

SALESIAN BULLETIN

ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATION OF
SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS



JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1930.

Blessed John Bosco-Missionary

1. Abraham was born in Ur of the Chaldees: he died in the Land of Promise, the Father of the Faithful. John Bosco was born at Becchi of Castel Nuovo: he died in a Land of Promise, the Spiritual Father of a Family whose numbers stagger the mind. His boyhood is packed with Dream and Vision; with the fostering care of Our Lady and of her representative, his Mother. At nine years of age he was the Apostle of his hamlet; at nineteen, of his district; at twenty-nine; of his Province; at thirty-nine, of his country—and from the earliest days of his Priesthood he was the would-be Apostle of the World.

2. He was scarcely ordained when he was seen with his pockets stuffed with French grammars and literature; then with English grammars and—

Hi! said his confessor, a saint like himself, what do you think you are doing? You go on the Missions! Why, ten minutes in a carriage is too much for your stomach; ten weeks in a ship would kill you!

Father John smiled; then put away his books reluctantly, sighing.

3. Later on, one of his first boys lay dying. He was called in haste to give the last Sacraments. He delayed. The people got in a panic. He still delayed... Then he went to the bedside of the dying boy—and there, beheld in vision swarthy natives dressed in the skins of wild animals. A dove hovered over the boy's head...

You will not die, he said, You will recover. You will go far, far, from here...

The vision intrigued him: he wondered who the savages could be.

4. He had never lost his love for the Missions. In his room were two large maps

of Asia, and as he contemplated the vast pagan expanses of India and China, his heart swelled within him and great tears rolled down his cheeks. As Missionaries came back from the Far East, he eagerly sought their acquaintance; and talked tirelessly of the manners and customs of those far-off peoples, and of the climatic conditions under which they lived. When he had but one priest and half a dozen clerics in his newly-founded Society, he was already speaking of setting forth to help the helpless, and hapless, pagans of the East.

O that God would give me twelve men according to my own heart! he exclaimed, with joy in his eyes, We'd set off at once like a band of brothers, and convert the East to Christ.

5. Holy Daniel was a man of desires: and the Angel Gabriel revealed to him mysteries hidden from the beginning of the world. Blessed John Bosco was a man of desires: and Mary Help of Christians revealed to him the glory that was to come. He again saw savages, the same type as he had seen at the dying boy's bedside; but this time they were not in supplication. He saw them behaving like... savages: missionaries went to them to preach the meek Christ. The natives would have none of Him; and proved it by tearing those missionaries to pieces... Then at last he saw a band attaining to better success: it seemed to him that the savages hearkened to the sound of a woman's name, and joyed in the radiance of a woman's smile. These Missionaries had gone in the name of Mary Help of Christians—they were his own sons.

Again the vision intrigued him. He could find nowhere what type of native it was that he had seen. He consulted atlases and geographies, asked all who were likely to know—and all in vain. He thought that

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SUMMARY: Annual Letter of Very Rev. Philip Rinaldi. — Lest we forget. — The Most Holy Name of Jesus. — England Honours Blessed John Bosco. — The Caxton Hall Meeting. — In the Hands of the Reds: Unpleasant experience of Salesian Missionary. — Guarding against evil Thoughts. — Agricultural Education in Ireland. — Buenos Aires and the Beatification of John Bosco. — Obituary.

ANNUAL LETTER

of Very Rev. PHILIP RINALDI

Superior General to the Salesian Co-operators

Turin, January 1st. 1930.

My dear Co-operators,

Naturally, you will understand that in preparing to write my annual letter to you, this year of all years, my pen must needs turn first of all to the epoch-making event of 1929. I refer to the historic beatification of our common Father and benefactor, John Bosco. Many of you were privileged to assist with us in the intimacy of the apotheoses at Rome and Turin. The beatification of John Bosco has filled the hearts of his children with a deep and consoling happiness, and has likewise aroused in the faithful at large, profound admiration of his heroic virtue, which has borne fruit in the religious manifestations that have taken place all over the world. In fact, the glory of Blessed John Bosco is the glory of the Catholic Church and it has become even more clear that his mission was providential and not limited by the exigencies of time and place, but endowed with characteristics that entitle it to perennial universality and growth.

From Rome to Turin, from Europe to America, Asia, Africa and Australia, in the proud marts of the world as in the humblest villages, there have been raised, in hymns of gratitude and praise, the voices of the rich and the poor to thank God, Who, always admirable in His saints, has deigned to endow our generation with such a model of heroic virtue and such a benefactor of humanity at large.

Spiritual fruits.

In the public manifestations that have been, and still are being, held in honour of the Blessed John Bosco, two things seem to me to be worthy of special mention, namely, the spiritual good wrought to souls and the unanimous concurrence of people of all ranks. It must indeed have gladdened Don Bosco's heart to see the crowds of people, especially young people, who approached the sacraments during the celebrations in his honour—for his life was spent in promulgating frequent confession and communion.



The members constituting the General Chapter of the Salesian Congregation.

And everywhere, too, how delightful was the spectacle of the democratic spirit that prevailed! There seemed no social barriers, rich and poor, aristocrat and labourer mingled in fraternal union to do honour to a son of the people. The *Bulletin* has reported the feasts:—but what the organ of the Co-operators tells is nothing in comparison with the private narratives that our daily post brings to us and which will be preserved in the archives of the Society in perpetual testimony of this triumph of our Father and Founder.

The General Chapter.

Many other things you will learn from the *Bulletin*. For instance, the details of the magnificent triumph of June 9th; of the blessings and favours since conceded to the devotees of the new *Beatus*; of the pilgrims who came from all parts, from England, Ireland, United States, South America, and from all the quarters of the Salesian world. We, who were eye-witnesses of these great events, have understood better than ever the hidden mystery of the vocation of the poor shepherd lad of Becchi. We, hence, feel it to be our bounden duty to further with increasing efficacy the designs of Providence—for the mercy of God has called us,

yes, all of us, to do our part in the consummation of the work of the Blessed John Bosco.

Here, however, I prefer to speak about another event which, while contributing to the splendour of the feasts, was destined to leave a lasting impression on the work of Don Bosco. I refer to the General Chapter of the Salesian Congregation, which was held at Valsalice immediately after the beatification solemnities, to gather, so to speak, the first fruits of the same feasts. These fruits were to be at once lasting and worthy of the tree by which they were borne.

From Canada to the Terra del Fuoco, from England to the United States from Japan to Australia, as well as from the various states of Europe, the representatives of the Salesian Provinces came to Turin. These members, then, reunited in the name of Don Bosco, considered the means to meet the social and religious problems of the day. Particularly did the problem of the young workers come up for discussion: and the best means of providing them with that knowledge of Christ and His Church, so necessary in these our days, was deliberated upon at great length. The Foreign Missions confided to our care by the Holy See was, also, a matter that commanded the serious attention of the Chapter.

The need of the day.

It was impossible, then, that our thoughts should not go out to the crying need of the day—the christian education of youth. The necessity of introducing into our schools and workshops the modern improvements demanded by the intellectual and mechanical progress of the century, was more keenly felt than ever. We could not be blind to the urgent need of vocations, to the insistent demand for more missionaries, for missionaries learned, not only in the spiritual and theological spheres, but versed, too, in the profane sciences that command such respect from the pagan nations today. These grave problems have made us pause and take stock of our position and resolve to slacken for some time the further expansion of our work, so that we may concentrate our energies on the consolidation of our present foundations and on the improvement in the formation of the personnel destined to educate the coming generations.

The co-operators' part.

These are the things that it has seemed well to me to put before you, my dear co-operators, because you have the part of supporting the works of the Blessed John Bosco. Our Blessed Founder was most happily actuated when he bethought himself of the foundation of the association of Salesian Co-operators. The facts, both during his lifetime and

still more since his death have proved by a marvellous climax that it was not without divine inspiration that he planned to surround himself with these powerful auxiliaries and bind them into the body of his work, making them an organic association, which, simple and malleable, should be capable of development in all times, in all places, in all nations. For you, my dear Co-operators are to the Salesian Congregation what the lungs are to the human body—a vital part of our organism.

Indeed Blessed John Bosco himself, often wrote and frequently repeated that without the aid of his Co-operators, your predecessors, he had been able to accomplish nothing—*note, not little, but nothing*. He, too, left as his last will and testament to the Co-operators a very warm recommendation that after his death they should continue to do for his sons what they had hitherto done for their father. We must confess that we have daily experience that we could do nothing on behalf of our orphans, on behalf of our Missions without your collaboration, my dear Co-operators.

The reason is clear. The poor children who enter our houses cannot pay either pension or board. How then shall we continue without your aid?

These children cannot live on air. In the Missions, also, what can we expect from pagans, mahommedans and savages? These people, hostile to, or prejudiced against our Holy Religion will not certainly provide us



The fifty-fourth Salesian Missionary Expedition.

with the means to work their conversion! Of about 40.000.000 souls who come under our care only some thousands have the faith of Christ, and of these faithful few, the greater part are the poorest of the poor ever the first to receive the light of the Gospel.

Christ sent His Apostles to evangelize the poor and we have succeeded to the patri-

to our aid! Hence, we call on you to support without ceasing, with ever increasing fervour, the *Missionary Burses* and the Salesian Missions, so that we may be able to continue our work on behalf of the young, the poor, the abandoned, the old, and the infirm.

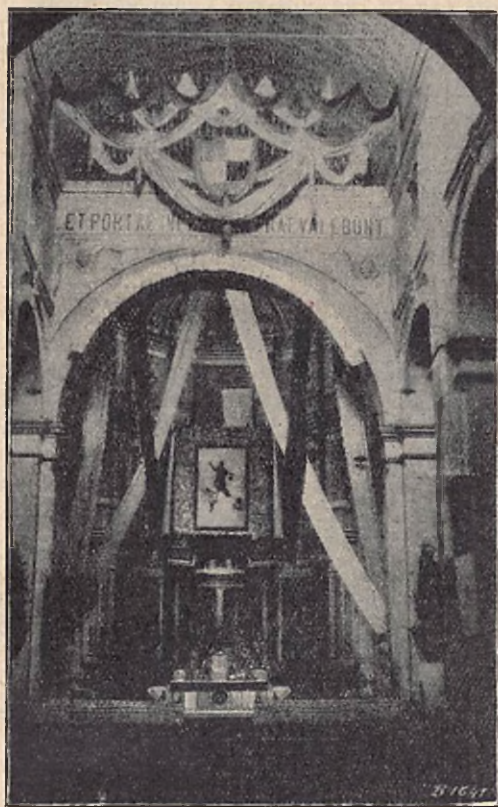
Co-operators of England, Ireland, Argentine, Brasil and of all the Salesian territories, come to our aid in the continuation of the work of the Blessed John Bosco.

In each of your countries there are Salesian houses in dire need of your charity. In some lands there are real Missions, which call for aid from more fortunate brethren. Do not forget the vast expanses of Asia and Africa! There, there are millions of souls redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, but for them the all-powerful sacrifice of the Cross is as yet fruitless and vain. For the peoples of these two continents our Blessed Founder had a special love. Even as a young priest he had his eyes on these immense fields of labour and ardently desired to go there as a preacher of the Gospel of truth and love. Later, he travelled in prophetic vision these lands and was given to understand that where he could not personally reach, he would attain through the ministry of his Sons. Events proved the truth of the vision.

In October of the year just past we had to finance an expedition of 174 Salesians and 103 Daughters of Mary Help of Christians. Wherever obedience calls them, they feel that friendly hearts are ready to welcome them; that loving friends are ready to support them in the trials of their arduous mission. In the meanwhile, we who are constrained to remain at home, hope that we may be privileged, through the aid furnished by our co-operators, to prepare fresh bands of evangelical workers who, in succeeding years, will be enabled to go forth to consolidate and expand the Kingdom of Christ upon the earth.

