

THE  
MISSIONARY  
CATECHIST

Oct 1948



# The Rosary -- A Powerful Weapon

by Catechist Miriam Doyle



THE name of weapon may at first seem incongruous for the slender chain of beads we call the Rosary. More often we speak of it in terms of delicate rosebuds wreathed in a garland for our Blessed Mother, or of tear-drops tenderly linked to the Cross of her Son.

YET if we appreciate the vigorous reality of our faith, we know that it calls for warfare and weapons; it demands something sterner than merely aesthetic or sentimental piety. ". . . the kingdom of heaven has been enduring violent assault, and the violent have been seizing it by force." (Matthew XI, 12)

COUNTLESS spiritual lessons have been based on the analogy between war and the soul's struggle for salvation. Holy Scripture abounds in fighting words, and military terms are found in the catechism itself, defining Confirmation as the "Sacrament which makes us strong and perfect Christians and soldiers of Jesus Christ."

INTO this picture of spiritual warfare may be fitted truths of doctrine and practices of devotion. With Christ our King as Victor over sin and Satan we all share in His victory by our union in His Mystical Body. Joining our prayers and sacrifices to the supreme sacrifice of our Head, we each obtain the victory in our individual struggles, which He merited for us in the decisive battle of Calvary.

THE Queen-Mother herself forged for us a powerful weapon of prayer when she placed her Rosary into the hands of her Son's soldiers. As we finger its blessed beads and repeat its holy words, we turn our thoughts time and again to the history of that great life-struggle. But those sacred mysteries are not merely historical events to be recalled; they are a life to be lived.

ARMED with faith strengthened by constant dwelling on the joyful events of Christ's birth and childhood, with love drawn from the pierced Heart of His sorrowful Passion, and with hope enkindled by the glorious vision of resurrection and life everlasting—forward to victory!

*Our Lady of Victory, Queen of the Rosary, pray for us.*

# The Missionary Catechist

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## Mission Sunday

**R**IGHT Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director and Secretary General of the Supreme General Council of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith announces that, in accordance with the wishes of the Holy See, October 18th will be observed as Mission Sunday throughout the Catholic world. On that day the collections taken up in the churches of the United States will be used for the support of missions the world over, 51% being sent to foreign fields, 40% to needy districts in this country and 9% to foster the apostolate in the Near East.

**W**HILE the various communities with members in mission lands are responsible for their training and in great measure for their support, The Society for the Propagation of the Faith provides the general funds needed by the Holy See for her various mission endeavors. Needless to say communities with motherhouses in Europe can give no aid to their workers, nor can the Catholic peoples of the countries there render their former generous assistance. It remains then for our own Catholics in America to supply this help without which it will be impossible to continue the mission apostolate of the Church.

**R**EMEMBER among the some 250,000 mission workers the world over who will benefit by the distribution of the funds raised by The Society for the Propagation of the Faith there are some 2,693 American missionaries laboring in foreign mission fields.

**Y**OUR Diocesan Director will supply you with all the information on the activities of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Dear Catechist:

My Vow Day was August 15, 1886. On August 15, 1942, I shall offer up the Holy Sacrifice in honor of the "Queen of Our Hearts" for all the members of the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Hearts.

Sincerely,  
Rev. M. J. Hoferer, S. J.

—o—

Dear Friends:

Amid all the anguish, strife and sorrow throughout the world today, it surely is a great privilege for us, as children of Holy Mother Church, to celebrate the great Feast Day of the Assumption of our Blessed Mother.

As Blessed De Montfort recommends, after the usual order of preparation and the renewal of our consecration each year to Jesus by our Blessed Mother, it is well to show gratitude to Almighty God for His many favors, and to help extend His Kingdom here on earth. So here is a gift, \$10.00. I know you will use it to the best advantage, and please remember me in your good prayers.

Sincerely in Jesus and Mary,  
Mr. S. J. C.

—o—

Dear Catechists:

Here is a small offering (\$5.00) for whatever purpose you most need it. We have been blessed with a most bountiful crop and the offering is in thanksgiving.

May your membership increase and your work be blessed abundantly; it is so necessary.

We know you are grateful, so no acknowledgement is necessary. But say a little prayer for our family and home.

Sincerely,  
Mr. L. N. S.

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● *Mission incidents and experiences related by the Catechists in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST bring many interesting comments and letters. Our magazine is too small to permit our sharing all these letters with you, but we could not deprive you of this one. You will find "Names for Guardian Angels" more than just interesting.*

Dear Editor:

IN your August number, page 10, I have observed that Nancy is disappointed because guardian angels do not have names, and are called just Guardian Angel. She is especially put out because the names we do have of angels are all boys' names.

WELL, you just tell Nancy that she can give her guardian angel the nicest name she can think of—just as she gave a name to her doll; for that's nobody's business but her own. And I just bet her guardian angel will be glad, too. How do I know? Well, I guess I ought to know something about it because I have been looking into catechisms for more than fifty years. And you, Catechist, ought to know about it too. Now, did you ever see in a catechism that a little girl—or anybody—is forbidden to give a name to the guardian angel? Of course not! Where do babies and angels and dolls and other things get names, I'd like to know. Of course somebody gives them their names. That's all there is to it. Even Jesus was given His Name. I gave my guardian angel a name. Of course I am not very smart so I did not think of that myself. But it was like this:—



## Names For Guardian Angels

A LADY told me one time that she thought (just like Nancy) that a guardian angel ought to have a name; and she said that she thought of calling her's Romualda because she was born on the feast of St. Romuald. Then she wanted to know what I thought about the idea, and also what I called my guardian angel. Well, I didn't have much time to think about it; so I told her that I thought it was a very nice idea. I also said that I was not sure whether her angel cared very much about having a girl's name. So she changed it to Romualdo—just like that! As to my angel, I said that I thought he had been a most faithful kind of an angel, and so I would call him Fidelis—which is Latin for *faithful*. Then I told a Sister about naming guardian angels and the Sister, too, thought it was an excellent idea. She liked her father's name and so she called her guardian angel Michael. And then when the lady heard what the Sister had done, she wrote a poem. She is a good poet, as anyone can tell who reads the following:

### *Three Angels Had Names*

*A child of flesh and blood is always given  
A pleasing name at birth,  
Yet of all the angels that came down from  
heaven  
But three had names on earth.*

*Michael, whose name was dropped from  
sounding chimes,  
Fidelis—faithful—(thus his charge had  
walked),  
Romualdo—the unlucky—oftentimes  
These three convened and talked.*

*They may have nicer titles up in heaven,  
Sweet sounding words of fragrances and  
flames,  
Yet they are glad on earth to have been  
given  
The courtesy of names.*

AND then—well, I guess that is all there is to say—unless Nancy and other little girls and boys, and ladies and Sisters and priests, and maybe big boys, continue the story by giving names to their guardian angels.

