

Rebelle

Vol. II No. 10

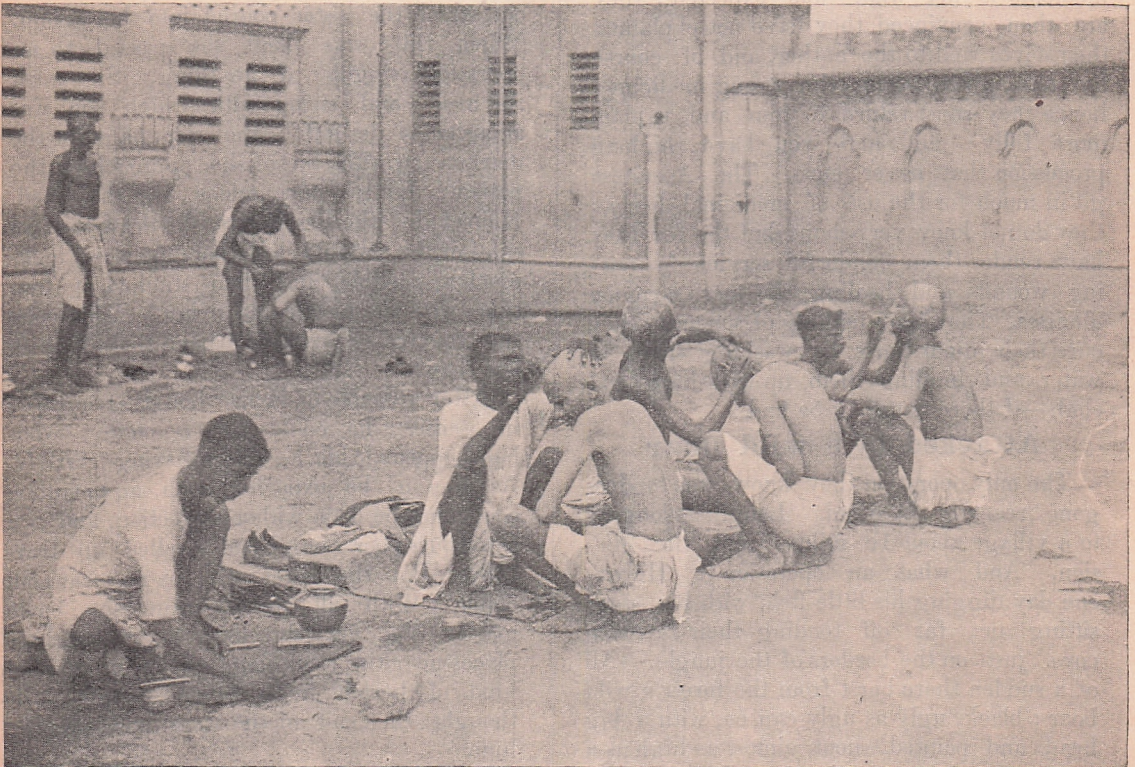
October 1932



# DON BOSCO IN INDIA

3 PORTUGUESE CHURCH ST., CALCUTTA, INDIA.

PERMISSU SUPERIORUM



SHAVING PILGRIMS.

*A common open-air scene all over India.*

*Block courtesy Editor, Indian State Railways Magazine.*



# PROMPT SURGERY !!

It is nothing but one long procession. It begins in the morning about nine and finishes only at sunset when the poor Syntengs dare not appear any longer out of doors for fear of the Nongshonoh. The litany is something like this: "Father, give me some medicine . . . . . I've got a frightful headache, Father! . . . . . Ugh! this toothache, Padre, it'll drive me crazy . . . . . " and a hundred other such supplications. Down Raliang way there are no shops and consequently no druggists. European medicine is there considered to have an effect nothing short of miraculous, and the suffering native runs to the Padre as to one possessing an infallible remedy for his ills.

Often however the result of taking the medicine is not what was expected: they are then convinced they have not explained themselves well to the Father, and of course he has given them the wrong medicine: hence they must return to him and explain more fully: and here you have the long procession that never ends. The Assamese go in much for the use of medicinal herbs: they do not know very many but the few they have render them wonderful service in curing wounds and healing the more common illnesses. They know nothing of surgery: they cure their minor hurts by washing them in water and binding them up with herbs and cloth—if there is any to be had!

## Attacked by a wild Boar

The only operation they know was undergone recently by a lad, Longti, belonging to a village about 18 miles from the Mission. And what an operation!! He was one day digging his little field with his sister sitting not far off tending their few thin cows just on the borders of the jungle. All of a sudden there burst from the forest a wild boar; black, ugly as ugly can be, with a big head and pointed snout, almost as high as a collie. It made straight for Longti, who took to his heels in the direction of the house. But the fates were against him. His foot

By P. ROBALDO, S. C.

