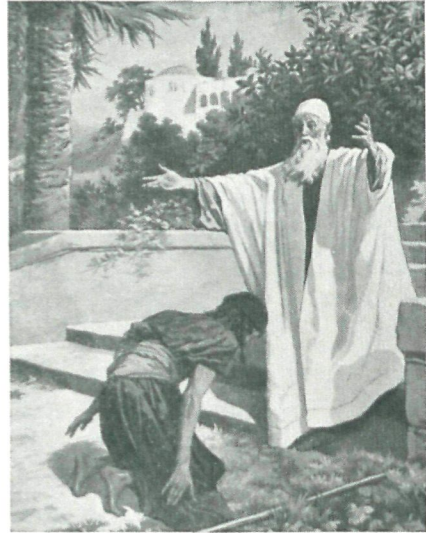


7-41

THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST



On
Our
Knees



Return of the Prodigal

Before Thy eyes, O Lord, we bring our offenses,
and we compare them with the stripes we have received.

If we consider the evil we have wrought, what we suffer is little, what we deserve is great.

What we have committed is very grave, what we have suffered is very slight.

We feel the punishment of sin, yet withdraw not from the obstinacy of sinning.

Under Thy lash our inconstancy is visited, but our sinfulness is not changed.

Our suffering soul is tormented, but our neck is not bent.

Our life groans under sorrow, yet mends not in deed.

If Thou spare us we correct not our ways; if Thou punish we cannot endure it.

In time of correction we confess our wrong-doing; after Thy visitation we forget that we have wept.

If Thou stretchest forth Thy hand we promise amendment; if Thou withholdest the sword we keep not our promise.

If Thou strikest we cry out for mercy; if Thou sparest we again provoke Thee to strike.

Here we are before Thee, O Lord, shameless criminals; we know that unless Thou pardon we shall deservedly perish.

Grant then, O Almighty Father, without our deserving it, the pardon we ask for; Thou Who madest out of nothing those who ask Thee. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.

V. Deal not with us, O Lord, According to our sins.

R. Neither requite us according to our iniquities.

Let us pray.

O God, Who by sin art offended and by penance pacified, mercifully regard the prayers of thy suppliant people, and turn away the scourges of Thy wrath, which we deserve for our sins. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Prayer of St. Augustine

Queer Reading

By Phil Guidt

If some night we were handed a sheet of paper on which was written everything we had spoken during the day, what queer reading it would be. There would be the first word in the morning revealing the spontaneous trend of our habitual thoughts. There would be the last word at night sealing our lips in deathlike slumber from which we might never awaken.

In between these two would stretch a chain of words linking together the passing moments with the activity of our restless tongue: Words that appear idle and silly, if not ugly and sinful, in the stern nocturnal silence of honest retrospection. Fortunate for us if the chain of verbosity is broken here and there with a prayer, a kind remark, a cheerful greeting, an expression of encouragement.

A word is quickly uttered and soon forgotten by the speaker, but the pain or pleasure it has caused in the lives of others may be endless. And the word itself is indelibly added to the verdict we are preparing for ourselves on our day of reckoning. "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." (Matt. 12, 37)

If some night we could see in black and white all the words which we had spoken during the day, and if we would reflect how these words must appear under the searchlight of God's judgment, most of us would wisely resolve and heroically strive to say fewer words . . . and to think a great deal between the words which we say.

The MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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Our Cover picture was sent us by Catechist Sophia Renkey, superior of our mission in Chino, California. The children are dancing the "Jarabe" in Mexican costumes.

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Practical Points on Teaching Religion

by Catechist Miriam Doyle

THE aim of religious instruction cannot be better expressed than in the words of the late Holy Father, Pius XI—words which every teacher should know and study well. It is “to cooperate with Divine Grace in forming the true and perfect Christian” later defined as the “supernatural man who thinks, judges and acts constantly and consistently in accordance with right reason illumined by the supernatural light of the example and teaching of Christ.”

NOW any understanding of this work of supernaturalizing man requires some knowledge of the supernatural life based as it is on human nature. We must recognize that the natural faculties of intellect and will are perfected by the supernatural gifts of faith, hope and charity. However, both of these faculties need constant practice in supernatural activity according to their capacity, so that the supernatural life may be maintained, nourished and perfected. Thus the intellect needs truths presented that have meaning for it; the will needs opportunities for judging and acting according to the knowledge of these truths. Remember, the supernatural man “thinks, judges, and acts.”

WHILE it is true that faith, hope, and charity are superimposed by grace, we realize that man's fallen nature continually opposed grace until by constant striving toward ideals of true value, strong principles are developed and the Christ-like character is formed. Our problem, then, is to present supernatural truths to our pupils in such a way that these truths have meaning for them, and convince them of their importance in relation to the present and future life.

TO begin with the question of presenting truth or imparting knowledge: Let us take the definition of Dr. Edward Fitzpatrick in his book on teaching religion in the elementary schools. “By knowledge we mean words wedded to meaning within the capacity of the learner.” Here we have the emphasis where it belongs—on the meaning and the learner, not the words and the book. But in our effort to get away from meaningless memorization we must avoid the opposite extreme of overemphasis on activity, and vague or incomplete doctrine.

Excerpts from a talk given at the Third Regional Congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana.

WE shall not go wrong in our teaching if we remember some of the basic principles of educational psychology: from the concrete to the abstract; from the known to the unknown.

Let us pay particular attention

to the principle of basing our teaching on the past experience of the learner. This tells us something very important—we must know our pupils as well as our subject, and prepare each class for the particular children we are teaching.

IF your pupils are well acquainted with the story of Pinocchio, the puppet who is promised human life on certain conditions, and you find it an excellent analogy for the doctrine of sanctifying grace, use it as a starting point. If the children ask whether there is really such a thing as a “super-man” introduce them to the supernatural man by means of this comic strip character.

WITHOUT minimizing the need of exact wording in religious teachings, we can warn against overemphasis on the place of the text book. Use the book in its place, but approach it by the road on which the pupils are traveling.

ANOTHER danger in religious instruction is the accumulation of facts without a central framework to which they are all related. Unity in teaching is necessary both for understanding and for remembering on the part of the pupil. It may be that teachers themselves have not learned to recognize and appreciate the harmony of supernatural life: God's infinite goodness in sharing His happiness with His creatures, going to the length of the Incarnation and Redemption in order to restore what man threw away, incorporating humanity in the Mystical Body of Christ visibly expressed in the Church, providing for the needs of human nature in the Church, as she sanctifies through the liturgy, teaches and governs through commandments and counsels; leading man on to the Beatific Vision as the end of his life of virtue and devotion.

