

SALESIAN BULLETIN

ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATION OF
SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS



MAY-JUNE 1931

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SALESIAN BULLETIN

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SUMMARY: Michael Magone. — The Apostolic value of a brass-band. — Widening horizons. — The Blessed John Bosco and his "idée fixe." — The Death of the Rt. Rev. Mons. Convery. — The Holy Winding Sheet. — Novena to Our Lady Help of Christians. — Recruiting Vocations. — Lest we forget. — What we Hear: The Salesian School, Burwash, Surrey - "Via Don Bosco" in Rome - A Voice from the Antipodes - Tibidabo: Spain - Object lesson in Church's universality, etc. — With Our Missionaries in far Off Lands: Japan - Rio Negro-Brazil. — Graces and Favour. — Obituary.

MICHAEL MAGONE

Life of an Oratory School-boy written by Don Bosco.

In the preface to his little work Don Bosco wrote to his boys: "I have written this singular, or rather romantic life story of your young companion, first, because you have asked me for it so very often, secondly, that it may give you pleasure and thirdly, that it may be of profit to your souls. In the life of Dominic Savio you saw a boy with virtue born in him and who cultivated that virtue to heroism during his short mortal life. In this life of Michael Magone you have the story of a lad who, abandoned to himself, was in danger of going down the beaten track of sin, but whom Our Lord called to follow Him. He heard the call and responded to grace in a way that won our admiration."

We have translated representative parts of this 'life' that our Co-operators may have a deeper insight into the way of Don Bosco with boys: how the main idea before him when he wrote the pamphlet was: "How can I help those of my boys who have the same trouble about confession as Michael Magone had?" Not only that, but you can see from this perfectly true account the spirit of the old Oratory and how in practice boys responded to it and went on up the hill of real sanctity and this, without losing one bit of their happiness in the process.

It is this idea of educating the boy in an atmosphere full of his religion that is at the foundation of the Salesian System.

I.

A curious encounter.

It was one evening in late autumn. I was returning from *Sommariva del Bosco* and had just reached Carmagnola, where I had to wait a full hour for my train for Turin. Seven o'clock had just struck; it was a beastly evening, dark, foggy, with a thin drizzle of rain, in fact; so murky that you could not have recognised anyone a yard ahead of you. The yellow lamp of the station cast its feeble, watery rays on the cobbled square, which it failed to light. The only living creatures were a crowd of boys at some rowdy game. No one could be seen but the cries of "Look out! Hold him! Run! run!! Help!!!" came on all sides, while the scamper of many feet told that the game was fast and furious. Now

above the din, every now and again rang out the shrill treble of a lad, whose very tone singled him out as a leader. The voice interested me and I wanted to get a glimpse of its owner.

I drew close to where there was most noise and then with a couple of bounds I was right in the midst of them. There was scurry in all directions. Only one lad stood his ground and he, with his hands on his hips and his head on one side, demanded explanations:

"Who are you? What do you want with our games?"

"I am a friend," I answered.

"I don't know you anyway, what do you want with us?"

"Oh, I want to join in and have some fun with all of you!"

"But who are you, I tell you I don't know you?"

"Must I repeat it," I said smiling, "I'm a friend and I want to enjoy myself with you and your friends. But who are you?"

"Me? Oh, I'm Michael Magone, Captain of this game here."

By this time the other lads having got over their first fright came around us, I had a word or two to say to each of them and then I turned again to Michael.

"Well Michael, and how old are you?" I asked.

"Thirteen this year," he answered.

"Then of course you go to Confession and Communion?"

"Si, Si, your reverence, I have been to Confession and Communion!" was the half cheeky reply.

"Good, and what trade are you learning?" I continued.

"Trade! Just learning how to do nothing," he said bitterly.

"Then up to now what have you been doing?"

"Oh! I was at school in the sixth standard!"

"And your father... does..."

"I haven't got any father and what is more my mother has to slave for other people in order to get bread for me and my other brothers," he said desperately.

"Then Michael, what of the future: what will you do?"

"I'll have to find something, though I don't know what it'll be."

This downright frankness in the boy pleas-

ed me and I saw at once what danger he was in left abandoned to himself, and at the same time I realised that there was much good in him if he were only taken care of.

"Michael boy, would you throw up this sort of life you are leading running the streets, and put yourself to some trade, or to study, if you had the chance?" I asked presently.

"Yes Sir, I would; and at once, this life doesn't please me. Some of my chums are already in prison, and I might go there too! But my father is dead and my mother is very poor, who would help me?"

"Say a prayer, Michael, to your Father who is in Heaven, pray hard; hope in Him and He will provide for you and for all others like you."

At that moment the station-bell began to ring and I could delay no longer. "Take this medal," I said, "and go to-morrow to the curate, tell him the priest who gave you the medal wants a report of Michael Magone's conduct!"

He took the medal but was still puzzled: "But Father, what is your name, where do you come from? Does the curate know you? These and many other questions he wanted answered but I was already in the carriage and on my way to Turin.

II

His Past Life and His Coming to the Oratory.

The very fact that he could not find out who the priest might have been with whom he had spoken, roused his curiosity, so that instead of waiting until the morning he ran straight off to the curate and told him what had occurred. The priest understood everything and the very next day I received a letter which gave a very masterly summary of the short life-time of the boy.

"Michael Magone," he wrote, "is a fatherless boy, whose mother must earn the daily bread and hence cannot help him. On that account he spends his time in the streets with the other street-arabs. He has unusual intelligence but through his irrepressible nature and constant inattention he has wasted his time, nevertheless he has done very well in the sixth standard.

So far as his moral conduct is concerned

I believe him to be good at heart and without bad habits. But he is difficult to control. In school and in church he was the unfailing disturbance. When he was absent all was in peace and when he left he conferred a benefit upon everyone!

His poverty, his character and his intelligence make him well worthy of any charitable design. He was born 19th Sept. 1845."

"Yes, my boy," I said, "I know all about you; and you have come with a right good will to do well, eh?"

"Yes, yes, father, I mean to do well!" he answered.

"Then I ask you not to turn my poor house quite upside down!"

"Don't worry father, I will do nothing to displease you. In the past I have been



Macau, China — With our all Chinese Brass-band (see page 74).

On the strength of this information I decided to receive him among the boys of the Oratory and let him become a mechanic or go on with his studies.

When he received the letter he was all impatience to come to Turin, thinking himself already in the enjoyment of an earthly paradise.

A few days later he actually appeared on the scene.

"Here I am, here I am," he cried, running to meet me, "I'm that Michael Magone whom you met at the station of Carmagnola."

bad... but in the future I will be different. Two of my companions are already in prison and I.."

"That's all right then," I said breaking in, "now tell me which you would like the better, to study or to learn a trade?"

"I'll do what you want me to, but if I may choose for myself, I would prefer to study."

"But when you have studied what have you in mind to do?"

"If a good-for-nothing..." and he hung his head

"Well," I said, "if a good-for-nothing... what do you mean?"

"If a good-for-nothing could ever become good enough to become a priest, then that is what I should like to be!"

"Well," I answered, "we'll see what we can do with the good-for-nothing first; in the meantime study hard, for whether you are



A black baby
on the Salesian Mission at Haute Luapula-Congo.

to become a priest or not will depend largely upon that, together with your conduct and the signs you shows of having a vocation."

"If good-will, Father, can make me succeed, then you need have no fear for me."

* * *

At that time it was the custom at the Oratory when so many boys came of whom very little was known, to put the newcomers

under the special care of older fellows whose morality and general behaviour was unquestionable. It was the business of these ready-made friends to show all that was to be seen, to point out the rules of the house and what was expected of the boys; besides this, if they noticed anything undesirable in the way the new boys carried on, to give a word of advice on the matter. The boy chosen for Michael Magone had his hands full, they were always together, in school, in study, in recreation; every few minutes the senior boy would break in with a: "We don't do that sort of thing here!" "We don't use that word!" "We don't blaspheme!" One might well have expected the leader of street-arabs to have turned round on his friend at these constant corrections. But Michael Magone knew what he was about: "You do well," he would say, "to tell me these things. You're what I *call* a friend: if in the past there had been one such as you, then perhaps I should never have picked up these bad habits I find so difficult to drop."

* * *

The first few weeks of his new life at the Oratory was a continual paradise, particularly in recreation. He bounded about the playground, shouting, singing, running like a young savage let loose. His face was alive with joy, and his little body tingled with sheer happiness of living where everything he wanted was his. At games he was easily the best, especially at his prime favourite, called *Barrarotta*: he would run his bouncing ball right through the other team, twisting and turning, defying all comers.

It was with a rueful face that he had to leave the playground at the sound of the study or Church bell.

Michael Magone had been about a month at the Oratory, and up to that time he had been so completely absorbed in games and study that there had not been a moment free when he could think about himself, and of that other kind of happiness that comes from within. But when he did begin to think about it he began to grow strangely glum. Games didn't stir him, instead, he moped about odd places as far away as possible from the happy, care-free shouting of the others. What was going on within he couldn't quite

make out. He wasn't ill. But he was miserably unhappy.

His friend noticed all this and one day went up to him.

"Magone, what's the matter with you these days; aren't you feeling well?"

"No, I'm not ill .. not in the way you mean anyhow, but..."

"But what? Perhaps I can help."

Then Michael blurted the whole story out

him: "See here, Magone, tell me the trouble and perhaps I can help you and then you'll soon be at peace."

"Peace... peace!" cried Michael in despair, "how can I have any peace when I've got a thousand devils torturing me inside!"

"But all you've got to do is to go to confession and then..."

"Go to confession. . yes... but." There he broke down and cried like a little child.



Salesian Mission Band — Congo, Central Africa (See page 74).

how he was miserable because he saw all the other boys happy in chapel, singing, praying and going to the Sacraments while he was outside it all.

"Why Michael," cried the other when he had finished, "who said you couldn't join in with the rest of us! What does it matter if you have twenty weights on your conscience, you can get rid of them all and more besides."

"Get rid of them! It's easy enough to say... but if you were in my shoes, you'd talk differently!" So saying he screwed his cap into a tight ball and ran into the sacristy.

Scarsely less quickly the other was after

Days went by and Michael passed from unhappiness to downright melancholy. I noticed all this and one day sent for him.

"Michael my boy," I said, "I want you to do me a favour; you won't refuse me will you?"

"Only tell me, Father, and I'll do anything you wish."

"I want you let me be the master of that heart of yours, and let me into the secret of the sadness that is troubling you!"

"Yes... yes... but I'm desperate and don't know what to do..." with that he broke down.

I waited a little while, then I said to him.

"Now Magone, are you the same boy who captained those other lads at Carmagnola!

You're a fine captain who can't say in a word what is troubling you inside!"

"I want to say it... but, I don't know how to begin, I can't express myself."

"Well, tell me just one thing and I'll do the rest."

"Father, my conscience is all mixed up inside!"

"That's enough for me, I understand everything, I wanted you to tell me just that, so that I could tell you just what to do.

Listen: if things in your past life have been put right, prepare for a good confession of what you've done amiss since the last time you went to the sacrament, and, if through fear or for any other reason you have left anything important out, go back to the time when you feel certain that you made a good confession, and then just mention whatever you find is a burden on your conscience."

"But, Father, that is just my difficulty; how am I ever to remember what happened years ago?"

