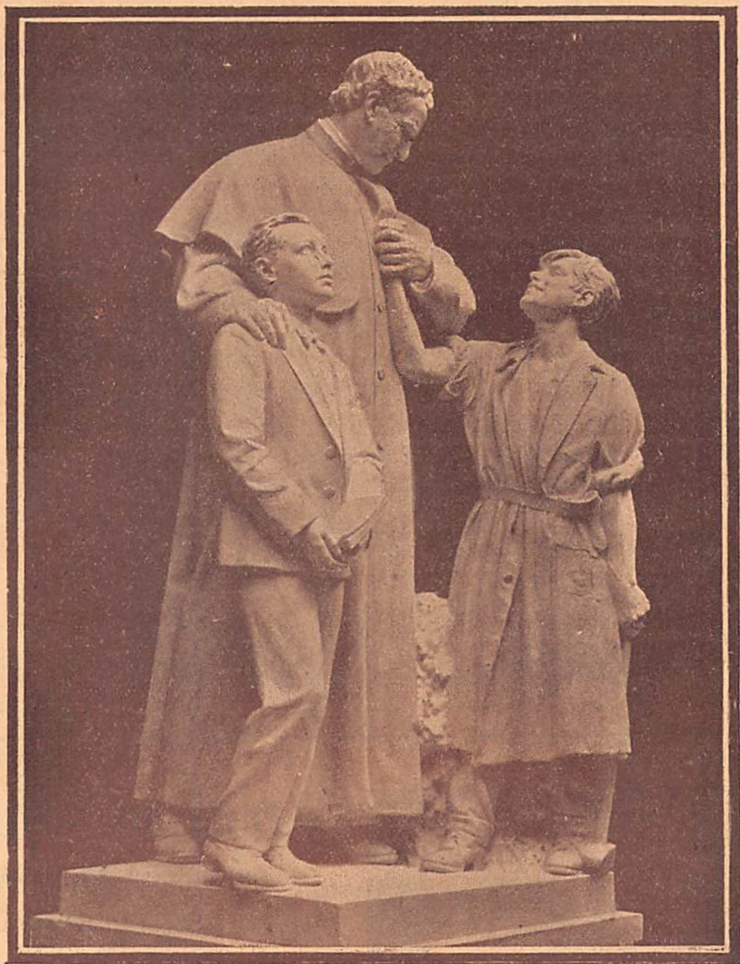


SALESIAN BULLETIN

ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATION OF
SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS



JULY-AUGUST 1931

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# SALESIAN BULLETIN

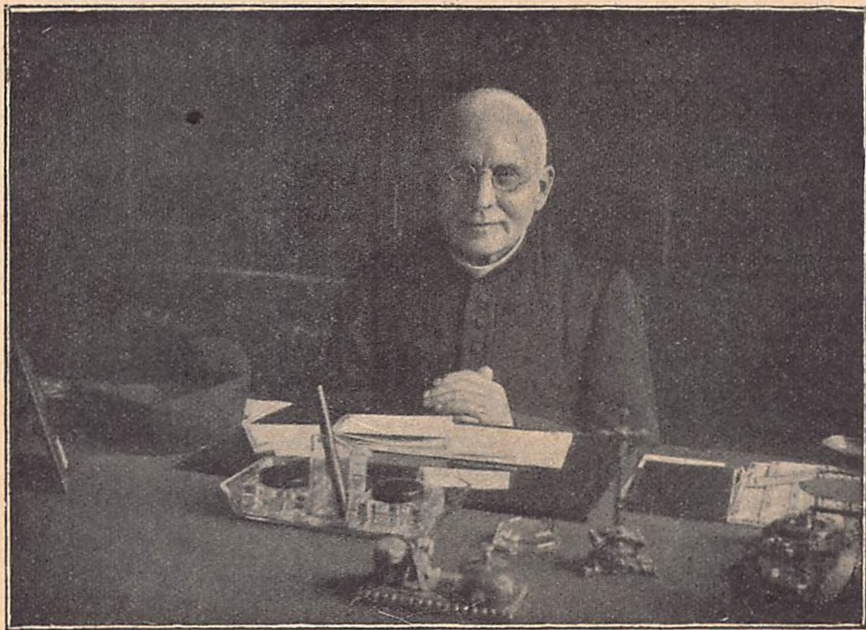
ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATION OF SALESIAN  
CO-OPERATORS

SUMMARY: Letter to the Co-operators. — Confessions at the Last Minute. — Shrigley House. — Eucharistic Congress, Aus. — The Model Co-operator. — Mission News. — What We Hear. — Last Will of Don Bosco. — Graces and Favour. — Obituary.

## The Golden Jubilee of the Very Rev. Fr. Philip Rinaldi

*On the 23rd. of the coming December the Superior General, Father Rinaldi will enter upon the fiftieth year of his priestly life.*

*Throughout the whole world, in countries far and near, in the solitary outposts as in the large cities, wherever, in fact, there is a Salesian House,*



*a Salesian missionary, a group of Co-operators, of Past or Present pupils or an admirer of Blessed John Bosco or his works, this golden jubilee will arouse feelings of the deepest love, reverence and gratitude.*

*All our Co-operators have learnt with joy that the Sacred Congregation of Rites has announced the resumption of the Cause of the Canonisation of the Bl. John Bosco, let us therefore pray whole-heartedly for this crowning glory of our Founder and Father.*

*Knowing the great love of Fr. Rinaldi for Don Bosco, nothing could be more pleasing to him than for us to look ahead and make preparations for the erection of a worthy chapel and altar in the Basilica of Mary Help of Christians to the lasting honour of the Apostle of Youth.*

*In this we are but repeating the express desire of our Superior General himself, when he spoke to us in his letter of January 1929. "We must prepare a worthy resting place in the Mother House of the Salesian Works in expectation of that day, which we hope for, on which Don Bosco will be raised to the honours of the altar. He must not only have a beautiful altar but also a place large enough to hold his children and the faithful who will come to invoke him."*

*This appeal of the Father will not fail to stir generous enthusiasm in the hearts of all Salesian Co-operators.*

*And now, while we are waiting for the final plans for the fitting celebration of this great feast to be made, we ask all Salesians, Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, Co-operators, past and present pupils, Benefactors and clients of Blessed John Bosco, to pray specially for our beloved father and then unite themselves in effective action so that we may be able to offer this act of homage to Blessed John Bosco and to his third successor.*

The Director

THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

Via Cottolengo, 32

Italy

TORINO, (1929)

## Confessions at the last minute

### Incidents from his life.

*In the matter of confession God seems to have given Don Bosco special power of gaining souls. The following incidents relate how he was able to save the souls of two men who, even at the point of death, would not hear of seeing a priest.*

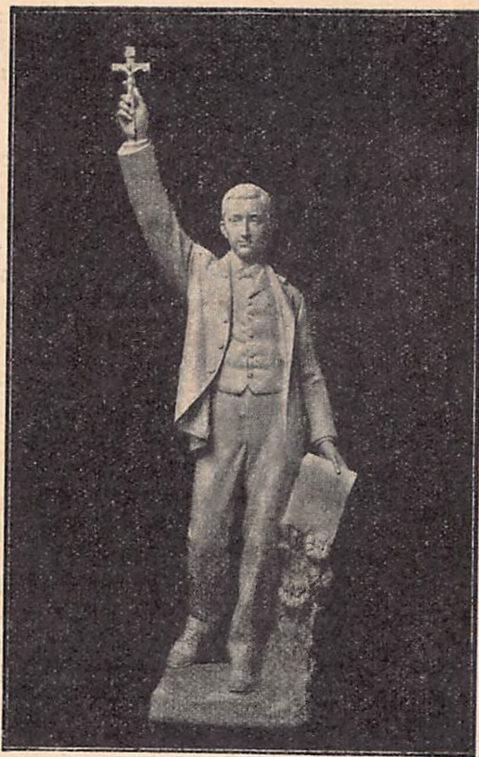
The good Don Bosco did by his "Catholic Readings" brought him a great reputation for both virtue and learning; so much so that good people began to regard him as the 'last hope' in the case of well-known sinners in danger of death without confession. They used to say: "*If anyone can do it it is Don Bosco!*"

An official of the Government of Turin, who had taken an active part in the execution of certain very anti-Catholic laws, lay very seriously ill. For many years he had been away from the Sacraments and what was still worse the daily contact with false ideas through a reprobate press had long since caused him to lose his Faith. The chemist told the parish-priest that the doctor who had charge of the case had given the man but a few hours to live: he would not see another day in this world.

Now the parish-priest knew very well that the sick man would have nothing to do with the clergy in any shape or form, and fully persuaded of his own inability in the matter he sent word begging Don Bosco to do what he could for the salvation of this unhappy soul.

Don Bosco set out at once. He entered the house and who should he meet but one of the most regular young members of his Oratory. The child in fact was the son of the sick man, who however unworthy he had been in other ways had a passionate love for this only child for whom he would have done almost anything. For instance, many times during the last few days the lad had brought his father the crucifix to kiss, and he, rather than hurt his boy's feelings, had not pushed it away, and had kept to himself what he thought about that sort of thing. The child himself had already broached the subject of Don Bosco.

"Father," he had said, "wouldn't you like



New symbolic statue of Dominic Savio.

me to go to Don Bosco that he might come here, give you his blessing and perhaps cure you!" The sick man had always refused but in such a manner that the child might not take it badly; although within himself he thought: "What superstitious nonsense these priests put into boys' heads!"

But now Don Bosco was actually here and the child was all over him.

"Come, come, Father," he cried, "come to see my Daddy who is very ill."

"I'm sorry for that. Just run along to

him and find out if he will see me. Then I'll come at once."

"Yes, yes, he will see you; he'll be very pleased to see you." Without more ado he pulled Don Bosco into the sick room, crying; "Daddy, daddy, here is Don Bosco to see you," and turning to the priest who was reluctant to enter in this manner said, "Daddy expects you to give him your benediction."