INTO this broad plan can be fitted all the details too often merely strung together as beads on a chain, not worked into the beautiful pattern they really form. When properly taught, the children can see that such things as prayer to the Guardian Angel, examination of conscience, devotion to Our Lady's Rosary, fair play, Sunday Mass, First

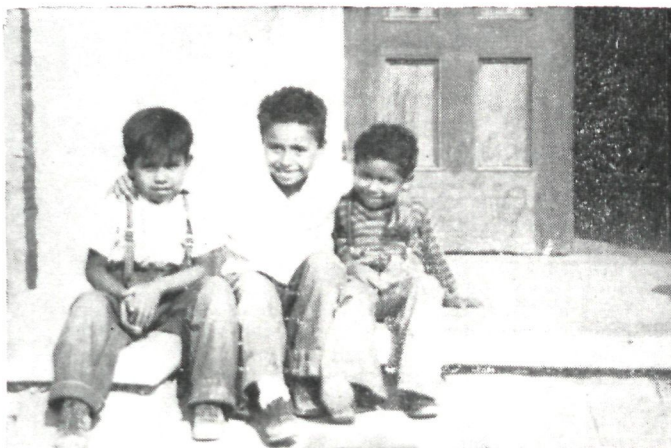
Holy Communion and the hidden Last Communion,—all are part of the relationship between themselves and God. Then, with the help of God's grace they will grow up to a manhood of pure and honest living, fortified by prayer and the Sacraments, directed toward true supernatural values.

UNITY, then, is a necessity in our teaching.

Not only will each class be a unified presentation, but the whole year's plan, the whole course of instruction insofar as we can make it so. In order that the children may see the unity of the material it should be presented to them in the terms of a problem whose answer is a general statement of an important aspect of religious truth. CATHOLIC FAITH, recently adapted from Cardinal Gasparri's CATHOLIC CATECHISM, affords an illustration of this principle in its topical contents. A chapter entitled WHAT GOD WANTS ME TO KNOW covers the Blessed Trinity, creation, angels, the fall of man, redemption, the church. WHAT GOD WANTS ME TO DO takes care of the Commandments. THE HELP GOD GIVES ME TO LOVE AND SERVE HIM includes prayer, grace, the sacraments. Other sections are handled similarly, emphasizing for both teacher and pupil the vital nature of the subject matter.

THIS same method of unifying the teaching also serves to provide the all-important motivation, giving a reason why the pupils should not only learn the material, but put into practice what they learn. Even in the teaching of secular subjects, motivation is employed to make children want to learn. How much more necessary in order to learn and live the most important thing, their religion! But it would be well to examine various types of motivation and their proper use in our work.

BECAUSE of the fallen state of human nature, purely intellectual motives are not readily grasped. An appeal to physical, sensory, self-interested or social urge is more powerful, until real permanent values are finally recognized, and reason governs action. Our appeal to the fundamental urges must be made prudently, keeping in mind that they are introductory and subordinate to the rational appeal. Thus if children are attracted by a picnic, a picture show, a prize, or a project, they must be led through these things to appreciate the better things. Their fun at the picnic was a result of cooperation and fair play, the enchanting pictures can only help us know a fraction of God's real beauty and goodness, the prize is a very miniature sample of the



"We must prepare each class for the particular children we are teaching."

reward that is to come for doing one's best for our Master, the pleasure of working together on a project gives a foretaste of the joy found in the corporate work and worship of the members of Christ's Mystical Body. So, within the instruction to which these more or less extrinsic motives have attracted the children, we try to build up the true, intrinsic motives for knowing, loving, and serving God.

A MOTIVATING device becoming continually more popular in religious texts is the practical problem question, which sets up a specific goal and challenges the learner for a satisfactory answer. Here is an example from the book HIGHWAY TO GOD: "Mary Webb says she sees no reason why she should go to confession and Holy Communion more than once a year. She never cheats or steals, she does others no wrong and she goes to church every Sunday. What would you tell her?" Now a child who could answer this problem successfully would have correct ideas on grace, virtue, the sacraments, and the guidance of the church. Incidentally it is a problem faced by certain unfortunate children occasionally found in Confraternity classes when they could be attending Catholic schools.

A TEACHING method that takes into consideration the important factors of unity and motivation will find these same factors taking care of the memory problem, for all real learning involves remembering what is learned. Material that is meaningful and purposeful will be remembered. The prayers and formulae of the catechism that need exact memorization will require some drill, but even this needs to be motivated.

(Please turn page)

Practical Points on Teaching Religion

(Continued from page 4)

OUTLINES, charts, and pictures, are useful devices in organizing for memorization, but here, too, we may find schemes more or less meaningful. For instance, the five steps of a good confession have long been diagrammed on the fingers of the hand, but why not connect them with the story of the prodigal son, who thought of how he had offended his father, was sorry, and resolved to change his ways, then went and told his father? Even though the parable does not say so, we can suppose that he did all he could to make up for the past, and that would correspond to the penance given in confession.

A PRACTICAL class plan following these principles would include steps somewhat like these: attention is attracted by a picture or a well-told story; the story raises a problem whose answer covers the unit to be taught; discussion shows that subordinate problems must be solved in turn; questions are presented so as to draw out the answer and put it in correct form; a summary outline organizes the matter (this must be carefully adapted to ages and mentality); the children review the matter from the outline; as additional review they repeat its substance in written assignments, dramatizations, or art projects.

PERHAPS some are hoping to find in the talks, articles and books on teaching religion, a solution to the problem of discipline in class. Many features of Confraternity teaching ordinarily make it difficult for inexperienced teachers to control a class: the time of class, after school or after Sunday Mass when the children are tired or restless; the place where class is held, in the church pews or on benches in the basement; in some cases the character of the children, perverted by irreligious and undisciplined environment. Until these factors are taken care of by more satisfactory arrangements and a widespread return to respect for authority, the teacher must do her best to control the class in spite of opposition.

SINCE every teacher cannot hope to study a course of child psychology, although this would be most helpful if attainable, a few practical ideas may be indicated. In the first place the thorough and careful preparation of each class



should provide for absorbing the attention and energy of the class, and in this connection the class must be considered as individuals each with their own interests and attitudes.

SECONDLY, a direct, confident attack, without waste of time, with the obvious intention to "mean business," will prevent the youngsters from seeing how far they can go. This latter point is particularly important in the first class—firmness that means business is the truest kindness and does not preclude loving sympathy.

A THIRD consideration in class control would include the teacher's character, her enthusiasm,

confidence, alertness, self-control, tact, fairness, humility, and sense of humor. Nor should such exterior details as voice, appearance and manners be overlooked. Often the little things mean a great deal in developing a personality that commands respect.

IN the hope that these few thoughts may be of some benefit to teachers, they may be summarized as follows: as principles, make it a rule to unify and motivate your teaching for your pupils; as fundamentals, teach your pupils to know, love, and serve God to whom they owe creation, redemption, and sanctification; as methods, depend on God's grace, common sense, and hard work.

To Jesus through Mary

There are two axioms in the kingdom of God that do not fail: No penitent soul can perish, and no soul that loves God can be lost.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all things shall be added unto you."