"Don't let that worry you, you can put everything right without any trouble, just tell your confessor that you have something difficult to get over in your past life, and he will do the rest, he will ask you questions in such a way that all you will have to say will be *yes* or *no*, and how many times this or that befell you." (1)

* * *

All that day Michael tried to examine his conscience, he was determined that he would not go to bed until he had put matters right with God. In the evening he made his confession, and though he tried to hide them, tears came again and again so great was the struggle going on within his young heart.

When he heard the words of absolution, he turned again to his confessor and whispered anxiously.

"Father, are all my sins pardoned now, really?"

"Yes, my child, all, by your own good confession and by the great mercy of God"

"And Father, if I were to die to-night, should I be saved?"

"My boy, go in peace. If God called you

to Himself to-night you would certainly be saved."

Michael left the Church as if he were walking on air. He felt as he had never felt before. Michael Magone the captian of street-arabs was dead and buried for ever... and to-morrow morning he was to receive Holy Communion!

III.

Grace and Nature.

From the day of his Communion, Michael Magone was completely changed. Child as he was, he began to look at things differently; school life, lived for Jesus, became a matter of great importance. *Now, everything* counted, studies and Church as well as sport!

By a kind of intuition, Michael grasped in a flash what life at the Oratory really meant; that holiness meant happiness and, more than that, that holiness was within the reach of all.. even schoolboys.

This new view did not make him self-centred, scrupulous and disliked by his former chums. He was still the first in the field and leader in the games, laughing with the loudest and always in the thick of the fray; with this exception, that now, values had changed somewhat, and study and class and other duties ranked on a level with games, and that to please Our Lord and to play the game all round, you had to do these things well too.

So it was, in class he was as keen as in the playground, every minute counted, especially if some day he was to become a priest!

Without a doubt, the spirit of God worked in him. With boyish generosity and a heart full of a new-found love, he wanted to do much more than ordinary things for Jesus: he wanted to make big vows, to do big penances, fast... but I forbade him. To Mary also he went with a confidence that was inspiring. And as other boys carve their names on schoolroom furniture for an admiring posterity, so Michael scratched and pencilled: "*Sedes sapientiae, ora pro nobis*" on his books, desk and bench.

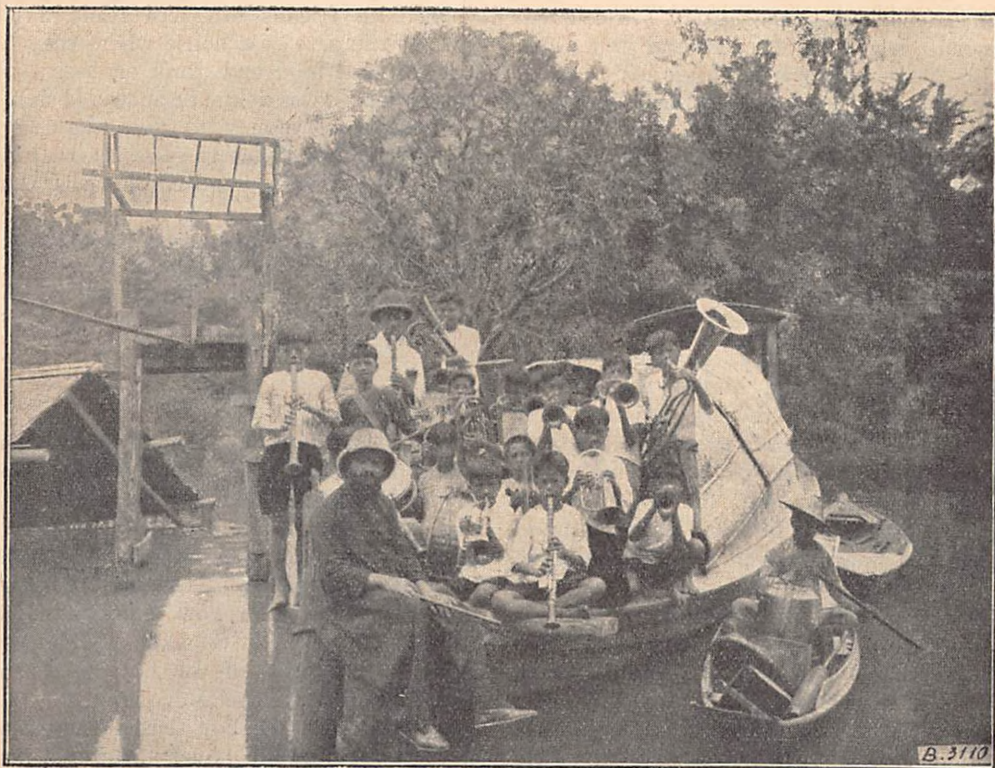
From the "good sport" in the natural sense he became the "good sport" in a better way. If he saw a little fellow out in the cold, and miserable as only lonely schoolboys can be, he gave him his place in the game with a cheery word and a smile.

(1) It is to be noted that Don Bosco himself was the confessor.

There was that time when another boy had chilblains so badly that he couldn't use his hands. It was Michael who did all his writing for him, dressed him, made his bed, and then gave him his own gloves, saying lightly, he could bear the cold much better.

But his nature had too much fire and life in it not to burst out sometimes; yet a word from anyone, even a school-mate suggesting a fault, was sufficient to calm him. He

by the stream of blood running from his nose, turned on Michael in a rage. Feet, legs and arms were in a frenzied whirl, kicking and punching like wild things. I managed to separate them, but it was not without some difficulty that I patched matters up. When Michael had cooled down a little, he began to see the doubtful result of his rather forceful correction and resolved, for the future, to use less drastic means.



Siam — Festive Oratory — The Boys' Band on a Barge (see page 74).

would beg pardon, telling them to take no notice of his piggish ways.

Then there was that time when he was out walking with me: we had not gone far when Michael heard a big errand-boy using bad language — blaspheming, as a matter of fact. His blood boiled. Without thought of the consequences, for the other was bigger than he, he rushed forward and gave the fellow two resounding thumps on the nose, crying: "Is that the way you treat the Holy Name of God?"

The errand-boy, egged on by the jeers of his friends and by this public insult and

At another time he showed a fine practical sense of argument.

Some boys were arguing about the pains of Purgatory. One among them wishing to be funny, said: "Let's try to avoid going there, but if we do, well patience, even for eternity!"

Michael looked displeased, he couldn't see anything to laugh at in Purgatory, he thought a little, smiled to himself, then stole off quietly in search of some matches. He returned unnoticed and, striking one under the cover of the noisy disagreement, held it near the hand of the boy.

With a loud cry, the lad jumped away,

holding his fingers: "What d'you think you're doing Magone; are you mad?" he screamed.

"Oh no, not mad. I only wanted to see what kind of patience you had, because if you think you can put up with the pains of Purgatory for all eternity, surely you wouldn't mind the flame of a little match for a moment or two!"

* * *

As in the case of Dominic Savio, so it was with Michael Magone. Purely self-centred, personal piety did not satisfy the young love in his heart. He wanted to go about doing good to others—passing on his happiness.

He would spend his spare time hunting out the boys he knew were in much the same frame of mind as he had been: made friends of them and helped to put them right.

On one particular occasion he had made friends with a certain boy who had caused no end of trouble in the House, and who hadn't been to the Sacraments.

It wanted three days to the Feast of St. Michael. Magone hinted the fact to his new friend with the suggestion that it wouldn't be a bad idea to make him, Michael, a present. The other lad was a little surprised. It wasn't quite the thing to ask for birthday gifts, but he really admired Magone so much that he would have gone to any trouble to please him.

"By all means, Michael, if I can manage it you shall have one too," he said heartily.

"Oh, that's alright," laughed Michael, "I only mentioned it, you know, so that you could give me something I really want!"

"If I possibly can, you shall have it," said the other.

"Than, that's a bargain. You promise? Even if it costs you more than you think it will?"

His friend looked still more surprised: What was Magone going to ask for, he wasn't usually so greedy...?

"Yes, Michael, I promise all the same."

"Good! Then make a good Confession and go to Holy Communion for me on St. Michael's Day!" he said simply.

The other lad didn't know quite what to do: certainly anything rather than Confession, but he couldn't very well refuse Michael such a simple thing...!

On St. Michael's Day, Magone and he made their Confessions and received Communion.

* * *

This interior life of the soul, which in Michael was developing rapidly, produced a gracious refinement in his actions which is difficult to convey. From a street urchin, with the ways and thoughts of the gutter, he became a gentleman in Cardinal Newman's sense of the word—full of consideration for others, with a deep, unfeigned gratitude for even the most trifling services rendered him.

Once his friends saw him stand a long time at the gate of a house where they had just received food and drink on their walk; asked what he was doing, he answered simply:

"I have no money to give these good people, so I am saying the Rosary, that God may give them a hundredfold what they have given me."

And you must remember that he was only a boy, just thirteen years old!

IV.

Death.

On the last day of the 1858 I called the boys round me for the 'good night' and urged them to give thanks to God for all the blessings we had received during the year and urged them earnestly to spend the new year just as if it were to be their last: "For, who knows," I said, "for how many of us this will be our last." So saying, I laid my hand on the head of the boy nearest me—the boy was Michael Magone

With a start the boy sensed that I was speaking of him and he let all around know what he meant to do to prepare for it: though they all laughed at the idea of happy, carefree, healthy Magone thinking of dying for years to come.

From that time onwards I watched him tenderly. One day I called him and told him not to worry about something that might not happen.

"Tell me, Father," said Michael, "how much longer have I to live?"

"We shall all live just as long as the good God keeps us going," I answered.

"But shall I live through this present year?" the child insisted.

"Peace, peace, my boy, our lives are in the hands of God, Who is a good Father... In order to go to Heaven it is not necessary

to know the time, but to prepare ourselves with good works!" I responded.

"I see you do not want to tell me. Then it must be very near!" whispered Michael.

"I don't think it is so *very* near: but if it should be, surely you would not mind going on a long journey to visit Our Blessed Lady in Heaven?"

The thought struck Michael at once, and his happy smile came back to him.

On January 19th, 1859, he had an attack of an old complaint, to which he and everybody else paid little heed, until he began to find difficulty in breathing, and also to bring up blood. The doctor was called, he couldn't quite understand the case but pronounced it dangerous: in fact, serious enough to advise Michael to go to Confession. This he did, and I stayed to talk with him.

"Which would you prefer, Michael, to be cured or to go to Heaven?" I asked.

"Our Lord knows that better than I. And I don't want anything that would displease Him," he answered.

"But if Our Lord gave you the choice, what then?" I insisted.

"Ah, then, who would be so mad as not to wish for Paradise!"

"Do you really want to go?"

"Yes, yes, Father, with all my heart. For a long time now it has been the one thing I have continually asked of God!"

Two days later he received the Blessed Sacrament and lay still, perfectly calm and happy, making his thanksgiving. By 10 o'clock that evening he began to grow rapidly worse. And as we feared he might pass away during the night, I prepared to go to my room to snatch a little rest and say my Breviary, so that I might be quite ready if required.

"Michael, child, I'm going away for a little... I shall be back soon."

"No, no," he cried, "don't... don't leave me!"

"But I'm only going to say my Office, I shall not be long."

"Then come... come back as soon as possible... for..."

