago.

In a recent number we described the signal commemoration of the same event that took place in Westminster Hall, London, and now it gives us great pleasure to be able to chronicle a few items with regard to the festivities held recently at Rome under the auspices of H. E. Cardinal Cagliero, Very Rev. Fr. Rinaldi, some highly-placed Italian officials and many distinguished Salesian Co-operators.

The *Corriere d'Italia* of May 2nd writes: "For a dream—in order to commemorate the ideal beauty of a dream—there gathered together in the spacious playground of the Salesian College, Rome, an eager, applauding crowd of thousands of souls, along with the venerated Missionary, Cardinal Cagliero, Fr. Rinaldi, Don Bosco's successor, and Sig. Fedele, Minister of Public Instruction, in order to render touching homage to the incomparable educator, who, in the illumined humility of the Faith, had followed so closely during his career the directing rays of that sublime dream.

A living crown of youths, of boys and girls, pupils of Don Bosco; an ordered throng of men from every class, professional men, workmen, teachers, soldiers, priests—all united in the name of their gentle master, all happy to be called his sons—*Past Pupils of Don Bosco*—as was so proudly declared by the orator of the day, Advocate Masera, the worthy represen-

tative there of all those of Don Bosco's School, whatever be their country or calling, their social grade or their Institute in the wide-spread Salesian world.

A hundred years ago (and why should we forget it—during a former Holy Year?) the boy, John Bosco, had his sweet and mysterious dream. He saw, first of all, a crowd of street boys quarrelling amongst themselves, cursing, blaspheming; and he attempted to recall them to order by physical force. Then he saw a Lady and a Man of venerable aspect who led him to another group, this time of ferocious beasts also fighting amongst themselves, but which at some sign from the Two Personages were changed suddenly into a flock of peaceful lambs. During these hundred years, that dream has become a splendid, a grand reality. It is a story that has shaped the destiny of hundreds of thousands of creatures in the Schools, on the Missions, in the daily round of life, in prayer, in hope—the destiny of all those who hail Don Bosco as one of the greatest masters of life that the Church has given to the world in modern times."

The Salesian function at Rome took place within the precincts of the Hospice of the Sacred Heart, in Via Marsala, gaily ornamented for the occasion, and overflowing with a select audience. In the centre, places were reserved for the Principals of Institutes, numerous teachers from the public and private schools of Rome, many noted scholars and Prelates of the Church.

Commendatore Poesio initiated the proceedings and having extended a warm welcome to all

those present, called upon the official orator, Advocate Masera to address the assembly.

The Advocate's Speech.

"Why is it that so many people, common and cultured, in every part of Italy, and far beyond its confines, are recalling with a sense of love and veneration the dream of the poor shepherd boy of Becchi, Castelnuovo? Can

cholic wave of the memory of their childhood fading away all too rapidly towards the distant horizon, but because Don Bosco has won the affection of their hearts, has shaped their mental habits, and because in their souls they have something of his own life and the light that guided it.

Every great figure is an epitome of the action and reaction of the point in history at which he comes into view, and the history of these



CARDINAL CAGLIRO, FR. RINALDI AND MINISTER FEDELE AT THE DON BOSCO CONVENTION IN ROME.

it be the same people immersed in their economic conquests, feverish in their strivings and in their hates, wonder-struck at the assertions of the scientists and the victories of force, that bend in reverence to the memory of a priest who passed on his humble way smiling and doing good in the name of Christ?

And this imposing, organised returning to their masters of the pupils now grown up, free, and working their way through the wide, open world, so alluring and yet so cruel, is a new fact in the history of pedagogy.

They return, these Salesian Past Pupils, to their Oratories, to their Colleges, to their old masters, not on the breast of a sweet or melan-

actions and reactions is the history of civilization.

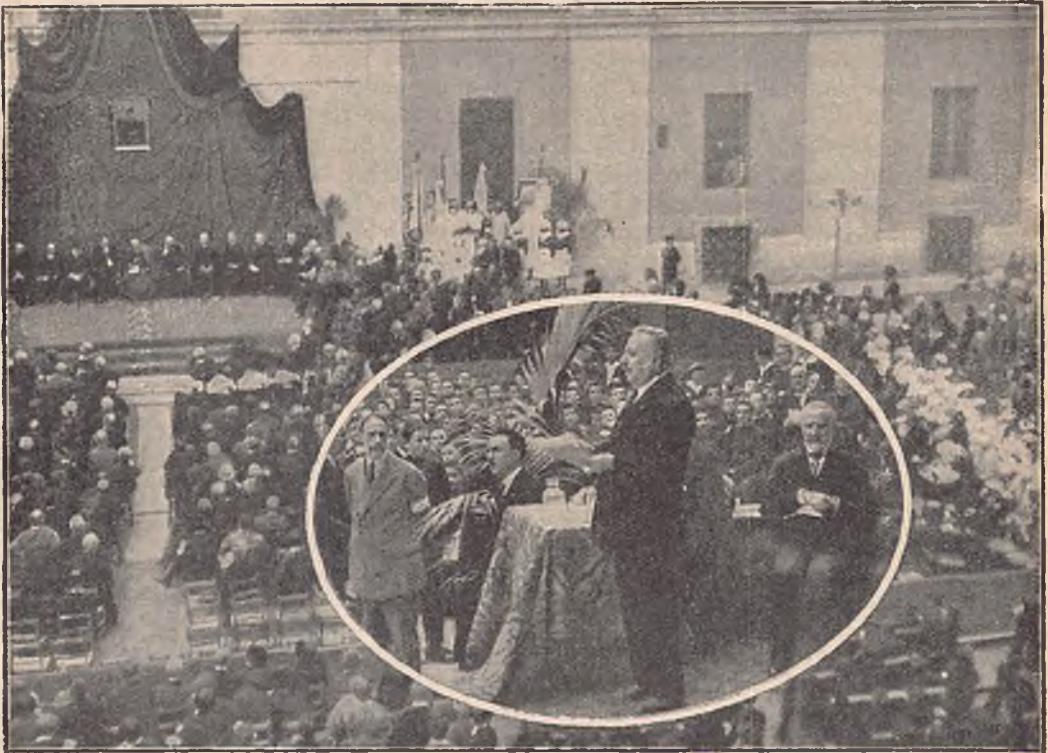
Don Bosco was born in 1815: that period, so full of political events, of revolutionary tendencies, of the dawning of a new patriotism and sociology, that lies between 1815 and 1845, is the period of his youth, of his early manhood—the period of his formation.

A characteristic feature of the time was a certain preference for the humble and for the weak. Don Bosco knew of this trend of sentiment, and he turned it to the good of Christianity. Amongst the humble he chose out the most lowly, the poor. Amongst the weak he chose out the weakest, children abandoned and ne-

glected, and uplifted them from the physical and moral misery in which they were placed. Feeling the vital force of the aspirations of his time, he created institutions that would satisfy them. His was no new message, no startling prophecy; but he opened up a new way for the fruitful realisation of the old message of love. He was a son of his time: he sought to stem the tide of current evils, and to sow the good seed of a rich harvest whose first ripening he himself had the happiness of seeing; whose abundant

Master, 'that you may work as I have worked,' and Don Bosco also, by his example, gave his Sons the norm, the system, the method by which they had to train themselves and be, in their turn, an example to others; and this is how his Institute has acquired a perennial vitality that will carry it through the ages..."

When the applause that greeted this speech had died away, a pupil of the Institute read an address in honour of the Minister of Public Instruction. The latter in a stirring reply



THE MEETING AT ROME. INSET: SIG. POESIO IN HIS OPENING SPEECH.

fruits, in the social and religious world, we of our day are continuing to reap.

Ardent, indefatigable worker for good and for Christ—it never occurred to him to war with the sects, with the parties, with the men who opposed him. On the contrary, he often kept purposely in contact with those from whom he differed on principle, having need of their help for doing the good work which, according to his design, was to make up for the evil that these same people were doing, consciously or unconsciously. He drew upon the good that is to be found in everyone, and made friends with all, so that their assistance might be at hand when he had need of it for the flock confided to him by Providence.

'I have given you an example' said the Divine

eulogised the Ven. Don Bosco, Educator, in the most enthusiastic terms, and one of his most touching remarks was this: "As a Professor at Turin University I used to go sometimes to visit Don Bosco's tomb at Valsalice in order to draw, from contact with that holy spot where lies the mortal remains of one of the greatest of educators, light and comfort in my modest work as a humble schoolmaster."

The function, according to the *Corriere*, was brought to a close in poetic fashion by the venerable Salesian priest, Don Francesia, one of the heroic little band of clerics who stood by Don Bosco right from the first; but, says our contemporary, it is humanly impossible to translate into cold prose all the warmth of sentiment and telling expression that the Sales-

ian poet had so cleverly included in his metrical description of that dream of one hundred years ago which has played such an important part in Salesian history and which is still the ideal that shapes the Salesian life of our day.

The Superior General with the Holy Father.

Very Rev. Don Rinaldi was received in audience by the Holy Father on the fifth of last May. That same morning His Holiness had said Mass for the pilgrims from Turin and Piedmont in general, who had come to Rome for the Beatification of Don Cafasso, and had preached them a homely discourse on the virtues of their saintly countryman. After that he presided over a sitting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites on order to push forward the proceedings with regard to various Beatifications, and, then, towards midday, he was able to accord several private audiences.

The first to be received was an overseas Bishop, and he remained with the Holy Father for about half-an-hour. Then it was the turn of His Royal and Imperial Highness, the Archduke Albert of Austria and his family, and after them our own Superior General, Don Rinaldi.

The Holy Father was writing as Don Rinaldi crossed the threshold of the audience chamber and without looking up he exclaimed: "Come in, come in, Don Rinaldi!" The latter made his genuflection, and kissing the Pope's hand he asked to be pardoned for having requested an audience on such a busy day, but he felt that it would not be right to leave Rome without exchanging a few words with the Vicar of Christ and obtaining his blessing.

"Yes," replied His Holiness, "leave Rome without seeing the Pope—that would have been nice! But I am very well, thank you, and you must tell everyone so, so that my children won't be worryung about me. In the beginning, I myself was a little afraid that the fatigue might be too much for me, but I am still very well and hope to continue so."

"Holy Father, we are always praying that God may bless you with excellent health."

"We know it, and the prayers of so many good souls, together with the numerous consolations that they procure for us are ample compensation, and help us to put up with all the worry and fatigue. Tell them, then, that the Holy Father is quite strong."

"*Deo gratias!*" said Don Rinaldi, and he could not but admire the serenity and calm that were reflected on the Pope's countenance.

"During these days" continued the Holy

Father. "We have had the pleasure of welcoming a large pilgrimage from Turin. With them came more than 300 priests and rightly so: Blessed Cafasso is a model for priests, and we are very pleased that the Turinese should understand and appreciate the fact. The Ecclesiastical College was indeed a great school for the clergy of Piedmont..."

And it is wonderful, when you come to think of it, that Turin should have had such a nucleus of saintly priests living contemporaneously: Blessed Cottolengo, Blessed Cafasso, Don Bosco, Don Guala, Don Murialdo and others. And thus," he continued, "during this Holy Year that invites us to strive after sanctity, with these numerous Beatifications and Canonisations we have the example of many Saints to urge us on... And Don Bosco?"

"Holy Father, Your Holiness has already remarked on a former occasion that it is up to him to push forward his own Cause."

The Holy Father smiled amiably and Don Rinaldi subjoined: "all we can do is to pray."

The conversation then turned to other topics and amongst other things His Holiness recommended to Don Bosco the opening up of many new houses.

"Holy Father," observed the Superior General, "perhaps we have already opened up too many."

"Oh! We don't mean to say that you should do more than is possible, but, as a learned writer has remarked: 'If we cannot do all that we would like to do, we should at least do all that we can.' If we only did all that is possible, how much more would be accomplished in this world!"

Don Rinaldi referred to many of our latest foundations opened up in accordance with the wishes of His Holiness, and the Pope was pleased to suggest that we open up houses at Taranto and in Calabria and spoke with great affection of those places as though they were particularly dear to him. With paternal goodness he continued to treat of many other matters with the Superior General and when he gave his blessing, it was not only for the Salesian Family in general, but specifically for the Salesians, for the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, and for all Co-operators and Past Pupils.