Now Don Bosco had planned another way of going about things he had intended through the boy to find out how the land lay, but now there was nothing to do but to take things as they were. Smiling and going nearer the bed from which the dying man glared at him fiercely he said for the want of anything better:

"How d'you do?"

"Can't you see!" came the ungracious response.

"Courage, courage, Albert will pray for you and I also..."

"Look here, Don Bosco, I don't believe those fairy stories, so don't try to tell me any!"

At this the child, ashamed at such treatment of Don Bosco, ran out of the room. Left alone with the dying man, the priest did not lose time and replied: "Don't you then believe in the power of a child's prayers? But there, let it rest at that. I haven't come here to annoy you! I really came to pay you a visit when I learnt that you were so seriously ill." Then Don Bosco began to talk of things of the day, in such a manner and so vividly that in spite of himself the poor man was interested and his dislike and distrust began to disappear. As soon as he saw that he had attracted his attention Don Bosco rose to go.

"See the time is getting on, and I mustn't disturb you too much. But before I go let me give you a blessing."

The sick man did not actually refuse but said frigidly:

"You may do just what you please... I can't stop you!"

With that Don Bosco called out, "Albert."

"Why are you calling my child?" demanded the other sharply.

"Because I want him to say just one Hail Mary for his good father."

"There's no need for that, don't trouble yourself!"

But Don Bosco again called, "Albert!"

The child came in looking very unhappy, and Don Bosco turned to him:

"Listen my child, let us say a Hail Mary together for your father who is very ill, and it is necessary that Our Lord should give him life and strength for your sake. For what would you do child if he were taken from you? You would be alone and abandoned in this great world, without your greatest and dearest friend, without a guide and without anyone to advise you; and in the world how many things are just waiting to rob you of your innocence, bad men and bad books and there will be no one to give you a word of encouragement or counsel, not one to stretch out his hand to help you. Your very innocence may lead you among evil people and into evil ways. Poor dear child! Then, when you come to die, what terrible remorse that you had not had by your side the one who would have been your visible guardian angel, your dear Father. And what if you had the misery of being cut off from him from all eternity!" Don Bosco's words vibrated with the emotion he really felt, for he was fighting for a soul within an ace of the judgment of God. What he said to the child, who stood trembling and afraid gazing into the earnest face above him was nothing more than the life-story of the dying man who had been left an orphan while still young and had fallen as others had done before and since. The child burst in tears and the father could not hide the emotion he felt.

"Come child, let us say not one but three Hail Marys for we are in very great need!"

He sent the child from the room and turning to the father said: "Now please make the sign of the Cross." The sick man did so but with a self-conscious indifference and Don Bosco gave him the blessing. But he didn't go away, he sat down again and began to ask all manner of questions about the poor man's early life, of his school days of his youth and manhood in the world: so much sympathy and interest did he show that slowly the man began to tell his whole story, and a skillful question put here and there was sufficient to give Don Bosco a very accurate knowledge of the state of his soul. Seeing that so much talking was wearing the other away Don Bosco stopped him and said gently: "And now if you wish it I will give you absolution!"

"Absolution! Impossible! Why you have to go to confession before you can get that; and I don't want to go to Confession!"

"But you have already confessed! and I have understood everything!" said Don Bosco.

"What! is that enough!"

"Yes, enough if you make a real act of contrition!"

"No, no... it's not possible!"

"Yes, God pardons you everything. He

only give the sacrament *sub unica unctione*, because the man at that very moment breathed his last.

### *The Case of the Books.*

Another time Don Bosco was called to the bed side of a sick lawyer. The local priests had done all they could to get him back, but in vain. Don Bosco in the past had business dealings with him and on the



Salesian Community of Newton, N. J., U. S. A. Students, Novices and Aspirants, 1931.

is so good, so merciful to those who in their heart really repent!"

The dying man could resist no longer but broke into tears as the whole force of what it meant to him dawned upon him. But the effort was too much and he lay still, breathing heavily with cold perspiration forming in large beads on his forehead. Don Bosco saw that death was near. He just asked one or two more simple questions and finding that the man was ready to do all that the Church required of him, he gave the absolution, with the additional promise that he would take care of his child.

It was but the work of a few minutes to get to the parish-priest and back again with The Sacraments but even then they could

strength of that he determined to pay him a visit. His reception was polite but frigid. That did not put him off. As was his custom in such cases he spoke of the lawyer's illness, its pains etc. giving a few words of sympathy and then passed on to things of the day so that the sick man was literally enchanted with the conversation. Here Don Bosco hinted at the necessity of putting things right with God, but the lawyer would have none of it.

"You'd better change the conversation; you know my principles already... I'm not to be induced to go to confession.."

"And why not?"

"Because I have no time for things about religion. Do you see those books on the table."

Don Bosco crossed over to the pile indicated and lifting one he saw it to be by Voltaire. "Is this one of your favourites?" he asked.

"Of course, and anyone who shares the convictions of that great author will never have the weakness to go to confession!"

"So you call it weakness to go to confession. Yet you do not seem to know that this man whose opinions you share and whom you call illustrious, on his death-bed cried out for a priest to make his confession!"

"Oh, now, now!"

"What I say is true. And what is more, had it not been for the inhuman conduct of his so-called friends he would have had a priest..." Here Don Bosco told the details of the death of Voltaire.

The old lawyer listened earnestly and was not a little disturbed.

"And now I tell you," concluded Don Bosco, "that I have a firm hope in the eternal salvation of Voltaire."

"That is not possible!" cried the other, for Voltaire of all others seemed to be beyond all hope of redemption.

"But I say it is possible! In the Holy Scripture we read of only one who was probably lost eternally and that one is Judas. Of the others we are not allowed to know their eternal lot that we on earth may still hope in their salvation."

"But how is it possible for Voltaire to be saved after all he wrote and said and did?"

"Ah! God is very good! So merciful. Do you not know, my friend, that one real act of love is sufficient to wipe out every fault."

"Voltaire saved," murmured the other as though he could not put the idea from him.

"Yes I may hold that opinion; therefore I may hold it for certain that he is saved. For what was lacking! He had the desire to go to confession! He had sorrow—he was only unfortunate that he did not have a priest; and if at the moment of death, when he saw himself in danger of perdition he turned from his natural desperation and made just one act of the love of God and therefore was penitent, it is certain, it is of faith that he will be saved."

The old lawyer for a time was silent, thinking deeply; then suddenly he cried: "I want to confess! Take those books away, I won't have them in my house any longer,

do with them what you will. He made his confession. That same evening he received the Holy Viaticum, two hours later he received the the Holy Oils and the papal benediction and just before midnight, full of faith, sorrow and confidence, he died.

That night when Don Bosco returned to the Oratory he had a large pile of prohibited books with him; they went straight into the fire!



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### WHAT IS THE HELP OF CHRISTIANS?

*It is a monthly magazine in which you find the living personality of the Blessed John Bosco, through glimpses of his life; where you may learn of the great devotion to Mary, Help of Christians as applied to the needs of the Church to-day; where the diary of the New Missionary College of Shrigley is written month by month. To read of these young missionaries, of their daily life, work and spirit is to be inspired with apostolic zeal for them, and to get others to read of them is to swell the number of helpers of this greatest of all works in the Church to-day.*

The Help of Christians Magazine, is published at the *Salesian House, Cowley, Oxford* at 2/6 per annum, *Post Free*. (Special reductions for those who take quantities).



## New Developments at the Salesian Missionary College, Shrigley Park. New Dormitory and temporary Chapel.

On the feast of the Blessed John Bosco, April 26th. of this year, Fr. Tornquist S.C., who has just completed his round-the-world visitation of the Salesian missions, laid the foundation stone of the new wing of the Missionary College. This is the second time, within two years, they have had to enlarge the building if they were to take all those boys who have a vocation for the missions and if they were to develop the English speaking missionary crusade to its fullest extent while the whole Catholic world is full of zeal for the Cause.

The new building embodies four ideas all intimately connected together. It will be dedicated to the Sacred Heart, it will be the English Shrine of the Blessed John Bosco, there will be two large pictures of the English Martyrs, Blessed John Fisher and Thomas More, on the walls, (presented by the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Roehampton, and painted by one of the nuns) while the Dormitory will be dedicated



Fr. Caravario S. C.

to the two Salesians who were killed in China, Mgr. Versiglia and Don Caravario.

### *To the Memory of the Martyrs.*

This connection with the glorious English Martyrs takes us back to the old times at Douay and Rome whence came hundreds of priests for the *English Mission*, all ready to spend their last drop of blood for their faith and for the salvation of souls. We can almost see the venerable figure of St. Philip Neri in the streets of Rome saluting the students of the English College with: *Salvete flores martyrum! Salvete!* and almost feel the thrill of enthusiasm which ran through the old refectories when news came that yet another of their number had been martyred. The students would make wreaths of laurel and adorn the beds where the new martyrs had slept. Out of this spirit was the Catholic Faith in England re-born to a newer and to a fuller life. But not only from the old martyrs comes inspira-



Mgr. Versiglia S. C.

tion to spread the faith but also from the heroes of our own day who have laid down their lives without counting the cost. Among these we hold our own two victims in special reverence: Mgr. Versiglia, a bishop already advanced in years, who received his crown after a long life of constant toil in China, and his secretary and companion, Fr. Caravario who had been ordained but nine months previously.

The story of their death is very simply told. They were on a trip to a mission which had not be visited for four years. Although times were difficult by reason of the wandering bands of revolutionary troops, nevertheless the same road had been covered several times just before by priests and catechists and nothing very serious had happened. With this in mind they thought it safe to venture the journey. The small party was made up of Bishop Versiglia, Fr. Caravario, a woman catechist, two women students and two young men who had just finished their training at the Salesian School. They had covered about half their journey when they were attacked. A ransom of £100 was demanded but as this was out of the question the soldiers turned their attention to the women of the party, the bishop and the priest strongly resisted and for this they were beaten to the ground and finally riddled with bullets, their bodies were hidden by the villagers lest they should be accused of the outrage.