I *did* go out, but I had not been long in my room when I felt that I was wanted. So it was: death was not far off now, the sickness increased every moment. Michael was still fully conscious while Extreme Unction

was being administered, and with a weak voice even joined in the prayers. They wanted to send for his mother, but with a sign he stopped them.

"No, no, please, do not fetch her. My poor dear mother, she loves me so much that the sight of my death would be too much for her to bear... My poor dear mother! May God bless her... when I get to Heaven I shall pray especially for her."

For some time he lay quite still, breathing heavily, though perfectly conscious.

"Michael," I asked, have you any word for your school friends?"

"Tell... them... always to... make good... Confessions!" he answered.



Siamese boys on their way to our Festive Oratory.

"And out of all the good things you have done in your whole life-time, what gives you the greatest consolation now, my child?"

"The greatest consolation is the little... I have... done to honour... Our Blessed Lady. O Mary, Mary, how happy are your children when they come to die," he breathed.

"And just one more thing: when you see the Queen of Heaven, give her my most humble respects and ask her to bless this House and all its boys!"

Michael nodded his head ever so slightly.

Here he seemed to sink into a deep sleep, his face beautifully calm, a happy smile resting on his lips. But the end was not just yet. For a moment he awoke again, clasped his Crucifix tighter, and kissing it three times, whispered: "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give my soul into your hands..."

Having thus prayed, he smiled again and died.



The Shrigley Missionaries with their new Brass-band.

THE APOSTOLIC VALUE OF A BRASS-BAND

Beating the big drum as a missionary advertisement.

The most recent as it is the most striking example of the apostolic value of a brass-band comes from Siam. When our missionaries first went there, although they had quite a number of Catholics to look after, since they were to carry on the work already begun by Mgr. Perros, nevertheless they were quite strangers to the people and still more, the work they wanted to do — the Festive Oratory work — among Siamese boys, was quite unknown to the good Siamese. What must they do? Why, advertise themselves, a most modern and most up-to-date thing to do. So they took their instruments — for many of the fathers and the clerics could play — and went out into the public places where the Siamese were to be found. There, usually in the evening, they treated all who cared to listen to a free entertainment in the shape of a quasi-religious concert. The experiment was very successful; they went again and again. The Siamese liked the novelty, and the old Catholic hymn tunes heartily rendered were especially called for. To-day, after four years, the band is still an attraction, with this difference that now nearly all the *bandsmen* are Siamese boys, some Catholic and others not quite.

As a means to the end, the band has proved so effective that in every Salesian mission, where they concentrate upon work

among boys you will find a flourishing band. There is the Salesian Band in China, Siam, India, Assam, Central Africa, Patagonia, America, and in the leper Colonies of Colombia.

It is difficult to over-emphasise the amount of really missionary work that can be done. It has the first effect of being a constant source of attraction to all around and for the boys who play, a centre of unity. Public events, especially the big Feasts of the Church, are rendered doubly solemn by the blare of the trumpets. In fact the pieces well chosen can do more to impress the native mind with the spirit of the Feast than can the halting words of a missionary speaking in a strange dialect!

The demand of the missions regulates the training in our Missionary Houses in Europe. Hence the formation of Bandsmen is a very important item on the missionary programme in such houses as *Ivrea* (Italy), where missionary aspirants to the priesthood do their preliminary studies, or *Cumiana* (Italy), where lay-brothers are being turned into missionary farmers. In both places, to name only two of many, the boys are so taught that when they have finished their course they will be able to set about getting a band together wherever they find themselves. If there is a band already on their mission then they can add their quota to the noise.

But the house which especially attracts our attention, is the new Missionary College at Shrigley. What are they doing in the matter? From what we hear they have made great strides already, and have a fine collection of brand-new instruments to the number of some twenty-five pieces.

The Rector of the house writes enthusiastically of the possibilities, but reading

between the lines we can easily see that the formation of a brass band out of youthful material which, although endowed with magnificent lungs, knows next to nothing about the rudiments of music, is uphill, perspiring and ear-splitting work, but well worth the trouble, if in the end they are able to save many souls of pagan people to the greater glory of God.

WIDENING HORIZONS

Medical Missions.

The great missionary movement of the Church is showing ever wider possibilities for the participation of the faithful in the apostolate. It is a sign of the times that to-day the mission is no longer the exclusive property of the missionary priest, but has work, and great work too, for lay-men and women, at home and abroad.

To-day more than ever before the attention of missionaries is turned to the Science of Medicine. They have learnt by experience how necessary medical knowledge is, and yet they have not been able to do anything, or at least very little, to develop this side of their active programme. The cure of bodies in these far off lands is very much akin to the cure of souls. And the life story of Christ as He passed and repassed through Galilee comes vividly to mind when we think of his missionaries trying to do His work in the dark places of the earth.

This is by no means an attempt to study the whole problem of the missionary from the medical point of view, but rather to point out what has actually been done already and the measure of success it has attained.

There are two works that are of outstanding importance. The one is the foundation of the "Medical Aid to the Missions Society" and the other is the work being done by the Catholic University of Lille. Both have the object to give professional aid to the Missionary and through it to impress still more forcibly upon the native mind the great charity of the Church of Christ and secondly, to give to missionaries themselves medical training, which in the absence of

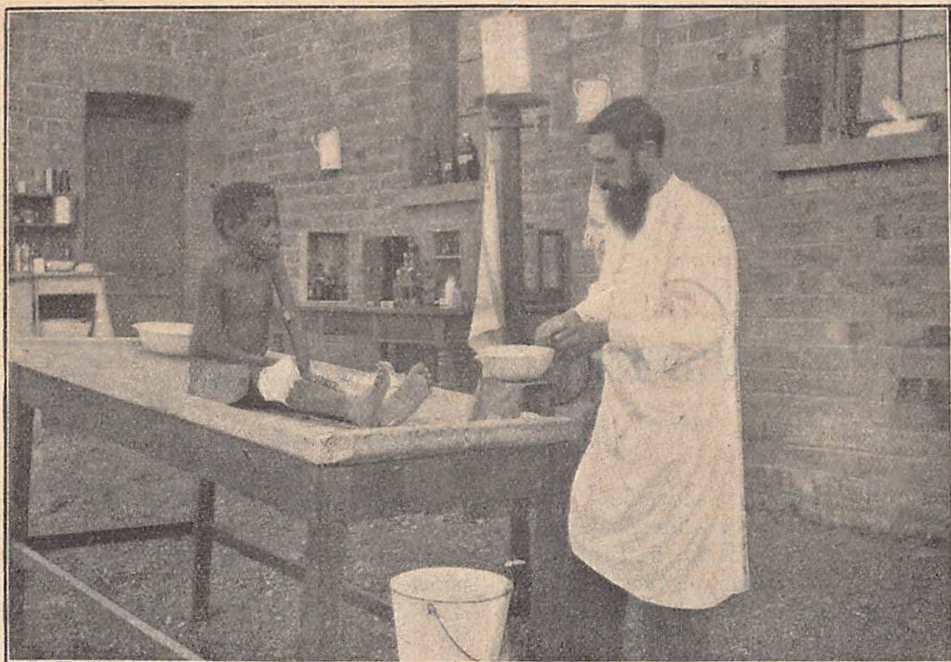
qualified doctors will enable them to render signal service to poor sufferers.

The origin of the Medical Aid to the Missions is of interest. In the February of 1922 the Medical Society of St. Luke was founded in Bruxelles and it had for its special object the greater sanctification of the members; in the short space of one year the same society gave birth to the essentially apostolic work of recruiting doctors, nurses, and sanitary officials who would be willing to offer themselves as auxiliaries to the missionary and render professional service on the missions. It is important to note how naturally the apostolic ideal springs from the genuine desire for personal sanctification.

Practical results have not been long coming, in three years the medical Aid to the Missions Society gave the splendid total of seven doctors and four nurses, all destined for Africa where they have been given posts in the Belgian Congo. Even in a short time their work has born abundant fruit for the Faith.

We quote a letter from the Vicariate of Upper Kasai where a certain Mademoiselle Berhe Loppe, a highly trained nurse, has been put in charge of what is to be a Maternity Home and a Child Welfare centre.

"I have here," she writes, "a dispensary, excellently equipped, where I attend upwards of a hundred to one hundred and fifty sick every day. They come with all manner of troubles, wounds, ulcers, pneumonia and helminthiasis of all kinds, which is the veritable scourge of the country. I tend to teeth, pull them out, look after eyes and ears for all the miseries that our poor



Medical attendance every morning in the Belgian Congo.

nature is subject to. My poor patients come from all parts. It makes one think of our dear Saviour in His mortal life and gives one strength to be good and gentle and very patient with these poor afflicted people.

My greatest success has been among the women, up to the time I write I have been able to save the lives of five babies and two mothers from practically certain death. Here, in strange contrast with our own civilisation of these days, the child is still the treasure in the family. It is my hope, and prayer that within ten years we shall have here the most numerous, and healthiest families in the whole country.

With the permission and the blessing of Mgr. Declercq we have every prospect of our Maternity home where we can give instruction to suitable Catholic native women to carry the good work ever further afield. We are now dreaming of a real hospital!"

The rest of the letter speaks of the routine of the day, which begins every morning with a half an hour's meditation; in the afternoon there is the spiritual reading, and the rosary before a well-deserved night's sleep.

Now to the other work that is being done: namely the medical training of Missionaries.

At the Catholic University of Lille, a course has been planned for six weeks every year.

It is all thoroughly practical and not a moment of the valuable time is wasted. In the morning all attend the hospitals and are instructed in the smaller operations, in particular for the eyes, vaccinations, seropathy and the various ailments and diseases of the lungs and heart. After lunch there are therapeutics, courses of ophtalmology, child illnesses and skin diseases. Finally a special instruction is given by the veteran missionary Dr. Loiselet on tropical diseases.

In three years the courses have been attended by 88 missionaries; and in addition to that the Society has been able to send to the missions of the Congo more than 30,000 frs worth of medicines, bandages and instruments. The very best doctors have come forward to help; and the professors of the Medical Faculty give their services for the great work during their summer vocation.

News begins to come in regularly of the immense value in the apostolate of souls is this medical knowledge. And most consoling of all is the ever increasing number of conversions that are made through this tender Christ-like ministry of healing.

The Blessed John Bosco and his "idée fixe"

What devotion to Mary, Help of Christians signifies

The Basilica of Our Lady, Help of Christians at Turin was consecrated in the year 1868; the foundation stone was laid in 1863; but long before either of these dates Don Bosco had seen mysteriously the site where it was to rise up, he had seen the size it was to be and the form it was to take.

Chatting with his boys one evening in 1862 he spoke of it as if it were something certain. And from about that time he fixed upon the name it was to bear.

It was one evening in the January of 1863, in the midst of a crowd of boys who stood open-mouthed as he described the future sanctuary, that he put the question to them:

"And now to whom shall we dedicate this beautiful church?"

"Why, to Our Blessed Lady of course!" cried the boys in chorus.

"Yes, to Our Lady to be sure, but honoured under what title?"

"The Immaculate Conception," said one

"No," said Don Bosco.

"Our Lady of the Holy Rosary."

"No."

"Our Lady of Mount Carmel."

"Wrong again."

"Tell us Don Bosco, we give it up," they cried together.

