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THE
MISSIONARY
CATECHIST



September
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Harvesters

Still the sower goes forth
to scatter his seed;
either by hand,
in the primitive method
of our forbears,
or by mechanical devices
as is the way
of modern industry.

His is a two-fold sowing:
he sows of his seed;
at the same time,
he sows of himself.
In labor,
in fatigue,
often in pain,
he buries the choicest
of his last year's produce.

And while he labors
he counts not the cost
in seed
nor in personal effort
for his thoughts are on the harvest—
plentiful, enriching.
And he rejoices
as though
it were already in his barns;
and his rejoicing
spurs him on to greater efforts
in sowing.

Likewise I sow
for the Kingdom of God
in a two-fold sowing.
An understanding word,
a helping hand,
a kindly smile,
a bit of instruction
or admonition.

These, my seeds, are small,
but like the kernels of wheat,

they yield
a generous increase.
I scatter them far and wide,
impelled by a passionate longing
for a bountiful harvest.

While I sow of the seeds
entrusted to me
by the Master,
I sow also of myself:
in prayer,
in penance,
in suffering of body and soul,
crushing self in loving service
of my neighbor;
not once, nor twice
but daily, hourly, always,
with agonizing constancy.

Yet I seek no respite from sowing.
The pain of it,
rather,
incites me to song.
For my heart is fixed on the harvest
which is certain—
as certain as God is true.
He will gather souls
for His glory,
giving a superabundant increase
to the seeds I spread
in His Name.

When life—
the season for sowing—
is over,
I know
that the Master Reaper
will welcome me
in a meeting,
surpassingly loving,
to His harvest-time of Heaven.

by a Missionary Catechist

ONE of the Postulants at Victory-Noll was very much encouraged to follow her holy calling by the following letter which she received, while at the "cross-roads of her life," from Right Reverend Monsignor Seroczynski, a friend of her family. In the hope that other young girls will draw as much spiritual profit from it as she did, the recipient of this missive obtained permission from Monsignor Seroczynski to have it published in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

DEAR Mary,

So you wish to be a Catechist! I think that is wonderful. Frankly, I have a very high regard for the Catechists. The work they do is such as no one else has ever done quite so well. I have had the opportunity for watching their mission activities at very close range and the results of their efforts were marvelous. There is something peculiarly American about their methods and technique. They are not bound nor constrained by a thousand Old World precedents. They make precedents. Well, that's that for the Catechists.

Now as for you, Mary, considered all by yourself. I do not think it quite fair to ask whether you will be happy in that sphere. The bed-rock of happiness will be there for one who loves God passionately,—in doing God's Will as one honestly sees it. If happiness is to be interpreted in terms of human comfort and pleasure and consolations it is entirely possible that you will not be "happy."

You know as well as do I, from observation, that the love of husband and wife, the quiet and sweetness of home, the affection of and for children, all these are the tremendous factors in the lives of the mass of men and women. But that precisely is the sacrifice we make for the possession of the pearl of great price.



I think much—if not most—of the unhappiness of moderately good people comes from their unwillingness to give their *all*. And so for most of us our lives are filled with compromise and inconsistencies and we are always and ever dissatisfied with ourselves.

You love your brothers and your sisters. They love you. But they too must be generous. We gather the fairest things for those we love. The loveliest flowers are not quite lovely enough for the one we passionately love. This is true especially when that One we love is God. And so brother and sister must give the fairest thing they have to the good God Who so frequently must be satisfied with our second-bests.

After all, each must make his or her own choice of bride or bridegroom. So if you have prayed and sought the advice of those competent to give it, make the decision remembering that there are only two persons in all the world as far as you are concerned. One is God. The other is you.

May our dear Lord bless you and may the Holy Ghost pour into your mind and heart wisdom, knowledge, and fortitude, that you may know God's holy and adorable Will and courageously follow it whithersoever it may lead you.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

(Signed) Felix Seroczynski

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Our Blessed Lady of Victory Press, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana

Real Versus Unreal Happiness

by the Most Reverend John F. Noll, D.D.

THE growing secularism in America and the extent to which Catholics are affected by it is evidenced by the decrease in vocations to the religious life, which every Sisterhood is feeling keenly.

THE religious school was never so sorely needed as at this time when there is a loud clamor from all sides for the instruction of youth in religious and moral principles, because nine-tenths of these children have never learned the ABC's of religion.

THE demand for the spiritual and corporal works of mercy was never more pressing. Hospitals conducted by Sisters are understaffed, particularly at this time when the war is attracting thousands of nurses from local communities to the battlefronts.

THE opportunity of converting pagans in foreign lands, and of reclaiming apostate Catholics in our own country was never so great. In other words, "The harvest is great but the laborers are few."

THE Society of Missionary Catechists is receiving appeals from bishops throughout the nation for their services in behalf of children who have not the advantages of a parochial school training, and in behalf of the hundreds of thousands of children whose parents live too far from the churches which they are expected to attend. Groups of Missionary Catechists are located at various points in three dioceses of California, where, in the aggregate, they instruct more than 15,000 children who would otherwise remain uninstructed.

IN order to find all the children available for instructions, Catechists must visit the homes of these children. During these visits they are able to stimulate the parents to create a religious home life and to cooperate with the Church for the religious and spiritual development of their children. Thousands of parents are reclaimed for the faith through these visits.

EVEN in the Middlewest there are many demands for the Missionary Catechists. The Catechists will open one new center in the City of Detroit this summer, and another at Paulding in the Diocese of Toledo. In the Diocese of Fort Wayne they are located at a number of centers from which they visit as many as a dozen parishes in rural areas where the congregations are small and therefore unable to conduct parochial schools.

AN example may enable the reader to visualize just what a small group is able to do in a fairly large area. Catechists are located, for instance, at Indiana Harbor, close to the City of Chicago. From there they instruct the children of six parishes on the outskirts of Gary, including the children of two colored parishes. In addition, they are the principal instructors of Mexican children and adults in two parishes.

