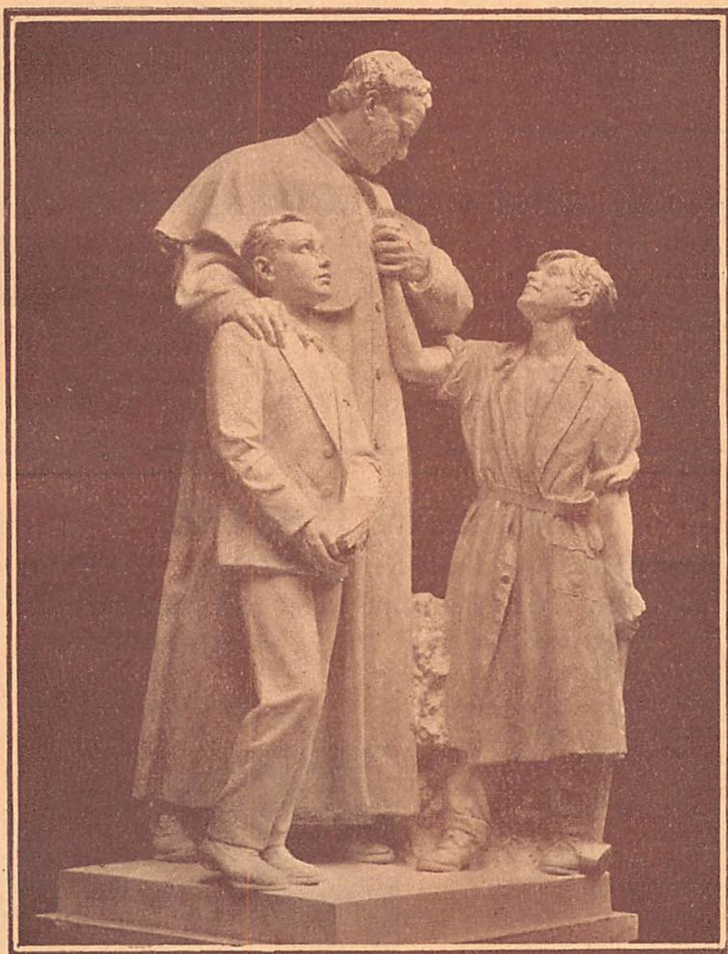


SALESIAN BULLETIN

ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATION OF
SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS



JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1932



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SALESIAN BULLETIN

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SUMMARY: The Passing of Fr. Philip Rinaldi. — The annual letter to the Co-operators. — The Bishop of the People. — Throughout the Missionary World of Mary Help of Christians. — Death of Mgr. Malan. — When 'Dreams' come True. — Blessed John Bosco and the Leakage Question in '41. — What We Hear. — Novena. — Obituary.

The Passing of Fr. Philip Rinaldi Superior General of the Salesians.

Turin, December 10th. 1931.

Dear Confrères and Friends in Jesus Christ,

Let us bow down and adore the inscrutable designs of Divine Providence which has turned the joyful celebrations of the Salesians throughout the world into mourning.

Our beloved Father, Don Philip Rinaldi, went to the eternal reward of his saintly life on the eleventh hour of Saturday, December 5th.

During the second fortnight of October, in spite of our filial opposition and contrary to the advice of the doctors, he set out to visit some of our houses in the Lombardy and the Venetian Provinces. On his return he was stricken down by a heart attack more violent than usual. The best doctors called to attend him judged his condition to be very serious. It was then that the Superiors had recourse to your prayers. The improvement which followed led us to take heart once again.

On Saturday, he received Holy Communion, and assisted at Mass celebrated in an adjoining chapel. The doctor visited him at his usual time and confirmed the improvement. At 10.30 am. our dear Father received a visit from Abbé Cartier S. C. whom he blessed with special tenderness. But when his secretary returned a little later, he found him motionless, serenely resting in his arm chair with his head slightly bent. Blood pressure of the brain had, in a single stroke, cut off his precious life.

The Superiors and doctors ran to him in all haste, but they could only fall upon their knees before him, stricken with sorrow, to pray for this chosen soul.

Hence we are yet again orphans, for our beloved Father, Don Rinaldi, has been taken; though not unexpectedly, for he had waited upon this last call as he himself told us openly during the past few months.

Fr. Rinaldi was one of those predestined by Divine Providence to stand close by the side of Blessed John Bosco.

Born at Lu Monferrato on the 28th. of May 1856, he had the fortune of seeing the saint as a child of five or six, and the impression he received from the happy carefree company of boys who accompanied Don Bosco on those autumn holiday rambles could never be erased from his mind.

At the age of ten he entered the Salesian School of Mirabello and Our Lord was to give him an indelible memory of this time as well. He himself related, that going to Don Bosco to confession, little by little he saw the saint's face grow luminous with the brilliant light one is accustomed to see in the pictures of the blessed; but of this he forbade us to speak during his life time.

We do not know why it was that he broke off his studies. But we do know that Don Bosco insisted many times, generally through a priest, Don Roti, that Philip should return to one of our houses. But Don Bosco was not to be put off, and charged Don Bonetti to go to Lu to see that Philip Rinaldi *did* return. There was a long period of wavering and perhaps it was Don Bosco himself who overcame the last scruples when seeing him once again at Borgo San Martino. He finally made up his mind to enter upon the ecclesiastical career. On that occasion he heard Don Bosco tell Mgr. Ferri, Bishop of Casale, that Don Albera would be his second successor. Who knows if Don Bosco, at that moment, did not hear some interior voice whisper to him: "Behold, the boy who stands before you will be your third successor!"

This much is certain that the career of Don Rinaldi was extraordinarily rapid and shows in a particular way the esteem and love Don Bosco always had for him.

Among the papers our good Father left upon his writing desk, there was one in particular I came upon, it was uppermost and read "*Golden Jubilee Mass!*?" In it, after having recalled to mind those years during which he had interrupted his studies he writes, "It was Don Bosco who traced out the path for me; who sent me to receive Holy Orders without my having given any sign or made any request either to him or to anyone else. The day I was made a priest, he asked me if I were content. I replied; "being with Don Bosco everything is all right, but if Don Bosco should put me out of the Congregation I should find myself completely at a loss!"

These words, while they put in relief once more that wise intuition of our Founder, they also reveal to us clearly the absolute and filial confidence with which Don Rinaldi gave himself up without any reserve to his direction.

Sent by him, we find him in San Pier d'Arena where he always carried off the first prizes, leaving there a splendid record of exemplary conduct. We see him again at S. Benigno as a Novice, where, after having received the cassock from the hands of Don Bosco he continued his studies.

On the 23rd. of December, 1882 he was ordained priest at Ivrea by Mgr. Riccardi and a few months later, Don Bosco made him Rector of the House just opened at *Mathi Torinese* for Aspirants; later they all migrated to Turin itself where they dwelt near the Salesian Church of St. John the Baptist. Don Rinaldi continued to be Rector from 1884 to 1889.

It was during those years especially that he had intimate relationship with Don Bosco, who so esteemed him that several times he wished him to take part in the deliberations of the Superior Chapter.

And why did God allow these distinctions and privileges?

I would almost dare to say, it was that Fr. Rinaldi might know that the priest whom he had known as a child was indeed a great Servant of God, and that he, being destined to be his third Successor, recalling to mind those marvels he had witnessed, might feel an even more lively desire to inspire his sons to tread more and more faithfully in the footsteps of Don Bosco.

THE LAST PHOTO OF THE LATE
FR. RINALDI



*"Ah well, if I may no longer work, at least I serve to make
people pray!"*

Fr. Rinaldi.

Some twelve years he spent in Spain, first as Rector of the House of Sarrià and from 1892 in the office of Provincial. It is sufficient to say that so much did the Salesian Work prosper under his guiding hand that he was able to open nineteen houses, and notably increase the number of Salesian religious.

The Salesians, who together with me, had the good fortune of being his co-workers during those happy years, can recall with emotion how much he was loved by all, and particularly by the boys who hung lovingly upon his words, always efficacious and always inspiring them to the love and imitation of Don Bosco.

Spain had ever to the last a special corner in his heart. "Before concluding," he wrote in his last circular, "I beg of your charity special prayers for Catholic Spain so fiercely persecuted in these times, I ask because it is specially dear to me on account of the long years spent there, which enable me to judge of the severity of the present troubles."

How much the good Father suffered in these latter times on account of the happenings in Spain! Suffice it say that he desired that I went there twice within a short time to carry his fatherly comfort to those dearest of his children.

Called in 1901 by Don Rua to be Prefect General of the Salesians, he produced in those first ten years of Capitular work a really marvellous activity—I will mention just a little: the long hours spent each day in the confessional; the special care he had for the working of the Co-operators Association and for the Salesian Bulletin; his solicitude for the foundation of the Old Boys' Associations; his intense zeal to popularise and vivify the Festive Oratories; the weekly conference to the students of the International Theologate at Foglizzo, which did much to inspire the practise of the manner and the methods of Don Bosco among the Salesians of different nations; and lastly the devotion he ever gave to Don Rua in everything connected with the Congregation.

To bring into light his work up to the death of Don Rua let me just quote the words written by Don Albera in his first circular letter.

"After Don Rua himself, there comes before me another who has merited well before our Congregation, and to whom it is due that I, and all of you, should offer the homage of our esteem and gratitude. I speak of him who, after the death of our beloved Don Rua, held the reins of the Salesian Society, Don Philip Rinaldi. To his delicate tact and to his well-known spirit of enterprise we were made debtors during the last illness of Don Rua. And it is due to him if, especially on Don Rua's death, our Congregation did not have to suffer the great setbacks which menaced the very existence of the flourishing Religious Community at the loss of their Founder and his Successor gifted as he was with such exceptional qualities. During the period of Don Rinaldi's government everything went along with order and regularity whether with regard to the internal working of the Society or in its external relations. We owe it to him if the financial position of the Society is sound in spite of the sad times through which we pass. In him we found a good superior and a loving brother, especially to all the Provincials and delegates who came from far distant shores to our General Chapter."