"I shall call it the Church of Maria Auxilium Christianorum. Mary invoked under the title of the Help of Christians."

* * *

This intention of Don Bosco so clear and so well defined was almost brought to nought. The Municipality authorities would not hear of such a title and with some reason. Piedmont was at that very moment up in arms against Rome. During the last two years the Court had, in transporting itself to Florence, almost



Missionary agricultural aspirants at work with their motor-tractor.
Salesian Missionary College — Cumiana, Italy.

reached the goal of its desires. Throughout the world liberalism, free-masonry and the Revolution were hostile to the Papacy. A world-wide conspiracy seemed to be planning a combined assault against the Vatican. In truth it was an anxious hour for the Church. Humanly speaking there did not seem to be any way out. Heavenly intervention alone could rescue the Church from her unhappy plight. This help good Catholics called for in the bottom of their hearts, but there could be no public crusade of prayers, there could be no open cry to God or to his Holy Mother for aid. But Don Bosco at that very moment was building up his Church to be dedicated to Mary, the Help of Christians under which title she had, through history, turned to nought the worst enemies of the Church and of the Papacy.

Don Bosco's intention was very clear!

* * *

"And to whom are you thinking of dedicating your church, father?" the chief architect of the city asked him, when he came to examine the plans.

"To Our Lady Help of Christians," answered Don Bosco.

"That name would be very imprudent at the present time, it does not do now-a-days."

"Your many occupations, my dear sir," retorted Don Bosco, "have not allowed you the time to study the history of this glorious title, otherwise you would have known that it brought victory to the Christian armies against the Turks at Lepanto and yet again the liberation of Vienna by the troops of Eugene of Savoy."

"That may be, that may be, but all the same I judge that particular title to be very untimely. Dedicate this church of yours to Our Lady of the Rosary, of Mount Carmel or to Our Lady of Peace."

"Well, well," replied Don Bosco, who knew better than to argue, "I'll think it over."

"Good! That's it, change the title. Mary, Help of Christians is too new for Turin. It either means nothing... or it means too much! Find another! You understand. The titles of Our Lady are not lacking."

No, there was no lack of titles, but Don Bosco, for two inflexible motives would not

change his mind... in this matter he had an *idée fixe*.

But he had to resort to a ruse to get his own way.

* * *

Several weeks after the first interview, Don Bosco presented his final plans to the Municipality Council of Turin. He made no mention at all of the name of the Church, he spoke only of a large temple to be erected in the Valdocco quarter, which was totally unprovided for in the matter of religion.

"But," cried the councillors, astonished at the grandeur of the plan, "this project will swallow up a million of money!"

"At the very least," corrected Don Bosco, "but I only want your permission... I will see to the rest."

"What name do you think of giving to this Church?"

"Oh, there is time to think of that. Whereas for beginning the work at once I must have your agreement."

So they did as they were asked.

As soon as Don Bosco had the signed document in his hands he went to thank the chief architect for his trouble: as he was going out of the room, the other said to him:

"I did not think, father, that you would be so stubborn in your designs. Just a name! What's in a name? and the one you have chosen seems to me to be out of the question!"

"But I haven't mentioned any patron of my church."

"I know that, but I see now that you will very soon do so!"

"Ah well," said Don Bosco, "then in this case I think we should both be satisfied. You did not want that particular title in the plans and I have not put it in. And now that you have had the goodness to approve of them, I claim my right to choose what I like. So we have both had what we wanted."

* * *

There were two reasons why the will of Don Bosco was immovable in the matter, and both reasons were supernatural. It was not Don Bosco, the poor priest, but Our Blessed Lady herself who wanted the church and who wanted that particular title. Ten times, a hundred times he had repeated: Our

Lady has asked for this Church and she promises abundant graces to all who invoke her under this name.

To his more favoured sons and especially to Cagliari and Albera (1863) he would repeat: "The Blessed Virgin wishes to be honoured in this sanctuary under the special title of Help of Christians. *She* wishes it, *she* wishes it."

How had he come to know her will? In a dream? While he prayed? By a sudden illumination? Through one of his sons now dwelling in heaven? It is a mystery. But the tenacity with which Don Bosco set about the building of the sanctuary and the establishing of the devotion makes it quite clear to us that he, in his own mind, did not doubt for a moment but that it was the express desire of Our Blessed Lady.

* * *

The devotion harmonised exactly with the need of the times. It was in the tragic moments of history, when christianity was in peril, when the Papacy was on the brink of the abyss, that the Popes had invoked the special aid of the Mother of God under this title of Help of Christians. At the hour Don Bosco spoke of building a great temple, the first in the Christian world dedicated to Maria Auxilium Christianorum, the situation was not less urgent. Liberalism and the Revolution on all sides sought the downfall of the Roman Pontiff, his territory was already threatened, and within a little while his temporal power would be nothing but a name. To whom should the Church of Christ call in this hour if not to Mary, the Help of Christians, who thrice before had humbled the enemy?

With a holy instinct Blessed John Bosco sensed this, and the loyal servant of the Popes, without shouting his intention from the house-tops, worked actively for the triumph of the Papacy by following out the designs of Our Lady, the Help of Christians.

Neither was he deceived. There is nothing more striking at the present time than the study of the wonderful coming back to power and prestige of the Papacy through the Pontificates of Pius IX, Leo XIII, Pius X, and Benedict XV to be crowned by the final re-establishment of Pope Pius XI as a temporal Monarch.



The Death of the Rt. Rev. Mons. Convery.

The passing of the first of the friends
of our Missionary College. Shrigley Park.

The name of Archdeacon Convery, as he was popularly known by his people, will go down in the annals of Our Missionary College as one of its most generous and most zealous benefactors.

It was due to his encouragement and assistance that a chance mission given to the Italians of Belfast two years ago, by a Salesian priest, opened the way to the realisation of so many vocations to the Missionary Priesthood in the Society.

The foundation of a Missionary College had, at that time, just been determined upon. Not only did he give hospitality but also by his wise and prudent advice helped in the choosing of such boys as would one day become zealous priests in the Mission Field. He himself had a great enthusiasm for the Missions and his parish was among the most generous supporters of the Propagation of the Faith. He delighted in the thought that so many of his boys showed a keen desire to join in the ranks under the Blessed John Bosco whom he venerated as one of the greatest missionaries of the present day. Eighteen months ago ten of the seventeen Belfast boys came from his parish to the College, and last September that number was increased to twenty-three. The moral, religious and intellectual formation of these boys reflect the Catholic zeal of their Pastor.

Our gratitude towards him is unlimited. Mass was offered for the repose of his soul in the Chapel of Shrigley on the 16th of March, during which our 100 boys offered their Holy Communions for the same intention.

We beg the prayers of all Salesian Co-operators that the soul of this great priest and ardent missionary may rest in peace.

We take this opportunity of thanking the assistant priests of St. Paul's, Belfast, for the interest they have taken in the Salesian Missionary College, Shrigley Park.

May God bless them and reward their zeal.

Whit Sunday May 24th. 1931.

Turin will be the Mecca of thousands of pilgrims this year when the Holy Winding Sheet, to mark the wedding feast of the Crown Prince of Italy, will be exposed to the veneration of the faithful. The Exposition will take place from May 4th. until May 24th. the traditional feast day of Mary Help of Christians, one of the most notable feasts in the north of Italy.

* * *

The whole Catholic world is intensely interested in this wonderful relic of the Passion of Jesus Christ, and it is hoped this year to prove beyond all doubt its authenticity. Historically the proof is very difficult, for its early history has been lost with the destruction of documents bearing upon it, but there are other intrinsic proofs, which taken objectively and examined scientifically can make us certain, beyond all reasonable doubt, that this Shroud was the identical one which received the dead body of Christ.

We give in outline the objective examination of the Shroud.

The examination is based upon data collected from the last examination in 1898 and from the particularly perfect photographs taken by Sig. Secondo Pia.

The Marks on the Shroud.

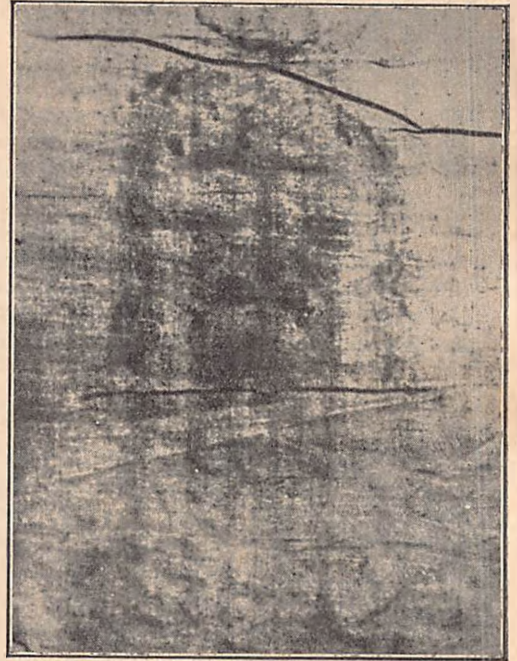
The Holy Shroud is a sheet of linen cloth, made in one piece 4.36 metres in length and

To get the best effect from photo (b) hold at a distance and in a subdued light.

The images on the Winding Sheet are clearly negative, that is, they show places light and dark which in nature would be dark and light.

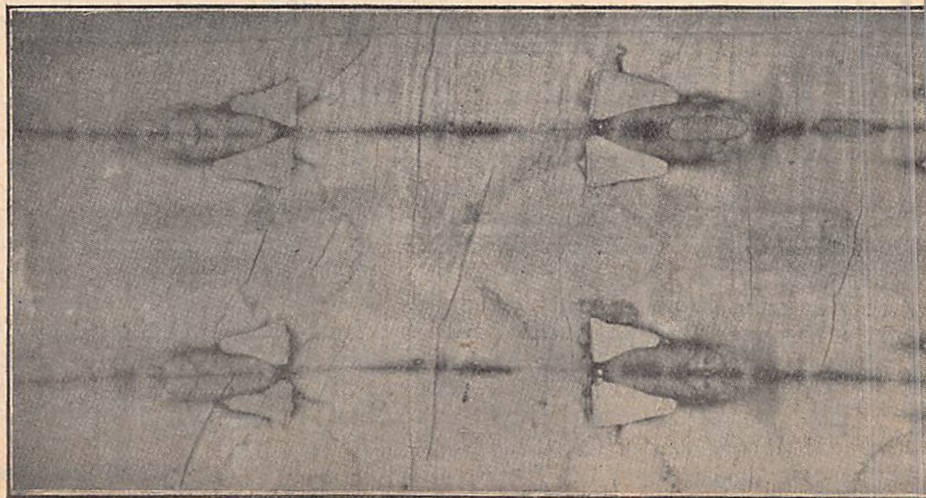
THE HOLY W

EXPLANATORY NOTES OF



a) Photo of the Sacred Face as it appears on the S

O God who has left to us the marks of thy Body was wrapt by Joseph when taken down through thy Death and Burial we may be



WINDING SHEET

SHROUD AS IT IS TO-DAY.



b) The Sacred Face as it appears on the negative.

On the Holy Shroud in which thy Sacred Face was seen from the Cross, grant we beseech thee, that we may share in the glory of the Resurrection. Amen.

1.10 metres in width which bears marks of different origin and with different signification.