*Father Joseph.*

# Cradle of Religious Vocations

by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Felix Seroczynski

THE most thoughtful of our present day commentators bids us preserve the universal tradition of our own Church and adds that without an understanding of that tradition the deeper problems that confront mankind today are unintelligible and insolvable.

LET us who are of the faith examine our collective conscience with a view not so much of learning what sins we have committed as to learn from our defects in this our day what are the resultant attitudes from causes hidden deep in the years gone by.

PREACHERS and teachers tell us that if modern youth is failing it is because modern parents have failed. Granting that both modern youth and modern parents are failing may it not be that the causes of failure are far deeper than we are wont to believe them to be; that they are not one generation deep, but a century deep, aye, five centuries deep, and that we are but suffering for the sins of the fathers.

THE great institutions that contribute to the moulding of human character are, we are told, the home, the school, and the church, using, I presume, the word "church" in its narrower implications, as a local institution collaborating with school and home.

SINCE the average child at the end of its high school course has spent 144,880 hours at home and elsewhere as compared to the 13,000 hours spent in school, assuming a school year of two hundred days, it readily becomes apparent from even a crude statistical standpoint how tremendously important is the home in the building of characters. The home is the first and the supreme school of character.

IN his encyclical on the Christian Education of Youth, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, wrote: The family holds directly from the Creator the mission and hence the right to educate its children—a right inalienable because inseparably joined to a strict obligation, a right anterior to any right whatsoever either of civil society or of the state, and therefore a right inviolable by any power on earth.

HERE then we have a clear statement of the Catholic position. The Catholic home should

● *There is something for each of us in this article by Monsignor Seroczynski. This article is somewhat longer than those we ordinarily print in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST but you will wish there were still more of it when you reach the end.*

give us not only our earliest answers but likewise the basis for our permanent attitudes, other-worldness, Catholic eyes, Catholic ears, Catholic minds and Catholic hearts.

OUR present Holy Father tells us that the world is suffering from religious anemia. Father Ernest Hull tells us that by a process of elimination rather than by direct antagonism our modern educational methods have brought about a spiritual atrophy.

NOW it is not easy to disentangle the threads of guilt on the part of home, school, or church, for this spiritual bloodletting. Let us take Middletown, America's classic guinea pig, for our study. Out of fifty-six marriages in one parish, thirty-five were "mixed," eighteen of couples where one of the contracting parties was a convert to the faith, and only three in which life-long Catholics were involved. Now the problem is not so much the saving of the faith of the individuals directly involved but rather the counteracting of the cumulative effect of these marriages on the whole parish.

SUPPOSE you have a quart bottle of ink. Some one purloins a nickel size bottleful and makes  
(Turn page please)





up the deficiency in your bottle by pouring in water. You would probably never notice the petty theft. But suppose Dick saw Tommy do that and he repeated the process. Harry followed. Without doubt the bottle as it stands there looks as dark as ever and certainly is as full as ever. But likewise beyond a doubt when you will attempt to write with that ink it will lack body and your script will be pale indeed. And so in a parish where mixed marriages predominate overwhelmingly. Church attendance may not be immediately affected. There will be no immediate widespread apostasy, but the faith of that parish, the Catholic life of that community, the Catholic instinct of the individuals, become attenuated, suffer diminution, and spiritual anemia sets in. Your Catholic ink lacks body. Children of mixed marriages most frequently contract mixed marriages, and it is not difficult to grasp what we may call the cumulative effect of this process. In the case of marriage with converts only too frequently the instructions have been hurried and so in all these homes there develops a spirit of compromise, an attitude of apology instead of one of vigorous assertion. Surely it requires no demonstration to perceive how vastly different are the problems in a parish where every parishioner has grandparents and uncles and aunts and cousins not of the faith from the problems in a parish where letters to the chancery for matrimonial dispensations are a rarity.

It is not enough to teach Catholic answers. I may instruct a cradle Catholic or a convert thoroughly in all the answers and yet fail to endow him with the Catholic attitudes. For one can indeed, know all the Catholic answers and live all the pagan attitudes. We who have the universal tradition behind us only too often stoop to copy what is ephemeral and trivial, the fad of

the day. Too often our Catholic schools, elementary and high, are but a duplication of the secular schools, plus a veneer of the catechism answers.

FEW teachers are highly qualified to teach religion. Might it not be wise to departmentalize our schools in this particular and have one member of the teachers' staff thoroughly prepared for this work and devote all of his or her time to this one subject?

IN the Catholic conception of things the family is the unit of Society. Any influence which weakens the family sabotages both church and state.

THE Catholic attitude consistent with our Catholic answers can only be had when we pursue what Walter Lippman calls the lordly ideal. And this one lordly ideal can be only the other-world ideal, which alone can give the long range view of life, is the source of dignity in human conduct and relations, for it transcends the material and the transitory.

THE impact of all the subversive forces in the world today must be borne by the Catholic Church. And every such subversive force is concentrating its attacks on the family—on the home. The most alarming feature of this satanic warfare is the presence of the enemy within the gates—the spiritual fifth column made of our own Catholic men and women who hold in contempt or lightly evade the responsibility of parenthood. If the home is lost, all is lost.

NOT so long ago the Holy Father honored an exemplary Catholic layman whose name is frequently associated with a Catholic School of



great renown. Now this man was reared in a community where Mass was offered once a month. He did not attend an elementary Catholic school, but he did have good old-fashioned Catholic parents whose faith was their life, and under God, it is to his childhood home that credit should be given for the Catholic life that is in him.