*Catholic Mission*

*Raliang*

hit a stone and he rolled thead over heels. With a savage grunt the beast was on him! and in a moment had made an ugly wound in his stomach. Then, content with what it had done, it rushed back into the jungle to escape the hands of the crowd that was gathering.

## A plucky sister

Longti lay senseless on the ground: his sister ran to him and with the help of the neighbours, carried him home. What was to be done? Water? Of course. The sister fearful lest she should lose him, set herself at once to pull him round: she washed the wound while another ran into the forest for a handful of herbs. These they pressed till a greenish liquid flowed out which the sister poured into the wound. When this was done she passed to an operation singular if anything. She took the needle and string with which she was accustomed to stitch the rice bags for the market and with these she approached the patient, lying unconscious on the bed. Helped by the bystanders, she drew the two sides of the wound together to close it as much as possible, and then stitched it four times with the needle and string! This done she covered it with herbs and tied all up in her shawl.

After a couple of hours Longti recovered his senses: he could not remember what had happened, but he was suffering terribly. As was to be expected such an operation could not be done without infection, and in a few hours poor Longti had swelled up fearfully. But the sister was by no means out done. With all the courage she could master she cut the flesh in two or three places near the wound and poured in another kind of herbal juice. Poor Longti!! he thought the end of the world had come for him.

But it hadn't. Thanks to the tireless care and prayers of his sister he regained his health.

*The end*

Note new address: 3, Portuguese Church Street, Calcutta, India.



# MARTHA AND THE APPLE-TREE

P. ROBALDO S. C.

ABOUT 1930 years ago there was a poor widow named Martha. She had a garden and in the garden was an apple-tree. The boys of the village used to come and steal the fruit from the tree.

Martha was angry but she could not catch the boys because she was old and the boys ran very fast.

One day a stranger came and knocked at her door. He was tired and hungry and he begged for food and rest.

Martha was good and kind and gave him rice to eat and a mat to rest. The stranger ate and slept.

Then he said "Martha I am the Lord and I can do everything. Ask what you want and it shall be given you."

Then Martha said "I am a poor woman and I have only a garden, a cow and an apple-tree. But I cannot get any fruit from the tree because the boys of the village steal it.

"Please grant me this grace, that if someone climbs my apple-tree he may not come down without my permission."

The Lord said: "All right it shall be granted to you." Then the Lord went away with his disciples.

THAT morning the sun was shining. The boys of the village got up from bed, they washed their hands and faces recited their prayers, ate their breakfast and made ready for school.

When they passed Martha's garden they looked at the beautiful apples hanging from the tree and said. "Martha is not at home, let us climb the apple-tree and eat some apples, then we shall go to school."

They found a hole in the hedge; they passed through it one by one and began

to climb the apple-tree. They ate several apples and then a boy said: "It must be late, let us go to school."

Then the boys wanted to come down from the tree but they could not.

They tried several times but all in vain.

Then they began to weep and to cry.

Martha was still in her hut and heard the boys crying. What is the matter, she said and then she opened the window and looked out into the garden. There were about twelve boys on the apple-tree. Then she remembered the words of the Lord and was glad. But she did not allow them to come down. She cried loudly, "Eat in peace, my dear boys."

That morning the school-master called the roll Jack? absent, John? absent, Dick? absent, Pat? absent, Bill? absent.

Twelve boys were missing. He asked. "Is it market-day to-day?" But the boys answered "No" so the teacher sent a letter to the parents of the boys. All the parents came to school and said "Our sons left for school. Where have they gone?"

"Then a woman came and said: "There are twelve boys on Martha's apple-tree; weeping and crying." Then the parents said. "Let us go and see."

They went and they saw their sons on the apple-tree so they became angry and said: "Naughty boys what are you doing there instead of going to school?" They cried out "We cannot come down."

THEN the father of one boy got angry. He cut a big stick from the hedge and climbed up the tree saying to his son:

(Continued on page 10.)



# THANKSGIVINGS

All our readers and friends, whose petitions have been answered by Our Lady of Bandel, are kindly requested to send notice in order that a selection of favours granted may be published in this Magazine.

*(Continued from page 7.)*

"Now you shall get it!" He reached the top; beat his son and took him by the hand saying "Come down with me."

Then he tried to come down but he could not. Then he was surprised and said: "What is this?" Then he called out "Martha! Martha!" Martha came out and told all the parents that their boys used to steal her fruit and said: "Now you must beat them". So one by one she called the boys down and their parents gave them a good thrashing. Then they sent them to school. From that day the boys did not go anymore to steal Martha's apples.

*(To be concluded.)*

"On my God I thank Thee and Thy dear Blessed Mother Mary". All praise, all honour, all glory be to Thee in the Highest, accept my humble prayer in thanksgiving and further hear my prayers and grant my petitions.