I. On two black lines, formed by semi-carbonised linen and running parallel to the sides, there are eight large burn marks arranged symmetrically

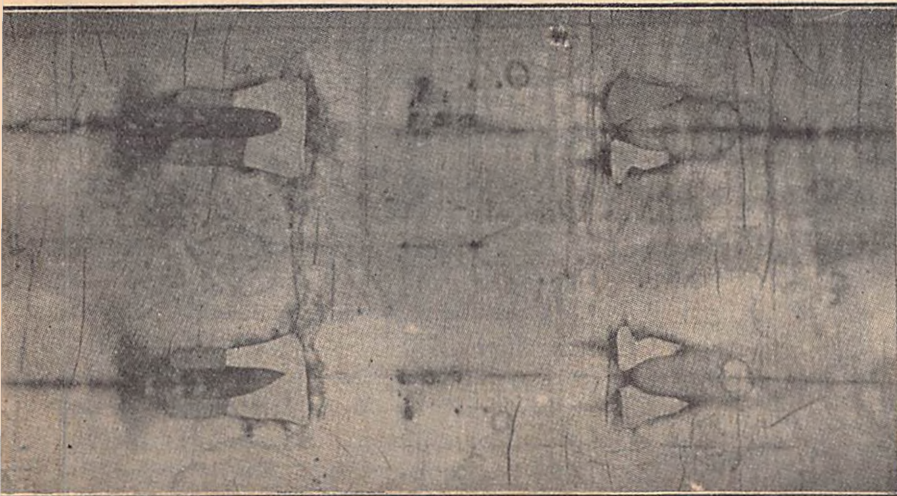
They are the marks of the fire which broke out in the Chapel of Chambéry on the 4th. December 1532, when a piece of hot silver fell on to the Shroud which being folded, thus bears the strains in eight places: there are four smaller burns half way along the sheet caused at the same time. In the centre of each burn you notice two triangles of white linen, which represent the repairs done by Clarissa of Chambéry between April and May of 1534, she used a linen corporal for the purpose.

II. There are besides, five other stains, lozenge shaped, which were caused by the water which was thrown over the silver casket to cool it after the fire. The Shroud was completely soaked except on one corner.

Explanation of the two impressions.

Everything said will be based upon the exhaustive study of Abbé Noquier de Malijay: here we give a summary of the most outstanding facts.

a) In the nineteenth chapter of St. John, verse 39 we read: "And Nicodemus also came bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes about an hundred pound weight." And a little later we are told Jesus was buried after the manner among the Jews.



For authentic reproductions, both of the Sacred Face and the Winding Sheet orders may be sent to the: Salesian House, Cowley, Oxford.

Holy Pictures, Photos on Card or for framing, folding Postcards, etc. may be obtained.

b) Close examination of the Shroud reveals that there are present definite minute granule forms such as would be produced by myrrh.

c) The research work of the Sorbonne, Paris has discovered that emanations in the shape of a cold perspiration can come from the human body after death, and further experimentation has proved that such chemical emanations coming in contact with a surface treated with a solution of aloes produced a kind of gaseous action which left a dark brown stain at the point of contact.

d) Applying these findings to the Holy Winding Sheet the presence of the two perfect negatives is explained as follows.

Our Lord was removed from the Cross laid upon the sheet spread on the ground and treated with the mixture of myrrh and aloes; He was placed with his feet to one extremity. Then the other half of the sheet was folded over so that he was completely covered. At this point the chemical action began to take place. The emanations exuding from every part of His body, coming in contact with the chemical properties of the aloes produced the two negative images to be seen on the Holy Shroud. The result was a photograph, purely and simply.

There are other important discoveries coming from the examination of the *positive* photograph taken in 1898.

The marks of the Passion of Our Lord are clearly visible. So much so that about eighty cuts from the scourging may be counted. They are so placed that we can deduct the position of the two flagellators or the two different positions of the same man. The eighty marks would represent the forty legal stripes of Roman punishment given with a *flagrum* having two lashes, which was quite usual.

The marks of the Crown of Thorns may be clearly seen, and are especially noticeable at the back of the head, probably due to pressure against the cross. Then there is the spear wound in the right side which passed through the Body into the Heart. On the right shoulder is the dark stain of the bare flesh made by the weight of the Cross.

The wound of the left hand — the right is covered by it — the wound is clearly in the wrist, just above the hand, and this contrary to all the paintings of the Cruci-

fixion which have the nail through the palm. Putting the nail through the wrist seems to have been the official way to crucify, otherwise the weight of the body would tear through the tissues of the hand.

Doctors have examined the details of the Body thus produced and declare it to be of the most perfect proportions, every physical particular being exactly as it would be in nature, even to the way the blood runs from the wounds. This completely obviates any possibility of its having been produced by any artist.



NOVENA

to Our Lady Help of Christians.

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

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

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

RECRUITING VOCATIONS

The following article written by M. Faure for "Le Recrutement sacerdotal" is a masterly analysis of the work the Blessed John Bosco did for Vocations. It shows his original methods of winning boys to him; his test of the good vocation, and his care to form the young souls of future priests.

To rest inactive with his hands folded in front of him waiting for work and waiting for souls to save was not in him. His spirit of conquest forced him to action. For his Festive Oratory he went into every imaginable part of the city, along the highways and bye-ways looking for the lost sheep. "Have you any boys to sell?" he would sing out. And all would receive this "boys' priest" joyously, on account of his happy face and magic smile.

This same ardour he brought to the service of vocations. For he needed many of them to carry on his own work. The Church was also in need and the lack of them increased the peril in which the souls of men and women found themselves.

For conquest for God and for the Church he was an indefatigable recruiting agent and an incomparable moulder of the souls of priests-to-be.

Don Bosco set out on his search for vocations. Immediately he turned to the sons of the people. "God has inspired me," he said one day to his co-operators, "to search for my vocations among the poor. The families of the wealthy are more often than not filled with the spirit of the world and their children suffer. And if by chance they do have some inclination for the things of God's service it is soon lost in the colleges and in the public schools."

He put himself rigorously to work. He got into touch with almost all the clergy of Lombardy and Piedmont; he made his periodic campaigns into the various dioceses of the north of Italy all rich in faith and in piety. On the advice of the clergy he would visit the boys pointed out as being specially fitted for the priestly life, and with

his happy ways he would win them to him, after that he would see the parents and before long off they would go with him to Turin. Ordinarily he asked a moderate pension where he knew it could be afforded, but very often the boys came quite free. In the sermons and in the missions he gave he never forgot this great work. Rarely did he return from a journey without bringing with him some lad or other, full of promise; and it was not an infrequent thing to see him arrive with a whole squad of recruits. His conquests were often the result of tactics all his own as if a kind of sixth sense had guided him in his dealing with boys. One evening between the arrival of two trains, in a railway station, he got into contact with a group of boys playing. There was a boy there, the head of the gang, Don Bosco saw him, went up to him and conquered him. And the result was that Michael Magone one of the choicest spirits of the Old Oratory came along to begin his studies (1). Another time he arrived at Valdocco with a very young barber who had conscientiously shaved and unskillfully cut his face. One cut more or less was but a very little thing when by it you might gain another soul!

But then there came the painful question of funds, but he had a courageous heart and a splendid faith; for God and for vocations he thought big thoughts and did not count the cost. But his good mother "Margaret" whose business it was to keep the stew-pot and the larder well filled at last began to get uneasy: "You are always bringing more boys here and we are so very poor that soon there will be nothing left. Then what will you do?" Half serious, half in jest the holy priest replied: "Courage, mother mine, courage in spite of everything, for me there will always be a bed in the workhouse, at the Cottolengo."

Later on he said to his rectors: "As to

(1) See page 65 for the complete account of this boy's vocation told by Don Bosco.

vocations don't worry about the expense. Go out begging and if you still find yourself in need, the Blessed Virgin will have pity on you and come to your aid." And to one of his missionaries who spoke with him on the projects for the future he answered: "Provided you give a priest to the Church, and above all a missionary, prepare for great things without troubling too much about the cost."

* * *

What were the qualifications of heart and head he expected to find in his young clerics.

His discernment was not cramped by many rules: his judgment was like the man, kind and tender. He had confidence himself and it begot confidence in others. Once in a Piedmont village they brought to him a boy, weak it seemed in body and in mind. As was his custom Don Bosco received him kindly and began to speak, but the child answered not a word.

"Well, can you play marbles?" said Don Bosco suddenly, at this the face of the boy lighted up and became full of life.

"This shall be my affair," said Don Bosco, "I will take him with me." In due time that lad became a very worthy priest and the director of one of the important houses.

To any boy who asked his advice about his vocation, he gave a programme as simple as it was complete: "There are three things to show a good vocation: purity of heart, sufficient knowledge and the right intention" to which he would add this other practical advice: As to your interior virtue ask your confessor; as to your knowledge your school-master or Rector is the judge; and as for the right intention, that you must judge for yourself; it is of the spirit of a good vocation to show a marked liking for the things of God and for the ceremonies of the Church."

With these things well assured, he had no fear at all of lively characters. You might almost say that he showed them partiality. He loved them with all their vitality and their consequent faults; and he was so good, so fatherly, ever ready to encourage, to raise up and pardon when they fell. He wanted his boys to be full of life, enthusiastic and resourceful, generous and with a spark of fire about them. The rest he forgave willingly, especially in the beginning. It

was in fact with this type of character, already formed by nature, that he set out for conquest in the world.

One day there came to the Oratory two young lads from Lombardy, they were not a little taken aback and dismayed at the discipline they found in the house however kind it might be. Ardent and full of life, a little obstinate, they found it hard to settle down; to console themselves they were up to all the mischief imaginable. They had given the money they had had with them to a friend in the town, who used to come secretly to the school and renew their stock of provisions. Thus the two bright boys carried on their smuggling of dainties under the very nose of authority. Don Bosco who knew all about it, closed his eyes, for he saw that it would not go on for long. Much later one of the two was relating the incident to some other Salesians: "They did not turn us out," he concluded, "they did not even punish us. Did Don Bosco do well and act wisely? I hope so. In any case my colleague in crime has gone ahead; he is Mgr. Morganti, Archbishop of Ravenna. And as for myself; you see I have been able to manage without coming to undue harm." It was Don Rocca, the one time Economist General of the Salesians who told the story!

Kindness and indulgence served their turn in the beginning, but under a direction that was at once firm and supernatural the boys mounted to the heights rapidly; and we read of the splendid self-sacrifice they made, their radiant charity and their young zeal for souls.

Remember Dominic Savio, an angelic boy, who with Don Bosco for his master in three short years touched the summits of sanctity.

* * *

What was the secret of these splendid transformations?

Don Bosco's first force was love. This was indeed the first and last note in his pedagogy. He surrounded his young clerics with affection; loving them as "the apple of his eye" and training them by kindness. He was all things to them and with touching simplicity he let them know it: "My children, I am here only for you, night and day, morning and evening, every single moment. I have no other aim, no other desire than

your spiritual and temporal welfare." And how easy was it to go to him. Love indeed makes short work of distance. The father went down among his children to lift them up, to draw them to him. There was in his gentle voice and in his happy smile a charm that none could resist. He himself had suffered greatly through the distant coldness of his own masters both at the school at Chieri and at the Seminary.

Don Bosco loved simplicity. He wanted

of a barracks but rather the warmth of family life.