OUR culture depends more upon the informal instruction received at home than it does on any formal education received in any school. The first school of Catholic culture must be the Catholic home and in the home it should find its flowering. The stamp of the home is indelible. Given good taste, good manners follow. Saints are bred in holy homes.

WE have been reading much of late concerning the dearth of religious vocations. I shall quote at length from Snead-Cox's life of Cardinal Vaughan and shall leave it to my readers to work out all the implications.

"Mrs. Vaughan was one of those gentle spirits whose influence is chiefly felt in the happy difference they made in all the lives that are near them. She had been brought up in an atmosphere of earnest Evangelical piety. A convert to the Catholic Church shortly before her marriage, she consecrated herself heart and soul to the service of God. Her religion colored her whole outlook upon the world. It was a favorite saying of hers that she had received all from God, and so must be ready to give everything back to Him. And what more precious had she to give and surrender than her own children? She wanted them *all* to become priests and nuns. It was not a case of thinking it would be nice if some *younger* son made up his mind to study for the priesthood or one of the daughters went to the convent there to pray for the rest; she besought God to send vocations to them *all*—to Herbert, her eldest born, no less than to the others. For nearly twenty years it was her daily practice to spend an hour—from five to six in the afternoon—in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament asking this favor—that God would call everyone of her children to serve Him in the Choir or in the Sanctuary. . . . All her five daughters entered convents, and of her eight sons six became priests; even the two who have remained in the world for a time entered ecclesiastical seminaries to try their vocations. Of Mrs. Vaughan's six sons who became priests three also became bishops."

NOW we have streamlined our religion. Of the many Catholic customs of our fathers but vestiges remain. With our fathers religion was life, religion was warmth, light, and joy. We look into the Roman Ritual and glimpse some of the beauty that was lost. We in our day do not feel the loss for we never knew possession. Many



of our forebears came from lands where persecution raged, where naught but the Mass survived, celebrated by hunted priests, in barns and bogs and woods—in the stillness and the darkness of the night. Yes, Elizabeth's priest hunter, Cecil, was right: It is the Mass that matters. But much of the beauty has been lost. Today the priest alone knows something—and not too much—of the loveliness of the Church's ceremonial.

HOW well I remember my father speaking of events as happening on Ss. Peter and Paul's Day, on Michaelmas, or Lady Day in August, or on the Conversion of St. Paul. The mornings began to grow cool after St. Anne's Day. The life of the newly planted tree or shrub should not be despaired of before St. John's Day. The ground was frozen hard by Ss. Simon and Jude's Day. Our fathers praised God when they came into the house. Their language was a Catholic idiom.

ONE of the semi-heresies of our day is that religion is a strictly private affair. Are all evidences of religion in your home so utterly out of sight that your little boy very early gains the impression that religion is indeed, a *very* private affair.

AS you hopped out of bed this morning did you instinctively bless yourself? Say your evening prayers last night? Kneeling? Any holy water in the house? Where is it? The blessed candles and the candle sticks? Where are they?

When the priest comes with the Blessed Sacrament do you meet him at the door with a blessed candle in your hand? After he has heard the sick one's confession and opened the door do all the members of the family gather near the bed and pray while the priest administers the last sacraments? Or do they remain in another room engaged in conversation?

**D**O you meet the priest at the door and warn him not to mention Extreme Unction to the sick or even intimate that he has been called, though the physician has expressed grave fears? When the sick person is in his agony do you tip-toe about the bed with never a thought of kneeling beside the dying one and saying the litany for the dying, of uttering the holy Names very close to the dying one's ear? Do you light a candle and put a crucifix in the stiffening fingers of the dying or hold it to his lips? Or do you tell him he will soon be well and playing golf?

**I**F you called for the priest in your car to take him to the sick did you really wonder why he was silent on the way to your house and suddenly found his tongue on the way back? Do you know that you should call a priest even for an infant seriously ill? The Ritual contains beautiful prayers for sick children and do you know that the prayers of the Ritual are not mere personal prayers but the prayers of the Mystical Body of Christ and that the doctrine of the Communion of Saints comes into play?

**D**O you say grace at table? Could you recite the words right now? The time to start is on the first day of married life so that the children coming into the home will hear these things from the day of their birth.

**A** DEAR old priest, still with us, many years ago told me that he always advised newly-weds to make it an iron-clad rule to kneel down and together recite their evening prayers aloud. No matter what the spat may have been about during the day it will be impossible for them to arise from their knees nursing the same old peeve. But the example for the children to come is of still greater importance.

**D**O you teach your little boy religion long before he can talk? I know a little man of thirty months who can spot a picture of Jesus whenever and wherever he sees it, and he is always talking in terms of God. Does God do this, and did God do that? It is amazing to witness the utter ignorance of things spiritual as displayed by the little ones from the "best" homes when they come to school.

**E**VEN as the priest vesting for Mass says a little prayer as he dons each sacred vestment, so our fathers blessed themselves as they put on clean garments. How well I can recall with what solemnity we children would bless ourselves as we put on clean clothing preparing for Sunday.

**A**S the family steps into the auto for a Sunday ride do you suggest a moment of silent prayer to the guardian angels or a Hail Mary for a safe journey.

**A**S my mother was about to slice a big loaf of her home-made bread she always cut a cross in the crust first. We were taught it was a sin to throw bread on the ground. We must place it where the chickens or birds can find it. It was always the thought of offending God that made us careful. Was it not Gladstone who said that the evil of our day is the loss of the horror of sin?

**D**O you bless yourself before retiring? Does mother, when she puts her babies to bed, kneel beside them and recite with them one last prayer to their guardian angels? And when she steals in later to see that all is well and kisses the dream-smiles on their soft lips does she beg God's angels to be with them till the dawn? And does father join mother near their little man—their future Notre Dame quarterback—and pray that as parents they may not fail?

**T**HE pictures on the walls, what lovely prints of the old masters we can buy! You can teach your children to know the pictures, the painter and the story of each picture so that in after life if your child visits the great galleries of the world he will feel that he is meeting old friends, and that most of these old friends will be of his own faith. His acquaintance with these things will give him that which no money can buy.

