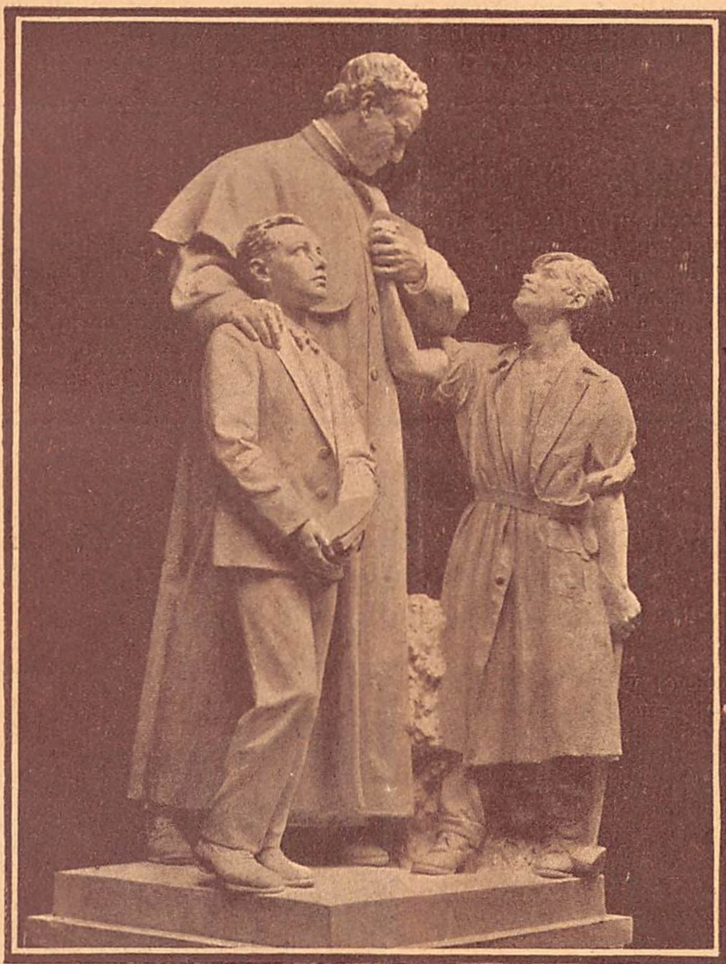


SALESIAN BULLETIN

ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATION OF
SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS



MARCH-APRIL 1932



SALESIAN SCHOOL St. JOSEPH'S = BURWASH, SUSSEX

Boarding School for Boys. — Senior Section distinct from Preparatory. — Usual Public Examinations. — Extensive Playing Fields. — Swimming and Tennis, Home Farm. Liberal Diet. — Trained Matron.
Apply Rev. T. L. COLLINSON, S. C., Rector.

Chertsey, Surrey SALESIAN COLLEGE Boarders and Day Pupils.

Situated in the heart of the fine Surrey scenery, yet near London. Thorough Secondary Education; boys prepared for the London University Matriculation and Oxford Locals; careful supervision under the Bl. John Bosco's system of education; playing field, cricket ground and tennis courts; swimming, physical exercises. Piano taught by an A. R. C. M. Boys taken from eight years. Domestic arrangements, cooking and linen under supervision of Nuns. Fees moderate.

Apply — The Principal: V. Rev. F. V. COUCHE, S. C., B. A.

SALESIAN COLLEGE BATTERSEA PARK, LONDON, S. W. II Secondary Boarding and Day College Recognised by the Board of 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, Private Playing Fields, Preparation for the London Matriculation. — *Pension Moderate.* Flourishing Old Boys' Association.

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



SALESIAN BULLETIN

ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATION OF SALESIAN
CO-OPERATORS

SUMMARY: The Festive Oratory. — Christmastide at the Missionary College, Shrigley. — The Soul of the Apostolate. — The Death of the Very Rev. Joseph Vespignani. — What We Hear. — With Our Missionaries in Siam and Japan. — Across the Cordilleras of the Cufucu, Ecuador. — With Our Missionaries in Macao, China. — The Terrible Typhoon. — Obituary.

THE FESTIVE ORATORY

PART I How Don Bosco sought his ideal Festive Oratory.

PART II. A Sunday with the Blessed John Bosco in his own Festive Oratory.

Since the publication of the January issue of the Salesian Bulletin, we have read with keen interest the pamphlet of Fr. J. P. Murphy — "Young men have gone into captivity" in which he deals with the "Leakage Question" as applied to England. More than that, he offers a solution which coincides fundamentally with the real work of the Salesian Festive Oratory.

Putting himself the question: How can we stop the "Leakage", he gives the answer: "...Catechise, that is instruct by word of mouth, so that the young can relate the things they learn to their growing experience. Re-state the Catholic Truth in relation to adolescence, to the new views, valuations, expansions of mind that come during adolescence. This is a process of fostering the still delicate plant of the Kingdom of Heaven, when the child emerges from the shelter of childhood into the strong air of a cynical and iconoclastic world, of tending it until it has acquired a power of resistance from within, that, is, until boys have grown into spontaneously Catholic young men."

Don Bosco, in works, if not in so many words, said the same thing nearly a hundred years ago. He saw the effect of boys and

young men losing vital contact with their Faith: he too put himself the question... and his answer was also... Catechise! He must teach these boys of his the truths of the their Faith so that they can live it in their daily life, until it becomes the formative principle in the building up of their christian character. For Don Bosco, catechism, instruction, religious teaching, call it what you will, was the end and everything else but the means to attract and keep his boys with him.

PART I.

How Blessed John Bosco sought his ideal Festive Oratory.

Don Bosco was ever on the look-out studying the progressive development of his Festive Oratory in its early days. Having collected together so many boys and young fellows of different character, habits, education, instruction and social standing he did not intend to mix them all together without order and without discipline. There-

fore he was never tired of experimenting with ways and means of attaining a proper spirit and an effective control. To get this desired effect he saw no other way than that of fixing upon certain permanent rules and regulations; not so much for his own use as for the priests and the good lay-men who helped him in his growing work, but whose unguided zeal oftentimes ruined the specific good he, Don Bosco, had in mind to do. At the same time he began that other characteristic means he always used, even in his schools; he would carefully choose boys to help him among their own companions; to these he would give special training, bringing them up as living models of what he wanted the others to aim at, as to conduct in church, behaviour in class, at games etc.

Where others fell short.

At the same time he did not ignore the regulations of other Boys' Clubs already existing in some Italian cities.

But these to the mind of Don Bosco did not quite fit the need as he saw it in his own day: a little church, a little instruction and a little recreation were not sufficient. For him, the Modern Oratory for the People must become a field of a very special apostolate and on that account, all the means instituted by Our Lord and administered by the Church for the salvation of souls had to be brought into account. It must become a place of an all kind, all wise authority, to remedy in every way possible the negligence of parents and the bad effect of indifferent home-life; and should exercise a practical and permanent moral influence upon the boys putting them in living communion with their religion at an age when they were *capable of 'relating their religious teaching to their growing experience.'*

There were other clubs open on Sundays where Mass was said, instruction given, confessors to be found, Holy Communion recommended once a month and a little recreation at the end. But these closed half-way through the morning and the boys were then thrown upon their own resources for the rest of the day. Don Bosco saw all this and promptly decided that to counteract the danger of lads having nothing

to do or nowhere to go, especially in the evening, his Oratory, must remain open all day.

Then again other Oratories had a bann placed upon the unruly and awkward characters. Parents were required to present their children and if they ran amuck they were to be good enough to take them away. But Don Bosco wanted not only the most ignorant to come for instruction but also the *hard cases* that they may be changed (provided they did not give actual scandal to others). Hence he would have no useless conditions for admission, neither would he have those sent away who had left off coming to the Oratory for months on end; rather, he took their return as a gain, even if they stayed only for a short time.

In addition to the general programme of the existing Clubs or Oratories, Don Bosco examined the rules of those institutes destined for the care and correction of abandoned boys. But the severe discipline offended him, neither could he stand the system of police-like watchfulness and the accompanying punishment to enforce observance. *Don Bosco had the ideal in mind, that boys could be led to do good freely and for love, if only they were given the right kind of instruction and the right surroundings.*

Result of much Experience.

Finally he selected the rules of the Oratory of St Philip Neri at Rome and of the Oratory of St Charles Borromeo at Milan, but even these he did not take as such but changed and adapted them to his own conception of the needs of the time. When he accepted a boy he placed only two conditions, if he were too young or if he were suffering from some contagious disease! And as to the maintenance of discipline: insubordination was to be treated with patience and punishments were to give place to advice, which must be *constant, kindly and efficacious*. No registers, noting the faults of boys or their personal attendance at religious duties, were to be kept. There was to be absolute liberty in the sacraments. There was to be no order in the matter of confession, they were to come just as they pleased so that those who did not wish to go should not attract attention, and the same he prescribed for Holy Communion.

ion. This liberty governed by the prudent zeal and the constant exhortation of Don Bosco produced the most remarkable effects.

Don Bosco himself defined the scope of his work as applied to the needs of his own time.

"The object of the Festive Oratory is to

Happy and healthy recreation: to embrace all honest amusement, and those games were to be excluded which might prove injurious for either body or soul.

After having satisfied the obligations of the Church:

Whence religious instruction was the *prim-*



"Don Bosco bent down, in a flash he had the handkerchief, money, cards and all in his hand and was off up the lane."

attract boys on Feast days and Sundays with a happy, healthy recreation after they have satisfied the obligations of the Church."

To entertain boys on Feast days and Sundays: because the aim is especially at young workers for whom Sunday and other holidays are great occasions of physical and moral danger: nevertheless younger boys are by no means excluded.

any end, and every other activity a mere accessory.

The Oratory was to be placed under the protection of St Francis de Sales, on which account all those who would devote themselves to help in the work must take this saint as their model, in his charity and in his manner of dealing with others, which are the founts from which will flow all the

good things we hope for from the Oratory. There was to be no payment, but it was to be clearly understood that the Oratory was an *Oratory* (a place of Prayer), and consequently the Catholic Faith was to be the background of every activity and anything not in conformity with that Faith could have no place there.