A. F.

## A Hopeless Case

A client of Our Lady sends grateful thanks to our dear Lady of Bandel for a temporal favour, which was obtained after promise of publication. It was almost a hopeless case.

A Child of Mary.

## Health Obtained

My Most Sweet Mother,

Thanks for making my husband and two children well again. Always look after them Mother dear, also my sisters, brothers and all my relations, keep them safe from all harm and danger and last of all in comfort, and in health

Thou hast been very good and kind to me and what is more hast never left a prayer unheard, extend Thy kindness further my Sweet Mother and please make my sister's eye quite alright.

This I ask in the name of the One who died for our sins, Jesus Christ Our Lord.

S. M.

## Financial Help Received

I am sending you thanksgiving in honour of our dear Lady for helping me through a difficult month in money matters.

Use the money either as stipend for a Mass or for the repairs of the Church.

L. H.

## Fever Cured

I am sending an offering in thanksgiving to Our Lady of Bandel for curing me of fever, and also Rs. 2/- for a Mass to be said to Our Lady of Bandel for a special favour, and one rupee for St. Anthony's bread.

H. D.

## Unspecified Thanksgiving

I enclose herewith a small offering in thanksgiving to Our Lady and Blessed Don Bosco for favours received.

Kindly pray for my special intentions to be granted.

E. S. S.

## Child's Recovery

Will you please publish my grateful thanks in the Bandel Magazine this being in accordance with the promise I made for the recovery of my son and little baby. I send a thankoffering.

May our dear Holy Mother's blessing always attend us.

H. T.

## Unspecified Request Granted

I publish this as promised. Kindly say a Mass in thanksgiving to Our Lady of Bandel and another to Our Lady, Help of Christians.

C. W. B.

## General Thanksgiving

I am enclosing a thanksgiving to our most sweet Mother of Bandel, who has always heard my prayers. Will you please be good enough to place the same at Her Most Sacred Shrine and please pray for us dear Father.

S. M.

## A Mother's Thanks

Please accept my humble thanks for bringing me safe through a hard time. Now I trust my baby to your care dear Mother as you brought him safe. Your prayers and powerful protection must be for him. I have dedicated my baby to you Sweet Mother and will always dress him in white and blue. Hear my prayers always Mother and help us in our other needs too.

M. C.



# MARTHA AND THE APPLE-TREE

P. ROBALDO S. C.

## Part II

ONCE a thief came to Martha's village during the night, he was entering the stables and was stealing hens. The policemen tried many times to catch him but the thief was very clever and they could not catch him.

Then the king of that village said. "I shall give three thousand rupees to the man who will catch the thief."

Martha heard this news. She went to the king and said. "I shall catch the thief." The king answered "You are old and cannot run! How can you catch the thief? Well if you catch him I shall give you three thousand rupees." Then Martha went away.

In the evening she tied two hens on her apple tree and then went to sleep. During the night the thief passed Martha's garden and he saw two hens on the tree. He entered the garden and climbed up the tree and seized them.

But when he wanted to come down, he could not.

He tried several times but all in vain. So he had to remain on the tree all the night.

In the morning Martha got up from bed and opened the window. She saw the thief and she cried out "good morning Mr. Thief. How are you this morning? Wait a few hours and someone will come and pay you a visit."

Then she made ready to go to the king. When she arrived in the presence of the king she said "I caught the thief last night, please give me the reward."

The king did not believe her at first, so he sent for two policemen, and gave them the money saying :

"Go with this widow. If she has caught the thief give her the money. But if she did not catch him, put her in prison."

The two policemen went with Martha and she took them into the garden.

When the policemen saw the thief on the apple tree, they got angry and one of them climbed the apple-tree in order to catch the thief.

He reached the top and he bound the thief with a rope, but when he wanted to come down, he could not.

Then he said "What is this?" Then Martha gave them permission to come down; and the thief went into prison and Martha got the three thousand rupees.

## THE ANGEL WITH THE SCYTHE

NOW Martha was becoming old. One day some one knocked at her door. Martha opened it and saw a very thin and ugly woman: all bones and no flesh with a scythe in her hand. She said "I am Miss Death and have come to take you because you are old and now must die."

Martha thought a little and then said: "All right I must die but before I die let us eat some apples and drink some milk together." Miss Death said: "Very well. Where are the apples?"

Martha took Miss Death to the window: "Do you see that apple-tree in my garden?"

"Yes."

"Well, climb the tree and pick a dozen apples while I go to milk the cow."

Miss Death climbed the tree and picked the apples but when she wanted to come down, she could not.

(Continued on page 12.)