**O**UR fathers were always anxious to have a Mary in the family and in their anxiety lest no girl come into the family they would give one of the boys a second name—Mary. Have you handicapped your little son with a sissified Little-Lord-Fountleroy name, and did the priest have to slip in, surreptitiously, a saint's name at baptism? What grand old names we have! Peter and Paul and the whole assembly of the apostles, and Robert, and Henry, Richard, Michael, Gabriel, Joseph, and William. Names that inspire manliness. And the feminine names need not be effeminate. Why not name the children after their Catholic grandparents and their great-grandparents? Establish a family tradition that makes for a healthy family pride that, in turn, makes for a healthy conservatism. Do you know anything about your patron saint?

**M**OTHER, did you ever take your little boy to church when all was quiet and you were all alone with him and did you explain things to him? Have you a little altar in your home, for the Blessed Mother in May, for the Sacred Heart in June, for St. Joseph in March; and have you a Christmas Crib? And is dad always too busy to play or pray with mother and the children? Do you allow pictures of Jesus and the saints in newspapers and magazines to lie on the floor and

be trodden upon? In the presence of your children do you speak of your bishop, your pastor, your nuns, as Smith, Jones, and Rosalina and Margaret? Saints are always respectful and even reverent, for saints are just supernaturalized gentlemen.

**D**O you always forget your prayer book when you go to Mass, and are you always late? Tardiness at the Sunday Mass runs in families and continues for generations. Mother, have you sewn a scapular or a Sacred Heart badge in the lining of your little boy's coat? Were you to insist on your children saying their prayers aloud you might be amazed at some of the howlers you would hear. Do you bless your children as they leave you for the day? How well I recall my departure for the seminary. Kneeling before my mother to receive her blessing, going down De-Wald Street all the way to Calhoun before turning to be in her sight as long as possible, and as I turned the corner—one last look—and my mother making the sign of the cross over me, her son.



**T**HE informal instructions in the home. The library of well selected books. The conversation of intelligent and mentally alert parents. The supply of high grade Catholic reading matter, and a choice few of the secular magazines. The carefully selected radio programs. The classic gramophone records. The discussion at the table of world events in the light of faith. These are the tremendous trifles that mould our destinies for time and eternity.

**M**AY our homes be Nazareth multiplied, our lives quiet and sweet, like unto that of her whose teacher was Wisdom Incarnate, Whose Son was her God, the Word made flesh at her bidding. Let us make the Word incarnate in our home, our schools, our lives, so that we may realize in a naughty world the peace of Christ in the kingdom of Christ.

**B**UT I set out to write about religious vocations. Pray, what has all that I have written to do with religious vocations? I think, EVERYTHING.

## Autumn Troubles

Taxed to the utmost on these bright autumn days is the ingenuity of a Missionary Catechist in her efforts to hold the attention of her class. The Catechists give religious instructions to public school children, usually after school hours. The children are tired and must forego play to devote themselves to forty-five or sixty minutes of class work. Often they come from homes which, to say the least, are not good Catholic homes. The youngsters themselves decide whether they wish to attend catechism classes or not. Add to this the fact that the Catechists usually have poor schoolroom facilities—or none at all—and you have some idea of their teaching problems.

If convenient, religion classes are taught in the church, sacristy, parish hall, or in some building which can be made inviting and comfortable. Such teaching quarters are, of course, out of the question in the small rural and mountain settlements and on the ranches. The "classroom" then may be a private home, a barn, an abandoned box-car, or just a spot out doors under the open skies.

# In The Home Field

## As A Child Sees It

THE prayer class had become acquainted with many characters of bible history during the term. In review I asked each child to draw a picture of one such character. The class would guess whom the drawing represented and tell the story.

THE most puzzling picture was one of a girl with an exaggerated shock of black hair. The children guessed her to be our Blessed Mother, thinking the hair to be a veil, but when "Mary Magdalen" was the correct answer I knew why Joe had emphasized the hair.

ANOTHER picture which kept all guessing was one of three men holding hands, drawn near the top edge of the paper. Two other men were standing in flames way down near the bottom edge of the paper. The young artist was finally obliged to explain his masterpiece. He said, "That's the poor man, Lazarus, up in heaven with God and Abraham, and that's the bad man, Dives, in hell with the devil."

THE oddest and most intricate drawing was of a man standing below a jagged mass of something-or-other which filled most of the page. The man's hand was uplifted as though he were waving a banner. This turned out to be Moses striking the rock.

ONE little girl drew a minute but plain picture of someone on a donkey with a man and child walking beside it. The picture was only one inch and a half square on a sheet eight by twelve! Someone thought it was Jesus riding the donkey to Jerusalem. That was incorrect. "Then it's Mary and Joseph running away from the bad king," someone else guessed. On closer inspection it was clear that the Boy Jesus was the one walking beside St. Joseph. Since He was not in Mary's arms, the picture proved to be the return from Egypt rather than the flight from Herod.

Catechist Rita Windolph.

Overheard between classes:

Six-year-old: What did you done in school today?

Five-year-old: I didn't went.



## First Visitors

TWO days after our return to Santa Paula for the new school year, three children came to visit.

"Catechist, we came to visit Jesus. May we go in your chapel and talk to Him? You have been gone a long time, Catechist, and it's been a long time since we visited Jesus." Thus spoke Angelina on behalf of the trio.

Poor little ones! Their father, a used-to-be Catholic, is now bitter against the Church. He attends Pentecostal services and won't permit the mother or the children to practice their religion. The little ones steal away and come to catechism class or "to visit Jesus."

Catechist Jeannette Gratton.



## Oscar, the Bootblack

OSCAR jingled the few coins in his trouser pockets and frowned a deep frown. Forty-eight hours to First Communion Day and the coins were not counting up the way he had hoped. Business had not been encouraging the last few days; or was it that too many little bootblacks were running up and down the streets of Blissfield.

TWO days ago Oscar had gone shopping for his First Communion clothes only to find that after he had purchased tennis shoes and trousers, there was nothing left of his meagre earnings for a white shirt.

OSCAR was eleven. He had come from Texas with his parents and several brothers and sisters to Michigan where the family had contracted to weed a certain number of beet fields. Like the other workers, this family would be paid after the entire job was finished and the contract filled. In the meantime, money was scarce.