"Our boys," he loved to repeat, "haven't *all* qualities and *all* perfections but they have at least simplicity."

In the Salesian System there may be at first sight a lack of geometrical perfection, a certain free and easiness; but on that very account the atmosphere is more natural, there is more openness between masters and the boys, and more spontaneous enterprise.



The newly baptised in the Belgian Congo 1930.

it especially to reign in his house. He had no use at all for the pedestal, for acting a part or for solemnity; neither had he time for high rhetoric or the sounding word. Like his master Saint Francis de Sales he made no pretensions, and could not stand frills. He fought against any undue formalism, and had no liking for straight lines of boys in stiff uniforms. He was averse to any excessive *regularisation* which cramps the child, and more often than not provokes irritation and resistance, small breaches of the law and petty punishments. In his house there was to be nothing of the coldness

His way of dealing with his boys was always marked by discretion. He led them by easy paths; he treated them with delicacy, we might say with respect. His "Good Nights" were really heart to heart talks.

His private chats with them were full of magic words cast out at the right moment.

"And shall we make a contract with each other?" he once asked.

"Oh, yes, Father," answered the child with confidence.

They were talking about the boy's vocation.

"Father, what do you think of me?"

"I think that you have good stuff in you, fit to make a fine wedding garment for Our Lord."

And this, in the case of Dominic Savio was the opening of the way to sanctity.

Don Bosco did not lose touch with his boys during the holidays, his correspondence with them is full of happy phrases full of love and intimacy: "I have something else to tell you, but that will keep until you return to Turin. It's a secret!"

To the formation of priests, the most divine of all works, Don Bosco turned the whole force of his profound psychology and all his knowledge of souls. He was the practical philosopher, formed by the example and the teaching of his holy mother and by the hard knocks of life. And God had given him rich natural gifts. He was not merely the "intellectual" but was rather ever disposed to action. Yet in this he was guided by sound principles, and could draw from many different ideas at the same time. There was nothing short-sighted, nothing narrow either in his life or in his methods. He had also a tenacious will-power, a strong practical sense and a generous heart. His practical sense made him the confident optimist, it gave him a patience which could not be disturbed, that enabled him to wait until the moment God thought fit.

And what fine feeling! He was sweet and gentle in his management of souls. He was all affection, but never with sighs and tears or with mere sentimentality.

And finally, the third and the most important note in his pedagogy was piety — a living, real, warm piety that enveloped the whole soul of the child because it was adapted to all forms of its activity.

The spirituality of St. Francis de Sales had nothing of the rigid formula. And Don Bosco would have none of it in his method. With him prayer was identified with life. Work is a prayer; duty is the highest form of piety. "At the school of Don Bosco," said Dominic Savio to a friend, "sanctity consists in doing what you have to do joyously."

And that is quite the true Salesian note.

His piety was catholic, with nothing too personal about it. He made great use of the sacraments and all the other means of religion. With Don Bosco the liturgical

feast and ceremonies were to be carried out with all possible style; the devotions to the our Blessed Lady and to St. Aloysius were fostered; his system can be called the pedagogy of Confession and Holy Communion; and in fact he gave his children every possible facility of using these sacraments. In the rules for his confraternities he laid down daily communion; but it was the opinion of the episcopate at the time when it gave its approbation that communion every fortnight was quite sufficient. Don Bosco gave way, but he was in the right, as we see to-day.

There is the case of Giaveno. In the *Petit Seminaire* which had been filled by Don Bosco, his visits there always had the result of rousing great enthusiasm and a renewed devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. The superiors did not altogether like it (the Jansenistic spirit was still very much abroad). They said that there was rather too much piety and rather too many Holy Communions. And they informed Don Bosco that he need not give himself the trouble and fatigue, nor need he come to visit them so often. Don Bosco of course complied and very simply retired. After ten years of the new régime, the numbers at the seminary had dwindled down to forty boys. Vocations there only began to flourish again when Mgr. Gastaldi re-established the teaching and the spirit of Don Bosco in this matter.

Pope Pius XI made a very particular recommendation to a French bishop on a visit to Rome. "*To rechristianise the poor children of our times we must apply to them the precious methods of Blessed John Bosco; we must work to strengthen them by a liturgical and sacramental formation. We must bring them back to frequent confession and frequent communion.*"

The method wisely applied tends to produce an intense supernatural life.

His teaching has nothing secular about it. He judged everything from God's point of view. He did everything to the tune of piety, the characteristic note of his Festive Oratories.

His great object was war against sin; and he used all things to this end.

Don Bosco knew how to build up this joyous and infectious piety upon eternal truths. Every month he held a special ser-

vice which he called the Retreat for a Happy Death. For all, it was the occasion of renewing piety and fervour; some would be able to find there peace of heart they had lost and strength to do better in the future. It produced even greater effect when Don Bosco would, from time to time announce that for some this was their last retreat. These predictions were always fulfilled.

"Take care and be ready, for this retreat for some of you will be the last!" Sometimes he gave the date! Sometimes he gave the first letter of the name of those about to die. And one of the priests of the house was charged with the duty of discretely preparing these boys pointed out by Don Bosco.

* * *

The results of all this were prodigious. They explain the spread of the Salesian work throughout the world.

For his part, Don Bosco did not haggle with the Divine Master. For the sake of souls and for the sake of the missions he would give up his best men and Our Blessed Lord would repay him well.

"Listen to the good news," he wrote to Don Cagliero, the future Cardinal, "six clerics and six priests have departed for America and six other priests have asked for admission into our Society, and six new clerics have already entered. Twelve lay-brothers have gone to the foreign missions and twelve others have come along full of zeal. See how God troubles Himself about our affairs."

One last detail will enable us to judge the immense work Don Bosco was able to do for Vocations, it is the joyful cry of the Saint in 1883 when he was an old man: "I am content. Recent and well-authenticated statistics show that two thousand priests have been brought up in our houses for work in the dioceses. Glory to God and to His Holy Mother who have given us the means to do so much good."

"To-day, now that the times are threatening and charged with menace for the Church, would that I could see the faithful turn with hearts filled with love and confidence to her, who is invoked under the title of the "Help of Christians."
LEO XIII (1903).

Lest we forget

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

A Plenary Indulgence.

Every month—

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

On each of the following days:

- | | |
|-----------|--|
| May 14th | The Ascension. |
| May 17th | Anniversary of the Coronation of Our Lady, Help of Christians. |
| May 24th | Whit Sunday. |
| May 31st | Holy Trinity. |
| June 1st. | Feast of Mary, Help of Christians. |
| June 3rd. | Corpus Christi. |
| June 12th | Feast of the Sacred Heart. |
| June 24th | Nativity of St John the Baptist. |
| June 28th | Feast of the Sacred Heart of Mary. |
| June 29th | Sts. Peter and Paul. |

It is also worth remembrance.

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

- 1) For any *one* of these ejaculations a *plenary indulgence*. The choice of the particular ejaculation is left to each one's discretion.
- 2) For *each of the others* 400 days indulgence each time.

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

WHAT WE HEAR

The Salesian School: Burwash, Surrey.

The work of the Salesian Preparatory School at Burwash on the Sussex Downs is nearly as hidden as was the life of its Patron, St. Joseph, whose feast they kept on March 19th. with all due solemnity.

During the last few years, through the energy of the late Rector, Fr. O'Connor, the school has made rapid progress and was able to complete the beautiful Gothic Church for consecration, and build a new school wing, with enlarged dormitories, new refectory, central heating and electric lighting.

The work done there is especially adapted to the care of small boys, who have everything small boys can desire, from the large playing fields in the heart of the country to the products of the "home-farm".

With development of the school the numbers have grown rapidly so much so that this year, on St Joseph's Day they were able to do him honour by three plays: one by the very small boys, one by the juniors and a crowning effort by the "seniors".

"Via Don Bosco" in Rome.

Following the report of the Committee for the naming of roads, Prince Boncompagni, the Governor of Rome, has decided to give the name of "Via Don Bosco" to the road which passes our new technical institute of Pius XI and joins Via Tusculana to Via del Mandrone.

A Voice from the Antipodes. News from Australia.

It is now three years since Rupertswood was first opened to receive Catholic boys who had been unfortunate and had trouble with the civil authorities. Our first subjects came from the mining town of Bendigo, but since then others have followed from more distant parts and at the moment of writing our numbers have reached fifty. It is our object to reinstate these lads in a thoroughly Catholic atmosphere and more

than that, to give them some trade by which they will be able to go ahead for themselves when they come to leave us.

In spite of the acute industrial depression so prevalent here which impedes all works of charity, nevertheless our co-operators and friends have been very generous and we are able to report progress. But for our overwhelming debt we should have been able to do much more. We are far more widely known now than before, and our work has attracted the favourable attention of the powers that be, civil as well as ecclesiastical. Most gratifying of all good reports come of all the boys who passed through here and who are now working in the colony.

But for the lack of means we could make a start with our long desired project of teaching trades to our boys, now that we have with us five trained lay-brothers; anyhow this is our hope for the future, and for this we pray and wait.

"RUPERTSWOOD" RECEIVES VISITORS.

In the middle of February we were the centre of attraction, by reason of the fact that a Catholic Society with its 860 members chose the grounds of Rupertswood for their annual outing. The day was a great success. Two hundred and sixty cars arrived in line before lunch which was prepared on the sports ground. The afternoon was devoted to sports. In the evening they crowded our chapel to overflowing for the Rosary and Benediction. This Association is widespread and influential and we hope for its support. Some its members on their own initiative have already adopted a scheme of Burses for the education of poor deserving boys. These zealous friends set aside each week contributions proportionate to their salaries. These sums are duly placed to our credit to form a standing fund. Four boys are already being maintained and we hope in time to increase the number.

The *Salesian Bulletin* directs the attention of all the Co-operators in Australia and Tasmania to this good work at "Rupertswood" *Sunbury, Victoria*. It is a house

after the heart of Blessed John Bosco who spent his whole life rescuing poor boys for the Church and for society.

Apply to the Rector, enclosing a stamped envelope, for the official novena card to the Blessed John Bosco.

Tibidabo: Spain.

In his Pastoral letter for Lent, the Bishop of Barcelona, Mgr. Irurita, called the attention of his diocese on the completion of the

her universal missionary effort. The vessel carried fifty-seven missionaries of various nations and tongues, bound for scattered ports, which is believed to constitute a record group for a single ship.

An interesting feature of the trip was an "Academia" presented by the missionaries, at which nine languages were used in entertaining the passengers, many of them non-Catholics. The addresses were in English, German, Spanish, Italian, French, Irish, Dutch and Filipino, and the hymns in Latin.



The Salesian Missionary group on board the "Trier".

magnificent temple dedicated to the Sacred Heart, on the summit of Mount Tibidabo, which dominates the great city. Thanks to their generosity he will consecrate and open it in 1932. It is well known that the construction of this votive church was decided upon when Don Bosco passed that way in 1886 and was confided to the Salesians a few years later.

Object lesson in Church's universality.

