

The Missionary Catechist

5-43



May, 1943

Vol. 19, No. 6



"Mobilize for Mary"

in

Mary's Army for Peace

THE International Mary's Day Committee, sponsor of "Mary's Day Movement," offers a simple program, MOBILIZE FOR MARY, by which you can help to bring about the peace that humanity awaits.

THE Mary's Day Movement is an invitation to all children of Mary, Mother of Mankind, to consecrate every Saturday spiritually and lovingly to Mary, and once a year, on the Saturday before Mother's Day, to unite through public celebrations and nation-wide demonstrations in proclaiming to the world the filial love and reverent devotion that fills the heart of every true Catholic for the Immaculate Mother of God. Through dissemination of the knowledge of Mary's rightful position in the spiritual universe, souls outside the Church may be drawn to her, and through her, to the feet of Christ.



To mobilize means to prepare for War.

The world is mobilizing for death and destruction.

The Blessed Mother is calling to every Catholic to mobilize under her generalship for LIFE and PEACE!

The Savior of the World is STILL THE SAVIOR.

He will refuse His Mother nothing!

The forces of evil can be overcome through Mary's intercession.

SHE will lead the world back to RIGHTEOUSNESS, PEACE and SECURITY.

How can we win the War?

Mary, Mother of Mankind points the way:

Daily Mass, Holy Communion and the Rosary are the weapons!

MOBILIZE FOR MARY

Fill the churches in the mornings at Mass!

Offer daily Communion for Peace with Justice!

Send the children to Mass before school and to the recitation of the Rosary after school!

Crowd every church for evening services of Rosary and Benediction!

Organize young and old in a world-wide demonstration of FAITH IN PRAYER!

Thus may the War be won and Peace assured!

God, through His Blessed Mother, will hear and answer!

The International Mary's Day Committee
131 East 29th Street, New York, N. Y.

Nihil Obstat

JACOBUS H. GRIFFITHS, S.T.H.D.,

Censor Librorum.

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"Mobilize for Mary" leaflets, fifty cents for 1000.

Statues of Mary, Mother of Mankind, seven inches high—fifty cents; thirteen inches high \$2.00 (plus carrying charges).

Order from International Mary's Day Committee, 131 East 29th St., New York, N. Y.

The Missionary Catechist

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May procession to the Grotto of the Immaculate Conception on the Catechists' convent grounds in Ely, Nevada. The grotto was built by the Catechists themselves.

Missionary Catechists now have three foundations in Nevada, one at Winnemucca, another at Elko and a third at Ely.

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OUR Lady's month was drawing to a close. The morning sun was paying its first tribute of warmth and cheer to the early songsters in the tree-tops.

Spry and alert, little Father Dudley issued forth from the rectory, humming a quaint Marian ditty. His thoughts were evidently of Mary. "Good mernin', yer Reverence!" greeted a somewhat gruff voice from behind the priest. It was 'Old John,' St. Mary's veteran sexton and sacristan. His squinting eyes still bore the burden of a short night's sleep. Father Dudley returned the greeting.



Sodality officers kneel before the small statue of Our Blessed Lady of Victory in a mission chapel and lead the Act of Consecration to Mary, Queen and Mother.—Santa Paula, California.

"But ye're early this mernin', ain't ye, Father?" queried the hoary-haired sacristan.

Father Dudley turned and smiled. "Yes, John, I've a big day ahead of me," he said, "and I need God's blessing for it. I'm up earlier to pray a little longer, you see? . . ."

"Sure, ye said last Sunday, didn't ye?, that ye was goin' to have some kind of consecration here this mernin', Father."

"Yes, John," explained the priest, "today is the feast of Mary Mediatrix and we intend to celebrate it fully."

Love

"Mary Mediatrix," muttered Old John; then unceremoniously scratching the snowy head beneath his faded blue cap he said at length: "I know, I know, that means I put out white vestments fer today, does it?"