OSCAR realized that his parents were having a difficult time. Even in Texas they had lived in a better house. Here their house was a barn. The only worthwhile thing in it was a beautiful picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe which they had brought up with them because our Blessed Mother was so much a part of their lives that they could not leave her behind, regardless of how trying a time they would have protecting their treasure on the long and uncomfortable journey. Yes, extra needs were added burdens to the large, poor families working in

the beet fields. And so when the opportunity presented itself to Oscar of making his First Holy Communion at the end of a three-weeks' vacation school, he determined to do his part and earn the money for his new clothes. He would turn bootblack. He would shine shoes every afternoon in Blissfield after the religious vacation school classes ended for the day.

Clothes did not matter, of course. Catechist had told the class that repeatedly. But then, a fellow wants to look his best on such an important occasion as his First Communion day. And Oscar knew how important personal appearance is. Hadn't he figured that all out when he had planned his little sales talk before commencing his new work?

OSCAR stood frowning until at last a happy thought struck him. Surely he would make a few dimes that afternoon—enough to buy white material. This he would take to his mother who could make as nice a shirt as ever a man could buy in the store! Why hadn't he thought of that before? Tucking his catechism into his pocket he hurried off to his afternoon's work.

ON the afternoon of First Communion day we made several brief visits in order to return a few baptismal certificates. On our way we met Oscar who grinned broadly and asked, "Is it o.k. to shine shoes on a fellow's First Communion Day?"

The last thing we did before leaving Blissfield at the close of our religious vacation school was to snap a picture of Oscar, happily earning a few more coins.

Catechist Monica Ulibarri.



Our

# ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS

of Mary

St. Louis, Mo.

RECENT visitors at Victory-Noll were Mrs. Katherine Krueger, promoter, and three members of Mother of Perpetual Help Band. Only a few weeks before they had sent another contribution for the Burse of their missionary, Catechist Luechtefeld, and Mrs. Krueger wrote:

"It has been long since I wrote you, but I assure you that the Catechists at Victory-Noll and in the missions have been in our prayers and thoughts daily. It seems that conditions are changing so rapidly it is quite difficult to keep abreast of all that goes on, with so many young men leaving and so very many families being broken. It is a comfort and consolation to all the members and myself to know that the Catechists are praying for us, especially now. We are going to keep our regular meetings going as long as we possibly can, no matter what the future may bring. Somehow our work for the missions has become a part of us. If only we could get more interested so that they could know the joy and comfort of working together in this worthy cause."

Mrs. Krueger is likewise promoter of the Florentine Mission Society. Both mission clubs are happy to have their Catechist "at the front" again this year, and will once more share in her mission work at Goshen, Indiana.

Paris, Ill.

OCTOBER is dedicated to our Blessed Mother as Queen of the Rosary. Our A.C.M. pages would not seem complete then, if we failed to mention the splendid work of Charitina Club II for Catechist McMahon's Holy Rosary Burse.

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July 22 to August 25

Archbishop Stritch Band, Chicago, Miss Helen Gaethke	.....\$10.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Miss Lillian Dunn	..... 15.25
Little Flower Band II, Chicago, Mrs. Helen Garrity	..... 19.00
Little Flower Band II, Chicago, Mrs. Helen Garrity	..... 12.45
Mother and Daughter Club, Chicago, Mrs. M. Luetkenhus	..... 10.00
Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band, Pittsburgh,	
Miss Marie Lenert	..... 16.50
Our Lady of Guadalupe Band, Dayton, Miss Rose	
Marie Heier	..... 2.50
Our Lady Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles,	
Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	..... 5.00
Our Lady Queen of Poor Souls Band, Los Angeles	
Mrs. Anna Meng	..... 5.00
Our Lady of Snows Band, Elkhart, Indiana,	
Miss Kathryn J. Hall	..... 5.00
Our Lady of Victory Band, Brooklyn, Miss Catherine Binz	..... 6.50
Srillians of Our Lady of Sorrow, Cheviot, O.,	
Miss Rita Busche	..... 2.00
St. Anthony Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Mary Walton	..... 4.00
St. Elizabeth Band, Dearborn, Mich., Miss Cleta Schneider	..... 10.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, O., Miss Margaret Karas	..... 10.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	..... 4.50
St. Irene Auxiliary Band, Chicago, Miss Madeline	
Sebraska	..... 9.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	..... 11.00
St. Justin Auxiliary Band, Chicago, Mr. Joseph Kiefer	..... 14.76
St. Margaret Mary Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. Earle Leu	..... 10.50
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit, Mrs. Ann Schramm Pink	..... 9.00
St. Philomena Band, Lombard, Ill., Miss Mary Schaefer	..... 28.00
St. Raymond Nonatus Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn	
Quinlan	..... 5.00

# Our ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS

of Mary

St. Louis, Mo.

RECENT visitors at Victory-Noll were Mrs. Katharine Krueger, promoter, and three members of Mother of Perpetual Help Band. Only a few weeks before they had sent another contribution for the Burse of their missionary, Catechist Luechtefeld, and Mrs. Krueger wrote:

"It has been long since I wrote you, but I assure you that the Catechists at Victory-Noll and in the missions have been in our prayers and thoughts daily. It seems that conditions are changing so rapidly it is quite difficult to keep abreast of all that goes on, with so many young men leaving and so very many families being broken. It is a comfort and consolation to all the members and myself to know that the Catechists are praying for us, especially now. We are going to keep our regular meetings going as long as we possibly can, no matter what the future may bring. Somehow our work for the missions has become a part of us. If only we could get more interested so that they could know the joy and comfort of working together in this worthy cause."

Mrs. Krueger is likewise promoter of the Florentine Mission Society. Both mission clubs are happy to have their Catechist "at the front" again this year, and will once more share in her mission work at Goshen, Indiana.

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in which the members carry on their work for our missions. They express a humble, unassuming spirit as well when she writes, "Slow but sure St. Irene's Band comes creeping in with their mite!" But every dollar is a big mite to us, for each one supports a Missionary Catechist for one day in her catechetical and social welfare work for Christ and souls. Even more than this is accomplished by St. Irene's Band, for they are supporting a Catechist four days each month. May God's hundredfold blessing be theirs in return.

Chicago, Ill.