The college of Pius XI.

Custom would demand that I should delay over the houses founded during the past year and on the projects for the coming year. This time I wish to break the tradition, because as I have mentioned, the present need is to attend to the normal development of our work and to the consolidation of the home and foreign missions. Not less urgent is



Panama Cathedral decorated for the Bl. John Bosco.

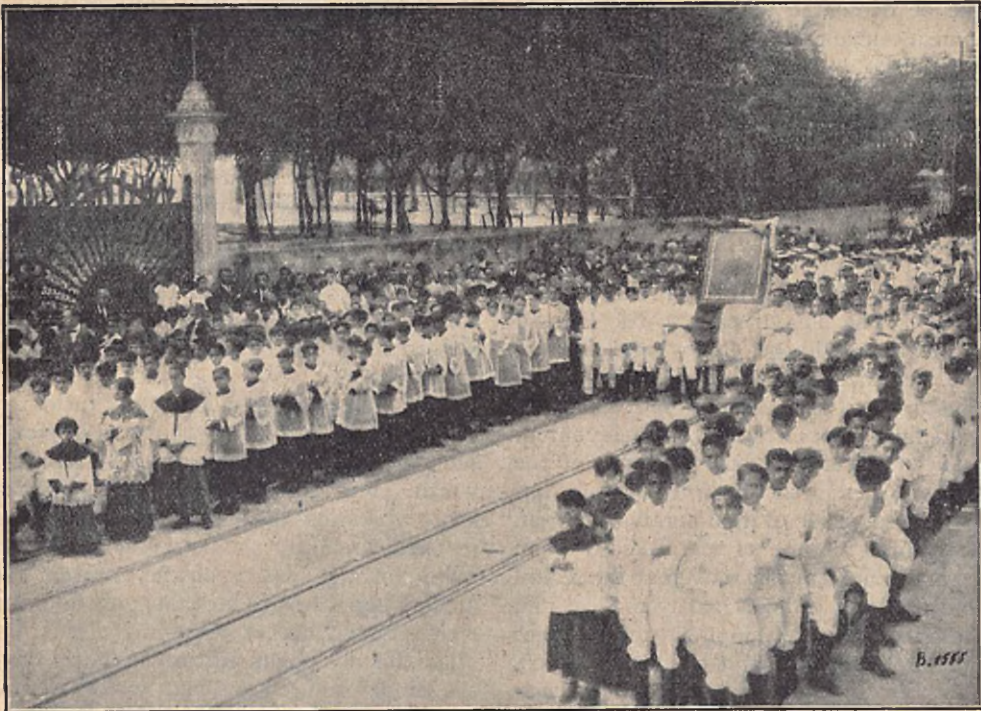
mony of the Apostles. The rich converts come along later and only after long years of toil and labour have been undergone. Hence it is on our Co-operators alone that we can count with any confidence for help in this gigantic task. They, we are sure, by the love they bear the Blessed John Bosco, will not allow us to rely on them in vain.

The witness of the past.

On the other hand the past goes security for the future. How many times has it sufficed to expose our needs for you to come



Mons. Sak, Mons. Couturon, Fr. Pastol with the new supply of missionaries for the Congo.



Nitheroy-Brasil — The procession in honour of the Blessed John Bosco.

the need to call a halt in order to increase our personnel and to give to the same a sounder formation both spiritually and intellectually.

I cannot, however, omit to call your attention to the College of Pius XI, about which I spoke at length last year. The erection of this institute proceeds apace thanks to the aid furnished by a generous soul who, being rich made himself poor for Christ's sake; and, being free, bound himself to the work of the Blessed John Bosco, solely to further the good of souls and the salvation of youth. That school of arts and trades, built and furnished according to the requirements of modern science, will easily swallow up the several million lire, that were given with such an open heart and hand.

Near the college there is to be built, at the express desire of the Holy Father himself, an ample church to provide for the spiritual needs of that new section of Rome, which is so far removed from the ancient city where churches are so plentiful. Pius XI, to encourage us in our enterprise has given us 1,000,000. lire. The rest of the money necessary for the consummation of this church we expect confidently from the devotees of Mary Help of Christians; for to her will this temple be dedicated and thus there will be in Rome a centre of devotion to the Madonna of Don Bosco and a source from which numerous graces will be poured out on all who invoke her powerful intercession.

The Festive Oratory and its mission.

And, now, I pass to a most vital subject that must be presented to you. That is the question of the future of the Festive Oratories. The honour paid to the Blessed John Bosco would be empty and barren, were it not to inaugurate a fresh epoch in the history of the Oratory movement—a reawakening of public interest in favour of this the first and best beloved work of the new *Beatus*. For the Festive Oratory has proved the salvation of innumerable children.

In reading the life of the Blessed John Bosco one cannot but be moved at the recital of the long and difficult path trod by him in the foundation, development and defence of the first Festive Oratory at Valdocco, Turin. But his cares did not confine themselves to Valdocco. Despite the great obstacles that beset his path he succeeded, at the

cost of much sacrifice, in founding other Oratories in the most important points of the city. Later, when his work began to develop, wherever he sent his sons, he wished their first and chief efforts to be devoted to the foundation and development of the Festive Oratory.

What, then, was the Festive Oratory in the mind of the Blessed John Bosco? It was to gather boys together from the streets on Sundays and Feast-Days; to attach them to the Oratory by all the means that christian charity could suggest; to teach them the truths of religion and accustom them to frequent the Church, to listen to the ordinary preacher, and to approach the sacraments. It was to keep in touch with these boys during the work-a-day week; to help them in their spiritual and temporal difficulties—it was, in short, to illumine their youth with the beauty of paternal sanctity and interest.

There is no country in the world (and I could adduce striking proofs of this my assertion) where the ideal of Blessed John Bosco has been carried out in all its fulness, without immense good accruing to souls, to the Church, to the nation. And in all countries this work has met with the approval of all men without distinction of race or creed.

The modern peril.

Doubtless, one must have buildings adapted to the exigencies of the country where the work is to be founded. One must have fields and territory, but first and foremost, there must exist a vast spirit of self-sacrifice and love of one's neighbour. It will suffice to set to work with confidence in God and with a hearty will, for that the results shall far surpass the setbacks encountered and the efforts made.

The Oratory, too, is the only antidote to the forms of recreation that have wrought such havoc with the christian education of youth. For the idolisation of *Sport* in these latter days has paganised the world and reduced humanity to the level of the brute, living for the beauty of the external form and having no regard for that spiritual beauty which is the life of the soul. Consequent upon this neo-pagan cult of the body comes the empty churches about which we hear so much in protestant circles. How many men are there for whom Sunday is a day,

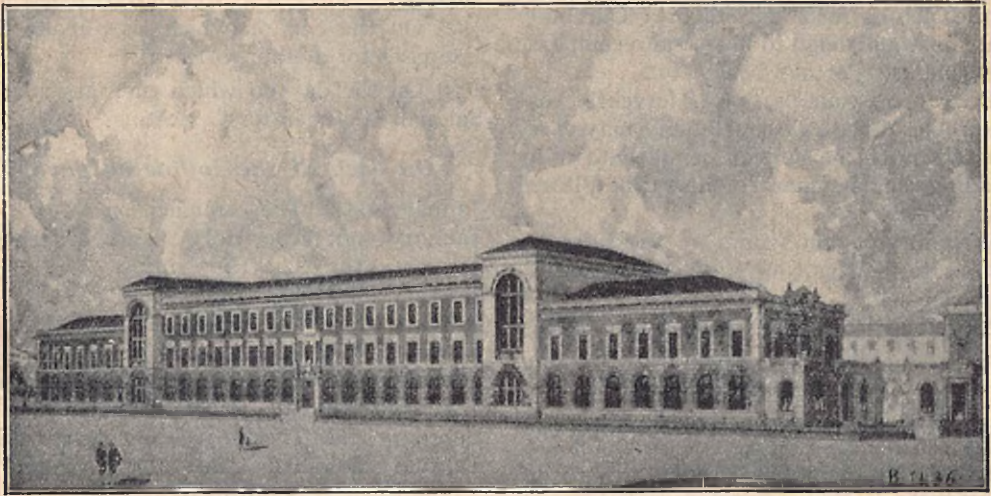
not of rest, but of laborious recreation, far from the Church, far from God, and too often far from where duty would require their presence! How many men are blind to everything save *Sport!* How many, today live but the life of the body and suffocate the soul in the feverish and headlong pursuit of pleasure!

A Bishop, noted for his zeal, said to me one day—"My flock, the members of my diocese are all baptised: but among both rich and poor, those who know who is Jesus Christ, are few and far between!"

There is no way of escape. The Youth of

But every thing there is very restricted, very much smaller than what it should be. On the great feasts the faithful complain that there is no commodity, no possibility of approaching this Altar. Only a very few at a time can get near. Hence, the narrowness of the Basilica of Our Lady is a cause of serious preoccupation.

What then must be done? To furnish elaborate plans and recommendations is not difficult. But every thing depends upon the expense involved. We know that for the Temple of Peace for the gentle St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus there is the project involv-



The new Missionary Institute "Conte Rebaudengo" at Turin.

today must be drawn to the Church and the knowledge of her doctrine by means of the Festive Oratory.

I would that my appeal should reach all our Co-operators, Old-Boys, and Confrères.

The altar of Blessed John Bosco.

I would, finally, like to call your attention to the necessity of providing a fitting resting-place in the Basilica of Mary, Help of Christians, for the remains of the Blessed John Bosco. At present he lies in the little side altar of the Holy Martyrs of Turin, *Solutor*, *Adventor* and *Octavius*, for this is the spot on which according to a revelation, vouchsafed by the Mother of God to her servant, these martyrs gave their life for Christ. From morning till night there is a continuous flow of people at the shrine.

ing 30.000.000 francs—and the supporters of this scheme are sure that the money will come in. For the Blessed John Bosco not so much will be needed. However knowing the needs of our missions and our orphans can we put our hand to this immense task? The offerings for these two works are sacred and cannot be diverted from the scope for which they are given.

My present resolution is to put every thing in the hands of the Co-operators and public charity. Whoever wishes to help in providing a more decorous resting-place for the Blessed John Bosco and a more becoming temple for the Madonna, can give proof of this their desire by sending an offering for this end. The scope of the offerer should be clearly defined. In the answer to this appeal I will recognise the will of God.

These then are the matters that the succes-

sor of the Blessed John Bosco has to communicate to you in this year of grace 1930 (1).

Our part in life is to do our utmost to augment the glory of Don Bosco by working in behalf of the salvation of souls.

These, then, are to be our objects during this year—the salvation of the youth of all nations, by means of our Colleges, Schools of Arts and Crafts, Agricultural Colonies and mainly by means of the Festive Oratories. Let us, in imitation of Blessed John Bosco, bring the youth of today under the maternal mantle of Mary, Help of Christians and thus into the eternal kingdom of Divine Love.

Our boys, our brethren and our converts of the Mission fields will all pray Our Lady that she would deign to bless and recompense the generosity of our benefactors.

Do you on your part pray fervently that the whole of the Salesian Family may carry out faithfully the mission confided to it by treading the path marked out by the Blessed John Bosco.

Wishing you and yours all the blessings of God during this New Year, I beg to subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant in *Jesus Christ*,
 PHILIP RINALDI, S. C.
Superior General.

(1) Development of the Salesian Work in England:

The year 1929 has seen the Salesian work in England progress in a noticeable manner. At *Burwash* (Sussex), the beautiful Gothic Church has been completed and consecrated. On the feast of St. Joseph's Patronage there was held the ceremony of the dedication of the church. At the same place the Preparatory School has been enlarged and modernised according to the demands of present day education. The cost incurred by the school alone is some £3000.