After the audience, the Salesian Procurator General, Dr. Tomasetti and Fr. Francesca, who had come to Rome to assist at the Beatification of Don Cafasso, were called in to kiss the Pope's hand.

This audience was a great consolation for the Superior General and when he spoke of it afterwards to his brethren at Turin his countenance still shone with grateful enthusiasm.

ST. TERESA, MISSIONARY.

The Apostolate is the preoccupation, the thirst, the passion of all the saints. Like God, the saints are generous, are essentially diffusive of their gifts, of their goodness, of their happiness; and for this reason they bestow impetuously, passionately, with prodigality even, the effervescence of their own spirit—light and happiness, the conviction and possession of truth and good.

It is impossible to love Jesus Christ and not burn with that unquenchable thirst that made the Master traverse the rough ways of Galilee in search of souls. Such a zeal has been the characteristic of all the saints, and amongst them St. Teresa of the Child Jesus—that sweet flower but recently culled from the cloister garden of the Carmel of Lisieux. Although but a frail woman, a child almost, and a member of an Order of strict enclosure, she has not been denied by God the aureola and glory reserved for His most active soldiers. She was indeed a soldier and a singular apostle. The flame of her zeal, the impetus of her generosity, her consuming desire to lead souls to God were more prodigious and admirable in as much as they strove for their realisation in a higher though more accessible sphere; operating less visibly, perhaps, but none the less fruitfully. Without the signs and the exterior mandate of the Apostle, she remained a tiny unit in the immense organism of the Communion of Saints, where the vital lymph of the grace of God and the merits of the just circulates on its way of spiritual regeneration and nutrition. Yet she placed at the service of the Church and as a subsidy for souls all the sublimity of her interior riches, her love, her prayers, her immolation, her sufferings—all of them she offered for two ends: in support of the priestly Apostolate and for the salvation of souls.

This sublime and singular activity of our contemplative saint gives us but one more aspect of her world-famed grandness—that greatness of soul which God has rewarded in such a striking and wonderful way even in our own day.

"Great works" our little Saint once remarked, "are forbidden me. I cannot preach the Gospel; I cannot shed my blood for Christ. But what does it matter? My brothers are labouring for me, and I, a poor girl, shall remain as close as possible to the royal throne and love for those who are fighting."

She had longed for a brother who would be

a priest and do what she could not do—offer up the Immaculate Victim and lead souls to God. This particular happiness had been denied her but only to be supplied by other *spiritual* relationships that had their commencement on her feastday in 1895. On that day, Mother Agnes of Jesus, her sister and Prioress of the Carmel, called St. Teresa and read her a letter she had just received from a missionary priest, in which the writer begged that one of the Sisters might consecrate herself to the procuring of his



ST. TERESA.

salvation and that of the souls for whom he was labouring. In return he would make a memento for her in his daily Mass. St. Teresa was elected to be this Missionary's sister and in the following year a second missionary brother was confided to her care.

This was all a source of great happiness for the little Saint. "To see my impossible desire" she wrote, "indulged in this unlooked-for way brought forth in my soul such a joy that I could not but call it childish, for I had to go back to my childhood days in order to find a similar joy—one which the soul seems too narrow to contain. I had not had such happiness for years, I felt as though some new musical cord, hitherto mute, had suddenly become vibrant and harmonious in my soul."

With prayer and with sacrifice she helped her missionary brothers and with permission of the

Prioress wrote them occasional letters full of encouragement and exhortations that must have seemed as heaven-sent messages to enable them to spiritualise their apostolatè and to walk ever more faithfully in the way of love.

These letters, of which we give a few passages, speak for themselves and give us a deeper insight into the soul of the little Saint so beloved of the whole world, than many pages written even by the most faithful biographer ever could do.

LETTER II. 1896.

"Let us work together for the salvation of souls: the fleeting day of this life is all we have in which to save them and to give thereby a proof of our own love for Our Lord. The morrow of to-day will be eternity, and Jesus will then render to you a hundredfold for the sweet joys you now forego for His sake. He knows full well the extent of your immolation. He knows that the sufferings of those dear to you serve but to increase your own; but He Himself has undergone just such a martyrdom in order to save *our* souls. He left His own mother in order to embark on the apostolate. He beheld the Immaculate Virgin standing at the foot of the Cross, her heart transpierced with a sword of sorrow; for this very reason I am confident that Our Divine Saviour will comfort your own good mother; it is a favour I shall ask of Him with great insistence."

LETTER III. 24th. Feb. 1896.

"I want to ask you to say for me every day this little prayer that comprises all my desires. 'Merciful Father, in the name of Thy Sweet Jesus, of the Blessed Virgin and of all the Saints, I beseech Thee to inflame the heart of my sister with Thy Spirit of love, and to bestow upon her the grace of making Thee loved more and more!'

If Our Lord takes me to Himself soon I earnestly beg of you to continue the same prayer every day, for in Heaven I shall have just the same longing desire as I have here below—to love Jesus and to make Him loved."

LETTER VIII.

That which attracts me so strongly towards our Celestial Fatherland is the call of Our Lord Himself, my hope of at length being able to love Him as I have so earnestly desired, and the thought that from above I shall be able to make Him loved by a multitude of souls who will praise and bless Him for all eternity.

I have never asked Our Lord to let me die young; that would have seemed to me to be cowardice; but right from my infancy He has deigned to enlighten me with an inward conviction that my course here below will be but short.

I feel we must go to Heaven by the same way—the way of sorrow united with love, When I arrive in port, I shall teach you how you are to navigate through the stormy sea of this world: it must be done with the abandonment and love of a child that knows how dearly its father loves it, and that in the hour of danger it will not be forsaken.

Oh! how I would like to make you understand the tenderness of the Heart of Jesus and what He expects of you. Your last letter has filled my heart with a great joy: now I understand how your soul is sister to my own because it has been called to raise itself to God on the elevator of love and not to crawl upwards on the rude stairway of fear. I do not wonder that familiarity with Jesus may seem difficult to you at first; you cannot reach that stage all in a day; but I am quite certain that I shall be able to help you much better to walk along the delightful way when I am free from this mortal coil."

LETTER X.

14th. Aug. 1897.

"Now that I am on the point of appearing before Our Good God I understand more than ever that one thing only is necessary—to labour only for Him, not for ourselves, not for things created. God wishes to possess your heart completely and so He will cause you to suffer much—but what joys those will be that will inundate your soul at the happy moment of your ingress into Heaven!

I am not dying; I am but entering into life. And I will make you understand, from Heaven's sublime heights all that I have not been able to tell you of here below."

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Teresa knew that her missionary brothers were soldiers exposed to privations and hardships of every kind; and she knew that fatigue and weariness must at times wear them down and prostrate their generous spirit in the depths of discouragement. It was necessary therefore to sustain them, to reinvigorate their flagging energies. God, Who alone with His grace, His helps, His consolations could operate this prodigy, must be prevailed upon to come to their assistance, But in order to act upon the

Heart of God, directly, infallibly, and to force Him in His Divine Power to shower down copious helps upon His Apostles, one must go to Him with hands overflowing with merits. And this is why the industrious Teresa makes use of every little thing, every little opportunity to add to her store of gifts to be laid at the foot of the Godhead.

You remember how in her last illness, the Sister Infirmarian had advised her to walk for a quarter of an hour every day in the garden. For her this counsel had become a command. One afternoon, one of the Sisters saw her at her walk, and noticing that it was a source of great fatigue, and even pain for her, she said: "In your condition you would do much better to remain still and rest; this walking cannot be at all helpful to you; you only exhaust yourself."

"You are right"; said Teresa, "but do you know what gives me strength to continue? Well—I am walking for a Missionary. I am thinking to myself that away out there in a foreign land some one of our soldiers is exhausted on his apostolic journey and I am offering up my own fatigue to the Good God in order to alleviate his."

Generous, heroic poetess of charity! It is thus you offer to God the flower of your pure love? At the very moment in which you are suffering and walking with pain and difficulty you are thinking of some priestly brother who set out with his heart glowing with zeal for souls, but who now, perhaps, in his lonely fight, oppressed by physical weariness and exhaustion, is allowing his spirit to droop, his generosity to sag, his enthusiasm to cool; you raise him up by the invisible comfort of your own pain and suffering turned into golden merit in the sight of God!

Ah! if only the individuals of our christian populations had but a fraction of the enthusiasm for and interest in the Missions that dominated the heart of this child-like Saint hidden away in her solitary cloister home, the great problem of the conversion of heathen nations that weighs so heavily upon the heart of our Holy Father would be solved almost to-morrow. "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away." Merits! merits! the outcome of love! Unselfish interest in the spiritual interest of others, the will to suffer for a great cause—these are the weapons with which, after the example of the Little Flower, we must storm Heaven. God's grace alone can convert the world; let us do something towards obtaining it for those who cannot help themselves. To get away from ourselves for a bit and our own narrow world; to reflect that we

belong to the mighty Communion of Saints and that we must be living, efficacious members of this noble company—these are some of the resolves we should make after our brief glimpse into the missionary heart of the Little Flower, so full of pure love for God and solicitude for the salvation of the pagan world.

St. Teresa of the Child Jesus! World-beloved Little Flower! continue your powerful intercession for the work of the Catholic Missions!

The Angel and the Soul.

I.

*One day a Cherub thus addressed my soul:
"Ah! didst thou know how bright the Heav'ns shine!
If thou could'st see the floods of light that roll
From God's dear Face and thus illumine mine!"*
I, to the bright Archangel answered then:
*"Thou seest God more brilliant than the day;
But of His Eucharistic love for men
What can'st thou say? What can'st thou say?"*

II.

*He paused and said: "Know'st thou my joy supreme
In seeing God, so beauteous, face to face?
For me the joys of Heaven ever seem
To be renewed and please with fresher grace,"*
And I replied: "Thou can'st not, Angel, feel
What we poor mortals feel, who go astray,
And then before the Tabernacle kneel
With broken hearts to weep and pray."

III.

*The Cherub gently whispered yet once more:
"Know'st thou," he said, "what heavenly food is
To love and serve the Great God I adore, [mine?
In this behold my banquet all divine."
I made reply, thy food, God's Holy Will,
To be most sweet I always have believed;
But Jesus in the Host far sweeter still,
Hast thou received? Hast thou received?"*

IV.

*O thou, whose home is pearl and amethyst,
Unite with me to praise our God so fair.
To thee the Heav'ns, to me the Eucharist!
A share to each and each one's share so rare.
I hope one day to join thy glorious choir,
But here below I love God's altar throne.
Behold my lot! To thy joys I aspire;
Awaiting them, I love my own.*

M. H. MCCARTHY. S. C.

THOUGHTS ON PREJUDICE

By O. P. in "The Tribune".

Experience teaches us many things, but it takes a great deal of experience and of reflection to dissipate prejudice. We bring into daily life not a few unwarranted assumptions that are due to vanity, to early environment, or to some personal antipathy. Of the existence within us of these mysterious springs of thought and conduct we may have no suspicion. The man who thinks himself influenced only by zeal for the commonweal may be blinded by bias; the one who smugly prates about making allowance for the prejudice of others, as if he pitied them for not agreeing with himself, would often be better engaged in honestly questioning the correctness of his own outlook on life. Not infrequently, a hasty conclusion is pushed to its logical consequence without re-examination of the premises from which it was inferred. The premises themselves may be erroneous; and even if correct they may have been viewed from the narrow standpoint of self-interest, thus warping the conclusion with the bias of the reasoner's egoism.