"IT was the largest party we have ever given, and we have hopes of sponsoring an even larger one in the near future for the Burse of our Catechist." Thus did Miss Rita Marie Johnson, treasurer of the Marians Band, describe the Bingo Party given on May 8. Miss Margaret Daniels, promoter, had written us previously of their plans for this undertaking, mentioning that "each of the girls are making two or three gifts for prizes. It may be a little harder this year to have a big party; but we are going to work just a little harder to make it a success."

That they did do so is plainly evident in the proceeds received for Catechist Skupien's Christ the King Burse. The members have our heartfelt gratitude for every sacrifice made in time and effort. It is expressed in the best way, by a prayerful remembrance before the tabernacle throne of Christ the King.

## St. Luke's A.C.M. Band, Chicago



Los Angeles, Calif.

THE members of Our Lady Queen of Angels Band, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier promoter, and Our Lady Queen of Poor Souls Band, Mrs. Anna Meng promoter, consolidated some time ago and have been holding joint meetings since then. However, they have continued to sponsor the Burses of two Missionary Catechists, Catechist Gratton and Catechist Cecelia Schmitt. Now Mrs. Alice Meng writes that another plan has been adopted to encourage an even deeper interest in the missions.

"From now on each member will take her turn in writing you our monthly letter and sending the dues for our Burses. In this way we will become better acquainted with the Catechists and their work, and each of us will have had a personal contact with you. We all need that encouragement to do better work for the honor and glory of Jesus and His Mother."

We too have welcomed this plan as a means of becoming better acquainted with those who are working together with us for the success of our Society's missions.

Appleton, Wis.

LOYAL contributors towards the Burse of their missionary are the members of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Band, Miss Hilda Kitzinger, promoter. A substantial amount was again received early in July to be applied towards Catechist Weyenberg's Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse.

This A.C.M. Band shared in the first missionary experiences of their adopted Catechist, and have "kept faith" with her all through the years. They can truly feel that they have their own representative in the home mission field. During the coming year they will once again share in her missionary endeavors at Queen of the Missions, Redlands, California, to which mission Catechist has been assigned for another term. May the joy and satisfaction they feel in reading of the mission work they help make possible be surpassed only by the spiritual benefits they receive in return.

Left to right, Back Row: Mmes. Edward Niesen, Robert Cooley, Otto Bock, W. Hugelot, C. Vaughn, and Mrs. Wm. Maxwell, Promoter. Middle Row: Mmes. Julius Weber, John Janisch, Henry Zender. Front Row: Mmes. H. Kenny, Edwin Potter, Aloys. Neveling. Mrs. Katherine Vaughn, treasurer, sent us the picture.

# The Master's Way



by Catechist Hazel Sullivan

SADLY the tired old missionary forced a smile to his lips as he took farewell of the little flock that were gathered around him. Their tears, the warm, firm clasps of their hands, the unspoken gratitude in their eyes, told him how much they had appreciated the opportunity to attend the holy Sacrifice of the Mass and to partake of the Sacraments. Many of the people were leaving, too, for their ranches. As soon as the stage driver had given them the notice that Father would be passing through, the ranchers had made preparations and driven thirty, forty and fifty miles to avail themselves of this opportunity to fulfil their religious obligations. Now they must return by the same weary trails.

"THE field is indeed white for harvest, dear Master, but, oh, that there were more laborers to teach these lambs Thy holy truths!" was the aged priest's fervent prayer as he mounted his pack horse and began to ride slowly away, followed by the loud farewells of his people. Once, and again and again, he turned to wave until at last mountains hid the little village from his view. As the desert plains became more pronounced and the long, lonely trail led over sage brush and sandy plains, the missionary found himself dreaming—dreaming of the days when his beloved Nevada would have parish churches, resident priests, and well instructed Catholics. Ah, yes, even a Catholic School and Sisters that

would teach his little ones about the Divine Master.

SHARPLY he jerked his thoughts back to the problems of that little village. The S. family had been absent that morning. Mr. S. had evidently made up his mind that the children would be taken back to the Old Country to be baptized—some day. Again a fervent prayer was sent up to the Heavenly Father that the S. children would not be lost to the Church forever.

*"Ye gather where ye have not sown."*

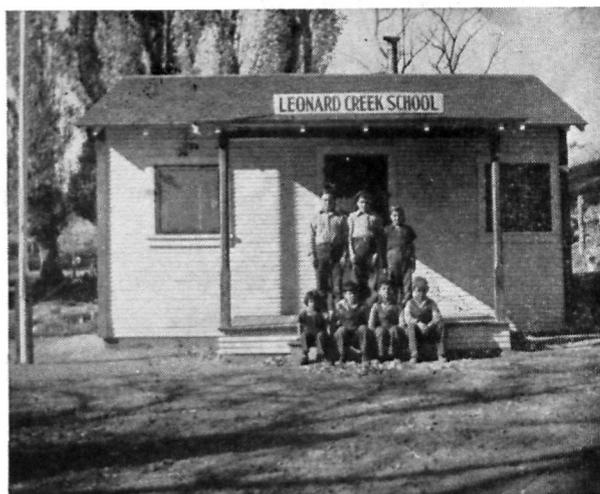
IT was a crisp, cool autumn day when the two tired Missionary Catechists made their last call within the little ranching community. Mrs. S. was charmed to see them. Yes, she was a Catholic; everyone where she came from in the Old Country was Catholic. Her children? The poor old mother's eyes filled with tears. No, they had not made their First Communion; they were not even baptized. Perhaps the good Sisters would not understand—the truth was this:

Mr. S. had cherished the dream of one day making a lot of money which would enable them to return to the Old Country and do things right. Then his children would be baptized in one of the large cathedrals, not in a desert camp. She had often pleaded with him to allow the missionary who passed through at long intervals to pour the saving waters over the heads of their

children, but her pleas fell on deaf ears. Time came when he refused to drive the few miles to the place where Father said Mass and so even she could not fulfill her obligations. The children were all grown now and the mother was dubious about their wishing to study.

OUR visit lengthened and soon Tony, the youngest member of the family, made his appearance. One liked Tony from the start. He was a frank, straight-forward lad of twenty-one. He "kinda reckoned that he would like to study and learn a little more about those stories Mom used to tell when he was a kid." Sheepishly, he even produced a simple catechism which a Father had given him at one time. "Couldn't quite understand all that stuff, though. Never had much schooling."

IT wasn't long until Tony was enrolled in a correspondence course. Soon John, Frank and Betty followed his example. Weekly their lessons arrived, and with the additional instructions received during a two-week's vacation school, they were baptized and made their First Com-



Children at Leonard Creek, Nevada, taught by the Catechists from Winnemucca.

munion. Again Mrs. S.'s eyes were filled with tears—tears of joy. Only Jim was missing. He was miles away working on the "Crickets."

AT the outbreak of the war, Tony at once entered the service of his country. The entire family, all but Jim, made the long, tedious journey to Elko with Tony. Together with him they spent the last hour before traintime gathered around Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

THE month of March came. Snow still covered the highway and it was impossible to travel on any of the side roads except at great risk. But one brave soul ventured out from the ranching community. It was Jim. The family had talked things over and it was decided that Jim should be given an opportunity to learn his religion. Work wasn't so pressing now. Morning, afternoon, and evening for quite some time, the bell of our little convent home was rung by a solitary figure who always managed to be right on time for his lessons. Jim used well the opportunity that had been afforded him. He studied diligently and embraced his faith with fervent love. Now he is no longer among the missing.

*"Pray that He send more laborers—"*

The Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory devote their lives to giving religious instructions to children attending public schools, and to doing social welfare work. Young women interested are requested to correspond with Catechist Catherine Olberding, Superior General, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana. The new class of postulants will be received into the Society on November 1.

DREAMS sometimes do come true. Though the weary, aged missionary did not see his realized, still they were. Resident priests are found now in the more populated towns of Nevada. There is a Catholic School; and there are Missionary Sisters and Catechists to teach the little ones here who cannot attend the Catholic School.



A Mission Interest Department  
For Boys and Girls

# Page-ing Youth

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## Great Angel of God

A CATECHIST'S first experience teaching a Religious Vacation School is an unforgettable adventure. She is minded to tell any one who will give her half an ear all about it; and so the pleasure of writing these pages for the boy-and-girl readers of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST brings another welcome opportunity for doing so.

Sixty-five country and small-town boys and girls came daily to attend our classes in the church and basement of an Indiana rural parish. They lasted two weeks, and lessons in Christian Doctrine, Bible History, liturgy, religious practice followed each other from 8:30 to 3 o'clock. Our pupils could hardly be called children of the poor as can the majority of our boys and girls in the Western missions. Yet in one thing they are poor indeed; for these children are deprived of your precious privilege, a Catholic education in a Catholic parochial school.

THIS month on October 2 we celebrate the feast of your guardian angel and mine. The feast recalls one particular incident of the two weeks' religion classes. Catechist and I left the church at noon one day and walked towards the rectory steps. In every wisp of shade our hungry pupils sat, devouring the lunches their mothers had packed for them. The rectory steps were covered with smiling little girls, unafraid of the sun's warm glow. They laughed and blinked up at us as we approached, waving cookies or sandwiches held tightly in chubby hands. "Well, now, which head shall we step on first?" we asked, for there was not an inch of space whereby we might mount the steps. With unabashed confidence that such a threat would not be carried out, the girls squeezed over two inches. We carefully stepped up between them. Suddenly blond, twinkling blue-eyed Ruby looked up and warned us, "Catechist, don't step on my guardian angel!"

I AM wondering how often we "step" on our guardian angel. By forgetfulness of his wonderful faithfulness in remaining near us we do just that. He is ever watchful to answer our every beck and call. And oh, how much we need our loyal angel's help at school, at home, at work, at play. I always solicit my angel guardian's aid in my pleasant task of writing to Mary's Loyal Helpers, and in writing these pages for you. And may I complete the "angel story" by whis-

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## The Missions' Patroness

EACH and every one of you is acquainted with a young girl who was still living on this earth when your mother was a little girl and your daddy was a boy. Her home during the last nine years of her short life was a Carmelite convent in France. Her name was Sister Therese, but we call her familiarly the Little Flower. Perhaps no one on earth ever had a greater, deeper interest in the work of the self-sacrificing missionaries than Sister Therese. It won for her from the lips of Pope Pius XI the grand title "Patroness of the Missions."

ON October 3 the Catholic Missions at home and throughout the world celebrate the feast of their young patroness. Surely every mission-minded boy and girl will want to receive Holy Communion for the missions at her feast-day Mass. And when you do, you will include the Missionary Catechists in your prayers to Jesus and His Little Flower Therese, won't you?

ACCORDING to an article in the *Mission Beacon*, published by the Mission Society of Assumption Parish, New Albany, Indiana, St. Therese also called herself "God's Little Pencil."

"St. Therese became such a great saint be-

cause she let God work in her and through her just as He wished. It wasn't always so easy, for she herself tells us she was naturally proud, self-willed and stubborn. What did she do about this? She did to herself just what we do to a paper that has been rolled up, but which we wish to have straightened out. We roll it the opposite way, don't we?

"And this is just what Therese did. She just did the opposite thing when she felt like being proud or stubborn or doing as she pleased. Her life was a great big bundle of little things.

"She speaks of herself as a little Pencil chosen by Jesus to write His lessons on souls; as a little Ball with which the Infant Jesus could play or let lie, and again as a little Baby nestled in Jesus' arms.

"Things of nature helped to draw her close to God. A little kitten drinking milk, a mother hen with her baby chicks, the stars, the snow, a tree loaded with fruit; these and a multitude of other things let her see more and more how loving the good God is.

"The story of her life is a real love story. Her dying words were the echo of her life, 'My God, I love You.'"

## What MARY'S LOYAL HELPERS Are Doing-- -And Saying

Dear Catechist,

I don't suppose you remember me, but my name is Marguerite Hoffman.

The first time I ever met or heard of a Missionary Catechist was when they came to our school in Feb. I found them very interesting.

Now I would like to tell you about my Sunshine Bag. About four weeks ago I sent for it, and the day I received it my brother Bob told me that he would double the amount I send to you. Then I have three sisters, Evelyn, Martha and Barbara. Whenever they get a few pennies they always put them in it. I hope you will answer this letter and tell me some of the missionary adventures of the Catechists.

Marguerite Hoffman  
Wyandotte, Mich.



Catechist, please do me a great favor and in your daily prayers include a prayer for my cousin who is a nun in Japan. Very soon another 100 Sunshine Pennies will be on their way to you.

