

THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATION
OF SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS

Volume XVII.

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1925

Number 5.



SALESIAN PILGRIMS PHOTOGRAPHED BEFORE THE BASILICA OF ST MARY MAJOR, ROME

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THE SALESIAN BULLETIN

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

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

The Salesian Co-operators

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

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

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

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

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

For the Salesian Missions

Co-operators! Co-operators! We are now in the Golden Jubilee Year of the Salesian Missions. The first Missionaries left the Mother House in 1875; they numbered 10; increasingly larger groups have been sent out almost annually since then; this year, at least 120 Salesians have departed for the Missions; we would like to double the number next year —will YOU help us? Will you become a Co-operator in the great work—become a Missionary in heart and in spirit even though your duties tie you to the homeland?

Our Missionaries are calling out with almost daily insistence—not only for vestments, linen and other objects for the exercise of the Sacred Ministry, but also for cloth, clothing, footwear, medicine, anything at all that can be of service to our numerous orphans and neophytes in the Missions, and help us to initiate them into the ways of Christian civilisation. If only we had zealous Promoters and Co-operators in the various large Institutes, Firms, and Commercial Houses, how much more might be done for the Faith, and for the spiritual welfare of these unfortunate fellow creatures of ours, who have been left so long in the power of Satan, and bereft of the uplifting influences of our Holy Religion! Even the smallest offering or contribution will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged by our SUPERIOR GENERAL, 32 VIA COTTOLENGO, TURIN, ITALY.

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SUMMARY: *Students of the International Seminary, Turin, in Audience with the Pope.* — *A Good Confession.* — *They Are Filled with New Wine!* — *United in the Sacred Heart or Little Edith's Locket.* — *Lourdes of the Pyrenees.* — *Modern Knights.* — *Salesian Notes and News.* — *Cure by the Sainly Pontiff Pius X.* — *Napoleon's Faith.* — *Happiness in Education.* — *News from the Missions.* — *Visit to Our Lady.* — *Excess Brings Defects.* — *Devotion to Our Lady Help of Christians.* — *Graces and Favours.* — *The Life of the Ven. D. Bosco.* — *Obituary.*

Students of the International Seminary, Turin, in Audience with the Pope.

After the close of the scholastic year and that impressive ordination service in the Basilica of Our Lady Help of Christians, which gave 30 new priests to the Congregation, the students of the Salesian International Seminary, Turin, journeyed *en masse* to Rome to make the Jubilee and to have a solemn audience with the Pope. The party under the leadership of Very Rev. Fr. Mussa, Rector of the Seminary, numbered 150 and included 10 of the Seminary professors and some 50 priests.

This chosen band of the "soldiers of Christ" was received in the Sala Ducale at the Vatican. It was a solemn moment, that moment of delay before His Holiness appeared and they rejoiced in their hearts, those young Levites representative of 25 nationalities—some of them literally from the ends of the earth—that a long-cherished dream of their lives was about to be fulfilled, and they were now going to gaze upon the Vicar of Christ and receive the Papal Benediction from his own lips.

As soon as His Holiness coming from the Sala dei Paramenti appeared on the threshold there burst forth spontaneously, enthusiastically from the assembled clerics one long, hearty "Viva il Papal! Long live the Pope!"—and all sank reverently to their knees. The Holy Father passed slowly around the room; each one was presented to him by Very Rev. Fr.

Tomasetti, Salesian Procurator General, representing the Rector Major, and the Pope offered his hand to each for the kiss of filial devotion and asked many for news of their respective countries. "Why don't you kneel?" he asked looking sympathetically towards one cleric, a Pole—who had remained standing. "I am unable to, Your Holiness; I was wounded in the Great War." The Pope regarded him compassionately and gave him a special blessing.

His Holiness now ascended a throne at one end of the room and Fr. Tomasetti addressing him declared that their presence there on that day was the realisation of a desire that the Superior General of the Salesians, remembering the great filial devotion of Ven. Don Bosco for the Holy See, had long entertained, that of presenting in a body to His Holiness the students of the first Salesian Institute—their seminary for Theology in Turin. They had come, it was true, in pilgrimage to Rome in order to gain the Jubilee indulgences, but they had come more especially "to see Peter" still living in his successor—the vicar of Him who has "the words of eternal life."

The Seminary choir under the direction of Rev. Maestro Grosso then sang with great effect "Oremus pro Pontifice" and the "Tu es Petrus" of Ravanello in three voices. The Pope warmly congratulated both Masters and

choir, and continued: "Your music is an indication of your piety and devotion. Your prayer for the Pope is opportune and We appreciate it." He assured them that he also prayed for them and said how great a pleasure it was for him to receive them, his beloved sons, chosen representatives of the large Christian family scattered throughout the world. "You are the Sons of Ven. Don Bosco and participants in his grand vocation, He was your fore-runner and your model, and We cherish it as one of the greatest graces with which Our life has been enriched that We have known and come into personal contact with this great Servant of God and worker in Christ's Church. We understand therefore and sympathise with his thoughts and ideals and have watched with keen interest the spread of his work throughout the world."

His Holiness then went on to express the wish that their preparation for the priestly state be intense and thorough and that they should now equip themselves with that spirit of piety and learning that would render them afterwards beacon-lights of faith, of truth and of charity.

They had come to Rome "to see Peter" just as St. Paul had gone to Jerusalem to see him before embarking on his apostolate. He hoped that their visit would be the means of stimulating them efficaciously in their mission. It was a joy to him to impart the Jubilee Benediction to each and all of those present; he blessed their studies and their work of preparation for the Sacred Ministry, those who were priests and those who were going to be priests, their families which they had forsaken in order to join the greater family of Don Bosco, their Superiors and the Salesian Congregation, to the greater efficiency of which they would contribute so much.

After giving the Papal Blessing the Holy Father proceeded to the Sala Regia and he must have been further impressed by the note of joy and triumph in the voices of the assembled clerics as they sang what has really become the slogan of their Institute "Christus vincit, regnat, imperat!"

Communications to be addressed:

Very Rev. Ph. RINALDI, S. C.

32 Via Cottolengo - TURIN.

A Good Confession.

The chains that have bound me are flung to the wind.

*By the mercy of God the poor slave is set free;
And the strong grace of heaven breathes fresh
o'er the mind,*

*Like the bright winds of summer that gladden
the sea.*

*There was naught in God's world half so dark
or so vile.*

*As the sin and the bondage that fettered my soul;
There was naught half so base as the malice and
guile*

Of my own sordid passions, or Satan's contr. l.

*For years I have borne about hell in my breast,
When I thought of my God it was nothing but
gloom;*

*Day brought me no pleasures, night gave me no rest.
There was still the grim shadow of horrible
doom.*

*It seemed as if nothing less likely could be
Than that light should break in on a dungeon
so deep;*

*To create a new world were less hard than to free
The slave from his bondage, the soul from its
sleep,*

*But the word had gone forth, and said, let there
be light,*

*And it passed through my soul like a sharp
passing smart;*

*One look to my Saviour, and all the dark night,
Like a dream scarce remembered, was gone
from my heart.*

*I cried out for mercy, and fell on my knees,
And confessed, while my heart with keen sorrow
was wrung;*

*'Twas the labour of minutes, and years of disease
Fell as fast from my soul as the words from
my tongue.*

*And now, blest be God, and the sweet Lord Who
died!*

*No deer on the mountain, nor bird in the sky,
No bright wave that leaps on the dark bounding
tide.*

Is a creature so free or so happy as I.

*All hail, then, all hail, to the dear Precious Blood.
That hath worked these sweet wonders of mercy
in me;*

*May each day countless numbers throng down
to its flood,*

And God have His glory, and sinners go free.

FATHER FABER.

They Are Filled with New Wine!

By M. O'H.

There is only an accidental connection between the Italian word *Ivrea*, which is the name of a town, and the French word *Ivre*, which means drunk; nevertheless at the Salesian Missionary House in Ivrea all the boys are drunk—yes, drunk as lords. You can see it in their behaviour, you can read it in their eyes. Of course you know the kind of drunkenness I mean: that kind of which the Apostles were accused at Pentecost—"But others said, mocking: 'These men are filled with new wine'."

One of the fruits of the Holy Ghost is joy, happiness—and these lovely lads who have laid down their lives for the souls of the heathen are drunk with the happiness of the Holy Ghost.

As I walked along the vine-covered pergolas which form the approach to the House, I heard... yes, it was a row. Boys' voices raised to their highest pitch, laughter, pianos, violins, mandolins...

"Curious religious house this", I thought to myself, "it must be religion of a new kind".

A closer view. Lads of sixteen upwards, with sprouting beards and whiskers; older men with full facial panoply; younger boys with chains that can only shine in patient expectancy of the harvest days to come. And watch them!

A cordon of fifteen-year-olds across there throwing bricks from hand to hand; a little fellow with a clean crop and a smile in the kitchen yard there, peeping out from his potatoes to see who the visitor might be; some older missionary aspirants down on the terrace in front, hauling a cart-load of steel rafters to a centre of building operations. A priest there, another here, and another, with handkerchiefs tucked beneath their Roman collars, and sweating like bulls as they do work enough for two... and thus show what missionary life must be.

"Extraordinary religious house this", I think to myself, "extraordinary—very: so a man can be a priest and yet work like a navvy. A revelation!"

And the beauty of it all is not that work, mere work, is done; but rather how the work is done. It would seem to be more like play.

Oh, if all would work in this spirit, how many social problems would find a simple solution!

The eight-hours-day would be meaningless.

Another scene. A Chapel crowded with men and boys; the Altar a blaze of light—the Most Holy One, the Lord of the Harvest, is there. What a meeting—like harvest home! How many Francis Xaviers are here, how many Caglieros? Let time and Providence show.

Ave Maris Stella, they sing, *Dei Mater Alma*... joining their voices to the echoing of that other one who sought fresh worlds. But when Columbus' men raised their voices in prayer and praise to the Star of the sea from that little boat of theirs they were in quest of a world that must perish: these, in quest of those worlds which are incorruptible and immortal—the souls made in God's image and likeness.

Solve vincla reis, profer lumen caecis—Break the captive's fetters, and to the blind give light...

How beautiful; and in mouths such as these how right, how fitting!

Ah yes, they can pray these lads. They pray as they work—well. Nothing puritanical, nothing rigid, nothing exaggerated; but all sweet and wholesome and catholic. *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might*—they must have read that one day as they searched the Scriptures... and made it the principle of all their activity.

Another scene. A cortile, flanked by porticos, approached by broad and generous steps, roofed in by trailing vines with their clustered fruit, and as a background, the everlasting Alps.

What is on? Scores and scores of boys and men, Brothers and Priests—all Salesians—sit at ease in a large circle. In one direction the orchestra—a violin, a mandoline and two mandolas. Everyone is happy, and the buzz of conversation drowns the busy saw-sawing of the Cicadas' evensong. An impromptu concert—an affair of every evening during the holidays—is beginning.