Passengers on board the German steamer "Trier," on her latest voyage from Europe to the East had a rare opportunity of witnessing the Catholicity of the Church, as well as

The missionaries included two Benedictine Fathers of St. Ottilion bound for Korea; a Spanish Benedictine priest and lay brother on a commission to decorate the Benedictine church at Manila, Philippine Islands; two Benedictine scholastics from Buckfast Abbey bound for the Beda College at Manila; seven Carmelite nuns for Borneo; two Salesian priests for China and Japan respectively; ten Salesian scholastics; nine Salesian novices for Siam; eight nuns for Siam, Japan and Hongkong; two priests and one deacon of the Society of the Divine Word for Kansu, China; three Scheut Fathers for the Philippines; two priests and three lay brothers of the Pious Society of Missionaries for Aus-

tralia; a Spanish Augustinian for the Philippines, and one Irish Jesuit priest with two scholastics for Hongkong.

Centenary celebrations in Bolivia.

To celebrate the centenary of Bolivia, the Salesians of Colombia inaugurated in December last, a professional exhibition which has attracted thousands of interested visitors. It was opened by the minister of Public Instruction Sig. Carbonel in the immense halls of the Salesian College of Leo XIII

Salesian Old Boys to the fore in Spain.

Our Old Boys of the College of Valencia, during the last two years have formed one of the finest social projects you can possibly imagine. Moved by the great difficulty there was and still is to find houses, which when found are very often far beyond the working man's means, they have come together and have erected an entire quarter to meet the need, not a stone's throw from their old College. They have christened it "*Don Bosco Quarter.*" It is composed of 85 economical houses all exactly alike and ranged in three streets.

To achieve this plan, or what comes to the same thing, to find the necessary means, they had to search wherever they could. One of our Co-operators let them have the ground they needed at a very good price. The Government then pledged itself to 20% of the total cost. The treasury of Valencia has put on loan 70% of the necessary capital and what is still more the local Government has granted an exemption of thirty years from all land taxes to the future holders.

To obtain a house it is necessary to be a Salesian Old Boy and to be the father of a family, and not to enjoy an income of more than £140 a year. The future proprietor should put on deposit £20 on taking possession, this will pay for the land on which the house stands; by paying 12/- a month as rent, in 30 years he will become the owner of the house. He may shorten the time by depositing according to his means, extra money in advance.

The first brick of this Salesian township was laid on March 16th. 1928. On January 28th 1927 the Archbishop of Valencia blessed the first 25 houses and their inhabitants,

now the project is completed and all the 85 houses occupied

In addition, in the centre of the district, a co-operative society has been put up which will appreciably lessen the expenditure of the members of this little colony.

These are the bare details, yet they serve to show the social efficiency of a well developed Old Boys' Association, which, as the need arises, can come forward as a unit to so lasting work for the Church and the State.

The Old Boys in Algeria.

From *Oran-Eckmuhl* there comes news of the conference of St. Vincent de Paul which was formed in 1898 by the late Fr. Bellamy. This conference is now composed of 38 Old Boys and is recognised as one of the most efficient in the diocese.

Figures speak for themselves:

The amount collected for the year ending

1925	5,010 Frs.
1926	5,608
1927	9,128
1928	19,368
1929	20,445
1930	20,043

With this in hand last year they have been able to distribute 20,000 tickets for bread, 2,000 for meat and milk, free doctor's attendance to 25 families, and a large stock of boots and clothing was alike disposed of. This is not counting, the financial aid given wisely when rents have fallen due.

Salesian Old Boys - Battersea, London.

The Annual Retreat exclusively arranged for our Past Pupils is the most evident sign of the vitality of the London Association. This year in spite of the counter attraction of the Easter holidays about thirty members attended the spiritual exercises which began on Maundy Thursday evening and finished at mid-day on Easter Sunday. Very Rev. Fr. Tozzi, (Provincial) preached an essentially Salesian retreat in which the Old Boys earnestly joined.

Since the closing day of the Retreat was also the anniversary of the death of Father Scaloni, the late-provincial, the Association had Mass offered for the repose of his soul and the Retreatants received Holy Communion for the same intention.

With Our Missionaries in far Off Lands

MEMORIES OF OLD JAPAN.

The great Feast of Jimmu in contrast with our Feast of St. Francis Xavier.

Very Dear Father Rinaldi,

Out here in Miyasaki we close the month of October and open that of December with two great feasts of a very different character; the former is as pagan as the latter is Catholic, and taken together they show the difference there is between the Eastern pagan and the Western Christian mind.

Jimmu, that is the pagan festivity, was the founder of the reigning dynasty in Japan. He set out from the district of Miyasaki to the conquest of all Japan; overwhelming his enemies, he was solemnly crowned and enthroned a *Kashiwabara* the capital of the new empire on the 11th. of February some six hundred and sixty years before the coming of Christ. This is the officially accepted date of the beginning of the Japanese era as we know it; because it is claimed that the actual history of Japan can go back authentically nearly 800 years earlier than that! The other name is that of St. Francis Xavier the first missionary to the island kingdom in 1549. He commenced his peaceful conquest of Japan in the name of Christ and founded his most flourishing mission just to the north of our own territory. If we but look at the history of this mission we cannot but be struck with wonder at the fruitful zeal of the Apostle, who gave a faith to the people that centuries of the most incessant and cruel persecution has failed to destroy.

The Pagan feast.

Our part of the pagan feast this year was that of spectators who were very curious to see just what would happen in this popular yet at the same time official celebration. Miyasaki can boast of having one of the most magnificent monuments raised to the honour of *Jimmu*, in the shape of a wonderful Shintoist temple.

A few days before the feast, all the streets and bye-ways were decorated with coloured festoons, flags and flowered designs; by following this mass of colour you could trace out the course of the procession. The shops you may be sure were well provided with everything for the occasion and hung out their glad displays one vying with another in splendour, though they all had the same thing to say, special sale prices reduced below cost! The whole city was in movement. From the near by villages and country places the villagers continued to pour in. From places further off came the officials, (local dignitaries, soldiers, singers and dancers). There was not a place without some representative. Much time and care is expended



Japanese singers in their decorated cars for the feast of Jimmu.



Preparations for the feast of Jimmu, Japan.

on the triumphal cars, of which each centre has its own; on the allegorical cars and the cars of the advertisements prepared by the large commercial houses. Here and there at frequent intervals you could see the temporary stages erected and richly decorated. Enthusiasm ran high. There was a gleam in the eye of every student and schoolboy at the thought of the exciting times to come; there was an anticipatory happiness on the face of the shop-keeper as he dreamt of the gain that was to be his; there was simple joy on the faces of the country people who looked forward to this one great feast of the year.

The religious demonstrations were of the very simplest character, a short visit to the principal temple; the offering of the most important fruits of the region to the spirit of the first Emperor accompanied by the special prayers and the rites of the priests; the passing of the Arc containing the emblems of the Imperial dignity (the sword, looking glass and the jewels or as some would have told you, the spirit of the Emperor himself), from the principal temple to a secondary one to be ready for the triumphal return on the last day of the feast four days later.

The most important function is the grand procession in which the authorities and the people take part.

First come the "lions", (men dressed up and masked) who at the cross-roads stop for a ceremonious dance to the beat of the drums: as they go on their way breathing out imaginary fire, the mothers present their screaming babies to the monsters which pretend to devour them and when satisfied stalk on their way. The civil authorities follow escorted by foot soldiers and cavalry, then come the religious on foot and horse to the music of a band (composed of flutes, pipes and drums) then, as if taken straight out of a story book, pass the cars bearing the ancient soldiers and the officers of the time of Jimmu and the bearers of the offerings accompanied by a long line of noble families represented by boys and girls dressed in the ancient costumes and seated in decorated coaches: here followed the horse bearing the insignia of the Emperor and last of all the Arc itself. There is moment of impressive silence and all bow down profoundly as they salute the symbol of the Emperor. Soldiers follow with the colours of their various regiments, then the local authorities and the imperial representatives. There are carriages for the singers and instrumentalists who to the rhythmic cadence of the guitar, drums and tamburines reproduce the ancient melodies of the country-side. This closes the more formal part of the manifestation, and for the rest the representatives of the various villages come along as best they can, all dressed in the most fantastic way imaginable.

The organising committee caters for this sort of thing, in fact they offer prizes for the most far-fetched, original, ridiculous and grotesque get-up. The resulting mixture of ancient and modern is often anachronistic but none the less successful for that.

The whole thing is rounded off by the students who, the same all the word world over, sing, shout and do as much mischief as they conveniently can.

The popular feast commences in the evening with the illumination of the streets, and impromptu shows are given from all the improvised platforms already mentioned, also, if need be, before the houses of the notables, and here as elsewhere in the world eating and drinking form a very important part of the programme

The Christian feast.

At Oita we commemorated the feast of St. Francis Xavier with a mission for the Christians and a concert and conference in one of the large halls of a daily paper of the town. This year we wanted to couple the name of the great Catholic apostle with that of his protector and friend *Otomo Sorin* who governed Oita when St. Francis preached there. We could wish to raise a memorial to this great prince of Japan, and perhaps it will so happen; but it will not be a monument in stone but in good Catholics who will draw the grace of their conversion from the merits of their apostle St. Francis.

A number of the townfolk accepted our invitation and came to hear of their ancient

Christian glories and we hope they took something in the line of a practical thought away with them.

At Miyasaki the head master of the elementary schools is actually engaged on the complete study of the famous legation of the Japanese princes sent by the catholic princes of Japan to Pope Gregory XIV; with material furnished by us and with the help of one of our community he has also prepared a fine lecture which he gives in school, and at the meetings of teachers.

We beg your good prayers that we may, in our own small way share in the apostolic labours of St. Francis Xavier and draw many souls to the knowledge of the Church of Christ.

D. V. CIMATTI
Salesian Missionary.

ON THE MISSION OF THE RIO NEGRO-BRAZIL

650 miles up-stream from Manaos to St. Gabriel.

We left Manaos, a town nearly on the point of junction of the Rio Negro with the Amazon, in a small river craft which besides being crammed with merchandise of a kind, had to find room for eight passengers, three Salesian missionaries, three merchants and a married native couple. There was nothing particularly attractive about our cargo, made up for the most part of the inexhaustible supply of salt meat and dried fish; the countless sacks of *mandioca* flour, which forms the staple diet of the Indians in these parts; a number of heavy boxes of small objects, our own baggage and, as if that was not enough, we carried three dogs and five live turtles...! The space at our disposal was of the most limited and uncomfortable kind. In fact the two priests who were with me had to live almost continually in their hammocks slung up where there was a place so that I could manage somehow in my little camp-bed. But after many trials and attempts to get in some way comfortable we decided to take the more undignified course of finding a resting place among the cargo.

From where I was, I could see Don Pasquale perched aloft trying to read his breviary, from time to time he had to put the book down to wipe the perspiration which came rolling down, he looked the picture of patient penitence doing durance for his sins.