Your vain man, especially if he lacks intelligence, needs but little flattery to be assured that his talents are much above the ordinary, and from thence easily passes to the self-persuasion that these gifts must be used on every possible occasion. The brushing aside of others is, in his mind, a duty to his sacred self; and if he be deficient in imagination and consequently in sensitiveness he can never conceive the havoc that his course of action works among gentler folk. He is a special pleader, confidently relying on sheer effrontery to overcome opposition, and brazenly wielding the same or similar facts to point opposite morals, bending his argument now in this way and now in that to suit the conclusion most convenient to himself. A gentle, chivalrous adversary he despises, for courtesy is to him a sign of weakness. When peace-lovers cease to argue with him on account of his intellectual limitations, or on account of his intemperate presentation of debateable matter, he thinks that his "arguments" have prevailed. He is a typical man of prejudice, and goes through life undreaming that his mental vision is distorted. His prejudices are likely to remain unchallenged until mayhap he meets with someone as ruthless as himself, and then, in nearly all cases, the scales have been so long adhering to his eyes that they cannot be removed.

Less repulsive than the domineering vain man, but quite as difficult to deal with, is the very just man whose pet delusion is that he always sees and considers well the other person's point of view. Like the half-lie that is the damndest lie of all, his conviction is the more difficult to eradicate because there is some truth in it. He does consider well, but always through his own eyes; he does not really see from the other person's standpoint. Where no self-interest or previously expressed opinion of his is concerned, his judgment may be calm and accurate. But as soon as his vanity is touched, he begins to be afflicted with a spiritual astigmatism. He can only see one thing, namely, that here is a person whose opinion differs from his own or who dared to contradict him ten years ago; or on the other hand, here is an opinion expressed or a cause advocated by somebody who has always flattered him. So the opinion is accepted or rejected, the cause is declared honourable or otherwise, not on merits, but on personalities. Yet this just man is quite certain that once more he has judged and spoken impartially. It is difficult to be angry with him, for he is sincerely convinced of his own unselfishness and clarity of judgment. What is the use of being angry with a man who is not conscious of having offended. One might as reasonably blame a cross-eyed person for not seeing straight.

That all life's happenings have an influence in moulding us is a commonplace in philosophy. In dealing with men and in judging their achievements, we take into account their age, education, present and past associations; disappointments, successes, hindrances encountered, favourable or unfavourable circumstances, unusual adventures: all are factors in the making of men. We find fault with an individual if his accomplishments have not equalled his opportunities; we are disposed to forgive a shortcoming or a discrepancy on account of some unusual circumstance that may have impeded his activity or warped his outlook. But, whilst we thus strive to take all the circumstances into consideration, it is easy to overlook the important point that the happenings of our own lives may have influenced our judgment of the very facts that we are now considering. We not only need to make allowances for others, but for ourselves. The man who is the subject of our

complacent magnanimity may be thinking on precisely similar lines about us. In his eyes we are too broad or too narrow, too round or too square, friendly or unfriendly because our environment and experience have been so different from his. And like ourselves, he dreams not that we commiserate him. Thus the comic tragedy of prejudice continues to be enacted, neither side making full allowance for the differences that are inevitable among men.

distrust, and perhaps he gives his confidence or even his sincere affection to the one who secretly dislikes him. The man who is obsessed by such a prejudice may strive virtuously to mask his antipathy, but often as not he is unable to do so consistently and is constrained to dull the edge of his hatred by some sly rapier-thrust at his unwitting adversary.

Surely, life with its bitterness and its misunderstandings is a enigma. Many of its heart-



HO-SI, CHINA. THE SINGING CLASS AT THE SALESIAN MISSION SCHOOL.

What we may call the personal prejudice is the most deplorable and harmful of all. It is an unfounded antipathy between individuals, born perhaps at their first meeting, sometimes nobly struggled against, seldom wholly overcome. Because of it, every utterance and action is liable to close and hostile scrutiny; it is taken for granted that the other person has always an "arrière pensée." Especially is this the case with those of a suspicious temperament: for them a syllable, a glance is enough; every movement of the suspected person is regarded as potentially the beginning of hostile operations, every ordinary word is closely examined for an imagined hidden meaning. The personal prejudice may be on one side only: the other person does not dream that he is regarded with

pains might be mitigated or avoided if we could completely divest ourselves of prejudice. But alas, we may not hope for such a consummation until we lay aside the burthen of morality. Meantime, we strive to assimilate the unpleasant fact that any one of the types of prejudice referred to in the present rambling screed may be realised in yourself or in myself. Each one of us may be conscious to himself of good intent, but so too is the other person whose character and conduct seem to us worthy of censure. Which of us is in the wrong? Is the other person prejudiced, or am I?

Communications to be addressed:

Very Rev. Ph. RINALDI, S. C.

32 Via Cottolengo - TURIN.

RE-UNION OF PAST PUPILS at Battersea.

The re-unions of past pupils, which take place from time to time in all schools, are always occasions of special pleasure and interest; and, if this is true of all schools, it must surely be especially so of Salesian Schools; for the friendly and intimate relationship that exists there between Superiors and pupils by no means lessens or weakens when these pupils become Old Boys. One such gathering of past pupils took place at our school at Battersea on Sunday June 7th.

The weather was ideal, thereby making amends for the terrible fog that somewhat marred the success of the last re-union in January.

The first item on the programme was a Tennis Tournament, which was held on the school tennis courts and lasted from 2 to 4.30. After a series of well contested games the winners eventually were Mr. C. Byrne-Quinn and Mr. P. Fegan. These two then played the two champions of the Present, Marcel Gineux and Andrew Russel; and, owing largely to the excellent play of the former, the Present gained an easy victory. With characteristic generosity and sportsmanship the Old Boys then collected amongst themselves and as a result 18 shillings was handed to each of the winners.

Tea was served at 4.30, and was followed at 5.0'clock by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, which was given in the Parish Church.

At 6.30 all assembled in the school refectory (or rather refectories, for no single refectory could hold so large a gathering) for dinner. The Very Rev. Fr. Scaloni S. C. (Provincial, and Grand President of the O. B. A.), who had hurried back from Chertsey especially to be present, presided. There were also present The Very Rev. Fr. McCarthy S. C. (Rector, and President of the O. B. A.), and most of the members of the Battersea community.

Towards the close of the dinner, Fr. Scaloni rose and proposed the usual toast. "The Pope and the King," which having been duly honoured, Fr. McCarthy rose to propose the toast: "The Salesian Old Boy's Association" and expressed his great pleasure in seeing so large a gathering of such fine young men, of whom any school might justly be proud. He wished all success to the Association, in which he was keenly interested. After the toast, the Secretary (Rev. Brother Vincent S. C.) responded. He gave a

brief account of the progress and present position of the Association. It is a matter for satisfaction and congratulation that, in spite of difficulties which changes in the regulations had brought about, he was able to report such satisfactory progress both numerically and financially. Mr. L. Davies next spoke, and, on behalf of the Association, thanked Fr. McCarthy and all concerned for all the trouble taken to make the re-union such a success. In reply, Fr. McCarthy said that he could assure them that it was for him and all concerned, especially the Sisters on whom the lion's share of the work fell, a pleasure to bear a share in the arrangements connected with the re-union.

Mr. Dan Dempsey next rose and said that he thought their list of toasts would be sadly incomplete if they omitted to drink the health of their Grand President and greatest friend, Fr. Scaloni. The toast was honoured with great enthusiasm. Fr. Scaloni in replying said how pleased he was to see so large a gathering, but this pleasure would be greater still as the re-unions increased in size, and it would be a happy day for him when the Rector would have serious difficulty in finding accommodation for all the Old Boys at their re-unions. He then reminded those present of the Grand International Reunion of Salesian Old Boys which was to be held in Turin in 1926. He, and all the Superiors, were keenly anxious that the English Province, and especially the School of Battersea, should be well and largely represented. He hoped that further details would soon be issued and that all who could would endeavour to arrange to take part in that great re-union. The list of toasts was concluded by Mr. Monahan, who asked all to rise and drink the health of Fr. Macey and Fr. Rabagliati.

After dinner an entertainment was given in the school hall. The chief item was a farcical play given by some of the pupils. It was excellently well done and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Musical and other entertaining items preceded and followed the play. At the conclusion Fr. McCarthy thanked all those who had taken part in the entertainment, which had fittingly closed such an enjoyable and successful day.

The School Song was then sung, and farewells till the next re-union and expressions of pleasure and satisfaction were exchanged on all sides.

“Piety and Pietism”.

“Undoubtedly there are pious people who do get upon our nerves, even when piety alone is considered. But let us see who they are. To begin with there are the beginners; not all, but some are a trial, even as are most beginners of almost every kind. If they are true beginners they are sure to be enthusiastic; and the enthusiastic to those who are not, are always something of a trial. Again, if they are beginners they are bound to be awkward; they are bound to overdo their part; they are bound to make mistakes; in all this they are something of a trouble. Beginners, again, either ask too many questions from their eagerness to learn, or else, because of their inexperience, are liable to make sweeping statements; in all this they can offend.

But these are not half so bad as those who are older. There are some pious people on whom piety acts like starch. They would seem to have taken their models from stained glass windows, not from the saints they represent. Their ideal of spotlessness is a white marble statue, not a red human heart. Their method of devotion is ready-made, turned out by machinery; it is not made to each individual's measure. Their dealings with others are puritanical; it begins by looking for flaws, it condemns whenever it can, it yields to no one's weakness, it judges all by standards of its own. These are the people who try us, the “unco guid,” as the genial poet has called them, or else the “unco dense” who cannot see other points of view than one.

I do not know whether in our hearts there are any other pious people we blame. At first we incline to blame all, sweeping all into one condemnation. Later we discover that not all are included; some good people are also good sorts. Gradually, if we are patient, we limit very much our sentence; we begin to discover that it is not so much piety we condemn, or so much piety that rouses us, as either piety eccentric, or else piety gone mad, or lastly piety that has frozen into pietism. Man is too true to be easily mistaken; truth recognises truth and always loves it; if then there is antagonism there will be untruth on one side or the other. But if piety is genuine, if it goes deep down and is therefore spontaneous, then it is always welcome; and that chiefly because it is scarcely, if at all, recognised. It is blended with the character of the owner, and the character, chastened by it, dominates. Such a character we call real, and are prepared to accept all the rest.

All this leads us to two conclusions. In the first place let us not be in too great a hurry to condemn all piety as pietism. If we have a natural prejudice against piety, and cannot account for its origin, if we have here and there met a pious individual who has got very much on our nerves, let us not hastily assume that all piety is annoying, that all good people are wet blankets, but let us look round and count the number of those whom we revere, not in spite of, but because of their piety.

And secondly let us look to ourselves. It may be that pious people are a trouble to us, chiefly because our piety is a trouble to them. We ourselves may not be immaculate in that matter. Or again it may be that they trouble us, because we do not want to be troubled. We have settled down in a comfortable little puddle of our own, and object to being disturbed. In either case the fault may be ours; if it is, do not let piety suffer for it, even if we ourselves do not aspire so high.”

Archbishop Goodier, S. J.

“God Save All Here!”.

*There is a prayer that's breath'd alone
In dear old Erin's land;
'Tis uttered on the threshold-stone
With smiles and clasping hand.
And oft, perchance, 'tis murmured low
With sigh and falling tear,
The grandest greeting man may know,
The prayer, “God Save All Here.”*

*In other lands they know not well
How priceless is the lore
That hedges with the sacred spell
Old Ireland's cabin door.
To those it is no empty sound
Who think with many a tear
Of long loved mem'ries wreathing round
The prayer, “God Save All Here.”*

*Live on, O Prayer, in Ireland still
To bless each threshold true
The echoes of her homes to fill
With sacred fervency;
And, guarding by its holy spell
The souls and conscience clear,
Be graven on each heart as well,
The prayer, “God Save All Here.”*

FATHER FABER.

SALESIAN NOTES AND NEWS.

Turin, Italy. Once again this year Our Lady's Month was a period of great devotion and fervour, and pilgrimages were made from all parts to the Basilica of the Help of Christians. Seventy thousand Communion cards were distributed during the month and of these forty thousand were made during the Novena. The Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians, falling as it did on a Sunday this year, brought thousands of people from all parts of Turin and far beyond it to do honour to Mary in the famous shrine erected by Don Bosco. The evening procession was a great public triumph for Our Lady: the Archbishop of Turin and his two coadjutors were proud to be of the number of those who thus paid their loving homage to the Help of Christians.