PART II.

Sunday at Don Bosco's Festive Oratory.

THE MORNING.

There are Salesians and others who, as boys, saw Don Bosco at work in his Festive Oratory, and they have passed on to us in writing how things used to be run. The bare account has to be vivified by the reader's conception of Don Bosco who, especially in the early days, was the centre of all action among his boys.

Therefore, let it be any Sunday morning, and had you gone early enough to Valdocco, you would have seen the familiar figure of Don Bosco standing at the door of his church welcoming the numbers of boys coming from all directions. He had a smile and a word for everyone; while, from time to time, as newcomers crowded round him, he would say just a word about good behaviour in church; which was as big a problem for the saint as it has been for every priest or catechist before his time and since.

Don Bosco wanted the little acts of reverence well done; he did not want his boys to go in for exaggerated exercises of piety, but he did require of them for example, decent christian genuflections to the Blessed Sacrament, not that almost imperceptible 'bob', the unhappy characteristic of innumerable catholics.

As a general rule the boys would go straight to the place where Don Bosco had his confessional, whither Don Bosco himself would follow them and give a very brief exhortation how to make a good confession; what to do and say if any doubts cropped up, and how to prepare themselves for a good Holy Communion. Then he would hear his young

penitents; more often than not in a goodly number. Confessions over, Don Bosco said Mass for which he had prepared his boys by a patient instruction, impressing on them that those who heard Mass carelessly, lolling about, looking here there and everywhere were like the Jews of old who scoffed on Mount Calvary.

His boys understood him well and tried as best they could to carry out what he said; this much is certain, that when the moment came for Communion, there was a sight you could not have seen anywhere else at that time in Italy. Two hundred or so poor working boys going freely to the altar with real piety and devotion!

After Mass Don Bosco went into the pulpit and there gave his weekly talk, either on the Story of the Bible or, as he did later on, upon the History of the Church. These talks of his were not cold facts built into dreary arguments, but living pictures made up of human characters which moved and talked in the vivid story-telling of the saint. At the end Don Bosco would throw back his head and intone the tune of the well-known ejaculation; *Praised ever be the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary.*

The boys were then free, many would run off to breakfast, while others would remain at the Oratory, where there were various classes of writing, reading and arithmetic for those who wanted to learn. For many years Don Bosco himself took one of these sections, though afterwards, over much work made him leave it to others. After the class came the recreation which went on until mid-day, when there was a general exodus for dinner. At these games Don Bosco was always present, in what manner we shall see.

A Word on Punishments.

Don Bosco, who did nothing by chance, had definite ideas how he wanted his boys trained, hence it was a source of pain to him to see some of his enthusiastic helpers taking matters of discipline into their own hands, and going among the boys, especially in church, boxing the ears of the chatterers, or thumping the backs of those in dream-land. Several times when he saw these things he had to hold himself in hand to avoid speaking out in public. Gradually he overcame the evil, by a judicious se-



"Torrone, torrone! Fine sticks of torrone! Who wants to buy my torrone!"

lection of his young assistants and finally had the happiness of seeing brute force as a means to discipline disappear from the Oratory altogether, with the result that the boys instead of running amuck, as the would-be-disciplinarians imagined, responded more spontaneously to Don Bosco's method and there began to grow up that *'family spirit'* of unrestrained confidence, between the Master and his boys which ever afterwards characterised the Oratory of Valdocco.

IN THE AFTERNOON.

Afternoon was a repetition of the morning, with this difference that it was more arduous. For dinner Don Bosco allowed himself an hour to an hour and a half, then he would

open the Oratory again to the boys who were already back for the games in store. Don Bosco did everything his poor means would allow to provide as large a selection of these games as possible; there were parallel-bars, vaulting horses of wood, swings and small roundabouts etc. To avoid dispute he mapped out his playground and gave a section to each group according to age or size, and here they could enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. One of the most striking things about the new Oratory was the unfailing presence of Don Bosco; it was he who thought out the games; it was he who chose the players; it was he who was here, there and everywhere all the time. As he passed among his boys all hot and happy, he could be seen to whisper something to one, give

another a little advice, exhort another to the sacraments; and for those who stood apart, out of sorts or unhappy he had a special care. With a cheery word, a joke and encouragement he would dispel their gloom and be off to the other end of the field on some other errand of mercy. He, Don Bosco, was ever smiling and light-hearted, yet he let nothing escape his notice; for he knew well the danger of having boys of all sorts and conditions mixed up together. He and his helpers were always at hand, that by their presence alone the boys might not find opportunity of offending God or the rules of the Oratory.

The other priests of Turin did not leave Don Bosco alone, but from time to time would come along in the afternoon for the service. It was a fine sight, especially in those times of anti-clericalism, to see many of the boys spontaneously break off their games to crowd round the new arrivals.

Between two and three o'clock all went into church. The bell rang and games came to a sudden end. This was a strict rule, but of course there were times when some would try to get in a little 'overtime,' or more often still did it happen that a few, having had the fun tried to get out without going to church. But here they had reckoned without Don Bosco, who felt his responsibility for these poor lads keenly; he knew, as well as any, where they would go, if they did get away—either swimming with doubtful company in the canal or river, or get mixed up with the young card-players to be found hidden all over the place. Sometimes these lads would take things badly, and would resent this 'interference with their liberty'; they would say hard things to Don Bosco and his helpers, but the saint never lost his calmness. Nothing they could do or say could destroy the supernatural love he had for them in his heart! And more often than not he succeeded in enticing these same boys to the chapel for Benediction.

The afternoon catechism lasted about twenty minutes. All were arranged in classes, according to their knowledge and age. The catechists were priests or well-instructed laymen, and at the time of which we write, two of the most zealous teachers of religion at the Oratory were Count Cays and the Marquis Dominic Fassati. After catechism

came the popular sermon, which Don Bosco preached when he could find no other priest to come. But when he was free he would steal out into the fields near-by searching for strayed or straying sheep, chiefly among the lads with whom it was most difficult to make headway, whose last thought on Sundays and Feast-days was for church; who spent their time in neglected doorways and dark alleys gambling, a vice so common at that time that even the authorities had stepped in and had placed a bann upon it.

On one occasion Don Bosco came upon one such a group sitting in a circle with a dirty handkerchief containing 15 or 20 lire (at that time (13/- to 17/-) in their midst. They were in deadly earnest and playing desperately. Don Bosco, as he had done time and again before, went up with the idea of joining them; but when he saw the handkerchief so well filled with money and the passion on those young faces, he bent down and in a flash had the handkerchief money, cards and all in his hand and was off up the lane.

The young fellows were up and after him crying: "Our money, give us back our money!" But they were not Don Bosco's equal in speed. Every now and then he would look round and encourage them: "I don't want your money, catch me and you shall have it back and something more besides!" And thus they arrived at the Oratory.

The Chapel was full of boys and Fr. Borel was in the pulpit. Don Bosco, when he arrived with his troop of gamblers made noise enough to put everything out of order. With promises he calmed the boys about their money and by going first soon had them all in the church. But that was only the beginning. Don Bosco, with his gift of mimicking, acted the part of a wandering merchant. All the boys were amazed, but when they saw it was Don Bosco himself they began laughing and standing on the benches to see what was going on.

"Torrone, torrone! fine sticks of torrone! who wants to buy my torrone!"

Fr. Borel, the preacher, quickly understood the state of affairs, and so from his pulpit he cried: "Hi there, you fellow! Go out of church! do you think this is the market place?"

"Well that's good," flashed Don Bosco,

"I do my business where trade is good. I saw so many boys here I thought I'd sell my torrone well!"

"And so this is all the respect you have for the House of God?"

All this took place in the Piedmontese language with all the flavour of that rustic dialect. So it went on, Don Bosco all the time working it round into the most practical of catechism lessons by his questions and the quick-witted responses of Fr. Borel.

As for the young gamblers, they were taken up with this strange going on and, momentarily forgetting their money, laughed with the others and sat down in the vacant benches near the door.

But as Fr. Borel stepped down from the pulpit, they all turned again to Don Bosco for their cash. But he told them to wait for the Benediction then he would settle up everything. Afterwards in the playground he collected them together and gave them back their money adding to it another small gift, together with the invitation to come to the Oratory the following Sunday. And the lads themselves, seeing the fun to be had, willingly agreed, and in fact, actually became members.

When the evening service was over then the classes began again. These were very well attended by the young workers who

wanted to better their position, and Don Bosco again became teacher, going from one section to another solving difficulties and encouraging the backward. After this again came another recreation; and of this we have the testimony of Sig. Castagno, who witnessed the scene many times: "Don Bosco was the first in the games, the soul of the recreation. He seemed all over the place at once, in the midst of every group of lads, taking part in everything. When a dispute arose it was Don Bosco who settled it: "Off you go," he would say to the offender, "to that other game there, I'll take your place!" He would do the same if he heard anything amiss among the bigger lads at their gymnastics. Of course he had this great advantage, he was splendid at games, as those will know who remember him as the boy who turned conjurer and acrobat for the glory of God and the souls of his companions.

"We loved to have him among us," said another of his boys many years ago now: "many of us did not possess jackets, others had them, but all in rags, some wore ruinous trousers, many were hatless while others had their grubby toes poking through their broken boots. They were for the most part, untidy, perspiring, ill-bred, bad-mannered, ignorant and wilful and yet it was his delight to be among the most miserable! For the little ones he had the love of a mother.

He would often take part in the team games such as *barrarotta*, and putting himself at the head of one side would play with such speed and enthusiasm that the rest of the



"One, two, three! a crowd of boys would leap forward, but Don Bosco was always first at the post!"

Oratory would become spectators; the opposing team doing all they could to beat Don Bosco and his own side already taking things easily for a certain victory. Not infrequently would he organise races, putting up the post and on the top of it the prize for the winner. They would all line up, and there would be Don Bosco in the middle with his cassock pulled up to his knees—*one, two, three!*... a crowd of boys would leap forward, but Don Bosco was always first at the post!

"The last of these races in which Don Bosco took part was in 1868 when he would be fifty-three years old, on that occasion, notwithstanding his swollen legs, he left 800 boys behind. Those of us who were present could hardly believe our eyes." (1)

At the end of a long day.