# COMPETITION

## “ VOWELS ”

This month we give a string of letters from which all the vowels have been omitted. When the vowels are discovered and inserted in the right place, a well-known proverb will be found.

YCN TKHRSTTHWTRB TYCNNTM  
KTDRNK

Attempts addressed to :—

Competition Editor,

“ Our Lady of Bandel ”,

Bandel, Dt. Hooghly, Bengal,

should be posted so as to arrive not later than 10th December 1933.

Those envelopes should only contain matters referring to the Competition.

Thanksgivings, Birthdays etc., should not be enclosed with them.

*Winner of the “ Acrostics ” Competition*

The statue has been awarded to :—

Miss O. La Monti,

*Bangalore*

whose attempt coincided with the Competition Editor's solution which was as follows :—

An enthusiast	Zealot
Small houses	Cabins
Damaged by fire	Burned
Acts in response	Reacts
An educational institute	School
Found in the Old Testament	Psalms
Summer	Summer

(Continued from page 11.)

She tried several times but all in vain.

She cried out. “ Martha, Martha, I cannot come down, what has happened ? ”

Martha laughed : “ Good evening Miss Death. How do you like my apple-tree ? Eat apples in peace, I do not like to die now, I want to live some years more ! ”

Miss Death got angry and tried to cut the tree with her scythe, but the handle broke and the scythe fell to the ground. So she had to remain on the apple-tree.

Now all the people were glad because nobody was dying. Miss Death was

on the tree and she could not come down to collect the people. And as she remained twenty years on the tree, she became very thin and small and ugly.

Also Martha was becoming old. Now she could not work anymore. Her cow too became thin and gave no milk so one day she said : “ Now I want to die and to go to Heaven to see the Lord who came to my hut twenty years ago.”

Then having prepared her soul she called loudly : “ Come Miss Death, I allow you to come down from the tree.”

Miss Death came down very quickly, and took Martha's soul away to Heaven.

THE END

### HOW TO GO TO BANDEL

There is a frequent service of trains from Sealdah and Howrah Stations to Bandel Junction.

From there take gharry (8 annas) or taxi (12 annas) to the Church.



## A Missionary Silhouette

## THE BOY WHO WAS CALLED JO

BY REV. P. ROBALDO S. C.

Catholic Mission, Raliang

His name at first was not Paul but Jo. Jo he was called by his little friends. Jo he was called by the neighbours and Jo he had been called by his father and mother until they died two years ago, leaving him to the

was changed into Paul. A slate and a primer were handed over to him and in a few months he was able to read slowly, slowly; his little finger following the words in the book.

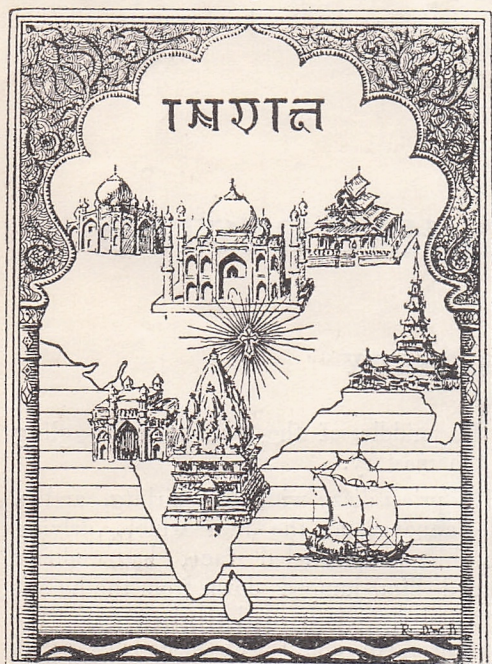
Now Paul has finished his first-year studies and, as if to give his brothers a sample of his learning he wrote them a few lines asking them to send him another shirt. And when the opportunity came, he handed over his letter to a man who was going to his village, begging him to give the letter to his brothers, for, of course, post and postmen are unknown in his district.

## In touch with civilisation

The brothers when they saw such progress were astonished—it was the first letter that had ever entered their hut!—and their marvel increased when they knew it was from their little brother. “How had he learnt so quickly to write!!” They ran to their catechist to have it explained and when they heard Paul’s petition “A shirt”: they explained: “Is he not satisfied with the one we bought him a year ago? Does he want to become a *sahib* (Englishman)! Does he not know that a shirt costs two baskets of rice?”, and they asked the catechist to give Paul their answer: “He must not even think of a new shirt. The harvest has been scarce and moreover Kata (their fattest cow) had died a few months before.”

Paul resigned himself and in return got from the Father a new shirt together with another pair of shorts. From his Protestant brothers he now cannot expect anything more.