The priest nodded assent, and with a chuckle that carried a note of sadness in it, he added: "Mary Mediatrix means much more than white vestments, John . . . And, by the way, John, if you have time you can assist at the sermon and the consecration ceremony this morning. You might hear more about Mary Mediatrix . . ." With that the priest mounted the church steps and entered to pray.

* * * * *

JOAN SUMMERS was up with the sun that morning; so was her brother Jack. For over two months now Joan and several of her girl friends had been preparing themselves for their Consecration as slaves of Love to Jesus through Mary. Jack had long anticipated this great day, and had promised himself the pleasure of assisting at his sister's Consecration as a slave of Love.

WORDS were sparing between brother and sister that morning on their way to church. Jack said: "It is the feast of Mary Mediatrix, Saturday and the month of May. *Three things* to make this day Mary's day!"

Joan said: "My body, my soul, my exterior goods of fortune and my interior and spiritual treasures. *Four things*, now mine, that will be all Mary's today!"

THERE was little bustle or chatter in the basement of the church as Joan Summers and

her nine companions helped one another to don their white veils, the treasured insignia of their beautiful name, Children of Mary. The hush was even more tense when the ten girls entered the church and took their places, five on each side, in the first row.

Little St. Mary's looked its prettiest that morning, as a goodly crowd of its more devout parishioners filled the church almost to capacity. Not even the rich splendour of a cathedral in festive attire could compare in beauty and piety with the colorful yet inspiring pageantry of red roses and white lilies bedecking Mary's altar in St. Mary's that morning. Never before had Father Dudley seen his church so beautifully adorned. Never before had Our Lady's altar seemed so stately, yet so warmly inviting.

The secret of it all was that only the night before these ten girls had knocked at the rectory

Must Serve

by the Rev. Roger M. Charest, S.M.M.

door and begged for permission to decorate Mary's altar, in their own fashion, for their Consecration. Permission had been fully granted them. Their love had performed almost a miracle of beauty and art.

* * * * *

THE atmosphere was aglow with piety and devotion when Father Dudley entered the sanctuary, vested in immaculate white. He was preceded by a tall altar boy who was none other than Jack Summers. The priest had seen him enter the church with his sister Joan and had invited him to serve the Mass. Jack had accepted willingly. Having been an altar boy for five years while in grammar school, he felt that he still remembered how to serve . . . and he did.

It was impressive to hear the ten girls dialogue the Mass in English. Joan Summers led the group with her high, clear-sounding, voice. It was always edifying to see Father Dudley say Mass in his calm, recollected manner. It was touching to see the ten white-veiled heads bow down as the priest lifted the white Host and the golden Chalice. And it was inspiring to see the consecrated-to-be receive their God into their pure hearts.

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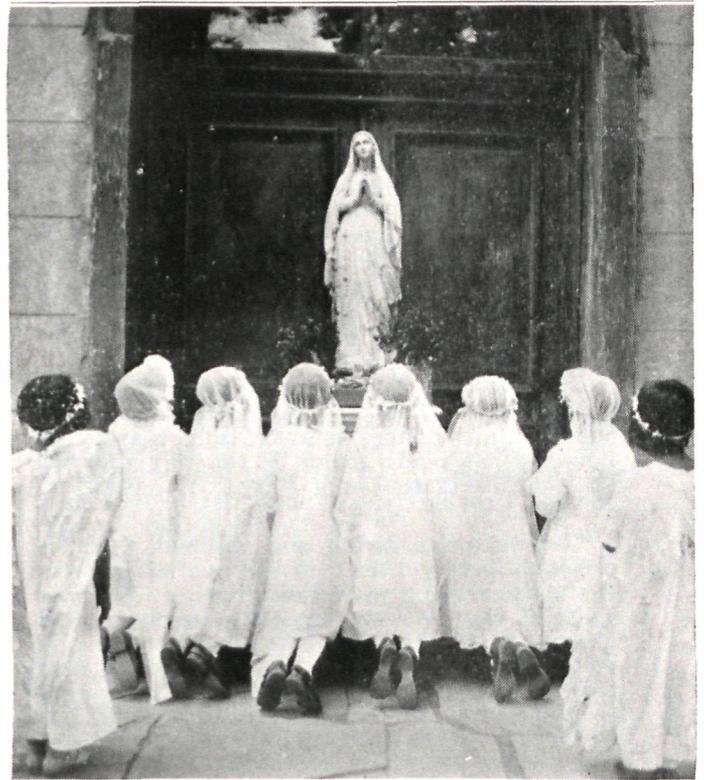
May, 1943