"This is the will of God, your sanctification."

Be convinced that your perseverance in the work of your sanctification is assured by devotion to the ever Blessed Virgin Mary, the all-powerful and ever-compassionate Mother of Jesus Christ, and, thank God, our Mother as well.

To acquire and develop true devotion to Mary should therefore be your important work.

Renew your consecration to Mary daily and hourly.

As a means to true devotion, practice devotion to Mary's chaste Spouse, the great St. Joseph.

Do not hurry in performing your spiritual exercises.

If possible have a fixed time for reciting your prayers; and if possible, recite at least some in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. If this is not possible, choose a secluded spot, as for example, your room.

Prepare well for Holy Communion. Make a thanksgiving. These minutes are important if they are well used.

Consecrate yourself after Communion to Jesus thirsting for love. Bring to Him your temptations, your predominant faults, and the virtues you wish to acquire.

Make an offering of yourself as often during the day as possible. Make this practice as well as your combat with your predominant fault the subject of your examination of conscience.

Make holy your ordinary actions by a pure intention.

Use spare time, that is, time left after the performance of prescribed work in (a) prayer, (b) spiritual reading, (c) study, (d) wholesome recreation.

Be conscientious about newspapers, magazines, movies, novels, etc.

A little mortification at each meal, at least at times, is excellent.

Do not get discouraged. Never quit. Distrust self. Trust in Jesus. Stay near Mary.

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL

The Scapular of Mount Carmel is one of the most popular means of expressing devotion to our Blessed Mother and of obtaining a greater share in her intercession. This devotion was set on foot by St. Simon Stock and has increased throughout the centuries.

According to Carmelite tradition, St. Simon after his elevation to the generalship of his Order, was praying one day to his beloved patroness for a visible sign of her favor. Our Blessed Mother appeared to him and placed in his hands the sacred badge of the scapular, saying: "Take, beloved son, this scapular of thy Order as a badge of my confraternity and for thee and all Carmelites a special sign of grace; whoever dies in this garment, will not suffer everlasting fire. It is the sign of salvation, a safeguard in dangers, a pledge of peace and of the covenant."

On July 16 the Church celebrates the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Let us renew our devotion to Mary under this beautiful title, and constantly wear her badge of the scapular, or a scapular medal, with piety and filial reverence. But above all let us resolve, and begin anew, to live so as to be less unworthy of her gracious favors.



This picture represents our Blessed Mother giving the sacred badge of the scapular to St. Simon Stock. At the same time the Infant Jesus is giving one to a Carmelite Nun.

IT was a beautiful sunshiny day when we drove into Lucero to begin a religious vacation school. Since all possible arrangements had been made for the school and for our personal comfort, we looked forward to a pleasant, interesting term, unbroken by events that might be called out of the ordinary.

OUR temporary home was a charming three-room adobe house, affording plain but substantial comfort. The small house was situated in an area of unique and varied rock formations which thoroughly delighted us. In high spirits we settled down to the business of teaching vacation school.

THE days passed quietly and happily. Then one morning we awoke to find more than six inches of snow on the ground, though spring was far advanced. It happened that there was a funeral that same day. The people of the village attended one hundred per cent, disregarding the snow for the time being, for it was after all an insignificant matter. Not so insignificant, we discovered later when we returned in the evening after the day's work. On entering our house we found ourselves in a shower. The roof being flat and made of adobe, the melting snow seeped through and began to wash away the mud. A boy was on the roof sweeping off the snow which still remained. He had come over as soon as he could but the damage was already done.



The Catechists make samples of the projects to be used for summer vacation classes.

WE found the kitchen thoroughly wet and so we did not attempt to start a fire in the stove but built one in the living-room fireplace instead. There we cooked supper, ate, and washed the dishes amid the falling of water. The only dry place in the house was under the bed coverings. We decided that the best thing to do was to take advantage of those comfortable spots as quickly as possible. Still dodging rain drops, we prepared to retire and were soon snuggled down under the warm blankets. Our clothes we deposited safely in our suitcases which we shoved under the bed. With the snow removed from the roof the "showers" ceased before morning.

Vacation School in Lucero

by Catechist Susanna Michels

THAT week-end we went to Holman and the people expected to repair the roof of our house while we were gone. Their plans were frustrated by rain. It rained and rained, washing away still more of the roof. We could not return to Lucero from Holman until Tuesday. When we again opened the door of our little house, one look was enough to convince us that it would be impossible to spend a night there.

WE hurried to the church and rang the bell, for it was almost four o'clock, the time of daily Rosary devotions. The people came as usual and we prayed with them. Afterwards I announced that we were homeless; our house was in no condition for occupancy especially in rainy weather. The good people held a consultation while we waited for the next move. The problem was solved by Mrs. Montoya who had in years gone by given hospitality to the Catechists. Her father had been staying with her but he had left just that morning and so we were welcome to his room. Soon we were helped into a wagon, with our few possessions, and sent happily on our way to a new lodging.

AMONG our few possessions, was a bag of eggs given us by a kind family. Eggs are precious out here and so we could not leave them behind. I held the bag carefully on my lap as we bumped along. We enjoyed the ride and the scenery; so much so that I quite forgot the eggs. When I looked down again I saw them chasing each other in the wagon box. The bag was damp and soon broke, releasing the eggs to their destruction.

BY ten o'clock that night we were settled in our new home. If the story had ended there . . . but the rain did not stop; neither did the story end. It rained and rained and rained some more. The road became impassable; the river grew into a wild torrent, rising so high that it almost covered the bridge. The people feared a flood. Over and over we were asked if we remembered the one in 1904 and the other in 1908. We tried to look wise, as though we remembered all the floods, even the ancient ones. The clouds still hung heavily over the mountains on the closing day of our vacation school, but the sun ventured to peep out occasionally.

(continued on page 10)

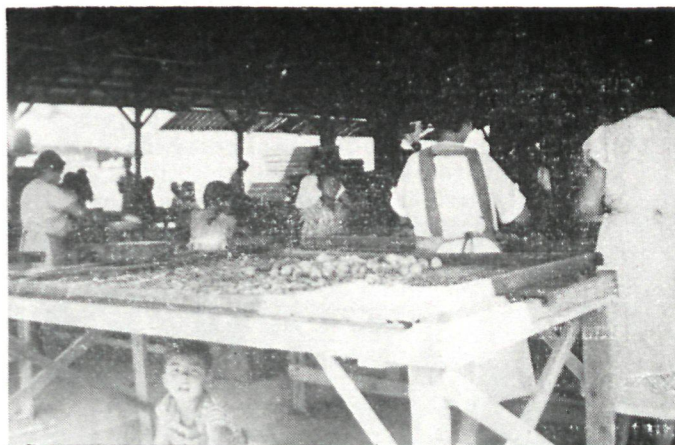
Apricot

Time

By Catechist M. Gertrude Kelly

WHEN the apricot season opens, the small world of Mexicans about us begins to move. Families by the hundreds go to the ranches seeking employment in the fruit orchards. When hired, each family is given a tent, a stove and a few other household furnishings. The women as well as the men work. The men pick the fruit and the women cut it and remove the pits. Wages are determined, in part, by the length of time for which the laborers contract. Those agreeing to stay till the end of the season receive two or three cents more for each box they pick than do the workers who stay only while picking is at its best.