At *London* the Salesian College has been officially recognised by the Board of Education. This step is of immense importance to the Congregation as a whole and to the English Province in particular. Naturally, certain modifications of existing buildings will have to be undertaken and with the financial aid furnished by the Government it is hoped to complete the work begun by our co-operators of many years standing.

At *Shrigley Park* (Cheshire), as is reported elsewhere, a new Missionary College has been opened. The Blessed John Bosco makes it evident to us by many proofs that this work is after his own heart.

At *Chertsey* (Surrey), there is in course of construction a parish church in honour of St. Anne. It is hoped with the help of generous co-operation to bring this laudable work to a speedy conclusion and thus give to the district a beautiful church and to the Catholic Religion a basis of good work on behalf of our separated brethren.

At *Shadwell* (London), the Superiors are endeavouring to have the Polish Mission removed to a more adapted and convenient quarter so that the development of this important work may not be arrested.

These works are in dire need of help from the co-operators. May the Bl. John Bosco reward superabundantly those who come to our aid in these difficult times.

Lest we forget

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

A Plenary Indulgence.

Every month—

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

On each of the following days:

- January 1st. The Circumcision.
- January 2nd. The Holy Name of Jesus.
- January 6th. The Epiphany.
- January 12th. The Holy Family.
- January 18th. Chair of St. Peter at Rome.
- January 23rd. Espousals of The B. V. M.
- January 25th. The Conversion of St. Paul.
- January 29th. St. Francis of Sales.
- February 2nd. The Purification of the B.V.M.
- February 22nd. The Chair of St. Peter at Antioch.
- March 19th. Saint Joseph.
- March 25th. The Annunciation.

It is also worth remembrance

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

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

2) For *each of the others* 400 days indulgence each time.

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

THE MOST HOLY NAME OF JESUS

JANUARY 19th

Robert Louis Stevenson once said that talk, the harmonious speech of two or more, was by far the most accessible of pleasures. It cost nothing in money; it was all profit. Few were better judges of talk than Stevenson, but few will agree that his judgment would apply to much of the colloquial talk in the modern world which has become noted for irreverence, and for flippant introduction of the Holy Name.

It is appropriate that we should remember that the month of January has been chosen by the Church as the time to pay special honour to the Holy Name of Jesus. Looking down the ages, it is interesting to note how all the great servants of God, from St. Paul, have revered this beautiful Name; how earnestly they have endeavoured to spread devotion to It; and what marvels they have wrought through Its power. And if we pursue our search we will find in the ancient prayer-books the same love and the same language as were in the hearts and on the lips of preachers at a much later date. St. Francis of Assisi, his biographers tell us, had so singular a respect for the Holy Name of his Crucified Redeemer that, in his will, he exhorted all his brethren, whenever they found the Divine Name written and cast aside, to take It up and lay It reverently in a fitting place. During his life It sounded so sweetly in his ears that whenever he heard It he could not conceal the joy which filled his pure and ardent soul—a joy which, despite his humility, manifested itself in such a way that, to those who were with him, it seemed as though he had listened to some celestial melody.

Then again, we have the inspiration of St. Bernardine, who has left us seven short prayers—one for each day in the week—in honour of the Holy Name. Looking through the earlier ages of the faith, one is struck with the extraordinary devotion manifested in honour of the Holy Name. Masses, bells and lights were named after Our Saviour, and are incontestible evidence of the piety of the faithful and their special devotions. To them, according to the author of "Pilgrimage of Perfection", this holy Name should be always in "our memory sweeter than balm, on our lips sweeter than sugar, in our mouths all melody, and in our hearts all solace, joy and jubilation".

What a contrast to the irreverence at present widely displayed towards both the Holy Name and holy objects generally; so alarming is the change becoming, that it might even be feared

that, with the passage of time, names that are still held in reverence by the faithful few will yet be added to the long list of words that have suffered deterioration, and have consequently lost both their original meaning and their significance.

The preservation of these cherished words and the religious principles and truths they express must depend upon those who would choose to emulate St. Francis of Assisi, or St. Bernardine, rather than the blasphemer. Never was there more urgent need for exemplary conduct by Christians, and Catholics in particular, than there is at the present time. Inroads into the very heart of religion are being made from all points of the compass by means of ever increasing fallacious doctrines. Against the influences of these pernicious propagandists and pamphleteers the practical Catholic must stand as a defender. To do this he must practise reverence as well as preach it. And in order to arm himself for the contest he can do no better than to practise devotion to the Holy Name during the present month of January, and set the impressive example of refraining from and discouraging all forms of profanity, or blasphemy, in those circles in which he either regularly or occasionally moves. The need of special organization to combat blasphemy has been recognized by the Church for centuries. There has been for instance, in Europe, an "Archconfraternity of the Most Holy Name of Jesus". It is probable that a Brief of September 21, 1274, of Pope Gregory IX., addressed to the General of the Dominicans, gave the first impulse to the founding of this confraternity. In this Brief His Holiness called upon the Dominican Fathers to promote, by preaching, the veneration of the Holy Name of Jesus among the people. In our own country the society of the Holy Name has spread widely, and borne wonderful fruit. Great encouragement was given to the society by Pope Leo XIII., during the closing years of the last century. Since then branches of the society have multiplied very rapidly throughout the United States. Possessing a membership of considerably more than 500,000 the Society has become favourably known throughout the United States for its great processions, in which thousands of America's finest manhood proclaim their devotion to the Name of Jesus Christ, and their abhorrence, of blasphemy, profanity and immorality.—*Truth*.

ENGLAND HONOURS BLESSED JOHN BOSCO

DON BOSCO'S BEATIFICATION COMMEMORATED BY FOUR-DAY CELEBRATION.

The presence of Cardinal Bourne, who knew Blessed John Bosco personally, and the presence of other persons closely associated with the Salesians in their early days in England gave a remarkably intimate touch to the celebrations held in London from October 5th to October 8th in honour of the Beatification of the Founder of the Salesian Congregation.

His Eminence first met the Founder when he himself was a seminary student in Paris, and dined with the Beatus only a year before his death.

An Archbishop and six Bishops also took part in the celebrations. *A Universe* reporter who was present was the first layman to be associated with the general welcome given to the two priests whom Blessed John Bosco sent to England forty-two years ago. On page 19 he recalls their early struggles.

Celebrations in London.

The beatification of Don Bosco was celebrated in London, at the Salesian church, West Battersea, by a triduum from October 5th to October 7th, and by a meeting of supporters and friends of the Salesian Congregation on October 8th in Caxton Hall, Westminster.

The Most Rev. Felix A. Guerra, S. C., Archbishop of Verissa, was the celebrant of Pontifical High Mass on October 5th, offered chiefly for the elementary school children, for whom a special sermon was preached by Father F. C. Devas, S. J. The preacher showed that John Bosco owed much to the early influence of a devout mother; sacrificed probable prelatical honours in order to devote his life to the rescue and educational

betterment of youths of Northern Italy. In the regretted absence of Monsignor Mathias, S.C., Vicar-Apostolic of Assam, Archbishop Guerra again pontificated at solemn Vespers, when Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., was the preacher, and said that, we should have been accounted fanatics if we had lived in the time of Our Lord and had suggested that he would come in the way he did. Just like a little child at a game, God eluded those who were looking for him to come in the heights of grandeur and affluence. He would not come to any of the big cities—to Rome, Jerusalem. There was only one place in which he could be born—the Stable at Bethlehem. He was the Redeemer of the world born in poverty and want.

Blessed John Bosco was the redeemer of the 19th. century. Turin, Rome, Milan, were all famous cities but these were not made the birthplace of the new redeemer. Like his Master he was born in a poor obscure village—a mere hamlet.

A mother's influence.

The preacher then went on to eulogise Don Bosco's mother and said he almost felt that he could not honour Blessed John Bosco better than by speaking of the virtues of his mother; and he hoped that at some future date the mother would also be raised to the honours of the altar and receive twin honours with her son. The mothers in good Catholic homes are novitiates for novitiates and the priest's first seminary is his mother's knee. The mother of Blessed John Bosco gave the lie to everything which is called education to-day. In that little home a mother was training a saint for heaven and a redeemer for the world. She taught him to learn not only by the head but what was more important

by the heart. Don Bosco applied his mind to learn the Catechism through by heart when other minds were filled with thoughts of the sinful pleasures of the day. The daily round of Don Bosco's early life was in the hands of his mother. He was trained to chop wood, to sweep floors, to look after the cattle and poultry and all the other domestic works necessary to be performed by the

preacher wondered how many men in London that night had any plans. How many had ever made or thought of making serious resolutions. The majority of men were content to plod on through life listlessly taking things as they came with no thought of a really fixed purpose.

Don Bosco's work began and ended in the city—the centre of filth and corruption



Cardinal Bourne assisting at the Pontifical High Mass at Battersea.

children of the poor. All these things helped him in his after work for God's neglected poor.

A life's ambition.

Blessed John Bosco just before he was made a priest formed some resolutions which he lived up to all the rest of his life. An example of these was that he determined never to take a walk unless for some good end. This might have been possible to carry out for a short period of time—but Don Bosco's resolutions were for all the time which he was destined to live on earth. The

of every kind. Into these sinful places went Don Bosco in an age which was almost deluged with falling thrones and revolutions. "I will not take a walk except for some good purpose." Here was work in which he could exercise his resolve to the full. He visited the prisons and found there youths of all ages—criminals almost as soon as they were born. He taxed every moment of his time and gave himself only five hours sleep. How could he rest when such misery was all around him. He gave all his energy to the service of mankind. He would write funny stories, walk a tightrope and make

merry in every legitimate way if by it he could only save a soul. The preacher said that he himself was a pessimist; he wondered how it was possible for Don Bosco to do all these things. Don Bosco was the optimist; he started there and then not minding what people thought or said so long as something was done that was going to save souls.

Procede et Regna.

The preacher's next point was that Blessed John Bosco lived in a time when more social questions were brought up and talked about than ever before. His method of dealing with them was that of love and charity. He went on to say that the work of Don Bosco was really only at the beginning. It must not die, it must not even come to a standstill, but it must grow ever more and more to combat the evils of an godless age. He asked those present to pray that the spirit of this Blessed Servant of God might come into the lives of priests and people alike—perhaps more so into the lives of priests who would have to hand it on to those around them.

Pontifical Benediction was given by the Archbishop.

His Eminence Cardinal Bourne celebrated a Low Mass early on Sunday morning, October 6th, and distributed Holy Communion to large numbers. Later, His Eminence assisted at Pontifical High Mass, sung by the Bishop of Cambysopolis, and preached. In addition to members of the West Battersea community and those from various Salesian colleges, there were present representatives of the Capuchins, Oblates of Mary, Oratorians, and Servites. Monsignor Canon Ross was assistant priest to the Bishop, and Monsignor J. Collings was in attendance on His Eminence.