Don Bosco became exhausted by this perpetual motion. But what tired him more than anything was the continual talking from morning to night: in the confessional, the two sermons a day, catechism, lessons and more than anywhere else the recreation. Nevertheless this continual instruction on a wide selection of subjects won for him a great reputation for learning among his young hero-worshippers. What Don Bosco didn't know, wasn't worth knowing! And the saint used this state of affairs to arouse interest in religion. He would answer all questions from all-comers and in return would set posers to his boys, giving them a week to find out the solution. For example—"What is the explanation of the word *Mors, mortis, death*: How did the word *Paradise* come to mean what it does: 'or, the various meaning of *Infernus, Hell*," all of which needed a searching study of the Bible. Once he put a real problem when he demanded the origin of the word *peccatum, sin*. His boys as usual ran round to see all the learned priests they knew to find out, but at the end of the first week their answers did not satisfy Don Bosco

who withheld the usual prize. Off they went again in their search. The priests themselves would come to Don Bosco and jokingly beg him to stop questioning his boys, for since he began they had not had a moment's peace, being besieged all over the place by these ragamuffins. But Don Bosco had a deep motive for so acting. He knew the character and the learning of many of the priests of Turin and wanted his boys to go to them often so that the kindness, learning, piety and patience of these professors would fill his boys' minds with respect, reverence and love for the clergy.

Tired out.

After a day spent as Don Bosco spent it, supported only by the very little food he took, it was not to be wondered at that towards night-time he could hardly move. Nevertheless the young artisans who were always the last to leave, would beg him to go a little way along the road with them.

"But I simply can't!" Don Bosco would say.

But they all begged the favour: "just a little way Don Bosco... and we'll sing a hymn to Our Lady."

"But I can't move another step!" cried the saint, "I'm tired out!"

Still they begged him, until at last, unable to resist, he would go out into the road and under the shadow of the trees let them sing their hymn and then would tell them the story they clamoured for in spite of the fact that he was hoarse to speechlessness.

Returning home he would go into supper, sometimes to find people waiting to see him. Many times it happened that he sank wearily into the chair, took the first spoon-full of hot soup, when his head would fall over the plate and he was fast asleep. When there were some of his boys there to keep him company they would run to him and lifting him gently, carry him to bed, where, dressed as he was he would sleep like a log, worn out by one day's work in the Vineyard of the Lord!

(1) *Memorie biografiche*. Vol. III, pag. 127.

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

From the U. S. A. 5c.

Christmastide at the Missionary College, Shrigley.

You will all remember that in the appeal, which appeared in the December issue of the *Salesian Bulletin*, Fr. Tozzi, the English Provincial, promised that all the petitions accompanying your special Christmas offering, would be placed in the Crib and thence taken to the High Altar during the Midnight Mass at the Missionary College. The promise was faithfully kept and here you have the account of it fresh from the pen of *Brother Hilarius*, of "Help of Christians" fame (1); still more than that, he will also tell you how the young missionaries spent their holidays in the spirit and the style of the Blessed John Bosco.

Enter Brother Hilarius:

"Midnight Mass was ushered in to the lilting, shepherd-dance, strains of Cardinal Cagliero's musical interpretation of the first Christmas Gospel. I have heard this over and over again; but it was a very different thing as rendered by the high, clear tones of the Shrigley innocents... There were also some basses.

* * *

"Then came the long white-surpliced procession to the Crib. First there came a baby-boy from Yorkshire. In his arms he held another Baby-Boy of Bethlehem. Behind him came another tot, solemn-eyed, radiant-faced, the red of his cheeks outblazing the red of his cassock; he held the petition shrine, packed with the prayers and tears of those who trust to the innocence of the young Missionaries of Mary Help of Christians rather than to their own world-withered prayers. And so innocents placed Innocence on a bed of corn, and next in mute prayer, there went the sighs *you* had breathed.

* * *

"I wonder where else there was a Midnight Mass such as we had at Shrigley. Away

there, high upon the hills piled up that form the crown and beauty of Cheshire, miles from everywhere, with ageless stars coruscating above a pool of consecrated silence. Within the walls of the Chapel, a blaze of white lights, the eager, earnest faces of a hundred and fifty boys, and the loud, triumphant chant of the Christmas *Gloria*.



The Shrigley missionaries sound the bugle call to Salesian Co-operators.

"Just recently there have been numerous indignant letters to the Press exclaiming against the fraudulently long vacations of public schools, and of the tendency to cut down prices by creating fancy holidays. Well, if the school is a mere cramming Academy, it is perhaps well for the child that his grinding torture has long interruptions; but if the school is a School, an educational instrument, a creator of Catholic culture—if, in short, it seeks to do what Don Bosco

(1) The "*Help of Christians*" the Salesian monthly magazine, published at the Salesian House, Cowley, Oxford. Price 2/6 per annum. Post Free.

intended his schools to do, then long holidays are an absurd dissipation of energy. Just imagine a gardener who would give his hollyhocks a holiday from being in the soil!

* *

"For the Christmas Dinner boys and Brothers and Priests sat down together at table in an improvised Refectory and... made the most of opportunities. All those parcels you sent were piled up, Shrigley hills in miniature, in the middle of the Refectory; and by the time the specially-created *postmen* had finished their job they were ready, almost, for next year's Christmas Dinner.

* *

"The evening was dedicated to carol-singing, not the least thrilling of which was that composed by the young Priest Don Bosco, when he first began to gather boys around him—and realised that the boys' religion is *musical*.

They have numerous fine voices at Shrigley; and the carol, keyed in some old-world mood of joy, evoked the picture of Don Bosco's first Christmas gatherings. This same carol was the motif of the Mass made by Don Pagella, the celebrated composer, in honour of his Father's Beatification: a fitting choice indeed, for perhaps it is through street-arabs that Don Pagella is what he is in the world of music.

* *

"But of course, that was only a beginning. Night after night there followed plays and concerts, serious plays, Nativity plays, burlesques, sketches, farces, sing-songs, concerted music, solo work, operettas. Space fails me to describe even one; but through it all there was noise, happy noise, boisterous noise of laughing, talking, joking—what the Missionary Cardinal Cagliero called *his favourite music*. They wanted him to live in a spacious, marble, echoing, empty palace when he was created Cardinal.

"But where would be the music?" he demanded, meaning the music he himself had helped to make when he was Don Bosco's *hard case*. No genuine Salesian soul is happy in exile from the clamour and the shoot of boys.

"Notice this. The boys were the actors, the boys were the spectators. *Axiom 1 of Salesian work*: Every Salesian House shall be self-supporting for its amusement. *Corollary*: No Salesian House shall be (need be) dependent on *the Pictures* (foul, filthy, pagan things as a general rule, made to pander to prurience, and unhealthy, vitiated appetites) or any other theatre. No outsider was called in to help the boys to amuse themselves; and yet they were amused as never before in their lives...

* *

"Then at the end, when the excitement and laughter had subsided to its full close, the boys turned round from the stage, and there, smiling down upon them from beneath the dome, was the great statue of Don Bosco, blessing their joy—aye, blessing their pleasure in the very sweets and chocolates they had been eating! To him, then, with hearts at peace, they raised their evening hymn:

*Receive, O Father, the fervent
prayer, ascending to thee above
From hearts of those who come to
thee in joyous trust and love...*

How many times, listening to them as they sang their hearts out, did I stop all singing myself and all prayer, and then, in your name and mine asked God to hear and accept the prayers of these little ones, chosen from amongst you to do great things for Him.

* *

"And during the day what did your boys do? Ah! They *filled* it! No idling. There were floors to sweep, church to be kept spic and span.—Oh! but you should just *see* the baby-army in the Church-cleaning Department. Little fellows with knees and faces, down on the floor there laying on beeswax, up on the altars taking off the inevitable dust, sweeping along the aisles with brooms taller than themselves. Our Lord is very mysterious in His Human Presence on the altar; and I often wondered whether, in some mysterious way, He *laughs* at His tiny tot, Hop o' my Thumb, attendants. I did, up my sleeve!

"Yet all that was only a digestive, after breakfast. Porridge *exacts* exercise. Followed recreation in the fresh air; then for half the morning King Ping Pong and the rest ruled supreme. Eleven o'clock saw a break, followed by quiet reading: an hour and a half's delve into worlds undreamed of. After dinner into football gear, and a rollicking game across the turf-carpeted hills that look down across the great Cheshire Plain. Followed tea; cup and saucer, and brush and shovel Brigade; a few minutes fresh air; and then further quests into the realms of literary make-believe. Boys *must* read, or they will never write—or preach. And then early supper with the following *show*.

* * *

"Now and then the boys got out picks and shovels, barrows and hammers... and worked. There is a brown hill that burns up through the stark trees into a blue and swandown sky: this became alive with human ants, each with his branch (according to capacity)—the lop and top which will save the coal bill this winter. There is that forever improving, ever cluttered-up space outside the New Chapel which is to be Dominic Savio's Quad: on this the innocents toiled." Remote preparation for the Missions!

THE SOUL OF THE APOSTOLATE

That great Pope Pius X wrote to the catholic lay-men of his time, engaged as they were in the work we are all so familiar with under the name of Catholic Action and said:

"To restore all things in Christ by means of an apostolate of action, you need divine grace, and the apostle does not receive it if he be not united with Jesus Christ. Only when we shall have formed Jesus Christ in us, shall we be able to give him back to the family, and to society. Therefore all those who take part in this apostolate must acquire true piety."

In the active work of co-operation, whether it be in propaganda, as an organiser, as a lay-catechist, as a promoter of an Apostolic Circle of Mary Help of Christians, or as a Salesian worker within the quiet of one's own family, the need of the supernatural to fructify the good you do is oftentimes overlooked. Don Bosco himself has been misunderstood by those who have over-emphasised, what they call his "*phenomenal activity*:" they have passed blindly over the intense interior life of the saint, which was the motive power, and which gave to his exterior work its whole efficacy for the salvation of the souls of men. It was this life of his soul united with God which merited for his activity the results which astounded his own age as they have astounded ours.

It is perfectly true that Don Bosco viewed his Co-operators as a huge army of special friends upon whom, in the name of God, he could call, and from whom he could expect material support for his works of charity on behalf of Youth, but to limit his conception of their co-operation to terms of mere pounds, shillings and pence, is to misunderstand the mind of Don Bosco altogether.

He, who took as his motto, "*Give me souls and take the rest*," was one who knew the value of a human soul and of its spiritual life in God. A glance at the rules for the Salesian Co-operators reflects his thought; he did not prescribe long practices of piety, that was not his way, but he wanted his co-operators to be men and women after his own heart. He saw them a legion of zealous catholics who, not only through their alms but also through the immense resources amassed through their supernaturalised apostolate in the world would be behind him and his Salesians in their specific work in the Church.

* * *

That activity should be fruitful, and bear its hundredfold, it is not sufficient that it should be mere activity. It has to be action supernaturalised by the personal sanctity of the apostle. This is the activity

of which the whole Catholic Church stands in need of to-day.

That great writer on the interior life, Dom Chautard in his book "The Soul of the Apostolate" illustrates this thought well where he writes after having read the "Fabiola" of Card. Wiseman.

"Ah!" he cries, "if only Catholics, and especially if their men of action, had at least a little of that splendid christian life which the Cardinal describes and which is none other than the practice of the Gospel. how irresistible would their apostolate become among our modern pagans!"

Applying the same thought to the body of the Salesian Co-operators; if the Society had, and in many individual souls it actually has, such great spiritual force behind it how we could multiply our works for the salvation of souls, for the saving of Vocations and for the work of the Missions at home and abroad.

Looking out at our own special work in England, Ireland and America we see vast possibilities, big things to be done for the Kingdom of Christ. God is not worried over the crisis in the money-markets, neither are the works of Charity less blessed

than before; but in these times it needs men and women of faith deeply rooted in a real supernatural life to see these things and still continue in their work of charity.

The Salesian Missionary College, at Shri-ley bears witness to much self-sacrificing charity of the Irish and English catholics of to-day. Wherever Fr. Ciantar has gone to lecture, especially in the industrial towns he has met with the same unhappy sight of thousands of able-bodied and willing men all unemployed and yet, at the same time, and very often, from those very same people, he has received an alms for the Missionary College, from slender savings already well-nigh spent to buy food.

Thank God there is this spirit of faith alive in the world to-day; may it diffuse itself throughout the rank and fill of our Co-operators; may it sanctify their lives and supernaturalise the motive of their charity, for it is this spirit which brings down the blessings of Heaven upon our works. And with an army of such lay-apostles behind us everything would be possible: the salvation of souls, the saving of vocations and the evangelization of the pagan who sits in the darkness and shadow of death.



The Native Band in the Sacred Heart Colony of the Salesian Mission on the Rio Negro - Brasil.

The Death of the Very Rev. Joseph Vespignani.

Member of the Superior Chapter of the Salesians

On Friday the 15th. of January, at the age of 78, Fr. Joseph Vespignani passed away. He is the second to be called by God to Himself from the Superior Chapter within a few brief weeks. And he has gone now to join beloved Fr. Rinaldi in the Heaven he spoke of so often and whither his mind, especially in the last years of his life, so often flew in aspiration.

His death was as sudden as it was unexpected. On the Tuesday morning he was found huddled against one of the walls of a corridor in the Chapter House stricken down by hemorrhage of the brain which paralysed him entirely on one side. They carried him to his room where the last sacraments were administered immediately. Although he could barely move, he was fully conscious. The doctors, who hurried to his bed-side, could give little promise of recovery and the bronchial complication which followed cut off the last hope they had.

As soon as the worse was known members of the Chapter, priests, clerics and lay-brothers were continually round about him in prayer for him during his agony, while the Argentinian students from the International Studentate of the Crocetta, came to keep their sorrowful vigil, as they waited for the passing of this great soul who had loved their land so well and who had served it so loyally.

Fr. Vespignani has gone; and with him has departed one of the few who remained of the first missionary expeditions to South America.

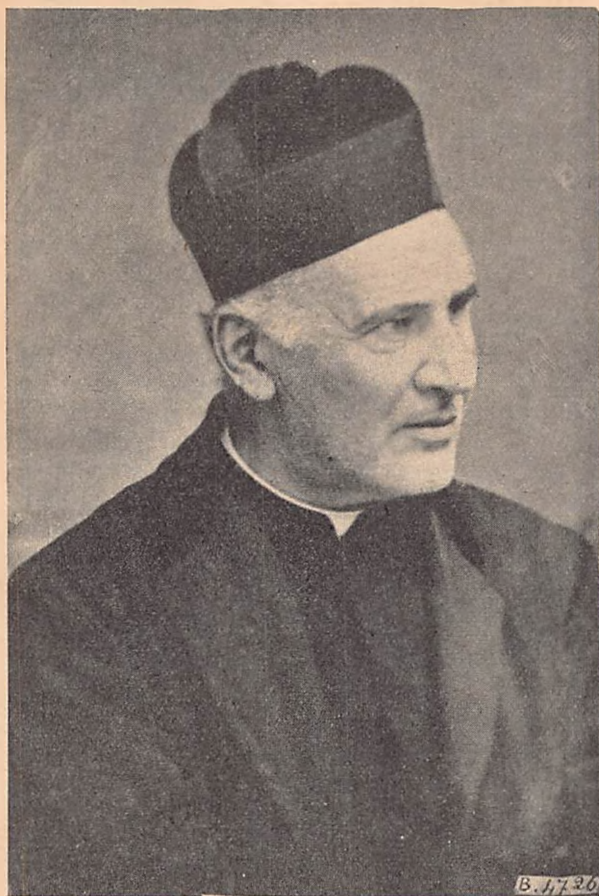
When you give a glance at the work done by those first few humble Salesians in a little more than fifty years which covers the active apostolate of Card. Cagliero, Mgr. Lasagna, Mgr. Costamagna, Mgr. Fagnano, you wonder what manner of men they were. And if you confine your attention to the Argentine where Fr. Vespignani spent more than forty years, you are struck with the development of a work which could erect 74 Salesian Houses and 43 Institutes of the

Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, all of which were due to the courage, faith and zeal of these pioneers in the Salesian Apostolate.

Fr. Vespignani was born at Lugo on the 2nd. of January 1854. His parents were profoundly christian, and of the virtues of his mother he would speak with great tenderness even in his advanced years, relating the little facts of the life of this splendid christian mother who had the happiness of giving four sons to the Salesians, two girls to the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, and one other to the Carmelites. Fr. Vespignani often related a strange phenomenon which occurred on the death of his mother. He, with his brother Peter were both at Buenos Aires at the time, and on the day their mother passed away, they both, by the mercy of God, and by some inexplicable telepathic phenomenon had the privilege of assisting at her last moments, even hearing her last breath, although she was in her home in Italy.

He went to school in his native place and later entered the Benedictine college for his higher studies. The political troubles of 1866 caused him to leave, whence he passed into the Seminary of Paeenza, where he remained until 1873. On account of his health he returned to Lugo and he continued his Theology with the Dominicans and later with the secular clergy. In 1877 he was ordained priest and then came the question of choosing the path in which he would walk for the rest of his sacerdotal life. After a brief period of thought, he felt the sure voice of God within him and without listening to other suggestions went straight to Don Bosco at Turin, where he begged to be admitted among the Salesians. That same year he left for the Missions in South America.

For the first years he was the right hand man to Mgr. Costamagna, and later was the Rector of the magnificent college of Pius IX from 1894 until 1902. In 1908 he was sent



Fr. Joseph Vespignani.

as Visitor Extraordinary in the Argentine, and from 1902 until 1922 he was Provincial. These were the 20 most fruitful years of his life, in which he did great work for God, and for the Salesian Congregation; erecting churches, schools and professional institutes all over the country.

So great was his virtue that Don Rua wrote of him: "Fr. Joseph Vespignani, who is the head of this province, is a holy Salesian, exemplary in everything, full of zeal and constantly active: he is one who knows

well the salesian spirit and is an exact observer of the Rule. He is loved by his subjects, is revered by the Co-operators and respected by the Authorities, civil as ecclesiastical."

All those who came to know Fr. Vespignani grew to love him. By nature he was good, gentle and courteous and to this he added a great simplicity which he retained throughout his life. As a priest he mind dwelt continually in the things of God. All the works that had the salvation of souls for their end found in him an enthusiastic helper, whether they dealt with the saving of vocations or a new method of catechising the little ones. Although he never actually worked on the foreign missions, nevertheless he had the heart of a missionary and for 45 years lived away from home in the Argentine; the land he loved with all the fervour of a son, even though he be only an adopted son.

He was a man who had one great devotion in his life. His model in all things was Blessed Don Bosco and he spent his life-time treading in his footsteps and trying to lead others to do the same. For a long time it was he who gave the 'Good Night' at the

Oratory, and time and time without number would he bring in Don Bosco, speaking of his life with such love and devotion that to hear the unction of his word and to see the expression of enthusiastic joy on his face was a sermon in itself.

And now he has gone to join all those older Salesians he knew long years ago. After a life such as his he must be already in the enjoyment of Paradise, but not knowing the inscrutable justice of God we beg your prayers for the repose of his soul.

R. I. P.

WHAT WE HEAR

Shrigley - Propaganda.

Fr. J. Ciantar S. C., the organiser of the Salesian Co-operators in the North, during November last, paid a most successful visit to several towns in Ireland, where he lectured on Blessed John Bosco and the Missionary movement.

Ecclesiastical and Civic Authorities were most generous and obliging. Not only did they freely grant their Halls but also presided over the Conferences.

Special gratitude is due to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who invited Fr. Ciantar to lecture in the Mansion House, at which meeting he presided and spoke enthusiastically of the Salesian work. The Mayor of Cork was also specially kind attending a similar lecture and encouraging the missionary movement.

As a direct result of the tour no fewer than thirty boys have already applied for admission to the Missionary College!

On every side the Salesian, and especially the Missionary work at Shrigley, has aroused deep interest. Fr. Ciantar's time has been literally crowded by the continual demands made upon him for further explanations. In spite of the bad times people of every walk of life have shown their desire to be able to help the work, and the new scheme, the *Apostolic Circles of Mary Help of Christians* has met with special blessing and success. Especially as the £ 2.10.0 per annum, the amount to be collected or subscribed by each member, does not sound so imposing at 1/- a week! This is what the promoters are doing, collecting this weekly subscription from their circle and sending the proceeds monthly to the missionary house.

Co-operation, however, is by no means limited to the Apostolic Circles. From all over the country they are receiving news of our co-operators' efforts to help. One particularly charming account comes from Dublin, where three little sisters, whose

brother is at Shrigley, have conceived the ingenious idea of a 'concert' in their drawing-room. They prepare the entertainment, charge for admittance among their friends and send the proceeds to Shrigley for the young missionaries!

An example worthy of imitation, if not in the fact, at least in the spirit!

Burwash old boys.

The recently formed association of the Old Boys of the Salesian School, Burwash, held its first winter reunion in London on Saturday, Jan. 9th., when a good gathering of Old Boys and friends spent a most enjoyable evening. The Rector, Rev. T. L. Collinson, S. C., in proposing the toast of the Burwash Old Boys Association, urged the members to live up to the teaching and traditions of their school and pointed out that their own success and that of the school itself would depend not so much upon what they had achieved in the public examinations, but rather upon the fact that they gave every promise of developing into upright, honest, God-fearing men, men who knew regarding both God and man, what was right and proper, and who had, moreover, the will to live up to that knowledge.

A special word of thanks is due to Messrs. Marshall and Shanahan for their help in organising the meeting, and also to Mr. R. Hasbury and Mr. McNulty for their kindness in entertaining the party.

The Catacombs of St. Callistus, Rome.

Having been placed in charge of the Catacombs of St. Callistus, the Salesians have gone to the trouble of providing a very efficient body of guides who between them speak about a score of languages.

The care of the Catacombs and the accompanying of visitors formerly devolved on the Trappists who had a convent nearby, but since their rule binds them to a life of solitude and silence, they begged to be freed from the task.

To cope with the problem of many languages, the Salesians sent a circular letter to a score of their houses in different continents summoning to Rome an equal number of laybrothers.

12 Miles of passages.

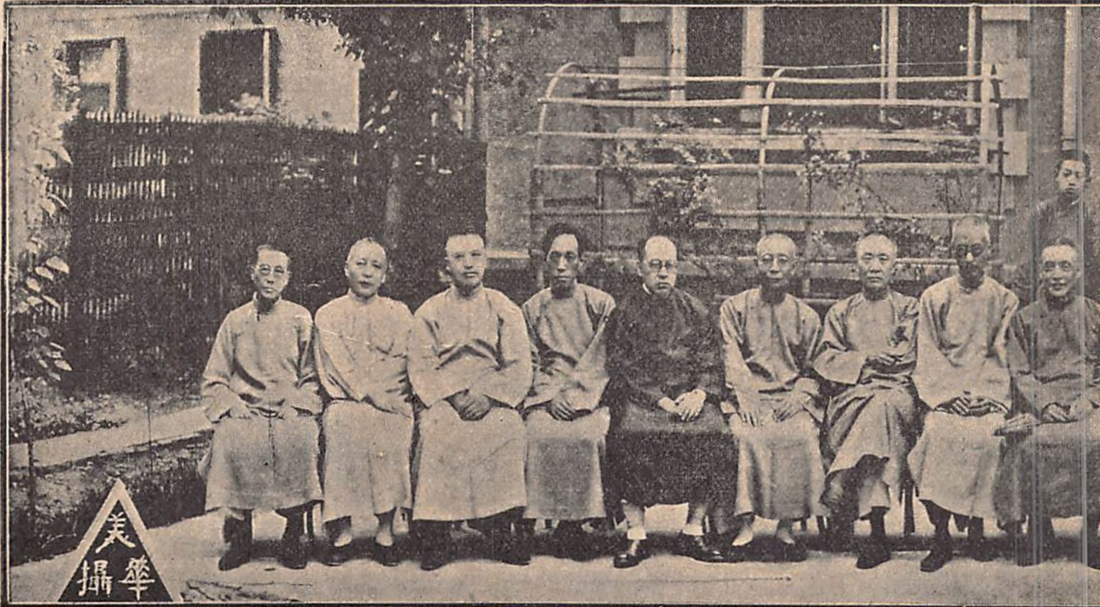
And so the Arab found himself in company with the Dutchman, the Greek rubbed shoulders with the Indian, the German and Frenchman studied together the history of the Catacombs, and the Catalan and Castilian lost no time in discussing separatist problems but helped each other to become familiar with the subterranean passages, which extend in four levels for a distance of over 12 miles.

Visitors from far-off India will find a guide speaking their own language—or rather three of the principal tongues—and the same agreeable experience awaits the Russians and Letts.

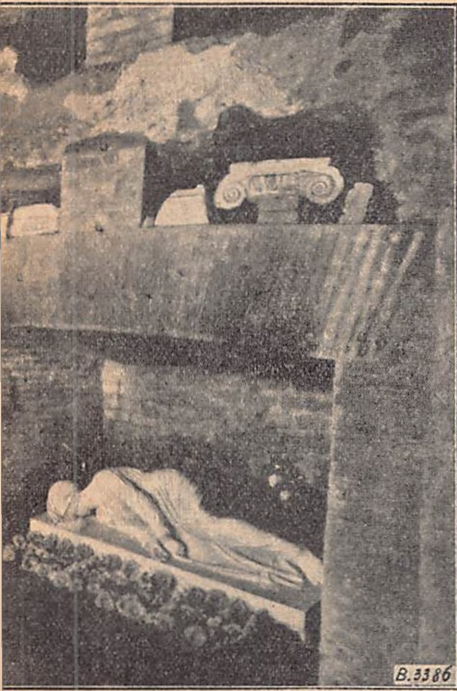
So far there is no guide who speaks Chinese, but in all probability one will be forth-



The Tomb of St. Cecilia in
confided to the Salesians



Notable Catholics of Shanghai, China, gathered for a Conference, during



Catacombs of St. Callistus,
by the Holy Father.

coming if visitors from the Far East to the necropolis of Ancient Christian Rome become more numerous.

All the guides are quite at home now on the Appian Way and in the labyrinth of the Catacombs, ready to lead down the steep, damp entrance stairs the ever-new group of visitors who follow, minds occupied in recalling vague memories of the martyrs, eyes intent in deciphering the archaic inscriptions on the walls, hands grasping the tapers whose tremulous flames furnish enough light to accomplish the visit.

Torchlight procession.

One day recently a guide found himself accompanying through the narrow labyrinth a crowd of fully 300 Japanese, a long procession of flickering lights such as is rarely given to see.

Before the round begins, a halt is made in the little "tricora" chapel with three apses, constructed where the tombs of Pope Zephyrinus and Tarcisius, the boy martyr, were found. Here, ranged round the bust of the famous De Rossi, who discovered the Catacombs in 1850, are marble fragments and slabs of every description.



which, means were discussed for intensifying Salesian Action in China.



The Community: The Salesian House of Studies, Cowley.
The photo was taken on the occasion of the Clothing when nearly twenty novices received their cassocks.

The entrance proper of the Catacombs is then negotiated, and here the guide transforms his stick into a torch by twisting a long taper round it. This combination of torch and stick offers several advantages. It can be kept close to the ground to reveal to those following the lurking danger of an unsuspected step, and can be raised aloft to light up the damp, narrow walls honeycombed from top to bottom with graves.

These walls are often so high that the ceiling cannot be discovered, while at other times one is compelled to stoop in order to advance. Everywhere dark side passages branch off, giving the visitor the sinister impression of a labyrinth.

Fourth level.

From the Papal Crypt, where are to be seen tombs of the martyr Popes of the 3rd century, the visitors pass to the Chapel of St Cecilia, where her remains were found, and from there to the Chapels of the Sacraments, adorned with frescoes of the early centuries, to the arcosolio, where within two marble sarcophagi are to be seen the mummified bodies.

The ordinary visits last threequarters of an hour, but there are also the extraordinary ones. Some tourists wish to explore the lowest or fourth level. At this level breathing becomes difficult. Other visitors spend more time searching out special tombs.

One wonders which of the guides gets most work to do. Opinions are divided on the matter, but it seems fairly certain that English-speaking visitors are the most numerous. After these in order come Italians, Germans, Spaniards and French.

The greatest crowds come in spring and autumn. The numbers decrease in winter and when the summer sun beats pitilessly down on the Appian Way.

Farm over tombs.

However, when visitors are rare the guides at the Catacombs can, if they so desire, devote themselves in the most modern methods on the land above the sacred tombs.

The Salesians have opened an agricultural school with a view of transforming the hundred acres of the cemetery zone of St. Callistus into a model farm.

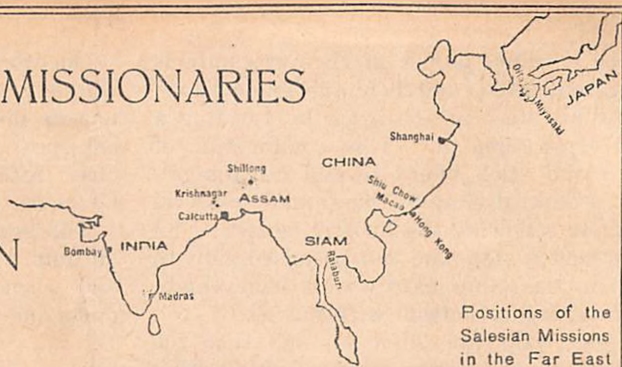
To-day the wooded stretches of the uneven triangular territory closed in by the Via Appia, the Via Ardeatina and the Way of the Seven Churches resound with the shots of Roman sportsmen and the bleating of sheep in search of a last mouthful of grass; but the day is not far off when it will be transformed into a cultivated area. Then St. Callistus, so long the favourite field of students of Christian Archaeology, will also attract students of agriculture.

The Universe.



The newly finished Salesian College in Cairo, Egypt.

WITH OUR MISSIONARIES IN SIAM AND JAPAN



The Native "Petite Séminaire" at Rajaburi - Siam.

Dear Father Rinaldi,

Our young Siamese seminarians send you their photograph as a Christmas present! As you will remember this work was commenced in the February of 1930 on the anniversary of the coronation of His Holiness Pope Pius XI, as an act of homage to the Pope of the Missions.

We began after the manner of Blessed John Bosco himself. We searched for and found two boys, then we looked around for a table, two wooden beds, a bench and to this collection we added a little rice... then off we went in the name of the Lord. Two weeks later our seminarists numbered seven, while on the first of Jan. 1931 they were

nine, with four others doing the very elementary studies.

In spite of our general poverty and the scarcity of personnel, no one has lacked what is necessary and the school has been most regular. To-day they are beginning to stammer in English and Latin and on prize day they rendered a fine hymn to Our Lady accompanied at the harmonium by one of their number.

On New Year's Day they had each one received a small gift. While I was saying my breviary I saw one of the smallest get up on tip-toe and put something in the collecting box in front of the statue of the Little Flower. I asked him what he had done and he answered: "To-day I received a penny;



Siam: Three of our young seminarists.

and I thought I ought to give something to the Baby Jesus!"

The New Residence of Bang-Pong.

Three or four years ago when we were first sent up to this mission, the Superior said to us: "Remember that as soon as possible a Festive Oratory must be built up there, as Don Bosco would have had it!" Yet when we arrived and saw our home and the chapel which also did service as a school, and learnt that the maximum number of catholics was 150 Siamese and Chinese together, we looked ruefully at each other and thought that a good many years would have to pass before anything new could be put up in this district.

But what then seemed impossible has now been realised by the grace of God, and today we have a really presentable building, large enough for all the mission needs.

Bang-Pong is in itself an important station of commerce and has about 7,000 to 8,000 inhabitants hence an ideal spot for a Festive Oratory!

The Holy Father himself graciously gave a sum sufficient to start the building, and generous friends, co-operators and others have helped us to finish everything. There is a day-school for the children and an evening class for adults, with all the other attractions



Siamese students and future Salesians!

proper to a Festive Oratory. Games, reading room, music, sport, cinema and in addition we have a beautiful chapel which holds 200 people.

Fr. JOSEPH PINAFFO
Salesian Missionary.



Siam: Bang-Pong, the new centre of the Festive Oratory.

A Glance at the Spiritual Work of the Independent Mission of Miyazaki - Japan.

	Year	1927	1930	1931
Salesians		9	13	14
Clerics		—	8	10
Sisters		—	6	9
Native Seminarists		—	10	16
Catechists and masters		3	7	19
Christians		490	856	930
Catechumens		30	60	95
Chapels		3	4	5
Residences		3	3	4
Quasi-Residences		—	4	6
Orphans and Aged		—	5	16
Attending Oratories		80	649	765
Pamphlets		1	19,700	209,200
Baptisms		28	85	102
Easter Communions		135	496	573
Communions of devot.		8,626	31,352	43,700
Marriages		2	5	8
Missions		1	10	17
Pious Assoc.		—	10	10
Assoc. of Catholic Action		—	6	8

The mission was formed by the Holy See in March 1928 and confided to the Salesians: it comprises the two civil provinces of Miyazaki and Oita.

Area 10,000 sq. mls. Pop. 1,702,023.

Dear Father,

It is not for the sake of showing off or to take any vain pleasure out of it, but to give thanks to God and to our good co-operators that we put forward this short report of what has been done during the year 1930 and 1931.

The bare figures cannot tell you everything, but by reading them, comparing them and drawing the right conclusions you cannot help crying out: May Our Lord be praised for His manifest Goodness!

The charity and zeal of our co-operators has made possible the commencement and development of long desired and urgent works of which I can give but an outline.

I. The enlargement of the residence of *Nakatzu* which is doing service as the temporary *Native Seminary* of our mission.

II. The completion of the residence of *Tano*, near the church of Mary, Star of the Sea and St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, with the construction of a small house for the missionary and a room for reunions. The clever Japanese artist Kunina has painted an excellent reproduction of Our Lady as the *Stella Maris*.

III. At Miyazaki the Infants' Hostel, picturesquely called the "Morning Star" confided to the tender care of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, will be a starting point from which to begin intensive work for the penetration into pagan families.

IV. At *Oita* the beginnings of a printing press and school which will enable us to multiply work by means of small publications.



Young Siam.

V. The opening of the new residence at Beppu one of the towns famous in Japan for its thermal waters. The Sisters have opened an aspirantate here for their Congregation.

VI. The opening of two new Oratories (Uwae, Saimaki) in the area of Takanabe.

VII. And the most encouraging of all, the first steps towards the organization of the Association of the Salesian Co-operators and the appearance of the *Bulletin*, that is, the transformation of the Magazine 'Don Bosco' which has been running for four years in Japanese. Then there is the Association of the Clients of Mary Help of Christians and the publication of the "*Catholic Readings*" which opened with a translation of "The Fundamentals of the Catholic Religion" written by Blessed John Bosco himself.

All these works or the beginnings of works have compelled us to spend money, and at the moment although we are full of hope and faith, our pockets are quite empty!

After Fifty Years of Work.

Exactly fifty years ago (1881) Fr. Sauret of the Paris Foreign Mission Society sent men into the Northern part of the mission,—the Province of Oita—to look for the remnants of the ancient christianity and to commence the re-establishment of the Faith in this vast zone, at one time so flourishing in Catholics with their works of charity, schools etc. More than thirty missionaries followed one upon the other in the arduous work of reconquest and the Faith spread into the Province of Miyazaki, where its progress has been very slow but sure. The work the Salesians are doing is possible only through the heroic pioneer work done by those early missionaries, we are reaping what they have sown, and at the same time we are sowing what we pray will produce a grand harvest of souls for the Church of Christ.

D. V. CIMATTI S. C.
Missionary.



B.4228

Japan: Fr. Cimatti with his native seminarists at Miyasaki.

Across the Cordilleras of the Cutucu - Ecuador.

A few days with a Salesian Missionary on an Apostolic Journey.

Fr. Charles Crespi, S. C.

The Shangai Volcano - the home of the devil.

The principal object of my journey was a trip of exploration to the extreme south of the Vicariate which to a great extent is entirely unknown to the missionaries: the point of departure was Macas. The expedition was organised with good guides, strong carriers and with enough food to last us for a month's work in this inhospitable land. So in the merry month of May we set off in a marvellous dawn for the valley of the Upano one of the torrential rapids from the Shangai Volcano, which lifts its majestic snow-clad peak full fifteen thousand feet away there on the horizon. We could see the thin column of reddish smoke rising and hanging in the air, which denotes that for the time being it is out of action but very frequently it bursts out violently with its boiling lava, scalding cinders and showers of rocks and stones which it casts for miles around. Those who know, say that it is one of the most active in the world, while the Indians think it must be the home of the father of all evil spirits!

The bed of the Upano lies through enormous caverns cut out, as if by hand, by the fury of the current to a depth of nearly 300 feet and in width from 300 to nearly 1000 yards, at the point where it runs into the Seipa.

It is a two hours' job to cross this Upano, and where the many currents converge it is as much as the skill of the Indians can manage to send their frail craft without mishap to the other side; one false move and away goes the luggage and unless you are a good swift swimmer off you go yourself to keep it company!

When we arrived on the other bank we found a group of Kivaros of the Zampi River waiting for us anxiously. They were all around a very old woman. My guide approached them, but the thunder of the

river drowned all ordinary sounds, until the shrieking wail, the ritual of an Indian woman in sorrow rose above the roar of the water: *uchi-ri-nao-ce-ii-oo!* (*my son-ao-ce-ii-oo-oo*)!!

The poor creature had received the news that her son was ill and had made a nine days' journey through the forest to reach him, only to learn that he was already dead and some days buried. Grief in any form is bad enough but the grief of a mother for her son is something beyond all else; keeping back my own emotion, I went up to her and tried my poor best to comfort her in the knowledge that her boy had died well, that he now rested in a coffin specially worked for him and that his soul was certainly gathered to his fathers in Heaven. I think she understood a little of what I tried to say, and my guide repeated it again and again but she stood there with her gaze fixed blankly on the opposite bank where her son lay buried.

For my part I turned to one of the bearers and taking a looking-glass, some needles, a string of imitation pearls and a bright waistband from one of the cases I gave them to her, the result was as I had learnt to expect. The possession of these "wonders" took her simple mind from her sorrow and I was able to calm her and speak to her of the comfort which would be hers from the embracing of the christian faith.

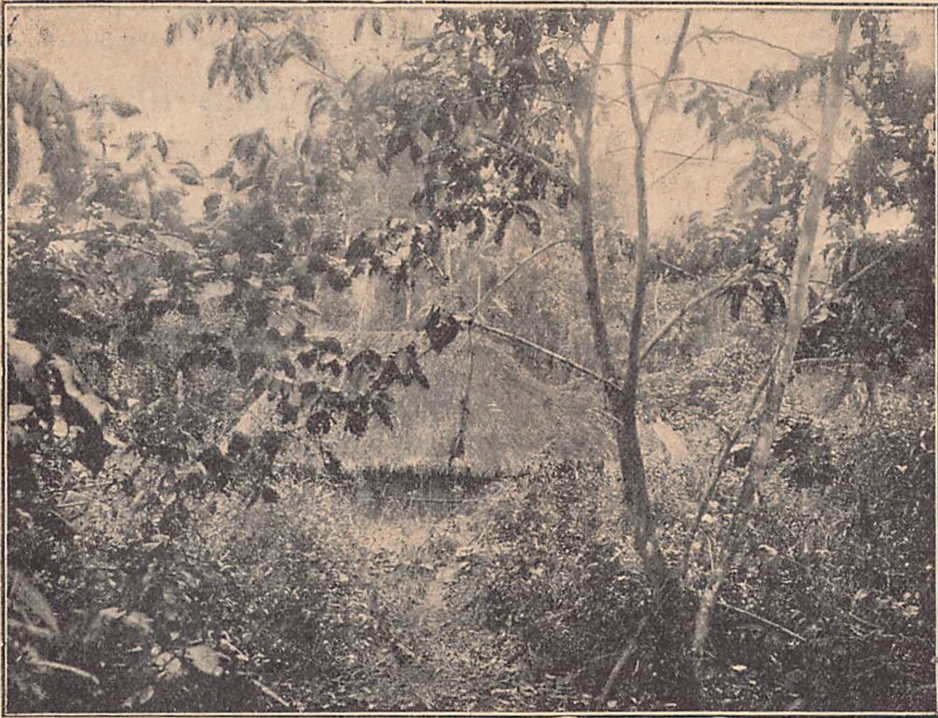
As we turned to go, she began to wail again. Whether they feel it or not, the Indian women at the death of one of their family must cut their hair and cry loudly for several hours a day, and the more loudly they weep the more certain is the affection they had for the departed!

Fireworks without Payment.

We had gone about an hour's march from the river when we came upon a gang of Indians at work clearing up a closed foot-

path. Where the weather is concerned they are better than any barometer, and all agreed that if we did not want a very uncomfortable time of it, the best thing to do was to find shelter at once, as a heavy storm was brewing up there in the mountains. Hearing that and having learnt from experience that storms in this part of the world are not things to be played with, I pushed on as fast as I could for some Indian settlement which I knew could not be far away from here.

as souls condemned to eternal torment, while every now and again there would be a crash as some tree was struck by lightning or was uprooted by the fury of the wind. Rain poured down into our 'shelter' in torrents running into our mouths as we tried to mutter Hail Marys that Our Lady Help of Christians would see us through this difficult passage, for how were we to know whether or no *our* tree would brave the storm!



The Home of the Witch-Doctor in the Forests of Ecuador.

The air was heavy and without a breath of wind, our thermometer was rising rapidly to the 100° but though we put on our best pace we were caught; there was a howl in the air and down came a gigantic tree across our path just to tell what manner of storm we were in for. It began to thunder and lighten as if all the demons in hell were making another determined attack upon heaven. We could go no further; but by great good fortune we came upon a huge tree, hundreds of years old, with its roots arching right out of the ground, here we sought what shelter there was to be had. The wind shrieked and howled in the trees,

In two hours it was all over and we were free to continue our path, but with this difference, now we had to squelch through liquid mud, ford young rivers and find some sort of a path through the débris which had fallen across our mule-track. But by this time it was already night-fall, and as the song goes; there was yet another river to cross! As it happened the Jukipa was not too swollen and with the help of some Indians on the other side we were carried over. Then, headed by natives carrying lighted torches, we went into the very temple of the devil, in the shape of the hut on the Master Witch-doctor of the country!

A Night with a Witch-doctor.

They led us to the great Kivaro, *Juanga*, master to all the witch-doctors of the zone. He looked what he was; he was tall, dark and very strong, with a penetrating glance, the true type of those who practised hypnotism.

His wife, seeing our approach, and doubtless having fears for her supply of food eyed us with great disfavour. I understood the signs and immediately sought in the case

force, had to take a little from each, the which I did, gracefully complimenting the good ladies on their confection!

When I had finished my little speech which I thought had been rather neat, I had the humiliation of seeing the children repeating a certain word among themselves and laughing aloud as they pointed to me. Then it occurred to me what had happened, I had made a 'howler' in pronouncing their word *ni jamanchi* (ciccia).

But just as my position was beginning

THE ASSOCIATION OF THE SACRED HEART.

YOU MAY HAVE A SHARE IN THE
SIX HOLY MASSES

WHICH ARE SAID EVERY DAY IN PERPETUITY
BY SENDING THE SUM OF ONE SHILLING FOR ENROLMENT.

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

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

Send to any of the following:

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

for a bright necklace and knife, which was so sharp and smooth that all her displeasure vanished in a moment.

While my men set about lighting a fire, I turned my attention to the children around me and began by showing them how to go about the sign of the Cross, and even got so far as interesting them in the way to say the Rosary, together with some notions of the Holy Mass which I would celebrate on the following day.

After this very successful catechism lesson, the three wives of the Doctor came to offer me the native drink of *ciccia*, a particularly repulsive liquid which is made of certain roots which are first chewed and well masticated then spat back into the pot! I per-

to become painful, the supper was announced and we fell to with right good will upon the hot beef and mandioca put on the ground before us. After supper I again gave a short instruction on the sacrifice of the Mass and then round off the day with a gramophone recital: this gramophone, by the way, I always take with me, and is unfailing in its effect upon the natives. Being dead tired we all turned over on the bare ground to sleep.

Learning something of the ways of Spirits.

On the following morning I said Mass as I had promised. The Indians were quite taken up with the coloured vestments and

the solemnity of the ceremonies, even though my altar was a very rough affair of branches set up in the open air. Again I was able to get in a little catechism.

As the day did not look promising and the Kivaros themselves advised us not to move, we all took this chance for a rest. My men and carriers went down to the river to fish, while I made the most of my time by getting into touch with the witch-doctor himself, and if possible to learn something of the secrets of his trade.

The conversation of that morning was indeed a revelation to me. And having at the time about a dozen or so wounds on my legs, I told him he could have a go at them himself if he liked.

"No, no! it is not in the day-time but at night that the spirits come to our aid," said he with an air of great mystery. Without more ado I agreed, so eager was I to learn something more of this doctoring which is one of the most difficult obstacles in the way of the missionaries.

So that evening saw me stretched out on a rough mat of banana leaves with the



In the care of the Salesians of Mendez.



After treatment by witch-craft.

old witch-doctor at my side. He commenced operations by inhaling some sort of tobacco, at the same time singing atrociously a whole series of invocations to the heroes of his art; sea-cows, and dolphins etc etc... Then he drank the famous narcotic "*Natem*" prepared beforehand and straightaway fell to the sucking of my wounds, spitting out the devils who were the cause of all the trouble!!

Having put up with it for some time I could bear it no longer, the monotonous singsong had given me a splitting head-ache and as I saw that the man was putting forth all his powers to cure me I had the fire rekindled, and having given a fine looking-glass to the native for his services, I washed my cuts with strong disinfectant and muttered many things concerning the witch doctors in general and the devil who had invented them!

All this mysticism meant really nothing and the cure could be reduced to this, that the 'doctor' put his mouth to the wound and sucked as hard as he could, much in the same way as any mother does to the hurt of one of her little ones.

Nevertheless there is no denying the effect these witch-doctors can produce upon the natives themselves. So deeply rooted is the certainty that these men have the power to drive away the spirits which are the cause of diseases that even men suffering from consumption have been known to be put on their feet again through the psychological effect produced by their own intense belief.

The witch-doctor then told me that he had never yet succeeded in curing a foreigner, but he assured me seriously that had I let him continue all the night, he felt certain that he would have succeeded. Just then the cock crew and announced midnight, and having had enough and to spare for the time being I bid my host good night and went to sleep.

The next morning saw me up before dawn, at daybreak I had said my Mass and after a crude breakfast we were all ready to start the ascent of the redoubtable Cordilleras of *Cutucu*.

Among the Mountains.

The Indians believe that all the obstacles that one finds in the shape of rocks and things in the way of a clear ascent were put there by the evil spirit *Ivia* to stop the flight of one of the most agile monkeys, *Tzere*, who had dared to rob him of his stone chopper! The fact remains, that whether the story be true or no the path we had to follow was so steep and difficult that the devil himself might well have made it for the downfall of missionaries. Rocks stuck out in the most impossible of a places so that it was a dazed and jaded band of men which reached the top. Nevertheless we achieved one good thing, that was, we had reached our goal before the equatorial sun had made the forest air unbreathable. From the summit we had an incomparable view, beautiful and at the same time fantastic, with the innumerable peaks of the Cordilleras sticking up in a wild confusion.

By way of contrast, to the left and to the right there stretched the endless Amazonian plain with its thousands of savages who have yet to await the day when they shall see their first catholic missionary; and who knows when that will be!

Being a little refreshed we began the de-

scent into the Mangosiza valley. If the climb had been difficult then the going down was impossible, the path was of the worse kind, very narrow, very steep and every now and again completely washed away as the loose earth had been cleared from the roots of the trees by the incessant rain. A false step and there was a sheer fall of anything from fifty to a hundred feet into the trees below. Playing the acrobat for three or four hours at a stretch is a hindrance to taking in the beauty of the landscape. Though I can assure it was beautiful, all rich in very sort of tropical plant from the incense tree to the most varied forms of lichens.

So far the day had been without rain, but on the other hand it had been so hot that we were parched with thirst. My carriers were about done and still we were a good half day's march from our proposed camp. I could not go any further, so hitting upon a dry patch with a little water in the neighbourhood, I called a halt. And at the suggestion of one of the Indians we buried a huge sack of dried beans in a dry place; we had brought them with us in case of emergency but so far they had only served to impede our pace. Quicker than it takes to write about it the men had two huts erected, a fire alight and the early supper cooked, this we ate to the accompaniment of a hundred and one strange sounds in the forest about us, where numberless small animals moved unseen.

Expedition Ruined by Bad Weather.

We had not been asleep long when a bitterly cold wind began to blow down from the snow-clad peaks above us, soon we were enveloped in a dense mist which turned into a heavy downpour of rain. To make it worse the wind increased in fury, and in the dark we could not see to the supports of the native huts which every moment threatened to give way and leave us without shelter. In the distance we could hear the rush of water as the two rivulets by which we were camping rapidly became fierce torrents. At dawn the worst had passed over and I sent one of the men to see the state of the river, in about an hour he returned to report that the water had risen

several feet and that the trees we had cut down previously to make a bridge had been carried away. What could we do? There was nothing for it but to stay where we were. In the meantime the natives had rigged up my altar sheltered from the continual rain by a thick roofing of palm leaves.

All this took place on the 29th. of May, my birthday, and here I was, cramped up with evil-smelling natives, with no room to stretch my legs, with my lungs clock-full of thick smoke which rose in clouds from the damp wood fire which refused to light. My men did not seem to mind at all, for them it was a holiday, nothing to do, something to eat and paid for the trouble!

A Musical Evening.

The weather promised no improvement, so resigning myself to the disappointment I determined on a little study. Among my carriers there were some fine intelligent fellows, these I called round me, and taking out my exercise book prepared to learn all I could of the mysteries of their language, their beliefs, traditions etc. In this at least I succeeded, and for the whole day on and off I plied my questions which at the end yielded me a fine store of glottological and ethnological notes, all of which will be of service to us missionaries.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon I told the natives that it was my birthday, and that in consequence they were to prepare a good supper, then we would have some sort of a concert afterwards. The supper was a success at least considering circumstances, and true to my promise, when everything was cleared away, I brought out the gramophone. We played Verdi, Rossini, old favourites of other days, we played Ave Maria and the Bells of Christmas which gave just the right religious touch. The natives were not to be outdone, so in the interludes they went through their repertoire. We had the splendid imitation of the roars and growls of wild beasts, wolves, tigers, jaguars, wild cats, and when it came to the songs of birds the air literally sang and twittered as they took up the call of all the feathered dwellers of their native forests. And as for me, I lay back on my couch of leaves and thoroughly enjoyed it all.

More Rain and another Storm.

It had rained all day but in the evening it pelted down in torrents. The next day we had a variation in the shape of a real storm during which we could do nothing at all, except venture out see what we could manage to do for a bridge over the river. We cut down several huge trees so that they fell across the water but in a few minutes they were successively carried away by the heavy refuse brought down from the higher mountains. Giving that up as a bad job, we all returned to the hut and I told stories from the Bible. What our children listen to with ill-concealed boredom, these other children of the forest drank in with open mouths. Especially those parts of Genesis which deal with the creation of the world; or the dramatic history of Our Lord's Passion and Death.

More Surprises.

On the third day the storm had abated, but the river was absolutely impassible. So we determined on the following morning for another start. On that day I said Holy Mass at 3 o'clock a.m. and ordered everything to be ready for the march, but what was my surprise and chagrin to find that all the candles had been used to make the fire burn, that nearly all the dried meat had disappeared, that the case of those dried beans had been disentered and broken into by the hunters, and worst of all that my supply of Mass wine had been tampered with. What could I do; to go on was impossible not to say imprudent; so I gave the reluctant to return by the we had come and give up all the projects I had had in mind.

On the Way Back.

The return journey was dry, in fact too dry for the sun scorched us unbearably; as we mounted higher the water became scarce but by great good fortune we came across a clump of bamboos which in this part of the world grow to the height on nearly 100 feet. The notches of the plant contain water so the natives took their knives and rapidly

make holes at the base of each notch, in a few moments there was sweet fresh water in abundance, not only to drink but also to wash our tired bodies.

With this refreshment we felt new men and we crested the Cordilleras in fine style. That demon-invented path by which we had come up now had to be descended, but it did not offer very much difficulty so that in a few hours we came upon our old friend *Juanga* again. As before we brought out our gramophone and gave a short talk on the truths of the Faith. After Mass the

next morning I showed the witch-doctor the wounds in my leg completely healed without the help of his sucking and incantations. He graciously conceded that the power of healing was not his exclusive property but maintained that for the hidden evils of the human nature there was no one to touch the true Kivaro. I laughed and gave him a special invitation to come to see me at the mission Station. But my carriers are already on the way back and I shall not be at all sorry to see the roof of our humble dwelling once again!

With Our Missionaries in Macao - China. The Terrible Typhoon.

Dear Father Rinaldi,

I write to you now as one broken down in health, no longer fit for the privations and the hardships of the 'front line', especially in these times of war-fare and communism. Hence it is that I find myself once again at Macao, the scene of my first missionary work fifteen years ago. How things have changed! and how much has been done to push our work forward. In 1913 we were at the very beginning of things. The place was too small, and ill-suited. The house had but seven rooms one alongside the other and all encircled by a veranda, the middle room served as the chapel while others were the dormitories, or school-rooms. On the first floor in the single large room, we had crowded the tailors, shoe-makers, compositors, printers and bookbinders. At that time we had almost 70 boys so we had to convert the veranda into another dormitory and thereby cut off the only means of communication between one room and another inside the house. That was long ago!

Divine Providence came to our aid and sent us generous benefactors so that the late Mgr. Versiglia, who was rector at the time, was able to set about a permanent building in the immense grounds. The building went up splendidly and to our unaccustomed eyes seemed to be a young 'sky-scraper'. The first step was to take

100 boys. A second Rector continued in the same way, he finished the first part and then began to think of the second which eventually was to provide place for the carpenter's shop.

Indeed our Orphanage of the Immaculate Conception began to take on vast proportions and attracted the attention of the authorities of the other districts who sent their representatives to inspect and to take notes!

In the beginning, to give a definitely Christian character to the place, the work was done exclusively among the Catholic children, but little by little the number of the pagans began to increase. And to-day, although these are still in the minority their presence wins the good-will of the Chinese and is a starting point for getting into contact with the pagan population.

These children, almost all of them, demand instruction, and every year there is a goodly number of adult baptisms. This year there were 14.

The building although large, soon became too small to hold its 200 boys and the many others who demanded admission. Last year therefore, we set about the erection of another, to give more room for the workshops and the students' section. We commenced work at the beginning of the summer holidays and had every hope of seeing it finished, or almost so, in two months.

The Typhoon.

But we had not reckoned with the weather. In the month of August we were involved in a real disaster. Several days of extraordinary calm gave us warning of a grave atmospheric disturbance not far off. On the last day of July the weather broke and we got news that an eighty-mile-an-hour gale was sweeping down upon Macao. The sky was black with dense clouds, while the wind howled and whirled in every direction.

The signals from the fort kept us informed of what was happening. It was not long before the arrival of the typhoon proper was announced. All were hurried into the house, the doors and windows were securely fastened and we sat down to await the passage of the storm.

We all thought with a single mind of the building under construction. The roof was still off and one wall was half down. With the first fierce burst of wind down came the beams. My thoughts went straight to the little ones in the house itself, they had only a partition separating them from the danger outside. In the afternoon the wind changed direction and veered round to the South. The sea was mountainous and tiles, stones and branches of trees were hurtling about like bits of paper in a breeze!

At three o'clock we were all collected together praying round the coffin of a baby which had died a few moments after having received baptism, when we heard a terrific roar and the whole house shook to its very foundations. The typhoon had hit the newly constructed building and had raised it to the ground! Mary Help of Christians

save us! I could only guess the extent of the damage; and my fears were for any likely victims. By the mercy of God the structure so fell that it did not touch the main building: all were terrified but no one was hurt. There was a frantic rush to find a more secure place but just at that moment the fort signalled the typhoon to be in its last phase.

And our poor house? The part upon which we had set our hopes was no more. It was no longer a question of making *alterations* now, it meant building again from the foundations up!

The Vicar General as soon as he saw the wreck, with great faith and generosity said: "Draw up new plans and I hope I shall be able to find the money for the building!" To-day the work is still going on, but it will not be finished until the March or April of 1932. We have just about half our right number of boys and we are waiting anxiously for the completion of the work when we shall be able to accept even more than before.

The Mission and the Portuguese Government give us a grant to support 100 boys, for the other hundred and more we rely upon Divine Providence, which through the Salesian Co-operators has never been lacking.

I should also write of the epidemic which came upon us in August and carried off twenty victims, but I am late as it is with this letter and in haste humbly beg your fatherly blessing,

Your devoted son in Jesus Christ

FR. JOHN GUARONA.

Salesian Missionary.

Feast of Blessed John Bosco.

APRIL

26th

1932

For *Novena Leaflets* write to
the Rector, Salesian House, Cowley, Oxford.
Salesian Missionary College, Shrigley Park,
Macclesfield.

Salesian College, Copeswood, Pallaskenry,
Limerick, Ireland.

Don Bosco Seminary, Newton, N.Y., U.S.A.

Notices will be sent from the local Salesian Houses for special celebrations.

Lest we forget

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

A Plenary Indulgence.

Every month—

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

On each of the following days:

March 20th Palm Sunday.
 March 24th Maundy Thursday.
 March 27th Easter Sunday.
 April 4th The Annunciation.

It is also worth remembrance.

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

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

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

* * *

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

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.



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.

R. C. Patterson, Esq. Kimberley, (S. Africa).
 Miss Isabel Heathcote, Bournemouth, (Eng.).
 Dr. James O'Shea, Chipping Norton, Oxford.
 Miss Mary Hornaly, Preston, Lancashire
 Sister Marie de Saint Laurent, (Eng.).
 Miss E. Marchant, Chelsea (Engl).
 Mrs. M. Power, Liguria.
 Mrs. Hende, Fougères (France).

THORNLEIGH COLLEGE

Bolton - Sharples Park - Lancs

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

Apply for a prospectus to

V. Rev. W. G. AUSTEN.

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



SALESIAN COLLEGE

FARNBOROUGH HAMPSHIRE

Army and Royal Air

Force Examinations

London Matriculation, Oxford Locals

Apply to

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

SALESIAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Pallaskenry, Co. Limerick.

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

*Apply now for Prospectus to
The Rector.*



ST. JOSEPH'S AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

WARRENTOWN, DRUMREE Co. MEATH

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

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

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

THE APOSTOLIC CIRCLES

OF

MARY HELP OF CHRISTIANS

1. The Apostolic Circles of Mary Help of Christians are groups of Salesian Co-operators (each group consisting of twelve members representing the twelve Apostles) who band themselves together for the object of helping a boy to study for the Missionary Priesthood.

2. The Apostolic Circles are under the special protection of Mary Help of Christians who revealed to Blessed Don Bosco that there is no work so dear to Her maternal heart and so urgent in the Church to-day as that of saving priestly vocations.

3. Each Circle undertakes to raise the sum of £120 during the period of four years, each member collecting or subscribing yearly £2 10s. Whenever a new Circle is formed, a candidate is immediately accepted.

Spiritual Advantages.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Training Centres are:

Salesian Missionary College, Shrigley, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

Salesian House, Cowley, Oxford.

Salesian College, Pallaskenry, Limerick.

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