* * *

Sunday, June 21st, saw the commencement, at the Church of the Consolata, Turin, of a solemn triduum in honour of the new *Beatus*—Blessed Joseph Cafasso. The translation of the relics took place on Sunday evening; it was a magnificent and solemn spectacle and was witnessed by a great concourse of citizens who were lavish in their enthusiasm and in their cheers as the earthly remains of the humble priest who has now attained to such glory, passed before them, borne aloft on the shoulders of his fellow-townsmen, in the magnificent urn donated by the Pope. Cardinal Cagliero who had known Don Cafasso in life walked in the procession, as well as the Archbishop of Turin and fourteen other Bishops.

A triduum in honour of Blessed Cafasso was also held at the Basilica of Our Lady Help of Christians from the 28th to the 30th of June. Pontifical High Mass was sung on the first day by Mgr. Mallan, a Salesian Missionary Bishop from Brazil, and Archbishop Gamba gave Benediction in the evening. Mass was sung on the following day in the presence of the Bishop by a newly-ordained Priest, Fr. Arnando Milford, who has done excellent work in our English Province during the past two years. A Priest's first Mass is always a touching ceremony, but the Mass on that day was clothed with a special impressiveness and was a striking de-

monstration of the Catholicity, and at the same time of the Unity, of the Church; for seven different nations were represented at the Altar: the Bishop was of a French family, his Assistant Deacons were Belgian and Italian, the Assistant Priest at the Altar was Norwegian, the Deacon was a Brazilian, the Subdeacon was Scotch and the Master of Ceremonies was a Swiss.

A most instructive panegyric on the new *Beatus* was preached on the closing day of the triduum by the Bishop of Pinerolo, Mgr. Bartolomasi. The eminent preacher brought out in high relief the intimate communion of spirit that existed between Blessed Joseph Cafasso and his pupil and penitent, Ven. Don Bosco, and showed how this union of thought, union of aim and ideal was sustained by the close union of both with the great High Priest, Our Lord Himself.

A solemn *Te Deum*, to the music composed, many years ago, by Cardinal John Cagliero, was admirably rendered by the theological students from La Crocetta assisted by the Oratory music school before the close of the service. The Salesian Cardinal himself gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament to a crowded congregation of Turinese who had turned out in force for the terminal service of the triduum.

The new Mass and Office in honour of Blessed Joseph Cafasso will be included in the Salesian Proper.

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Rome. On the 19th of May this year, in the Palazzo Apostolico Vaticano, a sitting (*ordinaria*) of the Congregation of Sacred Rites took place to consider the Introduction of the Cause of Beatification and Canonisation of the Servant of God, Mary Dominic Mazzarello, first Superior General of the Institute of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians. When His Eminence Cardinal Cagliero, the Exponent of the Cause had given his report a vote was taken amongst those present. The result was favourable and was communicated to the Holy Father on the 27th of May by Cardinal Vico, Prefect of the Congregation. His Holiness ratified the finding of the Congregation and ordered the publication

of the official decree of the Introduction of the Cause.

In making this communication to our readers we cannot but think of the great joy it will bring to Don Bosco's second family of Religious, and to all those whom Divine Providence has confided to their care. We must think also of the great encouragement that this decree will bring to these hard-working Sisters, and how it will stimulate them to imitate ever more closely the holy life of her whom Divine Providence directed to Don Bosco so that he could extend his apostolate to the daughters of the people.

The life of Mary Mazzarello was one full of simplicity, piety and charity. Herself a daughter of the people, she laboured assiduously for the girls of her own state in life, and strove to embue them with a holy fear of God and to enrich them with the means of earning a livelihood.

And her thousands of spiritual daughters in the world to-day are faithfully continuing the work of this good mother, and their fidelity must bring with it the benediction of Heaven and the speedy glorification of their Foundress on earth.

Simplicity—Piety—Charity—this was the programme that the Servant of God had learnt from Ven. Don Bosco, the Rule of Life which she followed, and which she never ceased to recommend to her spiritual children: and Simplicity, Piety, humble and sincere Charity is the most powerful means for the gaining of young hearts.

"As long as we remain in the midst of our young people" said H. E. Cardinal Cagliero at a meeting of Salesian Superiors, "and continue to treat them with that paternal solicitude, so beloved of Don Bosco, prodigious conquests and results will be continually renewed."

* * *

During May, the Salesians in charge of the Sacred Heart Basilica and Hospice were delighted to be amongst those who welcomed the first Australian pilgrimage with its 300 members under His Grace, Archbishop Mannix, to the Eternal City. The Salesian band was at the station as the pilgrims alighted and it was a pleasant surprise for them to be thus received in the heart of Rome itself with the music of their own National Anthem.

Quite a crowd had gathered to witness this arrival, and the orderly aspect of these tall colonials, the discipline they preserved and their quickness in responding to the directions

of their organisers was all a great source of wonder and admiration to the Romans around.

Besides the Salesians there were in attendance at the station—the Australian students of the College of Propaganda, with their Rector, Mgr. Giobbe, Very Rev. Fr. Smith, Assistant General of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, Mgr. Hogan, Rector of the Irish College, and representatives of most of the Orders in Rome.

A reception was given to the pilgrims some time afterwards at the Salesian Institute, Via



MOTHER MARY MAZZARELLO.

Marsala, and Fr. Simone from the North American Province of the Congregation, in the course of an address of welcome, assured the members of the hierarchy present that the Salesians would be honoured if they could take an active part in the great work that lies before the Church in the Australian continent.



Battersea, London. As part of the Salesian system of education, affection for Superiors is fostered in all our houses by a fitting celebration of the feast day of the Rector of the school. The Patron Saint of the Rector of the Salesian School Battersea is St. Michael and it was for that reason that May 8th and 9th this year were very special days there. On the eve of the Feast an academy was held in which addresses were read by representatives of all the forms in the School and of the staffs of the other houses. On the day itself a General Communion was made at Mass for Fr. McCarthy's intentions. A High Mass was sung later on

in the morning and many distinguished visitors were present afterwards in the refectory to do honour to the Rector of Battersea and to congratulate him on his success in gaining the sympathy and whole-hearted support of all during the comparatively short time he has been Head of the School. The afternoon was passed pleasantly in the cricket-field and after the Solemn Benediction and supper in the evening a special entertainment was given and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

* * *

The Battersea out-door procession on the Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians May 24th, was a special success this year. The route was lengthened and this gave the thousand or so participants an opportunity to be seen at their best by the reverent throngs that collected in the streets through which the procession passed. Four bands from different parts of the metropolis took part in the procession as well as contingents of worshippers from many neighbouring parishes. On the return to the church the sermon of the occasion was preached by Very Rev. E. Daly, Parish Priest of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, East Battersea.

* * *

At Whitsuntide, in very favourable weather a three days' Fair was inaugurated at the School by the Mayor of Battersea (Mr. C. E. Mason, J. P.) who was assisted by the Mayoress. The Very Rev. Fr. McCarthy, S. C. Rector, the Revv. Fr. Connor S. C., Fr. M. Cormick S. C., and Fr. Rabagliati S. C., met the Mayor and escorted him and Mrs. Mason to the platform for the opening ceremony. Mr. Hendrick, a member of the Battersea Borough Council, was Chairman, and called upon the Mayor to open the Fair. In a very happily-worded speech the Mayor declared the Fair open and expressed a fervent hope that all would do their best to patronise the stalls and thus help on the good cause the Fathers had at heart. He made special reference to the Baby Show which was such a success last year and bade fair to become equally so this year. The Very Rev. Rector proposed a vote of thanks to His Worship and told the people that the object of the effort was to enable the Clergy to renovate the interior of the church, as the roof had now been renewed, thanks to the results of last year's great effort. A visit was then made to all the stalls and side-shows and purchases began briskly.

The Baby Show was conducted under the supervision of Dr. Lennane, Chief Medical Of-

ficer of Health, Dr. Hamilton, Dr. O'Farrell, Dr. Hynes, Nurse Murphy and others.

Fr. McCormick S. C. was the Organiser of the whole event and he was loyally assisted by a staff of able and willing helpers who deserve the highest praise for their work.

It is estimated that 6,000 attended the Fair. The nett proceeds were just under £300.



Farnborough, During the Whitsun week the annual Retreat was held at the Salesian School Farnborough. Fr. J. McTague and Fr. J. Connor were the preachers, and as the boys entered into the spirit of the exercises whole-heartedly, they will no doubt have drawn great benefit from all that they heard during those days of pious recollection, and numerous fruitful spiritual blessings will be the result.

Several new members were admitted to various Sodalities connected with the School, especially to the Guild of the Blessed Sacrament, the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, the Knights and Pages of the Blessed Sacrament, the Sodality of St. Aloysius, and, before the close of the Retreat, over one hundred were enrolled in the Confraternity of the Brown Scapular by Fr. Brown S. C.

The annual Corpus Christi procession took place on Sunday, June 14th. The beautiful grounds of the School were seen at their best on this occasion, and besides the artistically decorated altars from which Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, several devotional shrines were erected along the route by the Brothers and boys. Fr. Reedy, S. C. was celebrant and he was assisted by Fr. Chaloner (of Preston) and Bro. Charles Jackson S. C. as deacon and sub-deacon. An instructive discourse on the Blessed Sacrament was delivered by Fr. Montague, and the procession returned afterwards to the School Chapel for the final Benediction that brought the day's festivities to a close. A record number of parishoners took part in the procession this year; the local branch of the Children of Mary Sodality was well represented and many visitors to the district were also able to be present.

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The Public Examinations began on Monday, June 29th and continued until the middle of July. The School is a centre for the Oxford Locals and College of Preceptors' examinations. This year there was an unusually large number

of entries and there is every reason to expect many successful results.

All parents desirous of sending their boys to the Salesian School, Farnborough, for the next scholastic year, which begins in September, should apply without delay to the Rector, as the number of places available is strictly limited.



St. Joseph's Burwash. To those who have not had the pleasure of visiting the Salesian Preparatory School, St. Joseph's, Burwash, the following account by a visitor may be of interest.

"It has been my privilege to visit St. Joseph's on several occasions, where I have come into close touch with the Community, Staff and boys.

The school is situated in one of the most beautiful and healthy parts of Sussex, between Tunbridge Wells and Hastings and is easily reached from London by the Southern Railway. It nestles in a secluded spot in the heart of the Sussex hills and has been aptly described as "the Valley of Peace."

The school was started only a very few years ago with a handful of boys and it has grown year by year until there are now 50 boys resident at St. Joseph's, ranging from the ages of six to twelve years and they come from all parts of the United Kingdom.

The boys are healthy and happy and are well cared for in every way. The farm and vegetable gardens attached to the school provide a good deal of the daily diet, and the food is plain, wholesome and well cooked.

The atmosphere of St. Joseph's is ideal for young boys. Apart from the healthy and beautiful surroundings, the environment of the school itself is excellent. Under the care of the devoted Father Rector and his Community and Staff the boys are given an excellent education and great care is taken with regard to the formation of character and to the religious side of their training. It is not necessary for me to refer to the great work that the Salesian Fathers are doing in all parts of the World in training and educating boys of all ages, as this is well known to most people, and the Preparatory School at Burwash is no exception to the rule, maintaining the high standard of education and spiritual training that is the hall mark of the Salesian Schools and Colleges, and under the careful guidance of the Father Rector at St. Joseph's, the boys are given a good start in their school lives which will ensure their growing up into good Catholics and useful Citizens.

There is a splendid spirit amongst the boys themselves and I have never come across a set of boys, who, from the youngest to the eldest, are so universally well mannered.

The school is surrounded by extensive grounds and the boys have an excellent playing field where football, cricket and other games are indulged in their due season, the boys being keen on their games, in which they are given every opportunity of participating.

The house, school and church, etc. are so designed that in the severe weather it is not necessary for the boys to go out into the open at all, as they can pass from one part of the building into another, and also into the church and be under cover the whole time.

There is also attached to the school a large hall, where the boys play games and get plenty of exercise in the bad weather when it is too inclement for them to go out.