THE Catechists are helpful to the poor through the distribution of clothing, of religious articles, Catholic papers, magazines, etc. Last year they provided Mexican people of Indiana Harbor with more than 500 pieces of clothing. They distributed approximately 1900 religious articles and more than 1330 Catholic papers and magazines. They recently completed a census in ont Mexican colony and registered 1398 families.

They also took census among the Negroes of the City of Gary, contacting 740 homes.

IT is evident, therefore, that the vocation of a Catechist is a truly missionary one, and that these missionaries are extremely helpful to pastors who would not have the time to form personal contacts with so many people, to instruct the older children, to teach the little ones their prayers, and to meet all the children at very definite times throughout the week.

THE religious life may seem somewhat unnatural to non-Catholics. By Catholics it certainly should be regarded as the most natural way of showing love for God "with one's whole heart, with one's whole soul, with one's whole mind, and with one's whole strength."



His Excellency, Bishop Noll, snapped in the sunny patio of Victory-Noll



The latest class of Postulants at Victory-Noll with their Mistress

JEHOVAH WITNESSES, inspired by no supernatural motive and incompetent to minister spiritually to the people, are so active that they visit a million American homes every day for the one purpose of recruiting their own ranks. If they can be impelled to such effort, certainly Catholics should be much more zealous and eager to do something for Christ Whose brothers and sisters they are, and to fight for Him and His cause as soldiers—which they also became through the Sacrament of Confirmation.

IF the Communist will lend himself, heart and soul, to the promotion of a *bad* cause, aren't there one thousand reasons why those who are soldiers of Christ should give their lives to the promotion of a *good* cause, the cause for which Christ became incarnate, endured hardships, privations, persecutions and death?

DOESN'T sound reason tell us that we should select the securest way of promoting our sanctification and salvation? And is any other way so secure as that which is followed by those who leave the wicked world and join others who, like themselves, hope to win a high place in heaven by living close to Christ here on earth and by working for Him, whether in the school, the hospital, or in the social service field?

EVERYBODY is stimulated by the "profit motive." Our Divine Savior pointed out that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." By this He meant that people use the best and the safest means to procure temporal benefits, and that His own followers should use the best and safest means to procure eternal benefits. The worldly minded, we are told in Holy Scripture, "Perceive not the spiritual," and they have the strange notion that only temporal goods can make them happy.

THE most miserable man the writer ever met was a multimillionaire who had lost much of his fortune and was constantly talking about it—grieving over it. A year later he died and we wonder: Has he come into the possession of riches in the other world which will never be taken away from him?

THE happiest man we ever met was a man who had been a multimillionaire and who had lost EVERYTHING. He became happy by finding a substitute: He himself said that he had never been more than a mechanical Catholic theretofore; that he had attended Mass and received Holy Communion monthly with the Holy Name Society, but that now he attended Mass and received Holy Communion daily. At every Mass he thanked God for taking away from him the material things on which he had set his heart and substituting for them those inestimable values which would endure throughout eternity, and which made him peaceful and happy even here on earth.

THE common people of every country in the world are greatly perturbed over what may be their lot in the future if they do not have social security. The religious have no such worries. They will have social security from the day they give themselves to God until death. They will be suitably clothed and properly fed. They will be well taken care of during illness and will have the opportunity—during the evening of life—to live in peace and joy of heart and soul.

WE hope that those who read these observations, whether parents or youth, will ponder over them; that parents will encourage their children to embrace the religious life; that youths will weigh these reflections well on the same scales on which they weigh their conceptions of what makes for real joy and profit.



Under Its Spell

by the Rev. Serapio Gonzalez, Mercedario

THESE lines are gratefully written for THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST in the shadow of the holy walls of Victory-Noll, which like the arms of a loving mother, received me for my annual retreat.

IT is a treat as well as a retreat to be here. Many Europeans do not realize that there can be in the United States places like this—places of peace and silence and intense spiritual life.

NOT all is pagan frivolity and irreligion in the homes of this famous country, since from many of these homes come a great number who, in answer to religious vocation, dedicate themselves to a life of true piety and to practicing, even to a heroic degree, the fourteen spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

THERE are usually about sixty Catechists at Victory-Noll, including the younger members of the Community so recently withdrawn from the noisy, seductive world. In their young faces, always tranquil and often smiling, there is no sign of homesickness for that which they have abandoned.

WHY have they come hither? To sanctify themselves, and to sanctify others by teaching catechism. Solomon says that the perverse are corrected with difficulty; therefore the Catechists direct their efforts particularly to children and youth. They are a new congregation, and their founders, in choosing this special field in the apostolate of the Church, showed themselves truly inspired by the Holy Spirit; for the catechetical field is the one most in need of workers in this century.

TODAY there is catechizing—the spreading of propaganda—going on throughout the world, especially on the part of those who seek proselytes for evil. It is by catechizing that political parties gain followers for their revolutionary dreams of power. It is by catechizing that various sects spread the most absurd beliefs. It is

by fervent and energetic catechizing that the very agnostics and atheists hold out to their catechumens the goal of an easy life on this earth, although even that poor promise is seldom fulfilled.

BUT catechists of Catholicism have to speak to their disciples of suffering, of renunciation, of self-denial, and of constantly combating their disordered passions, which so often try to masquerade as common sense and right reason. Catholic catechists have to teach: blessed are the poor, the meek, the pure, those who weep, those who hunger and thirst after justice, those who are persecuted unjustly. It is a hard lesson, and people do not come to learn it of their own accord.

MOHAMMED told his catechists, "If the mountains don't come to you, you must go to the mountains." The Catechists of Victory-Noll do not wait for the children, the poor, the abandoned, and the ignorant to come to them. They go out to seek them, joyfully and diligently. "The poor have the gospel preached to them."