The same spontaneity of joy is here. One young man with a beard comes into the centre and does the French Waiter, another does the

forgetful and distracted customer at a café; this followed by a song peculiarly apt: *Il canto della nostalgia*—sung by a man who seemed born to act, and sing: there follows in honour of the visitor a hymn in English, and what else would it be but: *Faith of our Fathers?*

And throughout the whole, intervals of homely chatting, and laughter of the boys; and then great harmonised choruses to the honour of Don Bosco. *Cantiam di Don Bosco, fratelli, le glorie!*

"Oh but this is just grand", I exclaim to a cleric standing nearby. "Yes," this simply, "It is the spirit of Don Bosco".

Four years ago this Salesian Missionary Institute, perched on one of the foothills of the Alps, was an idea—and an ideal! Now it is not only realised in fact, but it is the model and exemplar of other Houses like itself. Why? Because Mary Help of Christians keeps her promises, and when she said she'd send missionaries to Don Bosco's Society, she was not poking fun at him, she meant it. So the vocations came, crowded out the house (which accommodates 150 and no more) two other houses have been established on the same model—and still vocations come; there is no room for the crowds seeking admittance. Nineteen from one small village applied the other day. Another fellow who is there now slaved away for three years in a French iron foundry to get the requisite entrance fee, and rather than go as a penniless burden on the newly founded Institute. Another youngster drove up in a motor car (he owned three) and insists on being a Salesian missionary in spite of all opposition from his rich parents. Another is a huge ex-guardsmen of the French Army. Another is a Monsignor and a Canon—he was cleaning the dinner dishes when I saw him! And so on, and so on...

Eh? What's that you say? What a pity we have not a house like that in England? Well, why not? There is already an approximation to it at Cowley, Oxford. I am told that there is no shortage of vocations, but... Is it necessary to fill up?

If I were a millionaire, I know what I'd do.

As it is the worldwide Salesian Activity gets all the support I can afford. Why not write to the Rector of the Salesian Missionary House, Cowley, Oxon. and see what you can do by way of lending a helping hand?

United in the Sacred Heart or Little Edith's Locket.

I was in my first sleep when the sound of the door-bell awakened me, whereupon I sprang from my bed, and after a few hurried preparations hastened to throw open the door.

It was a bitter cold night in January and without the moon threw its pale light over the wan and spectral snow-covered landscape. The sharp gust that swept into the hall, as I opened the door, made me pity the delicate-looking child who stood on the threshold.

Her hair gleamed with a strange and rare effect in the moonlight, long, golden hair that fell in graceful ripples about her shoulders. She was lightly dressed, this little child, as she stood gazing straight and frankly into my eyes, with an expression at once so beautiful and calm and earnest that I shall never forget it.

Her face was pale, her complexion of the fairest. The radiance about her hair seemed to glow in some painted yet indescribable fashion upon her every feature.

These details I had not fairly taken in, when she addressed me:

"Father, can you come with me at once, my mother is dying and she is in trouble?"

"Come inside, my little girl," I said, "and warm yourself. You must be half frozen!"

"Indeed, Father, I am not in the least cold." I had thrown on my coat and hat as she made answer.

"Your mother's name, my child?"

"Catherine Morgan, Father; she's a widow and has lived like a saint. And now that she is dying she is in awful trouble. She was taken sick only a few hours ago."

"Where does she live?"

"Two miles from here, Father, on the border of the Great Swamp: she is a stranger in these parts and alone. I know the way perfectly: you needn't be afraid of getting lost."

A few minutes later we were tramping through the snow, or rather, I was tramping; for the child beside me moved on with so light and tender a step, that had there been flowers instead of snowflakes beneath our feet I do not think a single petal would have been crushed, under the hushed fall of her fairy feet.

Her hand was in mine with the confiding clasp of childhood. Her face, for all the trouble that was at home, wore a gravely serene air, such as is seldom seen in years of sprightly youthful innocence.

How beautiful she looked: more like a creature fresh from the perfect handiwork of God, than one who walked in the valley of sin, and sorrow, and trouble, and death.

Upon her bosom I observed a golden locket, fashioned in the shape of a heart.

She noticed my glance, and with a quick movement of her fingers, released the locket and handed it to me.

"It's a heart," I said.

"Read what's on it, Father."

"I can't, my little friend; my eyes are very good, but are not equal to making out writing on golden lockets by moonlight."

"Just let me hold it for you, Father, now look!"

How this mite contrived I cannot say; but certain it is, that at once, as she held the locket at a certain angle, there stood out clearly, embossed upon its surface, the legend, "Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me."

"Mama placed that upon my bosom one year ago, when I was very sick, Father" And kissing the locket the child restored it to its place.

We went on for a time in silence, as I carried the Blessed Sacrament with me; and young as she was, the girl seemed to appreciate the fact. Whenever I glanced at her, I observed her lips moving as in prayer, and her eyes seemed, in very truth, fixed upon the place where rested in His sacramental veil the Master of life and death.

Suddenly the girl's hand touched my sleeve, O so gently!

"This is the place, Father," she said in soft tones that thrilled me as they broke upon the stillness; and she pointed to a little hut standing back in the dim shadows of three pine trees.

I pushed open the door which hung loosely upon its hinges, and turned to await her entrance. She was gone. Somewhat startled, I was peering out into the pallid night, when a groan called me to the bedside of the dying woman.

A glance told me there was no time to lose. The woman lying in that room had hardly

reached middle life; but the hand of death had touched her brow, upon which stood the drops of sweat, and in her face I read a great trouble.

I was at her side in an instant; and, God be thanked for it, soon calmed and quieted the poor creature. She made her confession, and in sentiments of faith and love, such as I have rarely seen, received the last sacraments of the Church.

Standing beside her I suggested those little prayers and devices so sweet and consoling at the dread hour. I noticed as the time passed on that her eyes frequently turned towards a little box at the farther end of the room.

"Shall I bring you that box?" I asked. She nodded assent.

On placing it beside her, she opened it with trembling hands and took out the dress of a child.

"Your little daughter's dress," I said. She whispered, and there was love in her tone:

"My darling Edith's."

"I know her," I continued. "She brought me here, you know."

I stopped short and caught my breath. The woman half rose in her bed, she looked at me in wonder that cannot be expressed: I, no less amazed, was staring at a golden, heart-shaped locket fastened to the bosom of a child's dress which the woman was holding in her hands.

"Madam," I cried, "in the name of God tell me where is your daughter. Whose is that locket?"

"The locket is Edith's. I placed it here on the bosom of her dress when my little girl lay dying a year ago. The last thing my darling did was to hold this locket to her lips and say: 'Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me.' She died a year ago."

Then the mother's face grew very sweet and very radiant.

Still holding the locket in her hands, she fixed her eyes straight before her.

"Edith, my dear Edith, we are at last to be united in the Sacred Heart! I see you my darling.

"Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me."

Her voice faded with the last syllable into silence.

Edith and she were again united.

LOURDES OF THE PYRENEES

By a Pilgrim.

I have just returned from the little town that lies amongst those lower Pyrenean slopes on which the august Mother of God deigned to set foot so often during last century and to hold commune with her little peasant girl Bernardette. I have seen no miracles, except the miracle of Lourdes itself, and I must confess that like most of the pilgrims who find their way to that hallowed spot the possibility of witnessing miracles was not the attractive force that drew me thither. But I feel, all the same, that I have come intimately in contact with the supernatural. During the period, all too short, that I was able to spend in Lourdes, I enjoyed a sweetness of spirit and an exaltation of being altogether new and unique in my psychological experiences. The mystery—the sacredness of the place descends upon you and raises you up body and soul above the sordidness and imperfections of life. All are good at Lourdes; all are ready and eager to make sacrifices; charity rules and orders all, even the public life of the town; policemen find no place in that Pyrenean retreat. The sight of the sick wrings your heart, but far from being repelled by those distorted limbs, those gaunt and emaciated forms, you long to embrace them, you pray for them with all your heart, publicly, with outstretched, supplicating arms, a common faith and hope makes you one with them and you feel that you have never loved your fellowmen so unselfishly and so ardently before.

As you stand beside those sacred bathing-pools and witness the steady stream of faithful souls who have come there to immerse themselves in those miraculous waters principally because Bernardette's Lady expressed the wish that they should do so, as you listen to the people and their priests storming Heaven with their prayers: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!" "Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick." "Lord, that I may see, that I may hear, that I may walk!" "Our Lady of Lourdes, pray for us!"—you must be of a flinty disposition, indeed, if you are not moved, and if tears of love and understanding sympathy do not find their way to your eyes.

Even if Lourdes had no 4,000 attested miracles to boast of, even if an average of 100 inexplicable cures (a figure given by the late Dr. Cox) did not take place there annually, Lourdes would still deserve a unique place in

the world and in the hearts of men as a monument of Christian charity, as the one little bright spot where the wonders of the Gospel teaching are seen in all their compelling splendour, where there is no class war, where man stretches forth his hand lovingly to man, where the strong glory in helping the weak, where human respect entirely disappears and men allow their faith and devotion to bubble over, rapturously, exultantly, in the sight of all.

The Meaning of Lourdes.

For the Catholic who has once visited Lourdes there is no need to ask what the meaning of it all is—there is no need to question the desire in the heart of that august Lady during those 18 apparitions to humble Bernardette. You have the explanation of it in those thousands and thousands of Communions made daily during, at least, six months of the year, in those hours of patient night-watching in the presence of the Eucharistic King, in the Midnight Masses and the hundreds of other Masses that are offered there daily, in the triumphal passing of Our Eucharistic Lord in the afternoon procession, in the glorious torchlight procession of the evening. Mary, the loving Help of Christians—and nowhere more worthy of the title than at Lourdes—is leading a world grown old in its ways and cold in its devotion back to the feet of Her Divine Son. Mother-like, queen-like, she would offer Him a spiritual bouquet of souls, and so she calls her chosen children from all parts of the world to those Pyrenean slopes, where, in her own winning, mysterious way, she shows them the sweets of virtue and of grace, chastens and purifies them and offers them in sojourn to the Sacred Heart of Her Divine Son. Lourdes is the world's retreat house. Nowhere more intimately than bathed in the tranquillity, the devotion and charity of this little town does the tired soul hold sweet commune with its Divine Spouse, the creature with the Creator, the afflicted with the Comforter and Healer of all ills.

Lourdes and the Problem of Suffering.

Lourdes and its effects upon the sick and infirm gives the lie direct to the scoffer who would say that God, in spite of His boasted

goodness, seems indifferent to the physical and moral ills that weigh so heavily upon the sons of Adam. Scientific experts of the highest authority testify to the inexplicable nature of thousands of cures that have taken place at Lourdes during the past sixty years. The proportion of cures to the number of sick pilgrims who have visited the place is small but that does not lessen the significance of the divine interference with the ordinary working of the forces of nature. God does compassionate his suffering creatures and in order to encourage

the way chosen by Our Divine Lord Himself for the gaining of those infinite merits that redeemed the world.

The English Pilgrims.