Preaching from St. Paul's text, "For whosoever are led by the spirit of God, they are the Sons of God," the Cardinal said that there were three reasons for that day's rejoicing. First, they all rejoiced because God had been pleased to call another Servant to the honours of the Altar; secondly, they rejoiced at the wondrous spread, to all parts of the earth, of the Salesian Congregation which that Servant had founded; and, thirdly, they should rejoice because for every individual, no matter to what sphere he

might belong, there were practical everyday lessons to be learned with advantage from the life of Blessed John Bosco. So wondrous was the present-day outpouring of the Holy Spirit—despite much wickedness in the world—that it was quite possible nowadays that one might live to witness the Canonization of someone intimately known to him. Dwelling on his personal knowledge of Don Bosco, the Cardinal said that he himself was twenty one, and a student at St. Sulpice, Paris, when first he heard mention of Father Bosco from a professor who used to intersperse his lectures with topics of current Church interest. In the following year Don Bosco paid visits to France, where—especially at Paris, so frivolous and forgetful of Almighty God—he was given a truly wonderful welcome. He delivered a spiritual reading or conference at St. Sulpice, and though his French was rather imperfect, the conference made a deep and lasting impression on all who heard it, and he (the Cardinal) forthwith became a Salesian Co-Operator, as well as a regular reader of the *Bulletin*, which kept him informed of the work at Turin. In 1885, the year following his own ordination, he saw Don Bosco at his house in Turin, where he had the privilege of dining with him; and when John Bosco sent his priest and brother to London in 1887, he was filling the interim at Battersea between the relinquishing of the mission by secular clergy and the arrival of the Salesians. Naturally, such associations—the knowledge that he had been privileged to know one who was already far advanced in the steps towards Canonization—were an immense consolation to him.

The two standards.

Throughout John Bosco's life, the Cardinal pointed out, there was visible the workings of the Holy Spirit of God, as well as the counter activities of the spirit of evil which was seen to assail his work on every side with attempts to set it back and destroy its progress; but God's assistance was always with him, and though there were with him, as with most others, moments when he was unsuccessfully tempted to give up the struggle and live a harmless but easier life, John Bosco never lost cour-

age, and in such moments he was fortified by the holy example set him by his mother, a woman who could neither read nor write, and who, though uneducated in the eyes of the world, had a wonderfully retentive memory, and was thoroughly grounded in the principles of her holy religion, which she taught her orphaned family to advantage. His Eminence pointed to the many trials borne by Don Bosco. He described also how the allegiance of the Salesian founder

of sin and its occasions, and pointed out that John Bosco wisely let himself be guided in spiritual matters by his Confessor, who was also a saint.

The Bishop of Southwark's sermon.

In the evening the Bishop of Southwark assisted at solemn Vespers, preached, carried the Blessed Sacrament in procession, and assisted at solemn Benediction. In the



Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop Guerra, Bishop Butt, Lord Morris and the Salesian Superiors.

to the House of Savoy had brought about his influential settlement of friction concerning vacant sees; how he had been sought by Popes for advice on many complicated questions affecting Church and State; how he had known severe financial stress, particularly on the withdrawal of pecuniary support by a benefactress; and how he had been frequently misunderstood not only by the civil, but—what was more distressing—by the ecclesiastical authorities also. Concluding with the ejaculation "Blessed John Bosco, pray for us," the Cardinal emphasised that prayer at all times was vital for salvation, as well as the avoiding

course of his sermon his lordship said that when Daniel O'Connell was striving after Catholic Emancipation a hundred years ago, by the help of the whole Irish nation, Blessed John Bosco was an unknown and insignificant little peasant boy of fourteen, in Northern Italy. The Providence of God had so guided his labours that the Congregations he had founded had spread throughout the world, till to-day there were five hundred and six hundred houses respectively for men and women—the Salesian Fathers and the Society of Our Lady Help of Christians—with seven thousand men, (priests, clerics and laybrothers), and six

thousand nuns. After alluding to Salesian mission work, especially among those savage races who, Darwin declared, possessed practically no reason—the Patagonians—the Bishop traced the Salesians' work in his diocese, at West Battersea, East Hill, Wandsworth, Chertsey, and Burwash, as well as their work in the Portsmouth Diocese at Farnborough, and their more recent settlement in Cheshire. Besides their great work in the teaching of youth, Salesian priests were always willing to help the Bishop; and in Southwark he knew well, and appreciated to the full, their devoted service, Sunday by Sunday, offering their services in remote places, where they mostly celebrated the latest Mass, after having completed a week's laborious teaching, of which he personally had had experience.

His Lordship the Bishop of Portsmouth celebrated High Mass on Monday, October 7th, at which deputations attended from all the English houses. The Very Rev. J. Scannell, O. M. I. (Provincial), preached, stressing the fact that saints were generally exemplifications of the poverty of Bethlehem, the sufferings of Good Friday, and the triumph of Easter Sunday.

A luncheon followed at Battersea Town Hall, where the Provincial presided, supported by Archbishop Guerra and the Bishop of Portsmouth. Pontifical Vespers by the Bishop of Pella, who also gave Benediction, closed the triduum. Father Oswald Bennett, C. P., preached, and took for his text the words from the book of Kings: "The Lord hath sought him a man according to his own heart".

The preacher expounding his text said that the Lord judgeth not as man judgeth; the Lord judgeth the heart. It is what he has done, not what he is in the eyes of the world. What a man is in the sight of God, that he is and nothing else. It is union with God that is the one thing that matters.

Holy Church has beatified John Bosco not for what he did, but for what he was—it was because before all things he sought for union with God in all that he did. He was in every sense of the word a man according to God's own heart. His was a life of unbroken faith in God a vision that was for ever before him. He realised the priceless treasure it was to know God. Everything

that Christ did on earth the Blessed John considered as done for him. His faith for ever placed him on the mountain of Christ's Transfiguration.

"I long to be dissolved..."

John's was also a life of burning love for God. On one occasion when his life was despaired of, his one thought was of the vision of God that was soon to be his. It was only at the urgent prayer of his boys around him that he begged of God to cure him if by being restored to health he could be the means of making more souls love God. He loved to be poor because Our Lord was poor and he loved humility because Jesus Christ had said those words: Learn of me because I am meek and humble of heart. He exercised this humility in the wonderful way in which he tried to hide the remarkable gift of miracles with which God had endowed him.

If he loved Jesus, he loved also, in a very special way, Mary. His love for Christ's Mystical Body, the Church, was shown in his really wonderful zeal for the welfare of Christ's Vicar. It was because of this untiring love that he was beatified. The root takes all its nourishment from the earth to spread life throughout the plant to which it is joined; and the flower is none the less beautiful when hidden from the eye of man than when exposed to the gaze of all. So it was with Blessed John Bosco and the work he did.

"Suffer little children..."

It is almost an impossibility to sum up the life of this amazing man. It might be done in dwelling on the love of Jesus Christ for children. This love the Apostles never understood—at least not at the time. Jesus Christ raised a child to life and in the miracle of the loaves and fishes he associated a child with his loving compassion of the multitude; the lost lamb in St. Matthew's Gospel was a little child and the last cry of loyalty to Christ on earth was from the lips of little children. There came out of the heart of Blessed John Bosco the same love for little ones because he was really a man after God's own heart. The children and young men

of Turin were in a deplorable state and many were languishing in the prisons of those days more sinned against than sinning.

A "Hail Mary" said in the sacristy of a parish church in Turin was the beginning of a work which in a few short years has become worldwide. Blessed John collected together first a mere handful of poor uneducated boys; then more came and still more until at last he was compelled to hire more rooms. These boys were first taught catechism, but by degrees Don Bosco founded schools and soon to the amazement of the authorities his boys were receiving an education equal to any given in the best schools of the country.

The folly of the Cross.

Don Bosco's work so increased that eventually he had not only to establish schools in which his boys would receive an education, but he found it necessary even to provide many of them with food and lodging. To this end he had to purchase a house and it was at this time that his mother left all that was most dear to her to help her son in his apostolic labours. He was met on all sides by great opposition, as every work that has the honour of God as its aim, is met, no matter who may try to do it.

His clerical brethren no less than the civil authorities opposed him on every side—he was even by some said to be mad. He was called a malefactor as was said of Christ himself years before.

But John realised that his was the work of Christ and that no matter what opposition there was the work would and must triumph.

How hard John worked. He was even on occasions known to fall asleep in the confessional from sheer weariness. His life was a life of magnificent self-sacrifice for boys. He drank of the torrent of the pleasure of that God whom he served and loved so well.

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* *

Throughout the triduum the church spire was illuminated by four large crosses, similar to those which shone from Westminster Cathedral campanile during the recent Congress.

THE SALESIAN BOYS AND BLESSED JOHN BOSCO

Youth still holds dear the revered name of the Apostle of the Young, as was testified by the enthusiasm displayed by the representatives of the various Salesian Colleges at the recent celebrations held in London. The boys came from the nearby Schools of Chertsey, Farnborough, Burwash, and even from as far north as Bolton.

The arrangements for the entertainment of these young people was in the capable hands of the Rector of the Salesian College of Battersea, the Very Rev. A. Sutherland S. C., B. A., who deserves every credit for

A THOUGHT FOR JANUARY.

We ought above all things to secure our tranquillity: not because it is the mother of contentment, but because it is the daughter of the love of God, and of the resignation of our own will. — St Francis of Sales.

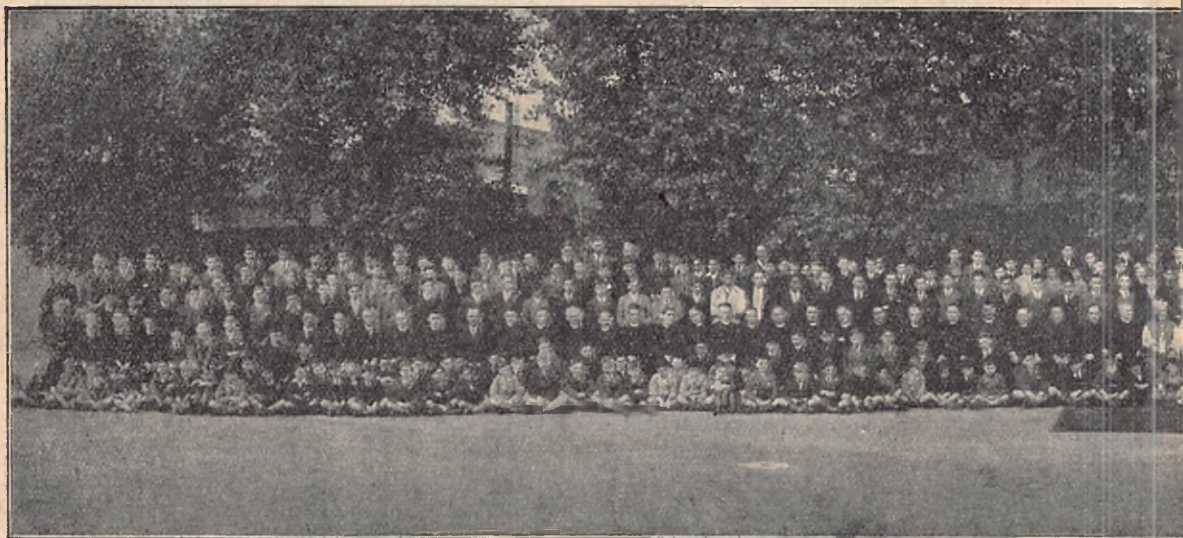
the excellent manner in which he discharged his most arduous task.

In addition to this work Fr. Sutherland had also to undertake the duties of General Secretary of the celebrations. In point of fact the bulk of the work fell on his shoulders and, hence, it is but just that we pay our tribute of gratitude to Fr. Sutherland for his self-sacrificing efforts to spread the name and fame of our Blessed Founder, John Bosco. For the celebrations at London were a very real success. We trust too, that they will have served to make the work of the Salesians ever better known and ever more appreciated by those for whom that work was founded.

The middle page of this issue contains the photograph of the representatives of the Schools which took part in the celebrations. The presiding prelate is His Lordship, the Bishop of Portsmouth, an old and true friend of the Salesians; beside the bishop is seated the Salesian Missionary Archbishop Mons. Guerra.