AND they work in twentieth-century style. Theirs is a new society, founded to meet the needs of the time. With the same devotion and fervor with which they pray and sing God's praises in their chapel, they shift the gears of their automobiles, and drive off to seek the poor and bring to them the word of God.

THEY go as messengers of heaven's truths to places of poverty with its accompanying miseries. Even as they love their convent, their books, their religious habits, so they love their cars, which are the wings of their apostolate. Perhaps the novices of today will see, before they reach old age, the use of the helicopter to enlarge greatly their field of action. Do not the angels have wings? Those whose apostolic work is so necessary may well turn to advantage every

honorable means, and attack the enemy with his own arms.

* * * * *

YESTERDAY towards evening, I went out to walk about the grounds for a few minutes, to refresh my thoughts after a meditation on the great mystery of our Redemption. It was a quiet, mild evening. The woods and the orchard wore their splendid garb of autumn beauty. The sparrows were busy seeking their resting places amid the vines, and loudly disputing as the day faded.

A FRIENDLY little dog came out to accompany me on my walk, and we made friends after the usual introduction. From a neighboring field, two cows contemplated my white habit with curiosity. As I neared the chicken-yard, its squawking inhabitants came bustling to the gate, expecting an extra feeding. For a few moments the peaceful setting was disturbed by the hum of airplane motors, then again there was the "eloquent silence" of this holy place, whence generous souls go forth to take their part in the divine plan of our Redemption.



Vines covering a large part of the building give Victory-Noll an inviting, picturesque appearance.



Our Blessed Mother greets you at the end of the short, steep drive up to Victory-Noll

A BELL sounds, calling all to chapel. The Catechists come, like doves to a dovecote, from various parts of the grounds and buildings. Night begins to spread its mantle of mystery, which covers so many evils that might scandalize the weak, as well as conceals so much holiness and sacrifice, thereby preventing the danger of vainglory.

WHAT pleasant days, so fruitful for my soul, are passing in this piece of heaven on earth, called Victory-Noll!

NOLL! . . . Ah, yes, this is the name of a great and holy man, the Bishop of Fort Wayne. Providence is with me, for during my retreat I had the good fortune of meeting Bishop Noll personally. He came, accompanied by two priests, to visit his spiritual daughters. Our pleasant meal together was enhanced by his charming conversation. He has travelled throughout Europe, including my beloved Spain, and the principal nations of South America. His intelligent opinions on current world problems, and his judgments of persons and ideas are most interesting.

THE impression made by direct contact with this prelate has been to increase the aureole with which fame has already surrounded him. He is the apostle of the day: catechist of the pen through OUR SUNDAY VISITOR, which he founded and guides (some say that St. Paul today would be a journalist); and catechist of the spoken word through the Society of Missionary Catechists, which he so generously sponsors.

Truly these days which I have passed in the shadow of the holy walls of Victory-Noll ought to be recorded in golden ink. These memories will not be erased even by death. They are the kind which shine undimmed, even in eternity.



Does God want me to be a
Missionary Catechist?

She Consecrates

A YOUNG woman wishing to embrace the religious life soon learns that there is nothing "mysterious" about entering the Sisterhood of her choice, nor in the steps leading up to her consecration to God. In summary the requisite qualities for admittance into the Society of Missionary Catechists are: A firm desire to devote one's life to the service of God in active missionary works; good health, physical and mental; an ordinary education; a recommendation from one's pastor. Other, more specific, requirements may be learned by writing to:

Catechist Catherine Olberding
Superior General
Victory-Noll
Huntington, Indiana

UPON being accepted as a postulant of the Society of Missionary Catechists, the young woman consecrates herself to our blessed Mother and entrusts her vocation to Mary's keeping. She wears the neat uniform and short net veil of a postulant, and spends her days happily at Victory-Noll in prayer, work, study and wholesome fun.



Postulant consecrating herself to Mary



The days at Victory-Noll are
happy ones to the sincere
postulant.

Herself to God

IF SHE passes the period of her postulancy satisfactorily, she is accepted formally into the novitiate. This takes place in a ceremony—touching in its simplicity—at which she receives from the hands of the officiating prelate, the dark blue habit of the Missionary Catechist and the white veil of the novice. She also receives a long black rosary and a large crucifix which she cherishes as her most precious possessions and principal weapons for the conquest of souls.

AFTER a two-year novitiate—a period of probation and intensive training—the novice pronounces her first vows for one year. She then receives the dark blue veil of the professed Missionary Catechist, a large silver shield of our blessed Mother for her mantle and a medal of Our Blessed Lady of Victory which is suspended on a silver chain about her neck. The Catechist passes six years in temporary vows. Then she pronounces her final and perpetual vows.

AFTER her first profession she receives her first appointment to the missions. August 15, the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, is the Catechist's traditional day for receiving the small white card which bears her appointment for the ensuing year. Soon after she is off for the missions!



Three years have seemed a long time to wait for that glorious first mission appointment!



Receiving the habit of a Novice.



First Profession, a moment of supreme happiness.

Missionary Catechists



RELIGIOUS

THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS are bound perpetually to our dear Lord with the three holy vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. As His consecrated spouses they strive to show forth the charity of Christ in their daily practice of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. By kindness, patience, cheerfulness and untiring zeal, they draw souls to God.

LOVING SLAVES OF MARY

THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS believe that if souls love and serve Mary, Mary will lead them safely to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Society of Missionary Catechists is placed under the patronage of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. Each Catechist also consecrates herself to our blessed Mother as her slave of love forever according to the practice of the True Devotion taught by Blessed De Montfort.

TEACHERS OF RELIGION

THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS go daily into the slums of large cities or into mission villages and settlements of the great Southwest to gather poor children and instruct them in the truths of faith. They teach both young and old, but their primary solicitude is for Catholic children who are obliged to attend public schools, and who in consequence receive no religious instruction.