The members of Canon Monk's pilgrimage visiting Lourdes during August impressed me greatly: their perfect order and discipline, their immediate response to the orders and wishes of their leaders who worked like heroes throughout the pilgrimage, their determination to go



SOUTHWARK PILGRIMS WITH THEIR BISHOP, DR AMIGO, AT LOURDES.

all to resign themselves to His plan in their regard He cures some. And this is the phenomenon of Lourdes: there are none who rejoice more over a reported cure than the poor sick who are not cured. No repining, no bitterness of heart, no gloomy despair; a sweet resignation takes possession of them and their attitude may be expressed in the following words: "God has not cured me, but He has cured my fellow sufferer, and now, more than ever, I know He is not indifferent to my suffering and pain. He may cure me; He may not; but I know that in His universal providence He is providing for my best interests; I resign myself to His Divine wishes; God's Holy Will be done!"

The gift of Christian resignation midst the woes and ills of life is the commonest grace that is received by pilgrims to Lourdes; and surely, from the point of view of eternity, it is a more precious gift than any miraculous cure: it was

through with all the exercises even in most trying weather. I have been living some years amongst continental peoples; they have their own virtues, their own attractiveness, and the vivacious enthusiasm of the Latin pilgrims is one of the most infectious and uplifting influences at Lourdes; but the quiet bearing of the English, their reverent attitude in all sacred places, their persistent good manners everywhere—this had an impressiveness all its own and was edifying, too, to quite a degree.

See Naples and die! See Lourdes and long—long to return! This, the venerable Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes assured us (though assurance was quite unnecessary) was the predominant sentiment amongst pilgrims who had visited Lourdes. A charming personality this aged prelate, and one wonders how much of the wonderful beauty of all things at Lourdes is due to his genius and initiative. During the few minutes' private conversation I was able

to have with him, when he knew I was interested in the Salesians, he told me proudly that he had had the pleasure of meeting Ven. Don Bosco during one of those famous visits of the latter to Paris.

The members of the English party were given precedence in all the sacred functions on the Feast of the Assumption. His Lordship, Bishop Amigo, carried the Sacred Host in the afternoon procession, and the blessing after the torchlight procession was given that evening by Mgr. Oliveira, a Salesian Bishop from Brazil.

"Go now" said Fr. Wilson O. S. B. from the steps of the Rosary Church on the last evening that we spent at Lourdes, "go now and say good-night to Our Lady."—and two minutes afterwards the fitful rays of the hundreds of candles burning in the Grotto would have revealed to an onlooker little bunches of pilgrims grouped together in the darkness around some leader, saying their good-night and their au revoir to that dear Lady of Lourdes in hushed, reverential tones that seemed only to emphasise the stillness and peace of the sacred retreat. On the hard pavement they kneel, the last echo of the Rosary has long since died away and they are still there gazing earnestly and lovingly towards that little white figure standing out against the black rock. One cannot tell what one's neighbour is saying to Our Heavenly Mother, of the favours he is asking for his dear ones, for benefactors, for friends—but it is certain that all are extremely loath to tear themselves away from that candle-lit grotto which means so much to Our Lady's children.

But time presses and we have an early start and much to do in the morning.

Au revoir, dear Mother! Call us soon again to your predilect, Pyrenean slopes, and keep us good till then!

But is difficult to sleep tranquilly when one must be up betimes, and then there are those soul-stirring invocations that keep running through one's head:

"Seigneur, nous vous adorons!"

"Seigneur, faites que je voie!"

"Notre-Dame de Lourdes, priez pour nous!"

See Lourdes and long—long to return!

* *

*Oh! Lady of Lourdes, hark! we call upon thee,
From all parts of the earth and the isles of the sea,
Oh! Queen of the Rosary! Thy Shrine is our home,
Though mountains divide us and broad oceans
foam.*

The saint and the sinner, the sick and the strong,

*Immaculate Mary! to hail thee we throng.
We come to bow down to thy Eucharist Child
We come to salute thee, the Lord's undefiled.
We plead for relief from our burdens of pain,
None kneel to thee Mother of Mercy in vain.
A well-spring of life to thy children afford,
Of grace thou art full and with thee is the Lord.
Bright Day-star illumine our pilgrimage way,
And lead us all homeward who love thine Ave.*



Modern Knights.

There are in the Church innumerable examples of illustrious Champions of penmanship, the history of whose substantial services are coeval with the annals of the Church. That the Church estimates the services rendered by these writers as a certain kind of knighterrantry was evinced by Pope Pius X on a memorable occasion when he took up the stylograph out of the hands of a Catholic journalist kneeling at his feet and blessed it in these words:—"I bless the symbol of your office. My predecessors used to bless the sword and armour of Christian warriors. I am happy to draw down blessings on the pen of a Christian journalist". Hence it follows that the gallantry of a warrior is required of a Catholic writer in brandishing his plausible pen by counteracting, as an Ephrem did of yore, poems, if needs be by poems, publications by publications, periodicals by periodicals, journalism by journalism, pen by pen, and, as Leo XIII would have it, by meeting the press by the press. Among those who responded to this proposal, mention can be made with pleasure of Venerable Don Bosco, that close imitator of St. Francis of Sales and the founder of the "Salesian Society", who opposed pamphlet to pamphlet in his dealings with Protestant denominations. To conclude, I shall add the very words of the founder of the Salesian Society, which breathe the spirit of an Apostle and which bring out how an Apostleship of penmanship is compatible with a Catholic in his virtuous life. For he says "Now God calls me to imitate our patron under another aspect, to zealously defend the Catholic religion... He (their patron St. Francis de Sales) was an Apostle in his writings as much as in the sanctity of his life. God grant I may be his disciple in both".

Rev. J. K. in the "Trumpet Call".

SALESIAN NOTES AND NEWS.

America. One of the many activities in which the Salesian Fathers are engaged in both North and South America, is the care of the immigrant. The first Salesian foundation in the Argentine, in 1875, was also a work for the benefit of the immigrant. In the United States the Salesians carry on, among other things, work among Italian, Polish and Portuguese immigrants.

In a speech delivered during the latter part of June by Mr. Sylvester Adriano before the Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Women at their annual convention in San Francisco, the proposition stated was that the great problem which confronts the Church in the United States today in its relation to the immigrant is not how to retain the immigrant in the Faith, but how to reclaim him for the Faith from which he has strayed.

"This task is by no means hopeless," said Mr. Andriano. "Many of our clergy have accomplished wonders in this regard. The Salesian Fathers for example have wrought nothing short of a miracle among the Italians here in San Francisco."

We may reckon in hundreds of thousands the immigrants to whom the work of Don Bosco gives religious assistance and when necessary charitable succour in both North and South America, wherever Salesian Houses are to be found.

* *

At our Institute in New Rochelle another step forward is being made. There is now in course of construction another wing of the new building. Pretty soon the entire edifice will be finished, for God is with us. When God does the building we do not labour in vain. Next September this new addition will be temporarily used as a chapel, since the room used during the past two years for this purpose will not be able to accommodate the increasing number of boys. We hope that the day is not far distant when we shall have a building set apart only for God's service; the part now under construction would then serve as auditorium.

* *

Other improvements are also being made at the Salesian Institute. But the happiest news we can give about this school is that it has been approved by the Board of Regents of the State of New York. Notification was received by the Superior of the school shortly before the close of the last scholastic year.

* *

The Salesians have now another foundation. It is in Goshen, N. Y., and will be known as the *Salesian School*. The object in opening this new school is to enable the Salesians to receive also boys of the fourth and fifth grades; in the past many young applicants had to be turned away on account of lack of room. The sixth grade will also be located at Goshen, so that at the Salesian Institute in New Rochelle only boys of the high school and of the seventh and eighth grades will be admitted. Formerly boys of the sixth grade were received at New Rochelle. The Salesian School at Goshen will, like the Salesian Institute, follow the syllabus of the Regents of the State of New York.

* *

Fifteen young men will be received into our novitiate this month. After a year of study and meditation satisfactorily made they will be admitted into the Salesian Society. The novitiate is the nursery of vocations; it is there that young men receive the first rudiments of their training for work in our Society. To be received into the novitiate it is necessary that the candidate desire either to become a priest or a lay-brother in the Salesian Society; that he have the necessary moral and physical qualifications; and that he have spent at least six months as "aspirant" in one of our Houses. For admission into the novitiate as a candidate for the priesthood, one should have satisfactorily completed the regular high school course. If any of our readers know of a young man who would like to consecrate himself to God by becoming a religious, they are kindly requested to make our Society known to him, and to refer

him to us for any information he may desire in this regard.

* *

The building of the Don Bosco Institute in Ramsey, N. J., will be completed by the opening of the next scholastic year. The last wings are now in construction. Don Bosco Institute is a classical high school for Polish boys, and is approved by the State Board of education.

maintained by the American Government on the island of Culion. The visit was no mere perfunctory and formal affair; the Apostolic Delegate remained on the island for four days, the time being devoted to work for the welfare of the unfortunates there segregated.

Culion is a small island having an area of 300 square kilometers situated between Luzon on the North and Palawan to the South. It was taken over by the Government in 1907 for use as a leper colony where those suffering from



THE AWFUL RAVAGES OF LEPROSY! SOME LEPERS UNDER THE CARE OF THE SALESIANS.

* *

The Salesian Fathers in charge of the Church of Mary Help of Christians in New York, have just completed their new parochial school building. Also at S. S. Peter and Paul's, San Francisco, California, a new parochial school was dedicated last month. All in all this year is fraught with success in the line of schools erected by the Salesian Fathers. The benefit children will derive from the Catholic training which they will receive in these schools can not be overestimated.

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The Island of Culion. The Roman correspondent of the American News Service tells how Monsignor Piani (a Salesian of the Venerable Don Bosco), Apostolic Delegate to the Philippine Islands, visited the leper colony

that disease in various parts of the Philippines might be concentrated and given treatment and care. At present there are about 5200 lepers on the island. Their spiritual care is entrusted to the Jesuits who are assisted in the hospital by the French Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres. The Government supports the colony, supplies food and medicine, pays doctors, nurses and other employees and is represented on the island by a director who has administrative and juridical powers.

The Apostolic Delegate and his party left Manila on the coastal ship Basilan. The party included the Delegate's secretary and the superior of the Jesuits in the Philippines. At Culion, which they reached after a twenty-hour voyage, they were greeted by Dr. Joseph Avellana Basa, director of the colony; by members of the American medical staff on the island; two Jesuits stationed there; a group of the

Sisters and a crowd of boys, girls, clerks, workmen and other persons who are not lepers but who are engaged in one kind of work or another on the island.

After making a solemn entry into the leper colony the Delegate was escorted in procession as far as the Church. There he intoned the "Te Deum", the responses being provided by a choir of lepers, and then imparted the Eu-

the Jesuits and the sisters. The Delegate passed from one bed to another distributing gifts of tobacco, sweets, medals and pictures. Business houses and charitable persons in Manila had supplied the gifts which he distributed.

A unique feature of the Delegate's visit was a musical entertainment organized by the lepers under the direction of one of the Jesuit Fathers. The selections included: "Long Live the Pope,"



MGR. PIANI S. C. WITH THE LEPER BAND ON THE ISLAND OF CULION.

charistic Benediction. Monsignor Piani told those who were gathered in the church for services that he had been sent to Culion by the Pope to console and bless the lepers.

Next morning the Delegate celebrated Mass and distributed Communion to the lepers. Several hundred persons received. The inhabitants of Culion are noted for their piety and for the frequency with which they approach the Sacraments. One missionary says 116,000 Communions, (or more than 300 daily), are distributed there in a year. Through a proxy, the Delegate acted as godfather to two leper orphans to whom he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Two consecutive evenings were given over by the Delegate for visits to the seven pavilions, hospitals and houses entrusted to the care of

"The Leper's Lament," "Compassion." and Gounod's "Pontifical Hymn." A reception was also tendered the Delegate at the residence of the director-general at which the twelve physicians composing the medical staff, the nurses, and other employees of the colony were present. When the Delegate expressed his appreciation of the courteous treatment accorded him he took occasion to repeat some of the words in which the Pope recently told a delegation of physicians from the Argentine that their curing mission applies not only to the body but to the entire man and that, therefore, their profession is a truly missionary one

CURE BY THE SAINTLY PONTIFF PIUS X.

La Croix, in the year 1912, published the following circumstantial account recorded from Ventimiglia, San Remo:—

"A German girl—whose name is withheld—was a postulant in the Carmelite Convent of San Remo. During the three months preceding the time contemplated for her clothing she became deaf. The specialist called in to examine her—by name Dr. Bubonne—declared her complaint to be completely incurable, the tympanum of the ear being perforated. The postulant was told she could not be accepted for the convent. Allowed to stay on for a time, she endeavoured to obtain a cure by means of earnest prayer and novenas, but in vain. Accordingly she was sent home with the doctor's testimony to the incurable nature of her disease. One day, however, after receiving Holy Communion, she heard an interior voice saying to her plainly: "Go to the Pope; he will cure you." Hastening back to the convent, she told the Prioress what had occurred. She received small encouragement. "You are not content," said the Superioress, "with being deaf. You must needs go mad beside!" But so strongly did the girl insist on the truth of her experience, that it had to be finally arranged for one of the Sisters to accompany her to Rome. The journey took place on the 9th January 1912. The Holy Father was forewarned of her coming and of the details of her case by the Prioress. On entering the Pope's presence the late postulant threw herself on her knees, and said: "Holy Father, I am firmly convinced that you can cure me. I want to be a Carmelite, but they won't take me because of my ailment." Thereupon the Pope rose and bade her make an act of faith and confidence three times. He then took her head between his hands, saying: "My daughter, be it done to thee according to thy faith. Go, and become a good and holy Carmelite." The girl rose up, hearing perfectly. The Pope's private secretary, Mgr. Bressan, said afterwards to the Pope, "But Holy Father what is this you have done?" "It is not I," replied the Pontiff, "but the power of the keys that has affected the cure." On her return to San Remo the girl was received by the nuns with much rejoicing. Her clothing was fixed for February 8th. For that event the Holy Father sent her the following letter, which the preacher for the occasion read from the pulpit before the Bishop who was performing the ceremony:

"Dearly beloved daughter, I send an ample blessing to you, to the Mother Prioress, to the community and to all who assist at the ceremony of your clothing. In future you are to be called Maria Pia of the Good Shepherd."

Approved Prayer for the Beatification of Pope Pius X.

O God, Who hast chosen Thy servant Pius X. to restore all things in Christ, to be the Pope of the Holy Eucharist, the model of the Priesthood, and the scourge of Modernism, and Who hast, as we confidently hope, already crowned him in Thy heavenly Kingdom, grant we pray and beseech Thee, that for Thy greater glory and the salvation of souls, he may be also glorified here upon earth.

Moved by faith and loyalty towards the Apostolic See, we humbly beg this favour through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ Thy Son, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, God world without end. Amen.

"Poor Souls' Friend."

Napoleon's Faith.

The Emperor Napoleon, in the days of his prosperity and earthly glory, thought little of God or of the practice of his religious duties. He was not, however, without faith, and afterwards, in the solitude of his captivity at St. Helena, became convinced of the vanity of the world, and returned to the practice of his religion. It happened one day that one of his officers asked him, in a jesting way, how he could believe that there was a God since he had never seen Him.

"Listen, and I will tell you," said Napoleon. "You say that I have a talent for war. When we used to go to battle, if there was any important movement to be made, you were the first to come and look for me, and everyone cried out, 'Where is the Emperor?' And why so? It was because you trusted in my talent, yet you had never seen it. Did you, then, doubt its existence? No! My victories proved that it existed, and hence no one called it in question. But which of my victories could be compared to any of the wonders of creation, which all bear testimony to the existence of God? What military movement can bear any comparison with the movements of the heavenly bodies? My victories made you believe in me; the universe makes me believe in God."

"St. Joseph's Annals".

Happiness in Education.

What should be the guiding spirit in the education of youth? This has been one of the most mooted questions with our pedagogues. Their replies are as many as the philosophies and the doctrines which dictate them. For more than sixty years, the Salesians following in the wake of the Venerable Don Bosco take this position: it should be a spirit which ought to understand, assist, develop and fortify the dangerous period which is between 12 and 18 years of age. This spirit takes its name and principles from St. Francis of Sales, the Bishop of Geneva; it is the Salesian spirit. Fully imbued with the maxims of this master, Don Bosco made up a pedagogy which is second to none. He did still more; he enriched it with his experience and with the reflections of a man ahead of his times. In a word, this grand pedagogy has emanated from the mind of St. Francis of Sales and from his modern disciple, Don Bosco. In analysing it, it is readily seen that this system has well understood the capital importance of cheerfulness in the curriculum; Don Bosco has, as it were, imbued with it each one of the activities which go to make up the day of a Salesian School.

Yet he did not by any means despise discipline; he wished it to be exact and not false, respected by the pupil but not idolized by the teacher, familiar and not Draconic; but he also wished cheerfulness to have a great importance in the education of his pupils. He never regretted this.

One of the impressions which an attentive and competent person receives from a visit to a Salesian House is the atmosphere of joy which is everywhere prevalent. Don Bosco considered cheerfulness an indispensable factor for success in education. He looked for cheerfulness all the days of his life, from the very day in which, as a young seminarian, he founded with a few of his friends the "Company of Cheerfulness" up to the time when in giving to the public the lessons of his long experience, he wrote those famous lines of St. Philip Neri: "Let the boys jump, play, and romp about as much as they want". One of the counsels he frequently gave his boys was: Be Cheerful.

He wished cheerfulness everywhere. He not only wanted it at recreation and on walks, as is but natural, but he also desired to have it in class and in the chapel. The theatre, which seems to have frightened Monsignor Dupanloup, did not frighten Don Bosco. He was the first modern educator to inaugurate theatres

for his boys (1847). Music has a place of honour in Salesian Houses. Childhood has to be brought up "in hymnis et canticis". Someone may say that it is impossible to attain to knowledge by diversion. We would answer that it is impossible without diversion. To teach really means to arouse the curiosity of the boys and then to satisfy it. But curiosity is lively and sound only when it is happy. Knowledge imparted through force only cramps the intelligence. Don Bosco wished his boys to be imbued with a taste and love for study by various and ingenious means, by habitually keeping the pupil at ease with his work, by creating an atmosphere of cordiality in class, by the captivating knowledge of the teacher. He also wished to secure love for the House of God. In order to attain this, he strove to render it attractive by executing the ceremonies in the brightest manner possible and by having his pupils take an active part in them as well as in the singing. He did not permit Mass to be heard in silence. He had prayers recited aloud and hymns sung. He wanted plenty of music to accompany the ceremonies, as well as plenty of flowers and candles for the altar.

To please his many boys he would not preclude such innovations as did not transgress the respect due to the House of God. Above all he placed confidence and love at the base of Christian piety, making of the chapel a house of sweet and fervent prayer where the boys were glad to spend an hour joyfully. The Jansenist spirit asid. "Adore God. Tremble before God". But Don Bosco followed the admirable advice of Fénelon: "Tâchez de leur faire goûter Dieu, à ces petits".

But what is the purpose of all this?

He knew very well that sadness and tediousness draw souls to vice and make hypocrites of them. While, on the contrary, true joy which comes from pure sources is a pillar of rectitude, confidence and simplicity. It is the ally of the educator because by it the child permits himself to be approached, known, and formed almost without his knowing it.

Besides all this the very health of the child profits by cheerfulness. Sadness and tediousness beget apathy; but joy dispels it. It rests and strengthens the nerves; it sends a thrill of life throughout the organism. And joy produces a beneficent effect upon both body and mind. "La joie est un baume de vie qui renouvelle le sang et les esprits. La tristesse, dit l'Écriture, dessèche les os (Fénelon).

Joy or cheerfulness is an integral part of the Salesian system of education, which on one hand essentially tends to obtain the confidence

of the child and on the other requires nothing else to spur a child on in a greater or better degree after having given itself over to the care of the educator.



THE S'HEM OR KING IN ASSAM
(See p. 146.)

And now to close this enumeration of the benefits derived from joy, we call to mind that it is of paramount importance that during the time of the child's definite training, virtue and pleasure, effort and pleasure, effort and

joy should be combined. It would indeed be sad as well as fatal if from its early years of education a child should receive the impression that virtue, religion, and duty are indeed fine things, but also sad. "Si l'enfant se fait une idée triste et sombre de la vertu, si la liberté et le dérèglement lui sont une fatigue agréable, tout est perdu" (Fénelon).

When a youth opens his eyes to the world, what a spectacle will unfailingly strike his curious spirit? All around him, in society, vice marches triumphantly, deceiving, decked in bright colours. It will try to make him believe that it holds a monopoly on joy. Against this untruth, which on account of his inexperience he will not be able to unmask, it is necessary that he should have learned beforehand that virtue is beautiful, that it abounds in genuine joys, that religion does not lead to sadness, but to unalloyed happiness, that the only smile worth while is the Christian smile, that vice only sneers, and that joy is a gift of God and next to charity His most delectable and gratifying benefaction.

Plenary Indulgences.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NEWS FROM THE MISSIONS.

Statistics—but Interesting!

The Venerable Don Bosco, the founder of the Salesian Society, of the Institute of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, and of the Salesian Co-operators, began the Salesian Missions in 1875, when he sent out to the Argentine a group of ten missionaries under the leadership of Father Cagliero, now Cardinal Bishop of Frascati.

The last statistics (March 1925) show that the Salesian Missions have in the short span of fifty years reached the number of 25 missions with 1,169 missionaries, 1,077 works strictly missionary or among youth, and about 112,819 catechumens and pupils in schools erected in missionary districts.

Some idea of the activity of the Salesian Missionaries may be had from the following summary of statistics:

Salesian Missions in Asia. In Asia the Salesians have missions in Turkey, Asia-Minor, Palestine, Tanjore, Assam, Shiu-Chow, Heung-Shan, Macao and Shanghai, with 316 Salesians and Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, 298 works strictly missionary or among youth, and 52,336 catechumens and pupils in schools.

Salesian Missions in Africa. In Africa the Salesians have missions in Algeria, Tunis, Egypt, Belgian Congo, and at the Cape of Good Hope, with 116 Salesians and Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, 16 missionary works, and 2,087 catechumens and pupils.

Salesian Missions in South America. In South America the Salesians are on the Rio Negro (Amazon), in Ecuador among the Jivaros, in Matto Grosso among the Bororos, in Paraguay, on the Pampas, in Patagonia, in Tierra del Fuego, Chile, Magellanes and in Leper Colonies.

Salesians Missions in Australia. In Australia the Salesians are under the leadership of Bishop Coppo, former Provincial of the Salesians in the United States. They have missions at Kimberley and Melbourne, with 16 Salesians and Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, 16 missionary works, and 2,087 catechumens and pupils.

It is to be noted that among the missionaries

are not included catechists or other persons who are not professed in the Salesian Society but who aid the Missionaries. The above statistics deal only with strictly missionary places, and do not include the other activities of the Salesians. In the United States, Central and South America there are 1354 Salesians and 1349 Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, working in various institutions. There are almost 6,000 professed Salesians and about as many Daughters of Mary Help of Christians in Don Bosco's two Institutes.

Each of the above missions generally includes several residences, chapels, hospitals, clinics, etc., as well as works for native youths, agricultural institutions, and schools of arts and trades.

On account of their great development, the Salesian Missions are in continual need of personnel and material help. In the meantime the Salesians are being asked to work also in other missions fields. In China alone the Salesians could find work for several thousand missionary labourers... How many millions of souls in Asia, Africa and Australia are still in ignorance of the Gospel! The Missionary Apostolate requires great sacrifice. All should co-operate as much as possible in the work of spreading the kingdom of God among the heathen nations of the earth. The means are prayer, the encouraging of vocations, and material and moral aid.

The Salesians and the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, by means of the aid they receive from their Co-operators, maintain 28 institutions which are given over to the training of missionaries. The principal of these are the Cardinal Cagliero Institute, an international college for missionary aspirants, at Ivrea, Italy, a spot associated with the history of Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy; the Pius V Institute at Penango with 100 pupils and St. Michael's Institute, near Turin, for lay-brothers aspiring to the missions. A department of the Salesian Institute at New Rochelle has also been recognized as a Seminary, and young men aspiring to the missions either as priests or lay-brothers may apply to Rev. Father Provincial, 148 Main Street, New Rochelle N. Y. The Salesian House, Cowley, Oxford is given over to the training of Missionary Vocations in England.

Heathen Worship amongst the Khassi Hills of Assam.

By Fr. Paul Bonurdi, S. C.

The kingdom of Nongkrem is the only one amongst the Khassi Hills of India in which sacrificial rites, performed with a wealth of fantastic ceremonies, take place annually in honour of the country's divinities, and for the occasion crowds of natives come, even from the most distant towns and hamlets, to the tiny little village of Smit. Smit was chosen as the capital some twenty years ago when the king definitely abandoned the ancient village of Nongkrem which had always been insecure owing to the great number of caves in the vicinity that afforded excellent shelter for elephants and other depredating wild animals.

In order to fix the date of the solemnity, which must take place without fail in May, the S'iem or king, on some convenient market day, proclaims the holding of the Great Council in which his thirty ministers will take part, and the communication is transmitted to the six raj or sub-divisions of the kingdom in quite a special kind of way. A fibre is stripped from a bamboo cane and twisted in a certain way, so that those who are initiated, and only those, may know the date of the 'holy' week and set about making their preparations for it. Every raj has a special bamboo fibre sent to it and other similar ones are then sent out to the families and individuals under its authority.

The Place of Sacrifice.

At the end of a little green tableland amongst the fantastic hillocks of Smit and alongside the road there is a black wooden enclosure of circular shape which contains at one side of the well levelled and nicely kept courtyard the *Jing Sad* or Divine House, the court-house and the royal palace. The floor of the enclosure which has only one entrance—facing the Divine House—is called the *Duwin* or altar, and it is here that once a year the religious dance and the *Jinhknia* (the sacrifice and divination) takes place, whilst within the House itself the ordinary sacrifices are offered every time some public calamity threatens the welfare of the state, or when the royal family have need of winning the favour of the gods. The Divine House is considered the only national temple, the only dwelling-place of the king's protecting divinity legitimately represented on earth by the supreme priestess, S'iem Sad, who watches over the king's interests.

The Divine House is constructed wholly of wood, bamboo, and straw: the presence of a nail in any part of the structure would be considered a sacrilege. In the middle of the floor there stands a large tree trunk called the *Risbot Blei* towards which all must make a profound inclination. This tree was cut down by its owner from amongst some of the grandest oaks of the Khassi Hills and borne in procession with music and dancing to the Divine House. To touch it, for any reason whatsoever, is always a grave fault and the delinquent must atone for it by bending towards the tree and using the word "*Khu blei*" or "Pray, excuse me!"

About 800 yards further south you may see a hill standing out conspicuously from amongst the others: it is to this that the king, his fortune-telling priests and the people go in procession for the first propitiatory rites in honour of the god, Shillong, the greatest of their divinities, eviscerating in his honour a cock and a goat.

The Great Week.

The great solemnity lasts for five days: each day has a different name and ceremonies proper to itself.

The first day—*Jew-pom-tiah*—is that on which the divination with fish takes place, and great importance is attached to the value and religious (diabolical) significance of this ceremony.

Great bundles of sun-dried fish are brought before the assembled multitude. The diviner takes a gourd filled with water from fermented rice and pouring it several times on the ground observes the manner in which it falls. If it should happen that not even a drop remains clinging to the mouth of the gourd, this is a sign that the offering is not acceptable; on the other hand some drops clinging there show that the divinity is pleased and that all is going well.

After this the fish is distributed, cooked and eaten; a religious dance to the rhythm of tambours, cymbals and flutes is begun by the king and carried on by his ministers right into the night.

To the afternoon of the second day is relegated, and only then allowed, the preparation of the way leading from the Divine House to the glade of sacrifice. The cleaning and adornment of this highway is undertaken by the ordinary people themselves without any direction from the higher dignitaries, and the work is lightened by frequent dances and draughts of *Kiad*—an alcoholic beverage obtained from rice.

The Third Day.

A strident blowing of Indian fifes, those merciless destroyers of sensitive ear-drums, fills the air calling all from near and far to the grand assembly. This musical corps which takes up its stand on the veranda of the Divine House is the liturgical regulator of the sacred rites and dances and always gives the signal to

within and without, but specially appointed guards keep the reserved space free.

At three in the afternoon, the king preceded by his sword-bearer issues forth from his residence and makes for the veranda of the Divine House, where, seated on a special throne in his gorgeous robes and waving plumes, he receives the homage of his ministers.

And then two of the oldest ministers ap-



HEATHEN SACRIFICES IN ASSAM; THE VIRGINS' DANCE.

begin. The indian fifes, however much they get on one's nerves, are esteemed by all as sacred instruments. The tambour, however, is always used to accompany the religious chants. There are two sorts of tambour: one is very large and barrel-shaped; it stands on the ground and the skin covering across one end is beaten by two sticks. The smaller tambour is carried suspended from the neck and can be played at both ends.

Within the enclosure a squad of Khassi warriors armed with old muskets are drawn up ready to lend their services wherever they may be needed. No time is lost; abundant libations of Kiad are handed round and all do honour to the king's munificence. Crowds are gathering

proach King S'iem and having made their bow deposit at his feet the sword and symphiah (plumes made from white goats' hair), and then, as though to initiate the young monarch into the ceremonial, they give an example of how the dance must be executed. After a little they retire and then amidst the cheers of all present the king himself accompanied by his Prime Minister descends to the *duwan*.

The King's Dance.

The males' dance, the only one permitted on this day, is a sort of Terpsicorean duel. King and minister brandishing a sword in the right hand and waving the symphiah after the

manner of a fan in the left follow each other in dancing fashion round the duwan; at times they approach each other and feign an attack, then they break off and follow each other again round the yard. The whole performance is repeated several times until in one of these feigned onsets, the king, as one naturally expects, secures the victory. His adversary kneels to ask for quarter, the muskets are let off with a deafening roar, and the applause of the people almost drowns for an instant the squealing of the fifes. After the king's dance the ministers have their turn, and two by two they engage in ceremonial conflict until the setting of the sun betokens the approach of the hour of sacrifice.

The signal is now given and a procession to the place where the Jingknia (sacrifice) will take place is organised. The mass of the people march at the head of the cortege, then a squad of fifty or so musketmen with their weapons at the slope. There is then a short interval and then comes the fife and tambour band which by its playing endeavours to regulate the dancing steps of the king, ministers and ancients who dance and skip along in a most artistic way, their waving plumes and shining trinkets making the whole event very picturesque indeed. Behind these, and marching with a gravity which shows how deeply she is penetrated with the importance of her office marches the one who has the honour of carrying the things necessary for the sacrifice; they are enclosed in a conic-shaped chest which is slung behind and carried pack-wise. Behind her the goat which is going to be immolated is dragged along—dragged—for it seems to take but an unwilling part in all these solemn proceedings. And lastly we have the members of the royal family forming a circle round the S'iem Sad—the *divine* queen—walking along under the shade of a silken parasol of green and silver.

When all is ready the sacred tambours strike up the ritual dirge—a slow and melancholy air, much like a funeral march, to which the dancers conform their steps. But once through the enclosure exit and the depressing melody comes to a sudden stop. A lively air called the *sword dance* takes its place and sets all dancing and skipping merrily along. This continues to the accompaniment of musket firing and the explosion of fireworks until the hill is reached, and under the influence of the music king and ministers dance excitedly, chewing *kuai* the while, which soon colours their lips and chins a bright ruby red—giving them rather a blood-thirsty appearance. But ten yards from the hill of sacrifice the melancholy music is again

resorted to, and the gay spirits of all drop in proportion. The great god, Shillong, has now to receive his traditional honour!

The Immolation to Shillong.

Within the great moving square formed by the spectators on the top of the hill all is now done according to very ancient tradition. In the middle of the square there are two rectangular shaped mounds; one is occupied by the members of the royal family; on the other sits the one who has to perform the sacrifice; the ministers form a semi-circle around the two.

When the music has ceased for a little, the aulic sacrificer—*soh blei*—(fruit of God) takes in his hands a lump of reddish clay and makes a little mound of it between the grassy platform and the people. He then takes the various requisites from the chest and places them near him in their proper order; two bottles, one of silver and containing water, the other a gourd filled with a fermentation from rice, he places on the mound; and with a solemn air he deposits near them the upper half of a large banana leaf, a large circular plate made from woven bamboo fibres, some rice flour, some large hollow leaves gathered in the jungle, which are supposed to have extraordinary powers and which are used in the aspersion of the victim, and, lastly, a number of *kwai* nuts which are at once ground down to flour,

And now the sacrifice begins.

It is the cock's turn first. The diviner takes hold of its legs with his right hand, and with his left he stretches its neck towards the little clay mound, pronouncing at the same time certain incantations dictated to him by a colleague standing near. He then sprinkles it with water from the silver bottle and continues to examine the bird and the blood that it emits so long as it shows signs of life. The entrails of the victim are then extracted, washed and scrutinised attentively and passed on for further inspection to four other assistants. When all possible information (of what import I have no idea) has been obtained from the dead bird, the diviner lays it upon the large banana leaf and arranges the large feathers from its wings around the mound.

The other victim with which the great god Shillong has to be propitiated, and from which the week's festivity takes its name is a long-haired goat which is now dragged before the diviner and forced to eat a little grass and some rice flour. It is then sprinkled with *la sier* in sign of consecration and when its neck and the little clay mound have both been whitened with

rice flour, the diviner takes up a large knife and bowing with it towards the altar carries it to the king who is really regarded as the chief minister of the sacrifice. The king also bows towards the mound, the knife is restored to the diviner, there is a lightening flash of steel accompanied by a fusilade of musket-shots and the victim falls decapitated.

The body is dragged some distance away for the extraction of various interior parts: these

Chinese Beliefs

By D. Hourigan S. C., Shanghai.

People frequently ask the Missionaries or persons returning from the "Middle Kingdom" in China, what is China's real religion? What do the people believe and worship? What knowledge have they of the True God, of the soul and of man's destiny? Do they believe



THE MINISTERS OF KING S'IEU.

are minutely examined as in the case of the cock; much information, of immense value, without a doubt, is obtained, and many important prognostications are made and the remains of the victim are then sprinkled five times with water.

You may say it is all very silly, and doubtless it is; but these ceremonies handed down from generation to generation are as the breath of life to these poor Indians. When will the day of redemption dawn for them in all its brightness? When will they have a victim for their sacrifice worthy of all their devotion and love? They are a religious, simple-minded people, worth working for, worthy of your prayers and interest: help in their evangelisation in whatever way your Christian heart may suggest.

in an after-life, and what are the conditions of this life? Any of these questions would each supply matter sufficient to fill a fair-sized book; here we can only attempt to give some explanation of the salient points.

To begin with the soul; the generally accepted opinion is as follows. Man has two souls—the first or superior one is called the Shen and emanates from the ethereal part of the Cosmos, the great Yang principle and defined as "the pure, ethereal, subtle part of matter out of which gods and souls are formed." It is manifested by the Ki or Breat (vital force). After death it ascends, according to the ancients, to the higher regions, there to live on as lucid matter—Sheng-ming. According to modern Confucianists it vanishes entirely at death. Buddhists would have it be re-incarnated into

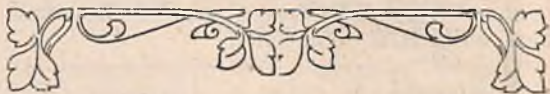
men and animals, while Tavists place it after death amidst the stars, and, ordinarily, around the Polar Region. The second or material soul is the Kwei which operates in living man under the name of Peh. The Kwei emanates from the earth or Yin principle and returns to it after death. According to Chinese philosophy the Yin principle is "one of the primeval forces of nature from which by its interaction with the Yang principle the whole universe has been produced. The Kwei remains with the body in the grave and forms the ghost of the departed person.

The notion of the True God has almost entirely disappeared or at best is but dim and obscure. For the majority of the people God is the "Pearly Emperor" Yuh Awang, of Tarist origin; Buddha or Fuh; Amitabha, the Ruler of the Western Paradise; Kway Yin the Goddess of Mercy; some local or tutelary divinity to whom they give the title of Venerable Sire or Lord—Lao Yeh; the God of Riches, the God of the Hearth and the God of Fire. Carpenters have their patron god as have play-actors, wrestlers, fencers, musicians and even gamblers. It would seem that every need of man has its corresponding divinity, the gods being thus, to a great extent, as with the ancient Romans, but names for these various needs—"Numina nomina."

The literate acknowledge Shang-ti, the Supreme Ruler; Heaven—T'ien; the gods of literature; Wen-ch'ang and Kw'ci-sing. The modernists amongst them are utter atheists and materialists. For them, God is but an abstract principle identified with Reason or Law, that is, He is nothing else but the moral sense of man, who is exalted thus to be his own Lord and Lawgiver. Practically they are as superstitious as the masses, and will think nothing of burning mock-money—though this is a Buddhist practice—at the tombs of their ancestors.

China's popular religion, therefore, is a medley of superstitions, varying according to places but essentially the same in their fundamental features. Hence the popular adage is often quoted, and with reason, "the three religions are one." Each person, in fact, selects or adopts what suits his fancy at the moment or meets his present requirements. The forces of nature, spirits, genii, hobgoblins, deified heroes, ancestors—all these ere worshipped, and even animals come in for a share of honour, especially the tortoise and the dragon, to say nothing of the cult that is given to certain objects in the mineral kingdom. The whole affords a pitiful spectacle that excites com-

passion; these nonsensical superstitions have held the people in baneful bondage throughout the past and at the present day they are degrading and a clog upon their progress in the way of true civilisation.



Visit to Our Lady.

(AFTER COMMUNION).

*Mother, upon my lips to-day Christ's precious
Blood was laid, —*

*That Blood which, centuries, ago, was for my ran-
som paid;*

*And half in love, and half in fear, I seek for aid
from thee.*

*Lest what I worship, wrapt in awe, should be pro-
faned by me.*

*Wilt thou vouchsafe, as Portress dear, to guard
these lips to-day:*

*Lessen my words of idle worth and govern all
I say:*

*Keep back the sharp and quick retorts that rise
so easily;*

*Soften my speech, with gentle art, to sweetest
charity.*

*Check thou the laugh or careless jest that others
harsh may find;*

*Teach me the thoughtful words of love that soothe
the anxious mind.*

*Put far from me all proud replies and each de-
ceitful tone,*

*So that my words at length may be faint echoes
of thine own.*

*O Mother, thou art mine to-day by more than
double right;*

*A soul where Christ reposed must be most pre-
cious in thy sight;*

*And thou canst hardly think of me from thy dear
Son apart;*

*Then give me for my sinful self a refuge in
Thy heart!*

Excess Brings Defects.

When one is put out with another because of some annoying corner in his character, one will sometimes say, half in vexation and half in excuse, "Ah, well, the poor man has, after all, the defects which go with good qualities."

The meaning is quite clear—that when a

good, to go to an excess in being strong-willed is evil.

Again, one may be meek, gentle, considerate, possessed to a high degree of the virtue of amiability. Yet, with this amiableness there very often goes an excess of complaisance. The gentle, amiable person may easily go too far in yielding and being gentle, and may neglect to resist evil at the proper time or to offer due opposition when it is a duty to withstand



MR LO PA HONG (CENTRE) THE CHINESE COTTOLONGO WHO HAS RECENTLY BEEN VISITING EUROPE.

person has a good quality to a strong degree, the very intensity of that good quality is likely to bring with it some excess and imperfection. Extreme weaknesses lead to noticeable defects. But extreme strength is likely in the same measure to lead to notable excesses, and both defects and excesses tend to be evil.

One will perceive quite clearly the meaning of this shrewd proverb and its bearing on everyday life, if one takes the trouble to seek for examples. Thus, for instance, you may have a very strong will, and this in itself is good. Yet with strength of will there very often goes an inflexibility, a rigidity, a stubbornness and tenacity of purpose which override even lawful opposition and make the strong-willed person tyrannical, contentious and overbearing. Such an one has the defects of his good qualities. To be strong-willed is

some wrong. Here again, it is easy to see that such an one has the defects which are apt to go with this good quality of gentleness.

So, one may run a whole gamut of human qualities. A very cautious man who is possessed to a great degree of the virtue of prudence and wishes to be extremely safe in all he does, may grow so anxious as to look at a subject from every possible angle, so that through an excessive caution he becomes a prey to habitual indecision and cannot make up his mind about anything. Such a person again has clearly fallen victim to the defect which goes with his good quality of caution.

To say all this is, of course, only to repeat in other words the ancient observation that virtue lies in the golden mean and that any excess is a fault, even though it mean excess that leans too far on the right side.

DEVOTION TO OUR LADY HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

The Duty of Gratitude.

St. Bernard, speaking of ingratitude in one of his sermons, says that it is above all things displeasing to God, especially in those who have been particularly favoured; it closes up the fountain of divine favours, and prevents our further reception of the gifts of piety or the outpourings of mercy and grace. On the other hand gratitude towards God and towards Our Blessed Lady for favours obtained is one of the easiest and surest means of drawing down future graces and blessings; as gratitude is ever pleasing and welcome among men so is it one of the virtues most dear to God.

"No one", said Don Bosco, "should dispense himself from the obligation of gratitude after having obtained some favour through the intercession of Mary Help of Christians. This duty can be fulfilled in two ways; by making known the grace that has been granted, or by promoting in some other way devotion to Our Lady". But all are seriously recommended not to let their promised good work slip by; let the prayers, the mortifications, the confessions or communions or good works be faithfully accomplished, for God is displeased with a faithless and foolish promise.

"It sometimes happens", continues Don Bosco, "that want of fidelity to the promise made prevents the obtaining of the whole of one's petition, or even sometimes brings about the recall of favours already granted. Two good families had besought God to give them a child to be their joy, and inherit their name and property. Almighty God heard their prayers; but in the fulness of their joy they forgot the promised religious exercises and work of charity. It was fearfully brought home to them that God is displeased with a foolish promise. Both children died before they were twelve months old, leaving the parents in consternation.

The same misfortunes and even worse have overtaken others; the cause being inquired into, it was found that obligations had remained unfulfilled.

It would also be well to remember that God grants our requests in varying degrees. Sometimes our prayers have to be long continued and very persevering. At one time He grants a

favour in its entirety at another only in part. Sometimes He gives us resignation to the Divine Will, or changes a temporal into a spiritual favour, which may be for our greater good. In all these cases, our petitions, carried before the throne of God by His Blessed Mother, have not remained unheard, and we are not at liberty to dispense with the promised good works simply because our arrangements did not fall out exactly as we had thought; the promise in the Gospel, "Ask and you shall receive", has been fulfilled; our prayers are never without effect.

In the second place the making known of the favour as a pledge of gratitude, is at the same time an act of religion, pleasing to God and His Blessed Mother; as well as being an encouragement and an example to others. The more widely Our Lady's powerful advocacy is made known, the more do our confidence and piety increase.

We receive letters daily from clients of Mary Help of Christians telling us how well and surely she hearkens to their prayers. One person will write how thankful she is to such and such a person for having made her know the devotion to Our Lady under this title. Another will send an offering thanking us for having remembered the intention submitted and telling us that the prayers were heard. Others promise to make the devotions and our novenas known to their friends, for, they say, we could do no better favour to them than making them become acquainted with Our Lady under the title of Help of Christians.

A priest writes: "I was about to take a very important step in life, but being in a very timid state of mind as to whether it was really God's will that I should take the step or not, I went to a Salesian Church and knelt down before the statue of Our Lady Help of Christians and begged of her to lead me right". He adds that, after having prayed, Our Lady did lead him by her inspirations into unforeseen associations and kept him from becoming so located that it would have become highly improbable ever to attain his end. A lady notifies us that the Mass we said in honour of Mary Help of Christians for her intention made a big change for the better. She adds. "Don Bosco said Our

Lady always answers; I know that from experience; In gratitude to Don Bosco I pray daily for his canonization".

Our readers are invited to join us in our novenas and also to make the devotion known to their friends. The Salesians with their pupils continually remember their benefactors in their prayers.

Graces and Favours. (1)

PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND.—Just a small offering, in thanksgiving to Our Lady Help of Christians and the Sacred Heart for improvement in my health through making the Novena.

I promised this offering and hope for publication that it may prove to other sufferers what can be gained through Our Lady's intercession. I promise to make further offerings as my health goes on improving.

A Lover of Mary.

TYRONE, IRELAND.—All thanks to Our Lady Help of Christians for procuring my restoration to health after a serious illness.

D. M.

WARRENPOINT, IRELAND.—On Saturday week I was put to bed with fever. Whilst in bed I was given many books to read and amongst them the *Salesian Bulletin*, and I noticed there about the Graces and Favours received through Our Lady Help of Christians. So I prayed to Our Lady and the Little Flower that I might be able to go home on Thursday with the other girls (for I was at school) and I promised to write and let you know if my prayer was granted. Well, thanks to Our Lady Help of Christians and the Little Flower I was better on Tuesday and at home for Thursday.

A Child of Twelve.

BURY, ENGLAND.—Three months ago I was very ill with a rheumatic complaint that prevented my getting a wink of sleep night after night. I had been absent from business for 7 or 8 weeks and the doctor did not seem to be doing me any good at all. My brother, a Salesian, wrote and advised me to make Don Bosco's Novena and to promise publication if cured. He also sent me a relic of Don Bosco and told me to apply it to the affected parts.

By the end of the Novena I was much better and have not missed a bit of sleep since then. All at home believe that I was cured through the intercession of Don Bosco and we are now anxious to keep our promise by having an account of my cure published.

F. COLLINSON.

COCHIN, INDIA.—I am enclosing a postal order in honour of Our Lady Help of Christians. She is our true guide to the Eternal Home.

A. K. G.

DERRY, IRELAND.—My mother was at the point of death: I asked the favour of her recovery and promised to publish the favour if granted. My mother was spared but her recovery is not yet complete. I wish to thank Our Lady for her partial recovery and to ask her to make it complete. I also wish to thank her for the reception of a sum of money under remarkable circumstances. I am praying for other favours and promise publication if granted.

Derry Girl.

RAMSEY, U. S. A.—On the first Monday of February a boy of Don Bosco Institute, Ramsey, N. J. ruptured one of his kidneys, when, owing to the very frozen condition of the ground, he could not steer his sleigh away from a tree in front of him. He was immediately taken to hospital where he remained three months. I had the boys of his class and the children of my parish in Malwah pray for him to Our Lady Help of Christians promising publication if he recovered without necessitating the removal of the injured kidney. Our prayers were granted for he is now completely recovered, and even in better health than previous to the accident.

Rev. T. PATALONG, S. C.

CASALE, ITALY.—His hope is not vain who recurs to the Help of Christians! My husband had been idle for quite a long time and no means that we could think of seemed to be able to obtain him employment, though many good friends busied themselves on our behalf. At last, full of confidence, I had recourse to Our Lady Help of Christians performing the Novena counselled by Ven. Don Bosco, promising publication and to make an offering on behalf of the Salesian Works, and our dear Mother Mary heard my prayers. My husband has been working now continuously for more than a year. I gratefully fulfil my promise and implore the help of Our Lady for all my family.

M. V. OLEARO.

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

THE LIFE OF THE VENERABLE DON BOSCO

By G. B. LEMOYNE of the Salesian Society.

(Continued).

Hundreds of similar questions—as Don Bosco notes—were put to other boys, but in spite of so many malicious insinuations not one of them uttered a word that could in any way compromise him. What the Inspectors had in view was to make the boys say, that in our school a policy hostile to the Government was inculcated, and that it was lawful to rebel against the king and constituted authority. It seemed, indeed, that an Angel of the Lord guided our boys' tongues and so confined their words that not one inopportune syllable escaped them.

And a great consolation was now bestowed by God upon Don Bosco. On the day after this second inspection, the members of the Salesian Society, that was still in the formation stage, made a unanimous promise that they would not allow themselves to be discouraged by the sad state of the times. The following note is found in a chronicle kept by the cleric, Rufino; "On the eleventh of June we all subscribed to the Rules of the Congregation of St. Francis de Sales, and sent them to Archbishop Franson; and we made a solemn promise that if, unfortunately, owing to the sad state of the times, we could not take our vows, each one of us, wherever he found himself, even if the whole company were dispersed, even if only two should be together, nay, even if only one should remain, this latter would try to promote by every means in his power the Pious Society, and to observe, as far as was possible, its rules."

Through God's goodness the above mentioned vexations gained for Don Bosco and for the Oratory the sympathy of all good men, and even of those who, though differing from him on matters of religion, passed for upright citizens and lovers of liberty. Urban Rattazzi, no longer a minister then, but just an ordinary deputy in Parliament, on hearing of what had befallen Don Bosco, declared that such inspections were quite illegal, and offered to make a protest about them in Parliament, and he further exclaimed: "I am no priest lover, but I like to see a good work being done by whomsoever it is done and irrespective of the class to which he belongs. In interfering with such Institutes the Government commits such an iniquity that it deserves to be denounced before the whole of Europe!"

In order to destroy every pretext for further annoyance Don Bosco sent a brief explanation of the work of the Oratories to Mr. L. Farini, Minister of the Interior, and to Mr. T. Mamiani, Minister of Public Instruction, and went on to ask for a private interview, which was promised, but in reality never conceded. The tempest was not yet quelled even though from the Fifth Division of the selfsame Ministry various supplications continued to reach him for the acceptance of poor and neglected boys in his Hospice. In a short space of time he had received as many as eight of these requests.

But another sorrow, of a much more serious nature, befell Don Bosco during that month. On the morning of 11th of June, his great friend and benefactor, Don Joseph Cafasso, fell ill and had to take to bed. In great part his illness was due to the worry provoked by these outrageous inspections at the Oratory and at the Ecclesiastical College, and by the wrongs that were being done to the Church. Don Bosco went to see him at once and continued his visits daily. One day the sick priest besought him to have special prayers said for him at the Oratory.

"We have been praying for you already, and will continue to do so" said Don Bosco, "but I told the boys that you would be along soon on some near feastday to give us your blessing."

"Don't be uneasy," replied the priest "go on with your prayers and tell the boys that I shall bless you all from Heaven."

On 22nd June Don Cafasso received Holy Viaticum and at Don Bosco's request gave him his last blessing. On the morning of the 23rd he entered on his agony. When just about to expire he seemed all at once to become alert as though hearing himself called by name, and raising himself on one side he stared before him with wondering eyes and extended his arms lovingly towards some invisible and mysterious object. Don Bosco had been warned of the imminence of his friend's death and arrived just a few instants after he had expired: he threw himself on his knees by the bed-side and wept long and broken-heartedly.

On the 23rd and 24th of June, the room of the deceased was converted into a mortuary chapel and an endless stream of people came to gaze upon those blessed remains. All want-

ed relics: they kissed his hands and cut off pieces of his hair and of his clothing. The solemn funeral took place on the twenty-fifth: many wept openly; others covered the bier with flowers, lilies being predominant. A representative group from the Oratory of Valdocco took part in the procession, and Don Bosco was one of the 200 priests who went to pay their last respects to the honoured dead. The cemetery chapel could not contain all those who followed those venerated remains to the tomb and on the following days many visits were paid to the graveyard by those who had benefitted through Don Cafasso's practical charity. The Ven. Don Bosco also betook himself there and this is what he wrote in regard to his visit: "The Christian cemetery—always an eloquent teacher for anyone who goes there with a spirit of faith and breathing forth the prayers of religion—becomes a resort indispensable to the heart when amongst those hallowed tombs are to be found the ashes of our beloved benefactors."

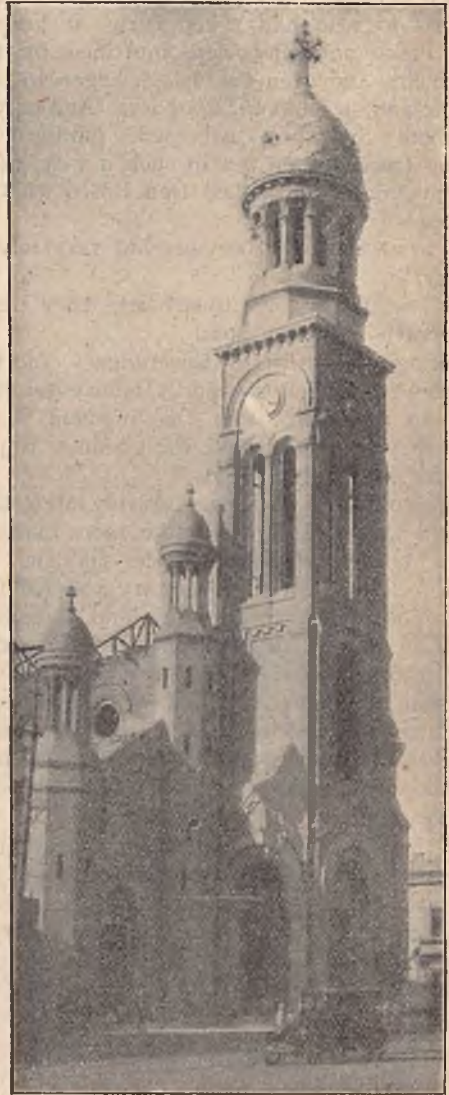
Don Cafasso's last will contained the following clause: "I leave to the Priest, John Bosco of Castelnuovo d'Asti, and domiciled at Turin, all that is my property with regard to the site and building adjoining the Oratory of St. Francis de Sales in this Capital, in the district of Valdocco, with in addition, for once only, the sum of five thousand liras. I condone to the same all that for which he may be in my debt at my demise and by this act destroy all account of the same and remit it to him."

For this generous act and for all the other benefits received from him, many prayers were said at the Oratory for the soul of the dead priest, and on the 10th of July, Don Bosco held a grand funeral service as an act of public gratitude to his dead benefactor, and as imposing as the poverty of his condition would permit. The Church was draped in black for the occasion; two inscriptions were placed over the entrance porch and others in the interior around the bier. The Mass was sung by Dr. Borel and before the absolution Don Bosco, with tears in his eyes, read a biography, accommodated to the condition and desires of his hearers, of the deceased priest.

On the 30th August Don Bosco read a second funeral oration at the service held in the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, and in order to satisfy his sentiments of gratitude he had both these discourses printed. They are the most precious documents that exist with regard to the life, the heroic virtue, and the fame for sanctity of the immortal educator of the Subalpine Clergy.

The suspicion that had been cast upon the

Oratory was not yet entirely destroyed, and as he had not succeeded in having an interview with Farini, Don Bosco had recourse to Cavaliere Spaventa, General Secretary to the Minister of the Interior. But even he refused to see the Ven. Servant of God. He had given him



NEW CHURCH DEDICATED TO OUR LADY
HELP OF CHRISTIANS AT LIMA, PERU.

some hope of an audience for July 14th, but, forgetting, or repenting of his promise, when the day came, and Don Bosco presented himself, he was informed by a clerk that it would be almost impossible to gain admission owing to the very weighty business that the Secretary had on hand. When Don Bosco heard this he said to the clerk: "I shall stop here until the Secretary can receive me," and he remained

waiting there from eleven in the morning until six at night.

During those hours of waiting the room was filled with people of every rank and condition: all waited their turns and were presented, but the turn of the Ven. Servant of God never seemed to come. The cleric, Cagliero and Fr. Angelo Savio who had taken turns at keeping Don Bosco company were mortified by this treatment, and even the ushers began to take compassion on our Ven. Founder. And at last, Cavaliere Spaventa, ashamed, perhaps, at having treated a citizen in such a way, made his appearance and asked Don Bosco what he wanted.

"I want to speak to you—but privately, if I may?"

"Say what you have to say here; they are all trustworthy people around."

Taking no notice of the rudeness of this speech Ven. Don Bosco said: "I have 500 poor boys to maintain; from this moment I put them in your hands; have the goodness to provide for their future needs."

The situation had become suddenly interesting, and all those who were in the room gathered round, curious to see how the dialogue was going to end. But the Secretary now led Don Bosco courteously to his office and though he spoke at first of the usual accusations against the Oratory he offered in the end to do his best to obtain an audience for him with the Minister. The latter was then engaged, but Farini assured Don Bosco that he would let him know without fail the day and hour when the Minister could receive him.

At the end of the conversation the Secretary accompanied Don Bosco to the stairs, and seeing this act of courtesy the ushers also made their bow to the humble priest, some of them kissed his hand and one even accompanied him right to the portico. Don Bosco reached the Oratory at 8 o'clock that night and he had still to have dinner!

On the morrow a letter from Count Guido Borromeo, personal secretary of the Minister of the Interior informed him that Minister Farini would accord him an audience on the following day at eleven. Accompanied by the prayers of all his pupils and personally by the clerics Francesia and Anfossi, the Ven. Servant of God betook himself at the hour appointed to the office of the Minister. As soon as he saw him Farini took him heartily by the hand and greeted him courteously, and when he had taken him into one of the parlours he began to speak thus: "You are Abate Bosco, are you not? I know all the good you are doing for poor boys,

and the Government is much obliged to you for the service you have rendered." After this preamble he went on to declare that so long as Don Bosco had kept to the field of charity he had been the idol of the governing authority, but since he had entered the political arena the Government had felt obliged to be on its guard. And he went on to refer to certain articles that had appeared in the *Harmony*, to certain reactionary meetings at Valdocco, and to correspondence that had taken place with enemies of the State. Don Bosco protested calmly but vigorously: "To call me the author of certain newspaper articles that I have never even dreamed of penning—to call my house a place for revolutionary meetings and such like—these are all charges that have no foundation in fact: and if I may give them their proper name they are nothing but inventions put forward by malicious persons whose only aim is to deceive the Authorities and cause our civil chiefs to commit gross blunders."

"My dear Abate" replied Farini, "you are allowing yourself to be excited by false suppositions. Remember also that you are speaking to the Minister on whom you depend and who, with a word can have you shut up in prison."

"I have no fear of that," said Don Bosco, "when it is a question of speaking the truth I fear no one. And then again I know that Your Excellency is too great a lover of honour and justice to commit such an infamous act as to imprison an innocent citizen who for twenty years has consecrated his life and his means to the service of his fellowman."

"But if this is just what I did do—what then?"

"I do not believe it possible that the upright spirit of Minister Farini would lower itself to such a vile proceeding. But if such a thing happened I should follow your own example and invoke the witness of history; I should have an account of the infamous deed printed; posterity would give its verdict on the injustice committed, and in His own good time a Just God would vindicate the cause of the innocent and oppressed."

"You are mad—quite silly! If I did have you put in prison how could you possibly write this account and send it to be printed?"

"If I cannot do it myself, others will do it for me"

"But can you tell me, conscientiously, that reactionary meetings are not held at your house, that Jesuits do not meet there, that you are not in continual correspondence with them, with Archbishop Fransoni and with the Holy See?"

"Your Excellency, I know that you are a lover of sincerity and truth; but now I feel really indignant—not against you whom I respect as representing authority, but against those vile people who come to you with lies—against those who for filthy lucre betray every principle of conscience and trade with the character of peaceful citizens. I should like to hear even one argument in confirmation of these supposed transgressions".

"But we have letters—witnesses..."

"Why, then, don't you produce—even one of them? At this point I do not ask for favours, but for justice—from you, from the government, from the public, from history. I ask only for justice. And not for myself do I ask it, for I fear nothing, but for my numerous family of boys, frightened to death, as they are, by these repeated inspections, and for those very boys who were sent along to me by the Government and by Your Excellency. They are in my house and they are asking for bread, justice and honourable amends.

"The Minister" recounts Don Bosco "had been looking at me fixedly all the while and at these last words appeared embarrassed and very much moved, and rising to his feet he began to walk up and down the room in silence.

Just as he was about to sit down again to continue the conversation, Count Cavour accompanied by another gentleman whose name I did not get to know entered the room.

"Who is this now?" he said rubbing his hands. "Poor Don Bosco, we must treat him considerately. Let us settle things amicably. I have always had a great regard for you. What, then, is the matter?" and shaking me by the hand he invited me to be seated and continued: "What is troubling you?"

"Signor Count you remember that house which you have so often visited, praised and helped; those boys whom you so often admired, that priest whom you so often praised in the highest terms; well, they wish to consider him now as a reactionary and they would make him out to be a leader of rebels. And what grieves me more than anything else is to think that I have been molested, outraged... without having been given any sort of reason to account for it all. What will become of me eventually, I have no idea, yet I do know that these infamous proceedings cannot continue in this underhand way, and sooner or later the vengeance of God will fall upon their authors".

"Be at peace", dear Don Bosco, "said Cavour, 'and rest assured that no one wishes you ill. We have always been friends and I want our

friendship to continue in the future. But all the same you have been misled. Certain people imposing on your goodness of heart have induced you to pursue a policy that can lead only to bitter consequences'.

"What policy, what consequences? Catholics have no other policy than that of the Gospel. Yet you suppose that I am some sort of a culprit, and as such you proclaim me by your deeds, by your words and by your writings. But you cannot produce one word of proof in support of what you keep on alleging against me".

"Since you are determined to force us to speak" replied Cavour "we shall lift the veil and tell you candidly that the spirit dominating your institution is incompatible with the policy pursued by the Government. For we know that you are certainly with the Pope, and, therefore, you must be against the Government".

"As a Catholic I am with the Pope" replied Don Bosco, "and with him I intend to remain till death. I am with the Pope as far as religion is concerned. In point of politics I am with no one, and I have never meddled with them. I have been living here in Turin for twenty years; I have always written, spoken and acted openly, yet I have no fear that anyone can reproach me with having made use of a single word that could merit reproof from the governing authorities. If there is anything to my account, please say what it is; if I am found guilty let me be punished; if innocent, leave me in peace to attend to my own affairs".

"But tell me this," persisted Cavour, "you believe undoubtedly in the Gospel; we read there that he who is with Christ is not with the world, and therefore if you are with the Pope you cannot be with the Government. *Sit sermo vester—est, est; non, non.*"

"You seem to want to assert, my dear Count, that the Government is against the Pope, Jesus Christ and the Gospel. That I can hardly believe, nor could I ever imagine that Count Cavour and Commendatore Farini could become so depraved as to want to deny every principle of morality and religion. But even in this case I think the Gospel passage may still be invoked which says: '*Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.*' I should say therefore that when there is no question of a direct persecution of religion the Catholic Religion can exist under any form of government, and can do good to men without clashing with the authorities or meddling with politics".

'But the *est, est, non non?*'

'*Est, Est, non, non*, are words taken from the Gospel which as a priest I may be in a position to explain to you. They mean that when a person known to be honest and upright makes an assertion we ought to believe him without obliging him to take an oath; that one ought never to lie; that every honest man when speaking ought to make his statements in a spirit of sincerity and truth. The passage may also be quoted against the practice of certain nominal Christians who are for ever sophisticating about the clearest of truths, being unwilling to admit them: they say one thing and do another. We ought to urge such people to employ their speech and works after the manner of good Christians and not as pagans or gentiles. And you, Signor Count, do you really believe that Don Bosco is a revolutionary such as the Government would make him out to be?'

'Not at all, not at all! I have always seen in Don Bosco a type of true gentleman. And now I want all this business to be over and done with'. 'Yes' acquiesced Farini, 'let everything be finished. Let Don Bosco go home and occupy himself tranquilly with his boys; the Government will be grateful to him. But—prudence, my dear sir, prudence! For we are living in difficult times when a molehill may seem a mountain. Prudence, prudence!'

'May I, then, rest assured that I shall not be troubled any more by the Government. May I believe that the Government is at last disillusioned and that it no longer thinks that in my Institute there has been or there is anything that would prove of interest to the public prosecutor?'

'We assure you that no one will molest you further. We are all persuaded of your honesty, but be on your guard against some people whom you have near you as friends and who are in fact nothing but traitors to you. We shall be friends, therefore, for the future, and you shall pray for us' and both of them shook hands with me.

'I shall pray to God to help you in life and in death—goodbye!'

This was how they took leave of Don Bosco who went home with his heart full of gratitude to God who had assisted him.

(To be continued).



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

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Canon Ryan, *Tipperary*, Ireland.

V. Rev. Canon J. Fleming, *Cork*, Ireland.

V. Rev. Canon W. Middleton, *Devon*, England.

V. Rev. Canon English, *Twickenham*, England.

V. Rev. Fr. Dubanton, *Trinidad*, W. Indies.

Rev. Fr. F. Healy, *Tyrone*, Ireland.

Rev. T. O'Dwyer, *Tipperary*, Ireland.

Rev. E. Dunphy, *Tipperary*, Ireland.

Rev. E. Meagher, *Tipperary*, Ireland.

Rev. H. R. Langhton, *St. Andrews*, Scotland.

Rev. T. H. Kavanagh, *Rotherham*, England.

Rev. J. G. Stourton, *Rotherham*, England.

Rev. H. J. Tilley, *Romford*, England.

Rev. H. Cutajar, *London*, England.

Ven. Mother M. Magdalen Gertrude, *Harold's Cross*, Ireland.

Dr. Gremin, *Cork*, Ireland.

Mr. N. Alexander, *Trinidad*, W. Indies.

Mr. G. P. S. Mitchell, *Trinidad*, W. Indies.

Mr. T. B. Kenny, M. D., *Trinidad*, W. Indies.

Mr. D. Cronin, *Cork*, Ireland.

Mr. E. A. Bason, *Trinidad*, W. Indies.

Mr. A. Blake, *Cork*, Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. Power, *Cork*, Ireland.

Mr. J. Stapelton, *Cork*, Ireland.

Mr. J. Lynn, *Belfast*, Ireland.

Mrs. I. C. Decle, *Trinidad*, W. Indies.

Mrs. A. Leonard, *Ballinasloe*, Ireland.

Mrs. Williams, *Faringdon*, England.

Madame E. Edmond, *Portsmouth*, W. Indies.

Mrs. L. Rover, *Portsmouth*, W. Indies.

Mrs. A. P. Lawless, *Enniscorthy*, Ireland.

Mrs. S. Sutherland, *Cork*, Ireland.

Mrs. Greany, *Dungannon*, Ireland.

Miss O. Laing, *Trinidad*, W. Indies.

Miss O. Deshaut, *Portsmouth*, W. Indies.

Miss O'Hagan, *Dungannon*, Ireland.