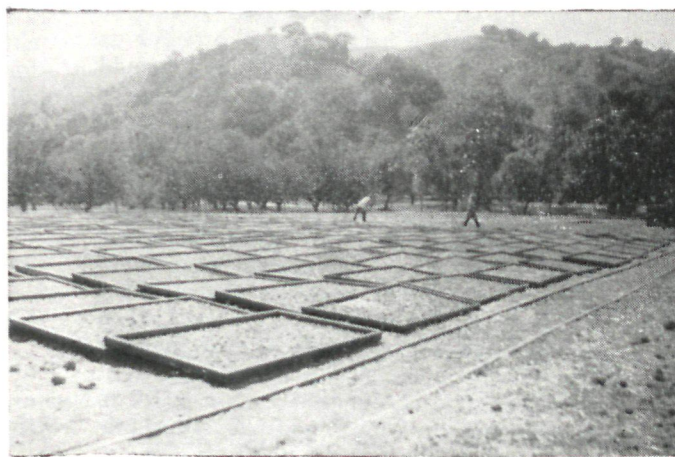
LARGE sheds are erected with tables at which the women can work conveniently and quickly. The apricots are halved and placed—cut side up—on wooden trays. Men carry the filled trays into the open and place them side by side on the sand in the hot California sun. It is not uncommon to see, near a work-shed, two or three hundred square feet of ground-space covered with trays of drying apricots. When the apricots are sufficiently dried the trays are stacked up on a cart and sent by rail to a sulphur bath prepared for the fruit in a shed built for this purpose. From there the apricots are taken to the packing house where they undergo another treatment with sulphur fumes before being packed in cellophane bags for commercial convenience.



In large, open sheds the women cut the apricots and remove the pit.



The fruit camp is a small village of tents like these which are home to the Mexican families during harvest time.



Trays of cut apricots drying in the hot sun of California.

In The Home Field



Cotton picking is one of the seasonal crops which keeps thousands of Mexican families migrating from place to place. This transient life affords little opportunity for education, especially for religious education. The Catechists follow the people to their camps and teach adults as well as children.

Vacation School in Lucero (continued from page 8)

IN the afternoon we arranged a party for the children and their mothers. The party was in full swing when a boy came to me with a message: "There is a man on the *other side* of the river who wants to see you."

LEAVING my Catechist companion in sole charge of the entertainments, I took one of the older girls and we hurried to the river. There we stood, I on one side of the raging stream and the man on the other. We tried to talk but the water made so much noise neither could hear a word that the other was saying. At last we both followed the stream to a place where it was narrow enough for us to shout across to each other. His message was important. He had volunteered to take us back to our mission center in Holman that evening, after the close of our school and Rosary devotions. But with the weather still uncertain he thought it best for us to leave at once instead of later. Since he could not cross the stream, could we get someone to take us over the mountain in a wagon? There he would meet us and take us home in a car.

HURRIED back to the party which we had to end rather abruptly. While we packed, the women prepared a hot meal for us and arranged for our departure in a wagon "over the mountain." The ride was not very pleasant for the road was steep and rough. We were glad when it came to an end and we could change vehicles before beginning the last lap of our journey. This was uneventful except that we got stuck in the mud once and our driver had to walk a mile for help.

We reached home about seven o'clock, feeling that the vacation school just completed had been "different."

A FIRE in the basement of the church in Elko resulted in a practical demonstration of Catholic action on the part of the junior girl scouts. The scouts left the building when the firemen arrived and betook themselves to the school yard not far away. There they knelt and prayed the rosary for the preservation of the church. Thanks to Jesus and Mary, and the prayers of the children, only small losses ensued. The statue of Saint Joseph was damaged, however; the head being badly battered though the rest of the statue was intact.

A day or two following the fire, the First Communicants were gathered in the sacristy. They stood in a circle around the statue, listening to one lad proudly holding forth: "Ain't that jist like St. Joseph. Goes and gits all banged up hisself, and not a scratch on the Baby Jesus!"

JIMMIE, age ten, is one of our star junior-choir members. One Sunday he rushed into church just as Mass was beginning. Later he told Catechist how he managed to get there at all. "I forgot to set my alarm last night," he said, "and I was still in bed fifteen minutes before time for Mass. I knew I would be too late if I didn't do something quick. So I called a taxi; it cost me thirty-five cents! And I paid the taxi-drive with my own money, right out of my bank."

DURING an instruction on Confirmation Catechist asked the definition of holy chrism. One of the girls answered correctly: Holy chrism is a mixture of olive oil and balm, consecrated by the bishop.

"Aw," contemptuously interrupted an older boy who probably knows more about Hitler than about the Holy Ghost, "how can you mix olive oil and bombs!"

THE children were discussing the fact that the Catechists do not work by the hour and get paid the way most people do. "They help everybody and they work for nothing!" a small girl declared. Six-year-old Bobby did not agree. He remarked, "They don't work for nothing. They work for God and He pays best of all."

TWO Catechists were taking census on a certain street. About a block away several children were playing on the sidewalk. One small boy called out to them anxiously, "I'll go to catechism class tomorrow, Catechist, so don't go to my house."



The dresses which these children are wearing were made by their mothers as a vacation school project. Yes, the mothers as well as the children attend vacation schools in some of our missions.

JOSE was disturbed. "Catechist," he said, "Father told me to say the Name of Jesus five times for my penance. What is the *name* of Jesus?"

SELF-DISCIPLINE is an important factor in the training of our crusaders in Brawley. The crusaders have many opportunities for overcoming self in little things and they are on the alert to grasp them. On class days, for example, it requires no little self-control for hungry boys—and thirsty ones—to fall in line without a murmur and to march in military file to their catechism classroom, in spite of the extreme heat. But they do it and like it. Sometimes, when a new boy begins classes, he is unfortunate enough to remark, "Catechist, I am hungry." This is not to be wondered at for the class is during the noon hour, and it delays the boys' meal considerably. The "valiant" men, however, lift their eyebrows or shrug their shoulders at the tenderfoot. "IT is a baby," they say, "IT cannot conquer itself. Catechist, tell him the prayer for valor."

The prayer: Grant me strength and valor, O Lord, to conquer myself.

WHILE waiting for the post-Communion class to arrive, Catechist was listing the names of the materials used in baptism on a large poster. Three small children, who had not yet mastered the first lesson in the catechism, stood nearby watching. Catechist wrote WATER, then OIL, and the little ones spelled out the words which she wrote. "What you gonna write next, Catechist?" an impatient one wished to know. Before Catechist could answer, the boy in the trio shouted, "GAS"!