PROMOTERS OF GOOD

CITIZENSHIP

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST organize and conduct scout troops, clubs and sodalities. By so doing they strive to develop in the boys and girls a sense of their responsibility as members of their community and as citizens of a great nation as well as their obligations as soldiers of Jesus Christ.

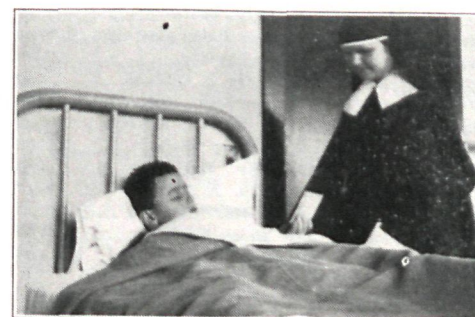
Realizing the prime importance of the family unit in the structure of a nation, the Catechists instruct older girls and married women in the art of home building and home management. They also teach sewing and cooking.



In The Home Field

FRIEND IN EVERY NEED

THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS share the troubles of all—men, women and children—in their assigned districts. Whether these troubles are big or little, spiritual, mental or physical, the Catechists strive to provide a remedy or at least to obtain the proper form of alleviation. The poor in particular are confident that, whatever their need, the Catechist will be able and eager to help.



MEDICAL MISSIONERS

THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS visit and minister to the sick poor and to the dying in their homes, and dispense medicines. They watch over the spiritual needs of patients in non-sectarian hospitals. They teach health and hygiene to parents and children, and give to mothers special classes in the care of infants.

The health activities of the Catechists consist principally in contacting the sick and physically underprivileged and obtaining for them the proper relief and care through cooperation with local and state health agencies.

SOCIAL SERVICE WORKERS

THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS spend much of their time in regular and systematic home visiting. They take census, make converts, discover and reclaim fallen away Catholics. They make every effort to help solve the many family problems and difficulties presented to them. By kindly advice and encouragement, too, they accomplish much toward fostering happy, wholesome, Catholic family life.

The Catechists also visit prisons, homes for the aged and state charity hospitals to carry encouragement and cheer as well as the consoling truths of religion to the lonely inmates.

RELIEF AGENTS

IN emergencies the Missionary Catechists dispense food, clothing and medicine to the sick and the indigent. The giving of material aid is a powerful means of winning the love and confidence of the poor and of disposing them to receive supernatural truths. In succoring the body, the Catechists prepare the way for saving the soul.



Associate

WHY?

IN 33 cities and towns of America groups of Catholic women are meeting again this September to resume a program interrupted by the summer months.

THEY are members of small neighborhood, parish or sodality mission clubs. They are members of groups which are scattered throughout the United States, yet they are united by enrollment in the same organization, the Associate Catechists of Mary which has its headquarters at Victory-Noll.

OUR Associates are united also by the same interest: the work of the home missions; by the same purpose: the support of a Missionary Catechist engaged in the work of the home missions; by the same charity: a real love for the poor of Christ, and a real desire to help them.

WHY? Why do the Catholic women who are our Associate Catechists of Mary, members of the mission clubs who aid our Society in its home mission work, sacrifice their time, energy and funds for the support of our missionaries in the field?

BECAUSE Our Lord said: "Give, and it shall be given to you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over, shall they pour into your lap. For with what measure you measure, it shall be measured to you."

BECAUSE they receive many spiritual benefits for themselves and their families—especially remembrance in the Perpetual Novena of our Blessed Lady of Victory, and remembrance in the Holy Mass offered at Victory-Noll every First Friday of the month for our Associates.

BECAUSE they know that their boys in the service benefit by their charity to Christ's missionaries and the poor; and because they know that their soldier sons and relatives are remembered in the prayers of the Catechists.

DO you wish to share these benefits with our Associates? Write your name and address in the space on page 13, and send it to the A. C. M. Supervisor, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

A. C. M. Band Donations May 27 to July 20

Archbishop Stritch Band, Chicago, Miss Helen Gaethke	\$ 20.00
Associate Catechists of Mary, Chicago Area	111.40
Charitina Club II, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary C. Gibbons	4.50
Dolores Band II, Chicago, Mrs. J. Bechtold	10.00
Florentine Mission Society, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger	5.00
Good Shepherd Band, Chicago, Mrs. Mary Staley	40.00
Good Will Mission Circle, Carrollton, Ky., Mrs. Harry Hill	3.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. J. Murphy	24.10
Holy Ghost Band, Elkhart, Ind., Miss Mary Nye	50.00
Little Flower Band, Chicago, Mrs. Helen Garrity	100.00
Marians Band, Chicago, Miss Margaret Daniels	40.00
Mother of Perpetual Help Band, St. Louis, Mrs. K. Krueger	7.00
Our Lady of Guadalupe Band, Dayton, Miss Rose Marie Heier	9.50
Our Lady Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	10.00
Our Lady Queen of Poor Souls Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	10.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Ahner	85.00
Our Lady of Sorrows Band, Chicago, Miss Florence Kuenster	20.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Illinois	9.00
Srillians of Our Lady of Sorrow, Cheviot, O., Miss Marie Gadzinski	2.00
St. Anthony Band, Los Angeles, Miss Marie Glizinski	13.50
St. Anthony Band, Chicago, Mrs. Alfred Beck	5.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace M. Kern	1.25
St. Gemma Galgani Band, Chicago, Mrs. Vogt	50.00
St. George Band, Chicago, Miss Lucille Dea	16.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Miss Margaret C. Karas	20.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	5.00
St. Joseph Band, Baldwinville, N. Y., Mrs. Albert Zahn	6.82
St. Jude Mission Society, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Mary Noll	61.00
St. Jude Thaddeus Band, Chicago, Mrs. Lydia Fiala	25.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	23.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	20.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. J. N. Nachtigal	10.00
St. Mary Band, Chicago, Mrs. Annie Hansen	28.00
St. Mel Band, Chicago, Mrs. L. E. Lopez	10.00
St. Raymond Nonatus Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	6.50
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. J. J. Huebl	16.00

Catechists of Mary

● ST. JUDE MISSION SOCIETY

In Fort Wayne, Ind. Mrs. Mary Noll, promoter, recently sent us the annual report of her members' activities for the year beginning March '42 to March '43. The amount contributed towards home mission work was \$196.80, while 202 pieces of clothing were sent to Mount Carmel Mission in East Chicago, Ind. Medals and holy cards, Catholic booklets and leaflets were likewise included in their mission boxes.