Their heroic deaths must bear fruit in China, for it is a natural law of the missions that the *blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church*, and perhaps the very boys of Shrigley will be among the missionaries to reap in the harvest of Chinese souls.

### *The Cost of Expansion.*

These new works of extensions and improvements, although an encouraging sign of growth, are not undertaken without great responsibility on the part of the superiors. They see before them the immense good to be done; they receive letters every day from boys and young men begging to be received as candidates for the missionary priesthood; and more than that they receive letters from the missions themselves crying out in the name of God and souls for English-speaking personnel, and yet at the same

time they cannot help thinking of the cost. News bills to meet is an added burden to their already heavy load.

The worldly-minded would condemn the new project as sheer rashness or worse; many more might call it imprudence, but the memory of Blessed John Bosco with those four halfpennies in his pocket and a whole basilica, costing thousands, rising up before him, calls them to go on, and be daringly generous in the service of God, for as of old, Mary, the Help of Christians and Queen of Apostles will provide.

The new building at the Shrigley Missionary College, with its large dormitory for fifty more boys and its temporary chapel will run away with several thousands of pounds. But with the inspiration to build came another inspiration; it was the idea of forming Apostolic Circles for the education of missionary priests-to-be.

### *What is this Apostolic Circle?*

The Apostolic Circle of Mary Help of Christians is a group of Salesian Co-operators (*and ipso facto each new member becomes a Co-operator and entitled to all the indulgences*) who band themselves together with the object of helping a boy to study for the Missionary Priesthood. Each Circle undertakes to raise the sum of £120 during the period of four years, each member collecting or otherwise subscribing £2.10.0 yearly. The subscriptions are handed to the Collector of each circle, or sent direct to the Rector of the Missionary College (1) where the boy is being trained. Whenever a new circle is formed a new candidate is immediately accepted. Already there have been several circles formed, the members are full of zeal, inspired by the consciousness that they are not helping the missions in a vague sort of way but that they have a special personal interest in the career of some future missionary.

We urge those of our Co-operators who can to take up this definite work and write to the Rector of the Shrigley Missionary College for advice and information.

(1) The Very Rev. Fr. E. M. Tozzi S. C. Provincial — The Salesian College — *Battersea Park*, London, S. W. 11.

The Very Rev. Fr. A. Franco S. C. — The Salesian Missionary College — *Shrigley Park*, Nr. Macclesfield, Cheshire.



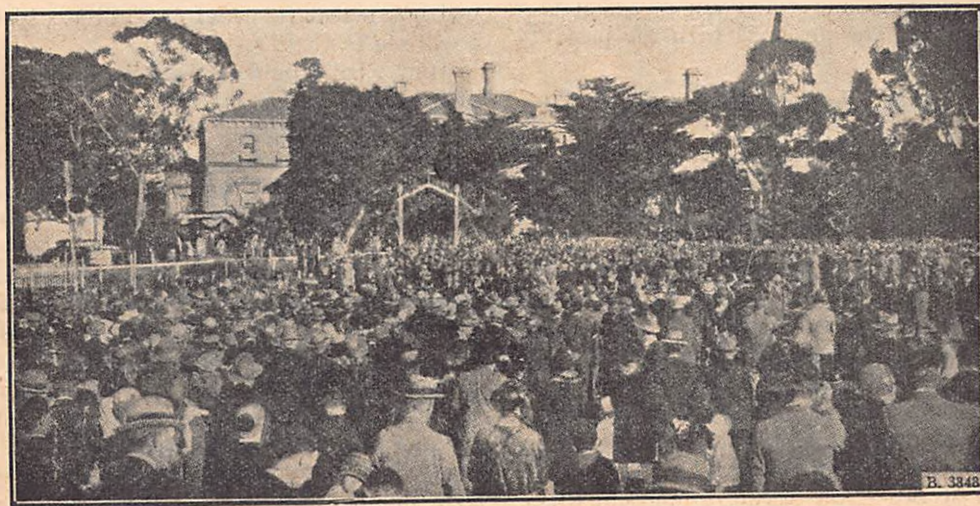
His Grace, the Archbishop of Melbourne bearing the Monstrance during the Eucharistic Congress.

that day. The Salesian Fathers had given them a lead, and the demonstration had been a wonderful success. He was delighted to hear from Fr. O'Grady that it was intended to make the festival an annual function.

#### FIFTY BOYS HOUSED AT THE COLLEGE.

A wonderful crowd assembled at "Rupertswood" to pay homage to the Eucharistic King, but Our Lord did not forget the fifty boys housed in the college, and the other fifty or one hundred who would be in the institution if the Salesian Fathers could provide for them. Our Blessed Lord was

deeply interested in little children, and he hoped that those attending the festival would make a resolution that in future they would do all that they could to help the Salesian Fathers in their great work for children. They all had it in their power to do something for the Fathers and the college. If they supported the Fathers in their great work they would be doing something to give shelter to the little children. As Our Divine Lord rebuked the disciples and called for the women with the children, so He called the Salesian Fathers and blessed them and their charges. All those who contrib-



Part of the crowd at "Rupertswood" during the feast of Blessed John Bosco.

uted to the upkeep of the institution would be blessed by Our Divine Lord.

#### WORTHY OF WIDE SUPPORT.

It was heartening to see so many gathered in the college grounds. Some had come, perhaps for the first time, but all had come in sympathy with the Fathers and their great work. If they all helped, Fr. O'Grady would be a very happy man. Blessed Don Bosco had many occupations, and they were told by Dr. Kenny that he was a conjurer

also. Fr. O'Grady would need to be a conjurer in order to raise sufficient money to pay the interest on the college liability and a little off the capital in times like the present. He hoped that the depression would soon pass, and that Australia would become prosperous again. God would stand by those who stood by Him. He thanked all who had helped the Salesian Fathers and invoked God's blessing upon them and upon the Fathers, who were doing a work well worthy of wide support.

## The Model Co-operator

Perpetuating memories at the Mother House Valdocco.

### *The Unveiling Ceremony.*

Under the porticoes of the Old Oratory of Don Bosco there is a tablet and bust to the undying memory of "Mamma Margaret", and just a month ago, on May the 7th. another tablet was put up and unveiled by the Archbishop of Turin to the memory of another great soul, Don John Baptist Borel (1804-1873). He is the model, as he was the first, of the benefactors of Don Bosco and although his humble, self-sacrificing life is eclipsed by the present glory of Don Bosco, nevertheless this gentle figure passes and repasses through the long memories of those very old Salesians still living at the Mother House who are our links with the past.

### *The Meeting With John Bosco.*

The life story of Don Borel is just the tale of many a good humble priest, characterised throughout by a great charity and a great zeal in the service of God. When they met for the first time Don Bosco was but a second year seminarian and Don Borel the chosen preacher for the Lenten Retreat. Later in life Don Bosco notes down the impression this priest made upon him. But with the conclusion of that retreat Don Borel passed out of his life for four years, to appear again at that critical moment when he, Don Bosco, was trying to find out where God wanted him to work. Blessed John

Cafasso, his director, saw the greatness of Don Bosco's soul and feared lest he should pass out of the great city of Turin which needed him, into the obscurity of some country parish.

So Don Cafasso went to Don Borel, then in charge of the several Charitable institutions of the pious Marchioness Barolo.

"I want you to do me a great favour," said Don Cafasso. "I want you take this new priest of mine as your auxiliary because he must remain in Turin."

"But," answered Fr. Borel, "I'm afraid I can't do it, I don't need any help!"

"Ah, but you mustn't refuse me. You will not repent it. And as for the stipend I will see to that."

"But what would he be able to do with me: there is really nothing."

"In that case you just leave him to himself. In the Institutes of the Marchioness there will be something to do, and then he has already started a great work going among poor boys."

And so it happened that Don Bosco was accepted by the Marchioness as her second chaplain at the new Refuge of St. Philomena. But the young boys Don Bosco had come to know by this time followed him to his new home, and there you see both priests, Don Bosco and Don Borel busily engaged all day Sunday in catechising the large numbers which filled the little rooms to overflowing.

When St. Francis of Sales had founded the Order of the Visitation, looking round him on what had been achieved he said: "That which I didn't want to do, I have done; and that which I wanted to do I have not done." It was the same with Don Borel. He had thought to take Don Bosco with him as an auxiliary and before long he found himself the auxiliary of Don Bosco.

But what an auxiliary! His power over the hearts of unruly ignorant boys was second only to that of Don Bosco. Many

work that had been begun was on the point of extinction, for if they were to be turned out of the field as they had been out of so many other places, there was nowhere else to go. Yet at this extremity Don Bosco turned to Don Borel and spoke of the great things that must come to his work, of the houses they should have, of the school-rooms, of the large number of clerics, of the workshops for trades...

"But Don Bosco, your ideas are all too grand. At the moment you have rather



The Missionary Aspirants preparing for their future work at Pallaskeny.

times was he seen with as many as 400 boys held spell-bound, while he revealed to them wonders they had never dreamt of and in a manner that was a revelation.

### *The faithful friend.*

Above and beyond all the qualities which endeared him to all, there was one other which was infinitely precious in the eyes of Don Bosco, and that was his unflinching fidelity at a time when such fidelity cost humiliation and sacrifice. Yet there was one time when even he faltered. He had followed Don Bosco and his boys round Turin in search of a permanent home and they found themselves at last in an open field hired as their last resource. It seemed that the

less than nothing, it can never be!" objected Don Borel.

"But I see it before me," cried Don Bosco, "yes, yes we shall have it all!"

"Poor Don Bosco," murmured Don Borel, "too much worry has turned his brain!"

But at that very moment the Mother House of the Salesians was to be founded in the shed of Pinardi, and Don Borel was there to give his help, his money and time. That was in 1847, and for the next twenty-four years he lived to see the gradual and partial fulfilment of that exultant prophecy of Don Bosco. In fact he did live to see the first great triumph of the Society. In those difficult times when Don Bosco was trying to get Rome to sanction his congregation and time and time again he was turned

back with refusals and objections, Don Borel was getting weaker and weaker until he could not leave his bed. Yet he made one last great effort when he heard that Don Bosco had just returned from Rome, and dragged himself to the Oratory and met Don Bosco himself about to go upstairs.