Associate Catechists

of Mary

Illinois APRIL 30 was just another day in the week for most Chicagoans, but it was the day of the month for members of three A.C.M. Bands. **St. Jude Thaddeus I, St. Katherine and Holy Family Bands** joined forces that afternoon to give a memorable party for their missionary, Catechist McBride. It was a glorious achievement in their A.C.M. career. Both socially and financially it fulfilled all their desires, and brought a heartening gift to help their Burse soar towards the top.

"THANKS to Our Blessed Mother being with us, the party was a grand success," wrote Mrs. Charles Fiala, promoter of **St. Jude Thaddeus Band**. Mrs. Fiala generously assumed the responsibility of taking care of details for this Luncheon and Raffle affair. "Special thanks go to Mrs. Bertha and Nelle Mathieu, Mrs. Rose McBride, and Mrs. Kittie Attwood. Mrs. Helen Garrity (promoter of **Little Flower Band**, Chicago) came and devoted all her willing energy throughout the day, to help us out. Our sincere thanks to all who so kindly sold chances on a beautiful oil painting, the work and donation of our artist member, Mrs. Frank Loeb. Everyone cooperated so willingly, and we renewed old friendships and made new friends."

A glance at the A.C.M. Band Donations' list will explain why we extend hearty congratulations to the members of these three Bands. However, we pray our thanks most of all for the spirit of charity and cooperation which made this party a memorable event in the annals of our A.C.M.

New York WELCOME to our first group of Brooklyn-ites! The members of **Our Lady of Victory Club** are not new friends of our Society by any means. Under the leadership of Miss Catherine Binz, their promoter, they have given valuable aid for all of two years. However, this Band was affiliated only recently with A.C.M., and chose **Our Lady of Victory Club** as the name by which they will be known.

Nearly all the members are working girls, holding jobs in offices or department stores in Brooklyn and Long Island. Their days are crowded to the last minute. Many are separated by distances that make frequent meetings impossible. Nevertheless in their eagerness to share in the mission apostolate, they have found a way to overcome all obstacles to active club work. Only one meeting will be held each year, in preparation for their annual card party. Miss Binz will keep up any necessary contact with her members during the remaining months by correspondence.

OUR Lady of Victory Club has chosen Catechist Mary Anna Binz as their missionary. They have been associated with Catechist in her mission work in Brawley, California, during the past year. This was her first experience in the "far West," and the members shared their missionary's adventures in spirit—and by letter. Such cooperation and genuine interest would cheer any missionary's heart!

Chicago **OUR** friends in **St. Joseph Band** like to do things in a big way. A letter from Mrs. Alice Voight, president, or Miss Gertrude Maleski, treasurer, is always certain to contain a substantial amount for the two Burses they are helping to support.

"All members worked very hard in an effort to make this raffle the success we feel it has been," Mrs. Voight assured us. "We hope the amount will help in some little way to continue your good work." Many, many thanks for the help you have given us with the heavy burden of financing our apostolate. In return, every Catechist remembers you all every day in grateful prayer.

A LETTER from **Juanita Club's** secretary, Miss Margaret C. Wirtz, was doubly welcome, coming as it did after a short silence. The members more than made up for it by the generosity of their gift. These loyal friends are among the pioneers of our A.C.M., having been associated with our apostolate for more than a dozen years. May God reward them for the helping hand they have always given, both in spiritual and material needs.

★

Charitina Club, Paris, Illinois



Standing, left to right: Josephine Means, Margaret Sullivan, Catherine Coady and Mrs. Anne Verchota.

Seated, left to right: Mrs. Coral Kritz, Mrs. Anna Waller, Mary C. Gibbons, promoter, and Mrs. Miriam Mansfield.

Glimpses from the Sidelines

by Marie Keenan, A.C.M.

HOW in the world can so many people squeeze themselves into one small space? This is the question that comes to our minds as we pause for a moment in the reception lobby on the second floor of the Morrison Hotel. Amazed, we watch elevator after elevator stop to unload its burden. Gay greetings, merry chatter is heard on all sides. They are a happy contented crowd, these Associate Catechists of Mary and their friends.

Let's allow ourselves to be pushed along to the ballroom. "No more room downstairs, but you will find card tables available upstairs," we hear one of the charming young ladies on the reception committee say. Standing on tiptoes, we see the long table on the platform in front of the ballroom, decorated in Our Blessed Mother's colors. It fairly groans under the weight of beautiful door prizes, that sparkle in their cellophane wrappings under the glare of the bright lights. We walk along slowly, taking in everything. Admiringly, we listen to the quiet voices of the chairmen of the various committees, giving instructions to those working with them. Signs of willing cooperation everywhere.

OUT in the reception room again, we wander toward the cake booth. Such delicious looking and beautifully decorated cakes we never have seen. Artistically arranged on tables that form a background of blue and white, they attract all eyes. Across the room, tables are being set up to take care of the overflow crowd of patrons, while a little farther down are the long Bingo-game tables. From that direction come shouts of victory . . . "Bingo!" and groans of disappointment. "Oh, just one number lacking!"

AT nine o'clock Monsignor J. J. Horsburgh, Archdiocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, arrives with several

priests. We hurry back to the ballroom, not wishing to miss his talk. Our A.C.M. president, a charming picture in her black velvet gown, is escorted to the front of the ballroom where she greets Monsignor Horsburgh. The party's young hostess-chairman introduces Monsignor to the guests, and thousands of hands applaud their welcome. Then, a sudden hush, and the Monsignor speaks. Words of praise fall from his lips, words that warm all our hearts. He speaks of the Associate Catechists of Mary, of their

. . . at the A.C.M. Card Party sponsored annually by our Chicago Associates, at the Morrison Hotel. Word has come that this gala affair will be held in September this year. Watch for complete details in an early issue.

marvellous work for the cause of home missions, of their sincere devotion and long years of service to the Missionary Catechists.

THE party continued to its triumphant close. How proud we felt of everyone associated with us that night; of our party's zealous chairman, of all the committees who worked so earnestly hand in hand that it might fulfill its purpose of Marylike charity in behalf of the missions dear to her Son. We were proud too of our patrons, the guests whose coming made the party the success that it was.

★

A.C.M. Band Donations

April 25 to May 25

Archbishop Stritch Band, Chicago, Helen Gaethke	\$13.00
Charitina Club II, Paris, Ill., Mary C. Gibbons	2.40
Dolores Band I, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Klingel	5.00
Florentine Mission Society, St. Louis, Mrs. Katherine Krueger	5.00
Good Shepherd Band, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley	3.00
Guadalupe Band, Dayton, Ohio, Rose Marie Heier	4.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. Murphy	10.00
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Mary E. Nye	33.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Lillian Dunn	15.00
Juanita Club, Chicago, Margaret Wirtz	50.00
Little Flower Band, Pittsburgh, Catherine Lippert	5.30
Occasional Club, St. Louis, Margaret McCord	10.00
Our Lady of Sorrows Band, Chicago, Bertha Collins	50.00
Our Lady of Victory Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., Catherine Binz	65.00
Our Lady of Victory Guild, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. E. H. Kenny	8.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Illinois	4.00
Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	5.00
Queen of Poor Souls Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	5.00
Srillians Band, Cheviot, Ohio, Rita Buche	1.00
St. Bernadette Club, Chicago, Mrs. Mary McNulty	50.00
St. David Club, Chicago, Mrs. Rose Munse	6.00
St. Helen's Band, Dayton, Ohio, Margaret Karas	3.25
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Helen Gaethke	5.50
St. Joseph Band I, Chicago, Mrs. M. McNamara	50.00
St. Joseph Band II, Chicago, Mrs. Alice Voight	35.50
St. Jude Band, West Allis, Wis., Mrs. E. J. Probst	34.00
St. Jude Thaddeus Band, Chicago, Mrs. Chas. Fiala	19.00
St. Jude Thaddeus, St. Katherine and Holy Family Bands, Chicago	111.60
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	8.00
St. Mary's Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Mrs. T. Ankenbruck	150.00

Within the Lily's Chalice

by Jovita de Vargas

VISITORS to the old Mission always stop at the souvenir shop near the exit, at the end of the sight-seeing tour. They make purchases too, more than their purses warrant, because the charming *senorita* who welcomes them casts a glamour about each curio as she displays it and tells the story which gave birth to its original design. She is in love with her trinkets; the story of each flows from her lips smoothly, quaintly, even musically at times, as though she were reading pages of the immortal past. Now she holds before her fascinated audience a large breast-pin of curious mold, and begins afresh:

DOES it have a story, you ask? Some call it a legend, a tale of fancy, yet there were those who swore that it was true. But time is a jealous custodian of secrets and the walls do not speak. As for me, I believe it as I tell it.

IT happened in the early days when the bold knights of the road traveled up and down El Camino Real in search of plunder. They spread terror broadcast, gloried in doing so, and few dared to resist them.

THERE was among them a certain Janerio, a bandit by profession, but a gentleman, to be sure, by birth. This Janerio lusted exceedingly after gold, and he regarded as nothing the shedding of men's blood to obtain it. Yet he bore a most becoming reverence for women. One and all—so they said—instinctively felt their virtue safe in his company, despite their boundless fear of him.

WHEN fancy seized this creature of contradiction, he would ride into town and appear in a ballroom as though invited, there to court the ladies and challenge the courage of the men. Dressed in his finest, he was the handsomest man ever to grace the halls of the plaza.

AMONG the debutantes of the season was the daughter of *Senor Valdivia*, a wealthy nobleman from old Spain. Though motherless from infancy, this beautiful child grew up chaste and lovely as a lily—called, in fact, *Lilia*—a general favorite and the consolation of the aged *Senor's* waning years. From the beginning Janerio singled her out as his favorite. She, foolish one, with the recklessness of youth, gave him the pure love of her heart; for, be it remembered, he was surpassingly gallant to the ladies.

I DO not know—no one knew—whether *Lilia* met Janerio clandestinely. All I can say is that his visits to the numerous social gatherings became more frequent; his attention to *Lilia* more absorbing—so absorbing that the women feared he might be caught

off guard, and murdered in the very arms of his chosen one, as they danced a round or two in daring defiance of possible capture.

EARLY one morning in spring, word reached the plaza that there had been robbery and murder on El Camino Real. Janerio's name was on every blanched lip and terror held the residents in paralyzed inactivity. The custodians of the law were in a white rage. They placed a fabulous price on the bandit's head and challenged the men to drag him out of the hills dead or alive.

THAT very evening, despite the tragedy of the morning, an unusually large group gathered at the scheduled ball in one of the finest adobes of the city. Perhaps they wished to relieve the tension by pleasure, perhaps to overcome fear in the strength of numbers. Be that as it may! The evening's merriment was at its height when the door opened and in walked Janerio, dressed this time in his colorful bandit garb, with two guns in grotesque evidence.

THE music and dancing stopped immediately; the dance floor cleared as if by magic, and the crowd stood trembling in awed silence. With a smile on his handsome, fearless countenance, Janerio surveyed the scene. Soon his eyes rested upon *Lilia* and he beckoned her to him. She came forward at once, pale and exquisitely lovely. Tears like huge dew drops hung from her lashes, but the love of her heart was in her eyes and the smile on her lips was one of welcome.

JANERIO commanded the musicians to play and like mechanical men they took up the dance piece where they had abruptly broken off. Would the bandit be so rash as to dance before that assembly on the very night of his mad escapade? All waited in breathless fear. But he did not dance. He took his lovely partner in his arms and they spoke softly to each other. Apparently oblivious of all else, he pressed her close and kissed her full upon the lips. It was then that the men—though unarmed—rushed forward. They could no longer control their hate and the seething of their jealous rage. The women covered their faces, dreading the deadly action of Janerio's guns. Wonders to relate, he did not shoot. Had *Lilia* asked him not to? Who knows! Instead, with a swift backward motion, he disappeared into the night as he had come. No one ventured into the darkness in pursuit.

FROM her first meeting with Janerio, *Lilia* had maintained silence about him. Moreover, she had gone about her round of daily duties and pleas-

ures with no evident change. As a consequence, her aged father came to the conclusion that fear prevented her resisting Janerio's advances. Senor Valdivia had no reason to believe that his daughter met the bandit outside the ballroom. Surely, she must simply be acting a part to humor his thirst for the spectacular. In the presence of all no serious harm could befall her. On the other hand, that kiss on the ballroom floor demanded an explanation. Something must be done soon.

THE outraged parent sought counsel of a young man, Senovio, the only suitor for the hand and fortune of Lilia who had won some slight favor in her eyes. Shrewdly Senovio advised caution; violence and opposition never attained their end with women. He further suggested that Senor Valdivia watch his daughter secretly for a few weeks. He might soon learn if their fears were exaggerated or not, for great love cannot lie forever sealed in the heart. It breaks forth in words and deeds.

LILIA spent her days as before, directing the servants, working for the poor, reading, sewing. When alone, or apparently alone, for her father watched her covertly, she hummed to herself or sang softly. Thus it was that Lilia's great love betrayed the secret which she and her bandit-lover had sealed dramatically with a kiss on the ballroom floor not many days before.

AT first her singing was merely a broken, meaningless jumble of words about the full moon, the midnight, the mission, a gallant lover. Gradually she pieced them together into sentences freighted with importance.

*At midnight, when the moon is full,
I shall meet my beloved
In the shadow of the Mission.
I shall fly with him
To a place his love has prepared for me
Far away.*

THE aged Senor Valdivia, alert and vigilant, heard and was more grieved than angered at his discovery. He blamed himself as one who had somehow neglected a sacred duty. Was not Lilia still but a child, and a motherless one at that, for all her eighteen years? He must make her realize the folly of trusting to the promises of such a one as Janerio. If she had aroused his affections, they would undoubtedly be as short-lived and fleeting as his brief, daring visits to the ballroom.

AGAIN Senor Valdivia sought counsel of Senovio who agreed that Lilia should be spared all unnecessary suffering. But, he argued, would not a taste of disillusionment mature her inexperienced judgment? She should be left free to go to the mission. However, they must be on hand to soften the blow, and to sooth the wound, lest the tragic disappointment inflict irreparable harm on her gentle and delicate nature.

THERE was no ball in the plaza on the night of the full moon. The unsuspecting city lay asleep and silent in the white light from above. Close to midnight, Senor Valdivia, accompanied by his armed guard as was his custom, and the trusted young Senovio, walked quickly past the gates of the city

(continued on page18)



Mary's



DEAR Sunshine Helpers,

What picture does "July" bring to your mind? Floating banners, red white and blue. Yards of gay bunting, multitudes of flags, in the same three colors. "July" always means "The Fourth" to American boys and girls. The very name brings visions of round red firecrackers, Roman candles, parades, gorgeous "fireworks" displays . . . all the delightful, noisy things that help us make our Fourth Celebration a BIG one.

To my mind Fourth of July brings another picture, too. Once on the eve of that historic holiday Dad brought home a surprise package for sister and me. Can you remember the day when you came into possession of your first pair? Then you know the joy that was ours when, opening our gifts, we found roller skates inside! That was one Fourth when a parade, with its color, music and glamor, moved slowly past our house, unnoticed as far as we were concerned. That was one Fourth when we failed to count the flags on the cars and bicycles that flew swiftly by with pleasure-bound occupants. All else was forgotten as we set ourselves to the delightful task of "learning how to skate." That was one Fourth too when bumps and bruises, skinned knees and scraped noses could not be blamed on firecrackers and home-made cannon!

A Patriotic Gift

ON your birthday you hopefully, almost wistfully, look to your relatives and friends for a gift remembrance. When it is mother's birthday or sister's or brother's, then it is your turn to be the giver, theirs to receive. On Christ's Birthday we give our spiritual gift of love and prayer to Him, and our "visible" gift to those who belong to Him . . . our family and friends.

Independence Day is our Nation's birthday, and so it seems only fair that America should receive a gift too. Flowery speeches, gay colorful parades, noisy celebrations are her tribute from most Americans. But American Catholics wish

to give our country the most precious gift of all, a spiritual gift that will obtain for her and her citizens the peace and Christ-like living that make for true freedom and happiness.

To whom shall we offer our gift? Uncle Sam is a lovable character, yet he is only fictional after all. But there is someone, someone who is real, whose heart is full of love, compassion and motherly tenderness towards the country that is dedicated to her. That someone is America's patroness, our own Blessed Mother, under the title which she herself gave us when she said to little Bernadette: "I am the Immaculate Conception."

To her we will intrust our gift, a bouquet of spiritual flowers . . . in the patriotic colors! Flowers of flaming red will be a Holy Mass; white flowers will be the Holy Communion, when we pray to God's Son to bless America; a decade of Hail Mary's will form the blue flowers to complete our spiritual bouquet. Will you unite with me in offering this gift to America on her birthday?

Our Grandmother Saint

THERE is no need to introduce Saint Anne. You are all well acquainted with the gentle, loving mother of the little girl who grew up to be God's Mother. Less often, though, do we think of St. Anne as the Grandmother of Jesus. Yet she was just that, and surely this grand privilege brings her blissful happiness now in Heaven.

The twenty-sixth day of July was chosen by Holy Mother Church as the feast of this Grandmother Saint. On that day your Sunshine Friend will be asking her to look down upon you, brothers and sisters of Jesus, with all a grandmother's love and watchfulness. Knowing our own grandmothers as we do—God bless them—we are aware that it is their trait to boast with honest, forgivable pride of the charms and virtues of their grandchildren. Does your heavenly Grandmother have reason to take the same holy pride in speaking of you to her angel and Saint friends? Perhaps you know that she must be disappointed sometimes. Then promise St. Anne as her feast day gift that you will try with all your might to be the kind of grandchild you know she wishes you to be.

Loyal Helpers

"Ninety-eight in the Shade—"

—and it makes us think of this month's dedication. In July, you know, we thank Jesus in a special way for the priceless gift of His Precious Blood on Calvary and in daily Mass. It flowed from the wounds of His Sacred Body in order that our sins might be washed away.

During these weeks of summer, the sun seems to lose its jovial smile. With impish glee it grins down upon a sweltering world as the thermometer soars close to the hundred mark. The heat makes dewey drops ooze out "all over," giving us uncomfortable, squirmy moments. Instead of being peevish and cross, let's unite our little discomfort with *His* tremendous suffering. We'll try to bear it without a whimper—even with a cheerful smile—for His sake.

The summer months are hard ones for Christ's missionaries. They cannot scatter to cool resorts in the mountains, near the vast ocean, or at inland lakes. Their labors for souls must go on, unceasingly. It is the work God has given them to do, and they do it with joy whether in foreign lands or in missions nearer home.

The joy of Christ's missionary priests, Sisters and Catechists will be even greater, if they know you sometimes mention them in your talks with Jesus and Mary. When the heat is fiercest this summer won't you tell Them that you offer it up cheerfully and lovingly as a petition for graces and courage for Their soldiers in mission lands? Thanks! I knew you would.

Affectionately, in Jesus and Mary,

Catechist

From a SOLDIER BOY to His MOTHER

AN actual verse-letter, written by an American lad who is leading a soldier's life in one of our country's Naval Air Stations.

DEAR MOTHER,

At times I've tried your patience
In fact, quite worn it through
And caused you—yes, I know it,
No little heartache, too.

DESPITE the thousands ways you tried
To win me o'er to good
It seemed I always chose to be
The villain 'neath the hood.

I GUESS I never understood
All that you did for me,
Cause, Mom, it wasn't malice—
I just, just couldn't see.

BUT now I'm nearer manhood—
I'm twenty-three this year;
And there's a voice within me
I've just begun to hear.

IT tells me all the little things
You did for me each day;
They didn't seem so big right then
But grow when one's away.

OF how you tried so very hard
To keep me going straight,
And tried to stop each budding fault
Before it was too late.

YOU taught me I should daily kneel
Before I slept, to say
That I was very sorry for
The wrong I'd done that day.

FOR these and countless other things
I'm grateful, Mother dear.
I love you, and I'll love you more
Each day throughout the year.

Your Al

WITHIN THE LILY'S CHALICE

(continued from page 15)

down the road that lead to the old Mission. Scarcely had they reached the highway when their ears caught the sound of flying hoof-beats. The men stepped into the shadows and waited. Down the mountain trail which merges into the highway a horseman came riding at top speed. Janerio, and no other!

THERE was no time for consultation or discussion; the figure came rapidly nearer, was almost abreast the hidden cortege. A shot rang out in the midnight. The horse reared and fell, throwing its rider directly into the ambush. He was surrounded in an instant and almost as quickly he arose and recovered his composure. Strange to relate, he was unarmed, and dressed as befits a groom bound for his nuptials. Half wistfully he smiled at his captors, then delivered his message:

"Tell the one love of my life," he spoke gallantly, "that I will meet her tonight at the old Mission—as I promised."

SCARCELY had the words left his lips when one of the guards fired. He would not give Janerio an opportunity to escape, as he obviously intended to do. The bandit clutched his breast and stood motionless, his face upturned to the heavens. "I will come for her . . . as I promised," he muttered and fell forward.

SENOR VALDIVIA and his escort knew neither pity nor regret as they stood around the dying

bandit. He had earned such an end. With Janerio dead Lilia was safe, as was also the plaza. Leaving the helpless man to the care of the guards, the anxious parent and Senovio hurried to the Mission in search of Lilia. They found her, indeed, dressed like a bride in simple, virgin white, lying dead in the shadow of the Mission.

IN horror they realized that from the elevated site of the Mission she must have watched her bridegroom come riding down the white mountain road to meet her; watched him meet unexpected death instead. The simple natives, however, whispered to one another in sorrowful understanding that Lilia was dead because Janerio had come for his beloved as he promised!

THOSE who knew said that Lilia's aged father spent his remaining days as a recluse in the old Mission. The good Padres of the Mission induced him to seek some physical diversion to relieve the strain of his continual prayer and grieving. In compliance he chose to make ornaments which he hammered out of metal. These ornaments were all the same size and of the same significant design—a lily in whose floral chalice nestled two broken hearts melting together into one!

THE eyes of the charming senorita at the souvenir counter sweep across her audience as she finishes her story in a hushed voice. Then she holds up a large breast-pin of curious mold. "This," she tells them with a smile that chases the shadows from her face, "is an exact replica—perhaps even one of the many ornaments which Senor Valdivia himself fashioned!"

BOOKS

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY, by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen. 16 mo. 107 pages. Cloth. \$1.00. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York.

The past years during Lent, we have had the excellent discourses of one of America's favorite speakers. In the 1941 Lenten discourses, given over the National Broadcasting Company's network, Monsignor Sheen has voiced the thoughts of a Catholic who is devoted to **GOD AND COUNTRY**.

For the past six years, these discourses have been published in book form and have enjoyed **BEST-SELLER** circulation, and again with this year's talks, he has presented a book which promises to make every listener, every Catholic, and every American more aware of his duty as a citizen and a member of the Church.

In this book, with candid and straightforward logic, Monsignor Sheen has taken the ills of our times and shown to us the false premises upon which so many leaders have based their political and religious views and practices. It should be on the must list of every Catholic.

THE BOND OF PERFECTION, Meditations on the Virtue of Charity in the Epistles of Saint Paul, by Sister Mary Agnes, S.N.D., of Cleveland, Ohio. Frederick Pustet Co. (Inc.) New York and Cincinnati. \$1.50.

In this book the author, presenting practical reflection on many Pauline "charity"-passages, stimulates to further meditation, so that the reader may accept and make his own the challenge of Saint Paul: "Let then charity be your aim."

In Memoriam

Mrs. Isabel Quinn, mother of Catechist M. Frances Quinn, Texarkana, Ark.

Herman S. Kosicki, Chicago, Illinois.

Virginia Rapp, Chicago, Illinois.

Mrs. Mary Shanahan, A.C.M., Omaha, Nebraska.

Mrs. Mary Schroeder, A.C.M., Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

James J. Gibbons, Mattoon, Illinois.

Mrs. Frances Hanak, A.C.M., Shiner, Texas.

Mrs. Lillian Niewola, A.C.M., Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hajek, Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Raymond Maginn, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Bradfield, Texarkana, Ark.

Mr. John Dietz, Chicago, Ill.

To these, O Lord, and to all who rest in Christ, grant we beseech Thee, a place of refreshment, light, and peace.

Mission Intention for July

By the Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell

For the Conversion of the Mohammedans

WHEN one recalls the tenacity with which the Mohammedans have clung to the teachings of the Prophet during the past thirteen centuries he realizes that both missionaries and faithful "must do violence to heaven" if these some two-hundred and fifty million souls would be won to Christ. The story of the founder of this religion is a familiar one but speculation will always exist regarding his sincerity as a reformer. Was he a fanatic or a deceiver? That we cannot answer. However, there is no doubt of his conquest of territory and—saddest of all—of men. Islam has been called "the sole secretion of an Arab brain." but the reformer caravan attendant saw before his death the subjection of all Arabia to his teachings. After his demise his followers swept into Mesopotamia, Palestine, Syria, and northern Africa, their battle cry "death to the unbelievers" echoing through lands watered by the blood of Christian martyrs.

Resemblance and Difference

MAHOMET has been called "a leader who succeeded by his compromising opportunism" and perhaps one of the proofs of this is his adaptation of Jewish and Christian beliefs to suit his own doctrine. As a consequence we find points of similarity between Christianity and Mohammedanism but the differences far outnumber the resemblances. There is complete rejection of the doctrine of the Trinity since "Tritheism is considered fatal to the unity of God." This rejection automatically denies the divinity of Christ, and the Holy Spirit, as well as the redemption of mankind. Lacking a formulated theology, Islam follows a religion of externals—instruction is of the simplest kind. However, as the Reverend

C. Marindale, S.J. reminds us, "when you believe very few things you can put the whole force of your temperament into them." This is perhaps one reason for the spread of Mohammedanism, which also satisfies man's undoubted need to believe, to pray and to be certain of survival.

IT must be remembered also that Islam offers a free hand to sensuality, ambition and the fighting instinct, added to which it assures social position to blacks as well as whites, thereby explaining in part at least, the reason for its spread through Africa.

Revision of Tactics

THE centuries-old concept of Mohammedan conquest by armed forces has proved its uselessness, not because Islam is lacking in courage but rather because time has shown that the mightiest weapons to be employed against it are prayer and charity. The failure of the Crusades is but one proof in point, just as is the success of the gentle Saint of Assisi. Force may defeat force but it never conquers it and a sympathetic approach exceeds in power the clanking of armor and the clash of steel.

TODAY Islam, unwittingly or knowingly, stands at the crossroads of history. Shall it transform the star and crescent into the hammer and the sickle or flatten them both into the sharp angles of the swastika? Politically, it must make a drastic decision; spiritually it must face the alternative of substituting godlessness for Allah or opening the windows of its soul to the bright sunlight of God's love. The missionaries are ready to supply the charity which the Mussulman has grown to know but his efforts must be supplemented by the prayers of the faithful to complete this apostolate in one of the most difficult fields in the world.



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