The members of St. Jude Society have not relaxed their efforts, but have already sent another generous donation towards St. Jude Burse. "Considering present circumstances we have done the best we could," Mrs. Noll wrote. We heartily agree.

● ST. ANTHONY BAND

In Los Angeles, Calif. At a reorganization meeting sponsored by Mrs. Anna Meng and held in Mrs. Mary Mahue's home, Miss Marie Glizinski was appointed promoter of St. Anthony Band. In her report of the following meeting Mrs. Meng said, "We surely had an enjoyable time. Two new friends of the Catechists were present, and asked to join our ACM Band. They are a mother and a daughter and had such a good time that they invited us to meet at their home next month."

The small amounts given by the members as dues at each meeting bring a greatly appreciated donation for our Society's mission work.

● POOR SOULS BAND

In Berwyn, Ill. Miss Nellie Doyle and Mrs. H. LaPere were recent hostesses for the members of Poor Souls Band. Mrs. Alma McGovern, promoter, sent us the proceeds of both meetings, and praised her members for the loyal way they are attending in spite of the countless demands made on their time. The success of every mission club depends so much on the interest of the members, and we pray that God will reward every hour sacrificed for the sake of His mission work.

● HOLY GHOST BAND

In Elkhart, Ind. In honor of their Divine Patron the members of Holy Ghost Band put an extra pound of zeal into their year-round gathering of mission mites when Pentecost Day approaches. So constant was their effort this year that the Pentecost donation was double the usual amount! May

the Holy Spirit shower them as generously with His graces.

Our Associates In Chicago

St. Jude Thaddeus Band. "Starting with our meeting on Wednesday, June 9, we are giving as prizes for our card games a 25c defense stamp as a prize for each table," Mrs. Lydia Fiala, promoter of St. Jude Thaddeus Band, wrote. "We feel in this way we can help two major causes." As always, her letter brought an appreciated donation for the Catechist they are sponsoring, Catechist Rose McBride.

St. Joseph Band I. In the name of Mrs. M. McNamara, promoter, and her members Mrs. Catherine Service has again sent to our ACM office their generous contribution for our mission work. The members of St. Joseph Band meet twice monthly for an afternoon of cards, and donate fifty cents for the support of their Catechist. From this it may be seen how large an amount each one gives in a year's time, and how much we owe to their loyal generosity.

The Event of the Year. Miss Mary Perkins, president of the Associate Catechists of Mary, Chicago Area, writes that the Annual Fall Party sponsored by our Chicago promoters and members will take place on October 15, at the Morrison Hotel. The general chairman and committees were to be appointed at a special meeting. Watch for further details on this page in next month's magazine.

A. C. M. Supervisor
Victory-Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Catechist,

I am interested in doing my bit for one of Christ's missionaries in your Society, and would like to have further information about the A. C. M. Will you write and tell me how my friends and I can go about starting a small mission club of our own?

My Name

Address

Belated Tryst

A story by Rosemary Tramer

YOUNG Doctor Gray was taking the longest way to "Shanty Square", slum district of a large, sprawling western city. He drove slowly, his eyes often shifting from the narrowing streets to the lovely girl at his side.

WITH quiet grace Angela Mayfair reclined in the shiny black roadster beside the young Doctor. Her manner and the serene smile on her youthful face gave no indication of the tumult that raged in her heart.

ANGELA had been to Shanty Square once before—two years ago, to be specific. Recollections of that visit crowded in upon her thoughts now as she chatted pleasantly with her admiring companion. The Shanty Square episode, she recalled, had occurred shortly after her graduation from St. Rose Academy, soon after her eighteenth birthday. At that time she was cherishing a desire for the religious life. During her academy days two Missionary Catechists had lectured at St. Rose's, and ever after Angela longed to be one of them. She was thinking of them that day, two years ago,—how distinctly she remembered it all now!—when she and Fay Blake, a close friend, had stopped at the rectory to leave Mass stipends. They found their pastor just returned from a sick call to Shanty Square.

"NO, Shanty Square is not a new addition to my parish," explained Father in answer to the girls' exclamations of surprise. "This good soul sent for me. A pitiful case. I feel certain that she is dying more from lack of proper food and sympathetic care than from disease. I intend to go back there this afternoon and take her some fruit."

ANGELA became enthusiastic. Wasn't that exactly what the Missionary Catechists did, take comfort and relief to destitute sufferers? Why couldn't she begin now to imitate them? Impulsively she cried:

"FATHER, Fay and I aren't doing a thing this afternoon. We'll be glad to take your patient some fruit. Please let us. You have so many other things to do!"

THE kind pastor looked from one to the other of the beautiful girls before him and smiled.

"Your mothers would be horrified if I sent you to Shanty Square."

"They'll be glad we had an adventure," Fay said. "They know we've been bored to death since graduation."

"And we really are grown up now, Father,"

Angela argued. "Besides, it's broad day light. No harm could come to us."

"Oh, there's no danger, only—well, you might be surprised at what you see."

"We're ready for anything," laughed Fay. "Please, Father, give us directions."