Neither was his second ten years of Capitular work less noteworthy, when he laboured at the side of Don Albera.

I limit myself to recall the part he played in the erection of the Monument to Don Bosco; in the development of the Unioni dei Padri di Famiglia; in the formation of the Society of the Zelators of Mary, Help of Christians. And during those anxious years of the War, he did all he could to help the soldiers, to relieve the stricken and to provide for the orphans.

Then, when on the death of Don Albera, he was elected to succeed him, there burst into fuller light his gifts of prudent and fatherly Superior and his indefatigable spirit of work and enterprise.

Of this we have the witness of the number of houses which have increased by more than 250 and that of the Salesians by more than 4,000; the foundation of the Missionary Institu-

tes; the new missions of Gran Chaco Paraguay, of Upper Luapula in the Congo, of Puert Velho in Brazil, of Miyazaki in Japan, of Rajaburi in Siam, of Krishnagar, North Arcot and Madras in India; the growth seen in the houses of formation in general and the perfecting of the studies of Philosophy and Theology; his enlightened care and fatherly prodigality in his quality of Pontifical Delegate of the Institute of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians; the thousand missionaries sent to the various missions and the many hundreds sent to strengthen the houses all over the world.

But before giving impetus to all this manifold activity, he sought first to obtain from the Holy Father the precious indulgence of "*Sanctified Work*" as if to remind the members of



Surrounded by his Salesians and boys shortly after he had passed away.

the whole Salesian Family that if, following Don Bosco we must never cease to labour, we must at the same time do it together with him and in the most intimate union with God, for His glory alone and for the Salvation of Souls.

More than anything else he held the conservation of the Salesian Spirit dear to his heart, diligently did he seek to tread in the footsteps of Don Bosco and he never ceased to inculcate upon his sons that they should do likewise.

The Quinquagenary of the approbation of the Salesian Constitutions and that of the Salesian Missions, the centenary of the first dreams and still more the various phases of the Cause of Beatification of our Blessed Father D. Bosco, culminating in the memorable solemnities of the 2nd and the 9th. of June 1929, offered to our beloved Superior the occasion to stimulate and lead his sons to an ever more intense love and more perfect imitation of D. Bosco.



Clerics of eight nations carry the coffin from the Basilica of Mary Help of Christians.

We saw him made young again, almost transfigured, in those days of the triumph of the Blessed, when all lived only for Don Bosco.

"We have seen it with these very eyes," he wrote a little later, "we have enjoyed it with the unspeakable joy of tears, we have it graven indelibly in the most intimate sanctuary of our spirit, this triumphal progress which accompanied the beatified body of our Father to Valdocco."

Forty long years before he had accompanied it to Valsalice together with the thousands in deep mourning and now he had the immense happiness of accompanying it home again reclothed in the sanctity which works miracles.

The two years and a half he survived, he passed in the most delicate spiritual joy near the Urn of the Father before which he frequently celebrated Holy Mass and more frequently knelt in prayer, saying after such visits, to those intimate with him; "I have just been to have a little heart to heart talk with Our Blessed Father."

And now he is no more! He is, we have the firmest hope, with Don Bosco, with Don Rua, with Don Albera watching from heaven his beloved Congregation and each one of us,

* * *

The eighth of December, the very day on which ninety years before Don Bosco began our humble Society, the whole of Turin glorified those same works extended to the confines of the earth, no longer radiant with joy but in deep sorrow following the coffin of the third successor.

Let me repeat to you a thought which he expressed on the day of the Beatification to the whole Oratory congregated in the Basilica of Mary Help of Christians and encircled around him.

"We have been present at a real triumph of our Father." The phrase has another application to-day,—Prelates, Authority and the People pay to Don Rinaldi the homage of their loving admiration.

And there is another phrase which comes to my mind, bearing the faint note of prophecy and it was written by Don Bosco himself in one of his memoirs, which to-day, it seems to me has fulfillment in Don Rinaldi... "When it shall come to pass," he wrote, "that a Salesian succumbs working on behalf of souls, then shall you say that the Society has achieved a great triumph and Heaven will shower down blessings upon it."

This is certainly the day of the foretold triumph, because this indeed characterised the death of Fr. Rinaldi.

He had it is true, in an eminent degree, the gift to govern, a fine practical sense and a genuine fatherliness, but above all he was the worker, constant and indefatigable, who did not know the meaning of repose, who every day thought out new plans for the salvation of souls.

The doctors who had for the venerable Superior constant and affectionate care, many times repeated that the life of Don Rinaldi could have continued for several years had he only allowed himself a little respite from his many activities. But the good Father would never listen to their nor to our demands, repeating to us continually the words of the Apostle: *Non facio animam meam pretiosiores quam me*. Nothing less than the uncompromising command of the doctors was sufficient to make him leave, at least for a few days, the opening of the daily postbag. And even then he did not know how to contain himself at ease.

On one of the last evenings, while he was telling us of the erksomeness of this compulsory inactivity, for his comfort, I said to him, that all over the world you were praying for him, that he might soon take up his work again; he looked up with pleasure and said: "Ah well, that means that if I can no longer work, at least I serve to make people pray!"



The Funeral Procession, headed by nine Bishops, passing along the crowded streets of Turin.

On that sad afternoon of the Immaculate Conception, when the unending procession filed devoutly through the dense crowds of people, from every side came the murmur of muttered prayers, it seemed to me that the cold face of our Father smiled just once again to repeat those selfsame words: "Ah well, if I can no longer work, at least I serve to make people pray!"

Let us all, children of the same large family, give our beloved superior, now that he has gone to rest from his life of labour, the joy and the comfort of seeing us at prayer. Let us pray for the repose of his soul, let us pray for the Congregation he loved so dearly.

Before concluding this letter there is something that I must tell you all. As I have already noted above, the improvement in health of the last few days gave rebirth to our hopes of celebrating the sacerdotal jubilee of Fr. Rinaldi all over the world and in every tongue.

All have received the programme which bears witness to the strength of our hopes. He, the Good Father, let things go on, he examined the programme, smiled but shook his head. Nevertheless, not to cloud our joy he even agreed to leave out one paragraph in his last circular letter which we thought would sadden the filial piety of his children.

But it is right to-day that you should know those words, not only as a testimony of what was firmly fixed in his mind but also as a testimony of his fatherly love.

"And now," he wrote, "dearest children let me say just one word about a certain date which regards me personally, and which has already been announced in the Salesian Bulletin and other periodicals. I have seen the programme recently prepared by the good Prefect General and the members of the Superior Chapter to keep the feast of the Fiftieth Anniversary of my Ordination to the Priesthood and of my first Holy Mass.

"It is a programme of great proportions, which shows many many good intentions and the most lofty sentiments. I suppose that my Superior Chapter have already some understanding with Our Dear Lord and that all will go ahead in order. It is not the thing that I should speak of myself: because I do not hold my life more precious than myself, I do not refuse the work so long as it shall please God to ask it of me and to give me the strength to carry it out. All the same, I, who am among the oldest, remember how in a time now long ago, great preparations were made for the Golden Jubilee of our Blessed Founder Don Bosco, but all was done too soon and went up in smoke. Twenty-one years later they thought to be more fortunate with Don Rua, so much so that they actually celebrated the first day of his Jubilee Year with great enthusiasm, but all finished there, because he was called to the Eternal Jubilee amidst the splendours and the Hosannas of the Saints. It is better that we all let Our Dear Lord do what is better for me, for you and for our beloved Congregation."

Then, almost as if to take attention from himself he reassumes, in a mystic synthesis and with profound thought all the Eucharistic conceptions and aspirations of Don Bosco, and expresses the desire that the end of the feast should be extended, inviting all to celebrate a Jubilee in which the members of the Salesian Family might all participate and co-operate to the triumph of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

Defunctus adhuc loquitur!

Dearest Brethren let us all take the word of Our Father with devotion and resolution; let it be to us light, guidance and comfort. And while we pay him daily the debt of our filial gratitude, let us do our best to reproduce in our life his example of fruitful goodness and thus make ourselves ever more worthy sons of Blessed John Bosco.

Pray for the Members of the Superior Chapter and especially for

Your devoted servant in Jesus Christ,

PETER RICALDONE

Prefect General.

The Late Very Rev. Philip Rinaldi, Superior General, to the Salesian Co-operators.

My Dear Co-operators,

Our Rule prescribes that annually we should give you a report of the principal works done during the year. Very willingly I fulfil this duty, that I may have the occasion to thank you for your charity with which you have helped me up to the present moment to care for so many abandoned boys, and secondly to give thanks to Our Lord who has blessed us so abundantly.

With these words, fifty years ago, Don Bosco opened the annual 'balance sheet', which his successors have continued regularly, and see, I myself come again with the selfsame purpose.

But this year, and I confess it openly, it seems almost impossible for me to put before you a synthetic view of the works which we have been able to complete, thanks to Divine Providence, during 1931, in many of our institutes dispersed all over the world and to your charity. And on the other hand the *Salesian Bulletin*, month by month, gives you the news of what we are doing, even in these difficult times, on behalf of every sort of people. I am certain that if you could have under your eye the private chronicle of not a few of our houses, you would feel a greater desire to help so many poor souls, and would be more convinced of the heap of blessings and graces which Our Lord holds prepared for you.

This year I want to recall your attention to one thing alone: that you should help us wholeheartedly to continue two important works, which we must push ahead day by day, even in our present grave lack of means.

Let us go back in thought to our dear Father Don Bosco: to a detail of his boyhood.

One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago, as we read in his life, he had begun successfully his study of Latin at Castelnuovo, and his wise and good

mother, convinced that God had called him to the Priesthood, decided to send him regularly to the senior school at Chieri. She came to the preparation of his outfit but found the means were lacking.

Her brave boy, encouraged by the prophetic dream he had had when nine years old—which now came vividly before him, and in which the Blessed Virgin pointing out an innumerable flock, had said to him: *Here is your field of action, here it is where you must work; make them humble, strong and robust!* — turned to his mother:

"If you will let me, I am going to take two sacks and go to every family in the village to make a little collection."