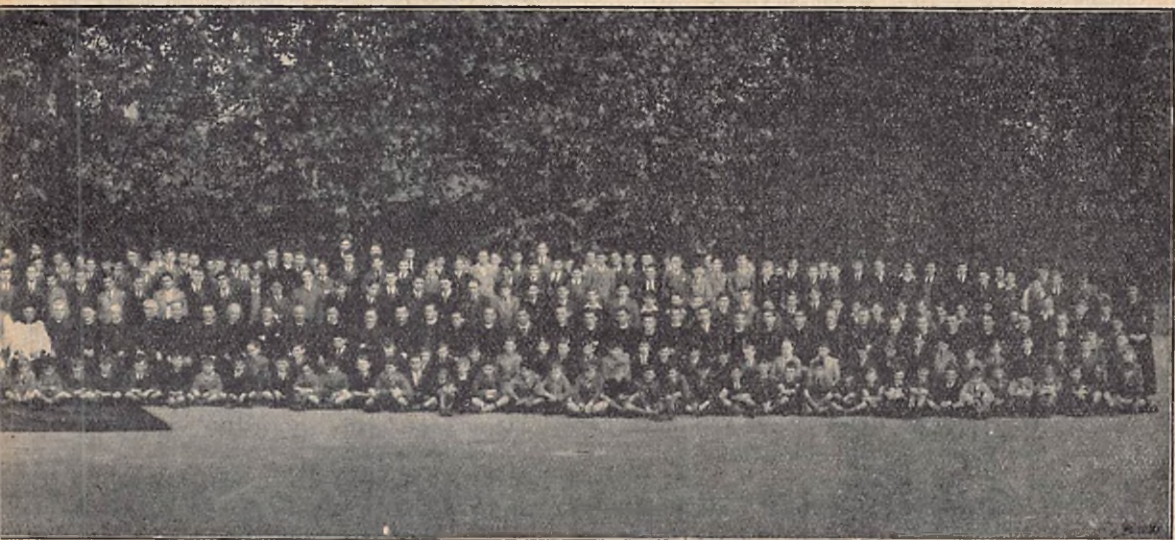
Bishop Cotta pontificating for the pupils of the Salesian Colleges.



The representatives of the various Salesian Colleges in Engl
The presiding prelate is Bishop Cotta of Portsmouth and is ac



The Pontifical High Mass for the children of the Elementary Schools.



and at the celebrations in honour of the Blessed John Bosco.
panied by the Salesian Missionary Archbishop Mons. Guerra.

THE CAXTON HALL MEETING

The celebrations closed on Tuesday night, October 8th, at Caxton Hall, Westminster, when His Eminence Cardinal Bourne presided over a great gathering of Salesian Co-operators. Archbishop Guerra, S. C., representing the Turin Superior-General, was on the platform with many Salesian clergy from various English houses; Ireland's two houses, and that at Cape Town, were also represented. Hymns were rendered by a special choir.

The Cardinal welcomed the Archbishop of Verissa as representing the Superior-General, and read a telegram of regret for absence addressed to Adèle Countess Cadogan by the Duchess of Aosta. His Eminence said that he had been a Co-operator for upwards of forty-six years and a regular reader of the *Bulletin* in English, Italian and French. With a further allusion to his own personal knowledge of the Salesian founder, he pointed to two matters which called for the special thanks to the Salesian Fathers by Catholics in this country. The absence of adequate schools for those Catholic boys with more than elementary talent was keenly felt by Cardinal Manning, who made every effort to minimize the need; yet few of those efforts continued, and it was chiefly the Salesian Congregation which had triumphed in the provision of such much-needed establishments.

His Eminence paid a tribute to the services rendered by the Salesian Fathers who carried out "supply" duties, sometimes saying Mass at two widely-separated places each Sunday, following a week's teaching. Secondly, the work of the Salesian missionaries was a matter for commendation, especially in view of the fact that so many more English-speaking priests were required for that work. The setting up of the new college for Foreign Missioners of that Congregation, near Shrewsbury, where already more than fifty boys had entered, had been one of the outstanding commemorations in this country to their Founder.

The ingenuity of Charity.

A vivid sketch of the personality of Blessed John Bosco was given at the meeting by Fr. J. P. Arendzen, D. D., Ph. D.

Fr. Arendzen showed him to be a man of astonishing energy and zeal, who worked from morning till night, and often deep into the night, and whose sleeping hours, even, were frequently occupied with dreams that guided his labours.

Don Bosco's methods, he said, were regarded as far too modern, and almost vulgar. He employed every means to develop his work. He frequently ran bazaars and even lotteries to get the money he needed.

Once an acrobat went near a church, and his performances took the people's attention away from Sunday mass. John Bosco, then but a boy, replied to that by challenging the acrobat to beat him at a similar performance. The Beatus won easy, and got his people back again. He needed publicity for his work, and, said Fr. Arendzen, there was not a better publicity agent than he. He hated having to do these things, but he did them to get the money.

Trial of Dining.

One of his benefactors, a lady, offered him 24,000 francs, and said he could collect it by going to dine at her house; he would find 1,000 francs under his plate on each occasion.

"How he hated dining with ladies! But he went. He went a dozen times, finding the 1,000 francs under his plate each time. Then his benefactress had mercy on him and gave him the rest."

Fr. Arendzen added: "I suppose it would be right to say that during his life he gathered more than L. 1,000,000, while he himself lived in poverty."

As an insight into Don Bosco's practical nature, Fr. Arendzen quoted a remark of his to one of his priests who envied him his

miraculous powers. "If you were given the power to perform miracles," he told his follower, "you would be crying to God after one day to take it away." He was perpetually busy, and when the parents of a boy he cured began to heap their thanks upon him, all he would say was: "Thank you very much. Good morning. Out you go!"

The Missions.

Mr. F. J. Sheed, M. A., LL. B., spoke on the spread of the Salesian missions since their inception in 1875 when Don Bosco decided that the greatest need was in South America. He referred to the need for Christianizing Asia—where lived the majority of mankind—before Asia paganized the rest of the world. A true Christian, said the speaker, should not be bound by territorial

limits, and should be "on fire" with enthusiasm for the conversion not of one land but of every country.

The Co-operators.

Lord Morris proposed a vote of thanks to the Cardinal, who was, he said, a great Salesian Co-operator; and he made a plea for extension of that particular "Third Order." The Very Rev. E. M. Tozzi, S. C. (Provincial), said that had it not been for Father Francis Bourne's personal promise to Don Bosco, the Salesian Congregation might never have come to settle at Battersea. In seconding the vote, he included also the speakers subsequent to the Cardinal. The hymn for the Pope, and the National Anthem, together with His Eminence's blessing, brought the celebration to an end.

"UNIVERSE" MAN RECALLS PIONEERS' STRUGGLES

GREAT WORK FOUNDED IN A MEAN STREET.

A Universe representative who met the pioneers of the Salesian Congregation in England forty-two years ago describes below the conditions they had to face.

The pioneers of the Salesian Congregation in this country, the late Fr. C. B. Macey and the late Fr. Rabagliati, accompanied by a lay brother, were welcomed to the Southwark diocese by Fr. Bourne, now the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, as the delegate of Bishop John Butt.

The Congregation had readily accepted an invitation of the Bishop to extend their activities to South London and they undertook the care of West Battersea, then served by Fr. Connolly, of East Battersea.

I had the privilege to be the first layman to be associated in a general welcome to the two young priests, and during the past few days have had the further privilege, forty-two years later, to take part in the celebrations in honour of the Beatification of John Bosco.

Stern test.

The early days of the Salesian Fathers in West Battersea were a stern test of obe-

dience to their Founder's definite injunction to lay a solid foundation in a terribly overcrowded area of South London.

They established their home in a mean thoroughfare some distance from their present centre of activity. Only those acquainted with the two young Salesian pioneers can realise the difficulties which they were called upon to overcome. But they possessed the indomitable courage of their holy Founder, and within a comparatively short period of their arrival in the diocese, they cleared the site of the present church—on which formerly stood a small iron building wherein Mass was said by Fr. Connolly—and on this site laid the foundation of their wonderful religious and educational work.

The church at East Hill, Wandsworth, since placed in charge of the secular clergy, was an off-shoot of the parent parish.

Rapid developments marked the progress of the congregation. A college was established at West Battersea, printing works were set up, and the activities of the Salesians were extended to other parts of the diocese.

F. W. B.

IN THE HANDS OF THE REDS

Unpleasant experience of Salesian Missionary

The following article was written by Fr. Dalmasso in Italian and the Editor deems it necessary to note that, to the English Edition, he must preface that Fr. Dalmasso is a fairly active member of the Salesian Chinese Missionary Field: that he is inured to the Missionary life and has suffered no evil consequences from his unpleasant experience. He had much to suffer and many of his hardships are excluded from his narrative for his modesty would not permit of their insertion. He is now back at work in the Nam Yung mission, making capital of the unusual current of sympathy that his captivity and sufferings have awakened among the pagans. We ask our readers to pray that the fruits of his labours may be abundant enough to satisfy his apostolic zeal and to prove that they who are found worthy to suffer for Christ's sake are always the ministers of incalculable good in this pleasure-loving world of today.

"My capture, which threw the Christians and my pagan friends of Nam Yung into a panic, is a fact sufficiently new and exciting to arouse the interest of all those, who are at all intent upon the episodes of Missionary life in the East.

Primarily, I would give a retrospect of the events that preceded and led up to my capture by the Bolsheviks. The Nam-Yung region had for the previous two months been once more the scene of a bolshevist reaction. In the month of February alone two hundred persons were shot in the city of Nam-Yung. This fact excited the subversive element in the city and the Reds increased daily.

Everywhere vendetta succeeded vendetta. It was a series of reprisals that struck terror into the hearts of the citizens. In April and May the existence of a band of bolshevists, a really mysterious flying squad, made itself known by its savage deeds. Every night some new horror occurred and always in different parts of the province. Now it

would be the butchering of an entire family, now the burning of an whole quarter, now the devastation of the countryside.....

No rich or even well-to-do person dared to live outside the city, which became the centre of a continuous pilgrimage of the inhabitants of the outlying districts.

The morning of the eventful day.

But while the city of Nam-Yung was living amidst the turmoil caused by the war between the two provinces of Kuang-Tung and Kuang-Si, the whole zone constituted by the province of Nam Shiu Lin, which is comprised in our missionary field, was absolutely without any armed troops at all.

Hence, it furnished an easy prey for the Reds, who began to prepare their attack on the city.

The local mandarin and authorities expected the bolshevist attack from every quarter except that from which it really came.

June 2nd was the day upon which the christians of Li-Hen-Kiau had decided to celebrate the feast of Our Lady, Help of Christians. Fathers Munda, Correa, Ruffini and the Chinese priest Fr. Ha were invited to take part in the festivities and all very kindly came along. The first of June saw us all united and intent on the preparations for the celebrations of the following day.

That same day, June 1st, was the day fixed by the authorities for the celebrations in honour of the 'burial' of the corpse of Sun Yat Sen in the Mausoleum at Nanking. All the schools had been invited, or rather ordered to take part in the solemnities. The mandarin had quietened the people with the announcement that two *Thoen* of soldiers were proceeding from Shiu Chow to protect the city of Nam Yung. Reassured, I chose twelve of our boys and sent them, under proper supervision, to join the pupils of the

other schools, who were going to *Nam-Yung* for the occasion. I gave the three masters who were to accompany them minute instructions and warmly exhorted them, to look after their charges, since I myself was much too busy to accompany them.

Two hours passed in tranquillity, which time we priests spent in decorating the Church and house for the feast.

Save our children!

About midday a feeling of unrest began to manifest itself. Various citizens left the

should come to them. They departed consoled and confident in the protection of God.

No Entrance.

I saluted our dear confrères and recommended them to be on the alert for any developments, whilst I was gone. I had to go to see to the safety of our boys but they knew how to cope with any untoward circumstances.