AN hour later Angela and Fay were driving cautiously through a narrow, dark alley in the most wretched slum district of their reputed beautiful city. Neither spoke. A strange dread began to grip at their hearts as they realized that they had never experienced personal contact with "the poor." Although not considering themselves wealthy, their families had always been blessed with more than the average of this world's goods. The girls' lives had been sheltered, spent mostly in private schools. Their practical knowledge of how people in the other stratas of society lived was nil.

AT length they came to their destination, a broken-down tenement house, gloomy and forbidding. Before it swarms of children, white and colored, played noisily in the street. They surrounded the car instantly when it drew up to the curb.

"Whatcha want here?" was their curious greeting.

ANGELA was startled. "Fay," she said, "you stay out here, near the car, and let me take the fruit up to Mrs. Faggan. These toughies might punch a tire or something."

"I'd rather go inside," Fay answered, staring in bewilderment at the dirty faces and skinny, half-naked bodies that pressed against the car doors.

"Flip a coin," grinned Angela who suddenly felt a strong reluctance to continue their mission. The coin settled the argument. Angela was to make the visit.

"Whatcha want here?" demanded the children again in a loud chorus.

ANGELA pushed open the car door and smiled at the grimy uplifted faces.

"Can you show me where Mrs. Faggan lives?" she asked.

"Maisie Faggan? Sure! We'll take you there. She ain't gonna live long."

IN a body they dashed forward, through a broken door and up rickety stairs. Angela followed as one in a dream, fearful of the darkness, nauseated by the disgusting odors, and marveling that children could be so dirty and live. Ahead of her, on the first landing, two boys pounded on a door and shouted, "Lady to see Maisie."

THE door opened with a jerk and Angela faced a short, slovenly woman who supported herself on a crutch.

"What you want?" she asked bluntly.

ANGELA forced herself to smile. "I came to see Mrs. Faggan, the sick woman. The priest who visited her earlier this afternoon sent some fruit."



Work is often play at Victory-Noll.

THE door opened wider and Angela stepped inside.

Before her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, she was ushered into an adjoining room, a bedroom. Here, by the faint glow of light that seeped through the small dirty window, Angela could see the patient, a pathetic creature with large, hungry eyes. Her small, withered face was crowned with an abundance of prematurely white hair. The bed appeared a mess of dirty rags. Swarms of flies buzzed around the sick woman, crawling over her hands and motionless face. To Angela the room seemed unbelievably small, dark, dirty and smelly. She closed her eyes a moment to steady herself before speaking.

"Father O'Brien sent some fruit to you," she said gently, fighting the nausea that threatened to overcome her. "He is very busy this afternoon and couldn't come. I am happy to bring his gift."

THE patient smiled but did not speak. Then a tear rolled down each cheek as she reached for Angela's hand and pressed it. Angela was touched. Despite her disgust at the surroundings, she forced

herself to speak words of sympathy and encouragement. She must be polite for Father's sake.

THERE was neither chair nor table in the small dark room, so Angela set the bag of fruit on the foot of the bed and hurried back down the creaking steps to the street.

Fay was apparently entertaining the children whom she had enticed away from the tempting automobile. She broke off abruptly, however, when her companion emerged from the house, said goodbye and ran to the car. The pair drove off in silence.

FAY credited to adventure her brief chat with the group of slum kiddies and promptly forgot it. But Angela found that her visit to Mrs. Fagan had left an indelible impress upon her soul. Alone in her room that evening she reviewed the details of it in the magnifying light of her vivid imagination. For years she had dreamed romantically about the life of a missionary among the poor. Her experience in Shanty Square had occasioned a rude awakening to the meaning of the term, "the poor." Now that she had caught a glimpse of how they lived, did she have the courage to devote her life to them? She hated dirt. She hated bugs. She hated sickening odors.

TO be sure poverty and filth are not synonymous.

Besides, she told herself, the Missionary Catechists also teach in wholesome rural districts where the children are among the finest that America can produce, albeit circumstances prevent their enjoying the blessings of Catholic School education. Yet, the Catechists gloried in their preference for the most destitute in body and soul. Could she bring herself to do likewise? She must if she would join them.

FOR days Angela imagined that the vile odor of the tenement house clung to her person. The feeling of nausea persisted also, and nightly, she dreamed of dirt, bugs and scrawny, filthy street urchins.

DESPITE all this, the desire to become a Missionary Catechist clamored for fulfillment. She could not bring herself to crush it entirely with a definite and final NO. Rather, she pushed it aside into a far corner of her heart. Summer passed leaving Angela restless and dissatisfied. She welcomed the day when she left for college, only to discover, later, that the college courses held little interest for her.

"I ought to fall in love," she told herself at length. "That's a never-fail remedy."

BUT she did not fall in love, although many young men sought her favor. Then she met Doctor Gray. He was definitely different. That he was impatiently awaiting induction into the army heightened his appeal. Angela looked forward eagerly to their first afternoon together. It would be a short afternoon, just a drive out into the country and back to visit a rancher with whom the

(Continued on page 18)



School Days - - -

—"Dear old Golden Rule days" are here again! We Catechists are happy and proud to have among our Loyal Helpers many of the boys and girls in America's Catholic schools. To help us "stay at our posts" in the missions to teach Catholic children little and big in public schools to know and love God, they filled to the brim with nickels and dimes the gay Sunshine Bag we sent them. Their letters prove what a good time they had doing it. Of course we hope they'll be wanting to do it again—and that you'll be wanting to join them too! (P.S. See next page if you do—and don't know how.)

—O—

Pupils of St. Michael School, Beaver Dam, Wis.:

"Please accept this little Sunshine Bag offering. We did not collect much, but since every little bit will help the poor children we are sending our offering. The children need our help, so we gathered our few pennies to save souls for Christ."