Mary Louise Chartrand.

I was glad to get my Sunshine Bag and I will try in every way to help the Sunshine Club along. I have always wanted to help the

missionaries but it seemed like I never had the chance. But now I am very happy to know that the pennies I save will help a little.

Jeanne Burkhardt.

We note in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST that you would be happy to receive cancelled stamps. As a mission project for Grade 10, Room 202, we have undertaken the collection of stamps and we are pleased to send to you some of them.

We hope that these stamps will be of help to you. May God bless you in your missionary efforts.

ST. LEO HIGH SCHOOL,  
Detroit

Delbert Sheill, Mission Representative.

## Books

**DRAW NEAR TO HIM** by Sister Mary Aloysi Kiener, S.N.D. published by Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., New York and Cincinnati. \$1.50.

This book is intended for Religious and for all who are eager to give themselves to God by a deeply spiritual life. Draw near to Christ is the answer to the crying needs of souls in our day. In her book, Sister Mary Aloysi challenges all to do so.

**DIVORCE IS A DISEASE WHICH DESTROYS MARRIAGE** and **GOD FORGIVES SIN WHY CONFESS TO A PRIEST** are the last two in a series of ten pamphlets by Father Martin J. Scott, S.J. The complete set is \$1.00. Ten cents single copy. Order from **THE AMERICA PRESS**, 70 East 45th St., New York, N. Y.

**MARTYRDOM OF SLOVENIA** by John LaFarge, S.J., . . . This is a little known story of the tragic and epic atrocities that have decimated and scattered the people of Slovenia—a peaceful and Catholic people who had achieved a near-Utopia of co-operative social and economic life, before the Nazi terror struck . . . Order from **AMERICAN SLOVENE PARISH RELIEF**, 62 St. Marks Place, New York, N. Y.

**MARY IN HER SCAPULAR PROMISES** by John Mathias Haffert, preface by Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen.

The brochure edition of **MARY IN HER SCAPULAR PROMISES** is sold by the **SCAPULAR BUREAU**, 325 East 29th St., New York City. Single copies, fifty cents; three or more copies at forty cents each.

**THE REED AND THE ROCK**, by Theodore Maynard, is an inspiring biographical treatment of one of the pioneer bishops of the United States, the saintly and lovable Simon Brute de Remur, first bishop of Vincennes. Order from Longmans, Green and Co., 55 Fifth Ave., New York. \$2.75.

Thank you for the prompt renewal of your subscription to **THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST**. It means time and money saved for our missions.



## Addresses of Our Mission Centers

- Refuge of Sinners Mission**, 512 Soldano Avenue, Azusa, California.
- Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission**, Box 1356, Brawley, California.
- Good Shepherd Mission**, Box 336, Coachella, California.
- Little Flower Mission**, 1143 Fifth Street, Los Banos, California.
- Mary Star of the Sea Mission**, 598 Laine Street, Monterey, California.
- Immaculate Heart of Mary Mission**, 537 East G Street, Ontario, California.
- Queen of the Missions**, Box 46, Redlands, California.
- St. Peter the Apostle Mission**, 563 O'Farrell Street, San Pedro, California.
- St. Joseph Mission**, 120 South F. Street, Tulare, California.
- Precious Blood Mission**, 222 South Eighth Street, Santa Paula, California.
- Mount Carmel Mission**, 3868 Block Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.
- Sacred Heart Mission**, 4860 Olcott Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.
- Our Lady of Victory Mission**, 435 Guadalupe Street, Santa Fe, New Mexico.
- Holy Ghost Mission**, 416 S. Third Street, Goshen, Indiana.
- All Saints Mission**, San Pierre, Indiana.
- Our Lady of Perpetual Help Mission**, 720 Court Street, Elko, Nevada.
- Our Lady of the Snows Mission**, Box 172, Winnemucca, Nevada.
- Ave Maria Mission**, 551 Murray Street, Ely, Nevada.
- St. Coletta's Mission**, Grants, New Mexico.
- Blessed De Montfort Mission**, 514 Valencia Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- Our Lady of Lourdes Mission**, Box 671, Albuquerque, New Mexico.
- Holy Family Mission**, Box 1317, Lubbock, Texas.
- Queen of Angels Mission** 27 West Avenue North, P. O. Box 1125, San Angelo, Texas.
- Mary Queen of Peace Mission**, 524 West Fourth South, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Holy Trinity Mission**, Ida, Michigan.
- Immaculate Conception Mission**, 1001 East San Antonio Street, El Paso, Texas.
- Holy Rosary Mission**, Box 209, Bingham Canyon, Utah.

## IN MEMORIAM

Dr. Joseph Rubsam, Logansport, Ind.  
Mary Joyce, Chicago  
Winifred M. McGrath, Chicago  
Joseph Byrne, Chicago  
Daniel Bartley, Chicago  
Mr. Bauschen, Chicago  
Mr. Foertsch, Chicago  
Mrs. Elizabeth Forrester, Chicago.

## SPIRITUAL HOME REMEDIES

1. "A little more patience," to bear up with this person with whom I am compelled to live or labor, and who is not at all congenial to me.
2. "A little more firmness," to continue this work, which duty demands and which is so repellent to me.
3. "A little more humility," to remain at the post to which God has led me and which does not correspond with my dreams and plans.
4. "A little more common sense," to take people as they are, and not as I should like them to be.
5. "A little more prudence," to bother as little as possible about others and their affairs.
6. "A little more strength," to endure an event which so suddenly and profoundly disturbs my peace of soul.
7. "A little more cheerfulness," so as not to show I have been hurt.
8. "A little more unselfishness," in trying to understand the thoughts and feelings of others.
9. Above all, "A little more prayer," to draw God to my heart and take counsel with Him.

# War

**brings added responsibility to missionaries at home as well as abroad.**

# But

**New responsibilities become fresh opportunities for practicing the charity of Christ and thus winning souls for the Kingdom of Heaven.**

**Help the Missionary Catechists extend their activities for God and for America in the Home Mission Field.**

Dear Catechists:  
Victory-Noll  
Huntington, Indiana

Here is my offering (\$.....) to help the Catechists carry on their work for the spiritual welfare of America.

Name .....

Address .....

.....