I would like to say a few words about the beautiful church of St. Joseph's. This is one of the loveliest little churches I have seen and is quite one of the beauty spots of Sussex. The boys have every facility for attending Mass and Benediction frequently, and their singing at all the services, under the direction of one of the Fathers, is most devotional.

In conclusion I must express my great admiration for all that I have seen at St. Joseph's during my visits there, and parents could wish for nothing better than to have their sons placed under the care of the Father Rector and his Community and I hope that before long this excellent Catholic Preparatory School will become one of the best known of its kind in England."



New Rochelle, U. S. A. A New York contemporary under date of June 10th makes the following interesting report: "The Salesian Institute has been admitted to the University of the State of New York as an academy of high school grade. Advice to this effect has been forwarded to New Rochelle from the Board of Regents at Albany. The following better notified the local Catholic School of its acceptance as a member of the University:

*Rev. Emmanuel Manassero,
Salesian Institute, New Rochelle N. Y.*

My dear Sir—It gives me pleasure to advise you that at a meeting of the Board of Regents held on May 28th, the Salesian Institute, New Rochelle was admitted to the University of

the State of New York as an academy of high school grade. The certificate of admission will be forwarded in due course.

Very truly yours

JAMES SULLIVAN.

Assistant Commissioner for Secondary Education.

In thus being admitted to the University the Salesian Institute marks an important step forward in the speedy and wonderful progress it has made during the few years of its existence, it having been opened but five years ago. From a most humble beginning it has rapidly climbed upward until now it is organised into a high school fully equipped with library and up-to-date scientific laboratory, all of which drew words of the highest praise from the inspector sent by the Board of Regents to visit the school. The Institute consists of an elementary department with the last three grades of Grammar School, of a high school department, and of a seminary department for the members of the Salesian Congregation.

The high school has two regular four year courses—the general and the classical, giving thorough preparation for entrance into college to those pupils who aim at obtaining degrees in Arts or Science. Day scholars are also admitted. The preventive system is used throughout the college—“an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure”—this was Don Bosco's maxim, and the Sons of the Ven. Servant of God at New Rochelle endeavour to carry it out to the letter.”



Capetown, S. Africa. In regard to the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to South Africa our Cape correspondent reports: “On Thursday morning, a morning that will stand out in bold relief in South African annals, the Salesian boys, like everyone else, made for the town to see and welcome H. R. H. the Prince.

At nine-thirty the Salesian Band was to be heard playing through the streets as it headed the Institute detachment of Cadets.

Fortune favoured our lads, for the position in Government Avenue appointed to them was the first pitch beyond the barrier. The general public were not allowed past the barrier and therefore the boys, more fortunate than other detachments, stood alone in their glory, unjostled by the crowd. And glory it was, too, for they did very well, so much so, that the officer in charge, Lieut. Orren, was afterwards congratulated on the smartness of the company.

During the three-hour wait for the arrival of the Prince, the band played an interesting selection of music so that the long wait was not in any sense monotonous.

At last the procession reached us and as His Highness passed between the ranks the boys gave the Royal Salute at the same time enjoying a near view of the Prince as he passed within a couple of yards of them and returned their salute.

Long and hearty were the cheers which were raised by the thousands of children mustered in the paddocks upon the arrival of the Royal Car—cheers of simple and unalloyed enthusiasm that came straight from the hearts of the young folks in the springtime of life as they beheld for the first time the heir to the throne of the Empire.

When the procession was over the boys marched back to the Institute to the tune of—“God Bless the Prince of Wales” and after a hurried dinner they were out again and lining the street in front of the Institute to do honour to the Prince on his way to and from the Cycle Track and Green Point Common. Each time he passed, His Highness looked up at the Institute with an air of interest as he smiled to the boys and the band which was playing “God Bless the Prince of Wales” from the entrance steps.

This royal visit was quite an event in the lives of the boys at the Cape Institute: they took a prominent part in all the festivities and, split up into various groups in charge of the Brothers, they were able to view the decorations in the town and the numerous displays organised in honour of the Prince until a late hour on the Thursday night.”

Pride Is the Trouble.

Icy, regular and coldly, good people are usually not popular. “He is a hard man who is only just, and he is a sad man who is only wise.” The human element is lacking. A just man must try also to be a little mellow and forgiving and merciful. A wise man must be sociable, playful and jolly.

We are all imperfect and the pride of the perfect is a reproach to us. The perfect man must not seem to realize his superiority or put his virtue or his wisdom too much in evidence. It is not because he is just or wise, that he is unpopular. It is his unconscious pride over it. “We like to know the weakness of eminent men. It consoles us for our inferiority.” This saying of Madame de Lambert is verification from another angle.

NEWS FROM THE MISSIONS.

Our First Foundation in Shanghai.

By *Fr. Garelli S. C.*

We arrived here on the 16th of January last after a sea-trip of 56 days. Some of our party had suffered greatly from sea-sickness but we all reached Shanghai in the best of health. Mr. Lo Pa Hong was there at the port waiting for us with a line of motorcars, and we were soon being whizzed through the streets of the oriental town, not so very oriental in appearance after all, to our new home.

The new structure that was to constitute our first Salesian House in Shanghai was not yet completed. The war, or rather, I should say, the fear of war, had kept the work back; and this was providential in a way, for if the building had been serviceable, it would certainly have been requisitioned by Chinese troops and who knows in what state they would have left it?

We found ourselves therefore in front of a roofless edifice, but one of such majestic proportions that an exclamation of surprise and pleasure was drawn from all of us as we saw it for the first time. The structure is in the shape of an irregular horse-shoe: the front part is about 196 yards in length and the two side wings about 75. The Church is erected in the centre of the enclosed space and divides it into two spacious play-grounds; one will be for the artisans and the other for the students.

On first seeing the building a question at once arose to my lips: "Mister Lo, how many boys do you think of caring for here?" He looked at me for an instant with his kindly Chinese eyes beaming through an immense pair of spectacles, and then replied shortly: "A thousand boys!"

I was amazed and could only keep silent.

We soon found ourselves in the interior of the great building—St. Joseph's Hospice—a sort of smaller Cottolengo. Provisory quarters had been prepared for us in the pavilion where a number of boys were already being housed and who would afterwards be pupils in our school of arts and crafts. There were a few rooms for the priests, a large dormitory for the other confrères, one for the aspirants and a dining-room.

On the day of our arrival Mr. Lo Pa Hong and his two sons, Ignatius and Francis, who help him in his manifold affairs, stopped to dinner with us. At the end of the meal the good gentleman made a neat little speech telling us how long and anxiously he had awaited our coming, bade us a hundred welcomes and expressed the wish that from Shanghai this work of charity, so characteristically Salesian, might be extended throughout the whole of China.

When we remarked to him that his having been able to find the money to build such a vast edifice must have been a miracle due to his great protector, St. Joseph, he replied:

"When I asked for the Salesians, Mgr. Versiglia told me that, at most, I should only be able to procure four or five. I had confidence, however, in Don Bosco and put up a building for 1,000 boys. And now, instead of 5 Don Bosco sends me 22 brethren and aspirants. 'This, surely, is a Don Bosco miracle!'"

And what could we say but that the same thought had come into our own minds?

Once settled down in our temporary quarters we took the boys in hand who were boarding there. The Chinese New Year was being held just at that time and as they then have a fortnight or a month's holiday, all school work was suspended. This gave us the opportunity of making a closer acquaintance with the language, of having a look round in order to get to know the local needs and customs, and, then, trying to nerve ourselves to that degree of courage that Our Ven. Founder would certainly have had in the circumstances we resolved to set to work immediately.

At present we have 102 boarders and quite a number of externs. The latter would also be boarding with us but for the absolute impossibility of finding room for more beds.

The schools are re-opened and school-masters and pupils are all busily at work. The craft-masters have also commenced with their technical classes; about 30 boys are already learning tailoring, shoemaking and carpentry. And we are now trying to adapt things and places to our needs and gradually getting together the necessary plant for setting up the mechanics, printers, compositors, and bookbinders' departments. Our worthy aspirants have been an immense help to us, though we see to it that

they do not neglect their own studies and professional training; here, just as at Turin, we have schools of theory and practice so that they will make continual progress in their various departments.

The difficulties concomitant with all beginnings are also falling to our lot, but the docility of our pupils makes up for everything. Most of them are still pagans, but they say the prayers so willingly and with such sincerity that we are forced to believe them when they express their wish to be baptised very soon.

Mr. Lo Pa Hong, arose in the assembly, and reminded those present that immediate action was what was wanted and not endless discussion. Money can do many things, and this time the Chamber of Commerce, at Mr. Lo's suggestion, saw to it that these soldiers were clothed and fed and that paid officers were placed in command of them. It was thus that the citizens of Shanghai were saved from a grave disaster.

And we must acknowledge that in a very true sense some of these pagans have merited the protection of Heaven, for they have learnt



A KNITTING CLASS CONDUCTED BY THE SALESIAN SISTERS ON THE CHINESE MISSION.

In the meantime the immense structure is progressing under our eyes and we on our part, with an interior sense of dismay, keep repeating to ourselves: "A thousand boys! How ever shall we be able to take care of them?" And yet we must remember that nearly all of them will be pagans, and if Providence sends them along we must not be the ones to say them nay, for their coming will be a sure sign that God wishes to make them His own.

The kindly eye of the Lord is certainly watching with especial benevolence over this great city. Just a few weeks ago some 80,000 soldiers, uncaptured and undisciplined, and therefore, in reality, nothing but uniformed bandits, collected around Shanghai with the intention of sacking the city and enriching themselves with its great wealth. The Chamber of Commerce held a meeting to discuss the situation, and our illustrious benefactor

what charity means and do their best to practise it. The sum of money that Mr. Lo Pa Hong must spend daily for the construction of the Hospice, for his Hospitals and for our house would be enough to take away the breath of many a strong financier. And yet he manages to find it, and what is more wonderful still he gets it from the pagans themselves. Will Our Lord be less generous than they are? Don't you think He will repay their charity at no distant date by enriching them with the gift of a happy conversion? And this is just what we are hoping for, and, let me say—what we are confident of seeing.

One little further remark! The personnel which the Superiors had the goodness to concede for this Institute was calculated on a basis of having to deal with 500 boys. Now, when the harvest is doubled should not the number of reapers be doubled too, so that the rich grain

may not lie ungathered and become food for the birds? God grant that many vocations may find their way, during this year, into the ranks of the Salesian Congregation so that some of those who are already prepared for work in the field may be spared for this promising Institute at Shanghai.

A Pirate Convert.

The convert Chinese have proved worthy of many graces from God. The first time that I visited the town of Shiu-Chow (in the diocese of Macao), writes Fr. Garelli, S. C., I met a recent convert. A tall, thin, wiry man he was, hailing from the country of A-liu-tong. Formerly he had been a pirate, but one day he met a missionary and little by little he was converted to the Faith. He gave up his old companions in thievery and evil-doing, received Holy Baptism, and became an apostle among his fellow-countrymen. I gave him two hundred copies of the catechism to distribute among the inhabitants of A-liu-tong. That evening, anybody passing through the town would have been surprised to hear, in all the houses, men, women and children loudly repeating the Catholic catechism, in accordance with the usual custom. It seemed as if the town was transformed into one great college of catechumens.

But one day this fellow's old pirate friends came from a neighbouring town. One of them went to his house, and brought him out a short distance from his dwelling. The pirate spoke of a great theft that they had planned to commit and asked him to hide the booty, to be distributed among them later. The Christian had but one reply: "My friends," he said. "I was formerly a pagan and had no scruples. Now I am a Christian. My religion forbids me to take what belongs to others." "If you don't want your share so much the better. At least you can help us by concealing it." "I cannot do this. The Christian religion forbids all participation in an evil action." "We have need of you and you must help us; otherwise we shall kill you." With these words the chief of the band pushed his gun against the other's chest. The convert did not flinch; calmly and boldly he said: "You can kill me. I will not help you." "Is that your final decision?" "Yes it is my decision in the name of my Christian religion." "Then let it be the last," shouted the pirate, and pulled the trigger. The Christian, struck in the chest, fell dead at once, a new martyr of Faith and conscience, sanctifying with his blood the ground of A-liu-tong.