Now that he is small they leave him with the Father; when he will be taller they will ask him to go and work in the village. But Paul has other ideas. He studies with love, and gifted with a keen spirit of obser-



care of two elder brothers who were Protestants. These did not take it too much to heart, because Jo was still small, and of no use to them in working the field so they consented very willingly to the desire of the father who wanted to take little Jo to the Mission.

## A Metamorphosis

When Jo came to the Mission his entire wardrobe consisted of a shirt. A pair of shorts were given to him and he thought himself a European almost! Soon he was instructed and baptized and his name Jo

Note new address: 3, Portuguese Church Street, Calcutta, India.



vation he does his best to learn what he can.

### Castle Building

He seems to have a special aptitude for medicine.

Some days ago an old sick man came to the Mission to get some medicine. Paul was the first to see him and he cross-examined him minutely about his sickness. Then he climbed on a stool and called the man near to him. "Let me see your tongue" he said. The poor man thought he was in the presence of a doctor and promptly obeyed. Then little Paul gave his prescription: "You must not chew betle nut any more, and you must drink a good cup of

salt water every evening for a month before going to sleep".

At that moment I happened to enter and it was indeed a queer sight to see an old man with his old tongue out and in front of him little Paul with his little finger admonitorily pointed at him.

Will Paul become a good doctor? Yes I hope so; a doctor of souls in order to heal many of his fellow Syntengs and first of all his own brothers. He prays every day for this intention and will he not have the consolation of knowing himself helped in his noble intention by the kind readers of *Don Bosco in India*?

### An innocent Telegram and its sequel

## WHERE MY CARAVAN HAS RESTED

BY

### A SALESIAN MISSIONARY

"**ME** and my brother" because Ronnie besides being the name of the pony which should have carried me, happens also to be my brother's name—and so I felt quite at home at once.

#### A clever horse

Really the pony doesn't come into the story until much later on, but he's worthy of a prompt introduction if only for what he *didn't* do. Ronnie is that same horse which once had to carry a missionary from Jowai to Raliang. It was a cold, bleak morning—sleet blowing most unpleasantly right into the face, and Ronnie did not fancy his work at all. He jibbed and jumped and bucked but the priest insisted and the cavalcade set off. But they ran into dirty weather and after an hour's heavy riding Ronnie thought it time to go home again. A pretty scene it must have been to see the tug-of-war going on between horse and driver—they were waltzing round in circles

in the middle of the road each struggling for the mastery.

The priest dizzy with the whirling, and a little annoyed at the rain which, driving into his bespectacled face, had almost blinded him, jumped down from the horse's back and plucked a nettle switch from the wayside. He climbed up on its back again and gave it two or three smart strokes: "I'll show you who is master," he hissed.

Strung by the whip, the horse jumped into a fast gallop and within half-an-hour was in *Jowai*—the place where it had started from! Who had won? Man or horse?

**BUT** to start at the beginning....."One fine day" as the song goes, I received a telegram "Arrange, if possible, preach Retreat to nuns in Raliang. Wire acceptance" and—who could see the guile behind such innocent wording?—the reply went back "Accept willingly—advise dates."

*Note new address: 3, Portuguese Church Street, Calcutta, India.*



# THE KETTLE

By P. ROBALDO, S. C.

IT is twelve. From the belfry of the chapel of Gauhati, the bells speed their merry peal to warn the people that twelve o'clock has gone and the time for working is over.

Our boys stop working, put their tools away to rest for a couple of hours, and after reciting the *Angelus* betake themselves to the usual place to enjoy their meal.

Soon they are joined by the school-boys and every one takes his plate, cup and spoon.

Meanwhile four or five of the stoutest boys have hastened to the kitchen; they remove the big kettle from the fire and carry it to the rest of their friends who give it their most heartfelt welcome. From the big pot a delicious fragrance exhales, inviting the bystanders not to stand on ceremony but to come and see that the taste does not belie the smell!

GRACE before meal is recited: then everyone approaches the kettle and gets an abundant portion of rice. Curry is likewise distributed and in a few minutes all the boys are busy: busy with their hands feet and mouth, with their eyes also fixed on the heap of rice that gradually disappears, and last but not least, busy with their ears on the reading of some spiritual book which is being made for some ten minutes during the meal.

WHEN plates and cups have returned to their former weight they turn their minds to God; thanking Him for the food He has given them. Then plates and cups are washed and put to rest.

After a short visit to the chapel they enjoy one hour's recreation; some of them go to band practise; the sounds of their instruments thus mingling with the happy shouts of the boys at games. At two, every game stops and the shouting of the boys gives place to the steady rasping of the files,

the whiz of the saws and the blows of hammers and whirring of machines.

I had an occasion of observing their life and what struck me especially was to notice how they managed to prepare their food. The boys themselves cook in turn, just as they are wont to do in their native villages.