His mother agreed and John went knocking at all the doors of Becchi and the neighbouring village of Murialdo, bringing back to his own home bread, cheese, oats and a little corn. A neighbour, struck by the vocation of this poor boy betook herself to Castelnuovo, and make the case known even to the Provost, who went to visit several well-to-do families, and some days afterwards sent to Mother Margaret a little money for John's studies. On the 3rd. of November, 1831 he went to Chieri; entered the school and notwithstanding the difficulty of the life, succeeded in passing through three classes brilliantly in one year.

Dear Co-operators, it seems to me that this little glance at the past is not out of place, because if to-day it is no longer the little country lad of Becchi who takes upon himself to practise the virtue of humility in its most telling form, in which he continued to sacrifice himself throughout his whole life, by asking of charity in order to fulfil the mission which had been given him by God, if it is no longer the humble country lad who asks the alms to put him on his way to the Sanctuary, it is nevertheless the same Don Bosco who recommends his work, which is at the moment in great need, and



The Brass Band of the Salesian Missionary College on behalf of which the Superior General appeals to English and Irish Co-operators.

who asks, confident of your help to continue the work undertaken to the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls.

The more urgent needs.

During the year just past, with the grace of God and with you alms, we have been able to systematise many houses destined for the formation of new personnel for the missions, and to provide for the maintenance of the numerous aspirants, and the very much larger number of poor boys, orphans or homeless who live in our houses. They are many, also in the distant missions whom we must feed clothe and educate.

At the moment my serious preoccupation is this: how shall we be able to maintain so many missionary aspirants and so many poor boys, whom we must provide with everything at the present time?

It is true that not a few Missionary burses have been founded but the number is a very long way off the thousand and more missionary aspirants who are being formed and trained for the missionary life; and still more,

the annual fruit of a Burse is in itself insufficient.

And to the very great number of poor orphans, how are we to provide for them all, if they increase every day and in every part of the world and if it is difficult to get even the small pension charged for the boys in the colleges?

We won't speak of the other necessities.

Now I ask myself what is to be done in these pressing circumstances?

Nothing other than to call upon Our Lord with faith and to appeal to the generosity of our good co-operators.

Co-operators, come to our aid!

See, the humble successor of Don Bosco, comes to you with two sacks, one on behalf of the missionary aspirants and the other on behalf of so many poor boys.

The present moment (and who is there who doesn't know it) is very difficult. We Salesians have suspended all work or the new constructions. Even that of the beautiful new church of Mary Help of Christians,

which is being built in Rome, in Via Tuscolana, and so dear to the Holy Father, although it is well advanced, to-day it stays where it is, and we do not know when we shall be able to recommence it again.

To our confrères I do not tire of recommending greater and greater economy in journeys, in clothing and in everything else, and I can assure you that there are some ready to deprive themselves of all food which is not strictly necessary.

What more is there to do?

Nothing other, as I have already said, than to pray with greater confidence to Our Lord that He come to help us with his loving Providence, and at the same time call upon all our Co-operators.

"Let all remember," the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI,—whom may God keep *ad multos annos*—let all remember, to their inspiration and comfort, that the Divine Saviour will take it as done to Himself that which we have done for His poor (Matt., XXV, 40) and that according to those other consoling words, that to have care for the little ones is the same as having care for Himself (Matt. XVIII, 5)."

"I do not intend," I repeat to you the words of Don Bosco, "*to show you what you should do, let each one follow the inspiration which his charity suggests.*" But "*being in exceptional need?*" I ask with the words of his first Successor, the Servant of God D. Michele Rua, *I cannot help holding out my hands to you, as a poor man begging alms.*"

Were it possible I would come myself to knock at your doors, and *how happy I should be once again to meet those of you whom I already know, and to make a personal*

acquaintance with you all. But I assure you that the same sentiments of gratitude which would fill my heart at receiving a small offering from your own hands shall be mine to receive it in whatever way you find it most convenient; and for it, I shall pray that you have the greatest recompence.

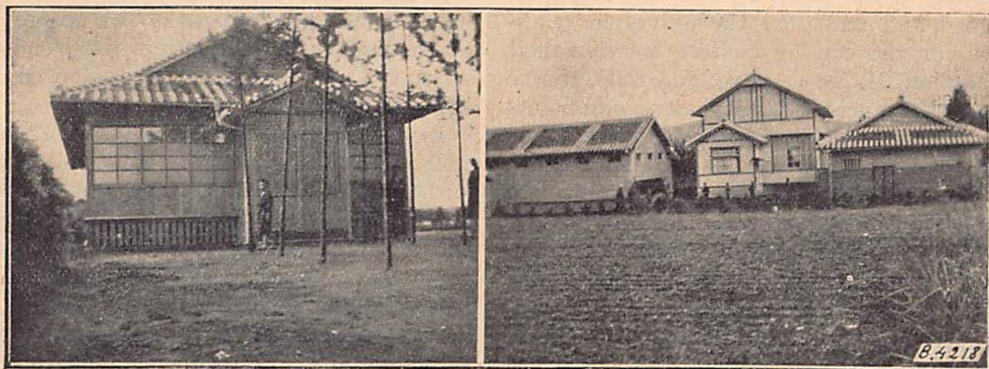
I can and I must say that very special prayers will be said according to your intentions. All the Salesians, all the missionary aspirants, all our orphans, each day, will implore from God the graces you desire, begging the intercession of Our Blessed Lady who has never ceased to bless the benefactors of the Salesian Works; and also that of Our own beloved Father and Founder Don Bosco, who, as he had in life so much gratitude for his co-operators continues to show it in a very special way from Heaven.

The *Salesian Bulletin* has already given notice that 1932, at which by the grace of God we have arrived, is the fiftieth year of my sacerdotal ordination.

Among ancient peoples the jubilee year brought the pardon of all debts. Oh, that I may be able, each day imploring the most precious graces for you at the altar, to obtain at least part of the pardon of the innumerable debts that the Salesian Society has contracted with its benefactors.

With these thoughts in mind, nothing more remains for me than to ask the charity of your prayers, for all Salesians, for all the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians that they may ever become more worthy of their vocation: and still more pray for me, who with deep gratitude sign myself,
your very humble servant in Jesus Christ

PHILIP RINALDI.



Japan. — Tano: Two new mission buildings.



Salesian Mission of Ecuador:

Mgr. Comin listening to rehearsal of the "*Missa de Angelis*" — Gregorian Chant.

THE BISHOP OF THE PEOPLE.

St. Francis de Sales at Geneva.

Meeting the Heretics on their own ground.

The town of Geneva was agog with great excitement. Men and women had been out of doors since early morning. Every inn was the scene of earnest debates and much quoting of the Scriptures as the Calvinists argued and reassured themselves in readiness for the coming contest between their champion, M. De la Faye, and the Catholic Provost, Francis of Annecy, on several points of religion. As the appointed time drew near, the market place was crowded so that people climbed the houses and shops and hung from windows and ledges that they might get even a glimpse of the central figures. In this great crowd there were but few Catholics, and one of them was a serving girl from the "Ecu de France", one of the four inns the town possessed. Until lately she had been but a shepherdess among the hills, but moved by a force she

did not understand nor take the trouble to analyse, she took service at this hostel that she might be able to help Catholic priests who came through the town disguised as laymen. Many times the inn-keeper and his wife had tried to make her abjure her Faith, but fearing the loss of so splendid a servant, they kept silent and allowed her her own way.

In the Market Place things were going well with the Provost. He spoke with authority and charm of the great Catholic truths: The Real Presence, Invocation of the Saints, Purgatory, — his adversary could make no headway against his strong reasoning and invincible logic. Though the debate lasted some hours yet still the crowd increased, and still Jacqueline, squashed up in a corner, continued to pray that God would suggest the most powerful arguments

to the defender of His Holy Faith. Perhaps, indeed, Francis of Sales owed his success that day to the humble prayer of that simple heart.

On that visit she could not speak to him, for he had gone as quickly as he had come.

She had not long to wait, however, for another chance. Pope Clement III sent Francis of Sales again to Geneva, this time to dispute in public with Calvin's successor, Théodore de Bèze. When Jacqueline learnt of his coming she was filled with quite an inexplicable joy.

"There now, it is a long time," she said, in her country talk, as she showed him his room, "it is long since I have been asking Our Lord to send you speak to me." The Provost, smiled at the naïve simplicity and let her tell him the whole story of her life, just as if he had come to Geneva expressly for her. "You know," she went on, "I am thirty years old, and I feel that it would be better for me to seek other work. But my employers are good to me, they allow me to go to Mass on Sunday, and then I am able to help in a small way the few Catholics round about the town."

"My child, stay where you are," answered Francis. Then he heard her Confession, and asked if she would like to receive Holy Communion.

"Oh! Father, do you not know that it is forbidden to say Holy Mass in Geneva?"

Francis knew this well enough, but thinking that he might meet sick Catholics in need of the Sacraments, he had brought with him several consecrated hosts in a small silver box.

Jacqueline fell upon her knees in the miserable room of a wayside inn and received Communion. This was the first meeting, but it was to bear fruit years later when Francis, as Bishop, was to found the Order of the Visitation. Jacqueline was, indeed, one of the very first postulants, and St. Francis took upon himself her religious instruction. Little by little he showed her the way he wanted his Nuns to live. "It is of no use

to go barefooted all the winter to prepare yourself to become a religious. I desire that the Sisters of this Congregation should have their feet well shod. But the heart quite bare and empty of earthly affections, with a spirit showing forth a perfect simplicity and obedience to the Divine Will." She became a religious and her simple life drew on for eighteen years, during which she



Statue of St Francis de Sales at Annecy.

cooked and cleaned for the Sisters of the new Congregation, while at the same time she drank in the Eternal Truths St. Francis was always there to offer. So it was, until she died.