Apostolic Work in the Indanza Territory, Ecuador.

By Fr. Charles Crespi S. C.

About seven in the morning, after having said Mass in the open in the midst of a crowd of wondering savages, we were already on the march, our hearts filled with sweet emotion and praying that God would bestow the gift of the Faith upon these poor people, at once simple and savage.

Our journey afforded us glimpses of the most stupendous panoramas and we saw ideal positions, all deserted, that could be made the happiest of sites for thousands of immigrant dwellings.

Saved as by a Miracle.

After mid-day, on the edge of a dangerous descent the march was interrupted by loud cries of alarm. One of the savages had abruptly snatched from me the spear that I was carrying and another had thrown himself at my feet in order to examine a hole that had just been made in my boot. I had trodden inadvertently on one of the most poisonous snakes to be found in our Mission, and he had sunk his teeth in my boot, just about a millimetre from the living flesh. When the serpent had been killed—and it was a very small one to be so dangerous—all the savages were around me and shouting as though possessed in their eagerness to tell me of the great danger I had just escaped.

In all our journeying the savages always want me to take the lead: it is a sure way, they think, of avoiding unpleasant surprises. And this time, when it seemed that Mary Most Holy had protected us in a very special way, I observed amongst my dear Kibaros an air of affectionate gratitude that I had never suspected them of before. The tallest and strongest of them, embracing me and almost weeping, exclaimed: "Ah! Father you don't know what a powerful poison there was in that little serpent we have just killed! If it had bitten you the blood, at this moment, would be flowing from your nostrils and your mouth and your eyes—your flesh would be swollen like that of a tapir, you would be on the ground groaning in agony like some stricken animal, and then you would soon expire. And what could we have done for you? Do you think the forest can produce a remedy against such a serpent? Ah! Father, it was your God Who helped you! If

it had happened to me I'm sure I should now be lying in a pool of blood".

I thanked God again for having enabled me to escape such a fate, and the prophetic words, used in regard to the Messiah and those who were to continue His mission: "You shall tread upon asps and basilisks and they shall not harm you" came into my mind.

Whilst I recited the Rosary the savages continued to discuss the event with many new arguments but the conclusion was always the same: "If it had happened to me I should have been bitten mortally."

forest and their intention is to kill us. Now they have retired to the bottom of the valley. If they had not seen you in our company they would have attacked and slain us all long ago."

Being unable to pacify them and in order to secure some sort of protection I got into the inside of a hollow tree-trunk. And when at last they ceased firing and seemed to be more tractable, I came out and we continued the journey. But my mind was not at ease and with great sadness I thought of these vendettas that keep so many families and tribes apart and



PRIMITIVE MISSION BUILDINGS IN ECUADOR.

Another Nerve-trying Adventure.

About three in the afternoon we had another alarm and were soon doing battle against an invisible foe. Emitting bloodcurdling yells all my companions suddenly began to fire wildly into the forest.

"The enemy of the Izarabiza! The enemy of the Izarabiza!" they shouted in common.

I threw myself upon the ground and peered in the direction in which they were firing but could discern nothing of the enemy, and so I endeavoured to reduce my protectors to a less warlike frame of mind.

"You know nothing about this, Father, otherwise you would not smile. You have bad eyesight and have not noticed that for days certain men have been circling around us in the

absolutely impede the formation of even the semblance of a Christian population.

In these assaults the Kibaro behaves just like a wild heast, and when he is aroused displays some of the cruellest instincts that it is possible to imagine.

A Hearty Reception.

The sun had set in the meantime and a very steep slope led us to the house of a Kibaro, Kukux. Our coming had been pre-announced, and about fifty savages had gathered here, some of them from great distances, to see the Missionary.

I at once told the head of the family that as I was not feeling up to the mark I could not drink their famous *ciccia*, but that if they would cook

me some bananas and some American potatoes I should be glad to pay for them with the numerous trinkets that I had brought with me.

I then got the children together and held a short catechism class. Then I told them that they must prepare a beautiful altar, for in the morning we were going to say many prayers and to celebrate the Holy Mass as a great gift to God.

As this was an occasion of special solemnity Kukux gave orders for a fine pig to be killed and served up for the feast, and he was visibly affected as he came up to me with a necklace made from large tiger's teeth in his hand and said: "I should have had a much bigger pig killed for this occasion but a tiger killed it for me in the forest, and not only one but twenty during this year. The great beast, however, fell into my hands at last and this string of teeth is a proof of my courage and steady hand. If you will pray to God to prevent other tigers from coming to molest my pigs I shall make you a present of one of these little ones when they have grown fat.

Whilst the savages threw themselves brutally upon the victim, I had a hen killed and supervised the cooking of it myself, so that it would serve us on the following day. The latter precaution was necessary for theft amongst the Kibaros is not prohibited by any law, and having once received the hen to cook the woman would probably have had the best of it for herself and have served me up with some broth and a piece of any sort of meat to pass for the valued hen.

I joined them in drinking a very refreshing beverage called "guayusa" but found an excuse for not joining in the feast on the fatted pig.

The night passed tranquilly enough, though to have any real repose was difficult amongst so many people. My chief preoccupation was how to keep my numerous urchins silent during the Mass in the morning; and then I had one of those bright ideas that come to Missionaries sometimes—I would make a sort of crown of little angels (they were already dressed for the part) round the altar in the morning and give each one something very important to do. That would keep them quiet. So I put four in front with a stump of candle each, three at one side with the wine and water and hand-towel, one at the other side with the bell and two behind the altar with the altar-cards. I did all this with a very solemn air so that they were much impressed and their silence during the Mass was perfect.

It was the vigil of the Feast of Mary Help of Christians and you may imagine with what

feeling and earnestness I spoke to them of the great Heavenly Queen. By eight we were again on our way light-hearted and happy because of the success of our visit, and the rain that began to fall in no way tended to damp our spirits, notwithstanding the sodden state to which our clothes were soon reduced.

Fervent Christian Life in the Forests of Brazil.

« With the sweetness of S. Francis de Sales the Salesians will attract the savage tribes of South America to Jesus Christ. Their first efforts at evangelisation will be most difficult; but the children will, with the greatest facility, be led by the teaching of the Missionaries and thus colonies of Christian civilisation will be founded to which the former barbarity of these peoples will give place ». — Ven. Don Bosco; in 1883).

Have these words of Don Bosco been verified?

Two copper-coloured faces looked angrily at each other across the table, two pairs of dark brown eyes flashed excitedly in their great white settings; four dirty black fists were brandished fiercely over the once white tablecloth; and the air resounded with rapid, high-pitched parlance peculiar to irritated Bororo Indians. The two urchins had become impatient of waiting for their food, and were now in the thick of a loud and heated discussion. One thought to drive his arguments home by wildly waving his fork about in the air; the other, not wishing to be outdone, followed suit with a great leaden spoon. They both spoke at once and no one could have understood what they were saying, but that was a secondary consideration. They each had a grievance to be righted and that was enough.

"What's the matter with you? What are you up to?" I shouted with all my might.

"Look here, Father," said the urchin with the fork, "We haven't made the Sign of the Cross yet, and this fellow here has already begun to eat."

"That's a lie," shouted the other, "I only tasted the rice to see if it was good,"

"Well now, that'll do," I said, "Now get up and make the Sign of the Cross properly."

After this short flare-up, peace reigned once more. They each set to work to brandish their spoons again, but this time for a different purpose, and very soon all the plates on the table were as clean as it was possible for them to become. They made the Sign of

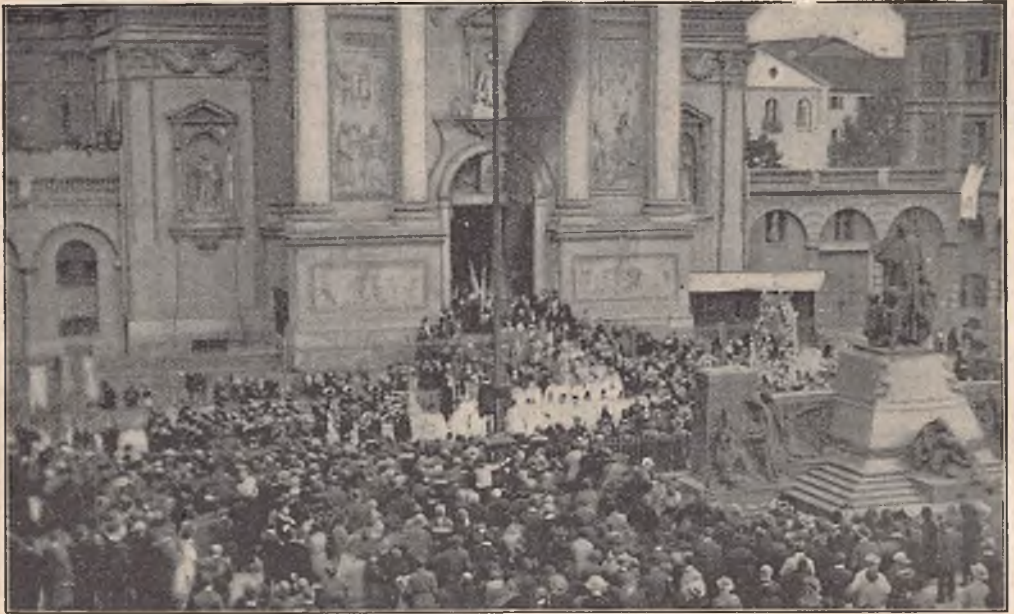
the Cross again, and then ran away shouting and laughing to the river for their recreation.

For the delicate constitution of a European bathing immediately after dinner would be little short of fatal, but for the Bororo Indian it is a thing of every day occurrence. With loud shrieks of merriment, they splash about in the clear water, chasing one another and swimming about in all the most varied ways imaginable. Yet, before jumping into the water they all make the Sign of the Cross, dipping their fingers into the river as though it were a holy water font.

What has happened? Nothing else but this. Instead of catching a fish, the hook has caught in the bed of the river, and the fisherman had dived in to get it out again.

Yet first of all he had made the Sign of the Cross.

The sky has become dark and threatening. Thick clouds, from time to time furrowed by vivid streaks of lightning, begin to fill the heavens. The wind has developed into a hur-



THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE BASILICA, TURIN, ON THE FEAST OF OUR LADY HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

Impervious to all this boyish glee and light-heartedness a man is sitting on the bank, his whole mind intent on a small float bobbing up and down on the rippling surface of the water. Very likely he has been stretched out all night before his fire, patiently waiting for a bite.

Suddenly the float begins to jump agitatedly up and down in the water and then disappears from view, a broad grin spreads over the man's features as he thinks of what may be at the other end of the line. He gives a tug at the rod, but, to his dismay, finds that it is stuck fast. A shout of annoyance escapes from his lips and all eyes are focussed on him. He devoutly makes the Sign of the Cross, plunges into the river and disappears..... A minute passes..... He reappears on the surface, puffing and snorting for all he is worth, and shakes his head with its great mass of long matted hair, sending a spray of water all around him.

ricane and blows the straw from the roofs of the huts, threatening to make them collapse at every moment.

The approaching storm arouses the Indian girls from their ordinary apathy and brings them running from the huts to set to work to bring in the skins of oxen on which they had spread out the rice to dry. They drag them under the veranda, and, continue their work, yet at every flash of lightning, they can be seen making the Sign of the Cross. Those among them who are usually the most thoughtless, now seem to be the most devout.

In themselves these are very little things. And yet it is a great thing for these poor Bororos, that they have formed the habit of having recourse to the Sign of the Cross in all the dangers of life.