"Oh Don Bosco; Don Bosco," he cried trembling all over, "has the Congregation been approved?"

"Yes, definitely!"

"Deo gratias! Then I die content!" he said with tears in his voice and turning away he regained his bed from which he was never to rise again.

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## Mary, Help of Christians and Catholic Action.

Dom Fausto M. Mezza O.S.B. has recently published a learned article in the review *Mater Dei* entitled *L'Azione Cattolica nella luce di Maria*. After having given a brief but powerful sketch of the devotion to Mary Help of Christians from its origins in the needs of the Papacy, to its popular form under the energy of Blessed John Bosco, he says:

"It seems to me that this title which, with the prodigious development of the Salesian work, has already become so popular all over the world, could well be taken up by Catholic Action as the specific expression of its devotion to Mary. This is my great desire and I have had it for a very long time and this it is I want to put forward at the end of these few thoughts on the ties that bind Catholic Action to Mary Most Holy. To-day it is no longer the time for Crusades and open wars against Islamism, which in other days hung like the sword of Damocles over Christian civilisation. To-day the enemy is no longer the Saracen or the fanaticism of the Arab, but it is an enemy refined, social, seductive; it is the spirit of the world, to-day more than ever before, impregnated with the fallacies of all human perversions; it is the spreading corruption of fashions which make the rulers of countries think seriously; it is the anti-christian culture which through the papers, books, the theatre,

the cinema and a hundred other means of diffusion, penetrates everywhere like an impure atmosphere. Without a doubt the war is there and it is implacable: the enemy is there and he is terrible: the field of battle is there and it is as vast as the world.

And behold Catholic Action, the armed force of the Church with its various activities, its specialised sections, with its programme dictated by the highest authority on earth, with its lesser works all pulsating with life and hope; behold the army of God ready for daring deeds and for every sacrifice. And does not the idea come spontaneously to give this army of Christ the King, surrounded by so many risks, so many enemies, not only by the world and by men but also by Satan himself and the world of darkness, to the Heavenly Patroness whom the ancient christian armies acclaimed and with the same title under which they invoked her? May the time soon come when throughout the rank and file of militant catholics we may hear this cry: *O Mary, Help of Christians, protect Catholic Action!*

DOM FAUSTO M. MEZZA  
O.S.B.

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## NOVENA

to Our Lady Help of Christians.

1). To recite for nine days the *Our Father*, *Hail Mary* and *Glory be to Father* three times, in honour of the Most Blessed Sacrament, adding each time, *Most Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on us*, or *Blessed and praised every moment be the Most Holy and Divine Sacrament*; and also three times the *Hail Holy Queen* with the invocation, *Mary, Help of Christians, pray for us*.

2). To receive the Sacraments at least once during the Novena.

3). To make a promise of a thankoffering, if one is in a position to do so. It is suggested that this may take the form of an offering towards the works of the Don Bosco, or of a Mass in thanksgiving. In accordance with the recommendation of the Don Bosco a promise to publish the favour in Our Lady's honour may also be made.

The Very Rev. Fr. A. Candela S. C.  
on his visitation to the Salesian Houses in Africa.  
*Through Central Africa to the Congo.*

Very Dear Fr. Rinaldi,

Without any doubt you await news of the traveller charged to bear your encouragement and benediction to your sons in distant Africa. Well, here is just a little gleaned here and there, and very hurriedly put together between the two stops we made on the Lower Congo. The news is consoling so this letter will give you a twofold pleasure.

At Leopoldville, where we disembarked I had to wait seven days; the three companies which cater for all the traffic on the Congo have not yet arrived at any fixed agreement to meet the passengers from Europe.

I put my forced wait to profit, and paid a detailed visit to the Mission of the Scheut Fathers who have the Vicariate Apostolic of Elizabethville together with two other missions in the Congo. Very near the Procure where there are lodgings for the missionaries, there is the cathedral, a very beautiful brick church with three naves, adjoining is a group of parish buildings; elementary schools, professional schools, the boy-scout section and a choir school where the little black boys' voices are marvellously trained.

The native city has a population of about 30,000 Africans of whom the majority are Catholics. I went carefully through the parish work and records and was struck by the perfection of the organisation. The natives are divided according to their race and language and to each of these groups there is a priest who has given special study to that particular language and those special customs. It is indeed the surest way of getting to know the flock and the way of the sheep. *Cognosco oves meas et cognoscunt me meae.*

I had the occasion of being present when the Apostolic Delegate intoned the solemn *Te Deum* on the anniversary of the coronation of the Holy Father, all the officials of the place attended, but what interested me



Fr. Candela S. C. with Fr. Tozzi (Provincial)  
before starting for Africa.

most, on account of its "local colour" was the huge crowd of black men, women and children. There were the mothers encircled by their little ones; some tied on behind, others riding a-straddle on their broad shoulders, others squatting in the ground as best they could. For all that the ceremony was not less devout. In the loft the native choir-master controlled the singing, and it was a real pleasure to hear the "*Oremus pro pontifice nostro Pio*" so well and truly rendered. On leaving the Church there was a tremendous burst of cheering as the Apos-

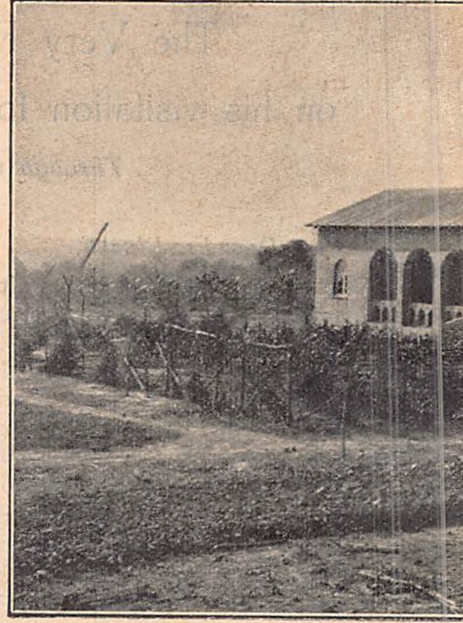
toxic Delegate made his way through the crowds.

Brazzaville is on the other side of the river. From Leopoldville you can pick out quite easily the port and the houses beyond. It takes about twenty minutes in a little boat to get across. I went to spend the day there with the Holy Ghost Fathers who entertained me most cordially. The Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Giuchard, a Breton, visited our Mother House in Turin in 1925. The Fathers have a fine mission here to which is attached a small native seminary with about thirty boys. *The Ladies of Cluny* labour near by at their very original work. They prepare young women for Christian marriage. Generally these young girls are put with the sisters either by their families or by their prospective husbands, though it is not infrequently that they go there on their own accord. During the two or three years which is the time of training they spend their days in the practice of all the wifely and Christian virtues. This work had a very difficult start and had to be recommenced more than once. Now however, it is well established and does much good in showing the Christian family life to these people of the forest villages.

After fifteen days on the river at long last I arrived at Elizabethville, the chief settlement of Katanga right to the south of the Congo. The journey was not a little painful throughout the second stage, but there was the Central African scenery rolling away from either side of the river by way of compensation.

At La Kafubu I found a whole collection of Salesian works. There is the School there with 270 interns. During the visit I paid the Governor I was able to judge the high esteem in which he holds Mgr. Sak S. C. He is completely convinced that the professional school at La Kafubu is nothing short of inspiration.

The work the Salesians are doing here is noteworthy. Around La Kufubu there is a number of villages all with fervent christian communities. Last Sunday I had the



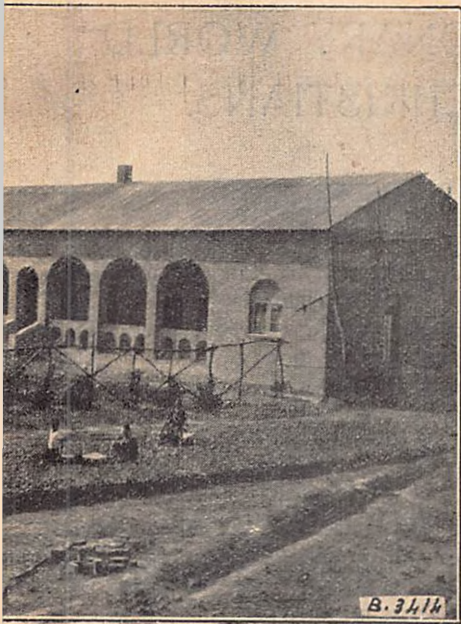
One of the new mission

consolation of saying Mass at *Kambikila*. The chapel 100 feet by 24 feet was packed out, many Christians had to remain outside altogether. What a great pleasure it is to hear these natives praying and singing hymns in their own language and to listen to a sermon, also in their own tongue, by



The Very Rev. Fr. Candelà in the midst of his Congolese





ings at Kufubu (Congo).

Fr. Shillinger. He spoke on the Gospel, but for all his eloquence I only managed to understand one sentence and that was his Latin text: *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*. Blessed is he that comes in the name of the Lord. I guessed by the way those good Congolese were looking my way

that he had applied something of that text to my arrival among them.

By far the greatest joy was to have been able to distribute Holy Communion to these people, it was a good twenty-five minutes before the last one left the altar-rails. All came... children, young men and women, and mothers carrying their babies strapped to their backs, all came to Our Lord with a rare piety and in perfect order. Indeed in Europe we have something to learn from them. I was as happy to be among these good children as I had to suffer not being able to tell them of my joy. Mgr Sak in my stead replied to the address read to me by the chief catechist. Then I distributed the medals which they received with the greatest joy, knowing that they had been blessed by the *Baba Mukalamba*, the great Father in Turin, and that they had touched the Urn of Don Bosco.