The next day we were called to *breakfast* by the Indian ship-boy we carried, who also did service as head waiter. For our meals we had to go nearer the engine which in very truth was like stepping out of the frying pan into the fire. The heat was intense. And as for comfort, well, there wasn't any. It would have been alright had we been without legs but as it was we had to curl them up under us as best we could: after the fashion of the Chinese all the food was put on the table before us and we had only to take our choice. This was not difficult since there were only two dishes to be had, huge mess of stuff they swore was turtle — the first to be sacrificed — and another dish heaped up with *mandioca* paste which was the substitute for bread. What with that turtle and the overpowering pres-

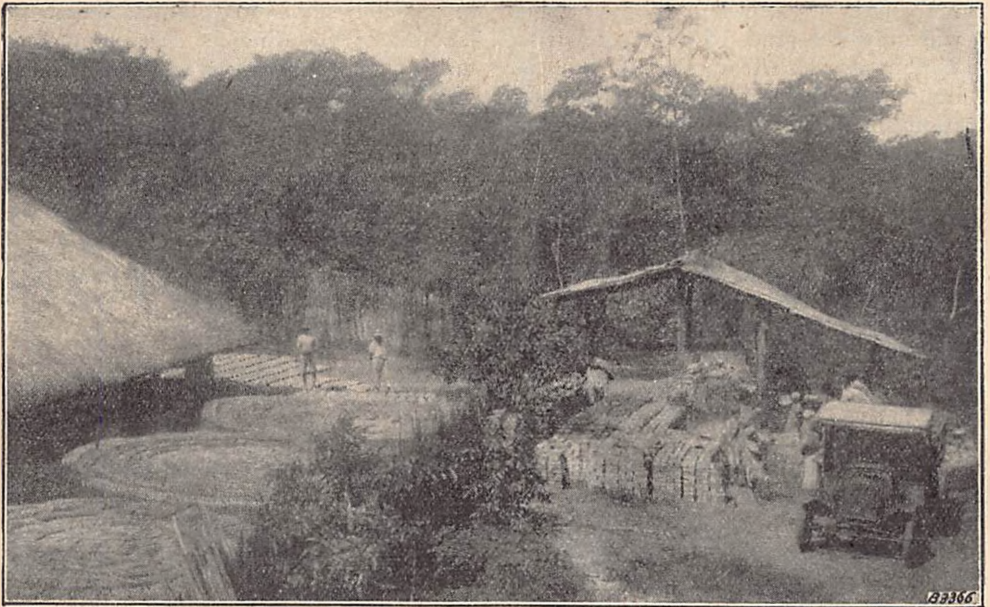
ence of salted meat, my inside rose in rebellion and for that day I fasted.

There was nothing to be done on deck, even if there had been there was no space to do it, so we gazed blankly at the unvarying bank of the river, mile after mile the same, only relieved at rare intervals by the wretched hut of some poor natives, who indifferent to the finer necessities of life; trained by their very existence to be without desires, and rendered permanently lazy by the excessive climate and victims of the *hara-*

handful of salt. Money they care nothing for and the only way to get things from them is by exchange in kind.

A little after sunset, we drew into a narrow channel because it was too dangerous to travel by night on account of the treacherous rocks which in this part abound. We all disembarked and tried to cool ourselves after the heat of the day by bathing in the sluggish water of the Rio Negro, but it was useless, the water itself was hot!

At dinner the next day, the captain, I



The brick-furnace on the Salesian Mission — Brazil.

pana (a disease) they vegetate rather than live, fleeing only from work in any shape or form. Fish taken by bow and arrow and a handful of *mandioca* bread suffices for existence, and when they have that to hand they spend the rest of the time in their hammocks which the womenfolk weave out of the fibre of a special palm.

Sometimes the hum and thud of our motor would rouse some fishers who would paddle towards us in their "tuba" (a small canoe hollowed out of the truck of a tree) nearly always propelled by a woman or a boy. Without any fear they would come aboard and offer what they had in the way of cooked fresh fish, and newly gathered fruit in exchange for boxes of matches, tobacco or a

suppose because he feared that I should die of hunger, had a large "tortilha" (a kind of omelet) fried for me. But the cook must have made a mistake and have cooked it in motor-oil instead of butter. Not to offend the good skipper I managed to get it down, but I gave a very strong hint that I preferred eggs when they were merely boiled!

For days we went on thus, keeping almost all the time parallel to the equator and not very far off it either. The only diversion we had all the time was the occasional meeting with natives in craft of a larger type called "ubas", and because these people are hard bargain drivers more often than not we moved on and left them paddling and shouting frantically behind

One party had a real prize to offer in the shape of a tremendous eel a "templador" nearly six feet long. At first sight it seemed like one of those sea serpents only to be found in children's story books. But the captain told me it was a fish common in those parts of the tropical river waters, and though a dangerous enough customer in life, when cooked and well prepared was the most delicious of dishes. Like the "electric fish" the slightest touch will give a shock sufficient to knock a man down; the Indians catch it in a species of net and then they beat it to death with long poles.

But the "templador" is by no means the most formidable species to be found in the Rio Negro. There is the "sucuruju" for example. This gigantic fish which has been known to reach almost twenty feet in length with a diameter of nearly two feet, is endowed with tremendous speed and great power, a single stroke of its tail will smash a native craft to pieces. There is a incident told which happened here last year. Two natives were paddling upstream when the one in the bow of the canoe felt a tremendous shock and the light craft began to dance about on the water; just then before his horrorstruck eyes he saw the body of his companion vanishing through the water entwined by the tail of a huge "sucuruju".

On the fifth day the native couple left the boat to take up their quarters on a little track of land between the margin of the river and the forest. There they will live their solitary life, spending all their time finding the where-with-all to live. We noticed that the river was rapidly becoming narrower and more rapid, and soon we came upon the most dangerous of the 'rapids' of the Rio Negro, the boat had to weave its way in and out as best it could until it reached its destination. On the last day we went ashore to follow on foot; our track lay along the bank of the river beside the forest. After a good hour's walking we found the "Victoria" moored to the shore. Here she was freed from her two heavy barges and was able to go far more rapidly on her final stage of the journey, four hours later we found ourselves at last at the town.

St Gabriel is the most important settlement to be found from Manaus to the very source of the Rio Negro, it occupies a slight rise to the left bank and thus dominates a splendid view of the river and the virgin forest that stretches endlessly in every direction. The village counts about thirty houses and huts, with a total population of about three hundred, almost all of them Indians, of whom more than half are the results of the missionary work of the Salesians and the Daughters of Mary, Help of Christians who have laboured there for about thirteen years.

Where thirteen years ago there were only native huts of the Indians who eked out the most miserable of existences, now there is the school, the Church, the hospital, the pharmacy, a meteorological observatory, breeding pens for animals and flourishing agricultural colony. The mission station itself is composed of the Church and the ground round about for the schools, the workshops for the trades, the dormitories for the nigger boys, the house for the missionaries, a food stores and a small shop. At a little distance you can see the schools, dispensary and dormitories of the Sisters' mission. It is a thought worth thinking about that from Manaus to S. Gabriel, which is a distance about from London to Scotland and back again, there is not a single doctor, nor a hospital, nor a dispensary!

Here the special work is among the boys and girls of the Indians. Altogether there are about one hundred and fifty being cared for, clothed, fed and taught those things that will enable them to work for themselves later on and lay the foundations of a Christian community, which need no longer depend upon the chance of the hunt for food nor be satisfied by a life such as animals live.

More often than not the young people grow up to manhood and womanhood and do not want to leave the Mission. So there they settle at a distance and work their land, and in time marry and live a settled life that before the coming of the missionary was unthinkable.

Graces and Favours

MALTA. — Capt. and Mrs. Briffa wish to publish their thanks to Mary, Help of Christians and to Blessed John Bosco for a special favour received.

HAWTHORN, N. J., 87 Westervelt Avenue. — Mrs. Rachel Guido had been very ill from high blood pressure for over a year. She suffered from such severe headaches that it was thought she would lose her mind. Three doctors were secured to attend her, one of them saying to her daughter that the illness was very dangerous and that insanity might result. The last doctor to treat her said that the sickness was incurable. Morphine had to be administered for her headaches.

A Salesian Sister gave her a medal which had touched the body of Blessed Don Bosco, with the request that she should place it on her head while making the novena recommended by Don Bosco. She did so and felt mentally better, being more confident and anxious to pray. When she went to see the Sisters again she asked for more prayers, especially for her mind, since she thought she would never be cured. The Sisters gave her a little relic of Don Bosco, and she placed it on her head during the course of three novenas. On the last day she had a dream. It seemed to her that she was in a big church where a beautiful statue of Our Lady Help of Christians was venerated. A priest knelt down in prayer. As the dream progressed she had the desire to go to confession, having been away from this Sacrament for some time. She approached the priest and asked him to hear her confession. The priest was Don Bosco. On awakening she felt suddenly improved, and now after four months she is well again, to the astonishment and gratitude of her family, friends and doctors.

PATERSON, N. J. — Y. B. was worried because he had to pay a bill of one hundred dollars before a certain date. He had no money on hand so he prayed to Blessed Don Bosco and promised an offering for the orphans if he could raise the money on time. When the postman came, on the day the money was due, he brought a letter which

contained about five hundred dollars. Y. B. had not thought it possible to collect the money for many months to come. He was very grateful and sent the promised offering.

PREAKNESS, N. J. — Mrs. Thomas Hackett was in an automobile accident in which her hip was broken, she was cut on the face, had a hole in her back, and internal injuries. There was little hope of her recovery. The relic of Blessed Don Bosco was applied and she recovered perfectly. She is very grateful to Blessed Don Bosco.

PATERSON, N. J. — Mrs. D. was suffering with pain and stiffness in her neck, she could not raise or move her head, her daughter suggested that she apply the Relic of Blessed Don Bosco which she did at the same time begging him to help her. After five minutes she could move her head and was able to go to work. Many thanks to Don Bosco.



OBITUARY

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

The Right Rev. Mgr. W Hill, St Mary's Rectory, *Preston*.

Mr. Keyte, *Birmingham*.

Mr. D. O. Riviere, Roseau Dominica, (W Indies).

Lady Moore, Estcourt, *Natal*, (South Africa).

Mr. Spillane, *Cork*, (Ireland).

Mr. J. Caverogh, *Limerick*, (Ireland).

Sister Mary Evangelist Cahir, Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, *Galway*.

Joseph Chyrayath, Seminary, *Trichur*, (South India).

Mrs. Tackaberry, *Waltham Abbey*, (England).

ST. JOSEPH'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL

BURWASH - SUSSEX

Conducted by the Salesian Fathers.

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

COPSEWOOD COLLEGE

Agricultural College and Missionary Training College

PALLASKENRY, Co. LIMERICK, IRELAND

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

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



How You Can Help

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

By sending your usual annual offering for this purpose.

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

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

ST. JOSEPH'S AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

WARRENSTOWN, DRUMREE, Co MEATH

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

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

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

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

SALESIAN MISSIONARY COLLEGE

SHRIGLEY PARK, Nr. MACCLESFIELD. CHESHIRE

Do you wish to receive favours from Blessed John Bosco?

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

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



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

How to Help

Become *the Founder* of a Bursary (£100) which will enable us to take a boy at once. Become a *Benefactor* (£30) by paying a Student's course for a year.

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

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

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

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BATTERSEA, LONDON, S. W. 11
SECONDARY BOARDING AND DAY COLLEGE

Recognised by the Board Education.



The College, which is equipped with all modern requirements, is most healthily situated near Battersea Park and is most convenient to trains, trams and 'buses from all parts of London.

The Staff is composed of members of the Community, who are graduates of the Universities of Oxford and London, and other highly qualified and experienced teachers.

Lofty, Class-rooms, Science Laboratories, Music, Physical Culture and Games.

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

For prospectus apply to the Rector: V. Rev. A. Sutherland S. C., B. A.