G. D.

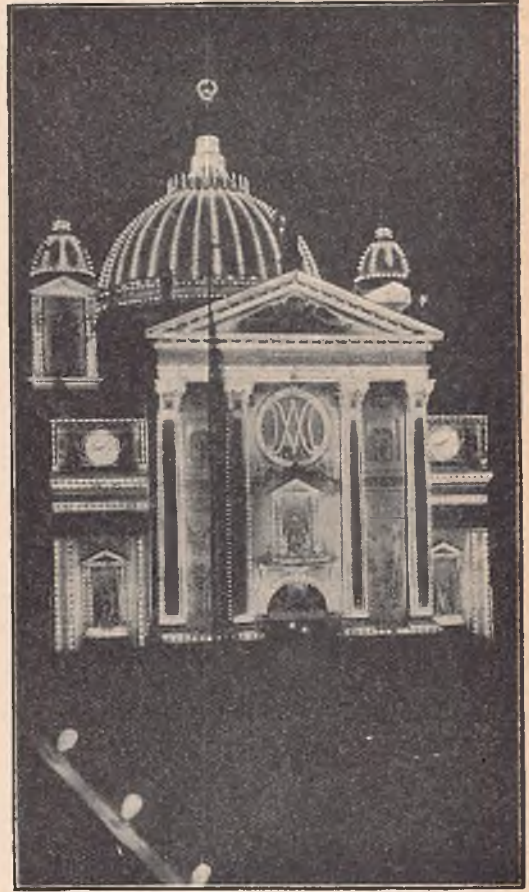
DEVOTION TO OUR LADY HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

Although devotion to the Mother of God was a long-established practice, and the Church's Doctors and Saints in an unbroken line had given expression to the prevailing sentiments, until the 16th century the title *Help of Christians* had not become familiar enough to find a place in the Litany. But the great event which gave it undisputed right now occurred.

The hordes of the Crescent had extended their sway over the parts of Asia and Africa fronting the Southern States of Europe, and their innumerable galleys scoured the Mediterranean, seizing island after island as bases for the great attack which they thought would establish their power in Europe. Their ruling impulse was hatred to Christianity, and the extermination of that cult had been the threat and avowed object of their leaders. After seizing the island of Cyprus their grand opportunity had apparently arrived and vast preparations were in progress.

The great Pontiff, St. Pius V, the glory of the Dominican Order, had successfully negotiated for the combination of Christian princes to resist the threatened invasion, and an armed fleet under Don John of Austria and Marc Antonio Colonna set sail towards Italy. They met on October 7th, near Corinth in the Gulf of Lepanto.

It was undoubtedly one of the greatest sea-fights that had till then been recorded, and nothing less than the fate of Christianity was at stake. The valour and the number of the combatants made the struggle for long undecided, but while the armies fought all Christianity was at prayer. Processions thronged the streets of Rome, and St. Pius V in his private Oratory, like another Moses interceding for the people of God, prayed for the success of the arms he had brought together. The wind which had borne the Turkish fleet over the Mediterranean now veered round and enveloped their ships in smoke. This was like a signal to the Christians, and renewed efforts resulted in terrible slaughter for the Turks; their leader fell and the Christian standard soon waved over his flag-ship. A tremendous uproar greeted the appearance of the flag, and the enemy were soon in flight; 22,000 were slain, 10,000 taken prisoners and 15,000 Christians escaped from their galleys.



THE BASILICA ILLUMINATED FOR THE FEAST.

At that instant St. Pius V arose from his knees and announced the victory which later intelligence confirmed. In thanksgiving he ordered the celebration of the feast of Rosary Sunday, and the addition of the invocation *Auxilium Christianorum* to the Litany of Loreto in recognition of Our Lady's protection over the whole of Christianity.

In 1863 the Turks, after a century of recuperation, made another trial against European arms, and even pushed on to the number of 200,000 as far as the walls of Vienna. Pope Innocent XI had appealed in vain to the sovereigns of Europe—one prince alone answered his call. The city was on the eve of capitulation

when the hills beyond discovered the army of John Sobieski, the Polish hero. On the next day he ordered the whole army to assist at the Holy Sacrifice. He himself served it. After the Mass his army advanced upon the Turks with such an irresistible onslaught that the Mahometans were soon in flight. Out of the army of Kara Mustafa already reduced from 200,000 to 40,000 only 20,000 escaped, leaving their standards, 200 guns and much equipment to the victors. Pope Innocent XI on receiving the flag of the Mahometans into his hands, proclaimed the feast of the Holy Name of Mary in thanksgiving for her aid, and established a confraternity under the title of *Auxilium Christianorum*. It only remained now that other events should win a special feast in honour of Mary Help of Christians, and they had their verification during the pontificate of Pope Pius VII, who attributed his liberation and the liberation of the Church to the intervention of the great Help of Christians in whom he had placed all his trust, and he ordered that a new feast should be instituted in her honour.

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Graces and Favours. (1)

ENGLAND.—Would you please offer a Mass in thanksgiving for favours received during the year through Novena to Our Lady Help of Christians and Don Bosco. I would also ask a share in the prayers of the Community for special intention and publication of my thanks.
S. M.

TYRONE, IRELAND.—Please publish in the *Bulletin* my grateful thanks to Our Lady Help of Christians and Don Bosco for special favour received. I would also ask the prayers of your many Readers for the obtaining of another favour. I promise publication if granted and to send an offering in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians—submitting myself always to God's Holy Will.

One Who trusts in Our Blessed Lady.

CO. KILKENNY, IRELAND.—I enclosed an offering in honour of Mary Help of Christians for favour received. Kindly have same published in the *Bulletin*.

KILKENNY.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.—Many thanks to Our Lady Help of Christians! After many months

of unemployment I have at last obtained a permanent post from a Salesian Co-operator.
C. R.

LEEDS, ENGLAND.—I am forwarding you a Money Order for Masses in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians for favours received.

A. L. G.

TURIN, ITALY.—For a long time an aunt of mine had been suffering from a very grave and painful stomach trouble that rendered her quite incapable of any sort of occupation. Medical care seemed to be of no use and the evil grew to such an extent that my aunt could take neither food nor rest. My grandmother was in the mean time constrained to do heavy work in the fields and she had the misfortune to fall one day and fracture her right arm.

When I came to hear of this state of affairs I sent them both a medal of the Help of Christians and counselled them to commence with me Don Bosco's Novena in honour of the Madonna, quite sure, as I was, that Mary would listen to her child.

And everything really turned out very favourably and much more quickly than I had expected. My aunt's stomach trouble quite disappeared, and contrary to every one's expectation my grandmother was soon able to use her arm quite well. Both of them unite with me in thanking our Lady of Christians, and we pray that she may continue to accord her celestial favours to all the members of the family.

A Child of Mary.

ESTE, ITALY.—My sister had been suffering from a grave illness for more than three months and the doctors gave but little hope of her cure. After having tried all sorts of remedies and quite despairing of the possibility of human science to bring relief we were at last inspired to turn to Mary Help of Christians and the S. Heart. We began to pray and had a Novena made by the pupils of a neighbouring Salesian College. We also promised to publish the grace and to send an offering for the Salesian Works.

And after so much worry and anxiety on the part of her husband, brothers and little children who weepingly prayed for their mother's restoration to health, my sister began to be much better. Her state of health has continued to improve to such an extent that we are sure she will soon be completely cured. Grateful to the Sacred Heart and to Mary Help of Christians we send along our small offering and promise to renew it every year.

An Engineer.

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

THE LIFE OF THE VENERABLE DON BOSCO

By G. B. LEMOYNE of the Salesian Society.

(Continued).

Lawyer Grasselli verified everything in the copy word by word and then said: 'This copy will be better for us since here we have the Latin and its Italian translation which will make it easier to understand.'

Whilst they were rummaging in different places one of them began to read one of the Bollandist volumes.

'What are these books?' he asked.

'They are Jesuit books which will not be of interest to you so pass on to something else?'

'Oh! Jesuit books, indeed! Let them all be sequestered.'

'No' said another 'Let us see first what they are about.'

They went on reading them for more than half-an-hour and then one exclaimed: 'To the deuce with these books and with the one who wrote them! I can make neither head nor tail of them! They are all in Latin! If I were emperor I should abolish Latin altogether and forbid books to be printed in it! To end this business, tell us what they do contain.'

'The one you were reading gives an account of the life of St. Simon Stylite. This extraordinary man, terrified at the thought of Hell, considering that he had but one only soul, and being afraid of losing it, left his fatherland, his parents and friends, and went to live a saintly life in the desert. He lived for many years on top of a pillar, declaiming continually against those men of the world who think only of drawing enjoyment from it, and never give a thought to the eternal punishments that are prepared in the next life for those who live badly on earth.'

'Enough! Enough! If you continue this sermon much longer we shall all feel compelled to go to Confession.'

'Just so! Just so!' I said, 'And to-day is Saturday. At 5 o'clock in the evening the Confessions of my dear boys generally begin.'

'To-day, then, we shall all go to Confession'

'Good! Excellent! Prepare yourselves; I shall devote the whole evening to you and you will thus profit much more than by continuing the search.'

Just at this moment the cleric, Roggero, brought in a bottle of wine and we all drank to the success of the inspection. I then remarked again that I was behind with my Confessions, and asked them either to allow the boys to come

in to me to Confession or to begin at once with their own.

'I would need to badly,' said one.

'And I also', said another.

'And I more than anyone' said Fumagalli.

'To Confession, therefore!' I urged.

'But if we do this sort of thing' put in the Delegate, 'whatever will the newspapers say?'

'And if you end up in the devil's power, will the newspapers and the journalists be able to set you free?' I asked.

'You are right, but—bother it! we can come again expressly for this!'

He then promised faithfully that he would come to Confession on the following Saturday, and in fact, two officers and three guards did come, and with the best of goodwill, as it seems, for they returned again on other occasions.

It was now 7 o'clock in the evening. They had ransacked every corner of my room and of the adjoining library, but their investigations were quite barren of result. They themselves were all very hungry by this time, and I had much community business that was urgently awaiting my attention. Moreover, the boys of the Institute who were accustomed to come at that hour to Confession began to have words with some of the guards who wished to repulse them. It was then decided to bring that eventful day's work to a end, to come to some sort of settlement, and to take their departure. I opposed their going at once: 'Make out a report of your work and then you can go.'

They obeyed and made a declaration that with the concurrence of the priest, Don G. Bosco, they had made a diligent investigation of all nooks and recesses, of all books and papers, existing in the two rooms used as a habitation by the said priest: 'and that even after a most minute search nothing had come to light that would prove of any interest to the fiscal.'

After their departure, Don Bosco was the object of a most affectionate demonstration on the part of the boys who flew to him at once just as the angels to Our Divine Saviour when on the occasion of his sojourn in the desert He was at last freed from the attentions of that other scrutineer of whom the Gospel speaks.

The news of this domiciliary search spread throughout the Oratory neighbourhood even whilst it was taking place, and a good

neighbour, the carpenter, Coriasco, grieved at such a proceeding, had rushed breathlessly to inform the inmates of the religious Institutes in the vicinity and to advise them to pray. Canon Anglesio, Superior of the Little House of Divine Providence, came at once to sympathise with Don Bosco, but as the guards forbade him an entrance, and being unable to communicate personally with the Servant of God, he called a cleric who happened to be near and gave him the following message:

"Go to Don Bosco and tell him from me that he must be courageous and not lose heart. To-day, the Oratory of St. Francis de Sales is being put by God to the proof, but even from this instant He will bless it in a very special way and its good work will be consolidated: from now onwards it will have such a development and expansion that its beneficent influence will be extended far beyond Turin and to many other parts of the world."

And the fact remains that after this official search had taken place, the son of the widow Filippi, proprietor of a silk factory standing on the eastern side of the Oratory, and which Don Bosco had offered to buy several times, but always unsuccessfully, came himself to ask Our Ven. Founder if he still wished to acquire it.

"Yes, indeed!" said Don Bosco "only I haven't got the necessary money."

"As far as that goes, you needn't worry; if you don't pay to-day, you will to-morrow, and I am not in a hurry anyway."

As so the contract was completed.

But the result of the search had not satisfied Don Bosco's enemies. A fortnight after, on the morning of the tenth of June, Mr. Malusardi, Minister Farini's secretary, Cavaliere Gatti, Inspector General to the Ministry of Public Instruction, and Professor Petitti came to the Oratory accompanied by many guards for another inspection.