AFTER Mass, Father Dudley went to the sacristy to unvest. Then he returned wearing a surplice. As he approached the communion rail the eyes of all were riveted tightly upon his glowing countenance. A few of the girls, including Joan Summers, shifted in their seats, all the while gazing at the priest expectantly. Jack Summers had taken his place in the church, in the side aisle, a few pews from the front. He wanted to miss nothing of Father's words or of the ensuing ceremony.

There was a religious hush as the young priest's eyes scanned, first the row of white-veiled heads before him, then the rest of the congregation. Then reverently making the sign of the Cross he spoke in the following strain:

"Love must serve! . . . No one can truly say that he loves someone if he does not serve that someone . . . Examine the people about you and see if they do not serve their love . . . Sometimes the love is false and then the service is sin . . . But, when the love is divine or akin to divine, then the service becomes divine or akin to divine. . .

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First Communicants in Las Vegas, New Mexico, consecrate themselves to Mary for the first time.

"God has proved this truth to us, namely, that love must serve, by serving us unto death, unto the death of the Cross. 'God so loved the world,' says St. John, 'as to give it His Only Begotten Son.' . . . Yes, God has proved His love for you by serving you unto death . . . unto Holy Communion. He has served you first this morning, by Mass and Holy Communion . . . And now, you are about to return this love to Him by your Consecration to Jesus through Mary as slaves of Love . . .

"You have chosen this day, the feast of Mary Mediatrix, as the day of your Consecration. Your choice has been a happy one. Mary Mediatrix means: Mary receiving all grace from God and transmitting them to us mortals . . . It means: God gave her all His Treasures . . . It means: Mary gives us all God's Treasures . . . It is therefore a feast of *receiving* and of *giving* . . .

"You have *received* all, and are continually receiving all, even your very life and breath, from God . . . And you are going to *give* all back to Him in grateful submission . . . You *receive* all your spiritual life, that is: graces, from Mary . . . And you are going to *give* all back to Her in grateful submission and acknowledgement of her queenly power over you . . ."

At this point the priest paused. Then turning his head a little in the direction of the Altar in back of him he pointed to it, saying:

"Yesterday your loving hands fashioned for Mary that artistic floral setting. Into that display you have put your whole heart and soul . . . You have tried to prove to Mary, in advance, your love for her . . . Today you will surround her immaculate throne with roses more beautiful still and with lilies even more spotless. The roses of your sacrificial loves and the lilies of your purity. Yesterday you offered *something separate* from yourselves, though belonging to you. Today you will offer *yourselves* . . . your life.

"Remember that the act of Consecration is but the initial step in your Holy Slavery of Love. What really counts is the way you will live that life of a slave of Mary . . .

"The life of a loving and obedient child towards the best and the most loving of all mothers is the life you are now embracing . . . It means a life of complete surrender and dependence on Mary your Queen and Mother in all things and at all times . . . It means that you will try your best to do all your actions, even your most ordinary ones, in the spirit a little child has when he is doing something in the presence of and for his dear mother . . . That is what Bl. de Montfort means when he says that 'We must do all our actions *Through* Mary, *With* Mary, *In* Mary and *For* Mary' . . .

"Your life of Holy Slavery," said the priest in conclusion, "will surely not be devoid of thorns . . . If you wish to offer to Mary only beautiful white roses you will have to feel the sharp points of the thorns yourselves . . . But, and remember this always, *Mary is a Mother*. She is a Queen and a Mediatrix . . . Yes . . . But she is first of all a MOTHER.