Before leaving, the chief of the village invited me to have a drink. They gave me a cup which seemed to contain a liquid something like coffee and milk. I tasted it, it was a kind of native beer, *mkoyo*, it is made from sorgo, millet and a root called *mkoyo*. I envied Mgr. Sak and Fr. Shillinger who drained off their cups without winking, while I had to take a little at a time and pull faces as the stuff went down.

When one comes this great country and sees the good that has been done, and is being done and what remains to be done it makes one look forward to the future with confidence. The recent census gave the population as 83,000 natives, 3,000 are catholics and 7,000 are already catechumens, less than one eight part has yet heard of the Faith. What of the other seven eighths? The harvest has already been great but think of the reaping yet to be done!

Dear Father bless this mission that the word of life may be carried to the very last of the katangaese.

Fr. A. CANDELA S.C.  
*Consulter of the  
 Superior Chapter.*



s. On his left is Mgr. Sak S. C. the Prefect Apostolic.

## THROUGHOUT THE MISSIONARY WORLD OF MARY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

### The Salesian Mission of Kiou-Siou.

#### *A missionary's first impressions.*

It is said that the Japanese do not know themselves, how can I then, who have only lived among them a matter of barely two months, hope to give you more than the most superficial of impressions.

When I stepped off the ship on to Japanese soil all my old ideas of the place had to go to make room for the magic of the reality which was there before me. For everything is really new and with a novelty that takes one's breath away. In Japon you seem taken away out of reach of your own time and put among that of another humanity, which has grown out of elements essentially Oriental.

Here progress as we understand the word goes hand in hand and thrives well with a something that to our mind, always too ready to jump to conclusions, is quite opposed to it. We wonder why it is that side by side with all our modern machinery the Japanese still retains his traditional costume, the high wheeled chair, (which throughout the Orient goes by the name of "rickshaws"), the palanquin and his crafts with their technique of yesterday? Now that he

wears our lounge-suit jacket or our morning coat, and invariably carries his fountain pen and a wrist-watch, we begin to wonder why is that he has not gone the whole hog and taken to trousers as well. He takes a bath every day, but who can explain why it is that all the rest of the family use it without changing the water! His eclecticism in his ideas as in his free choice of costume is disconcerting and when I shall have begun to understand the Japanese mind I shall put myself seriously to the solution of these problems!

In the meantime I go on my way through their little streets, bordered by their little houses, and mix with these little people who smile very wisely out their little eyes.

#### *The Salesian Centre.*

Takanabé, where I am at the moment, is a town counting about 8,000 souls; this means a generous number of houses, for here the people live, as in England, one family per house. The site is literally enchanting. The Japanese certainly do know how to choose the best places in which to live. Rising behind it are the hills covered all the year round with trees that are always green, and such that our parks and public gardens, of which we boast so much, have nothing to offer in comparison. There are the gigantic oleanders and the camphor trees, every possible variety of conifer, and bamboos which wave their green heads about 50 to 60 feet above you; turn your back on the town and you stand face to face with the immensity of the great Pacific. The very air itself tints everything its own subtle shade of blue, in fact it is the reality



Second from the left Fr. René Caro the latest arrival in Japan.

of those wonder lands we read of when we were very young.

The two principal streets are very narrow, and always full of the strange mixture of movement and silence; from time to time a motor-car hoots along, almost lost in the infinity of bicycles on which the Jap seems to be a veritable acrobat. On either side are the shops, and nothing but shops, (for every Japanese worth a *yen* seems to be a shopkeeper) some of them have wonderful assortment of bizarre objects on show, of which I have not yet been able to determine the use. But then there are to be sure, wireless shops and the other places where they sell gramophones which play away in the back-parlour all day long: the tunes are strange and seem to be all the same, with something about them that makes the foriegner grin, but none the more for that they have a charm of their own. From the long strips of silk decorated with characters and mysterious signs you have a tapestry of advertisements.

If I made any attempt at all to explain what I have seen I should say that everything is the wrong way round. Take the carpenter for instance, instead of pushing his plane away from him he pulls it to him: or the tailor, who instead of pushing the cotton through the eye of the needle to thread it, he must keep the cotton still and juggle about with the needle. And then to-day I saw two youngsters having a fight—the first in two months in the land of *jiu-jitsu*—and there it was all the wrong away round, for the winner was underneath. In the same way the cyclists get off by throwing their leg forward over the cross-bar instead of backwards over the saddle. You begin your books here where we usually finish them, the verb is at the end of the sentence and the subject is preceded by all its qualifications. The Japanese think, write and read back to front, the which does not tend to make the mission work any the easier.

But if the expression of the thought is complicated, it is simple in its affable courtesy. The Japanese courtesy is astonishing; they show it even to animals; the *kouroumaya*, the fellow who pulls the “rick-



The first members of our Japanese Festive Oratory.

shaw”, will make a wide detour rather than disturb a dog which lies asleep the footpath.

Then the Jap greets you with the most profound of right-angular bows, to do this with grace you need to be something of a gymnast. This ceremony is accompanied with smiles and expressions consecrated by use, which do not vary, as with us, “good morning, good afternoon, good evening and good night” but rather according to the weather and the season of the year: “To-day the honourable weather is fine... to-day the very honourable rain falls... to-day the honourable cherry is in bloom...! And here you do not get the effect of mere formalism, the expression is meant to be very sincere and very kind. You, on your part have to put your hands on your thighs, bend double and reply.” To-day the honourable rain does fall...! and that three, four or  $x$  times, especially if the honourable cherry happens to be in flower!

### *The Jap at home.*

Now for a peep at the interior life of the Japanese. To enter you must first of all take off your shoes, and after your first visit you do not forget to slip a shoehorn into your pocket! It is as necessary as your handkerchief or your Rosary beads. The Jap never wears boots or shoes and on that account his feet remain beautifully shaped, with no corns and the strange distortions we are victims to! Instead they wear



A typical scene in a Japanese house.

a pair of little things made in wood which they attach to their feet by a string which passes between their big toe and its neighbour to be crossed over the foot once or twice and then tied at the heel, with these they made pleasant music as they clic-clac clic-cloc along the pavement; on every veranda it is an invariable thing to see eight to ten pairs of these *ghettas* as they are called. So it is really important to take your shoes off? Without any doubt it is, even the Japanese baby knows it, he will remain crying on the veranda until his big sister comes to untie his *ghettas*, but he will not think of entering except with bare feet.

The floor is covered with mats made of rice straw, *tatamis*, and are all of the same size, about six feet by three. The Japanese spends at least one half of his life on these *tatamis*, they sit there Oriental-wise with their feet tucked up under them. Have you ever tried it yourself? After the first five minutes you have cramp shooting up and down your legs so that you cannot bear it. But thanks be to the good God, it is only a matter of practice and patience to get used to it. In this matter I have to

confess I am very much of a novice, I do so in all humility and with my legs still full of pains. In the room where you are received there is not a stick of furniture. In the corner there might be a miniature plum tree with its splendor branches a mass of blossom, all complete together with the stump from which it grows. You can look at it and well wonder, for there is nothing like it to be seen in England. But the Japanese are artists in this matter. It is not at all a rare thing that your friend should bring you one of these trees in full bloom, begging you to accept it for as long as it shall flower, when the blossoms fall you may then return it. Such delicacy of feeling is as natural as it is spontaneous. In the middle of the room there is a kind of earthen brazier, the *hibatchi* around which the family assemble; you keep your hands warm by holding them to the blaze but your feet have to get on the best way they can tucked up under you.

The houses are made very small, the which I have failed to remember at least twenty times already; generally there is but a single floor on account of the earthquakes which in

this country are very frequent. The front is made of transparent paper stretched on a wooden framework while the rest of the house is simply of wood, the partitions in the house itself are made of paper decorated with the most intricate and delicate designs, a mountain summit, a bright blue sky, a crane, three fish, a trunk of a gnarled tree and all vivid with life and grace. But it all goes up in smoke when the *hibatchi* overturns!

If you are invited to dinner, after you have been presented with an infinity of tiny dishes they say to you, "we have nothing at all to offer you, but eat well!" You eat choice cutlets of raw fish, you eat rice, herbs, eggs and green peas which you juggle with as best you can with the two bayonets of bone which serve as knife and fork. It is impossible to analyse the sauce! The table is about ten inches high and you dare not move your legs which are giving you the most exquisite agony or over goes the whole affair. You drink *saké* out of cups about twice the size of a thimble and you must not forget to drink deep and

noisily for this sort of music will go straight to the heart of your host. At the moment you are about to leave you receive a little packet which you open when you are at your own house. It contains the remains of your dinner... could you want for more attention! In the actual matter of leaving-taking you bow profoundly three or four times and say something like the following: "We have eaten very well and shall only be too pleased to come again when you do us the honour of inviting us." Could you wish for anything better than that for ingenuous sincerity.

All this indicates another civilisation quite different from ours, but which has the advantage of being less conventional, less artificial and quite a perfect type in a different order.

### *The Salesian Work.*

But what of the Salesian work in this stranger country?

The most outstanding thing is the work done in the Festive Oratories. Every evening we get together the young folk of the



A youthful Daughter of Mary, Help of Christians with the beginnings of her Japanese Choir.

neighbourhood. There are the games, and these as varied as our intenuity can make them to keep pace with the Japanese passion for something new. Before we send them off we give a little talk on the most interesting things in the Bible Story or as a relief I sometimes give them singing lessons. Father Cimatti has set several of their fables to music and these they sing right willingly. On Sunday our chapel is full of these little pagans who pray even better than the scions of generations and generations of christianity. They sing a hymn to Our Lady of Lourdes, and the O Salutaris which they render something like this "O Sarutaris... Unitoinoque Domino, etc..." Then come the "Movies" with scenes from the Bible; then the Cinema proper, and then the lottery. Every day we see new faces and they come from all parts, to-day I counted more than eighty, boys and girls.