"They arrived at the Oratory" relates Don Bosco, "at 10 in the morning when I was absent in the city on business for our poor family. Fr. Alasonatti, the holy priest of dear memory, finding himself alone when they arrived was somewhat confused. The emissaries proclaimed their identity and then demanded to see all the account books of the Institute, for it was rumoured, they said, that Don Bosco possessed large sums of money sent him by the Pope and by the fallen Princes under the pretext of providing for the boys' needs but in reality for the enrolment of soldiers to commence a war against the Government. And so they wanted to know how many boys were boarding in the

house, how much they paid for their support, and where the money was kept.

"We have no safe in which to keep money" replied Don Alasonatti, "because we never have any for long: as soon as we receive an alms we use it at once for the paying off of some of our debts, long overdue."

"You have money, but you don't want to tell us about it. You are a Jesuit!"

Saying this they seized him roughly by the arms, shook him and pushed him rudely about the room. And the man of God seeing the priestly dignity so badly outraged in his own person could not but exclaim: "What harm have I done to be treated thus?"—and then fell fainting in their grasp.

Seeing that they had abused their power they sought to remedy matters by lifting up the fallen priest and placing him on a chair. At that moment, and under the guidance, as it seemed, of Divine Providence, Don Bosco entered the room. Seeing his worthy assistant in such a pitiable state he was seized with the greatest concern and taking him by the hand he called his name aloud. At the sound of Don Bosco's voice Fr. Alasonatti seemed to recover somewhat and said in weak accents: "Don Bosco, help me!" and swooned away again. The Ven. Servant of God tried to arouse him with cheering words, and then, turning to those who were conducting the search, he said: "You have abused your power. You ought to be judges and not oppressors. This way of acting will certainly not win you a blessing from Heaven and your name will be defamed in history:" and he then conducted them into an adjoining room so that they would not be visible to Don Alasonatti.

They spoke at great length, asked to be excused for the unintentionally displeasing incident that had just taken place and assured Don Bosco that they had instructions to make an inspection throughout the entire Institute and to question the young inmates, but in a friendly way, and having a respectful regard for persons and property.

The Ven. Servant of God again made a vigorous protest, and his courageous bearing somewhat disconcerted the Delegates who were at length forced to admit that they were doing many things on their own initiative. After Don Bosco's remarks, the guards disappeared one by one and went and placed themselves in the fields around the Oratory. In the end they said they would be content with an inspection of the school and they were taken there by Don Alsonatti himself, now quite recovered and strong again.

But the inspection could not have been more minute or captious. One pupil was interrogated thus:

"To whom do you go to Confession?"

"To Don Bosco."

"Have you been going to him for long?"

"I have always gone to him during the three years I have been in his house."

"Do you go willingly?"

"Quite willingly."

"What fine things does he say to you in Confession."

"He gives me plenty of good advice."

"Tell me something about this good advice; I am very anxious to know what it is like".

"If I were making my Confession to you, I should tell you everything; but one should not speak of the matter of this Sacrament outside the confessional."

"Doesn't he tell you that the Pope is a saint."

"He says that the Pope is called the Holy Father, and I believe quite well that he is a saint."

"Doesn't he tell you that those who have taken his States from him are wicked?"

"These things have nothing to do with Confession."

"But aren't they sins?"

"If they are sins let the guilty ones see to them when they go to Confession: they have nothing to do with me."

Professor Ferri questioned another pupil something after this fashion:

"What class are you in?"

"I am in the fifth form."

"Do you know the king?"

"I have never seen him but I know that he is our sovereign."

"A perverted sovereign who persecutes priests and religious; isn't that so?"

"These things don't come in the period of history we are doing in class and so I don't know how to answer you."

"But Don Bosco must have told you about this many a time, hasn't he?"

"We have never heard him say anything like that; on the contrary, in his History of Italy he makes honourable mention of Victor Emmanuel."

"But surely" put in another inquisitor "all persecutors of religion are wicked men; Victor Emmanuel is a persecutor of religion, therefore he is a wicked man."

"No doubt, signor cavaliere, you can judge of these affairs with a greater knowledge of the facts: it may be all as you say, but I have never stated that Victor Emmanuel was wicked. Whether it be he or others who are persecuting

religion it is not my business to decide. One thing only I know for certain, and that is, that when the king fell ill some time ago Don Bosco ordered prayers for his health and for the good of his soul."

"You are answering just as you have been prompted to beforehand, aren't you now?"

"I am answering what I believe to be the truth. No one suggested anything to me for the simple reason that no one could have imagined that such questions would be put to me."

And it is well to note here that two stenographers were present at each interrogation and they wrote down everything that was said.

This was how another boy was questioned:

"What class are you in?"

"The fourth form."

"Have you already taken Roman History?"

"Yes sir; we have one period as a subject in our final examination."

"Can you tell me by whom Julius Caesar was killed?"

"Julius Caesar was killed by Junius Brutus and by other conspirators."

"Brutus certainly did the right thing in killing that oppressor of liberty, that tyrant over the people, didn't he?"

"It seems to me that a subject should never rebel against his sovereign, much less take his life; hence, in committing that misdeed, Brutus must have rendered himself gravely culpable before the law."

"But when a sovereign rules badly?"

"If he does evil he will be judged by God but his subjects must always respect him"

"But tell me—couldn't someone strike down Victor Emmanuel so that monks and friars, priests, canons, etc. would be left in peace and the Pope himself would be freed from much annoyance and oppression?"

"Never! Never! Never! If the king did evil he would be judged by God, but we as his subjects must pray to God to convert him, to be merciful to him... but we must never do or wish him evil, for all authority comes from God, and when this is publicly acknowledged in a sovereign he must always be respected."

"Why are you weeping? I haven't said anything out of place, surely?"

"No, but you are asking me questions that don't come in this history and I am afraid of saying something wrong or that my answers may be badly interpreted."

"Don't worry about that; you answers are quite clever and cannot have any evil consequences."

(To be continued).

Plenary Indulgences.

A Plenary Indulgence may be gained by all the Co-operators, who, having confessed and communicated, shall make a visit to a Church or public chapel and pray for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff.

1st. On the day on which they are enrolled as Salesian Co-operators.

2nd. On one day in each month chosen by the individual.

3rd. If there is a day fixed for a Salesian Conference they may gain one on that day also.

4th. On the day they make the monthly exercise for a good death.

5th. On the day on which they make the first consecration of themselves to the Sacred Heart.

6th. As often as they join in the customary retreat of eight days.

7th. On the following feast-days by performing the above mentioned good works: The Ascension — Whit Sunday — Corpus Christi — Our Lady of Mount Carmel — The feast of St John the Baptist.



Mme. Julia Whiting's Anniversary.

On the 16th of last May, the anniversary of the great benefactress of the S. Heart Parish, Battersea, London, Madame Whiting was fittingly observed. Mass was said at 10 o'clock and there were representatives of all our personnel at the service: Boys of the Sacred Heart School, Girls, Salesian Sisters, Aspirants and members of the Congregation. The music

was well sung, the pieces chosen were: *Recordare* and *Preces meae*, from Cagliero's Requiem Mass, and *Beati Mortui*, of Mendelssohn. Members of the family of the deceased present were: Mr. Henry Paul Whiting (son), Miss Whiting, Mr. Noel Whiting and Mrs. Manderson, *née* Marion Whiting (grandchildren). Lady Turner, owing to indisposition, could not be present.

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.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Casartelli, Bishop of *Salford*.
Mgr.

Mgr. Fitzpatrick, *Dublin* (Ireland).

Very Rev. Provost Barry, *Birkenhead* (England).

Very Rev. Canon J. Hughes, *Liverpool*, (England).

Very Rev. Canon McGuinness, *Warrenpoint*, (Ireland).

Very Rev. Canon Steuart, *Edinburgh*, (Scotland).

Rev. Dr. Longhran, *Jonesbro'* (Ireland).

Rev. D. McAllister, *Warrenpoint* (Ireland).

Rev. J. McKenna, *Pahiatua*, (New Zealand).

Rev. M. M'Cashin P. P. *Lisburn* (Ireland).

Dr. O'Hare, *Wymberg* (S. Africa).

Mr. M. Commins, *Wymberg* (S. Africa).

Mr. W. J. O'Neil, *Chicago* (U. S. A.).

Mr. R. F. Hill, *Oxford* (England).

Mr. P. McGowan, *Belfast* (Ireland).

Mr. J. Maginnis, *Liverpool* (England).

Mr. J. McKenna (Sen.), *Liverpool* (England).

Mr. J. O'Callaghan (Sen.), *Newry* (Ireland).

Mr. P. O'Toole, *Warrington* (England).

Mr. Stokes, *Newry* (Ireland).

Mrs. Hanahan, *Banbridge* (Ireland).

Mrs. Morrell, *Oxford* (England).

Mrs. Ford, *Bootle*, *Liverpool* (England).

Mrs. M. Byrne, *Coalisland* (Ireland).

Mrs. Keating (Sen.), *Liverpool* (England).

Mrs. K. Speke, *London* (England).

Mrs. S. Donnelly, *Liverpool* (England).

Miss Johnston, *Cape Town*, (S. Africa).

Miss S. Hassan, *Belfast* (Ireland).

Miss M. Lawler, *Liverpool* (England).

Miss McGuinness, *Liverpool* (England).

Miss McGuinness, *Liverpool* (England).

Miss Neary, *Oxford* (England).

Opera latina et liturgica.

- A LAPIDE R. P. Cornelius, S. I. — **COMMENTARIA IN QUATUOR EVANGELIA** recognovit subiectisque notis illustravit et ad praesentem sacrae scientiae statum adduxit DD. Antonius Padovani. *Editio III emendata*, additis in Appendice Commissionis Pontificiae de Re Biblica Responsis, Propositionibusque per Decretum *Lamentabili* reprobatis et proscriptis quae ad Evangelia referuntur, cum indice analytico ac indice rerum praecipuarum, 4 vol. pag. 2060, in-8 max: Lib. 80 —
 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.
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 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. — Apud exteros: Lib. 30.
 Liber V. *De delictis et poenis* (Sub praelo).
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Nova prodit editio typica:

RITUALE ROMANUM

PAULI V PONTIFICIS MAXIMI

IUSSU EDITUM ALIORUMQUE PONTIFICUM CURA RECOGNITUM ATQUE AUCTORITATE

SSMI D. N. PII PAPÆ XI

AD NORMAM CODICIS IURIS CANONICI

ACCOMMODATUM

EDITIO TYPICA

Editum charta indica; altum mm. 145, latum 90, crassum 20, gramm. 240 pondo. - Paginae, qua typis impressae sunt, patent mm. 125 X 76.

Volumen in-18° paginarum VIII-948, variis imaginibus affabre descriptis ornatum; accurate impressum typis nitidis, caractere rubro-nigro, charta subtili et opaca, cum lineis rubris in quadrum ductis ad omnes paginas.

Solutum:

Apud nos	Libellae it.	15
In Italia, vecturae pretio soluto	»	17
Apud exteros » » » »	»	21

Volumen linteo anglico coniectum, angulis rotundatis, dorso flexili, sectione foliorum rubra cum theca:

Apud nos	Libellae it.	21
In Italia, vecturae pretio soluto	»	23
Apud exteros » » » »	»	29

Volumen linteo anglico coniectum, angulis rotundatis, dorso flexili, sectione foliorum aurea rubra cum theca.

Apud nos	Libellae it.	22
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In Italia, vecturae pretio soluto	Libellae it.	24
Apud exteros » » » »	»	30

Volumen chorio nigro, vulgo chagrín; coniectum, angulis rotundatis, dorso flexili, sectione foliorum rubra cum theca.

Apud nos	Libellae it.	27
In Italia, vecturae pretio soluto	»	29
Apud exteros » » » »	»	34

Volumen chorio nigro, vulgo chagrín, coniectum, angulis rotundatis, dorso flexili, sectione foliorum aurea cum theca.

Apud nos	Libellae it.	30
In Italia, vecturae pretio soluto	»	32
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THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

Via Cottolengo, 32 - TURIN, Italy