"Love serves. You will be slaves of Love. Every man is the slave of his love. You will be the slaves of Mary's Love which is no one else than Jesus, Her divine Son . . . LOVE! SERVE! . . . Let these two words be your whole life of a slave of Jesus through Mary."

* * * * *

JOAN SUMMERS was not an emotional girl; still her heart seemed to beat at a quicker tempo as she waited, with the others, to recite the formula of Consecration. For over two months now she had studied and prepared for this important moment. Father Dudley had encouraged her to study the act of Consecration perfectly before binding herself. She had studied it so well that she had won over these, her companions, to Mary's cause.

An expression of deep joy swept over her beaming countenance as Father Dudley motioned her to rise and lead the other nine to the Communion rail where they were to recite their

(Continued on page 19)



Feast of Mary Mediatrix, May 30.

What Is True Devotion To Mary

by Reverend Charles F. Helmsing

DEVOTION to our earthly mother is love, respect and obedience. Our dependence on her is the prompting of a love that goes beyond words of endearment and caresses. It makes us see her needs and fills us with a desire (sometimes impossible of achievement) to assist her in her needs. Love of mother has prompted sacrificing careers, business success and all other human affections—all because by such sacrifice the child deems that he is making only a partial return for all he owes his mother. The same debt of dependence prompts respect that reveres a mother often more than her character or qualities would deserve. The same dependence leads the devoted child to follow the guidance of mother by prompt obedience to all her wishes and commands. Nature prompts this devotion on the part of the child; and God has revealed His Will that it be so in the fourth precept of the decalogue.

TRUE devotion to Mary, our heavenly Mother, is likewise love, respect, and obedience. Like filial devotion in our natural life, this devotion to Mary is based on our real dependence on her for our life of grace, that life that makes us children of God. St. Leo exclaims, "That God should call man His son, and that man should call God his Father, is a gift surpassing all others"; and St. Augustine says, "The Son of God, the only-begotten according to nature, by a marvellous condescension has become Son of Man that we, who are the sons of men by nature, might become sons of God by grace." She who mothered the Son of God in human nature is truly the Mother of God, yes more—she is the Mother of all whom the Son of God Incarnate adopted as His brothers; she is the true Mother of all born again of water and the Holy Ghost. By her consent to mother the Redeemer at the Annunciation, and specially by her real voluntary share at the foot of the Cross in the Sacrifice of our Redemption, all who are baptized or share in God's grace actually depend on Mother Mary.

OUR love of Mary will, indeed, prompt our expressions of affection and praise. More than that, it must be effective. Mother Mary, it is true, has no personal needs that we can fill, since she enjoys in supreme bliss the Beatific Vision; but as a true Mother she makes the

needs of all her children her very own. These needs we can fill by our love—first in our own lives by avoiding sin and living the life of grace to the full, then by assisting our fellow-men to avoid sin and live as children of God. Zeal for our own sanctification and for the salvation and sanctification of others is the only real love that our true devotion to Mary can prompt.

THE devotion of respect that we as children of God must have towards God's Mother Mary—unlike that for an earthly mother—can never exceed her deserts. This reverence of love flowing from our dependence on Mary will make us consider her in all we do. Mary's prediction in her Magnificat "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed" will spontaneously find its fulfillment in the praise and reverence and respect of her adopted children.

ABOVE all true devotion to Mary is obedience. Mary's motherly command now as at the wedding feast of Cana is to do the Will of her Divine Son Jesus, "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." He Who always did the things that pleased His Heavenly Father and who gave the highest praise to His Mother and His disciples by declaring, "Behold my Mother and my brethren, for he that doth the will of my Father Who is in Heaven, he is my brother and sister and mother"—He it is Whose teachings must guide our every action, if we are to claim that we have the devotion of obedience to Mother Mary.

THIS true devotion to Mary, therefore, can be understood as the imitation of Mary by a living faith in the teachings of her Son. Whether we advert to the fact or not, our lives as true Christians will thus be the fulfillment of the command in reference to our Heavenly Mother: "Honor thy—Mother."