And at Takanabé the population begins to get excited. "Our children," they cry, "they don't give themselves time to eat, they are always running off to those strangers, the Seyodjinns (the Salesians) and they talk of nothing but those Seyodjinns, then they come home with medals and pictures; then they speak of a *Jesus Sama* and of *Maria-Sama* and tell us the strangest of things, and sing the strangest of songs!" But the older folk rarely come to see things for themselves, at least if they do it is after dark as it was with Nicodemus of old.

Their corpulent Bhudda smiles upon them, happily squatting among his lotus flowers, he does not ask so much of the faithful, whereas with the God of the Christians...! With Him it is very different, so the older people are very slow to come. Nevertheless we feel we are doing the right sort of work here. Our method is the right one; it must be work among the little ones which will count.

In Japan the Catholics are still numerically insignificant but you can diagnose the causes of the actual sterility and at the same time suggest a remedy.

1. The lack of personnel. And in this the goodwill of co-operators could effect much if they would remember the Missionary College, Shrigley Park, England. Which is the very home of missionaries-to-be.

2. The absence of native clergy. There are not yet sixty Japanese priests.

3. The discredit into which our Faith has fallen. To-day things are beginning to change in this respect. At *Osaka* we learn from an official report that whereas only 329 children subscribed themselves as Catholics, 1,513 declared they preferred it to any of the pagan beliefs.

4. The legal restrictions. From 1899 the sojourn of foreigners was very limited. But now the Government is quite sympathetic.

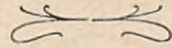
5. The resistance of Bhuddism and Shintoism. To-day these two religions have come to an internal crisis and very very few go to swell their numbers.

In face of the crumbling edifice of Bhuddism, and the invading Materialism and the destructive approach of Bolshevism Japan itself wishes nothing but well towards the Catholic Church.

The hour is ripe. Who is there who would like to help in the magnificent work of bringing to God this great pagan people, which in spite of its error has a deep religious sentiment? Who is there who would like to give a hand at one of our Festive Oratories? Or give concerts and entertainments in *Kiou-Siou*? You have but to say the word in the right spirit!

*Takanabé*, 12th March.

RENÉ CARO  
Salesian Missionary.



## The Movement for the Native Clergy in Siam.

As the direct result of the circular sent to the various missions by Mgr. Salotti, secretary to *Propaganda of the Faith*, the Salesians have set on foot a Circle of St. Francis Xavier, with the object of inspiring the young members with zeal for the salvation of their own country by means of Siamese priests.

On the day of the inauguration of this circle there took place another event which has done more than anything else to set the right spirit going. It was the clothing of a Siamese boy in the cassock of the Salesians. He became quite the hero of the day, and the band turned out to do him honour. *John Prochuen*, that is his name, is about

nineteen and comes from one of the best known families in the district. Following his example there are a number of others who want to join us, but as yet they are all too young. And not only among the boys are vocations growing up but also among the girls, we have one here who is longing to become a Daughter of Mary, Help of Christians.

To strike while the iron was hot, Fr. Cassetta preached in Siamese to the parents, who had come to witness the ceremony, on their obligation as Catholics not to put obstacles in the way, when their boys or girls showed real signs of a vocation.



The Circle of St. Francis Xavier, aspirants for the Siamese priesthood.

## The Communists again.

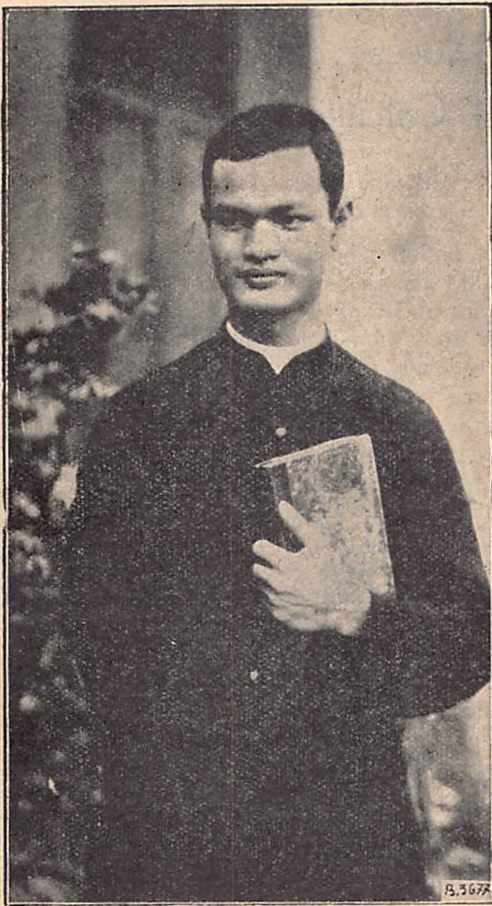
*Dear Father Rinaldi,*

By the time you get this letter you will have learnt from the papers that our district of Lin Chow has been attacked. The first I heard of the approach of the Communists was a message brought by one of the native teachers here: "Father," he said "the governor has received information that a strong body of Communists are on their way here, and they are now not more than four day's march away." He begged me to go at once, but that was out of the question.

Not long afterwards the Rector of the School arrived and together we discussed the matter, deciding it more prudent, if we were to save anything at all, to hide what there was and to get out of the way for the time being. We collected all the papers together and putting them in a box and hid them under the floor, together with several bottles of Mass wine which it was not safe to take with us since the roads were all molested by robbers.

For the two days that followed there was nothing else spoken or thought of than the continual advance of the Communists, and the tales that poured in of the atrocities they had committed and the damage they had done to property were enough to cause the deepest anxiety. Fugitives came along the road at all hours of the day and night.

On the Sunday, the Christians came in great numbers to Mass and there I was able to speak to them of the power of Mary,



John Prochuen, the first Siamese to receive the cassock.

Help of Christians for those who were her children. At about eleven o'clock Fr. Parisi arrived and we distributed the Church linen among the Christians and gave the church to the care of a very good lay-man, and that being done we went quietly off in the neighbouring village of *Kitham*. Very soon after that the Communists actually arrived from *Toung Pi*. They got into our house and started operations by smashing the statue of St. Joseph and ruining the tabernacle, carrying off all the linen and other hidden things they were able to discover, but they did not touch our other stock of bottled wine, because it bore the label *tuk yok* which means poison!

They did not do anything else in our place other than ask information as to the

whereabouts of the missionary and the Christians, but the guardian of the chapel was one too many for them, and so diplomatically answered their questions that he compromised no one.

The damages we have sustained are light enough, but those of the town run into £30,000 or £40,000, besides the leaving of some 120 families homeless on the roadside, their houses having been destroyed.

We have great reason to thank Our Lady for her protection and we beg your prayers and those of the Co-operators during this anxious time when no one knows what is likely to happen next.

*Lin Chow.*

FR. A. DE AMICIS  
*Salesian Missionary.*

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## With the Salesians in the Diocese of Krishnagar to the North of Calcutta.

### A Missionary Trip.

#### *All in a Day's Work.*

I set off for a couple of villages which were some distance away and which had not been visited for some time. The journey was varied enough to please all tastes. I did the first bit on my cycle, then a bit more on a species of motor-bus and finally back to the cycle again, or where the road was too bad, on foot. This brought me to the station of *Nabharan* whither the porters and the catechist had come on foot earlier in the morning. From here we all set off again, this time by car which brought us to a river which we crossed by a barge and then took to the path through the jungle.

We arrived at the first village or district called *Deuli* where we had planned to make our first halt. Here we found the Chapel church and the house of the Missionary all rolled into one. It had been put up four years ago by a Missionary of Milan. On the following day, soon after Mass we were on the road again. But I could see that we were in for a bad time of it from the weather.

We had not been gone more than a half a mile when there was the roll of thunder and a downpour of rain. Fortunately I was not far from a village where a hasty shelter saved me from a bath. My machintosh saved me little; for though it did keep the wetness off outside, it caused me so to perspire that I was thoroughly wet all the same. We set off again, but had not gone far when down came another torrent and this time having no shelter I made a virtue out of necessity and plunged on ahead, trying to pick my way out of the ruts full of water. Of my porters there was not a trace, and because I had not the faintest idea which was the right path I was more than relieved to come upon a native to whom I promptly put the question: *Jhogodonondokali?* Which is the name of the place I wanted.

*He, saheb, onck dur...* (It is a long way off) and he pointed vaguely to the horizon.

So off I went again on the old bicycle and after a good deal of peddling and still more walking I landed at last in the village.



### *In search of the Church.*

The first thing to look for was the Church or the Chapel. I looked about to see something in stone or at least larger and different from the rest of the dwellings.

And sure enough there was one, it seemed like a church, the windows were open, it had something not unlike a veranda in front of it and going closer I saw a grandfather clock actually going, but at the same moment I caught a glimpse of a large picture of *Vishnu!* A bad guess I thought, a Hindoo temple!

I looked about for someone to ask and there sure enough was an old Indian just coming along. So I asked him the way to the Christian church.

The Church? *Ki jane...* (perhaps) *Saheb bari?* (the house of the Europeans?).

"Yes," I answered, "that one."

"Oh, then you will find over there," giving a sweep of his arm.

"Is it near?"

"Yes, Saheb."

With that I set off, but there were so many paths, and the direction, "Just over there," was so very vague that I had to ask at least a dozen times. And asking questions is quite a business in itself. If you speak to women and they see you are a Saheb they turn their backs, whether from modesty or dislike I don't know. At last I came upon two boys and they put me right, so that within a reasonable time I had the great relief of seeing my baggage with the porters and Catechist all sitting down awaiting me.

### *A Christian Community fallen to ruins.*

The village was called *Deuli* and there was some sort of a chapel, but to my great disappointment I found the whole place to be full of apostates. My arrival there had aroused some curiosity especially among the boys and girls. The very fact that they did not run away filled me with hope, but that was soon to be changed into something very near despair.

Turning to the crowd I asked: "Are you christians?"

"No!" was the implacable response.

"How's that? are you not all baptised!"

"Yes, we're all baptised!"

"Also the children?"

"Yes all!"

"Then you must be Christians, let us have Mass and Confessions and renew ourselves in the grace of God," I pleaded.