The greatest joy of her life was the memory of St. Francis who had been her Bishop, her father, always so kind, so gentle and so good, taking all the care in the world of this simple shepherdess who lived all her life in obscurity and never rose, in human esteem, above a lowly servant.

Will all those who have to correspond with the *English Salesian Bulletin* in Italy please note that the correct postage for all ordinary letters is: From England and Colonies 2½d. — From the Irish Free State 3d.

From the U. S. A. 5c.

THROUGHOUT THE MISSIONARY WORLD OF MARY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

The Prelature Apostolic of Saint Rita of Araguaya.

An Apostolic journey full of the unexpected

by *Mgr. Jean-Baptiste Couluron S. C. - Administrator Apostolic.*

I have just come in from my journey tired and footsore. It is 11 o'clock at night; the leaves of the trees hang still in the heat, but the runner leaves tomorrow morning with the letters! My will is in a quondary; shall I write you now or shall I let it wait? The more practical solution is the first... so here goes. Of you charity excuse all mistakes of spelling, syntax, language and my writing in pencil.

Think of it that I scribble these jottings to the flickering light of a candle.—Oh! Century of electric light! I have no paper, no ink, no pen. Fifteen years ago one said; "*It is the War!*" and now by way of excuse we say: "*It is the Crisis!*" And this bye the way touches us terribly, especially at

the end of the year; I can already see my army of creditors arriving; I haven't the faintest idea how I shall keep them quiet, but still I go on all the same. Providence watches over us. I'm all aboard; the river carries me on; there is no going back... and you can judge the rest for yourself from these notes.

A Year's Work.

This year we have had as much as we can do. Baptisms, marriages, missions, new excursions among the Indians. We stumble across Portestants all along the line. We have gone hard and have gone well, I assure you. For all the trouble that has been taken great good has been done. Souls



Araguaya Brazil: The motor-chapel at a difficult crossing.
4th. from the left is Fr. Tirone, Catechist General.

have been saved, the Prelature prospers and a strange thing, our health has stood the strain.

As you may well guess we have not lost any opportunity of ministering to the civilized people dotted here and there in groups all over our vast territory; big farmers, diamond hunters and the like. Nevertheless our chief object has always been the Indian

you some idea. It is not a rare thing among these tribes that you come across four or five children shared between a dozen or more families! This means the slow extinction of the race under the combined effort of misery and vice, marriage between near relations and the rest.

Compare this with the figures that come from our colonies. There, there are



Mgr. Couturon S. C. among some of his native boys
at Lageado - Matto Grosso.

tribes... There, behold our chosen ones... ours by choice!

Up to the present we have only reached those in our colonies. But this coming year we are looking forward to getting in touch with the tribes living along the banks of the Vermelho River (Red River). At the moment my secretary is on the lookout for an interpreter to establish contact with the *Chavantes*. We shall try, shall Fr. Chovelon and I, to reach them from two opposite directions. One will descend the Araguaya valley as far as Banana Island, while the other will come up stream leaving from Belen. It is most urgent that we should get to work among them soon, for their moral misery is extreme. Just one fact will give

fine numerous families which you could not count on your two hands. It is true that we have put in a good thirty years work to achieve this but we have succeeded.

In place of the old hovels, now they have comfortable clean villages; the streets and open places are full of shouting, happy people, who are fervent christians, and honest hard-working citizens. The Faith has made tremendous progress with the old turbulent and aggressive Indian. More than that, a chosen few draw away from the mass and these second the activity and the zeal of the missionary. Catholic Action in the heart of the Indian Tribes of Matto Grosso! If Pope Pius XI knew that, wouldn't he be happy!

The Envoy of the Superior General.

The work during this year of which I am doing my best to give you a bare outline, has been crowned by the visit of Fr. Tirone, Catechist General of the Congregation, and special envoy of the Superior General.

On the 15th. of July, I received a note from *Sangradouro* inviting me to come and take him to *Lageado*. You can imagine my joy! At once I called my Indian. "Tomorrow morning we depart at 4 o'clock," said I, "and have the mules ready." In a few hours I could have reached our visitor in a car, but not having one it had to be mules.

I calculated three days for the journey and we actually took four! I had blind faith in that Indian of mine. I was absolutely certain that he could not mistake the path. But he did the impossible and on the evening of the second day he lost direction and we ended up in a bog! So the two following nights we had to spend at the "*Hotel of the Shining Star*" and for an entire day had to go without food. That is the true life of the missionary, what?

At *Sangradouro* Fr. Tirone waited for me impatiently. We left two days later in the motor-chapel, and off we went to Cuyabã.

It is more enjoyable to journey by car than by mule, that I can guarantee in case you are in any doubt. The country-side that day was particularly clear, the air was clean and fresh and everyone of us was happy!

Having left at early morning we stopped about 11 o'clock for a snack by the side of a stream. Our Sisters at *Sangradouro* had not forgotten anything, not even a bottle of old *d'Asti*. If we always journeyed abroad in such company we should not be so skinny and lean as we are!

The two colonies are connected by a road about 200 miles long and it took us about nine hours to do it. Towards five o'clock in the evening we stopped the car to decorate it with flowers and by then we were near the end of the journey.

All of a sudden on the horizon enveloped in the glory of a fine sunset, we saw 18 horsemen trotting towards us. Revolver shots split the air in welcome, they were our ranchmen with Fr. Rector at their head coming to meet us. They organised a procession; horse-

men to the fore, the car behind going slowly.

On the arrival of the cortège there was a thundrous effort on the part of the native band, while the air literally crackled with the bursting of fireworks. The Indians were resplendent in their best Sunday suits, the sisters were crying for joy; for it was thirty years since they had had such happiness.

When the first shock of delight was over, we, the travellers, withdrew for a wash and a little rest. An hour afterwards we met again at a plentiful dinner set for all the colony of the Sacred Heart round Fr. Tirone.

On the March again.

Three days later we continued our journey, as far as the *Barriero*, a river without bridges and with very dangerous fords. We arrived about 10 o'clock in the morning. A telephone call had told the watchman that we would dine with him and to have ready eight pairs of oxen in order to help us across the river. These river banks are steep, deeply sanded and all hollowed out so that our car slipped all over the place, nevertheless it came to a final stop just near the ford. First, there was the transport of the baggage in little boats, then my sixteen oxen went into the stream and with the car attached to them took the strain. The crossing was dead slow, for the oxen never expend more energy than is absolutely necessary. Believe me or not when I tell you that it took us a good two hours to near the other bank. There was only a little way to go to finish the business, one strenuous pull would have done it. We urged the beasts on the best we could, but all in vain, they could not manage anything more. The long drag had proved too much, so there was nothing for it but to let our car rest for the night in the bed of the river.

While all this was going on, night fell, so we all had to put up under the stars. Next morning we said Mass very early and set to business. Fifteen strapping fellows were there ready to help us. The car was dragged with a mighty heave from the river and on to the shore. But that was not the end, the engine wouldn't go, it had caught double pneumonia!

The whole morning was spent in tinkering about with it. At length, at 2 o'clock in

the afternoon we decided to move. Oxen, men and motor all were in motion to climb the slope. We had just reached the top when one of the valve disks broke! What a mess!

Happily that evening up drove a *Ford*. This was much lighter than our car and crossed the river without trouble. When they saw our position the owners helped to solve matters by offering to sell us it. We struck a fair price, £250; gave them one of those convenient promises to pay and all was settled. The *Ford* was ours. The next morning Fr. Tirone was able to leave in

At length we pushed off, the river was dangerous and I can tell you it took it all out of me to shoot along the rapids without mishap... but finally we arrived safe and sound without hurt and with all our gear intact at Registro.

Three days' rest, then on the road again for Saint Rita by the most execrable of roads. And this was just about our 700th mile of it! There was no lack of incidents. For example; the Araguaya River just failed to engulf us all in a treacherous backwash: our motor broke down so we were compelled to spend another night in the open, the



The 'Cathedral' and Bishop's Palace of Mgr. Comin - Bishop of the Kivaros.

the direction of Registro, while, I, helped by my secretary, watched over the transport of the luggage and attempted to cure the engine of our motor-chapel.

When the mules arrived laden with cases etc. they were quite exhausted, so we were obliged to seek the banks of the *Das Garcas* to find help. We only wanted a boat and two men by tomorrow! Where on earth could we find them in this solitary waste?

"Mine you can have," said a generous riverman, "but as to the men that is more difficult, especially as you need a helmsman! But have patience one will come along all right!"

"Perhaps so," said I to my companion, "but I wasn't born on the banks of Lake Lucerne for nothing; come on, it will remind me of my younger days."

Sisters sleeping on a tarpaulin while our hammocks were slung some good distance off, all the time the tropical sun was reducing us to jelly, and while most of us tucked up in our swinging beds slept like logs, Fr. Tirone kept awake gazing at the stars and thinking of the possibility of man-eating tigers wandering in the neighbourhood!

At Saint Rita we stopped for a very short time only, as we were still three days' journey from *Lageado*. It was on the 6th, of August that we were able to set off in our two borrowed motors which replaced our own affair. We ran along all day and about eight o'clock in the evening we were met by delegations of people in cars. At 9 o'clock we made our solemn entry into *Lageado* in the midst of a people delirious with joy... we had reached our goal!

To be continued next issue.

The Death of Mgr. Antony Malan

Salesian Bishop of Petrolina, Brazil.



Mgr. Malan, Bishop of Petrolina, Brazil.

On the 31st. October the sudden death of Mgr. Malan, the Bishop of Petrolina, Brazil was announced to the Superior General by Cablegram.

His Vocation.

His vocation goes back to 1882. In the October of that year passing through Turin, he was in prayer at the foot of the altar of St. Peter's Chapel in the Basilica of Mary Help of Christians where Don Bosco was saying his Mass. The Sacrifice finished, Don Bosco, chalice in hand came down the steps of the altar to enter the sacristy, when he saw a beam of light come from the altar of Mary, Help of Christians and rest on the head of the unknown lad. The saint stopped a second to assure himself that he was not being deceived and then he passed into the sacristy. Half an hour later in the playground, Don Bosco was in the midst

of his boys, when not two paces away he saw the young man of the vision. "Oh," he cried, in a tone of surprise. Then he drew away from the group and motioned the stranger to follow him, speaking to him in French and calling him by name. What took place in Don Bosco's room we do not know. But a few weeks later the young Malan entered the Salesian Novitiate of St. Marguarite, near Marseille.