I took my bicycle and set off. On the way I came across people flying in haste from the city. I asked for explanations and the



In the wake of the Reds; — a corpse-strewn road.

city without being able to give any satisfactory reasons for their action. There was a general panic. Whilst I stood at the door of the residence asking for explanations, there arrived the mothers of our boys and they wanted news of their children. They were all in tears. The whole city was in disorder, so they said, and they were very anxious about their children. Why had I not gone with the boys myself? They knelt down before me and wept unreservedly. My heart was much moved by their grief and I consoled them as best I could. I promised to go myself to see to the welfare of the children and added that Our Lord and His Blessed Mother would see that no harm

only reply I could extract was that it was dangerous to proceed on my way, or rather useless for I would get no entrance into the city. I could not make out whether the danger came from within or without.

If the city was shut up merely on account of fear of what might come from without, I was sure of getting in, for the authorities were well acquainted with me and would have no hesitation in letting me pass. I continued on my way determined to proceed prudently in my investigations.

At the first shops outside the city I called a halt and went to see one of the proprietors, an intimate friend of mine. He revealed what he knew, namely, that the Reds had

entered the city on the northern side and that shooting and sudden death were the order of the day.

Captured!

At that instant a platoon of soldiers came round the corner at the double. They were headed by the Red banner and all wore red armlets. They were some fifty yards distant when they caught sight of me. They stopped and levelled their rifles at my breast intimating that I should not move. I might even then have attempted flight across the rice-fields or on my bicycle. Both ways had their dangers and I was alone against fifty or more armed men. If, in fleeing, I should be wounded, the fault would be attributed to my temerity. Prudence advised me to surrender.

Quite calmly, I approached the soldiers. A number of these bolshevist Chinese surrounded me. The leader of the patrol, *Wong-Cio*, stuck his *Mauser* against my breast and demanded if I carried any firearms. He wished to search me but I stopped him by saying that it would be a waste of time as I did not carry any arms. I declared my name and quality as a catholic missionary on my way to the city to see to the well-being of my pupils. I presented my visiting card and asked that I should be allowed to proceed.

They answered very arrogantly that I must await the pleasure of *General Phang*. Two soldiers were appointed to guard me on the side of the road, while the rest continued their inspection of the nearby shops and houses.

Before the Bolshevist General.

After about twenty minutes wait, I was led into a shop close by and presented to a man who looked about thirty years old. He was striking in appearance, decisive in his movements and rather impudent in his bearing. He asked me to be seated and presented me with the inevitable tea. I asked with whom I had the honour of speaking and was informed that he was *General Phang Tet Fai*. I knew him by his notorious repute. He has at his disposal 2,500 bolshevists and strikes terror into whatever region he goes.

He asked me many questions, mainly concerning the movements of the troops of

the *Kiang-Si* province and of *Shiu-Chow*. To every question I gave an evasive answer. To my insistent demand to be set at liberty, he replied advising me to be at my ease and be patient. He then went away, not however without leaving the two soldiers to watch my every movement.

Imprisoned.

I easily understood that this was the beginning of my imprisonment. For an hour I was kept under observation in that shop, while my capturers were away seeking a place more adapted for a real gaol. This turned out to be a shop not far distant and there I was enclosed in a small room, where the door served as window and ventilator. My companions in this cell were two young lawyers of the province, both of good family and very clever, as also a common thief, who was confined with us so that he might report our movements to the Reds. An armed guard filled the doorway.

There, now, began a regular procession of bolshevists, all curious to see the European. They wished to have a good look at me and as the room was rather dark they flashed their torches on my face, so that they should miss nothing. The questions they asked me were legion ranging from the most curious to the most insipid.

"Its an ill wind..." and some christians took heart of grace and came to visit me. I took this opportunity of writing in pencil a couple of lines to my confrères, that they should not be anxious for my welfare but should look to themselves and their charges, because Europeans were being searched for by the revolutionaries.

The fall of Nam Yung.

Shortly after, we received two fresh companions in captivity, the vice-mandarin *Leong Ko Chang* and the chief of police *Toung*, who had been captured with his gun in his hand. From them we learnt details of the fall of the city. From *Pek San*, the mountains on the northern boundary, there came the vanguard of the Reds and they entered through a breach in the city wall. All signs of bolshevism were carefully hidden and they adjured the people not to fire, declaring themselves to be nationalist troops.

When about 300 of their number had entered the city, they pulled out their revolutionary emblems and headed by their red banner ran wild through all the main streets, firing off shots now and then in pure bravado. Meanwhile the main body of their troops entered the city, shouting in unison: *Shet! Shet!* cut off their heads! cut off their heads!

The wildest terror seized everybody. The two hundred soldiers of the people of *Cin Hing*, without firing a shot, betook them-

ed some three years ago. Immediately the invaders began their solitary and congenial (to them) work of destruction. This was capped by the burning of the house on the following day.

The prisons were opened. The four hundred and more delinquents were set at liberty, and, moreover, given a dollar or two apiece according to the distance from their native town. A magistrate whom they found in prison was butchered because they said he was an unjust man. The customs house



In the wake of the Reds — a proof of the "progress" they offer to China.

selves to the other side of the river and sought refuge in the mountains. The guards of the local merchants made haste to imitate them and made good their escape throwing away their arms and ammunition on the way.

At one o'clock the city was in the hands of the Reds, who went about exhorting the citizens to remain quiet and on no account to flee. The mandarin of the place *Fong Shin* was stopped on the main road by the bolsheviks and failing to recognise him they invited him to discontinue his journey. He saved himself by taking shelter in a barber's shop.

Destruction!

The house of the mandarin was occupied. This building is very imposing and was erect-

was sacked and they would have burnt it had not the owners of the nearby shops protested energetically against the project.

General Phang.

I now understood a little more of the gravity of my situation. I recommended myself to God and meanwhile considered my plan of action. The only course open to me was to importunate the bolshevik authorities that they should examine my case without delay.

Towards seven o'clock that evening, seeing that no-one was taking any steps for my liberation, I demanded an interview with *General Phang*. Ten minutes later I was led into his presence. His headquarters were a shop.

He received me with a smile and invited me to be seated. He was standing by a secretary who was going through some letters. Evidently it was the mandarin's correspondence for scarcely had they read the letters but they threw them on the floor. An armed guard stood behind my chair. I thought I should open the interview and said, "I beg your excellency to consider my case. I am a missionary of the Catholic Church and I take no part in politics. There are no grounds for my detention and I beg of you to set me at liberty". No direct reply to my request was forthcoming. Instead, in close staccato Funanese he began a violent speech against world imperialism, especially European: against the Catholic Church, which, according to him, was a supporter of that imperialism and antagonistic to the new ideas of the bolshevist regime. This, I think, is all he said in his speech of an hour or so. He spoke so quickly that it was difficult to follow him. If I attempted to interrupt the soldier struck me on the shoulder with his hand saying, "Keep quiet and listen".

A ray of hope.

When I thought he had come to the end of his speech I said, "That has absolutely nothing to do with me. Tell me why I have been arrested and take measures to restore me to liberty".

"I will examine your case tomorrow", he said, "and send you back to your residence".

One must believe a gentleman and his words heartened me considerably. He was the General of that section of the army and I did him the honour of believing in his honesty and sincerity. He dismissed me, warmly shaking my hand and accompanying me to the door himself.

The guard took me back to the improvised cell where with my five companions I passed the first night. Our beds were bare planks. Fear of what might have happened to my brethren of whom I had no news, anxiety for the Christians, for the fate of our residence combined to keep me awake and troubled. My sole comfort was prayer to God that He would turn all to His greater glory. Fear for my life I had none. The General had told me to fear nothing and he seemed sincere. Up to midnight the procession of

Reds anxious to have a look at me went on uninterrupted. They wished to talk to me but I was not in the mood to listen to their stupid questions. A corporal, a greater chatterer than the others, said to me, "Father without pledge or ransom, you will not get out of here". I ignored him.

Bolshevist activity.

The following day was Sunday, June 2nd. Before dawn rations were served out. At 7 o'clock I learnt that the mandarin's house was on fire, the residence of the German protestant missionaries completely destroyed, and a grand rally announced for 11 a.m. to set on foot the "league of the peasants".

The local reds all came into the city. They were well organised, very arrogant and intoxicated by their victory. They had yearned for this day for three years and more. A thirst for revenge burnt in their eyes. They would have sacked the whole city but *General Phang* had other plans.

Down with the Catholic Missionary!

In the meanwhile the Soviet council had disposed otherwise for me. The night had not brought them any finer feelings but rather the contrary.

At 10 o'clock, the very hour at which we should have sung the solemn high mass in honour of Our Lady, Help of Christians at *Li Heu Kiau*, I was called out of the cell.

About twenty jeering bolsheviks surrounded me at once. Two of them occupied themselves in binding my hands and arms behind my back, whilst a third stuck a dunce's hat upon my head. It was made of red paper and contained the inscription "Down with *Tet Fat Shu*, (my Chinese name), Catholic priest, dog that heralds the arrival of the imperialists". They stuck this on my head amid the jeers of the multitude, who awaited my exit.

I tried to protest, recalling to them my standing as a catholic missionary, and I shook my head so that the fool's cap fell to the ground.

There was a general outcry. Some pushed me, some pinched me, some cursed me. I realised that it was useless to offer any opposition and I prayed God for the necessary patience to carry my cross. One more furious

than the rest tightened up my bonds and began to bind my arms to my body. However, a corporal, with a little more humanity than his companions, intervened and himself cut the rope, leaving my arms but loosely bound.

Along the main road the procession formed up. The head of the procession was constituted by sixteen trumpeters, followed by twelve soldiers. Then came myself between two guards followed by a lad of 15, who held the cord that bound me and kept the people laughing with his antics.

The Reds lined the road, jeering and deriding the European, held up as a laughing-

I was in Rome. It was nearing half-past ten and I imagined the enthusiasm in the Eternal City, at the Vatican, where at that very moment my Father and Founder was being exalted to the honours of the altars. I prayed the newly beatified John Bosco to assist me in this, my hour of trial.

Finally we reached the great square of the city. A large platform had been prepared for the speakers. Had they not brought me on the scene, they would have had scarcely two hundred listeners. As it was the people flocked in thousands to witness the tragedy of the European.

I was tied to the platform. The soldiers



In the wake of the Reds — desolation and destruction reign supreme.

stock for all. The shopkeepers, too, came out to see the pitiable spectacle, and I noticed that it moved them to tears. All commiserated my fate for they knew me well. Not one of them ventured, even, to smile.

The boy that followed me impudently struck my unprotected shoulders with the end of the rope at the same time crying, "Down with imperialism!"

The value of prayer.

The journey lasted about twenty minutes. My heart was raised in prayer to the great white throne of God and I felt strengthened by the same Spirit that helped the Apostles to depart from the face of the Sanhedrin, rejoicing that they were found worthy to suffer for Christ's gentle sake. I smiled at my tormentors for, although in body I was the object of their ignorant hate, in spirit

retired and picketed themselves a little distance off. One soldier alone remained to watch me together with the afore-mentioned boy, who was specially intent upon tormenting me as much as he could.

My face was to the crowd so that I had to encounter their gaze. They seemed to wish to scrutinise every movement of my face and if possible the courage that inspired my calmness.

Some pitied me, some merely smiled. A crowd of boys were squatted at the foot of the platform. Among them I recognised at least eight of my pupils. They would have liked to have spoken to me but it was more than they dared to do.

The sun was blazing hot. My shoulders and head were unprotected and the pitiless rays beat down, adding to my discomfort.

The meeting began at last. It consisted of three speeches or better harangues from

three bolshevist agitators. The purport of the discourses ran on the old argument. The speakers vehemently inveighed against world imperialism, against the nationalists, specially against *Chong Kai Sat* and against the Catholic Religion.

The imp behind me employed himself in sustaining the hilarity of the spectators. He fixed my fool's hat in all possible positions knocking it over my eyes, putting it on the slant and anything else that suggested itself to his mischievous spirit. He pulled my beard and enjoyed himself in making fun of my helplessness. I myself was astonished at my calmness. Truly God is never found wanting.

I scrutinised all the spectators. I recognised many. I caught sight, too, of some of our christians. Their eyes were bright with unshed tears and I quickly averted my gaze lest their pity should unman me.

Pearls before swine!

One of the speakers had been in Europe and spoke French fairly well. This man spent his venom in vituperations against Jesus Christ and His Church and particularly against me, the minister of Christ there present. His blasphemies were horrible to hear. He twisted my fool's cap on my head and sarcastically commented upon the inscription. He wound up with a blasphemous parody of the Our Father and Hail Mary. He had learnt these sacred prayers at Paris at the hospital of St. Louis. There he had been cared for during a serious illness that lasted a month and a half, by the gentle Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. They had taught him the prayers he now ridiculed. Truly pearls before swine! Unfortunately, I only learnt the history of this unfortunate some ten days later.

When the speeches were all finished, the people were invited to come forward and express their sentiments on the recent events. Needless to say no-one moved. I asked for a hearing, promising to be very brief and to say nothing against the Communist Revolution. My request was peremptorily denied. The meeting concluded with the inevitable "*Down with...*" whatever happened to displease the speaker! and "*Long live...*" whatever happened to suit his mood.

The procession formed up again and amid

music (of a kind) and shouts I was led back to my shop-cell

Once in my cell, my bonds were loosened. My five companions offered me liveliest sympathy. The strain on my will and nerves now resolved itself into a sense of profound melancholy. But this was only for a moment for many of the Reds came along to congratulate themselves on the success of the procession and to observe its effects on me. Some, to console me, told me that those destined to be beheaded were never submitted to the public procession. Tired of their ridicule I replied that decapitation was perhaps a lesser evil. I asked for a little tea and they made haste to serve me.

A further examination!

The agitator *Ho Chong Kung*, he who had been in Europe, was one of the component members of the Soviet Council of eight. This man came to visit me in prison with the suavest of smiles upon his lips.

The blasphemies and injuries that he had uttered a short half hour previously came vividly before my mind and I was strongly tempted to ignore him, to treat him as the vile thing he was. However, I realised only too well that he had the whip-hand and that it were better to contain myself and treat him politely. "Father", he began (we spoke in French), "we have received information from the authorities of this region that you paid 5,000 dollars so that the nationalist troops should come to fight against us. If you are willing to pay a like sum to us we will set you at liberty at once. Moreover, you will be supplied with a free pass and safe-conduct for wherever you wish to go". "It is the blackest of lies", I replied, "and well do you know it. I did not pay a cent to the nationalist troops and not a cent will I pay you". "Think well over it, Father, and you may give me your answer tomorrow". "Today, tomorrow any time my answer will be the same. The Catholic Mission cannot and must not disburse such a ransom. I, myself, will be the first to oppose such a proceeding" "Very well", concluded the agitator, "you will have to expect great privations and numerous difficulties". He then left me, saying that he would report my answer to headquarters and return on the following day. (To be continued).

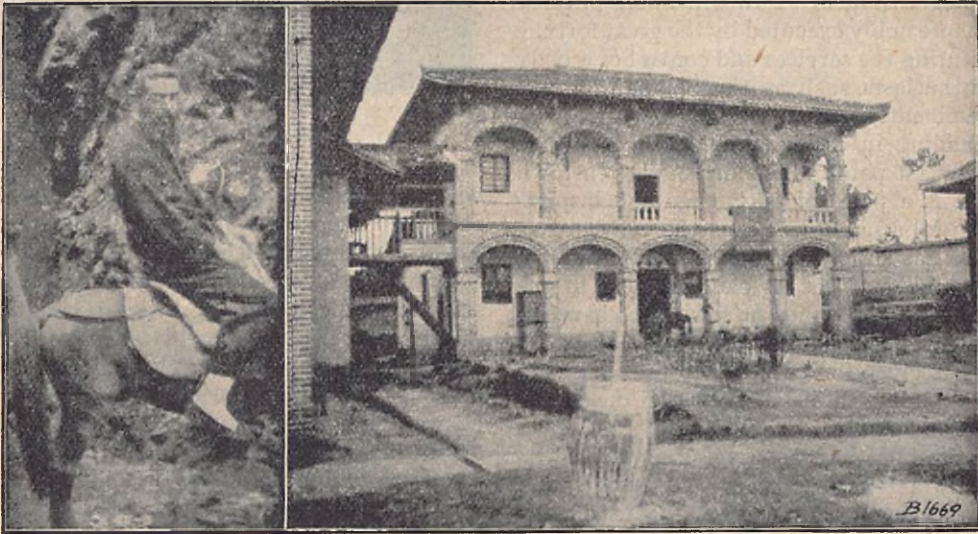
Guarding against evil Thoughts

Speaking on the virtue of holy purity Cardinal Bourne said he had been told by people outside the guidance of the Catholic Church that it came to them as a new revelation when they were warned against sinful thoughts. They had thought they could allow their minds to run riot and yet be free from sin, so long as they committed no external act.

in sullyng that purity he was, as it were, offering an insult to Almighty God.

"Watch over all your thoughts so that you have them under control; so that however strong the temptation may be you will always remain firm.

"This is a matter that depends upon prayer. No one of us can preserve his sanctity unless he pray to Almighty God to help him



Fr. Dalmasso and the Catholic Residence at Li-Heu-Kiau.

"There is," said His Eminence, "something peculiarly holy, something especially pleasing to Almighty God, something especially attracting His grace in this virtue of purity. And so we see it is always being attacked, not only by the passions rising up in the minds of men but by the extensive allurements all round about us.

"If you read the history of pagan days, you will see something quite startling and evidently diabolical in the attempts the old pagan world made upon the purity of Christian maidenhood. It is always the same thing: St. Agnes, St. Agatha, St. Lucy — and we can multiply the number.

"The devil made his attack more upon the souls than upon their lives, thinking that

"We have to be on our guard constantly, and no one who is careless can promise himself freedom from sin. With different circumstances, characters, and temperaments these temptations will vary, but unless we watch and pray we cannot keep ourselves pure and free from sin.

"Remember this, those of you to whom the care of children is confided—mothers and fathers and those who exercise any influence over the young. Never forget the teaching of the Church on this subject. Watch over them so that their consecrated souls may preserve the beauty of that consecration and that they may guard themselves against temptation"

(The Universe).

Agricultural Education in Ireland

By T. O'DONNELL, B. L.

In Warrenstown, Co. Meath, there is growing up one of the most promising institutions for the development of agriculture in Ireland that it has ever been my fortune to visit. Six years ago the Salesian Fathers took over a fine old house and 500 acres of excellent land, given by the late Mrs. Elizabeth Lynch for the industrial and educational advancement of Irishmen. It was a noble purpose still more nobly executed by the great fortune of securing the services and control of a body of enthusiasts such as the Salesian Fathers pre-eminently are.

Standing in the midst of Meath, in silence and almost painful loneliness, Warrenstown House is a place of pilgrimage and inspiration. All around, as far as the eye can see, nature has supplied the most fertile land in the world, and yet no children play in the wayside, no ploughing, no sowing, no harvesting of the incalculable potential wealth that God has given for Irishmen to use. Having passed through miles of this rich, neglected desert on our way from Dublin, Warrenstown is a refreshing and encouraging sight. Started only a few years ago, as I have said, a veritable revolution has been effected in this sleepy, neglected, weed-shackled Meath estate.

Who are these missionaries that are spreading the light in man-deserted Meath, setting an example of progress in industrial agriculture, tillage and modern methods of up-to-date farming? Fr. O'Grady, the late Rector and founder of the College is one of the senior members of the Order of Salesian Fathers



Warrenstown House.

who have founded agricultural and industrial schools in almost every country in the world. Highly cultured, with large experience of agricultural development in its business and scientific aspects in the several countries where he previously taught, filled with enthusiasm and hope from a properly educated farming community in his native country, he was singularly qualified to begin the great and much-needed revolution in Irish education which his school stands for. He was ably supported by a staff of three priests and five brothers, who give their whole lives to the work with a love and zeal and patience that could scarcely be understood by anyone who did not visit the institution.

The house and grounds when taken over a few years ago were typical of many others in our country. Gardens and outhouses no longer showing the care of the worker, lands given over to bullocks, weeds and occasional jungles. All is now changed, everywhere there is bustling life and work and cheer. Every year fifty acres of land that scarcely ever before were disturbed are ploughed and sown with wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, etc. Thus is the stupid, but prevalent idea fostered by the rancher, that Meath land is not fit for tillage, answered effectively by these worthy Fathers. Out-offices have been renovated, electric light installed, farm machinery of all kinds driven by power, and all done by the Fathers themselves. Forty



Salesian Agricultural College—Limerick.

boys, the sons of farmers from thirteen counties in the Free State, are students in the College, and take part in all the farming operations. To us, in Ireland, who understand colleges to be places where bookishness, theories, abstractions and a certain



Practical work on the farm at the—

amount of superior snobbishness prevail, the sight of those forty boys was indeed a revelation and a pleasure. Clad in working farming clothes, sleeves rolled up, chests open to the sun, they presented figures of manliness, happiness and joy. Some in the fields put in the crops, others in the carpenter's shop were taught—again by one of the community—to do those things so necessary in every farmer's home. All assemble in the laboratory in the morning, having milked their thirty milch cows, to test milk, seeds, manures, soils, etc., and there to learn in a practical and thorough fashion everything connected with the science of agriculture. Theory and practice, books and practical application of theories are combined so as to make the training thorough and complete. Gardening, farming, buying and selling, account keeping, in fact everything connected with the technical, the practical and the commercial aspects of agriculture are, each day, explained to the boys, and they have themselves to take part in each of the varied branches. Here no vulgar snobs, no discontented idlers are produced, but men reveling in work and trained to secure from that work a competence, independence and happiness that no other work can give. They are taught to feel the dignity of labour, the pride of work and achievement. Here the neglected and almost despised industry of agriculture is placed before those young boys

in a new and attractive light—not all drudgery, ending in poverty, dullness and dreariness, but on the contrary, by the combination of manly work and intelligent commercial and scientific direction they are made to realise that work on the land is healthy and happy and can be very remunerative.

Needless to say, living as they are and working daily in the fields and the workshops side by side with the Fathers who take off their coats and do the work of ordinary labourers and artisans, the moral training of those boys is such as cannot be given in any other institution. Why has this school lain neglected and almost unknown for so long? It seems somewhat discreditable to us all that the patience and zeal of these worthy pioneers should pass without recognition or public support. In our midst, without our knowing and almost without attracting our interest, one of the most promising revolutions of the century is taking place, one which in time will give a new outlook and direction to Irish agriculture. Meath—lonely, deserted Meath—blessed by the Almighty with the richest land in the world, has now in its midst a body of men, who, if supported as they deserve to be, will double the population and treble the wealth of that rich but neglected county in twenty years. Meath of the plains and deserted homesteads, Meath of the ranches, where men may not live, cannot long remain the unpeopled, deserted, potentially fruitful but undeveloped wilderness it too long has been, in face of the example, the inspiration and the practical but revolutionary object-lessons which this school daily furnishes.