"No, we don't want it!"

It seemed a strange thing, but I found out afterwards that there were one or two old members of the village who had fallen away from the Faith and by the loss of Grace and the consequent hardening of the



Fr. Siro S. C. with the ex-mussulman, now an aspirant.

heart in a life of sin they had persuaded the others to follow their example.

There was nothing for me to do that time but to return with a heart much heavier than when I had set out on this trip.

My thoughts flew back to Europe, and I thought of the missionary zeal to be found there especially among our Co-operators and I beg you in the name of these same poor apostate children to say many prayers for their conversion, that some time in the near future we may be able to get these lost souls back to the Church of Christ and the practice of their religion.

O. S.

*Salesian Missionary.*

## WHAT WE HEAR

### *The Month of May: the Triumph of Blessed John Bosco.*

*Notes from the Mother House - Turin.*

This year, during the month of May, there were special events in Turin which filled the city with pilgrims from all over Italy, and from many other parts of Europe. The great centre of attraction was the Cathedral where the Holy Winding Sheet was exposed for public veneration for the first three weeks of May. Official pilgrimages arrived at all hours of the day and night, while Holy Mass was said continuously before the Shroud from mid-night to noon the next day. There were but few who came to Turin during those twenty odd days who left the city without coming to visit the Shrine and the Rooms of the Blessed John Bosco. The Oratory was the scene of a constant stream of people, of all ages and of all conditions. Those who know, say that never had they seen such devotion, and certainly, Don Bosco has not received such homage since that memorable day when his body was brought in triumph to the Basilica of Mary, Help of Christians two years ago.

But on Whit-Sunday all previous records were broken. It was to be the last day of the exposition of the Holy Shroud and in the evening the annual procession of Mary, Help of Christians was to take place. For the Salesians the day reached its climax when eleven bishops arrived to take their part in this public act of homage to Our Blessed Lady.

The streets were lined with people ten to twelve deep and the arrival of the statue of Our Lady was acclaimed by loud and prolonged clapping and cheers. As the carriage returned into the Piazza the whole Basilica burst into light. Benediction was given, in Church by the Archbishop of Turin who afterwards carried the Blessed Sacrament to the Main door and blessed the crowds in the Piazza.

### *The Lead to follow.*

The following letter has reached the French Bulletin, we translate it in full that all may

see how it is that the spirit and the system of the Blessed John Bosco is spreading beyond the limits of his Society and is bearing fruit in the service of the Church in catholic Parishes.

*Dear Father,*

*Acting on the advice of M. Rossi, the rector of the Salesian Festive Oratory of St. Joseph of Marseille, I write to tell you that I have constructed a hall for my boys, it was blessed on May 3rd 1931 by the Bishop of Marseille; with his approbation the Festive Oratory has been placed under the protection of the Blessed John Bosco.*

*My parish is composed mostly of miners, more or less hostile to the Church: in my apostolate I inspire myself—as much as I am able—with the methods and the spirit of Blessed John Bosco whom I greatly love and admire; I am fully persuaded that the Salesian method is just that which must bring back to Christ the working classes.*

N. A. CURÉ.

### *A conversion*

*that may mean much to Assam.*

Owing to the respect in which he is held by the Garo people of the hills, it is believed that the conversion of Mr. Jabong D. Marak will have a beneficial effect on the work of the Salesian Fathers in the Assam Mission. Mr. Marak, who has been received into the Church at Gauhati, was formerly a Baptist missionary in Assam, and has been for many years Government Inspector of Schools in Assam.

(News).

### *Rome.*

The boys of our Institute of Pius XI, Rome were received in special audience by His Holiness the Pope on May 30th. The group was made up of the artisans of the new technical College and the agricultural students of Mandrione. After passing round the Hall that all might kiss his hand the Pope spoke to them, as he always speaks to the children of Don Bosco, urging them to



Salesian representatives of twelve nations at the Catacombs of St. Callistus, Rome.

correspond to the spirit of their Saintly father in order to do much good for the Church and Society in later years. He also asked their prayers in a very special manner for the many intentions he had in these difficult times.

#### *Malta.*

The devotion to Mary, Help for Christians continues to grow in Malta where the annual procession becomes an ever more important event. This year, under the Very Rev. Fr. Harrod S.C. the function was a great success.

#### *Salesian Old Boys' Reunion.*

On Saturday the Battersea Park Salesian Old Boys' Association held their summer reunion.

About 120 sat down to dinner, which was presided over by the Very Rev. A. J. Sutherland, S.C., Rector of the College. The chief guest was the Catholic Mayor of Battersea (Councillor J. Hendrick), who was accompanied by the Mayoress.

Father Sutherland welcomed to the dinner Commendatore V. Rena, an old boy, who knew the Blessed John Bosco in Italy, and who was still a great Co-operator of the Salesian Congregation.

The whole reunion was a great success and did much to cement more closely the love existing between the Old Boys and their former school.

#### *Lady Chapel for New Chertsey Church.*

In the new Church of St. Anne, Chertsey, the Salesian Fathers inaugurated last Sunday the beautiful Lady Chapel to the right of the Sanctuary. It had been completed by the erection of a marble altar, similar in style to the High Altar, with paintings inserted in the reredos representing the Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple and the Presentation of Our Lady in the Temple. It is flanked by panels in carved oak continuing those of the adjoining sanctuary, the whole being set off by the stained-glass window at the side, unveiled at the same time.

The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Abbot Cabrol, assisted by the preacher for the occasion, Rev. Father G. Sexton, S.J. (Beaumont College), and was witnessed by a large congregation.

The marble statue of Our Lady Help of Christians, which stands over the centre of the Altar, was sent from Turin by the Superior General of the Salesian Society as a present to the New Church.

(Catholic Times).

to carry this plan into effect they have chosen the Blessed John Bosco as their patron. The reasons for their choice they explained as follows:

*We have chosen Blessed John Bosco as our model and patron because he has given the example of real scouting qualities, towards which we strive with all our might: the daring, the courage, the great good humour which enabled him to take misfortunes with a smile; the perseverance, the indomitable confidence*



Paris. — The "Clan Don Bosco".

### *The "Clan Don Bosco".*

At the close of a conference on the Works of the Blessed John Bosco given in the Hall of the Geographical Society in Paris, the speaker was surprised by the appearance of a group of young men, around their leader a Jesuit Father. They introduced themselves as the *Clan Don Bosco*. The Salesian lecturer had never heard of them before and asked for their history which, in due time, arrived in the form of an interesting letter. It appears they are all Rover Scouts, who have grouped themselves together with the special purpose of uniting the Scouting ideals together with a definite plan of Catholic Action. Their programme is very complete. They aim at their own formation under six headings, religious, scouting, physical, professional, social and intellectual. And in order

*with which, Our Lady helping him, he overcame so many obstacles.*

This example of practical devotion to the Blessed John Bosco we pass on to all those who are doing work among boys in England, Ireland and America.

Read the life of Don Bosco and find inspiration for any work that has as its object the true Catholic development of the modern boy.

### *The Work of Salesian*

#### *Coadjutor highly praised.*

M. Antoine Auda S. C. has recently published his exhaustive history of the Music of Liège, the reviewers have received it enthusiastically and the "Times" Literary Supplement writes as follows: *La Musique*

development...  
tive for the art as we know it will quickly  
realise how fortunate is M. Auda in his theme.  
For Liège ranks in early medieval days with  
such centres as Cambrai or Chartres, Win-  
chester or Reading; centres where we already  
knew from certain references, indications  
or actual remains that a constructive musical  
life flourished. Liège was not a Paris, a  
Limoges, a St Gall; but it had definite  
materials to contribute for the writing of  
musical history... And in the later centuries,  
as the names of Guyot and Du Mot Gretry  
and César Franck flit across the page, we  
realise that the musical life of the Pays has  
been a continuous and important whole.  
To the task of presenting the materials  
M. Auda has brought a remarkable enthus-  
iasm and industry.

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*"The Bishops and priests are overburdened  
with the care of souls. Their voice can hardly  
fill the inside of the Church. Outside in the  
streets and in the houses the enemies of the  
Church and the Catholic way of living preach  
in a thousand chairs and in a thousand tongues  
and papers. While the Church's enemies  
watch her friends should not sleep; when her  
enemies speak her friends should not keep  
silence; when her enemies prepare for bat-  
tle, her friends should not allow the sword of  
the spirit to rust. When so many fellowmen  
sink into modern paganism and make moral  
and religious shipwreck, it is time for all  
those who bear the christian name, and not the  
priests alone, to become witnesses and apostles."*

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### It is also worth remembrance.

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

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

2) For each of the others 400 days indul-  
gence each time.

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

But, in the name of that persevering generosity, wherewith you have come to my assistance, I beseech you to continue the same support to my successor after my death.

The works which, with your co-operation, I have commenced, need me no more. They do not however cease to have need of you, and of all those others besides, who, like yourselves, desire to promote upon earth that which is good. To you I now confide them, and commend them to your care.

For your own encouragement, and for the comfort of your souls. I prescribe as a duty of my successor, to include all our benefactors, without exception, in the public and private prayers which are, or shall be, offered up at any time in the Houses of the Salesian Family, and the intention which it will then be his duty to make is this, that God may vouchsafe unto them, even in this life, for all their charitable gifts an hundred fold, and add thereto besides the blessing of health, of peace and concord in their families, success in their commercial affairs — their deliverance, in short, and their protection from every kind of evil. I would also further say, that, in order to obtain forgiveness of sins and to secure eternal life, the work that is most efficacious thereto, is the charity shown towards poor children — *uni ex minimis*, to the very least of them all, to the most friendless, — as Jesus, our Divine Master and Lord, has Himself assured us.

I pray you, to remember yet furthermore, that in these latter times, in presence of the great dearth of means and pecuniary resources for the education of poor neglected children in

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they have by means of a good education, by application to study, or by apprenticeship to a trade, become good christians and useful members of society.