The fire is kindled in two big holes dug in the ground and two kettles are placed upon them one for the rice and the other for the curry.

Each boy provides beforehand the fuel he will need when his turn to be a cook comes. Every piece of wood is carefully gathered and hidden away in some out of the way corner against the day when they shall be turned to charcoal and ashes under the black brass of the kettle.

SOMETIMES—but fortunately very seldom—it happens that by a false manoeuvre the pot is turned over and part of the curry is lost.

But these generous boys do not lose heart. Those who cannot get curry are given a piece of garlic, and that, at least for one day, will do.

Good, happy boys! They have understood well the aim of life. Food and rest and other comforts of life have for them but little importance! They rather strive to enrich their hearts with solid virtue, their minds with abundant science both religious and technical!

To-morrow they will have to leave the Orphanage in which they have passed their happiest days, to quit Gauhati and to betake themselves to their villages to share with their fellow countrymen the virtues and science they have acquired.

Let the prayers and generosity of the readers help them, and God will once more repeat to them the consoling words; "Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it to me!"

THE END



**T**HERE are many things "different" which a missionary in the Orient must adopt, and which change his viewpoint considerably. This mental mutation seems to take hold of one almost imperceptibly and to work itself into one's makeup, writes a missionary in the *Catholic Fireside*. It must be so: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do" has its complement in the East, and the continued effort to get the point of view of our people gradually brings a spontaneity of judgment along Oriental lines, which cannot but have its effect on one's mental processes.

Here are a few of the things which the newcomer to the Orient hesitates not to label "wrong," but which he gradually comes to realise must be classed "right" from the Oriental viewpoint.

**I**F you wish to send a telegram, you are urged to hurry and get it off before nightfall, as it costs considerably more to send a telegram by night.

In stating the points of the compass: north, south, east, west, become east, west, south, north. Any compound of these, such as northwest, southeast, and so forth is always put in just the reverse order: westnorth, eastsouth, and so forth.

There was a time when people used to talk of "putting up" the car for the winter. I could hardly restrain a smile when one of the natives here, speaking of a bus route solemnly explained that it ran only in the winter. I was just exclaiming mentally, "Another 'opposite' of the Orient!" when the casual explanation followed, that a frozen river furnished the only roadway to the town in question.

### Amongst the Bees

**W**HEN you buy a large quantity of merchandise at home, you expect to get it proportionately cheaper. We were doing a little pipe-fitting for ourselves some time ago, and had to purchase quite a number of various fixtures from a native hardware store. Having previously ascertained the price of the respective pieces, we sent a man to the store to bring back the desired number. He returned with the report that the price had gone up as soon as the proprietor learned of the quantity we wished to buy. We investigated, and found this to be actually true, and a reliable native volunteered the information that such was

## WHEN WEST

### THE FIRST IMPRESSIONS SIONARY IN

the practice here. I have found instances contrary to this since, but it was true in the case cited.

In caring for bees in the West, the operator is careful to put on a bee net, gloves, and so forth. In the East, or in Korea at least, the bee-tender strips to the waist as the necessary precaution for the operation; the idea seeming to be that the bee becomes excited and irritated when he discovers himself in the folds of a garment, unable to find his way out. You reply, of course, "But why let him get in?" Ah, yes, but you're a Westerner!

When putting a horse in the stall, the Korean backs him in. If you ask why, you will be answered with, "Well, when are you usually more in a hurry—when putting your horse away, or when taking him out?"

### Clocks and Summer Dress

**T**HE Western clock has now come into pretty general use; but I am told that the old clocks used to indicate how many of the hours of the day remained, not how many had passed. Thus, when our clocks would be striking two, theirs would be striking ten.

The Oriental blacksmith sits down at his work, and stands when he wants to rest; the carpenter saws and planes by pulling the respective tools towards him instead of pushing them from him.

In the hot weather at home mothers who wish to relieve their babies of the discomfort of clothes in public may take off the shirt but, usually, the body below the waist is covered with little pants or trunks. Here, just the opposite happens. It is quite the common thing, sometimes, even in cold weather, to see the little ones playing about in the streets with jacket covering the chest and shoulders, but entirely unhampered by any covering below the waist,



## IN WHICH OUR TRUMPETER SPEAKS

## BLOWING OUR OWN HORN

*The Procession at Shillong: the story of a disappointment and its sequel.*

“The best-laid schemes o’ mice and men” sang Burns, “gang aft agley”.

We certainly experienced, at the Corpus Christi procession this year, the truth of what he sang as far as man’s plans go. The procession generally comes off at the end of October when the great rains have more or less subsided. Indeed this year it fell on the feast of Christ-King, the last Sunday of October and it coincided so well with the sentiments of the day that it has been decided every year it will be held on the feast of the Kingship of Christ.

But this year the choice of the day was not too happy. Though it had rained all the week we hoped against hope for a fine Sunday. The day too kept up, till the procession started and then down it came, elephants! We just happened to be passing through the convent at the time and the Blessed Sacrament was deposited in the chapel!

But can you defeat the Khasi? You can’t. They had turned up for the biggest procession of the year and they were going to see it through. True, they couldn’t quite understand the rain! It was Christ’s triumphal march and if He liked He could make it fine. What was it He wanted? Prayers? He would have them. And what do you think though the rain seemed to have scattered the whole of the procession and would have sent scurrying home men of less faith? Within an hour the procession was winding its way down from St. Edmund’s College as if nothing at all had happened!

The rest was a triumph. Besides the altars in the grounds of the Convent and the College, two others had been erected at cross-roads where benediction was given.

Coming down into Shillong the last mile one had a wonderful view. Stretching out almost the whole of the mile, in front and

behind the Blessed Sacrament, you could see different guilds and sodalities with their banners flying, and their colours blaring and you could hear the hymns of one section mingled with the rosary of another—a wonderful spectacle of the faith of the people of Shillong.

It was dark as we drew in towards the parish church and the clerics of the seminary with their lighted candles on either side the Blessed Sacrament gave one the idea of the light of the Gospel entering the darkness of paganism. On front of the slope before the Church, the people formed in mass. What a sea of upturned faces in the candle-light.

The parish priest Fr. Vendrame, S. C., made in Khasi the prayer consecrating all Assam to the Sacred Heart and as the final benediction was given one felt that the reign of Christ was come to Assam and His triumph had begun.

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## SALESIANA

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### For The Salesian Missions

There was a very large gathering of parents, friends, and of Salesian co-operators to give a farewell to new recruits for the Salesian Foreign Missions, some 60 boys who sailed from Dublin on the S.S. Lady Connaught, including many who joined this year to take their place in the Salesian Missionary College, Shrigley Park, Cheshire Preparatory to leaving the boys sang many hymns.

The large contingent sailing from Belfast included boys from all over the Northern area. The boys from the Saorstát were from Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Galway, and almost every county was represented.

“Irish Catholic” 10th September, 1932.

*Note new address: 3, Portuguese Church Street, Calcutta, India.*



## ONE POINT OF VIEW

## Like Tortoises on the Brahmaputra

BY

P. ROBALDO, S. C.

On a hot summer evening it is not an uncommon thing to see on the shores of the Brahmaputra a goodly number of quiet tortoises creeping slowly about in the sand, closed tightly in their hard shells, which they never leave. Little do they know how happy they are! Wherever they go they carry their houses along with them and at a moment's notice can have their houses up just where they stand! Now isn't

down by beasts and by the hand of time skeletons of houses that have been burnt or destroyed, fields half-sown with dog-grass and a few ears of corn: and at the foot of the hills, long bamboo poles fixed into the slope, the Khasi aqueduct: All these signs tell the missionary that in times passed villages flourished there. one day I asked Anthony, a good Christian of our district an explanation of this.



that glorious! Yet they are not the only ones to enjoy such a solution of the housing question. A good number of the natives of India especially here in the Khasi hills and down among the Syntengs have learned to imitate the tortoise almost to perfection!

The missionary, on the long and frequent journeys he is often compelled to make, finds here and there in deserted places the remnants of old dwellings: hedges broken

“Yes” he replied, “a long time ago there was a village there, but it has been carried some miles further up the other side of the river. There had been a tiger on the prowl several nights in succession and besides killing a number of cows and sheep he had destroyed two or three of the villagers. The people considered the place unhealthy and moved off to another, carrying away their huts and all else they possessed.”

*Note new address: 3, Portuguese Church Street, Calcutta, India.*



I understand then the reason for the long miscellaneous procession that I had seen some months ago going up alongside the river. Men, women, and children trudged along silently, each one bent under the load he carried; thatch for the roof of the houses, wooden beams for the frame, doors, posts, mats, bags of rice, mattocks, spades, baskets, with the cows and sheep bringing up the rear.

Anthony continued to explain to me how they effected their change of abode. They began early, at dawn, to uncover their huts, free the heavy beams, pull down the light bamboo-walls: a simple task indeed, for they use no nails in their buildings, nor any iron at all for that matter. When the houses were down they had their farewell breakfast in the old village and then each one got under way with his bit: the goal

was somewhere further away from the forest and the tiger. At about midday they arrived at the spot selected and a few hours were sufficient to have the whole village up. The co-operation was wonderful. As soon as one had his house up he was over at his friends' giving a hand: long before sunset the village was on its feet.

An abundant rice dinner was then spread to inaugurate the new site and when it was over every one "turned-in" (can you turn-in on a mat?) leaving to the morrow what it was not necessary to do that day. And now I suppose they would be ready to change their residence again if a new danger turned up. Happy-go-lucky folk! When they feel like changing, they can do it with no greater difficulty than the tortoises in the Brahmaputra.

THE end.

"Oh, the financial part of the question does not worry me. The money will come in right enough."

"Oh, and what about the title?"

"I shall give a name to it afterwards, as soon as I get the plans approved."

"Ah, I'm glad you were sensible and took my advice and changed the name. 'Help of Christians' doesn't sound well at all. I'll put the plans up before the Board and get them passed for you. There'll be no difficulty at all—now that the name has been altered."

### Satisfying both sides

ON receiving word that the plans had been sanctioned, Don Bosco went to thank the City Architect for the interest he had shewn, whereupon the latter replied: "You know, if you had been obstinate and insisted on naming that Church 'Help of Christians,' I would not have passed it for you."

Then Don Bosco calmly remarked: "I have never changed my idea—the Church will be called 'Help of Christians'. You did not wish to approve the title—you have not done so, so your point is gained. I

your religion and have long wanted to see you. Come to my village, for I, and many others, are anxious to speak to you."

And I promised that soon I would pay him the desired call.

Quickened by this example, many invitations to other villages were showered on me, and all I gladly accepted, while a hymn of gratitude to the Good God welled up in my heart.

### The Harvest Ripe

THE object of my visit to the market having been attained, we made our way down to a neighbouring village where we spent a far from unprofitable night. In fact, so many were the enquiries received, that I left one of my companions there behind me to instruct the villagers and prepare them for Holy Baptism—later to be offered as a spiritual Bouquet to our Divine Redeemer in the Jubilee Year of His Redemption.

"AM I a slave?" bellowed the budding orator, warming to his subject.

"You're under the yolk," remarked a small boy in the audience as he let fly an egg.



A true story

# I'LL DROP BUDDHA

By Revd. Brother A. DIBITONTO S.C.

Nine sharp, brisk boys,  
On three short benches,  
With catechisms open,  
And attentive eyes.

**T**HE leafy goa-tree affords a shady shelter from the scorching rays of the Gauhati sun and underneath it, in the open air, class is being held.

A young lay brother is explaining to the boys the reason of the Redemption, whilst the children with mouths open drink in every word; their sad eyes travelling the while to a picture of the Crucified which hangs in front of them.

A few cows slowly wend their way past, with an old man bringing up the rear. He overhears a few words, and stops. His eyes fall on the picture and draw in every detail as the teacher continues his moving description. The man remains but the cows move on.

Then with an evident effort he drags himself together and hastily glances down the road. The animals are no longer in sight, so reluctantly he rises to his feet and hurries after them. But not yet is he content, for on arriving at the pasture, he leaves his beasts in the temporary charge of a kindly neighbour, and hurries back to the shade of that friendly goa-tree.

**A**GAIN he sits down and listens in eagerly to every word—intensely anxious to understand it all, but it is all too difficult . . . "Who is that Man? Why does He hang there? A God and yet He allowed men to kill Him. Innocent and without sin, and yet He died for all men. Even for me? Why He didn't even know me, I wasn't yet born, for it happened many years ago. And yet this teacher-saheb insists that He died for all men. That he died for me . . . . ."

**C**LASS is over; a brief prayer is said and the boys put their benches on their shoulders and march towards home.

The man too gets to his feet and after a hesitating glance here and there, slowly

and pensively makes his way towards the field where his cattle graze. But an hour later he is back again at the Mission—this time with determined face.

"Where is that teacher-saheb who was teaching under the goa-tree this morning?"

The Brother is soon found.

"Here, take these—they are for your boys", and so saying he dropped a parcel of sweets into the Brother's hands. "I listened to your words this morning and you spoke things that I have never heard before but I cannot understand now because I am old. Your God is really great, and I want to know Him if I can. Help me, please . . . I know that at present I am walking in darkness but I will change my life.

"I'll drop Buddha and become a Christian if you'll have me."

And warm tears gushed from his eyes as he affectionately grasped the Brother's arms.

**A**RRANGEMENTS were soon made for the old man to start a regular course of instruction, and soon, helped by the prayers of the little boys to whom the sweets were given, he will publicly avow his faith; he will openly drop Buddha and embrace Christ.

May his example bring many others to the Fold.

**F**OR the third time within a week the housemaid had found the same tramp on her, doorstep.

"Look here, my man," she said, "will you please inform me why you've come begging at my door again? Why don't you try someone else along the road?"

"Can't," replied the tramp. "Doctor's orders, ma'am."

"Doctor's orders?" asked the maid.

"Yes ma'am. My doctor told me that when I found the food that agreed with me I should continue with it."