—O—

*5th and 6th Grade, Sacred Heart School,
Emporia, Kansas:*

"Sister Virginia brought your poster to school and told us all about the mission work you are doing. We were a little worried at first because we were going to try to pay for a little Chinese pagan baby. After we finished paying for it we found that we had a dollar left, so we decided we would give it to you for Carlos and others like him. We hope that this money will help save souls."

St. Mary's School, New Oxford, Pa.

"We filled the Sunshine Bag for little boys and girls like Carlos. Carlos is a soldier of Jesus Christ. I am going to be like him. I am very glad I can go to a Catholic school. I hope this money will help the poor little boys and girls that can't go to the Catholic school. We are very lucky American Catholic children who can come to a Catholic school. Carlos is unlucky, but maybe someday Carlos and the other children will go to a Catholic school just as we do."



Fifth Grade, St. Matthew School, Chicago:

"We are writing to tell you we have \$1.27 in our Sunshine Bag. We have had a lot of other things on our mind or we would have put in more. For one thing, we were busy selling tickets for our Saint Patrick's Day play.

"We hope this money will help out.

"We just saw a picture of a Catechist. We know that this is a great sacrifice to give up your life to work for the propagation of the Faith, but God will reward you for this.

"Sister Ellen Benedicta is our teacher who took great interest in reminding the class about their pennies for the bag."

Loyal Helpers

A Missionary of the South

Writes to You About His Young Colored Folk

FATHER HENRY of the Passionist Colored Mission in Ensley, Alabama, wrote these interesting bits of news to Geneva Grantz, New Albany, Indiana. Geneva is a Loyal Helper of the Catechists and a friend of many of Christ's missionaries.

"THINGS are coming along nicely here at the Mission. We will have quite a nice group to baptize for the feast of the Assumption. During the summer we conducted a vacation school for the youngsters. The children got a lot of good, and a lot of fun, out of it. The work is a little trying but very fruitful and very consoling.

"UNCLE SAM tells us we cannot build our school 'for the duration'. So we are patching up our old store building some more and

trying to camouflage a couple of Negro shacks to look like classrooms.

"WE are opening a new Mission in Fairfield, about six miles from here. There are 25,000 Negroes there and only *one* Catholic among them. Neither the white people nor Colored have ever had a Catholic Church, school, priest or Sister! We have been conducting a sort of vacation school over there. Within the next week or so we plan to start building a simple frame combination chapel and hall. Please keep this project in your prayers. Ask God to grant the gift of Faith to His people there!"

Prayer to Our Lady of Good Study

O most tender Mother,
invoking
the mystery
of thy Immaculate Conception,
I place in your hands
all my studies and classes.
I affirm that I follow them only
to promote
the glory of God
and devotion to Thee.
Therefore I beseech thee,
most loving Mother,
Seat of Wisdom,
that thou wouldst deign
to look with favor on my study;
and I, on my part,
freely and fervently promise
that whatever good may thence
result to me,
I will refer to thy intercession
with God.

Dear Catechist,

Our soldiers fighting so bravely for our country need me to help them. I am trying to do my part as a good American, by praying for them and writing them letters, and buying war stamps whenever I can.

But I know that Christ's soldiers, the missionaries, need my help too. That is why I want to join Mary's Loyal Helpers—so that I may do my part as a good Catholic.

Please enroll me, for I wish to be one of Mary's really Loyal Helpers, one that she will be truly proud of. Send me a Sunshine Bag so that I may join other Helpers in gathering Sunshine Pennies for the missions. And as a Helper I will also pray for the Catechists and their missions every day.

MY NAME IS

ADDRESS

(Send to: Mary's Loyal Helpers, Victory-Noll,
Huntington, Indiana)

BELATED TRYST

(Continued from page 15)

Doctor had business to transact. The day was perfect. Angela was really happy for the first time in two years. Then, as they drove away from her home, Doctor Gray asked,

"Mind if I go through Shanty Square? It isn't much out of our way, and I promised to leave some medicine with one of my patients up there."

IT was a natural request. Doctor Gray had a reputation for his generosity in helping the poor. He even entertained ambitions of cleaning up Shanty Square after his return from the war. And so Angela agreed graciously. The mention of Shanty Square, however, awoke slumbering memories of her first adventure in that notorious slum section. As they drove along these reviving memories set her mind in a turmoil and brought back the old-time unhappiness to her heart.

DOCTOR GRAY parked his car beside a time-worn tenement building in Shanty Square. Not wishing to lose even a moment of what promised to be a delightful afternoon, he grabbed his bag and hurried to make his call. Almost immediately he returned.

"Angela," he said gravely, "there is a woman in there who needs attention at once. I hate to impose on you like this, but will you come in and keep the youngsters away while I take care of her? There are about a dozen of them in the room, yelling their heads off."

ANNOYED, yet too proud to step down from the exalted pedestal upon which Doctor Gray had evidently placed her, Angela followed him into the house. The door which they entered was large with an iron bed in one corner. A woman lay on the bed surrounded by seven or eight children all frightened and crying. Angela's heart softened at the piteous sight. She spoke kindly to the little ones, drawing first one and then another away from the bed until they all clung to her and followed her confidently out into the street. Then she closed the door behind them and seated herself on the doorstep. At once the little brood squatted down around her.

"Everything will be all right now," she soothed them, "Doctor Gray will help your mother."

"He will make her well?" asked one small girl, blinking away her tears.

"Momie got sick when Dad went away," a manly lad of about seven informed Angela. "She worked too hard. She didn't want to give us to the Home. When I get big I'm going to take care of all of us."

"Where did your father go?" Angela asked and then would have given her fortune to recall the blundering question.

"To God!" was the hushed response from every pair of trembling lips.

