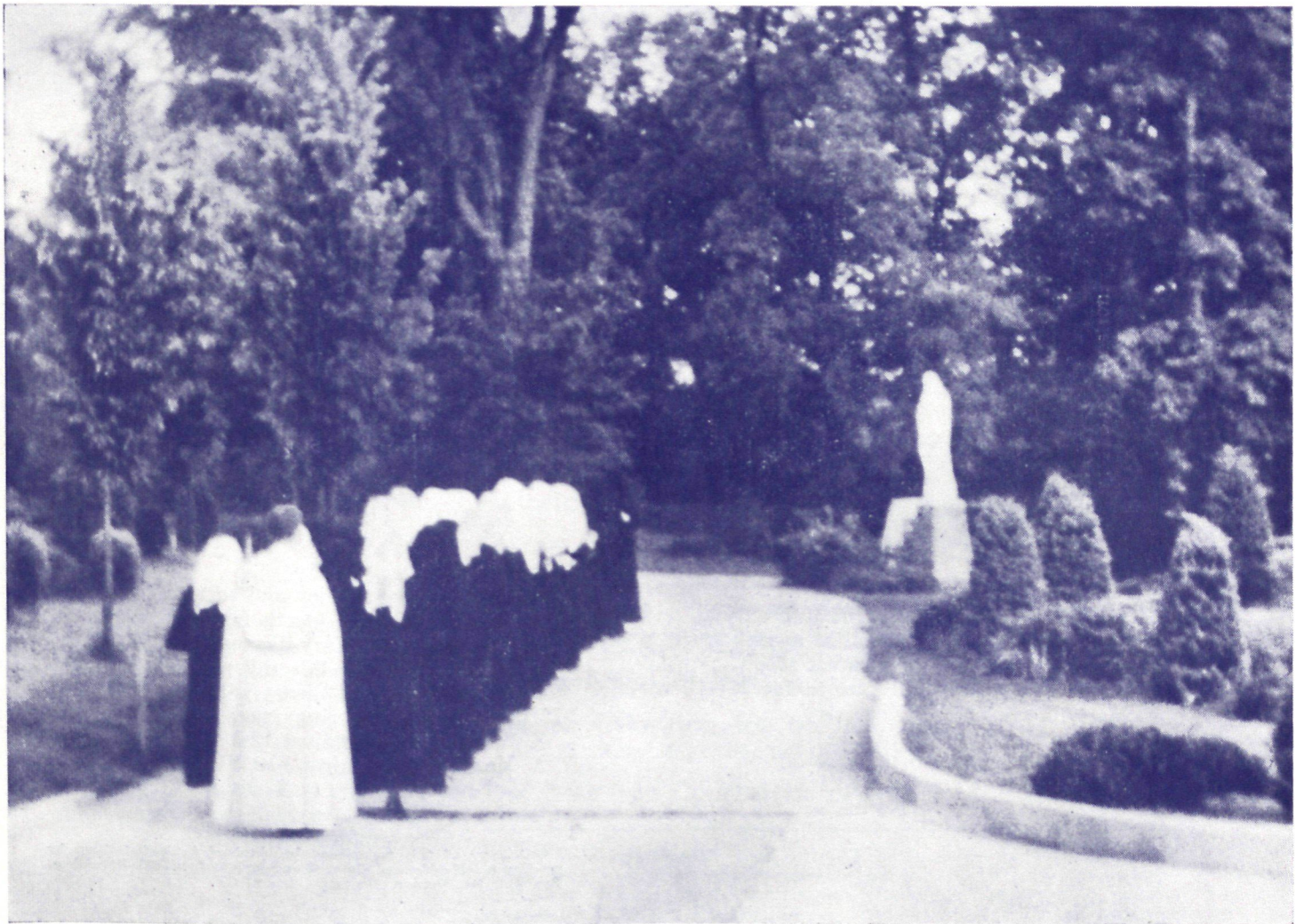


May 1941

The **MISSIONARY CATECHIST**



May Procession on Victory-Noll Grounds

Volume 17 Number 6

May 1941

Mary - Likeness

MARY-LIKE in soul and body;
Mary-like in mind and heart;
Mary-like in every action—
Child of God, how fair thou art!
Fair to Christ and all His angels,
Fair to earth since thou art seen
To be like her—like MARY,
Earth's and Heaven's fairest Queen.



MARY-LIKE in soul! What beauty
When thy soul is full of grace!
What a Mary-smile will greet thee
When thou'lt meet her face to face!
Mary-like in body! Keeping
All the senses in control;
Looks and bearing both revealing
A Mary-temple for the soul.

MARY-LIKE in mind and memory!
Sinful thoughts and fancies flee;
Idle dreams and selfish musings
Find no place, fair child, in thee.
For the Mary-mind is lifted
From all sordid thoughts to live
On the high and noble promptings
That a Mary-soul would give.

MARY-LIKE in thy affections,
Loving all, excluding none—
Loving, as you think our Lady
Ever faithful, would have done;
Mary-like in every action
In enjoyment, work or prayer,
Watching Mary, copying Mary,
Loving Mary, everywhere.

NIGHT and day, in joy and sorrow,
Night and day, 'neath crushing care,
Ask of Christ true Mary-likeness,
Through the year be this thy prayer—
Christ will hear, and Christ will answer
If thy pleading but ring true:
"Jesus, make me just like MARY.
Mary, make me just like YOU."

Louis W. Bernicken

A copy of this poem may be obtained in leaflet form by
sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Louis W. Bernicken,
Box 413, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.



*Blessed is he who loves thy
sweet name, O Mother of God.*
—St. Bonaventure.

—O—

What can Jesus Christ refuse
His Mother, who so tenderly em-
braced, fed and served Him? Of
a surety He will grant all she
asks from His mercy.

—Blessed Henry Suso

—O—

*I love to be among the number
of those who believe fully and
entirely all that, without error,
we can believe of the greatness
of Mary.*

—St. Alphonsus

—O—

Take courage, you who are
fearful, the powerful Virgin,
who is the Mother of your
Judge and your God, is also the
advocate of mankind; the skill-
ful advocate, who knows all the
means of appeasing the divine
anger; the universal advocate
by whom no suppliant is sent
away without having received
some consolation or assistance.

—St. Thomas of Villanova

—O—

*Mary is abundant in mercy
as well as in power.*

—St. Bernard

—O—

If we ourselves, though sin-
ners, can help one another by
our prayers, how irresistible
must be the intercession of
Mary, who never grieved Al-
mighty God by sin from the
first moment of her existence
till she was received by triumph-
ant angels into Heaven.

—Cardinal Gibbons

—O—

*Mary not only assists her dear
servants in their death, but also
comes to accompany them to the
divine tribunal.*

—St. Jerome

—O—

The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

CONTENTS

Volume 17

May, 1941

Number 6

	Page
Queen of Lilies <i>by John Marchem</i>	4
True Devotion To Our Blessed Mother	5
A First Year <i>by Catechist Mary Alice James</i>	6
Via Uncle Sam's Mailbag <i>by Catechist M. Regina Foppe</i>	8
In the Footsteps of the Good Shepherd <i>by Catechist Eleanor Gerhart, Superior</i>	9
In The Home Field	10
Associate Catechists of Mary	12
In the Midst of Them <i>by Catechist Mary Alice James</i>	14
Many Mothers <i>by Catechist Miriam Doyle</i>	15
Mary's Loyal Helpers	17
Mission Intention for the Month <i>by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell</i>	19
The Best and Dearest is for Mother	20

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Queen of Lilies

By John Marchem

A PAGAN goddess of impurity was Diana of the Ephesians. Her Temple at Ephesus in Asia Minor was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. It was skilfully built upon a morass, overlooking the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea. For centuries it stood as the victorious symbol of luxury, license and lust. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" was the boast of her debauched worshipers.

ON a hill facing the great Temple, Christians raised a small, modest chapel to the honor of the Mother of God. It is the belief that this chapel was begun by St. John, to whom Christ confided His Mother, while the beloved Apostle was Bishop of Ephesus.

TIME marched on. The splendid Temple of Diana was abandoned after an earthquake, pillaged in a barbarian invasion, and finally razed to the ground by Constantine. The modest little chapel of Mary, meanwhile, developed to the dimensions of a Basilica.

IN this Basilica, overlooking the sight of Diana's then forgotten glory, more than two hundred bishops gathered in the year 431 for a General Council of the Catholic Church. And there they declared to all the world and for all time the doctrine of our faith: Mary is truly the Mother of God.

AS the Council closed, so history relates, the town was illuminated and rang late into the night, with glad shouts of a grateful, jubilant people: "We hail thee, O Mother of God."

GOD'S Providence provided that where once Diana was worshipped as goddess of impurity, the Virgin most pure was proclaimed and honored the Mother of God.

THE Catholic Church was then four hundred years old. Time marched on eleven more centuries. Then there arose in Christ's Church reformers without authority from God. Like most unauthorized reformers they lacked foresight and balance, and had recourse to drastic measures. Perhaps the most drastic of their measures was an attempt to reform the Church by ignoring the Mother of the Founder.

THEY protested: You must not honor Mary because honor paid to the Mother takes from the honor due to the Son. You must not pay such honor to a creature, you must honor the Creator. The Catholic Church's honor of Mary derogates from the honor due to God.

FOR real Catholics there was no difficulty then, nor is there now, in the honor they paid to

the Mother of God. But there is a real difficulty for some well meaning non-Catholics. Catholics know and must obey the first Commandment of God: They did not then, nor do they now, adore the Blessed Mother. But they can and they do quite intentionally reverence and honor her. And they do so for very good reasons.

GOD Himself honored her. To prepare her fittingly for the greatest gift within His giving, if we might speak so of God, He decreed her Immaculate Conception. The very moment she came to life beneath the heart of her mother, Saint Ann, Mary had no stain of original sin. Then, when she had developed into beautiful maidenhood, God gave her the highest gift even His all-mighty power could give—He made her the Mother of His Son. And this miraculous privilege He made the more mysterious by allowing her to become a mother while yet remaining a virgin. Finally, at her death, because of her dignity and her sinless life, God assumed her body and soul into Heaven. It was not fitting that her sinless body should suffer the corruption of the grave, a penalty for sin.

TRY as we might, singly or together, could we poor, human, finite creatures approach even in the least all this honor bestowed upon Mary by the Creator? Never, in the least.

CATHOLICS, moreover, have ever loved and honored our Blessed Mother because of her close association with her Divine Son. Christians have traveled from the far corners of the earth to visit the Holy Land of Palestine. There they honored the Sacred Cave of Bethlehem and the Holy Sepulcher. If Christians honor these inanimate places because Christ hallowed them by His presence, why cannot they honor the living person of His Mother who was His first tabernacle? If they honor the land in which He lived, why cannot they honor the Mother in whose chaste womb He dwelt for nine months?

WHAT happened to the reformers and their ardent followers who ignored the Mother of God and denied her honor? We can give the answer in the words of Cardinal Newman, written almost a hundred years ago: "Catholics who have honored the Mother of God, still worship the Son of God, while non-Catholics who have ceased to confess the Son began by scoffing at the Mother."

AGAIN under God's Providence, while the ignoring of Mary grew gradually to a neglect of her Son, the honoring of Mary steadily vivified the worship of her Son.

True Devotion to Our Blessed Mother

Dedication to Mary

My Queen, my Mother! I give myself entirely to thee; and, to show my devotion to thee, I consecrate to thee this day my eyes, my ears, my mouth, my heart, my whole being, without reserve. Wherefore, good Mother, as I am thine, keep me, guard me as thy property and possession.
(100 days ind.)



Last month we said that in the True Devotion there are three essential principles: first, renunciation; second, consecration; third, the state of absolute dependence. If we examine these three principles closely, we will see that they are fundamental principles of the spiritual life—the life of Christian perfections which we are all called upon to practice according to our state.

THE term “renunciation” means the act of giving up some cherished possession. In its ordinary sense it means the abandonment or relinquishing of something we possess. What do we renounce when we take up the practice of the True Devotion? We renounce, first of all, creatures—all unlawful attachment to creatures. And when we speak about creatures, we do not mean merely persons and things outside of ourselves, but we mean ourselves as well. So renunciation means the giving up of ourselves in so far as this is compatible with our state of life. It means the giving up of the natural operations of our mind: that is, self-opinion, self-judgment, the natural operations of our will, the natural affections of our heart. All these things that we naturally desire, cling to, and attach ourselves to, we strip ourselves of and renounce. And for what purpose? That we might consecrate ourselves entirely and forever to Jesus through Mary for the glory of our Heavenly Father.

BLESSED de Montfort, to help us make a complete renunciation of ourselves, outlined special exercises for this purpose. He would have us perform these for thirty days in preparation for our act of consecration. The exercises consist, for the most part, in meditations on the nothingness of self and on the necessity of our absolute dependence upon Almighty God. They are contained in the little book, “The Reign of Jesus through Mary.”

THE second essential principle of the True Devotion is CONSECRATION. To consecrate

means to make sacred or holy. Ordinarily understood it means to dedicate or to devote oneself to the service of God. And so, in the practice of the True Devotion, to consecrate ourselves means to devote ourselves, to give ourselves to God through Jesus and Mary. It is the free gift of ourselves to Him to Whom we really belong.

IN making this absolute gift of ourselves to God, we acknowledge that we are nothing and that of ourselves we have nothing. Everything we have in the spiritual order, as well as in the temporal order, comes from Him. We imitate Our Blessed Mother who understood more clearly than anyone else that God created her for His Own glory. And we can glorify Him by an undivided consecration of ourselves, acknowledging that He is everything and that we are nothing.

THIS consecration is the motivating principle of the True Devotion. It is interior; it comes from the will. It comprises all things; it embraces all things. The more our interior consecration extends to all things, the more perfectly does it conform to the spirit of the True Devotion, and the more perfectly does it manifest a true love for Our Lord. We are proving our love for Him by giving everything we have to Him through the hands of His Blessed Mother. We strip ourselves of everything that we might claim as our own. This leaves us, then, in a position or state of absolute dependence upon Our Lord through Our Blessed Mother.



May Shrine in Our Blessed Lady of Victory Chapel at Victory-Noll.



The Most Reverend Thomas K. Gorman, D. D.,
Bishop of Reno

Bumpety! Bump, bump!

The Pontiac seemed to groan in protest, as it left the highway and turned into the desert road. We were on our way to begin visiting homes in Montello, one hundred and five miles from our center in Elko, Nevada.

For twenty-six miles of washboard road we were surrounded by scenery that recalled the lines about "the desert flower, growing wilder every hour." A coyote lifted its head out of the sage; a herd of horses ran in effortless fashion after the startled leader; a tumbleweed rolled lazily beside the road; long, pointed shadows, like a Mandarin's fingers, stretched out upon the desert; whirlwinds in the distance caused the sand to rise like spirals of smoke; mountains and sky; sage and pine; dust and more dust.

From the top of one of the hillocks we had our first glimpse of Montello, a black speck, far-flung on the face of the desert. Half an hour later we reached the town. No one was in sight; Montello had the appearance of one of the ghost towns we often see.

Our first visit was to the home of an American woman who proved to be a Catholic. She gave us a warm welcome and tried to make us

realize how much she appreciated seeing Sisters in Montello.

Montello is a railroad town, and the residents depend on the railroad for livelihood. The trains stop there daily. In winter extra engines are added during the stop to help the trains make the steep climb across Pequops Summit, beyond the town. Our subsequent visits were to disclose a small Catholic group of Italian and Mexican section hands and their families, materially and spiritually poor, but anxious for instruction in their holy religion.

As we left the home of our new friend, Mrs. S., we were met by a youngster who had a message for us. "Ladies," he said, "there's an old man in one of the cabins. He's sick. And he's a Catlick."

Following the child's directions, we went down an alley to a group of cabins of the type used by single men who work on the railroad. In answer to our knock, there was a shuffling

A

sound accompanied by labored breathing. Then the door was opened slowly. An old man, with faded eyes and an ugly-looking sore at one side of his mouth, looked out at us.

"We are Catholic Sisters. May we come in and visit you?"

He motioned us to follow him into the small cabin. Catechist sat on the only chair in the room and I on the corner of the bed. Still breathing heavily the old man also sat down on the bed. He had been suffering with an asthmatic condition for a long time and recently had undergone an operation for the removal of a growth around his mouth. The doctor advised him to go to the County Home, but he did not wish to leave Montello where everyone was so kind to him.

He told us to call him Dick, and as he talked we heard a story that is not unusual out here. Dick, the youngest son of a fine Catholic family, had run away from his home in the East at the age of seventeen, shortly after the death of his mother. His years had been spent in prospecting, railroading, sheep-herding, etc. There had been drinking and gambling; failures and successes.

"But I never forgot, Sisters, I never forgot these." From under the pillow, Dick pulled a broken rosary. "No matter how bad things were I said the Paters and Aves my mother taught me. She always told us that God's Mother never fails anybody."

She hadn't failed Dick either. We promised to bring Father to him on our next visit to Montello.

About two weeks later, Father accompanied

us to Montello where he was to say Mass for the people. A visit to Dick's cabin revealed the old man dressed in his Sunday best, impatiently awaiting our coming. We left him alone with Father and returned to our car where we prayed for this poor sinner who was finding his way back to God after twenty years of wandering. At last the cabin door opened and Father stepped out, with Dick leaning heavily on his arm. The look of happiness on the thin old face made one's heart warm with thankfulness.

At the home of Mrs. S. everything was in readiness for the Mass. The children had looked on in astonishment at the strange articles Catechist had taken from Father's Mass kit. At Communion time, we helped Dick to the front of the room. He knelt and Father placed the Sacred Host on his tongue. Later when we offered to lead him back to an easy chair in the corner he motioned us away saying, "Wait, I didn't thank Him enough." What joy to the Heart of the Good Shepherd!

After Mass, we taught the children. Some of them had been attending the Protestant Sun-

First

day School but now they promised to come faithfully to us.

Thus began the year in our most distant mission. In many respects it was a memorable one. There was the distance, although after several trips it did not seem long. There was opposition. A small-town Protestant school board, prejudiced and alarmed at the regularity of our visits, decided to keep the children in school over time on the days scheduled for our classes. One day we made a special trip all the way to Montello to teach an extra class since we were promised the last half hour of school time for that purpose. Upon our arrival at the school we were met by the Principal who informed us that the decision had been reconsidered and the children would not be free. We saw them for about ten minutes and then had to make the return trip to Elko.

Some of the men and women of the mission were not attending the monthly Mass because it was held in a private home, and seating and kneeling accommodations were lacking. The Catholic people had donated money and services when the community church had been erected and so they were offended when they were not permitted the use of the building. Time and again Father and the men interviewed the officials. Finally, we were permitted to have the church.

The children and people began to come more regularly. There was a marked change in attitude. The Catholics had a church now, and the

bells on Sunday called them to their services just as the Protestant residents were summoned to theirs.

When First Communion time approached Father decided to let the children receive in their own town instead of bringing them to Elko. Plans were being made for this great day when the thrilling news came that His Excellency, Bishop Gorman, was coming to administer Confirmation in Montello. Never, in the memory of our people, had their little town been so honored.

What excitement! Even the Protestant neighbors caught the spirit. The school orchestra offered to prepare a musical program; the town hall was made available for the occasion; the Catholic women planned to serve a chicken dinner; gardens were stripped of their choicest blossoms for the decorations.

At last the gala day arrived. The Bishop walked up the aisle of the bare little community church. Before a makeshift altar he administered the Sacrament of Strength to a people who needed it sorely. Then with a kindly understanding and sympathy that is characteristic of our missionary Bishop, he spoke to the people and challenged them to overcome all obstacles for the sake of their precious Faith.

At dinner, late in the afternoon, Bishop Gorman congratulated all on their friendliness and community spirit, and asked that this spirit be fostered. He spoke of the need for unity in a world torn by strife, and of our Holy Father's

Year

By Catechist Mary Alice James

efforts to secure this unity among all sects and people. In referring to the Pope, Bishop Gorman recalled that at the time of his visit to America he had passed over Nevada in a plane.

Amedo, one of our Italian men, edged forward in his chair, the light of comprehension in his eyes. He nodded enthusiastically to us. Later, as we started to leave the hall, Amedo met us. In his broken English he gave his version of our first year in Montello.

"Now I understand! El Papa fly-a over Nevada. He look-a down. He see-a Montello. See-a Cobre. See-a Lucin. No Catlick church. No Seester school. Nothing for the kids. He say-a, 'I gonna do something queeck!' He visit El Papa in Reno. Feex it all up. Now look-a. We gotta priest. He say-a the Mass. The kids, she learn-a pray and Catecheesmo. We gotta Seesters to teach. We gotta everything. He ees one swell Papa. Viva El Papa!"

THE snows of the past winter are gone from Nevada's fields; the heavy rains are over. Nevertheless, the promise they brought of future blessings remains, renewing the spirits of all. Ranchers in this desert state are looking forward now to an abundant harvest. The unemployed who have found the idle winter months long, are hopeful of getting jobs soon. We too are looking forward to the harvest time. It will mark the close of our second year of mission work here in the Elko district.

THOUGH snows obstructed many of the side trails which lead to our missions, the winter months—burdensome to many—did not seem long to us. Our activities were never snowbound. When cars could not take us to our teaching centers on the days scheduled, we continued the instructions just the same, by correspondence. Uncle Sam's mailbag had always fascinated us as a medium of transmitting religious instructions. Out here it might be called a means of salvation to some, as proved by the following sad case.

Via Uncle Sam's Mailbag

by Catechist M. Regina Foppe

THE first death of the year was that of a boy, thirteen years of age, whose family lives in Rowland, Nevada, one hundred miles from Elko. Wishing to give their child Christian burial, the parents took the body of their son in a truck and started for Elko. Deep snow blocked their trail and a tractor was required to pull the truck over the first twenty-eight miles. The parents had started from their home at four o'clock in the afternoon and had reached Elko at five the next morning. Most of this time was spent on the first twenty-eight miles.

THIS family had preserved very little contact with the Church due to their isolation and the difficult trails. The children were uninstructed in religious truths and consequently had not received their First Holy Communion. The death of the son was God's way of bringing Catholic instruction to these needy members of His Fold. It reaches them now by way of Uncle Sam's mailbag in our correspondence course. Two girls in the family, Barbara fifteen, and Ruth twelve, will have the happiness of receiving their First Holy Communion soon.

TEN adults and thirty-four children are now taking our catechism correspondence course in preparation for their First Holy Communion. These pupils range in age from seven to fifty-three years. Whenever possible they come to our center for an oral instruction.

ABOUT ten miles distant from the small settlement of Jiggs, Nevada, (thirty-five miles from Elko) lives an elderly Czechoslovakian mother with her four youngest sons. These sons are grown men, twenty, twenty-two, twenty-seven, and thirty years of age. In the early years of her married life, the mother made her home on a small ranch well hidden in the Ruby Mountains. It was far from the nearest school and so the children seldom attended. It was still farther from the church which it was well-nigh impossible for them to reach. Once or twice a year, a priest from Eureka tried to make the trip to Jiggs on horse back, a distance of about 180 miles, through dangerous mountain passes. When he would finally arrive at Jiggs, one of the men would make every effort to reach the nearest ranches and inform the people that Holy Mass was to be offered.

IT is more than likely that this Czechoslovakian mother and her increasing family seldom, if ever, assisted at these rare services. At any rate, the children grew up without Baptism. The

father used to say that his children could receive Baptism and religious instruction when he had earned enough money to return to the Old Country. But poverty instead of abundance was his portion, and death claimed him before he could realize his ambition to return to his native land. Through the mercy of God he received the Last Sacraments before he departed this life.

THE mother is really a devout soul, and it is probably in answer to her prayers that God is giving the gift of Faith to her children. In November we called at the ranch which her sons have purchased. The youngest was at home and manifested his desire to become a Catholic. But he told us that his brothers and he often worked on other ranches, and so might not be nearby on the days we taught in Jiggs. He was happy when we told him that the instructions could be carried on by correspondence.

Just before Christmas the eldest son stopped at our convent for an instruction. Before he left he said that his married sister also wished to enroll in the correspondence course. We sent her the first lesson at once. She returned it with this note attached: "Catechist, please send another lesson just like this for my husband."

It is our earnest hope that these six adults will receive the Sacrament of Baptism before the year is over. What happiness that will bring to their mother!

In the Footsteps of The Good Shepherd

by Catechist Eleanor Gerhart

OUT here in Nevada God's sunshine apparently warms hearts as well as nature. We have experienced in many ways the friendly spirit of the people in the West since we arrived in Elko to open our new mission. Kindness to everyone is the Nevadan's predominant virtue, and our city of Elko is appropriately styled the "City of Hospitality."

Elko County is the second largest in the Union, covering as it does, a territory of approximately 19,737 square miles. One priest ministers to the spiritual needs of the Catholic families scattered over this immense parish. Each Sunday he travels from fifty to one hundred miles to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in some mission, and then he returns to offer his second Mass for another group in another place.

Since it is our privilege to assist the hard working missionary priest in the religious instruction of the children in his vast field, many of his problems and difficulties are ours also, although in a far lesser degree. The long distances and often impassable trails render it impracticable for us to gather groups of children into one class. On the contrary, it is often necessary to teach them in threes or twos or singly.

NEVADA'S STATE SONG

*Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.*

*"Home" means Nevada.
"Home" means the hills,
"Home" means the sage and the pines.
Out by the Truckee's silvery rills,
Out where the sun always shines.
There is the land that I love the best,
Fairer than all I can see,
Right in the heart of the golden West,
"Home" means NEVADA to me.*

—Bertha Raffetto

Our program for the first and third Monday of the month is an example of how we travel about in an attempt to reach all our scattered families.

When the roads are passable we start from our convent at six o'clock in the morning. Our first stop is at the home of two children in North Fork, fifty miles from Elko. We teach them before they leave for school.

Noon finds us with a class of four in the mining town of Rio Tinto twenty-six miles away. Rio Tinto is situated on a high mountain, a City of the Sky it might be called. Most of the people there are known as "Jack Mormons." Since they do not pay tithes, and do not abstain from coffee and other forbidden things, they are considered outcasts by the more fervent Mormons.



"It is often necessary to teach them in threes or twos or singly."

After lunch we hurry on to Mountain City, three miles from Rio Tinto, where we visit adults who are trying to learn more about the Catholic Church and her teachings through our correspondence courses. Recently we learned that the Presbyterian minister pays regular visits to these same families and distributes reading matter among them. His argument is the one commonly put forth in these parts: Since there is no Catholic church in town, it is better to go to Sunday School or to some other church than to none at all.

About three o'clock three children welcome us at Gold Creek, a small settlement fifteen miles from Mountain City. An hour later we set out for our final class of the day, ten miles farther on. The class consists of a boy and his two sisters who are preparing for their First Holy Communion.

Seven P.M. finds us back in our convent home at Elko. We have had a long day, covered many miles and taught only a few children. But it has been a day well spent for we have carried the message of God's love to eager hearts who have no other way of receiving it, and who would otherwise probably be lost to Holy Mother Church.

IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH

IT doesn't take much to unlock the doors of hearts and let God's grace flow in.

While taking census in one of our centers we happened upon an old couple who were in great distress. The woman was sick in bed with a severe cold. The man was trying to care for her. He said he worked on certain days but his earnings were not sufficient to buy medicine or even enough food.

We did not have to ask many questions; the need was too apparent. Our first action was to go to a drug store and purchase simple cold remedies. Then we bought a box full of plain but substantial food. Thus provided, we made a second visit to our old couple.

We lost no time in making the patient comfortable. I think the fact that someone was really interested in their welfare did more good to both the dear people than either the food or remedies we brought.

We visited them frequently after that, and it was not long before the woman was well again and able to do without our constant care and our help in the home.

One day we parked our car before her house while we made a visit near by. She watched for us and met us as we returned to the car.

"How is my other Catechist, my nurse?" she asked. "I want to see her soon, because," she



The little ones pray and play at Our Blessed Mother's Shrine.—El Paso, Texas.

added confidentially, "my husband and I are not married in the Church; only by the court."

I listened to her story and answered her many questions. Both she and her husband really wished to have their marriage rectified and to receive the Sacraments again. What had softened the hearts of this couple—grown old in sin—to the action of God's grace? Ointment, a box of groceries and a little loving kindness.

Catechist M. Monica Collins

In The Home Field

"FAIRIES IN WELLS"

"YOU certainly make two nice fairies" was the greeting Catechist and I received at Wells, Nevada, from a wide-eyed youngster of ten years.

Wells is fifty miles from our center in Elko. We teach there every Thursday.

At noon we have class for the Catholic children from the surrounding ranches and railroad sections. These children are taken to and from school in buses and so they cannot stay for the regular classes after school hours. Instead, they sacrifice their recreation period after lunch in order to learn the truths of their religion.

The second group of children comes to us at three o'clock. They belong to the Prayer Class and the First Communion Class. Post Communion Classes follow, then private instructions for young people, Junior Holy Name meeting, Sodality meeting and Choir. All classes are held in the modest, grey stucco chapel which was built by Extension Society about four years ago. It is named in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas. Here, twice a month, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered.

The people in Wells are mostly Italian and Mexican. They are cooperative and undertake every new suggestion with enthusiasm. Complying with the wishes of our Bishop, the Ladies Altar Society has organized three discussion clubs, an Italian speaking group, a Mexican speaking group and finally an English speaking group. At present all the groups are studying the marriage question.

It is dusk before we are ready to leave Wells. As we travel homeward in the evening, our thoughts turn heavenward in prayer for the many scattered souls throughout this vast region.

Catechist M. Hazel Sullivan



Catechist Espinosa finds a comfortable classroom under a palm covered shelter.—San Pedro, Calif.

DOCTOR SNOOKIE

IN my prayer class I have a precocious little fellow who enrolled under the name of Doctor Snookie. Later his mother told me his name was Hilton.

Hilton says many unexpected things. At one class he announced, "When I get big, I'm going to be a doctor. I'm never going to be sick and I will never die."