The consecration made according to the spirit of Blessed Louis Marie Grignion de Montfort is the recognition and acknowledgment of our complete dependence on Mary as our spiritual Mother. It is the intelligent appreciation of the marvellous place of Mary in God's plan of our salvation. To understand this plan is to desire to live the true devotion to Mary, our Mother.

Addresses of Our Mission Centers

WHEN you send offerings or mission boxes directly to the Catechists in the missions please address THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS and add one of the addresses listed below:

1. Refuge of Sinners Mission, 512 Soldono Avenue, Azusa, California.
2. Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission, Box 1356, Brawley, California.
3. Good Shepherd Mission, Box 336, Coachella, California.
4. Little Flower Mission, 1143 Fifth Street, Los Banos, California.
4. Infant of Prague Mission, 2321 Opal Street, Los Angeles, California.
6. Mary Star of the Sea Mission, 598 Laine Street, Monterey, California.
7. Immaculate Heart of Mary Mission, 537 East G Street, Ontario, California.
8. Queen of the Missions, Box 46, Redlands, California.
9. St. Peter the Apostle Mission, 563 O'Farrell Street, San Pedro, California.
10. St. Joseph Mission, 120 South F Street, Tulare, California.
11. Precious Blood Mission, 222 South Eighth Street, Santa Paula, California.
12. Mount Carmel Mission, 3868 Block Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.
13. Sacred Heart Mission, 4860 Olcott Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.
14. St. John the Baptist Mission, 1401 W. Washington Blvd., Fort Wayne, Indiana.
15. Holy Ghost Mission, 416 S. Third Street, Goshen, Indiana.
16. All Saints Mission, San Pierre, Indiana.
17. St. Anne Mission, 1009 Dayton Street, South Bend, Indiana.
18. Holy Trinity Mission, Ida, Michigan.
19. Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, Box 671, Albuquerque, New Mexico.
20. St. Coletta's Mission, Grants, New Mexico.
21. Blessed De Montfort Mission, 514 Valencia Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
22. Our Lady of Victory Mission, 435 Guadalupe Street, Santa Fe, New Mexico.
23. Our Lady of Perpetual Help Mission, 704 Court Street, Elko, Nevada.
24. Ave Maria Mission, 551 Murray Street, Ely, Nevada.
25. Our Lady of the Snows Mission, Box 172, Winnemucca, Nevada.
26. Immaculate Conception Mission, 1001 East San Antonio Street, El Paso, Texas.
27. Holy Family Mission, Box 1317, Lubbock, Texas.

28. Queen of Angels Mission, 27 West Avenue North, P. O. Box 1125, San Angelo, Texas.
29. Holy Rosary Mission, Box 209, Bingham Canyon, Utah.
30. Mary, Queen of Peace Mission, 524 West Fourth South, Salt Lake City, Utah.



SEND us your intentions to be remembered in our novena in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory who is the beloved patroness of our Society of Missionary Catechists. Novena begins May 15.

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

Are you moving?

Please notify us. Send us your old and your new address. Thank you.

Memoirs of a Nut

PEOPLE call me a nut. It is the truth; no use trying to hide it. God made me a nut. I used to be the happiest nut in town, living as I did in the Catechists' yard.

I FIRST saw the light of day in the beautiful month of May. The sun shone so gloriously that I thought: "This must be Heaven, and we are very close to God."

THE sky was blue, perhaps reflecting Our Lady's mantle. The clouds, so white and inviting, beckoned me to leave this world the day I entered it but I knew instinctively that Heaven is not won that easily.

EVERYTHING within my range of vision was a creature of God, serving Him, and serving man for His sake. As I grew, my appreciation of my surroundings increased.

THE large white house set in a grove of trees—a convent home—What memories the thought of it recalls! Every morning I watched the Catechists come out two by two. They must have been going to Mass for they did not talk going or coming. Perhaps their hearts were too full.

LATER in the morning they came out again. This time they were gayly chatting about the morning's plans, people to be visited, souls to be won back to Christ.