After some years in the French houses, he left for the missions of South America in 1889. He was ordained priest by Mgr. Cagliari in the same year and worked as the right hand man of Mgr. Lasagna founder of the Salesian Work in Uruaguay.

Towards the end of 1894 the great bishop decided to penetrate into the heart of the tribes of Indians of Brazil in company with Fathers Malan and Balzola. Unhappily a train accident in which Mgr. Lasagna was killed cut the expedition short. But Fr. Malan did not abandon the project, but taking with him Frs. Solari and Balzola he pushed into the Brazilian forests. The State of Matto Grosso, which he crossed is about twice the size of France, and already the Government had spent much money and merchant companies had done the same to make an effective exploration but neither produced any real result.

Leaving Cuyabá, the chief town of the State, Fr. Malan advanced to the Araguaya River, a little further inland than Registro, a growing settlement towards the west. This journey which lasted more than four months was about 2,500 miles long, and the missionaries did about 500 hundred miles on horseback; 700 in a boat and the rest on foot! The expedition had a twofold result, the discovery of the Bororo Indians and the establishment of a mission in their midst, where those first Salesian missionaries found the most infantile and ancient fetishism the religion of the people. The Colony was promptly christened the Colony of the Sacred Heart and the evangelization commenced.

This first success was but a prologue. Fr. Malan was to these poor people both an apostle and a teacher. Several times he came to Europe to get the things necessary for his enterprise, and each time he returned with a formidable cargo of agricultural and industrial machinery, and under his guidance the sterile waste began to produce its fruit and the workshops of the tailors to clothe these great children. At the same time the press began printing little pamphlets to teach them to read, write, and count in their own language and in Portuguese.

In recognition of all that he had done, the Holy See with the fullest accord of the Government raised Fr. Malan to the Episcopacy in 1914, with the name of the titular Bishop of Amisos giving him the immense region of Matto Grosso as a field equal to his zeal. There he worked for full ten years striving to give the natives an ever more complete idea of the true christian life and its interpretation in their own regard.

In 1924 the Holy See, at the request of the Government, sent him a 1000 miles to the North East of Brazil to Petrolina where he had the arduous task of founding a new diocese. For him six years sufficed to organize it and in those six years there rose up a cathedral, a seminary, an episcopal palace, a high school and a hospital. And if you had known the man such concentrated activity showing itself in works for the glory of God, was but the natural result of his restless zeal helped on by a host of friends and a well-wishing government with whom he was always a *persona grata*.

He had died at the height of his power for good and his name will rest as a benediction upon the diocese he has founded.

* * *

With Mgr. Malan, there has departed the personality of a great Catholic Bishop.

A man of action, zealous and ever calm, gifted with a rare practical sense, an indefatigable apostle and with the heart of a father that went right out to his child-



Mgr. Malan among his young Indians.

ren to lift them from the miseries of body and soul. He was indeed a true son of Don Bosco and his name has added another glory to that long list of notable men who have come to the priestly life as "Late Vocations" and who have put their seal to yet another glorious page of apostolic history.



Mgr. Malan and Don Balzola with a Bororo Tribe - Brazil.

"WHEN 'DREAMS' COME TRUE"

Whatever is said or suggested in this article is subject to the authority of the Holy See, which has not yet passed judgment upon these Dreams of Don Bosco.—Ed.

Lourdes and the Eucharistic Congress at Dublin, Ireland.—The Focus of all eyes and the Centre of a World's Devotion.

Don Bosco's Dream of the Two Pillars.

Imagine yourself standing on some lonely sea-shore or, better still, upon an island reef out at sea, from which no land is visible. As far as the horizon the whole ocean seems in movement—churned up by innumerable ships drawn up for battle.

These gunboats, cruisers, destroyers, are carrying guns of every size and kind, and, strange to say, their decks are piled high with explosives, inflammable matter, and blasphemous, anti-Catholic writings. All together they veer towards a vessel, larger, more majestic than any of them; and here, in concerted attack, they try to ram her, burn her, and batter her by every possible manœuvre.

This majestic vessel has an escort of a flotilla of smaller boats: far away in the distance two lofty pillars rise from the waves on the top of one the figure of Mary Immaculate stands aloft and, inscribed under her feet are the words: *Auxilium Christianorum*. A large, round Host, radiating beams of light, surmounts the other column, which is higher and of greater strength; on this the words: *Salus Credentium* are carved.

The figure at the helm of the Flagship is none other than the Sovereign Pontiff who, seeing the implacable hatred and fury of the enemy, calls a council with the captains of his little fleet. They board his ship, but hardly have they commenced business when the rising wind howls and moans the approach of a storm, which de-

mands their immediate return to their own commands.

The Pope, now alone, again takes the helm and, fixing his eyes ahead, directs all his efforts to guide his ship between the two Columns, now quite visible, and from which huge chains can be seen hanging ready to anchor.

Now the enemy make a renewed attack, swinging in the wind they try to head the Flagship off her course; closing in under her sides they fill the air with smoke and the arid smell of burning as they cast their "cargo" on her lower deck. Some rush headlong to ram her with their prows, and each repulse increases the fury of the fight; shock after shock shakes the old warship, crash after crash rends the air as the enemy and hostile boats rip the hull, but all in vain, for still she holds steadily to her course, and as often as she is injured, some mysterious power in the form of a wind comes from those two pillars, restores the damage at the same time smashing the guns of the assailants, ripping their hulls, so that several begin to sink. Hoarse blasemies and vile cursing rise on every side, when, suddenly, the Supreme Pontiff falls mortally wounded and dies at the helm. A triumphant cry of victory sounds through the enemy craft. But no sooner has he fallen than another is elected to take his place. The fight still rages with increasing fury. Suddenly the second Pope falls—again another steps into his place. The new Pope, sweeping aside every obstacle, drives his ship securely between the two columns; eager hands grasp the chains hanging ready, and at last the ship rides calmly at anchor.

At this point an extraordinary thing happens. In the hostile fleet there is a great commotion: vessels that had harrassed the Pontiff's ship turned tail and fled, smashing into each other in blind haste, breaking to pieces and sinking one by one. Then the escort of smaller boats, with Bishops at the helm, steer towards the pillars and come to rest.

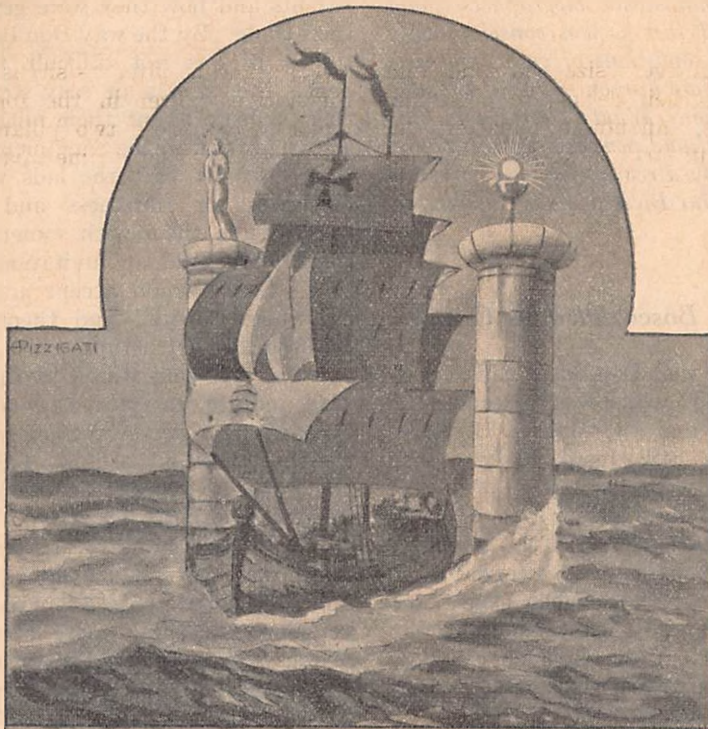
Such was the "dream" Don Bosco had one night in the May of 1862, when God permitted him to see the future of the Church. Years have passed, and what he saw has actually happened.

In the latter half of the 19th century the Church was beset on every side by violent anti-Catholic and anti-Christian bodies. Freemasonry, that scourge of Europe, was in the height of its power. Pope Pius IX held firm against all-comers and he stirred the Catholic world to a new devotion to Mary by the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. God ratified this honour by the wonder-workings at Lourdes. Did Don Bosco really see Lourdes as it is today, the centre of devotion to the Mother of the Church? Mary Immaculate, crowned one of his "pillars" in the Seal!

Pius IX, oppressed on every side, died from a broken heart. Immediately Leo XIII was elected. Never had the Holy See been filled with such rapidity. The new Pope

took up the fight where Pius IX had fallen, and answered a rationalistic, materialistic world by the Encyclical on the Blessed Eucharist and another on the Rosary. Still he fought the enemies of the Church, who raged against him more furiously than ever. He died. Pius X. then took command. Pius X. the pope of the Blessed Sacrament, he put into practice the teaching of his predecessor, and insisting upon frequent and even daily Communion. On the larger of Don Bosco's "dream pillars" he saw a great white Host—the symbol of devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

His dream ship was left tranquil, chained to the two columns and all her enemies were put to flight. Is this a glimpse into the future? It seems likely. Devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and frequent Communion; devotion to Mary Immaculate, the Help of Christians, solve all ills, from our own personal troubles to the widest and most urgent needs of the Holy Catholic Church.



The new Pope, sweeping aside every obstacle, drives his ship securely between the two columns; eager hands grasp the chains hanging ready, and at last the ship rides calmly at anchor.

BLESSED JOHN BOSCO AND THE LEAKAGE QUESTION IN '41

Turin in 1841 had something in common with that immortal London of Charles Dickens. It had its own special edition of street-arabs, matchsellers, paper-boys, underpaid and underfed apprentices, in addition to a whole army of exploited workers, who slaved their sixteen hours a day for the pittance, insufficient to keep them in decent pauperism.

Don Bosco was not only faced with the problem of boys falling away from their faith, as happened when country boys came into the city in search of work, but also that more potent evil of boys growing up to manhood, ignorant from their very cradle of their religion. Whether Don Bosco, looked into the future; out into the industrial world of Europe and America, as some of his enthusiastic biographers would like to say, or whether he was conscious only of the deplorable conditions of young workers, there and then before him on his own doorstep, is another question. What is certain is this, that seeing the evil and penetrating to its cause, he turned to apply a remedy as God gave him the means and Our Blessed Lady the inspiration.

How Don Bosco filled his Oratory.

It was in 1846 that Don Bosco had acquired Pinadi's "Shed" which was to become the famous Oratory and the Mother House of Salesian Works. Still, it would be foolish to imagine that with the mere opening of the gate the young Oratory was filled to overflowing immediately with the hundreds of abandoned boys it was afterwards to contain, all eager to take what Don Bosco had to give in the way of games, food, lodging and catholic instruction. No such thing! It was Don Bosco's personal zeal for souls that filled his poor shed to the very doors.

One of his most successful ways of getting boys was going out into the streets, markets and hidden bye ways in search of them. And if he came upon some wanderer,

or workless young fellow in search of employ, he would stop, him and ask him of his religion, if he knew nothing, as was very often the case, he would draw him into some nook or corner and show him how one went about the Sign of the Cross, to which he would add a Hail Mary, and making a present of a few pence, he would invite him to come along to his Oratory.

His favourite hour was during meal times, when he would wander round the yards of factories and workshops. More often than not he would go up to a group of apprentices and, as if it were the most natural thing in the world would commence to question them, as to their homes, their parish priest, their parents and how they were getting on with their trade. By the way Don Bosco did these things it was not difficult to win confidence, then it was an easy step to question them a little about their faith; when last they had been to the Sacraments, and so on. For the most part the lads would answer frankness for frankness and Don Bosco would leave them with something good to think about and an invitation to the Oratory. Some would accept and the following Sunday would find them listening to the special instruction.

If he met one who had dropped away; with infinite patience he would start all over again, always working round to the to the question of the Faith. "Come along when you can," he would say, "and if possible bring some of your friends with you." Wherever he was, it was always the same; poor boys had a fatal attraction for him. He could not let them pass by without knowing something more about them, so zealous was he that not a single one in need should escape him. It is difficult indeed to convey the skill and practical kindness of Don Bosco in these meetings. His main object was always and everywhere to bring the Catholic Faith somehow or other into the lives of these boys and his means were

those of the moment; a joke, a special kindness, a gift of money, food or clothing all came into play in their turn.

A Game of Cards.

It happened more than once that in one of the less frequented squares, Don Bosco would come upon a ring of street-boys sitting on the ground playing cards. On a dirty handkerchief spread out in the middle was the pool.

the money in the handkerchief he would get up leaving them all wondering what manner of priest this might be. Invariably there would be new faces at Valdocco after such encounters.

The Race into Church.

Once he was crossing the square of a small suburb, and as he neared the parish church he saw a crowd of street boys chasing each other all over the place. By



Children of the forests of Assam.

"Who's this priest coming?" one would ask as Don Bosco walked slowly up to them.

"I'd like to have a hand myself," would say the saint by way of an answer, "Now, make room for me; who's winning and what are you playing for?" at the same time he would throw a silver piece into the handkerchief. The new player was welcomed with pleasure, after they had got over the first surprise. He would commence to play, but after the first few minutes he would fall to asking his usual skilful questions about their faith, and finding they knew nothing about it, he would give them a little catechism, at the same time inviting them to come to the Oratory where they could go to confession. Then he would take up his cards again and finish the hand. Leaving

chance he had in his hand a bag of sweets, given him just previously. He stopped and called to the boys: "Hi! Here is a bag of sweets, who catches me up, they are his!" With that he turned and ran with the whole crowd after him, by in vain; he shot into the church the others at his heels, in full pursuit. Don Bosco made a sign and they were quiet, he made them sit in the last few benches near the door and began: "Now there's something for each one of you, but first, let's have a little bit of catechism." And turning to the biggest commenced: "You look more learned than the others, just tell me, when anyone dies in mortal sin what happens to him after death? What do you have to do to get rid of sins committed after Baptism?" The eyes of

the boys were still on the bag of sweets Don Bosco held in his hand, and thinking to get a more generous share, exerted themselves to their best efforts. The short instruction over, he distributed the sweets and invited them all to the Oratory.

Unemployed.

There was no human respect or hesitation with Don Bosco when he was out on his work for boys. A certain Don Carlo Vighetti tells of the following incident:

He had accompanied Don Bosco through Turin, when he met a lad, miserably dressed and with a surly jace. Don Bosco bade him good day and stopped: "Who are you?" he asked.

"Who am I? What do you want with me: who are you?" was the answer.

"I? Oh, I'm a priest who works among boys, we have a fine place near the Dora and not far from the Refuge; there we enjoy ourselves, plenty of fun and the rest of it; I'm Don Bosco. Now I've done my part, tell me, who *you* are."

"I'm a miserable fellow, out of work, without mother or father, and I'm looking for something to do."

"Well look here... I want to help you. Listen, on Sunday I shall expect to see you among my other boys, come and you will enjoy yourself; I will find you some work and then everything will be all right."

The lad looked into the face of Don Bosco for some seconds, then said roughly; "It's not true. It's a..."

Don Bosco took a coin from his pocket and slipped it into the other's hand... "Yes, it's true all right. Come, and you will see."

The lad looked down at the money, which was to him, both the sign of good faith and renewed hope. "I'll come, Father," he said, "and if I'm missing on Sunday you can call me a scoundrel!"

He kept his word and became a regular member and finally, the witness assets, a priest in the Congregation.

Invitations to Dinner.

Many times Don Bosco used the simple expedient of inviting poor boys to dinner with him, sitting them in the place of hon-

our to share his own poor meal. It is difficult to estimate the good impression this personal unassuming kindness made upon these poor uncared-for lads. Here is an example.

It was getting on for twelve o'clock. Don Bosco was on his way back to the house, when he saw perched upon the gate which separated the cabbage patch from the playground, a young lad of about fourteen, who lived a little way off. His face was grimy, his hands a shade or two grimmer, and his 'blouse' was coated and recoated with thick grease. Up to that moment Don Bosco had failed completely to get into touch with him, since he flatly refused to come to the Oratory. But if Don Bosco did not know him personally at least he was aware of the reputation of this boy, who had literally painted his neighbourhood red by his petty crimes, and stories were abroad that even grave offences could be laid to his charge. Don Bosco went up to him.

"Good morning," he began.

"Good morning," replied the boy, holding his head down so that a huge mop of hair half hid his face.

"I'm very pleased to have found you here to-day, because I want you to do me a favour, and you're not going to say no are you?"

"No, I'll do it if I can."

"Then you can, because all I want you to do is to come to dinner with me."

"Me!... to dinner with Don Bosco...!" the lad could hardly believe his ears.

"Yes you, for to-day I shall be quite alone."

"No, no, you've made a mistake, you take me for another, you don't know me!..."

"Oh yes, I know you all right: you are the son of Mrs. X... arnt you?"

"But you can't know the things I have done, or you wouldn't..."

"I know all about that .. but it is you I want all the same!"

"But why do you take all this trouble about the likes of me?"

"Now, no compliments please," smiled Don Bosco, "it's understood eh? Come along."

"But I'm ashamed to come in this state... I'd like to go to confession first," said the lad desperately.

"Yes, you can do that Saturday night or

Sunday morning, but to-day you and I are going to dine together."

"I'll come another time. My mother doesn't know, and she is waiting for at home."

"Then we'll just send someone round to tell her you are dining with Don Bosco, there's nothing easier."

"But see Don Bosco, I'm so dirty, I must wash myself and change these rags. I'm ashamed to come."

"Not a bit of it. I want you to-day and just as you are. We shall be able to spend an hour by ourselves."

"But, but..."

In the Market Place.

The numbers although large safely inside the Oratory were as nothing in comparison with the fishing, to use his own expression, there was to had in the Piazza *Emanuele Filiberto*. There was one part especially that literally teemed with hawkers, pedlars, matchsellers, shoeblacks, chimney-sweeps, stable boys, bill boys, errand boys all doing what they could to glean a meagre livelihood from their trade. It does not take much to imagine what eventually became of these lads when they grew up, they had



Indians in search of a new home in Patagonia.

"There's no time now for 'buts'... come along the soup is on the table."

"Well, if you want me so, then I'll come... *Andiamo!*"

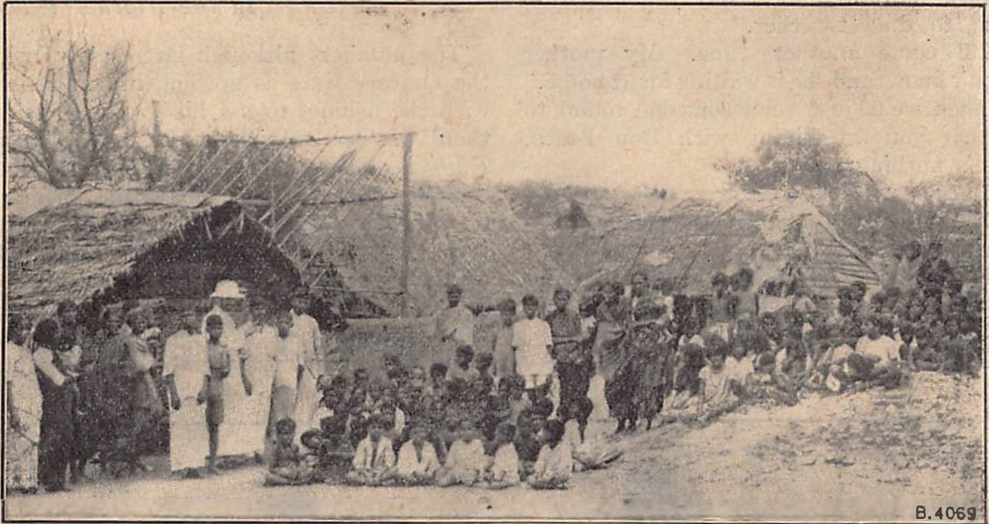
They went together up to the house. At the sight of the guest Mother Margaret turned to Don Bosco and in a whisper said: "Why have you brought this filthy boy here. Where did you find him?"

"Don't speak like that, Mother," answered the saint, "he's a great friend of mine, treat him royally!"

They had dinner, Don Bosco, Mother Margaret and their guest; from that day onwards the lad began to change his ways and live down the unsavoury reputation he had earned in the past.

lived in the midst of vice and sharp practice and as men they were to become the vicious element of a city's rabble. For the most part they belonged to the so-called *Cocche di Borgo Vanchiglia*, gangs of young ruffians united among themselves in common defence, and captained by the biggest and the most daring. More often than not they ended up in prison, and having served their term, returned to their former haunts with their wits shapened and more vicious than before.

Don Bosco made it part of his daily business to go to this particular square, where he had already managed to collect quite a number of friends. He would usually set about getting new allies among these boys, by asking the



Fr. Felip with the Christians of his poor parish dedicated to the Little Flower. — Madras, India.

way, or by getting his boots cleaned and when he passed again he would recognise them, and give them a cheery word. It was not seldom that he came upon gaol birds he had met in the prisons, and these formed a very special part of his apostolate.

He would stop here and there on his way among the groups of loungers, and rouse a laugh by some clever witticism, ask them how they were getting on and of the profit of yesterday's business. It was not long before he knew all of them by name and would go among them with confidence talking to them of their religion. What cannot be described is the extraordinary gift he had of speaking of spiritual things in a way that attracted even these rough, ignorant lads: where many another had failed he, Don Bosco succeeded, with nothing more than an overwhelming zeal for souls and a heart full of the love of God.

Often, in order to bind these boys ever more closely to him, he would go along to the market, and buy one or two baskets of fresh fruit. "Come along here," he would cry out to those about, "What about a fine apple all round, eh?" The joy this unexpected gift caused among his poor young friends can just be imagined.

On one occasion, he was passing out of the square, when he was surrounded by a crowd of young match-sellers: Buy a light! Matches! Buy a light,... buy from me, I've

sold nothing yet... help me earn a copper for a bit of bread...! was shouted on all sides. Don Bosco was all compassion, with a motion of his arm he quietened them, and for each one he had some thing to say. It took him a half an hour to go those fifty yards. Turning to the crowd he said: "Well let's make a bargain, I'll see that you all earn a little, if you promise to come along to the Oratory on Sunday!" They all shouted their approval, and Don Bosco bought matches off all of them. "Now," he said, when all his pockets were full, "now, I can set up in trade for myself, and with a tray hung round my neck, I'll come and sell matches with the rest of you!" All laughed at the idea, and went away happy, rattling the few pence they had earned. Not once but many times did Don Bosco return home with his pockets full of matches, generally some good friend would re-buy them and then return them as a present for his own use.

Medals from Don Bosco were always in great demand; as they reached out their hands for them he would say: "Hang it round your neck, and remember that Our Blessed Lady loves you, pray hard to her that she help you." The boys young and old alike were not proof against the great love Don Bosco had for them. They returned love for love without reserve. It was impossible for him now to go through *Piazza*

Milano without stopping. On his appearance, the first boys to see him ran to him, within a little, others added to the number and before long he would be in the midst of quite a crowd.

"And now, what about a story?" he would say.

"Fine! Tell us a good one!" they cried. By this time bystanders and shopkeepers, soldiers, porters, and loungers had come to see what the noise was about.

"What's it all about?" asked a late-comer.

"I don't know! I saw a crowd so I stopped myself," answered his neighbour.

"Ah! there's a priest in the middle," called a third standing on tip toe.

"It's Don Bosco!" one of his friends announced.

"And who is Don Bosco?" asked a countryman come up to market.

In the midst of all this questioning and answering, nothing could be heard, and the boys around Don Bosco still waiting for their story shouted: "Silence!"

"Silence!" echoed the others, though not knowing what the silence was for.

When calm was restored, Don Bosco borrowed a box from a nearby merchant and standing up in the sight of all began to talk. So unusual was the sight that passersby stopped to listen, and the police, fearing an

incipient rebellion ran to the spot but seeing only a simple, unassuming priest they too listened. Don Bosco told his story, which gripped his hearers and then passed on to the application, seeking to touch the hearts of all who heard him, or to startle them into the consciousness that they had an immortal soul, and the consequences that followed.

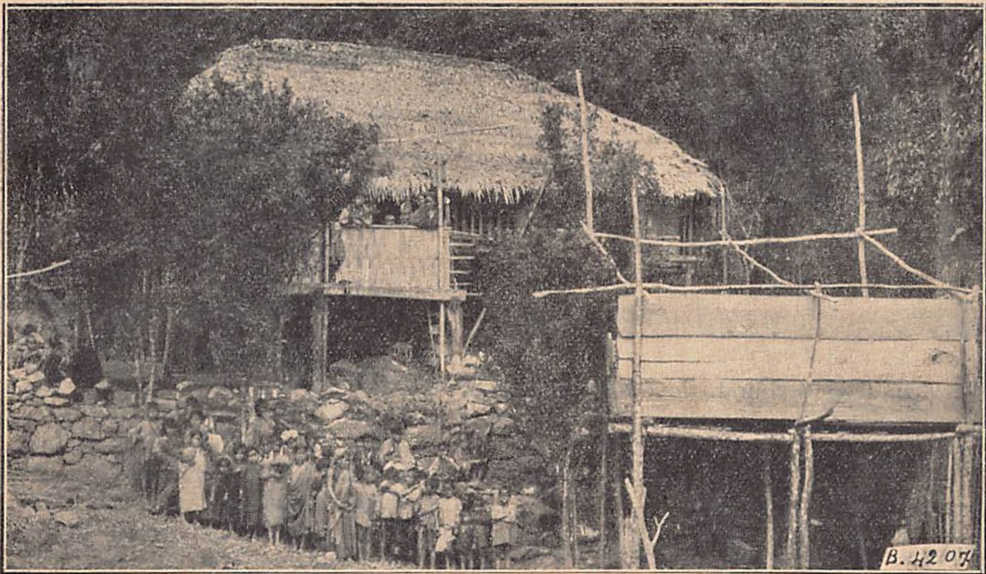
At the end, they could be heard to say as they turned away, "that priest is right, it is only the soul that matters, that is the most important thing."

It was one thing for Don Bosco to attract boys to him wherever he went, but it was quite another to get away from them when his work called him elsewhere. Oftentimes he had to resort to a trick. On one occasion he pretended to drop his hat and bending down in the crowd he pushed his way out of the ring of boys around him.

Once in the crowd proper he could escape his young friends who cried out "Where is he? Where's he gone?"

Another time, being in a busy place, he slipped into a shop almost unseen and then by the kindness of the shopkeeper passed out through the back entrance.

But it was not always that he could escape, and many a time the crowd, especially his boy friends, would come home with him to



Native dwelling in the Brahmaputra Valley, India.

Valdocco. Then would Don Bosco intone some popular hymn well known to the people and to the impromptu harmony he would arrive at his own door: here he would give them all a final exhortation to remain faithful to the Catholic Church and add a general invitation to pay him a visit the following Sunday.

To stand and hear the remarks of the people as they went away from one of these unusual gatherings was illuminating. Some held him a saint, others called him a fool, some knew him by experience for what he was, while there many who held him to be mad. It mattered little to Don Bosco what they thought, he was well content if some who never put their foot inside a church had at least listened to the word of God and the truth of the Catholic Faith. He would often repeat: "If a priest wants to do a great deal of good he must add an enterprising daring to his charity."

There were of course not wanting persons, wise in matters of the world, but knowing little of the ways of Our Lord with souls, who censured Don Bosco for the way he acted in spite of his obviously good intentions. One of these friends a certain *Scanagatti*, a good and generous benefactor of the Oratory did not view favourably many of Don Bosco's doings nor did he particularly care for the huge number of abandoned boys who frequented the Oratory. Don Cafasso, was then confessor to Don Bosco; so the good man went to him that he might say a word to his penitent and stop him from going where the Scanagatti thought was a little too far for a priest; but Don Cafasso replied: "Let him alone. Don Bosco has extraordinary gifts. Let it seem as it may; he works for a higher motive, so help him all you can!"



We should endeavour to love all equally well, since Our Lord did not say: "Love these, or those;" but indifferently: "Love one another, as I have loved you," without excluding any, how imperfect soever he be.

S. F. DE S.

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 Exercise 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 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.

WHAT WE HEAR

New Junior High School. Goshen N. Y.

"What secret do the Songs of Don Bosco possess to put up in a silent way these magnificent buildings for the welfare of youth?" His Eminence Cardinal Hayes asked in his address at the dedication of the Salesian Junior High School at Goshen, N. Y., Sunday Oct. 24. And then he himself gave the answer: "The secret possessed by their Blessed Founder and Father Don Bosco: an absolute faith and confidence in God. Herein lies the only explanation for the miraculous spread of his work in the world — this institution being one of the 1,250 the Salesian Fathers and Sisters have created everywhere in little more than a century."

"And another wonderful feature is," the Cardinal added, "the successful adaptation of Don Bosco's educational system in the most varied countries and environments, which is the best testimony of the divine inspiration that led Don Bosco in his mission of a Providential educator."

Nearly one thousand persons, Salesian cooperators and friends, gathered in front of the new building while His Eminence was performing the ceremony of the blessing.

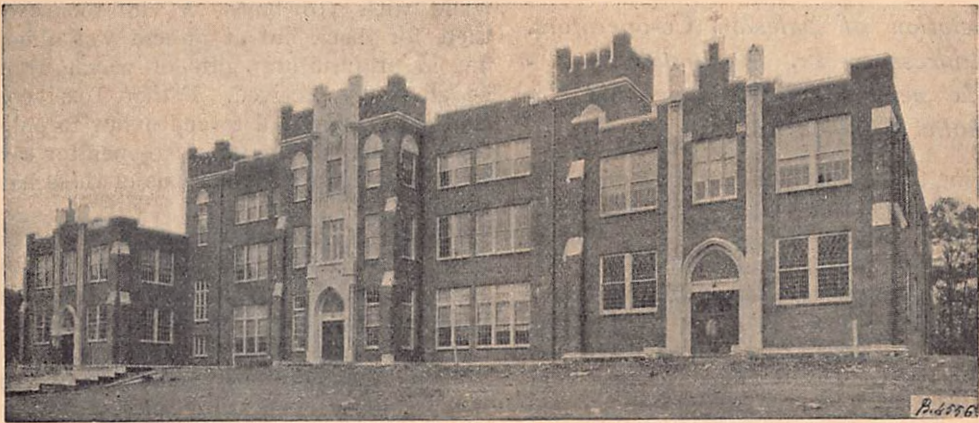
The large auditorium could hardly contain a part of the throng.

After a few words by the Very Rev. Father Provincial, His Eminence spoke as a good father who shares the joys and successes of his beloved children. He also heartily congratulated the parents of the boys for entrusting them to Don Bosco's school, in which they will certainly become good men, practical Catholics, and loyal American citizens.

The ceremonies were impressive. They included a solemn procession of church and lay officials through the school grounds to the new structure with a colour guard followed by the standard of the school. Salesian students accompanied by their band were next in line, followed by official visitors and authorities.

The new Salesian School is located in the picturesque old town of Goshen, Orange County, N. Y., just beyond the heart of the Ramapo Mountains, sixty miles from New York City.

Two hundred acres of beautiful land comprising a lake, spacious lawns, a large park with stately selected pines, an immense athletic field, and a farm form an ideal place for boys to build up their religious and intel-



New Salesian Junior High School, Goshen, N. Y.

lectual characters far from the noise and the bustle of modern cities.

Of the several buildings on the property those used by the boys are: The Administration Building with offices, parlours, dining-rooms, kitchen, and sleeping quarters for the priests; the gymnasium, a real covered playground of imposing size affording abun-

his soul. He gave a brief résumé of the work done during the year, including the erection of a new Elementary School at Cowley, Oxford, to be under the control of the Salesian Sisters; of the extension of the playground and provision of additional classroom accommodation for the Elementary School at Farnborough; of the recent exten-

THE ASSOCIATION OF THE SACRED HEART.

YOU MAY HAVE A SHARE IN THE

SIX HOLY MASSES

WHICH ARE SAID EVERY DAY IN PERPETUITY

BY SENDING THE SUM OF ONE SHILLING FOR ENROLMENT.

Your name will be inscribed and you will receive a Certificate.

1) Members also share in all the good works done by the Salesian Society throughout the world. — 2) The spiritual advantages commence from the moment of enrolment. — 3) The members may change their intention for every Mass. — 4) Enrolment may be made in favour of the departed, or of children or of any one and without their knowledge. — 5) Those sending a list of 12 names with the corresponding offering are entitled to enrolment without payment, and this enrolment for every twelve names they send. — 6) To share more abundantly members may repeat their enrolment as often as they like, for the dead as for the living.

Send to any of the following:

The Very Rev. Superior General - Salesian Oratory - *Via Cottolengo, 32 - Torino (Italy).*
— The Very Rev. J. Simonetti, S. C. - The Salesian House - *Cowley, Oxford (England).*
— V. Rev. Fr. C' Connor, Salesian College - *Pallaskenry (Ireland).* — The Very Rev. R. Pittini, S. C. - Salesian School - 148, *Main St. New Rochelle N. Y., U. S. A.*

dant room for lively games during rainy and winter days; the camp quarters, located in the building formerly used as the school.

Association of Salesian Co-operators.

*Address by Fr. Martindale S. J. -
The need for English-speaking Catholic Missionaries.*

Owing to the illness of Father Lester S. J., who had promised to give the half-yearly Conference to the Salesian Co-operators at the Sacred Heart Church, Battersea, on Sunday last, Father Martindale, although not too well himself, at very short notice very kindly agreed to take his place.

Previous to the Conference the Very Rev. F. M. Tozzi S. C. Provincial spoke concerning the death of the Salesian Superior General and asked prayers for the repose of

sions at Shrigley; and of the opening meeting that day of a Festive Oratory to be attached to the Parish of Battersea (West). He stated that a commencement had been made with 110 boys. A club-room was there for them, but at present was almost devoid of furniture; gifts of which would be gratefully received. Father Tozzi concluded by asking all to endeavour to enlist the sympathy of one more co-operator each to help to lighten the burdens of these hard times.

Father Martindale, speaking from the words of St. Paul: "To them that love God all things work together unto good" (Rom. VIII, 28), said that the Salesian Co-operators were such in the strictest meaning of St. Paul's words. Co-operation was a sure sign of unity, and unity meant strength of purpose to carry out every good work asked of them in these days.



"At Home" with a Bororo Family in the forest of Ecuador.

The College at Shrigley, near Macclesfield, which they were asked to support was perhaps known to them by name only. But one thing was certain that it was for the Missions, and the work of the Missions was more than ever necessary in spite of the obvious objection that the conversion of Europe, already in some degree possessed of the truth, was of more vital importance than that of pagan nations, to whom the light of truth had never come and who consequently lived in good faith.

Such an argument would not be untrue if these pagans were being left in unmolested ignorance. But the facts were all to the contrary. They were either the victims of revivalist extremes, of Anglican 'broadness', or of the ultra-modern nationalism inculcated by the missionaries of Bolshevik Russia. The effect of Catholic missionary work formed a striking contrast in its depth, simplicity and fruitfulness in moral ideas, as he had himself witnessed in Rhodesia. The European abroad wholeheartedly detested the Missionaries, except the Catholic ones,

for the skin-deep civilisation they produced on a native mind hundreds of years behind the West in culture and thought.

There was a striking contrast too between the character of the natives taught by Catholic Missionaries, and those whose 'conversion' had been the work of protestant endeavour. The Catholic native was open and frank and would put himself to endless trouble to carry out his religious obligations.



Japan: A Salesian Festive Colony.

THORNLEIGH COLLEGE

Bolton - Sharples Park - Lancs

Boarding and Day Secondary School. Recognised by the Board of Education. Extensive playing fields and healthy situation on Bolton Moors.

Apply for a prospectus to

V. Rev. W. G. AUSTEN.

M. A., B. Litt. (Oxon).



SALESIAN COLLEGE

FARNBOROUGH HAMPSHIRE

Army and Royal Air

Force Examinations

London Matriculation, Oxford Locals

Apply to

Rev. J. F. McCourt, S. C., Rector.



SALESIAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Pallaskenry, Co. Limerick.

Farmers' Sons are admitted for a Practical and Theoretical Course in Agriculture at a Moderate Pension.

*Apply now for Prospectus to
The Rector.*



ST. JOSEPH'S AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

WARRENTOWN, DRUMREE Co. MEATH

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

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

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

THE APOSTOLIC CIRCLES

OF

MARY HELP OF CHRISTIANS

1. The Apostolic Circles of Mary Help of Christians are groups of Salesian Co-operators (each group consisting of twelve members representing the twelve Apostles) who band themselves together for the object of helping a boy to study for the Missionary Priesthood.
2. The Apostolic Circles are under the special protection of Mary Help of Christians who revealed to Blessed Don Bosco that there is no work so dear to Her maternal heart and so urgent in the Church to-day as that of saving priestly vocations.
3. Each Circle undertakes to raise the sum of £120 during the period of four years, each member collecting or subscribing yearly £2.10s. Whenever a new Circle is formed, a candidate is immediately accepted.

Spiritual Advantages.

1. The members of the Apostolic Circles are inscribed on the roll of the Salesian Co-operators, whose chief privileges are:

(a) The right of participation in the great spiritual merit accruing from the countless good works of the Salesian Fathers and Sisters all over the world.

(b) A Mass offered up every day in the Basilica of Mary Help of Christians, Turin, for their spiritual and temporal needs.

(c) The Indulgence of the *Sanctified Work*, an unique favour granted by Pius XI: "As often as the Salesian Co-operators raise up their mind to God during the day by means of any invocation whatsoever (no special form of words is required) they gain the Indulgence of 400 days: further, they may gain once a day a Plenary Indulgence, applicable to the Souls in Purgatory, the only condition for both Indulgences being that they are in a state of grace."

2. They are enrolled in the Association of the Sacred Heart (Rome), which entitles them to a share in six daily Masses in perpetuity.

3. They have a share in a Mass said every Tuesday at the Shrine of Blessed John Bosco, Shrigley, Macclesfield, and in a Mass said every 24th of the month at Shrigley, Cowley, and Pallaskenry, where special devotions are held in honour of Mary Help of Christians.

Petitions can be sent to the above mentioned Houses for the monthly Novena in honour of Mary Help of Christians commencing on the 16th, and to the Shrine of Blessed John Bosco at Shrigley, where special prayers are said for benefactors every Tuesday.

At present over 200 boys and young men are being trained by the Salesian Society in England and in Ireland for the home and foreign Missions.

The Training Centres are:

Salesian Missionary College, Shrigley, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

Salesian House, Cowley, Oxford.

Salesian College, Pallaskenry, Limerick.

To join a Circle communicate with The V. Rev. Fr. Provincial, Salesian College, Battersea Park, London, S. W. 11, or the Rector of one of the above mentioned Houses.