THIS unexpected answer opened in Angela's soul a floodgate of wonderful understanding. These

children knew about God! They were creatures of His bountiful Hand just as she was. They were children of the same heavenly Father. Their poverty was just an accident of birth as was her wealth. Suddenly she was overwhelmed at the generosity with which God had lavished His gifts upon her, while others were left destitute. What had she ever done to show her gratitude? She had never even recognized His gifts before. Angela's eyes burned with tears she was trying to keep back. She wanted to go away, alone, to think and pray. Instead, she must do something, say something to these sweet, forlorn little brothers and sisters whose innocent eyes were riveted upon her face.

"Isn't there anyone who will help you?" she asked, again realizing her lack of tact and her helplessness.

"Doctor Gray will help," the eldest spoke, repeating Angela's own words. "And you—you will help us?"

SPEECHLESS Angela stared at the child. Then a great joy filled her heart for it seemed to her that God was asking her, through these children, to follow her privileged vocation of extending a helping, guiding hand to the poor and the needy, in order to win them kindly for Heaven. For the first time she was seeing precious, immortal souls, redeemed by the Blood of Christ, beneath the ragged and filthy garments of the least of the children of men. She was seeing Our Lord Himself in their person, and a burning desire surged up within her to rescue Him from the want and mire and spiritual ignorance of the Shanty Squares throughout the world.

TWO hours later Doctor Gray turned his car around sharply and drove away from Shanty Square.

"Take me home, please, Doctor Gray," Angela said softly.

"Angela, I'm sorry—I can't tell you how sorry—that I spoiled your afternoon like this." Doctor Gray was genuinely contrite.

ANGELA said nothing, and he added, "Can't we try again—this evening? I want to make up for the afternoon."

"It was a wonderful afternoon!" Angela smiled up into the face of her dejected companion. "But this evening—I'm sorry—I have another engagement. A very special Someone has been waiting two years for a certain answer. I am going to give it to Him tonight."

THERE was a mingling of pain and disappointment in Doctor's Gray's eyes as they turned questioningly upon Angela.

"I might have known there was someone else! A girl like you. Who in the—"

"I have a date with God, Doctor Gray. He has asked me to be His bride and I want to tell Him that I will—as a Missionary Catechist in the love and service of His poor."



Novice in Victory-Noll Kitchen

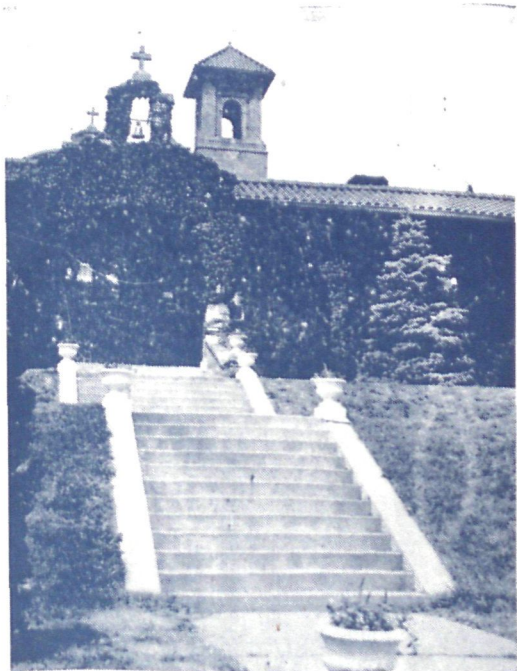
DOES every member of the Society of Missionary Catechists do active missionary work?

Since the Catechists take the vow of obedience, they serve the community in whatever work and place are assigned them by their

superiors, according to the members' ability and natural talent. Not only teachers and social workers but also cooks, seamstresses, clerical workers and others are required for the success of the Society's missionary enterprises.

* * * * *

Professed Catechists home from the missions for the annual retreat and a brief rest at Victory-Noll, gather in the shady woodland to exchange experiences and discuss mission problems.



Leading up to the main entrance of Victory-Noll

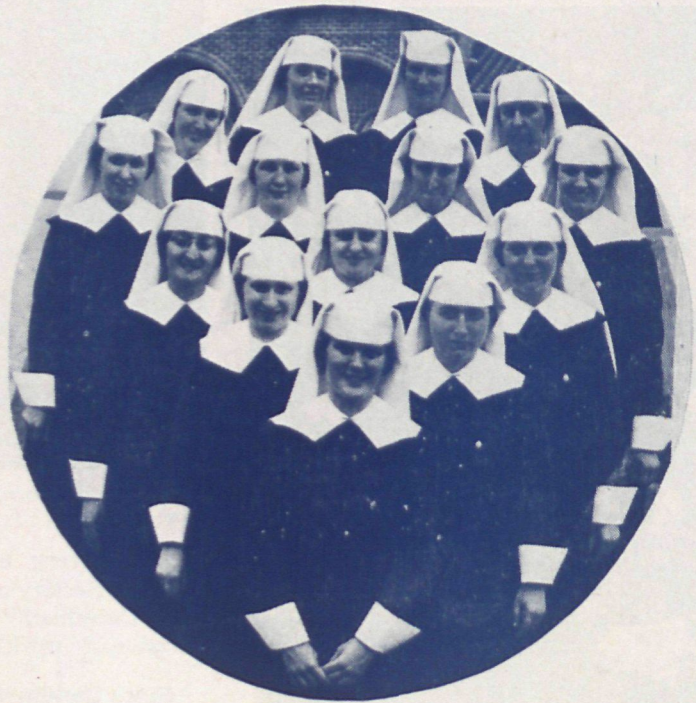


It's a whale of a story, to hear her tell it, and here the proud postulant produces the evidence.

Off

To the

Missions



**Can YOU give your life to the mission
apostolate?**

If not—

**Why not help those who have given
themselves to God in the service of
His missions?**

* * * * *

**On August 5 these fourteen novices made their
first vows at Victory-Noll. Now they are in the
missions beginning their life-work for the glory of
God and the salvation of souls. They need your
prayers and sacrifices.**

send your offerings to:

The Missionary Catechists
Victory-Noll
Huntington, Indiana