I LIKED the afternoons best, on Monday and Friday especially. On these days the children came to the convent for instructions. Long before two o'clock the tiny boys and girls came running, one hand tightly grasping a bouquet of flowers, the other hand clasping that of a smaller brother or sister. They played games under the trees, sang gay little songs and made everyone happy with their games of make-believe. They talked English and Spanish, and sometimes both at once. Their eyes were innocent, their hearts pure. A child, even I a poor nut can see is the greatest of God's wonders. When the bell rang

for class, how eagerly they ran to get in line. Quietly they filed in; reverently they prayed.

AT THREE O'CLOCK the second group came. Boys and girls interested in school, in games. Eager, active, they climbed the trees as an outlet for their energy. Sometimes I held my breath at their daring feats as they tried to outdo each other.

AT FOUR O'CLOCK the Junior High students came. They walked slowly down the street, eager for distractions, for an excuse to loiter. They didn't even see me; all they saw was each other.

AFTER the children went home and the Catechists were eating supper, I could hear laughter and more laughter. What a happy place was that convent home!

I STILL remember the music that came from that white convent home in sunny California—the voices of young girls harmonizing in hymns of praise to God. Sometimes it was joyful; sometimes so sad it went right through your heart like a sword of pain. Then a gay Spanish song would surprise you in the midst of your dreams.

MY LIFE was such a happy one, there in the yard of the Catechists' convent home. I loved the children who came; I loved the Catechists. But life is not only love and laughter and music. There are responsibilities too. Everything around me was serving God; I felt within me the urge to do something for Him too, and for His sake to serve man. How could I? Then, one day—was this my answer?—I saw a sling shot and two brown eyes behind it. Before I could collect my wits, I found myself thrilling at the swiftness of my first trip through the air—into another world. I'll be waiting for you there . . .!

TO MARY

I love you Blessed Lady,
To you I will be true.
Make me more like Jesus,
And keep me close to you.
Teach me how to love Him,
Teach me how to pray;
Teach me how to serve Him
Better day by day.

—Sister M. Imelda



In The Home Field

LUPE'S Guardian Angel must have raised an eyebrow and wondered if he heard correctly when this prayer issued from his charge's lips: "Dear God, please make it rain tomorrow or else—or else—make Daddy get drunk."

Nineteen-year-old Lupe meant just that! For years she had lived in an isolated pump-station where no word of God ever reached her. Now an opportunity presented itself for religious instructions. Since the Catechists could not arrange private lessons for her just then, she enrolled, unashamed, in the First Communion Class with the six, seven and eight-year-olds.

Lupe's father did not recognize the necessity of religion in one's life. Sunday did not mean Mass and catechism class to him as it did to his daughter. It was just another day of work. And because he ruled his family with an iron hand, Sunday was just another day of work for them also, unless it rained so that they could not pick cotton, or else . . . !

Catechist M. Barbara McCord

IN PREPARING the First Communicants for their first confession I showed them the confessional and explained just what they were to do. Then I asked if there were any questions. One small girl, just seven years old, asked in solemn measured words, "And you say that it really IS sound proof?"

IT was three o'clock in the afternoon, and as usual in Brawley, rather warm. A little girl of ten rang our doorbell. To our response she announced, "I came to make my First Communion." She had failed to appear on Sunday because it was impossible for her to come in from a distant ranch. During the week a bus brings her to school. That day she went to school fasting. She was not allowed to leave the school grounds during the day and so she waited until dismissal. Then, still fasting, she came to our convent "to make her First Communion."

ALTHOUGH suffering intense pain, little Betty smiled happily at her doctors and nurses. When asked how she could be so cheerful she answered simply: "Aren't you happy when you get a present? I got the best present in the world today. Father brought me Jesus in Holy Communion."



First Communicants in Goshen, Indiana, pose for a picture with their pastor, Father Herman Joseph Miller, and their Catechists, Catechists Hall, Killian and Kaiser.

Missionary Catechists now have six mission centers in Indiana. They are at East Chicago (two centers), