

June 37

The Missionary Catechist



The Family That Outdoes Them All

Catechist Eva Alberding



Many of the poor under our care live in tents, or "homes" such as this, constructed of newspapers, cardboard and discarded bits of lumber.

WE have many families in Brawley that might be called destitute, but the one we found a couple of weeks ago outdoes them all. We were told about them by a kind neighbor of theirs who heard the babies crying during the night. They are living in a very small and torn tent—the father and seven children. The mother died five months ago. There are two girls, twelve and fourteen years old; three boys, four, six, and nine; and baby girl twins, seventeen months old.

We found all the children barefoot and in rags. A few more ragged clothes scattered on the ground comprised the wardrobe. An old worn-out mattress was the bed for the father and three boys, while the girls and babies shared an old rug and a few pieces of canvas. The other furniture consisted of one small trunk, an old box for the little food and dishes, and a tiny stove with two lids missing and no door before it to keep the hot ashes from falling out onto the floor. A bag of flour and one of salt stood on the ground.

We brought them some rice, canned milk, grape fruit, etc., and some blankets. The next day we returned to talk things over, help clean up the children, and look over the clothes. The girls were willing to do whatever we told them, but after picking up the things that were on the floor, where were they to put them?

One of our "back door guests" solved that problem. We told him the story, furnished him with hammer and nails and nineteen apple boxes, and in a short time he proudly displayed six neat cupboards.

With the help of the school nurse we procured a small used mattress and a few pieces of clothing. We went through all the clothing we had on hand and managed to find a few things for the older children, but nothing for the babies. We found four percale blouses, two checked aprons, and some outing flannel. From these a kind neighbor is making clothing for the babies.

When we next visited the poor little tent, we found no one home, so we left the things we had brought—the cupboards, a box of clothing, and a little box containing thread, needles, buttons, hairpins, etc.—and continued our visiting. When we returned later in the day the cupboards were just where they should be and the girls were busy hemming the curtains. They had borrowed a neighbor's mirror and had their hair pinned up and tied with ribbon from the box! This time we had a little pink and white flannel outfit for each baby. We hope to bring them to the monthly pre-school clinic which is held at our house.

For This Month

It is a consolation to be able to help poor people such as those mentioned in Catechist Alberding's little story. Incidentally this experience shows the value of visiting the poor in their homes.

The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, founded by Blessed Peter Eymard, have done much to foster the Nocturnal Adoration Society, but of their part in the work, Father LaVerdiere says very little in his account of its origin and development published in this month's issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Father is editor of "The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament," the official organ of the People's Eucharistic League.

Conversion stories, always interesting, are especially so in the case of a convert from Judaism. Miss Levy's story, which we present this month, is no exception. A more detailed account of her life may be found in the Introduction to her book, "The Heavenly Road." Through this book and others written by her, Miss Levy has been instrumental in bringing many Jews into the Church. She is now president of the Catholic Lay Apostle Guild. The members hold meetings on the streets of New York, answer questions regarding Catholic teachings and practices, and distribute Catholic literature to passers by.

Especially appropriate for the month of June is Father Frawley's story, "Ask and You Shall Receive," for June is not only "ordination month," but it is the month dedicated to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Sacred Heart lonely in so many tabernacles. Father's intention, in presenting the story of Jack Shannon, the young seminarian, is to foster a deeper, more personal love for Jesus in the Holy Eucharist.



The Missionary Catechist

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Adoro Te

The Nocturnal Adoration Society

William LaVerdiere, S. S. S.

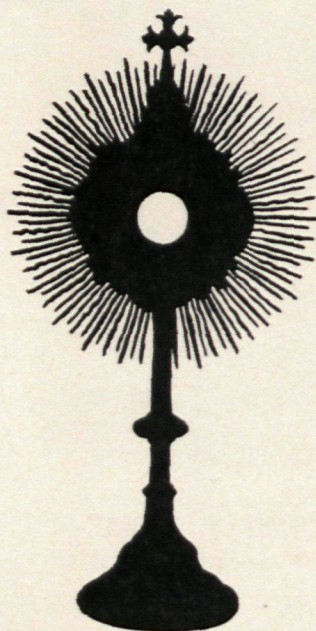
THE Nocturnal Adoration Society owes its origin to a pious priest of Rome, the Reverend Giacomo Sinibaldi, Canon of the Church of Sancta Maria in Via Lata. He conceived the idea of having men spend the night in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament exposed for the Forty Hours devotion. He gathered about him several laymen, drafted a Constitution, and formed the Society, November 21, 1810. To this day the Society provides men for the night hours in the various churches of Rome in which the Forty Hours is held.

The Society was brought to France by Herman Cohen, a Jewish convert who later became a Carmelite Father. With nineteen other laymen he inaugurated a branch in Paris. The first night of Adoration was held December 8, 1840, in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires. From there the Society spread throughout France, the most prominent center being the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre.

In 1863, Father Augustin Marie (Herman Cohen) went to London and, on August 6 of that year, formed an English branch of the Society in the Kensington Chapel of the Carmelite Monastery. In 1928, His Eminence Cardinal Bourne set aside a chapel in Horseferry Road, Westminster, as the chief London center of the Society.

From France the Society spread also to Spain. In 1877, a member of the Supreme Council of the Paris Nocturnal Adoration Society journeyed to Madrid to establish the Society there. With only six other members he held the first night of Adoration on November 3 of that year in the Church of St. Anthony on the Prado. Fifty years later (1927) a report read at the National Eucharistic Congress of Madrid stated there were more than 100,000 members in Spain, divided into 653 branches.

The Society, so prosperous in Spain, soon crossed over to the Spanish-speaking countries of Mexico and South America. In Mexico especially, its progress was very rapid. This country has today over 300 branches and more than 75,000 active members. Despite the scarcity of priests and the dire oppression of a long and cruel persecution, almost all of these



centers still hold their monthly Adoration regularly. There are numerous instances of members being obliged to journey two or three days over rough and dangerous mountain paths to keep their sacred tryst with our Eucharistic Lord.

The Society was introduced to the United States in 1882. Dr. Thomas Dwight became acquainted with Nocturnal Adoration in Paris and on his return to Boston obtained from Archbishop Williams permission to form a branch of the Society at Holy Cross Cathedral. The opening night of Adoration was held on December 7, 1882. A year later another center was organized at St. Ann's Church, Baltimore. The Society there is a strictly parochial one and has been functioning steadily for fifty-five years. The New York branch was inaugurated at St. Jean Baptiste Church, December 31, 1903. Another branch was founded at the Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, Fall River, Massachusetts, in 1923.

Just a few years ago the Society of Nocturnal Adoration was a rather insignificant organization in the United States; but in the last ten years it has progressed by leaps and bounds and is leaving its impression on every Catholic community in which it is established. The number of centers to date is thirty-eight.

Nocturnal Adoration, like other forms of Eucharistic devotion, is motivated by the dogma of the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. In the Eucharist Christ is present truly, really, and substantially, God and Man, as He once lived here on earth and now is in Heaven. It is this special feature that gives the Blessed Sacrament its unrivalled dignity and preeminence over all the other sacraments, and at the same time provides for one of the deepest needs of the human heart. It is natural for us to wish to pay God divine honor, to know where He is, and to possess and enjoy Him. The Real Presence satisfies this wish as much as it can be done in this world.

We need but a minimum of intelligence to understand that if our Lord is present in the Blessed Sacrament, we should go to Him; that if He is living there and manifesting His adorable virtues, we should draw near Him and study His virtues at His feet; that if He is there as our God, we should worship Him, adore His infinite perfections, acknowledge His divinity, thank Him for His goodness, make amends for our many transgressions, and seek His grace in prayer; in a word, that we should offer our Eucharistic Lord the homage of our adoration.

The Nocturnal Adoration Society wants this homage to reach our Lord from men. Its members come to spend one hour each month, at night, before the Blessed Sacrament. They recite the Office of the Blessed Sacrament, spend some time in silent meditation on the mysteries of our Lord's life, and recite various prayers. What brings them to do this is the firm belief that they are in the presence of God, hidden only by the sacramental veils. The hours of the night were chosen, because it is a Society for men who, on account of their work, would find it difficult to free themselves for an hour in the daytime; also because our Lord is alone during the night, because sins are then more numerous, and because the quiet of the night lends itself more easily to recollection.

THE Society then has a three fold set purpose: to provide adorers for our Eucharistic Lord during the night; to make reparation for the coldness and indifference of so many Catholics toward

the Eucharist and in a special way, to atone for the sins committed during the night; and to draw down the blessings of Almighty God upon the diocese and city in which the Society functions.

The Society has been endowed with many plenary and partial indulgences. Apart from these one cannot fail to appreciate the meritorious value of the

great sacrifice required by giving at least two hours of a well-earned rest and sleep to go to the church and spend an hour before the Blessed Sacrament. There is the added merit of responding to the Holy Father's appeal for Catholic Action with the powerful instrument of united prayer. Moreover, what more potent means could be devised to enable men to draw nearer to the primary ideal of

Catholic Action, personal sanctification, than that of the monthly hour vigil in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament? Certainly, members of the Nocturnal Adoration Society with their self-sacrificing hours of watching cannot but become worthier citizens, more zealous parishioners, more faithful and considerate husbands, and more fervent Catholics.

The Story of My Conversion

Rosalie Marie Levy

MY parents, being Jews, brought up their children in accordance with the tenets of the Jewish religion. I was sent to the Sabbath school and learned the Jewish doctrines, and regularly attended services in the Synagogue on Friday evenings and Saturday mornings and on all holidays.

From early youth I felt very kindly toward everything Catholic, and occasionally went to services with friends belonging to the Catholic Church. I did not understand any of the ritual but enjoyed being present, as it was all very impressive and devotional. I often wondered why the Jews did not believe that Christ is God, since it was the belief of so many millions of Christians. Though, with those of my creed, I believed as I had been taught that the Messiah had not yet come, I often thought that if He had appeared upon earth, surely the Christ of the New Testament must be He, for Christ could not be surpassed in goodness, love, and attractiveness.

At the age of fourteen I was sent to a non-sectarian boarding school in New Orleans. The principal, a Presbyterian, was very cultured and pious, and she required the pupils to attend service in the church of their parents on the Lord's Day. I always went to the Synagogue on Saturdays, but occasionally heard Mass at the Catholic Church on Sundays with the girls of that Faith.

While at school one day, a Catholic friend said that she was going to make a novena to St. Anthony of Padua to obtain a special favor. "I wish you would make one for me, too, for I am desirous of securing a great favor," I remarked. "But you can make it yourself if you wish," she replied. I was highly pleased with the thought, and said: "I will make the novena, if you tell me how to do it." My friend then gave me a little statue of St. Anthony and taught me a prayer to say in his honor. I began the novena

at once with great earnestness. To my surprise and delight, the favor I asked for was granted, and from that time I had great devotion to St. Anthony.

In the fall of 1906, I met a friend of my mother, a young widow and fervent Catholic. I found her very congenial and we soon became devoted friends. As she was practically an invalid, I visited her frequently, and the sweet patience and resignation to God's will with which she bore her sufferings and helplessness touched me deeply and gave me many serious thoughts. I had become dissatisfied with the Jewish worship; it seemed to me cold, as if something essential were lacking. Therefore I rarely entered the Synagogue except on a holiday. My friend noticed this. We seldom discussed religion, but she tried to impress upon me the necessity of giving one day in seven to the worship of God.

In July, 1909, a mission was given by two Paulist Fathers at the Catholic Church in my home town, and a friend invited my mother and me to attend the evening services. We accompanied her several times and were especially attracted by the sermons of the late Rev. Lewis J. O'Hern, C.S.P., of Washington, D.C. There was evidently in my mind a growing affection for the Catholic Church. I could not bear to hear any one speak against it, and, whenever possible, I defended it as well as I knew how. But the thought of becoming a Catholic had not yet entered my mind.

In 1910 I went to Washington, D.C., to accept a position in the Government service. I sought out the Jewish Synagogue, but attended worship there only a few times, as I had ceased to take any interest in the services, although the doctrine that the Messiah had not yet appeared was still fixed in my mind, and doubts often afflicted me. However, I had great faith in prayer and often went alone to the Catholic Church.

On Palm Sunday, 1911, in company

with a non-Catholic friend, I attended Solemn High Mass at St. Paul's Catholic Church. It was with great difficulty that we made our way up the aisle, so dense was the throng that had filled the edifice. Although we could not understand the ritual, we enjoyed being present; it was all so impressive and devotional. Afterwards, I frequently attended Mass at St. Patrick's, though I would never kneel with the congregation. One Sunday a lady whom I had met, saw me leaving the church, and approaching me, said, "Why, I did not know that you were a Catholic."

"I am not," I answered, "but I should like to know something of the doctrines you believe."

She looked pleased and offered to take me to the Sisters of Notre Dame for instruction. At first I hesitated, for I had not wholly made up my mind to become a Catholic, and I did not wish to commit myself to any course. But she reassured me, saying that I would not have to become a Catholic unless I so desired, and besides, I would not be received unless I believed all the doctrines of the Church. I then consented, and without delay we arranged an appointment with the Sisters. This was during the early part of May, 1912.

The practical truth of the Church's teaching in regard to the intercession of the Saints having been so clearly manifested in my own case, had established the presumption that all her other teachings might likewise be true. Investigation and reflection then convinced me that Jesus Christ was certainly her Founder. Consequently all her teachings must be true if He is God. But was this the case? This was the burning question I wanted to have answered; this was what had pursued me for years: "Is Christ God? Is He the promised Messiah?" All this I made known to the Sister whose duty it was to instruct inquirers, assuring her that if I could be

convinced that "Christ is God," it would be enough for me, for in that case I could never doubt any of His teachings. Experienced and capable as Sister was, I soon discovered to my relief and happiness that it was an easy matter for her to explain and prove by Scripture this great and consoling truth and, on my part, I fervently prayed to God to give me the grace to know and courage to embrace the Truth, whatever difficulties might beset me.

I told a Catholic friend that I was thinking of becoming a member of her Church, and, strange to say, she discouraged, rather than encouraged me, as she tried to point out the sorrow I would bring upon my family if I should take the step. I realized this, but felt that my first duty was to God, and I was perfectly willing to make any sacrifice, if necessary, in order to please Him. However, I asked for a visible sign so that I might be sure I was doing right. While praying thus one day before His altar throne, I recalled the words of St. Thomas: "Except I shall see in His

hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe." It seemed to me as if our Lord spoke to me as He did to St. Thomas on that memorable occasion: "Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed: **blessed are they that have not seen and have believed.**" Jesus had spoken to me from within His tabernacle home and given me courage and peace. Therefore after the removal of my great doubt my mind eagerly drank in Catholic teaching.

IT was not long before I could in all sincerity make my act of Faith. On the eve of the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, August 14, 1912, in the Church of St. Aloysius, Washington, D.C., I was at last made a child of the Church by Baptism. And there, on the beautiful Feast itself, I had the happiness of receiving my First Holy Communion from the hand of Rev. William F. Gannon, S.J., now deceased. Another privilege and grace was mine on the same day, the Sacrament of Confirma-

tion being conferred upon me by His Eminence, the late Cardinal Bonzano, at that time Archbishop and Apostolic Delegate, in his private chapel.

It is impossible for me to express how happy I have been since I entered the bosom of the Catholic Church. While my consolations have been manifold, the early days of my conversion were not without their heart-aches. Hardest of all to bear were the reproaches of my parents, who could not and would not understand why I should leave the Jewish religion and enter the fold of the Catholic Church. Painful, too, was the severing of ties which had for years bound my heart in tender sympathy with friends who, notwithstanding their affection for me, could not tolerate the fact of my change of faith, and consequently felt obliged to treat the new-made Christian as a stranger. Therefore I pray daily and earnestly to God that He may enlighten my dear ones and all unbelievers, granting them the grace to see and embrace the Truth as He has revealed it to His Holy Church.

Ask and You Shall Receive

John J. Frawley

JACK was a student at St. George Seminary and half way through his course in the Major Seminary, First Theology, when something happened to him which resulted in making his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament more firm.

But before we go any further, let us get a mental picture of the adopted son of Daniel and Marjorie Shannon. At the age of two months, young Jack was taken from St. Vincent's Orphanage and legally adopted by the young couple who otherwise would have had no one to fill the baby crib, left vacant a half year ago by the death of their first child. Contrary to what might be expected under such circumstances, Jack was not spoiled, but grew up to be a real boy. His youth was spent in doing the things that all boys delight in—sandlot baseball, Saturday morning football, shooting "baskets" through a hoop nailed to the front wall of the garage, going for long hikes with "the gang," swimming in the old swimming hole," etc. While having so much enjoyment out of his young life, Jack never forgot his foster parents and showered on both of them all the tender affection he would have given them had they been his real Mother and Dad.

After graduating from the parochial school, he entered the Prep Seminary, where, throughout the entire course, he managed to be among the first ten in his class. Besides the intellectual blessings, Our Lord, the Supreme Lover of "the least of the little ones," also endowed him with a most beautiful soprano voice in his youth and a rich second tenor

in his manhood. To Jack his voice was his greatest delight and enjoyment and he made use of it to entertain himself when he felt more like reminiscing than doing anything else. His favorite was "Mother Machree" which, as he was wont to say, he always sang "to his own real mother, whoever and wherever she may be."

When Jack entered the Major Seminary four years ago, his whole outlook on life changed. He seemed to sense the heavenly beauty of his vocation, and with this realization came the longing to spend a little time each day just paying Jesus a friendly visit in His Tabernacle Home in the Seminary Chapel. As his visits became more frequent, he became more intimate with his "Prisoner of Love," as he was wont to address his Divine Friend.

On one particular afternoon in May, the young seminarians were enjoying to the full the summer breezes and refreshing waters of St. George Lake on the Seminary grounds. The first dip had been so invigorating that soon everyone forgot that it was hot. All were having a good time, some diving, others swimming around practicing fancy strokes, while some were lying on the raft acquiring a much-coveted sun tan, with the aid of some vinegar from the kitchen.

Jack Shannon was among the latter, resting after a swim. He had been on the raft but a short time when Tom and Dick Cullen, who were always up to some mischief, thought it was about time for some real fun. The fun they planned to

execute was to take one fellow at a time and throw him into the lake, to see who would make the biggest splash. Coming up to Jack, Tom took his feet and Dick held his arms. After a One! Two! Three! they let him go, but he did not land as they expected. Tom had held on to Jack's feet a second too long, and as a result his body could not make the arc intended to end in the "grand splash." Jack's feet struck the cable holding the raft in place, and the back of his head hit the steps leading from the water to the raft. He was stunned for a minute or two, but after a short rest, challenged Joe Morrissey to a race over to the pier, a two-hundred-yard swim.

About half-way to the pier, cleaving through the water with strong, swift strokes, Jack knew he was winning the race, but turned his head to see how far behind Joe was. That was the last thing he remembered until he awoke at 9:30 that night, strapped to his bed, with a doctor and the infirmarians in attendance.

"What happened? Why am I strapped down like this?" asked Jack in the infirmary as he struggled to sit up.

"Well, Shannon," began the doctor, removing the straps that bound him, "you started out for the pier with Morrissey and got half-way across when you went under. Lucky for you that there were two or three of the fellows near you. They pulled you up and called for a boat. Then they took you over to the pier."

"Then I really made the pier after all," interrupted Jack.

"Yes, with the aid of a boat and three of the swimmers," added Doc, dryly. "You lay on the pier for a minute and then began to stiffen and clench your fists so rigidly that it took quite some time before we could get you to loosen your grip. Understand, you were unconscious all the time. Then all of a sudden you turned over and began swinging your fists in every direction. Incidentally you just missed Bud Kelly's nose by a hair."

"Sorry I missed, Doc, because I owe him one just on general principles."

"Well, if you're going to interrupt me every minute I won't be able to finish this exciting episode."

"O. K. Ad rem, Doc, ad rem," humored Jack.

"To make a long story short, we got you back to your room, when you began all over again. As a last resort I gave you a 'shot' that put you to sleep until a half-hour ago."

"Doc, you're a real pal."

Doc didn't say a word, but looked at him, understanding what a wealth of appreciation was expressed in those few words. He rose to leave the room, but Jack stopped him to ask, "Doc, will you tell the sacristan I want Holy Communion in the morning?"

"You bet. Good night and a pleasant sleep."

A TWO-DAYS rest after his accident, and Jack was up and around, as gay as ever, taking part with zest in all the exercises of seminary life. The excitement of the whole affair was soon overshadowed by the coming of retreat in preparation for Tonsure and First Minor Orders. During the retreat he made his meditations on the form for Tonsure: "Dominus pars haereditatis meae et calicis mei; tu es qui restitues haereditatem meam mihi." (The Lord is a portion of my inheritance and my cup; Thou art the One Who will restore my inheritance to me). No words can fully describe the joy that reigned in his heart when he realized that at last he, an orphan, an adopted child, was to have Someone he could really call his very own. He was giving his whole life to the service of his Prisoner of Love, and in return for the sacrifice, he was to receive a portion of his Prisoner's inheritance—that beautiful inheritance of Love, the only real inheritance that is eternal. He received the Tonsure, and the Orders of Porter and Lector; and the cell of his Prisoner of Love seemed only a short distance away. At last he was nearing his goal.

Summer vacation came and went, another year of studies was nearly over, and Jack Shannon was looking forward to two more steps toward his coveted goal. He was doing well in his studies, and besides growing in knowledge, he was growing in holiness. His periods of sentry duty before the Prisoner of Love grew more frequent, more intimate, and lasted longer.

One morning, shortly before the retreat preceding Ordinations, while meditating on the Orders of Exorcist and Acolyte, a disquieting thought came to Jack. He suddenly became aware of the fact that he was not looking forward to receiving these Orders with so much desire as he had felt last year. The thought

bothered him all day.

During Benediction that night he made up his mind to have the matter settled before he went to bed. After night prayers, Jack did not leave with the others, but stayed in his place until everyone had gone. Then he walked up to the Communion rail and knelt before his God. He looked at the tabernacle and knew that those golden doors sheltered his one true Friend—the Friend to Whom he always came with all his troubles, and went away with a renewed love for the Bestower of Consolation. Ah, he could stay for hours kneeling there and gazing at that little Heaven on earth, for he knew, all too well, that Heaven is no bigger than the smallest tabernacle. With that intimacy which only a few are privileged to possess, he began:

"Little One, whom do You love? Thanks, Jesus, thanks. I just wanted to make sure I had not done anything that would cause you not to love me anymore. My love, there has been something bothering me all day long. You know what it is. It happened this morning during meditation. Now, Jesus, I want you to do this for me. Give me some little trial or disappointment so that I will appreciate my next Orders more. Any little disappointment, but please don't make it too big. Now, Jesus, I have to go to study, but I'll see you again before I go to bed."

As usual, after pouring out his troubles to his Divine Consoler, he felt much relieved. In fact, during the following days, he thought no more about the matter that had bothered him a few days ago. He went on being the same happy, cheerful Jack Shannon he had always been, but all the while he awaited with intense anticipation the day when he would ascend two steps nearer to the Cell of his Prisoner of Love.

Three days before retreat began, Jack received an unexpected summons from

the Rector. Wondering a little, he went to the office immediately. After the customary salutation, "Praised be Jesus Christ," the benign, fatherly Rector began:

"Jack, my boy, I have some news for you that I hope you will take in the right spirit—as the Will of God. To be brief and frank, your Bishop is holding up your reception of Orders this year until a later date. He wants to investigate more thoroughly that accident you had a year ago. He advises that you have a thorough physical examination by a competent physician to determine whether you are fit to continue your studies. Now, Jack, this is not a reprimand or reproach, and there is nothing against you whatever. This is just a matter which your Bishop wishes to settle once and for all, and when it is all over, it will be to your advantage that you do what your superior wishes. And remember too, that Our Lord would not send this cross to you without having a purpose. So try to see it as being the Will of God."

Too dumbfounded to say more, Jack made his exit with, "Yes, Father, I will, and thanks very much."

After leaving the office, he went to the only place he could possibly go at a time when his heart was breaking in two. He went straight to the chapel. But before he reached the Communion rail, the hot tears were streaming down his cheeks. He just knelt there and let the tears roll down. He was too heart-broken to speak; he could only gaze at that little golden Cell and try to understand. Then he dried the tears and looked up to his Prisoner of Love and smiled: "Thy will be done."

RETREAT began for the rest of his classmates, but not for Jack. It was indeed a shock to everyone to see him walk out of chapel that night while the rest stayed for their first conference. He retired as soon as he went to his room. He was too tired to think, and soon fell asleep.

The retreat schedule was so arranged that the retreatants had a free period after the first conference in the morning. Jack made use of this period to make another visit to the chapel—to watch guard before his Prisoner of Love. As he knelt there, he kept saying:

"Jesus, my Love, why did You do it? O my Jesus, You know how I wanted it so. Tell me, please,—please, I beg You."

And quicker than it took to snap his fingers, it all dawned on him. This cross was what he himself had asked for just a month ago to help him appreciate his coming Orders. When he realized how expressly Jesus had answered his request, his heart almost jumped out of his mouth with joy. As he looked at his Prisoner of Love once more, he smiled a most sweet and captivating smile and said:

"Next time I ask for something, Jesus, please take me literally. I asked for only a little cross, and the one you sent nearly cut my shoulder carrying it around these last three days. But Jesus, my Lord, there is one text of Scripture which this little cross has taught me to understand thoroughly, and it is: 'Ask, and you shall receive.'"





Under Catechist Luna's direction, the boys make benches for their little mission chapel.—Black Lake, New Mexico

NOT CHANCE, BUT DIVINE PROVIDENCE

We had left a note for Father to call on a sick girl in New Monterey. Father immediately went over, but got into the wrong house. The woman who opened the door was very much surprised to see him. He explained his mission, and the woman said she had not sent for him, but that there was a sick woman in the house, a Catholic who had not been to the Sacraments for a long time. Father went in to see her, and she wept with joy when he told her he would bring her Holy Communion. It was a happy mistake, and one guided by Divine Providence.

Catechist Viola Wopperer
Monterey, California

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

During the cold of the past winter our people were in great need. There are

many families who cannot afford to pay even two dollars a month rent, so they live in tents exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. Since many of them have no stoves, they build bonfires outside their tents.

Other families have one-room huts with dirt floors, but they are no better than tents during the rainy season. In one poor home we saw a makeshift heating apparatus which consisted of a lard can set upon bricks. A thin pipe, attached to it, lead to an opening in the wall. It actually burned rubbish and gave a little heat. The hot ashes were collected in a pail and carried to the other room to furnish heat.

You should see how some of our people can make the most of their one-room houses. For instance, one woman manages to keep her room spotlessly clean although she has to care also for her three children and a paralyzed grandmother who lives there. The spreads are

made from cement sacks, neat rag rugs are on the floor, and in spite of the limited space, quilts are in the making, stretched upon homemade frames.

Catechist Mary Audrey Daskoski
San Angelo, Texas

THIS IS MAUDIE TALKING

The other day while talking to one of our colored women, we got on to the subject of confidence in God. That is one virtue this woman has in a very high degree. When anyone else would think Our Lord forgot her and isn't going to answer her, she just keeps on praying. She says, "Lord, this is Maudie talking. Can you hear me? Don't you know me? This is Maudie." Behind those big black eyes we could see a truly simple, loving soul. The harvest is indeed great among our dear colored people and we are grateful to Our Lord for letting us work among them.

Catechist Mary Frances Kowalewski
Gary, Indiana

We have many new babies in Redlands this year. In one family we found the seven-months-old twins in an orange crate, a board through the center separating them. They just fit; you could see their little bare toes sticking out between the boards.

Catechist Florence Luechtefeld
Redlands, California



Lining up for catechism class.—Brawley, California.

The Home Field

GOD'S COUNTRY

We stood enthralled. For miles there was only God's country. The sky was perfect, a beautiful blue, cloudless. The trees were just a little more green and bright-looking than usual, because spring had come. As we looked from one mountain to the other over the lonely hills, there was not a single house or human habitation of any kind in sight. We were standing with our backs to the tiny village where we had come to teach catechism. It seemed that Jesus and His Apostles must soon appear along one of the roads, for this was so like the country Our Dear Lord travelled, footsore and weary, seeking the lost sheep, during His sojourn here on earth.

We were rudely awakened from our dreaming, however, by the voice of the rural teacher, bidding us enter the school, as the children were ready for their weekly catechism lesson. How our hearts ached for these poor children living here twenty miles from a city. There is nothing in this little village but poverty. A few poor adobe homes, the one-room school building, and a few abandoned huts make up the settlement. Once every two months the parish priest from Las Vegas visits a little chapel five miles from the homes of the villagers, and most of the people walk this distance in order to attend Mass.

Is it any wonder that we find babies three, four, six months old and older, who have not been baptized? Marriages to be validated? Grown-up children who have not received their First Holy Communion? We are working under the patronage of our dear Blessed Lady of Victory, and she has surely been indulgent to us, her children, in granting untold and unnumbered blessings in our work, but we need your help also. We are asking first of all for your prayers for our beloved poor, and then material aid. May we depend on you?

Catechist Josephine Penning

SAN JOSE HAS A FIESTA

Preparing for a fiesta reminds me of housecleaning. The church floor must be scrubbed and oiled, doors varnished, curtains, surplices, etc., washed, and in general, things that might be overlooked the rest of the year, undergo a complete transformation.



Catechist Doiron seems a bit nonplussed over the ways of modern transportation at Grants, New Mexico

The week before I had been occupied with converting an old humeral veil into the Tarcisians' banner, while the ladies worked on red and white capes and military caps. The Tarcisians vied with one another for the coveted honor of carrying the new banner. I used gold braid and fringe on it, and little metal discs and beads to make the words of their motto, "Adveniat Regnum Tuum." You should have seen the children admire it and ask, "Is it real gold, Catechist?"

The day before the Fiesta was a busy one for the majordomos who had to chop up the sixteen railroad ties for bonfires.

These bonfires or "luminarios," as they call them, are built at intervals on each side of the street along the line of march. The larger pieces of wood are stacked in squares, leaving the center open for the smaller kindling. It is nec-

essary to wait till the last for this work, as the weather is often too bad for outdoor processions, especially if it is windy, as it is then too dangerous for luminarios.

The fires are lighted during Vespers and by the time the procession is on its way these box-like furnaces are shooting flames six feet into the sky. They are very picturesque, as the fire does not burn the outer framework at once, but can be seen burning inside.

We were still at supper when the Tarcisians and the Children of Mary arrived—long before the scheduled time, to get their medals, banners, and uniforms. One little Tarcisian in tattered overalls, at last decided that perhaps the white trousers, lent to him, might fit, but he had left them home. We sent after them while Father waited with the last bell. In a few more minutes all were ready and the procession marched into a crowded church.

As we marched, we sang the Rosary in Spanish. The procession was a long one, as all joined in, except three men who rang the church bells all the while. The men of the parish brought up the rear carrying the statue of San Jose. On re-entering the church the statue was blessed and incensed, and Benediction closed the devotions.

We had three Masses next morning. I'm sure San Jose was pleased with the crowds at the Communion rail, some of them long absent from the Sacraments.

Our prayers for good weather had been well answered. It began to sprinkle after the last Mass. The rain had waited until the Fiesta was over; even the dust storms had subsided after we had everything all cleaned up for the big day.

Catechist Mary Rita Windolph
Cerrillos, New Mexico



Evidently he hasn't much faith in Catechist's ministrations

Associate Catechists of Mary

"THE very latest" in Band ideas is **The Holy Family Band** of Chicago. Relatives of Catechist Mary Rose McBride decided to form a little club to help her mission work and later decided to send their donations for her Burse, enrolling as an A.C.M. Club. The Band consists of some six couples, all related to Catechist. They decided to name their group "**The Holy Family Band**," which is very appropriate as Catechist's Burse is named "Jesus, Mary, Joseph" in honor of the Holy Family. We like especially the fact that there are as many men as women in the club. Mrs. W. J. Murphy is Promoter and Mr. Joseph Walz, Secretary. Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. McBride are also faithful members of **St. Jude Thaddeus Band** of Chicago.

"CHRISTMAS and May are our problems" writes Mrs. Thomas Garrity, Promoter of the **Little Flower Band No. 2**, Chicago. These zealous friends of ours are especially busy at the two seasons mentioned, at the first with Christmas cheer, and at the second with First Communion outfits. This year they are working on 140 yards of material that will be made into First Communion outfits, so it is easy to see that it is a real problem for busy housewives and mothers. But Mrs. Garrity goes on, "We never feel it is a burden, we feel it is a joy. We feel proud to think we are supporting a Catechist and it spurs us on to do greater things . . . Then prayer is the key to success. We are happy God has given us the grace to love and serve Him in the name of the poor . . . We wish we could do more." A generous check was also sent at Easter time for Catechist Ottilia Mendoza's Burse. Hostesses at the recent parties of the **Little Flower Band** were as follows: Mrs. Thomas Garrity, Mrs. Margaret Potthoff (a new helper whom we are glad to welcome), Miss Mary B. Eschbach, and Mrs. Thomas F. Gleason.

NO doubt you will read the notice on the next page about the sick call outfit project. We are indebted to many of our A.C.M. friends for the articles used here at Victory-Noll in making one sample outfit for each mission. **St. Helen's Band**, Dayton, bought the crucifixes to be used in the twenty-four sample outfits. **The Poor Souls Band**, Berwyn, made by hand all the table covers necessary, one for each box; also altar linens. Another friend of ours in Maine donated some finished linens and additional material. **St. Bernadette's Band**, Chicago,

sent a nice box of other articles for the project. We are very grateful to all for the interested co-operation received on this project.

THE Daughters of Isabella have been kind friends of our work for many years, and the Indiana State Circle each year provides an offering of \$300 for the complete support of a Catechist at Monterey, California. Therefore, when Huntington was chosen as the scene of the 1939 Annual Convention of the Indiana Circles, it seemed most appropriate that Victory-Noll should be chosen for the scene of their Communion Breakfast. High Mass was celebrated in our chapel by Father Dillon, chaplain of Our Lady of Good Counsel Circle, Huntington, and breakfast served to the delegates in our auditorium. Afterwards the ladies had the opportunity of visiting our various



offices and classrooms. As it was for many their first visit to Victory-Noll and their first personal contact with the Catechists, it proved to be a very pleasant and interesting occasion for all. We were happy to number among our guests Mrs. Minerva Boyd, National Regent, and Mrs. Margaret Richwine, Indiana State Regent. Mrs. Oda Wiley, Regent of the Huntington Circle, was in charge of the various arrangements. Other National officers present were Mrs. Elizabeth Trenck, Mrs. Agnes Zeller, and Miss Cora Thompson.

"THE Adrians" of Chicago are one of those clubs who go their quiet, purposeful way without really telling us much about what they are doing but making their presence felt very energetically now and then as a check from their parties or club work is added to their Burse. A few months ago they had the pleasure of meeting personally Catechist Kowa-

lewski, their adopted Catechist, and we note from the last letter of their Treasurer, Mrs. Dockendorff, that they are now doing still more for Catechist: "The enclosed check from **The Adrian Band** for \$25 is to be applied to the Poor Souls Burse. Will be able to send another shortly. We were very happy to send a large box of goodies to our Catechist Kowalewski at Gary for Easter, for the kiddies." Miss Florence Dietz is Promoter of the **Adrian Band**.

ST. Joseph's Band No. 1, Chicago, went "over the top" on its party at Easter time, sponsored by Mrs. Service and her good friends, for the benefit of our Society. As a result of the party and the work of the club, a check for \$151 was forwarded to Victory-Noll. According to the letter that accompanied it, it was sent with much joy; and we want to assure all our good friends that our pleasure in receiving it was equally as great. May Our Dear Lord and His Holy Mother bless their generous hearts! We are grateful to Mrs. Service, Mrs. McNamara, Promoter, and all the members and friends of **St. Joseph's Band** who had any share in making the party such a grand success.

ANOTHER recent arrival among our Associate Catechists is the **Elizabeth Ann Seton Band** of Villa Park, Illinois. Some fourteen ladies of St. Alexander's Parish form this Band, of which Mrs. H. F. Staley is organizer and Promoter. They are planning to start in a small way, but we feel certain that both their interest and work will increase, if we are to judge by the letters of their good Promoter: "We have named our Band in honor of Elizabeth Ann Seton, foundress of the Daughters of Charity in America. Since we are engaged in a work of charity it seems very appropriate to have as our patron a real exponent of Christian charity . . . Everyone seems so very interested and full of ideas. No matter where I go or when, I'm sure to meet a member and she will be certain to mention our little club, how glad she is to be a member and some little idea she has. Truly we are being blessed already in the grand friendships we are forming."

May this be but the beginning of blessings to our new Associates for their heartfelt generosity toward God's poor. We are happy to number them among our members. Sincere gratitude is due to Father Kennedy, their pastor, for his kind permission of the work.

"You'd better send for Father . . ."

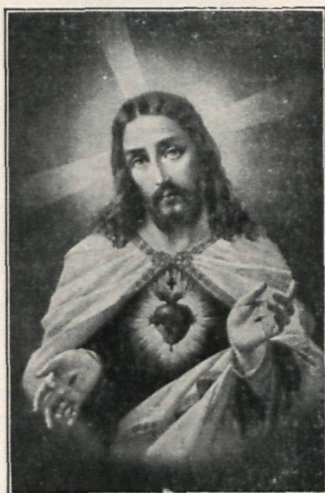
When a loved one has been seriously ill and these words are sorrowfully spoken, and the Angel of Death is hovering, it is time to seek a Divine Companion for the lonely road that will be opened. We quickly bring to the bedside a little table, arrange cloth, crucifix, blessed candles—a fitting resting place for the precious Viaticum.

When this same situation occurs in the missions there are often no proper arrangements to be made. There may be no table; a chair, a bench, even a packing box, must become the Eucharistic Throne. There may be no decent cloth to cover it; a family living in one room has little scope for the niceties of life. Blessed candles? It took every penny for food and fuel in February, and we didn't think of them after that. A spoon? No, we don't have any—and this is not fiction but absolute fact. More than one family among the poor has no such article.

Keeping this background in mind you will understand why we are anxious to have the children in our Religious Vacation Schools this year make simple sick-call outfits, one for each family, that can be kept and used for many years. You can help by sending to the missions (not to Victory-Noll) any of the following articles: empty face powder boxes; tin

A Missionary's Prayer

Sun of the Sacred Heart
Shine through the years:
Sun of the Sacred Heart
Dry Thou our tears:
Sun of the Sacred Heart
Oh give Thy Light,
Dear Sun of the Sacred Heart
To make all earth bright!



Love of the Sacred Heart
Shine from above:
Love of the Sacred Heart
Show us to love:
Love of the Sacred Heart
Lead us to Thee:
Jesus, Thy Sacred Heart
Let all men see!

typewriter ribbon boxes; small or medium-sized lotion or perfume bottles, leak-proof and preferably ornamental; tin candy boxes, or correspondence paper boxes, with hinged covers; crucifixes, medium size; and fine white linen, also cheaper white material.

The candy and correspondence-paper boxes will be used as the outside container. Where practical, the crucifix will be fastened to the lid, so that it stands upright when the box is opened. A bottle will contain holy water. A small tin box will be used for cotton. Plaster of paris or clay will be molded in the round powder boxes to form candlesticks, the outside of the box giving protection to the rather breakable material and at the same time providing a "finished" effect. All such articles will be suitably enameled or otherwise decorated with religious designs, in order to harmonize with the purpose of the set. The linen will make a little pall for each set, and the cheaper white material will be made into a medium-sized table cover to be kept with the other articles. Included also will be a card printed at Victory-Noll giving the simple Ritual for the Communion of the Sick, which will afford the opportunity of much suitable instruction to the children on the subject.

If you would like to share this project and do not have the articles to send, a donation would help any mission, for there are many articles such as candles, crucifixes, etc., which cannot be improvised but must be purchased.

Questionnaire

Are there any spiritual benefits to be acquired by membership in the Associate Catechists of Mary?

Yes, very many. First, there is the personal merit you acquire by imitating Our Lord in His love and care for both the spiritual and material welfare of the poor among whom He lived. Secondly, as one of our benefactors you share in the prayers and good works of our entire Society and in the prayers of the little ones under our care. Finally, we have arranged for special Masses to be offered for our A.C.M. members as our best expression of gratitude for their share in our work. We shall be glad to send a complete list of spiritual benefits to anyone interested.

Will any mission club who helps the Catechists share in these spiritual benefits?

Only enrolled A.C.M. members, whose names are registered with us at Victory-Noll, are entitled to share in these special benefits. However, we are always glad to fulfill a request for such enrollment. Promoters should be conscientious in sending in the names of new members and in notifying us of the death or resignation of members.

Catechist Wopperer, 598 Laine St., Monterey, California, has sent us a request for sewing material—material for dresses, etc., also fancy work for bazaars. As material is needed for work at two centers, anything sent will be very much appreciated. Catechist writes, "The Mexican Women's sewing club here in New Monterey have just finished a beautiful quilt, which was made from materials received through an appeal. The women enjoyed making it, and it is to be raffled for the benefit of the Church. But now that the quilt is finished there is nothing much in our sewing material cupboard. We have also started a sewing club in Castroville, so you see we need material for both places."

Although this is rather a late "thank you," we want to acknowledge with gratitude the kindness of our Promoters who forwarded revised lists of names and addresses of members in accordance with our request at the beginning of the year. We appreciated the kind response of so many.

Which One Is Yours?

Our Bands have shown such lively interest in the list of Burses printed on another page during past months that we have decided to print here (a few each month) the various Burses adopted by A.C.M. Bands. The names of these Burses would be omitted from a general list, whose purpose is to secure support for Burses not yet adopted; and that is why you have probably not found your Burse on the other list.

Christ the King	\$1,380.62
Immaculate Conception	5,740.95
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart	1,049.56
Maternal Heart of Mary Burse	4,105.58
St. Joseph No. 3	4,857.09
Souls in Purgatory No. 9	2,339.88

Band Contributions

April 1 to April 28

St. Joseph Band, Chicago, Mrs. M. McNamara	\$151.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, (Sr.), Mrs. Fred H. Kiefer	75.00
St. Bernadette Catechist Club, Chicago, Mary O'Donnell	65.00
Mother Cabrini Band, Chicago, Mrs. M. Goodman	50.00
Little Flower Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Thos. Garrity	30.00
The Dolores Band, Buffalo, N.Y., Dr. Margaret Grotz	26.00
Our Lady of Sorrows Band, Chicago, Florence Kuenster	25.00
The Adrian Club, Chicago, Mrs. A. Dockendorff	25.00
St. Jude Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Mary Noll	22.00
St. Elizabeth Mission Band, Dearborn, Michigan, Cleta Schneider	15.00
The Dolores Band, River Forest, Ill., Mrs. Anna Klingel	15.00
Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band, Pittsburgh, Marie Lenert	13.00
St. John's Band, Peoria, Ill., Mary Scott	12.25
The Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Ill.	10.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Lillian Dunne	10.00
St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, Lucille David	10.00
St. Philomena Mission Band, Chicago, Mary Schaefer	9.00
St. Patrick's Band, St. Louis, Mrs. Mary Noonan	7.50
The Occasional Band, St. Louis, Margaret McCord	7.00
Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band, Chillicothe, Ohio, Mrs. N. M. Clifford	6.00
St. Valentine Band, Chicago, Mrs. M. Rauwolf	5.00
St. Conrad Mission Band, Cincinnati, Aurelia Niehaus	5.00
Our Lady of Guadalupe Band, Dayton, Mary E. Weaver	5.00
Sacred Heart Mission Club, Newark, N.Y., Mrs. Teresa Pitrella	5.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Katherine Shields	5.00
Elizabeth Ann Seton Band, Villa Park, Ill., Mrs. H. F. Staley	5.00
St. Helen's Band, Dayton, Ohio, Margaret Karas	4.00
Y. L. S. of St. Casimir's, Detroit, Elizabeth Bien	1.50
Y. L. S. of St. Boniface, Milwaukee, Marguerite Penske	1.00
St. Theresa's Band, San Bernardino, Calif., Lucy Rojas	1.00

New York City

Dear Catechists: Thank you so very much for your letter about "The Old Parish." You who have made the new parishes of our country your life work are building for other racial groups and newer generations the same spirituality that is the Old Parish's core.

Would it please you to know that Mrs. Crowley is to have a book to herself—"Herself, Mrs. Patrick Crowley." It is the story of her winning the Irish Sweepstakes and her adventures with Maria Killoran in New York, routing Communists and having all sorts of contretemps. It will please you, I am sure, that when—after winning the money—Mrs. Patrick was besieged by all sorts of pleas, I had Father Will put his foot down and insist that she stick to her own favorite charities. Among them was the Society of Missionary Catechists.

For Mrs. Crowley, who taught Sunday school for years until the advent of the Sisters, and was certainly the first social worker among us, (the baby clothes that woman has made in her day for the parish poor!), is a strong advocate of the noble work you are doing. If she were younger she would write at once and ask to be taken as a novice. And I don't know what your age limit is, but I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you heard from Aggie Kelly. Her work "down at the Polish" has made her long for even wider fields. And under the benison of Our Lady of Victory she still would be a Child of Mary, wouldn't she?

Yours very sincerely,

Doran Hurley.

Note: Mr. Hurley's book "The Old Parish" is reviewed in this issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. "Herself, Mrs. Patrick Crowley" was published in March by Longmans.

Indiana

Dear Catechists: Enclosed find a dollar for my renewal of your fine booklet. I wish I could do more, but as I am going on my seventieth year and have not been able to work for a year, I cannot. But God has been good to me and I am not complaining. He has given me two nuns out of five daughters and that makes me have a warm spot in my heart for the dear Catechists. God bless them, everyone. May God be with you at your work which I know is His work.

Yours respectfully,

A. J. L.

Missouri

Dear Catechists: I am enclosing money order for \$3.00 to cover donation to "2500 Club" for three months. Regret not

(Continued in Column Three)

YOUNG women, especially you who are being graduated this month from high school or college, have you given serious thought to your vocation? Think of it now! Are you sure that you are not called to do great things for God? Everyone has a particular mission to fulfill. Might not yours be to serve our Lord in the person of His poor as a Missionary Catechist of Our Blessed Lady of Victory?

The excellence and happiness of the religious state cannot be overestimated. "God has designedly concealed the happiness of the religious state," says St. Lawrence Justinian, "because if it were known, all would relinquish the world and fly to religion."

And St. John Chrysostom tells us: "Zeal for the salvation of souls is of so great a merit before God, that to give up all our goods to the poor, or to spend our whole life in the exercises of all sorts of austerities, cannot equal the merit of it. There is no service more agreeable to Him than this one. To employ one's life in this blessed labor is more pleasing to the Divine Majesty than to suffer martyrdom."

If you, then, would associate yourself with Our Lord in this work for souls in the missionary state, write today to:

Superior General

Victory-Noll

Huntington, Indiana



having been so faithful in the past year and I hope to contribute more regularly from now on. I always find that the more generous I am to you, the more generous the Lord is to me. God bless you for the splendid work you are doing to spread His Kingdom.

Sincerely,

A. F.

Illinois

Dear Catechists: I am very sorry I could not renew my subscription for THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST sooner, but I could not spare the dollar. I wish I could send you more. You are doing so much good among the poor and sick. I enjoy reading the little magazine very much.

With best wishes,

J. T.

Illinois

Dear Catechists: Enclosed is \$1.00 for my subscription to your magazine. I am very glad I can send it to you for I shall never forget the favors I have received through your prayers.

Yours truly,

W. S.

I CAN HELP THE POOR

1. By supporting a Missionary Catechist's bursary. Only \$25 a month is required to enable a Catechist to carry on her Christ-like work in the destitute missions of our country.
2. By joining the 2500 Club. A dollar a month from 2500 charitably disposed Catholics will amply provide for the maintenance of 100 Catechists.
3. By subscribing to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Subscription rates are \$1 a year or \$25 for life.
4. By getting others to subscribe to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.
5. By organizing a Band of the Associate Catechists of Mary.
6. By joining the Victory-Noll Band if I am unable to form a Band of my own.
7. By sending clothing, religious articles, games, classroom materials, etc., to the missions.
8. By contributing to our ST. JOSEPH POOR FUND.
9. By praying for the success of our work among the poor.
10. By interesting others in our work.
11. By sending donations, large or small, to be used wherever the need is greatest.

The Missionary Catechists are supported largely by voluntary donations from charitable persons. All contributors are benefactors of the Society and are privileged to share in the Masses, Holy Communion, prayers, and good works of the Catechists.

To all non-subscribers who contribute a dollar or more, we will send THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST for one year. Please specify if you wish to receive the magazine.

True Devotion to Mary



This is the second of a series of articles on the True Devotion to Mary as it was propagated by Blessed Grignon de Montfort. It is necessary to understand well these fundamental principles of the spiritual life in order to enter into the true spirit of this Devotion.

FROM all eternity the Divine plan is that we participate in the Divine life through Jesus Christ, that we be conformed to the image of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity.

God wills to make us sharers in His own life through Divine adoption. He has further willed that we receive this life, that this grace of adoption be conferred on us, in Baptism. Baptism is, then, the sacrament of Christian initiation. "Amen, amen, I say to you, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven." (St. John iii:5).

Sanctifying grace, which God gives us at Baptism, is the participation to a lesser or greater extent, in His Divinity. Whether it be to a lesser or greater extent depends upon us. We must not forget that this Divine, God-given life is only in the state of germ at Baptism. We must see that it grows and develops in us until we arrive "at the fulness of the age of Christ."

St. Paul says, "All you who have been baptized in Christ, have put on Christ." (Gal. iii:27). According to the Apostle, Baptism represents the death and resurrection of Our Lord, and it produces what it represents: It makes us die to sin, and live in Jesus Christ. We who have been regenerated in the waters of Baptism, have died to sin—original sin has been taken away; we have renounced the devil with his works and pomps—and have "put on Christ"—our soul has been adorned with sanctifying grace and engraved with the features of Christ. We ought then, to continue in our life this double element that makes us one with Christ. "Christian life is nothing else but the progressive and continuous develop-

ment, the practical application, throughout our whole life, of this double supernatural result of 'death' and of 'life' produced by Baptism." (Abbot Marmion, 'Christ the Life of the Soul').

God dwells in us in virtue of the sanctifying grace bestowed on us in Baptism, for sanctifying grace is the possession of God. We have God—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, living in us constantly. We carry Heaven around with us, for Heaven is God. If only we realized these tremendous truths, our lives would be far different!

We ought often to thank God for this Divine adoption given us at Baptism, and show our gratitude by our fidelity to our baptismal promises. Frequently, especially after we have received Our Lord into our hearts in Holy Communion, we should renew these promises. And let us not forget to pray for the priest who baptized us. Many good Catholics celebrate the anniversary of their Baptism, rather than the anniversary of their birth, preferring to keep a remembrance of the day on which they were made a child of God.

To help us appreciate further this wonderful sacrament, we should become familiar with the prayers and ceremonies of the rite of Baptism, and of the blessing prescribed for the baptismal font on Holy Saturday and the Eve of Pentecost. No one, so well as Holy Mother Church, can teach us the excellence of her Sacraments.

O Almighty and Eternal God . . .
send forth the Spirit of adoption to
regenerate the new people whom
the font of Baptism bringeth forth
. . .—from the first prayer at the
blessing of the font.

O Esca Viatorum

Translated by Joseph McMahon, S.J.

O Feast of pilgrims' pleasure!
O Bread that Angels treasure!
O Manna Heaven-blest!
Regale our spirits sweetly
Nor fail to sate completely
Our souls in hungry quest.

O Jesus, through mere seeming
Our faith would see all-beaming
Thy hidden, beauteous Face.
O grant celestial meeting
With free, unhampered greeting
And face to face embrace.

In Memoriam

Very Rev. Charles Duffey, Indianapolis.
Rev. John Link, Punxsutawney, Pa.
Rev. Ambrose Murphy, LaCrosse, Wis.
Very Rev. Stephen J. Schramm, Pittsburgh.
William J. Bedford, Sr., St. Louis.
William H. Gallagher, Detroit.
Mrs. Josephine Mason, Notre Dame, Ind.
Margaret Moore, Tucson, Arizona.
Mrs. H. Noonan, Brooklyn.
Philip Struck, Burlington, Iowa.
Mamie Suerdieck, Tipp City, Ohio.
Alice M. VanLoon, Detroit.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.

Mary's Loyal Helpers



We wonder what Father Remigius is sighting through his doughnut? (S'pose it could be your Mitebox and he's trying to see how many sacrifices you've been making for the missions?) These boys at Grants have just made their First Holy Communion and are enjoying their breakfast with Father after Mass.

Vacation will soon be here, and maybe a lot of extra chores to do. But suppose it was your job to carry, from a well a mile away, every drop of the water needed at home. That is what some of our poor children must do. Some job, isn't it! Who's going to grumble about 'hard' chores again?



Magazines and Subscriptions—

How many Helpers can get just *one* subscription for THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST this month? That's easy, isn't it? Just ONE? We want to aid the Subscription Drive now going on, so help, help, Helpers!

And don't forget that there are prizes for our Helpers who get subscriptions to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. A pretty little statue of Our Blessed Mother is the prize for only five subscriptions. Any Helper who sends in three subscriptions receives a Mary's Loyal Helper pin as a prize.

—At Home—

It will encourage you to hear what one of our Helpers did in just one day when she tried to get subscriptions. We received this letter from Agnes Foppe, Breese, Illinois. We think Agnes' idea would be a grand one for other Helpers to try in their own neighborhoods: "It's a long time since you heard from me and I guess you were expecting a letter. Well, since February is the Month of the Catholic Press I thought I should help you too. The subscriptions to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST of the people in town were all due in February. So Saturday I went around to get the renewals. It was fine weather that day. But oh! you should have seen the

roads the other day, we couldn't use the car so we had to get the team.

"Now back to the subscriptions. The people of Breese had little work in the mine and the factory. So I didn't have much luck. But I did succeed in getting three new ones and seven renewals. Altogether that is ten. Enclosed find \$10 for the subscriptions. Their address is on the following page. I'll close now, please pray for me." Three cheers for Agnes! Her work was Catholic Action and Loyal Helping, combined!

—And in the Missions!

And here's a story Catechist Wathen sent us when she was in California some time ago. Are you as good a salesman as Benny?

"Little Benny Patricio shows prospects of being a successful salesman. One day he tried to sell a magazine to a colored janitor at the bank. While the man looked at the magazine Benny swept the sidewalk for him. He made the sale, too.

"Little Benny is a model Catholic. He receives Holy Communion every Sunday and every First Friday. Although he received his First Holy Communion two years ago, his head still comes below the Communion rail, making it necessary for him to stand in order to receive. May he always remain an exemplary Catholic!"

AT THE FOUNTAIN OF LIVING WATERS by Peter Wachter, O.S.B. Benziger. \$1.25.

This little book was written to help those who find it difficult to meditate. We are told so often of the excellence of meditation, how necessary it is for us, but too few tell us *how to do it*. Father Wachter, then, supplies a real need when he presents a method which, he assures us, many souls now use with profit. As Holy Mass is offered as a sacrifice of adoration, thanksgiving, reparation, and petition, so can we build up our meditation in this four-fold way. The author teaches us how to do so, and then gives us a number of examples of meditation to show us the method in practice:

DAILY PROGRESS IN RELIGIOUS VIRTUES by Rev. J. Pitrus, S.T.D. Immaculate Conception Convent, New Britain, Conn.

This little book contains very practical considerations for Sisters on the virtues they should practice in their daily life.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENNA by Johannes Jorgensen. Longmans. \$3.50.

To do full justice to this book, one is driven to superlatives. In his Preface, the author tells us: "My relations with Catherine began, to tell the truth, under somewhat annoying conditions; at certain times I was almost afraid of her. But gradually, as I began to know her more intimately, the same thing befell me that befell so many others during her earthly life. I was subjugated by her and had to acknowledge myself beaten. Like the Franciscan who had at first criticised her so violently, I too became a zealous 'Caterinato'." And so, too, will you when you have read this exquisite life of Catherine Benincasa, the dyer's daughter of Fontebranda.

HEART TO HEART. A Cardinal Newman Prayer Book Compiled from His Writings by Daniel M. O'Connell, S.J. American Press. \$2.

As the publishers tell us, this is indeed something different, a new kind of prayer book. Those who are familiar with Cardinal Newman's writings, and those who are less appreciative of him will be touched by these selections. Included herein are selections from his *Apologia*, *Dream of Gerontius*, *Meditations* and *Devotions*, his translations of the hymns of the Breviary. The book's format is especially good.

SERMON SEEDS. THE OLD GOSPEL MODERNLY APPLIED. THE SINCERE SEEKER. By the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peter Wynhoven. Hope Haven Press, Marrero, La.

The first two booklets are, in the author's words, offered "not as a sermon substitute, but as a sermon stimulant." After each "seed," a page is left blank for personal annotations. In the first book the suggestions for sermons are based on the Gospel for the day. In the second book the author has taken incidents from the life of Don Bosco to show how the Gospel truth can be modernly practiced.

The Sincere Seeker is written for non-Catholics, not with the direct purpose of converting them—for conversion is a matter of grace and personal reaction—but with a view to enlightening them. Msgr. Wynhoven purposely quotes the Protestant Bible and cites non-Catholic authorities.

THE ONE SACRIFICE OF CALVARY AND THE SUPPER CHAMBER. 50c. **THE NECESSITY OF THE EUCHARIST AS A MEANS OF SALVATION.** 75c. From "Mysterium Fidei" of M. de la Taille, S.J. Pellegrini and Co.

The former is Thesis III of Father de la Taille's masterpiece on the Eucharist as Sacrifice and Sacrament; the latter, Thesis XLIX. Both are translated by the Very Rev. J. Carroll. It is thought that if a favorable reception is given to these theses, the publication of the whole work will be proceeded with.

I REMEMBER MAYNOOTH by Don Boyne. Longmans. \$2.

We could not help thinking as we chuckled over this, that if we enjoyed it so much, how much more a priest would enjoy it, and how much more yet would a Maynooth man! It is one of the wittiest books we have received for a long time, but it is not all humor. It has its sublime passages; for example, the description of the funeral of the student who died before his ordination; and the description of an ordination ceremony. We might add, for the uninitiated, that Maynooth is an Ecclesiastical Seminary in Ireland—the largest in the world. Life behind its walls is revealed in **I Remember Maynooth**.

CANTICLE OF LOVE. The Autobiography of Marie Sainte-Cecile de Rome, R.J.M. Convent of Jesus and Mary, Sillery, P.Q., Canada. \$1.50.

Mother Marie Sainte-Cecile de Rome, in the world Dina Belanger, was born in Quebec in 1897. She died at Sillery in 1929 after having been a Religious of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary for eight years. Under obedience she wrote her Autobiography. It has been likened to the Autobiography of St. Therese, but to us it seemed that their lives were very different, except for some resemblance

in the circumstances that surrounded them before they entered the convent. Mother Marie Sainte-Cecile had relations with Our Lord, receiving messages from Him and communicating with Him in a way very different from that of the Little Flower. Our Lord's gentle complaints were always the same—that there are so few really interior souls, even among priests and religious. The reading of this Autobiography should inspire us with greater love and generosity in His service.

MARY'S PART IN OUR REDEMPTION by Canon George D. Smith, D.D. Burns Oates. 6s.

This is a most important work in view of the fact that Our Blessed Mother's claim to the titles Co-Redemptrix and Mediatrix of All Graces is receiving the special attention of theologians today. The author shows how the traditional teaching on this subject is to be fitted into the framework of the general doctrine of Redemption as revealed especially in the epistles of St. Paul and as elaborated in the theology of St. Thomas.

THE OLD PARISH by Doran Hurley. Longmans. \$2.

This is without doubt one of the most delightful books we have read for a long time—since *Fish on Friday* in fact. You who have followed the Old Parish tales in *America* and occasionally in *The Queen's Work* will be happy to have a whole book of them. Someone has described them as being the nearest thing to an American Catholic folklore that has yet appeared. Their charm lies in this: that the characters are really all old friends, for what parish hasn't a Mrs. Patrick Crowley, President for nearly fifty years of the Altar and Rosary Society; and Aggie Kelly, soloist in the choir since the century's turning? These and many other old friends you will meet in *The Old Parish*. And when you have finished the book and have two regrets—as you will have: first that you have finished it, and secondly, that the Old Parish doesn't really exist, then turn to Mr. Hurley's letter published in this issue of *THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST* (page 12) and be consoled.

CHILD GUIDANCE by M. D. N. Dickson. Sands. 5s.

This is a most important as well as a most interesting book. It has as a background the work and experience of the Notre Dame Child Guidance Clinic established in Glasgow in 1931. The author furnishes valuable information on the subject of Child Guidance gives types of cases, and outlines methods of examination and treatment. We recommend it especially to parents and teachers.

A Vacation Idea

that we think worth passing on to you

Dear Catechists:

I do not intend to take any vacation trip this summer, but I have planned an imaginary one to St. Anne de Beaupre, Quebec; and I have divided the money I might spend on such a trip in the following manner. Enclosed you will find your share.

R. R. Fare, excursion rate:	\$9.25	To the Maryknoll Fathers toward the travel expenses of a missionary to the Orient.
Lodging at St. Anne's:	4.00	To Father Sylvester, O. S. B., Marty, S. Dak., for the school at Greenwood.
Board at St. Anne's:	6.00	To the Society of Missionary Catechists for their St. Joseph Poor Fund.
Incidentals at St. Anne's:	3.75	To the Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood, Portland, Maine.
For myself:	2.00	For a one day celebration.

What do you think of it?