"But if you never die you can't go to Heaven and you will never see God," I reminded him. "Don't you wish to see God?"

Doctor Snookie could not answer such an important question at once.

Several weeks later we were having a lesson about prayer. Doctor Snookie was quick to inform us that he prayed every night. "I ask God to let me die pretty soon," he said, "because I want to go to heaven and see Him."

We teach our children to use the motto of our community, "All for Jesus through Mary." Doctor Snookie has become a champion of this practice. He is ingenious in his methods of reminding the others of things they can do for God. Then, lest they take offense, he adds some characteristic remark, such as, "God surely must smile when He sees us doing everything for Him. We like to make God smile. We should keep Him smiling all the time."

Catechist M. G. Rochel

"UP A TREE, CATECHIST!"

TWICE a month two of us spend several happy hours on a ranch near Orovalda, while the other two Catechists go forty-five miles north to McDermitt. After our religious instructions we usually play with the children in the yard or in the orchard. We had scarcely reached the house, one day, when the little ones came running out to tell us the latest news: The ram had tried to toss Felicia and her mother. Yes, he was penned up just then but they were expecting him to break loose at any moment. With such a warning, we resolved to spend the day in the house. The warm sunshine proved too great a temptation, however, and before long we were all enjoying a lively game in the orchard. Suddenly we heard some one shouting, "Mary, Mary! the ram!" At once Johnnie took command of the situation and began giving orders in his best four-year-old manner, "Get up a tree, Catechist, up a tree!"

Forgetting dignity, habit, and anything else which might have been a hindrance to climbing on any other occasion, we obeyed. Fortunately, the trees were young and branched off not too high above the ground. It was not a matter of climbing, really; we just stepped up to safety.

Catechist Mary Ruth Lindenschmitt



Flowers for Mary.—Las Vegas, New Mexico.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

IN Elko we call the Prayer Class our Little People. They are very much in earnest about their religion and we hear many stories of how they strive to put into practice the simple lessons they learn.

When we took the Little People into their classroom, one day, we noticed that the shelves had been painted and our class supplies had been removed. Among other things, the paste could not be located. This was unfortunate because the paste was a necessity in the project which the Little People were to begin that day. Catechist explained the situation and said that the project would have to be postponed until the following class. The next day one of the little lads came with his father to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Looking up at his father, as they knelt side by side in prayer, the child whispered: "Daddy, don't forget to say a prayer to Jesus so Catechist finds the paste."

Catechist M. Regina Foppe

Associate Catechists

A.C.M. Bands are mission clubs, large and small . . . groups of mothers and daughters, relatives and friends throughout America, who are united in a triple ideal of Prayer, Personal Service, and Sacrifice for the home mission cause.



Illinois FLOWERY May is lovingly dedicated by Holy Mother Church to Mary, Mother of God, and to all mothers throughout the world. It is but fitting, then, that the members of our **Mothers and Daughters Club**, Chicago, should lead the Grand March as our Associates pass in review this month.

We are grateful for the mission zeal which Mrs. Kohl inspired in the hearts of these fourteen mothers and daughters. She it was who started collecting a dime apiece from each one in this friendly neighborhood group when they gathered together monthly for an evening of simple pleasure. "She would add a dollar herself," Mrs. M. Leutkenhus, promoter, wrote, "and several other ladies did also, making it four dollars a month. Just dimes wouldn't go far, and so when we joined the A.C.M. we made our donations a little larger to make our monthly offering at least twice that much."

Mrs. Kohl passed away in March, St. Joseph's own month. In writing us of her death, Mrs. Luetkenhus said: "We keenly miss having her with us. She was jolly, and always had a smile and a good word for everyone." Truly hers was the spirit of a genuine Associate Catechist of Mary!

Nebraska OUR Associates in St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, started the year out with an election of officers at their December meeting. We were happy to send congratulations to Mrs. Helen Wentz, promoter, and have already had the pleasure of corresponding several times with their new secretary, Miss Ella Sullivan. Mrs. Helen Hoffman is vice-president, and Miss Emma Miriovsky, treasurer.

The quiet, steady efforts of our friends in Omaha to cooperate with us and share the weight of support for our apostolate has been a real encouragement. Once each year they try to sponsor a large card party which brings a truly substantial gift for the two Missionary Catechists whose Burses they help to support. In return we remember their intentions where a remembrance really counts, before the altar here at Victory-Noll, and in each of our mission-convent chapels.

of Mary

Chicago WORD of the party sponsored by a group of our loyal Chicago friends in February came just a few days late for the April magazine. However, St. Joseph Band seems to belong in this May issue, for these mission club members are among the pioneers of our A.C.M. Their inspiring zeal and steady activities during fifteen years of membership have won many friends to the support of Our Blessed Lady of Victory's cause for home missions.

Mrs. M. McNamara, promoter, and Mrs. Catherine Service were hostesses for the February party. Our heartfelt thanks go out to them and their many friends who cooperated to make this a successful affair. Already we have word of another, which they plan to hold during the next few weeks. In January hearty congratulations were sent to Mr. and Mrs. James Baldwin, on the occasion of their fifty-seventh wedding anniversary. Mrs. Baldwin has been a faithful member since this club was organized a decade and a half ago.

Minnesota INDIRECTLY word came to us here at Victory-Noll of the splendid work the members of St. Celestine's Mission Club have been doing to aid our Catechists at St. Colletta's Mission, Grants, New Mexico. For five or six years now they have been closely associated with all the mission activities carried on at Grants and a number of outlying missions, by their boxes literally overflowing with good things. Christ Him-



*St. Vincent de Paul
Band*

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

self has given the assurance of a hundred-fold reward for this charity towards His "least little ones" who have been entrusted to our care.

Chicago Again

WE have always noted with joy the earnest spirit of cooperation that has been shown by the members of **St. Irene's Band** since they organized several years ago. It makes each of them a leader in enthusiasm and interest, simplifying the responsibility for Miss Mae Walsh, promoter, and Miss Helen Gaethke who regularly keeps us informed of the 'doings' of two A.C.M. Bands.

"We have only eight members, and so can make our monthly offerings only four dollars," Miss Gaethke wrote. "However, if it is regular that will mean something." Indeed, it does! You could never guess how much it means to have you supporting one of our missionaries for four days each month. It is a pleasure, and a duty as well, for each of us to commend you daily to God, in return for your charity to us.

Berwyn TWO groups of particularly faithful Associates are the members of **Poor Souls Band**, and a companion mission club, **Mary Queen of Peace Band**. Mrs. A. K. McGovern writes for both clubs, sending encouraging letters with news of steady activities, and substantial contributions for the support of our apostolate as well. Both of these clubs exemplify how much can be done in a simple way with the cooperation of all. Their ardent interest is deeply appreciated by each Catechist, bringing them a daily remembrance in prayer. Mrs. McGovern is promoter of Poor Souls Band, while Mrs. E. Naumann is the leader of the other group. Mary Queen of Peace Band received the inspiration for its name from our mission in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Michigan

WE received a wealth of news in a recent letter from Mrs. Margaret Wright, promoter of **St. Anne's Band** in St. Joseph. "In spite of the lack of letters between us for several months, our mission club has been working steadily. At two of our meetings we made Sacred Heart badges, and at several of the others

Seated, left to right: Mrs. A. F. Young, Mrs. A. P. Carl (promoter); Mrs. John Witte, and Mrs. Ciem Ley.

Standing, left to right: Mrs. Louis Pettit, Mrs. August Quillaume, Mrs. George Pequignot, Mrs. Georgia Blume and Mrs. Isabelle Kahn.

we mounted holy pictures for the little ones at St. Joseph Mission in Tulare. A baby-shower and a bingo party, sponsored by Mrs. Adeline Ryboreczyk, were also recent activities.