It is not, however, to Meath alone that we would confine such schools. In a country



Salesian Agricultural College—Warrenstown.

like ours where three-fourths of our people are on the land, and where practically nine-tenths of our population live by its produce, we should aim at having one such school in every county. For too long our education has been conducted with practically no regard or preparation for the main work on whose produce we all live. The result is that our methods of agriculture are primitive, our natural wealth lies waste. Politicians cannot make agriculture prosper; good schools, such as that at Warrenstown, most certainly can. Lectures by theorists from their easy chairs on the laziness and incompetence of our farmers are mere wanton insolence that can only irritate and annoy, and are grossly unjust and unworthy in view of the total absence of agricultural education in this country of ours. The farmer has allowed himself to become an outcast socially and educationally, condemned to hard work with no State direction or training to prepare him for it. All this must be changed. Every young man who is to be given a farm by his parents should have one year in a school such as Warrenstown. The effect on the nation in a generation would be incalculable. We cannot achieve this at once, but we can at least make a beginning. The county councils of our country have the power to grant scholarships for higher education. Education in farming is the most urgent need of the moment. The boys will come back to their farms and there apply the training they have received, whereas other scholarships mainly send our boys away, forever lost to the country, or if they stay at home they drift to the ranks of the unemployed and the discontented. They are not and cannot be wealth producers as trained farm-

ers most certainly are. We are spending each year millions on education in the Free State. We have secondary schools in every county to prepare for the various professions, but none for the one body on whom we all live. The parasites or non-producers are carefully provided for, a brand of special superiority is attached to them, while the workers and directors of our chief industry are wholly neglected, and by implication treated as an inferior class. This is wholly wrong, it must be changed. Our county councils should set the lead by using the funds at their disposal for giving young farmers real practical and true education which will serve them and their country.

Another aspect of agricultural policy strikes one immediately from a visit to Warrenstown. What if the State were to take the untenanted expanse of country surrounding this College, divide it up into farms of thirty and fifty acres, give it to boys trained in the College, create a colony under the fostering and directing care of the Fathers who would assist and advise them in their work. This would make Meath bloom once more, and give its due quota to the nation's wealth.

In all sincerity I would suggest to those members of the Dáil who wish to inaugurate an enlightened agricultural policy for the nation, to pay a visit to Warrenstown and learn what is being done there, and what possibilities it holds for immense national development. Hear a lecture, not from theorists, but from practical workers, who by their own unaided efforts have achieved miracles. See the Fathers and their boys at work, happy, buoyant, proud. Do this and you will have acquired some valuable lessons for a new land policy for the nation.



Timbered property at Warrenstown.



Moments in the celebrations of Blessed John Bosco at Buenos Aires.

Buenos Aires and the Beatification of John Bosco

The success and splendour of the festivities in honour of the Blessed Don Bosco in Buenos Aires surpassed the most optimistic conjectures and expectations.

In all public and private offices, in the workshops and factories, in the business houses, on the streets, in the tram cars, at the railway stations, in the trains, and on all sides, the conversation of the day was Don Bosco and his extraordinary work.

The Ecclesiastical Authorities, the Secular Clergy and the Religious Communities all participated in a most active, cordial and unanimous manner.

On the part of the Civil Authorities it would be scarcely possible to conceive a more public and enthusiastic manifestation of sympathy and admiration towards the Blessed Don Bosco and the Salesian Community.

On the 3rd., 4th. and 5th. of October, though the entrance was by ticket, the grand

Church of San Carlos was always crowded to the doors both at the morning and evening celebrations.

On the three nights after the religious functions there were band concerts in front of the church.

Blessed Don Bosco glorified.

The General Holy Communion of Don Bosco's Ex-Alumni on Sunday morning at 8 o'clock, in the Cathedral, was indeed a most imposing and edifying act. Only men were admitted. Nearly all had been to confession on the previous day; notwithstanding, from a very early hour in the morning, the sacristies of all the Salesian Churches of the city and surrounding towns were crowded with penitents and in the Cathedral eighteen confessors were busy at work attending to all those who wished to receive absolution before approaching the Holy Altar.

While His Grace the Archbishop celebrated Mass at the high altar, Rev. Frs. Peruzzo, Pagliere and Esandi celebrated at side altars and ten priests gave Holy Communion both at the high and side altars simultaneously.

For the Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral at 10 o'clock the entrance tickets were only given to those who requested them personally; notwithstanding, after distributing fifteen thousand, at the last hour on Saturday evening a large number of requests had to be refused, as there were no more tickets available.

The grand parade on Sunday afternoon of the Salesian Colleges, and Convents and their Associations and Confraternities was a revelation even to those who are most intimately vinctulated with the institution.

The head of the manifestation started from Plaza Congreso at a quarter past three, and at half past four the column ranged compact from Plaza Congreso along Rivadavia, Castro Barros and Victoria to San Carlos Church—twenty seven squares—while the statue of Don Bosco and clergy had not yet commenced to move from the Salesian College in Calle Solis, as there were still a large number of contingents with flags and banners in Plaza Congreso and the adjoining streets awaiting their place in the lines.

Shortly after five the statue and clergy commenced to move from the Plaza Congreso and at six o'clock had arrived at San Carlos Church.

At a quarter to four His Excellency, President Irigoyen, with the presidential guard, joined the manifestation and continued in the column for a full half-hour, until arriving near Almagro he started out and advanced in order to take his place in a balcony specially prepared for the occasion in front of the church, from whence he and the Vice-President, Dr. Martinez, five Ministers, Dr. Cantilo, Lord Mayor of the City; Colonel Graneros, Chief of Police; and the head men of nearly all the public offices witnessed and most enthusiastically cheered the manifestations.

At the conclusion of Monsignor Napal's sermon and the giving of Benediction, His Excellency and suite departed, at 7 o'clock, amid the acclamations and cheers of the immense gathering assembled in the College yards and in the surrounding streets.

All were loud in praise and admiration of

the extraordinary man whose saintly life and merits had been proclaimed and proposed to public veneration by His Holiness Pius XI.

Correspondent in "Southern Cross".

A THOUGHT FOR FEBRUARY.

Let us hold ourselves firm under temptation and cling closely to the foot of Our Lord's Cross; the rain which falls there from every part quickly abates the storm, however great it be.

St Francis of Sales.

OBITUARY

The Salesian Co-operators are asked to pray for the repose of the souls of the following, whose anniversaries occur about this time.

Thomas Kilmartin	(Killiney).	Ireland.
Annie	»	»
Katherine	»	»
Mary	»	»
Annie	»	»
Ellen	»	»
Jane	»	»
John	»	»
James	»	»
William	»	»
Thomas	»	»
John Alban	»	»
William Rogers	»	»
Catherine	»	»
William	»	»
Sarah Anne	»	»
Annie	»	»
John Quirk	»	»
Rev. Mother Mary	»	»
Thomas Ryan	»	»
Paul Lynch	»	»
Mary Stack	»	»
Mr. P. Neeghan	(Belfast)	»
Mrs Hurley	(Bootle)	England.

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they might be Abyssinians; or, if not, Maoris; then again, the Holy Father was wanting him to send his people to India—the savages could perhaps be found there...

Meanwhile he set some of his best priests to the intensive study of English.

* * *

6. Then Divine Providence solved his problem for him: the Bishop of Buenos Ayres appealed to him for help in converting the peoples of Patagonia. Darwin had visited these poor savages in those very years, and he had serious and scientific doubts as to their rationality; for to him they seemed all put pure animals...

Don Bosco saw that they were the poor creatures who had filled his visions with supplications, and savagery, and song; they were the poorest of the poor, helpless beyond all others, and his heart was touched to great pity for them.

Yes, he said, *we will go*. He sent the pick of his disciples, and, as their leader, the lad who fifteen years previously lay dying—who thirty years later was John Cagliero, Cardinal Bishop of the Holy Roman Church—Catholic and Apostolic.

By now Don Bosco was a man of sixty, and as he bade his fine boys (they were little more) Good-bye and God-speed, he broke down and wept in public—the dear old man. He wanted to go with them..

* * *

7. Ten years later he lay ill; and his thoughts were with his sons in the wilds of Patagonia. . The door opened, and there, like another vision, the bronzed face, dark hair and shy figure of a pretty little Patagonian girl: Don Bosco could not go to Patagonia, so Patagonia had come to Don Bosco.

Crossing the floor with feline grace, the girl kneels before the Great White Father whom she has been taught to love and revere.

O, dearly beloved Father! she cries in accents strange, but thrilling with the gratitude of ten thousand years of paganism unbound,

O dearly beloved Father, I thank thee for sending thy sons to my country—for my salvation and that of all my people.

* * *

8. Not long after God had thus shown him the first fruits of his missionary ardours, he was again rapt in vision; and it was given to him to see the march of his missionary sons across the continents of the world. The Dream-Lady who had smiled into his eyes, and appointed unto him his Mission, in the morning of his life, now came back again in the evening, and showed what great things his sons must do that came after him. Right across the world she threw a line that started at Santiago and swept across to Central Africa, started once more and completed the circuit of the globe in Pekin.

That, she smiled, is the march my Salesians must make.

And when Don Bosco compared the immensity of the field of labour with the paucity of his personnel, she smiled; *then showed him scattered about the world, bases of operation into which poured all the personnel that could be called for...*

Now, here is the thing to keep in mind: *that vision is coming true.*

The sons of Don Bosco have already marched across the world from Santiago to Valparaiso; through Central Africa; from Bombay to Calcutta; and from Bangkok to Pekin. But so far, the reality is but a sketchy outline in comparison with what is yet to be; a *very* sketchy outline indeed.

* * *

9. If Don Bosco were alive today, he would perhaps weep tears even more bitter than before over the map of the Pagan East. There are still 1,000,000,000 souls who know nothing of Christ; worse, these 1,000,000,000 souls are *now* being corrupted by the neo-paganism of the West. The East is at last awaking from its long lethargy; will it wake to the light of perfect day, or will it wake to the false glare and glitter of

the Super, the 150 % Pagan Cinema? The world is no longer large; modern conditions have made the Bombay and Yokohama of to-day as near as the Paris and Constantinople of fifty years ago: the line of Kipling is being belied, and for better or for worse, *East is meeting West*.

His Holiness sees the danger. He is pressing, *pressing*, **PRESSING** for the Catholic world to wake up and take action.

We English-speaking Catholics are particularly well-placed strategically for this forward movement; for the prestige of the English-speaking nations is predominant in the Near and Far East.

The zeal of Missionaries is good; but it must be helped out by the prestige of the institutions, schools, language and culture, of the English-speaking nations.

The East is calling aloud for English-speaking Missionaries.

That is why the Sons of the Blessed John Bosco, interpreting his mind, have recently opened a Missionary College at Shrigley Park in Cheshire; this in addition to the Missionary Section (chiefly for the Late Vocations) of the house at Cowley, Oxford. In the former, there are already 50 in training; and in the latter 30. In the United States too, the Salesians have initiated their houses of formation at Newton in the eastern province and at Richmond in

the western province. These centres are, in the order of Providence, amongst those *bases of operation* which were shown to Don Bosco in vision...

And sure enough, *the personnel is pouring in*: it still remains for Our Lady to inspire you to great generosity, so that the labourers (who are worthy of their hire) may have their hire.

If you cannot pay for apostles, pray for them. If you *can* pay, the addresses are:

In England — Very Rev. Salesian Provincial, Salesian College, Battersea, S. W. II.

Rev. Fr. Rector, Salesian Missionary College, Shrigley Hall, nr. Macclesfield, Cheshire.

Rev. Fr. Rector, Salesian House, Cowley, Oxford.

In the United States — **East.** Very Rev. Salesian Provincial, 148 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

West. Very Rev. Salesian Provincial, 666, Filbert St., San Francisco, California.

By MARIUS O'HARA.

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