The missions which your charity has established, reach to even the uttermost corners of the earth, through the hundreds of apostolic labourers, whom you have sent out into the distant regions of Patagonia, and of Tierra del Fuego, in order to cultivate, and enlarge the vineyard of the Lord.

Printing establishments have, by your charity, been founded in several towns in different lands, whereby many millions of books and publications of various kinds, all of them consecrated to the works of defending truth, of kindling a spirit of piety, and of encouraging the practice of virtue have been circulated amongst the population, and lastly your charity has raised up a goodly number of churches and chapels, which through ages to come, and to

*et Les Musiques de L'Ancien Pays de Liège,*  
by ANTOINE AUDA.

The sub-title of this work runs "A Bibliographical Essay upon Liégieois Music from its origin up to the end of the Principality (1900)," and its size taken in conjunction with its title, may indicate any one of three things: a local history liberally padded; a local history which has wandered off the point and included much extraneous matter, or a local history which has found its subject matter to be a mine of unusual depth and richness. M. Auda's work belongs to the third of these three classes. The author has succeeded in elevating what might have been a parochial study into an historical work of real importance.

Those familiar with the outline of musical

+ in the ages which were forma-

we kno

## Lest we forget

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

### A Plenary Indulgence.

*Every month—*

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

## THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT of the Blessed John Bosco to his Co-operators.

My generous benefactors,

*I feel that the end of my life is now near at hand, and that, at no distant day, I shall have to pay that tribute to death which is common to us all, and to go down into the grave.*

*“But before taking my last leave of you forever upon this earth, I am anxious to discharge my debt towards you, that I may so satisfy a need which I have greatly at heart.*

*The debt which I have contracted towards you is one of gratitude. It is you, in fact, who have powerfully assisted me to give a Christian education to a multitude of poor*

*the end of the world, will daily re-echo the sound of the praises of God and of the Blessed Virgin; and in them will salvation be found by an innumerable multitude of souls.*

*Convinced as I am, that, after God, this charity of yours has effected this immense good, and also of other still greater things, I feel the need of openly expressing my deepest gratitude to you for it all. This I wish to do before the number of my days is accomplished; and this very day I turn to thank you, with all my heart.*



the true Faith and in Christian virtue, the most Holy Virgin has by unmistakable signs constituted herself in a special way their Patroness and Protectress, and that in her quality as such, she obtains for those who are their benefactors numerous and extraordinary favours, not only spiritual but also temporal.

He who is now writing to you, and all the Salesians around him besides, can bear witness, that many of our benefactors whose means before were inconveniently small, have found their circumstances become much more

world, the hundred-fold of that which I for His sake." This excellent Christian one of our foremost benefactors until, at an age of eighty-six, God called him to eternal life, to bestow upon him the joys of heaven in recompense for his charity here below.

Feeble and exhausted though I am, I wish never to leave off speaking to you commending to your care those poor children of mine, whom I shall now soon have to leave, but I must bring my words to a close, and my pen aside.



Three catechists on our Chinese mission.

easy, after they set themselves, with a generous charity to succour with their alms our poor children; insomuch that, taught by their own experience, there are many among them, who, in one way or other, have oftentimes expressed themselves to me to the following effect: "I do not wish you to thank me when I give an alms for your poor children; it is I who ought to thank you for coming to ask me for it. Since the day on which I first began to assist your orphans, my fortune has become double what it was before." Another of our benefactors, Comm. Cotta, who frequently brought us an offering of his alms, would often say: "The more money I bring you for your works of charity, the more I prosper in my own affairs. I find by experience that the Lord returns to me, even in this

Farewell, my generous benefactors! my co-operators. Farewell! Among you there are many, whom, in this life, I have not been able to see. Let such find their consolation in the thought that in Paradise we shall all know each other, and that throughout eternity we shall rejoice together over the good which, with the assistance of God's grace, we have been able to effect in this world below, in behalf more especially, of your children.

If, through the merits of Jesus Christ and the protection of Mary Help of Christians, God in His Divine mercy, shall deem me worthy of being admitted to Paradise, I shall always pray for you; I shall pray for all members of your families; I shall pray for all those who are dear to you; that so

... they may all unite in  
...ing His infinite mercies  
... songs of joy for all etern-

Grateful Servant

to Bosco

s and Favours

... niece became mentally afflict-  
... Our Lady Help, of Christians  
... promising publication. Thanks  
... Heart and Our Lady she is  
... etter.

Please accept the enclosed offer-  
... nks giving for a favour received  
... e intercession of the Blessed John

... M. Arnold. — In May of 1930 I  
... offering towards the altar in honour  
... blessed John Bosco, and you sent me  
... of Don Bosco in return. I felt very  
... when I received it. But when I applied  
... to myself I immediately got better, many  
... ks.

... S. Gonsalves, India. — Please publish  
... t I have received a very special favour  
... ough the intercession of Mary, Help of  
... ristians.

... PATERSON, N. J., 140 Warren Street. —  
... s. Mahon is very grateful for favor received.  
... r husband was out of work many months.  
... e and a Salesian father made a Novena to  
... essed Don Bosco and Mr. Mahon got a  
... od position immediately.

... WILLIAMSPORT, Pa. A. — Dr. Slonaker, a  
... n-catholic, was ill for many weeks with  
... ins in head and chest and could not sleep.  
... s. Grape met him while on a tour in Maine,  
... d placed a relic of Don Bosco on him,  
... d for the first time he had a restful night.  
... e said he would become a Catholic if  
... on Bosco relieved him. Now, after sev-  
... al months, he wrote to Mrs. Grape:

"I hope and I know you will pardon me for not writing sooner to thank you for your very great kindness. In praying for me, also for Don Bosco's book I wear constantly the relic of Don Bosco and cherish it very much. I am much better but not quite well yet. I have read Don Bosco's book and I think he must have been a wonderfully good man. Catholic or no Catholic, such men as he are surely saints on earth and in heaven. I have Don Bosco's picture hung in my office and every day I look at him and say a little prayer. I have been attending a mission in the German Catholic Church here.

Respectfully,

(Signed) E. M. SLONAKER.



OBITUARY

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

Very Rev. James Loughran, P. P., Stewartstown, Co. Tyrone, (Ireland).

Mr. T. Pracey, Downpatrick, Co. Down, (Ireland).

Mrs. R. E. Bailie, Castleblayney, Co. Monaghan, (Ireland).

Miss Ellen Carroll, Kilmallock, (Ireland).

Mrs. Mc Alister, Ballymena, Co. Antrim, (Ireland).

Mr. James Regan, Kilmallock, (Ireland).

Miss Singineau, Trinidad, (West Indies).

Rev. Sister Marie Adelaide Souland, Chambéry, (France).

Rev. Sister Mary Imelda Dooley, St. Vincent's, Galway, (Ireland).

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**BURWASH - SUSSEX**

*Conducted by the Salesian Fathers.*

Most healthily situated midway between Tunbridge Wells and Hastings. An hour and a quarter from Charing Cross. Ages from 6 to 14. School matron. Central Heating. Modern Sanitation. Wireless. Electric Lighting. — For prospectus apply to the Principal.

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The present scope of the Copsewood College is twofold: 1st. There is an Agricultural Course run on scientific lines, approved by the Dept. of Agriculture. The Professors are University Graduates and experienced teachers. Boys are admitted from the age of 14.

2nd. At the beginning of the school year a new section for the training of students aspiring to the Salesian Missionary Priesthood. There are seventeen actually doing their preliminary studies and it is hoped to double this number next year when the present boys will be doing their second course.



### *How You Can Help*

By founding a Burse or contributing a sum however small towards a Burse (ordinary £100, perpetual £600).

By sending your usual annual offering for this purpose.

By taking a Missionary Box or by interesting your friends in the work.

*Our Co-operators share in the Masses and Prayers of the Salesian Society throughout the world. At Pallaskerry a special Mass is said on the 24th of every month for our Irish Co-operators, while special prayers are said every day for their intention.*

## ST. JOSEPH'S AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

**WARRENTOWN, DRUMREE, Co MEATH**

*(Under the Patronage of the Most Rev. Lord Bishop of Meath).*

*Direction.* — It is conducted by the Salesian Fathers. It is recognised by and teaches in conjunction with the Government Department of Land and Agriculture — a thorough training is given by qualified teachers in all subjects.

*Burses.* — A certain number of burses are available for approved students, over 15 years of age, for which a qualifying entrance examination will be held, in order to satisfy the Managers that the candidates have attained a standard of proficiency that will enable them to follow the courses with advantage.

*Prospectus with further details to be had on application to Very Rev. Rector.*

# SALESIAN MISSIONARY COLLEGE

SHRIGLEY PARK, Nr. MACCLESFIELD, CHESHIRE

*Do you wish to receive favours from Blessed John Bosco?*

Become a promoter of the work of saving priestly and missionary vocations.

Don Bosco used to say to his sons: "For the lack of means never turn away a boy who shows signs of a vocation. Spend all you have, go out begging and then, if you are still in need... be not over anxious, for Our Blessed Lady in some way — if necessary even by a miracle — will come to your aid."



The Salesian Missionary College at Shrigley has been founded to give the helping hand to a few of the thousands of boys in England and Ireland who have heard the call of the Master. Since the opening (June 1929) over 100 boys have been accepted from England, Scotland and Ireland, and their number will increase in proportion to the means forthcoming.

### *How to Help*

Become *the Founder* of a Burse (£100) which will enable us to take a boy at once.

Become a *Benefactor* (£30) by paying a Student's course for a year.

Become a *Promoter*, by taking a Missionary Box, or subscribing £1 yearly or interesting friends in our work.

Join the *League of Shrigley Friends* by an annual offering of one shilling towards the *Saving of Vocations Fund*. (Send P. O. and address, you will receive a certificate of enrolment).

*Address:* The Rector, Salesian Missionary House, SHRIGLEY PARK, Macclesfield (Eng.).

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Private Playing Fields. Preparation for the London Matriculation and Oxford Locals. — *Pension Moderate.* Flourishing Old Boys' Association.

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