"Mrs. Rudnick's daughter, Anne, busily selling tickets for our Bingo, sought out the wife of one of our merchants as a prospective customer. This lady was unable to come but she asked her husband to give us a prize. What do you think it was? A seven-way floor lamp, with indirect lighting! This was raffled, and swelled our treasury by twenty dollars.

"At the bingo party, one of our prizes was a year's subscription to **THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST** magazine. This was won by Mrs. Eggleston, a sister of Bishop Lynch, San Antonio, Texas. She was delighted to receive it."

A. C. M. BAND DONATIONS

February 25 to March 25

Adrian Club, Chicago, Miss Florence Dietz	\$25.00
Archbishop Stritch Band, Chicago, Miss Helen Gaethke	10.00
Charitina Club I, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	4.50
Charitina Club II, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary C. Gibbons	2.40
Good Shepherd Band, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley	13.00
Guadalupe Band, Dayton, Ohio, Miss Rose Marie Heier	6.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. J. Murphy	8.05
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary A. Perkins	10.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Miss Lillian Dunn	10.50
Little Flower Mission Circle, Pittsburgh, Miss Catherine Lippert	9.70
Mary Band, Chicago, Miss Helen Pidgeon	10.00
Our Lady of Mercy Band, Chicago, Mrs. M. Heneghan	50.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band II, Evanston, Ill., Miss Celia Henrich	5.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Illinois	7.50
Price Hill Sewing Ladies, Cincinnati, Mrs. J. J. Gries	5.00
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Sue Albanese	10.00
St. Elizabeth Band, Dearborn, Mich., Miss Clela Schneider	30.00
St. Gemma Galgani Band, Chicago, Mrs. Rose Bunyan	1.00
St. Helen's Band, Dayton, Miss Margaret Karas	4.25
St. Joseph Band, Baldwinville, N. Y., Miss Margaret Bocchino	8.75
St. Joseph Band I, Chicago, Mrs. M. McNamara	50.00
St. Jude Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Mary Noll	71.65
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	6.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Nebr., Mrs. Helen Wentz	5.00
St. Mel's Band, Chicago, Miss Margaret L. Murphy	22.50
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. E. B. Redig	4.00

In the Midst of Them

by Catechist Mary Alice James



A Desert in Bloom

THE darkness of a winter evening was settling over the town as I locked the door of our mission church. Turning away, I almost collided with a man. The lantern in his hand cast weird shadows on his soot-marked face and I stepped back in fright. Happily he misunderstood.

"Never mind unlocking it, Sister, I have my own key." He pointed to the engine puffing noisily on the tracks in front of the church. "I've got just a few minutes before we start on our run."

Then I understood. He arranged to spend those "few minutes" before the Blessed Sacrament.

This incident is typical of Carlin, our out-mission about thirty miles from Elko. The Blessed Sacrament is kept in the church although there is no resident priest in Carlin. With extraordinary faithfulness the people in this mission territory have taken to heart the care of the house of their Divine Guest.

Many families have their own pass keys and can visit in the church when they wish, and at the same time safeguard it from the hoboos who board and leave the trains as they pull in and out of this railroad town.

The ladies of the Altar Society keep the church in good order and contribute to the upkeep of it by means of their card parties, ravioli suppers, etc.

The men, few in number, are enthusiastic and think nothing of devoting many hours of labor to repairing, plumbing and other necessary work for the church.

A Junior Holy Name Society and a Sodality are training the younger set to assume responsibility in the parish life.

Working busily and happily together under the guidance of Father Donald Carmody who comes from Battle Mountain for a weekly Mass, these people are an example and an encouragement to their pastor, to us who visit and teach among them, and to their Protestant neighbors. They must surely be a consolation to our Eucharistic Lord who dwells "in the midst of them."

Many Mothers

By Catechist Miriam Doyle



Novices at Victory-Noll

"Catechist, I'm glad you told us about making spiritual bouquets for our mothers, because now I have a present to give, and I know my mother will like it, especially with this pretty picture on it. But I'm sorry about something else."

"Why, what makes you sorry, Petrina?"

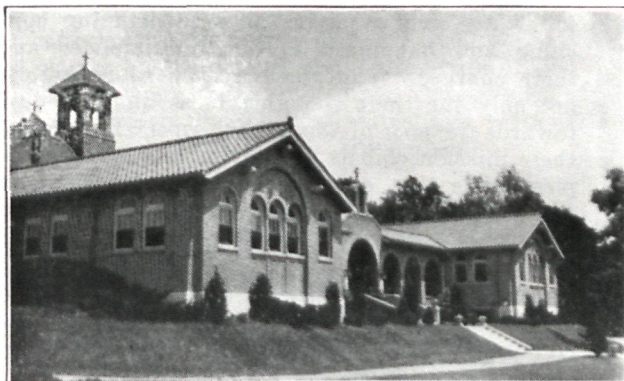
"I'm sorry for you, Catechist, because there isn't any mother in your house. There's just Catechists there, that's all."

"Oh, but Petrina, that doesn't mean we have no mother. We have more mothers than anyone I know of."

"Really, Catechist? Where are they?"

"Well, you know about the most important Mother of all, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, our Blessed Mother in Heaven. She is Mother of all of us, because she's Mother of Jesus, and we all belong to Him—if we're good. And she's the best one to help us be good. But everyone has her, Catechist. What about your very own? Is she in Heaven, too? Like you said Aurora's was when she was feeling bad 'cause her mother's dead."



Victory-Noll, Motherhouse of the Society of Missionary Catechists at Huntington, Indiana

"No, my 'very own' mother is back home, where I left her when I went to be a Catechist. She still prays for me, like every mother who wants her children to be good and happy serving God. And do you know where I went, when I left home and mother? To a MOTHER-HOUSE! That's the home where the Catechists live, and there are some Catechists who are like mothers to the new ones, and help them to know and love our Heavenly Mother better."

"How about now? Is the Captain of the Catechists like a mother in your mission?"

"Exactly, Petrina. You children call her 'Captain,' and her real title is 'Superior', but down in our hearts, we think of her and love her as a mother, too. I've lost track of the number of mothers by now, haven't you? And there are still some more to count. You know we have many friends who help us with their prayers and money and good things we need. Most of them have families of their own, but they've 'adopted' a Catechist besides. The good lady who adopted me sent those nice holy pictures we used for our spiritual bouquets, and many other things we're thankful for."

"Gee, Catechist, you sure do have a lot of mothers!"

"Yes, we do, Petrina. Now you know why I asked the children in class to pray for my intentions too, when they prayed for their mothers. I wanted them to help me send up enough prayers to our Blessed Mother in Heaven so that she'll shower down her blessings on all the mothers of the Catechists—the ones at home, and some that are on their way to Heaven; the Superiors out here, and those at the Mother-House; the kind ladies who adopt us; and all the mothers of all our children. We'd better go to church right now, Petrina, and start praying, because we'll never have time enough to thank Our Lord as much as we should for giving us all these mothers, and His Own besides!"

Mary's

Mary's Flowers

THIS month's very name makes our hearts bound with joy. It reminds us of Mary, for only one little "r" is missing to make "May" her name as well as the name of the fairest month in spring. It would be strange, then, if May's flowers did not belong to Mary also. They do, both in reality on her altars, and in name. Many of the earth's fairest blossoms were named in ages past in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

In all lands throughout the world the lily is associated with Mary, reminding us of different events in her life as well as of her purity. We are acquainted best with the lovely Annunciation lily, but the fleur-de-lis, or iris, grows in Mary's color of blue, while the tiny lilies of the valley are thought to be Our Lady's Tears. Pure white snowdrops seem prettier for the altar, if they are called by their real name, "Candlemas Bells."

LEGEND tells us that flowers sprang up all along the Blessed Virgin's way through life. The hazel tree, it is said, blossomed when Mary went to visit St. Elizabeth; the daffodils formed a path for Gabriel when he brought God's message to Mary in her humble home at Nazareth. The orchid, which ladies like to wear as a corsage when they go to dance, should be dear to us for another reason. It bears the lovely name, "Our Lady's Slipper."

The German people call our demure primrose "Frauen Schluessel"—"Our Lady's Key," because it opens the gate of spring. The spear-mint in France is called "Our Lady's Mint"; and to the people of England the dainty blue speedwell is "Mary's Rest." The boys and girls of Nazareth call bryony "Our Lady's Vine," and the holly tree to them is "Mary's Tree."

The delicate maiden-hair ferns, which you like to seek in the woods in spring, are often known as "Our Lady's Tresses," while "Our Lady's Nightcap" is a common name for the morning glory. But not only do May's flowers belong by right to Mary, Queen of May. The delicious fruit we like so much is her's too, for in some lands the strawberry and the cherry are dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.



Loyal Helpers

From their monthly publication, the *Mission Beacon*, we quote: "Everyone likes a sunshine-y day! Members of Catherine Tekakwitha Band are showing their appreciation by dropping pennies in their Sunshine Bags. Old Sol will surely give them a grand opportunity now to fill them up in double-quick time." Not willing to be outdone by their friendly rivals, the Mission Workers of St. Anthony hurriedly posted a letter to Victory-Noll, asking for their Sunshine Bags. We surely have reason to believe that all records will be broken now as we travel towards that Mile of Pennies goal!

St. Bernadette Juniors

TEN happy young ladies, ages seven to eleven, who call themselves "St. Bernadette's Juniors," are still as active as ever bringing sunshine and happiness to our missionaries and their charges. They have reason to be happy, not only for their thoughtfulness and kindness towards the poor of Christ, but especially because their mission club is named for one of the happiest girls that ever lived . . . St. Bernadette, who was favored by so many visits from Our Blessed Mother herself.

The Juniors' officers are: Mary Therese Luecker, president; Rita Steffen, treasurer; and Antonette Haupt, secretary. The members worked hard to make their raffle of an electric kitchen clock a success a few months ago, and their efforts were rewarded. Mary Therese sent us one thousand pennies of Sunshine for our Mile!

Mary's Sodality

THREE mission clubs, named in honor of the Little Flower, St. Anthony, and Catherine Tekakwitha, were organized by St. Agnes Sodality, New Albany, Indiana, five years ago. Under the capable leadership of Geneva Grantz, Jane Unclebach, and Helen Ball, they have been flourishing with ever renewed zest and enthusiasm for the mission cause ever since. Our Missionary Catechists in New Mexico have welcomed with heartfelt gratitude their numerous mission boxes of quilts, clothing, and other useful things which the girls always mend and press before sending.

Down New Mexico Way

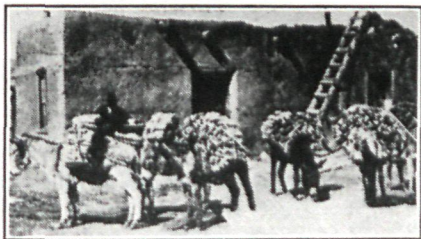
WHO doesn't get a thrill out of watching workmen, masons and carpenters, as they skillfully build someone's new home.

IN our missions down New Mexico way homes are built differently than the two-story, brick or frame structures we see in our own neighborhood. The material is different too. It is something that our architects would never dream of using. In New Mexico the people make their homes out of a substance called "adobe"—which is really plain mud!

In this land of little rain and much sunshine, mud hardens nearly as solid as our cement. When softened with a little water, and mixed with straw to hold it together, adobe can be formed into excellent bricks. These are laid in a row, to be dried by the sun.

BOTH men and women work together when the sun-dried bricks are ready to be used. The men lay the bricks in a mortar of wet adobe to form the four walls. Beams are laid across the top a foot or more apart; these too are covered with adobe and form the roof. Then the Spanish-American woman comes with her pail filled with the same building material, to "plaster" her house with a thin coat of adobe which she smears with her hands until it is smooth. The beams protrude at either end of the house, forming a row of pegs on which the people hang their bright red chili to dry.

THESE adobe homes are always one-story high, and usually are two or three room buildings. When the occasional rainy seasons come, both roof and walls are somewhat in need of repairs. This restoration is easily accomplished, for the "man of the house" needs simply to go out into his back-yard, gather up a pail or two of adobe, and plaster his home until it is whole again. The flat roof is damp for a while after a rainy spell, and seeds blown by the wind often find refuge



Be it ever so humble, wood, brick, or adobe . . . We are all agreed: There is no place like home!

May, 1941

A Message from

Your
Sunshine
Secretary



MAY I whisper a secret in your ear, Sunshine Gatherers? Your Mother in Heaven is very pleased over the way you have been saving sunshine for her other children, the boys and girls in Mission Land. You have kept me going in angel-quick time to deliver the smiles and sunshine your prayers and sacrifices have brought to the Missionary Catechists and their mission children.

It was a real problem in arithmetic to add up all the sunshine pennies saved in Sunshine Bags and sent here to Victory-Noll. Now I am real happy to announce that you have gathered

16,990

Sunshine Pennies! Congratulations! We have reached the **thousand-foot mark**, and are well on our way towards that Mile of Pennies goal. Will we "gather speed" now in bringing sunshine to your Heavenly Mother's mission children? Yes . . . if you send for the Sunshine Bag that is waiting to be sent to you. Just send a card asking for it to your **Sunshine Secretary, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana.**

there. They sprout and grow into a strange roof garden. The yellow-brown adobe, flaming red chili, and green lawn-like roof make a charming picture in the bright New Mexico sun.

A DOBE homes are not always built in the simple, one-room style of the poor. Those who can, buy window frames and ready-made doors, and paint their Spanish-style residence in pure white or a variety of bright colors. When there is a wood foundation underneath the adobe, the houses may be built higher and larger, even attaining the status of a mansion. For an easily made dwelling, warm in winter and cool in summer, no better can be found than the adobe homes down New Mexico way!

**PRAYER
FOR OUR PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS**

We pray Thee, O God of might, wisdom, and justice, through Whom authority is rightly administered, laws are enacted, and judgment decreed, assist, with Thy Holy Spirit of counsel and fortitude, the President of these United States, that his administration may be conducted in righteousness, and be eminently useful to Thy people over whom he presides, by encouraging due respect for virtue and religion; by a faithful execution of the laws in justice and mercy; and by restraining vice and immorality. Let the light of Thy divine wisdom direct the deliberations of Congress, and shine forth in all the proceedings and laws framed for our rule and government; so that they may tend to the preservation of peace, the promotion of national happiness, the increase of industry, sobriety, and useful knowledge, and may perpetuate to us the blessings of equal liberty.

—From CATHOLIC MISSAL

This prayer was written in 1800 by Most Rev. John Carroll, D. D. Archbishop of Baltimore, Md.

Books Received

DUST REMEMBER THOU ART SPLENDOR by the Reverend Raoul Plus, S.J.; translated from the French by Sister M. Bertille and Sister M. St. Thomas, Sisters of Notre Dame of Cleveland. Frederick Pustet Co., (Inc.), 14 Barclay St., New York, N. Y. \$1.00.

This book is a source of true inspiration, revealing as it does the glorious implications of the title **CHRISTIAN**. It is an invitation to rise higher, a call to leave off formalism and to live intensely our magnificent religion.

CATHOLIC EXTREMISM by Reverend Paul Hanly Furfey. The Preservation Press, Holy Trinity Heights, Silver Springs, Md. Ten cents.

HAVE YOU A GOD? WHAT IS HE LIKE? and PROVE THERE'S A SOUL THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER! These dynamic pamphlets are the first two in a new monthly series of ten by the Reverend Martin J. Scott, S.J. In them are answered everyday objections as offered to the average Catholic by the average American. The America Press, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y. Ten cents.

WHERE DO I STAND IN A CONFUSED WORLD? A pamphlet dedicated to American youth, published by **CRUSADERS FOR MORE FRUITFUL PREACHING AND HEARING OF THE WORD OF GOD**, 223 East 105th Street, New York City.

The Crusaders believe that there is no better way to bring about a greater unity, and a will to uphold the Commandments of God, than to show clearly the common goal: **A return to the teachings of Christ** — the only effective antidote against powerful false prophets of hate and violence. Their new pamphlet, **WHERE DO I STAND IN A CONFUSED WORLD?** tries to do this in a clear, practical and modern way. Eight powerful contemporary doctrines like Fascism, Nazism, Communism and others, are answered by the Teachings of the Church. (Reading time, 12 min.) A pamphlet will be sent free upon request.

Short Consecration

I am Thine and all I have I offer
Thee, O most amiable Jesus, by
Mary, Thy holy Mother.
(300 days ind.)

THE addresses of our mission centers are:

Refuge of Sinners Mission, 512 Soldano Avenue, Azusa, California.
Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission, Box 1356, Brawley, California.
Good Shepherd Mission, Box 336, Coachella, California.
Little Flower Mission, 1143 Fifth Street, Los Banos, California.
Mary Star of the Sea Mission, 598 Laine Street, Monterey, California.
Immaculate Heart of Mary Mission, 537 East G Street, Ontario, California.
Queen of the Missions, Box 46, Redlands, California.
St. Peter the Apostle Mission, 563 O'Farrell Street, San Pedro, California.
Precious Blood Mission, 222 South Eighth Street, Santa Paula, California.
St. Joseph Mission, 120 South F. Street, Tulare, California.
Mount Carmel Mission, 3868 Block Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.
Sacred Heart Mission, 4860 Olcott Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.
Our Blessed Lady of Victory Mission, 2324 Monroe Street, Gary, Indiana.
Holy Ghost Mission, 416 S. 3rd Street, Goshen, Indiana.
All Saints Mission, San Pierre, Indiana.
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Mission, 720 Court Street, Elko, Nevada.
Our Lady of the Snows Mission, Box 172, Winnemucca, Nevada.
Ave Maria Mission, 551 Murray Street, Ely, Nevada.
Nazareth Mission, Anton Chico, New Mexico.
Souls in Purgatory Mission, Box 223, Cerrillos, New Mexico.
Our Lady Help of Christians Mission, Cleveland, New Mexico.
St. Coletta's Mission, Grants, New Mexico.
Blessed de Montfort Mission, 514 Valencia Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
Cristo Rey Mission, Box 154, El Paso, Texas.
St. Francis Xavier Mission, 3816 East San Antonio Street, El Paso, Texas.
Holy Family Mission, Box 1317 Lubbock, Texas.
Queen of Angels Mission, 27 West Avenue N, San Angelo, Texas.
Mary Queen of Peace Mission, 524 West Fourth South, Salt Lake City, Utah.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Edward Shields, Omaha, Nebraska, mother of Catechist Margaret Shields.
Mrs. Anna Hartman, A.C.M., Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Mrs. M. Kohl, A.C.M., Chicago, Illinois.
Wm. J. Bedford, Sr., St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Mary Fisher, Chicago, Illinois.
Mrs. Josephine Greer, Chicago, Illinois.
John Joyce, Chicago, Illinois.
Jake Leibrich, White Lake, S. Dak.
Miss Genevieve Frances Liebmann, Chicago, Illinois.
Mrs. Elizabeth F. Mullen, Kokomo, Indiana.
Mrs. Ann Reilly, Chicago, Illinois.
Mrs. Charles Sullivan, Paris, Illinois.

*As all Heaven rejoices when a
Hail Mary is said, so the evil
spirit trembles and flees.*

—Blessed Alanus.

The Missionary Catechist

Mission Intention for May

Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell
National Director
The Society for the Propagation of the Faith

For the Conversion of the Confucianists

THE religion of China prior to the birth of Confucius had been one of nature worship. The existence of a Supreme Being was recognized but he was surrounded by a galaxy of lesser deities who dwelt in the mountains, rivers and constellations of the heavens. All were considered subservient to T'ien Ti, who knew all, saw all, ordained all, but all had to obtain their share of service and sacrifice. The retribution for wrong-doing took on physical form and illness, disaster, in many instances death itself, were but punishments of the All High for misdemeanors. Man had no participation in the divinity of the gods, although good living made it possible for him to enter a paradise replete with physical pleasures. In addition to this, it was believed that the happiness of the departed ones depended in large measure upon the right conduct of their relatives.

BUILDING on the groundwork of China's nature worship the Sage superimposed his own philosophy. Thus we find Confucianism, divested of positive revelation, centered upon ancestor worship, which transcends every precept of belief. However, the intrinsic goodness of Confucius created in his mind the desire to inspire others with his love of righteousness. He urged therefore the adoption of four essential virtues: sincerity, benevolence, filial piety and propriety.

THESE, while essentially good in themselves, may be considered merely natural virtues and the whole structure of Confucianism, in its final analysis, may be termed the textbook of behaviorism. It annotates, it dictates and it prescribes man's conduct under every circumstance, but it holds no premise with the spiritual side of man other than right living in order to insure ancestors' happiness. It offers no solace, no code of conduct, whereby the soul of man, his link with his Creator, may acquire merit for good conduct and prepare for an eternity of bliss with Him.

THERE can be no doubt of Confucius' love of virtue, his wisdom, his desire to lead others along the path of righteousness and tolerance. But his doctrines were based upon the fallacies of error rather than upon the solid groundwork of divine revelation and Eternal Truth. By elevating ancestor worship to the sublimation of a religion, the Sage closed the doors of China, in part at least, to Christianity. Now Holy Mother the Church, revering and praying from her foundation for the souls of those who are gone, offers Her Hand to welcome the three and one-half million followers of Confucius into the True Fold. It is to bring about this union that The Society for the Propagation of the Faith asks the prayers of the faithful during the coming month of May. Let us hope that the sincerity, benevolence, filial piety and propriety of China's Sage may become stepping-stones to a knowledge and love of the One, True God.



The FIRST and the BEST is for *Mother*



What are you planning for Mother
on her day this year?

If you are one of the fortunate ones,
and still have your Mother with you,
then give her a flower or two . . .

And deliver it in person!

Your Mother will appreciate even more the deeper value of a spiritual gift.
Do you wish to give her an additional bouquet of flowers,
one that will remain ever fresh and fragrant?

Then why not enroll her as an Annual or Perpetual Member of the
Associate Catechists of Mary.

Her bouquet of spiritual blossoms will be the Saturday and First Friday Masses,
a remembrance in the perpetual novena to Our Blessed Lady of Victory,
and a remembrance in the daily prayers and missionary labors of
the Missionary Catechists.

Victory-Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Catechist,

I would like to give my Mother a spiritual bouquet as her Mother's Day gift this year. Will you send her a card of membership in the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY, and a Mother's Day card telling her that it is a gift from me?

My Mother's name is

Her address is

I am enclosing a donation towards your mission work for her annual membership in the A. C. M. (fifty cents) or a Perpetual Membership (ten dollars).

Name

Address