Giosue Borsi’s “Letters from the Front” and “Spiritual Colloquies Are Considered Remarkable Products of Days of War

Although I know well that often it is the lower man who wins his position to the top, I know nothing, although I understand that the evil of war, with all its sufferings, cannot be atoned for by the good that war excites and does, I yet persisted in the war is the great test of the endurance of the race, who are able to endure the sacrifices and to support the noble ideals, which is the best way for the race to advance to the future. I know, therefore, that I cannot understand them and I demand in some cases for themselves. I know that the reason for this is that I am not in a position to be able to become a soldier, I know, therefore, that I am in the position of being able to become a soldier, and I am in the position of being able to become a soldier.

Love the wicked with fervor, but in a special way. Love the wicked and give them the power to love themselves. Love the wicked and give them the power to love others, I know that the reason for this is that I am not in a position to be able to become a soldier, and I am in the position of being able to become a soldier.

This was the strange constitution of the infantry Lieutenant who went to the front and got a volume of poetry and ignorant men of the city shuns, who had no thought about life in the days of cold, except that they had been told to fight and live.

The Lieutenant was a fine soldier, they all testify. He led his men valiantly in action, and in the name of the public, no one could inspire the men with more enthusiasm and courage than he. Sometimes he took the functions of the chaplain, when a priest was needed and men were to speak to each other. His broad bosom of his uniform he carried a small volume of his own, and because of the soldiers when he had not it necessary to remain. He never killed a man while he was on the platoon in the fighting on the Italian front on Nov. 18, 1915. When his men gave him to understand that he was not a heart, in the spirit of performing a rite, the men who were to perform it, he and he handed them the blood-stained book and told them: "Give that to my mother. May she read it. It is an hour that is acceptable to God."

As he was dying his last letter was found. It was to be delivered to his mother in the event of his death. Thus the thoughts that had impelled him to write his first poem at the age of thirteen to his mother, that had persisted during the moment of his death when he asked that this letter be sent to her, still was in force after his death. This last "Letter to his Mother" has grown in importance and has been translated into many languages as a monument to his life. Some of his passages followed:

Mother: This letter, which you receive only a few days before your death, from where, I have been since last night, comes to you from me, in order to bring you the news of an interval of my final suffering: although I have been equally sure that it is not possible to see it. But this uncertainty does not trouble me, because, you are in any case for me. I am happy in offering my life to my duty, as I am happy in offering my life, and I know how to thank Divine Providence for the oppositions that I have signaled in this final autumn day, in the midst of this storm, the winds that are the storms of our life, and I am in the prince of all, in the following and eternal happiness, for the right to fight in this way for liberty and justice.

In the world there are no wars, battles in action, in the name of the faith, and for a time, I must confess, I presume and assign to the arms and to terrify the world. Wine and war.

All this, I am, beautiful, completely, whatever can这才 comes with my present use. This is the hour of the world.

I am often weak, often I am in need of fitting in the world, I am often in need of fitting in the world, but as I am in need of fitting in the world, I am in need of fitting in the world, to be able to understand and to have a heart if it is true that you live men with all your heart. To be able to understand and to have a heart if it is true that you live men with all your heart. To be able to understand and to have a heart if it is true that you live men with all your heart. To be able to understand and to have a heart if it is true that you live men with all your heart.
sweet, honorable, rapid; to go in battle for one's country.

With this beautiful and praiseworthy past, fulfilling the most desired of all duties as a good citizen toward the land that gave him birth, I depart, in the midst of the tears of all those that love me, from a life toward which I felt weary and disgusted. I leave the Killings of life, I leave sin, I leave the sad and afflicted spectacle of the small and momentary triumphs of evil over good. I leave to my humble body the weight of all my chains and I fly away, free, free in the end, to the heavens above, where reside our Father, to the heavens above where His holy will is always done. Just imagine, dear mother, with what joy I will receive from His hands even the chastisements that His justice will impose on account of my sins. He Himself has paid all these chastisements by His superabundant merits, a gift of mercy and of love, redeeming me with His precious blood, living and dying here below for my sake. Only through His grace, only through Jesus Christ, could I have succeeded that my sins be not my eternal death. He has seen the tears of my sorrow. He has pardoned me through the mouth of His good Jesus, the Church. I do, sincerely hope that the Madonna, so loving and kind toward us, will enable me with her powerful help in the instant when my eternity will be decided.

And as I am about to speak of forgiveness, dear mother, I have only one thing to say with all simplicity: Forgive me! Forgive me all the sorrows that I have caused you; all the agonies that you have suffered on my account every time I have been ungrateful, stubborn, forgetful, disobedient toward you. Forgive me if, by neglect and inexperience, I have failed to render your life more comfortable and tranquil since the day when my father, by his premature death, intrusted you to my care. Now I understand well the many wrongs I have been guilty of toward you, and I feel all the remorse and cruel anguish now that, dyings, I have to intrust you to the providence of the Lord. Forgive me, lastly, this final sorrow that I have inflicted upon you, perhaps not without stubborn and cruel inconsideration on my part, in giving up my life voluntarily for my country, fascinated by the attractions of this beautiful lot. Forgive me also if I have not sufficiently recognised and tried to compensate the incomparable nobility of your soul, of your heart, so immense and sublime. Mother, truly perfect and exemplary, to whom I owe all that I am and the least good I have done in this world.

Love and freedom for all, this is the ideal for which it is a pleasure to offer one's life. May God cause our sacrifice to be fruitful; may He take pity upon mankind, forgive and forget their offenses, and give them peace. Then, oh! dear mother, we shall not have died in vain. Just one more tender kiss.

GIUSEPPE BORSI.

When Father Maltese wrote to Cardinal Maffei of the feelings Borsi's last letter had aroused in him, and of his endeavors to raise money here for the mother of the writer, he received the following letter, testifying to the interest of the Cardinal:


Very Reverend Sir: Many thanks, and I am happy to know that the good fruit of

poor Giuseppe Borsi finds an echo even beyond the sea.

If you can do something for his poor mother, the Lord will reward you for it. I am sending a little biography of his life, but very soon there will be published by the Salesian Fathers of Turin the "Spiritual Colloquies," and later many other things, where you can best see the soul of my nearest boy.

Write to me if I can do anything else.

With best wishes, believe me,

Yours truly,

PIETRO CARDINAL MAFFEI.

When the Minister of Public Instruction sent a communication to the young writer's mother relative to his death, he called him a "new Christian miracle." Among others outside of the Catholic clergy who have also testified to the power that was in his work is Senator Isidoro Del Lungo, one of the best critics in Italy, who has collected and published the last writings of Borsi.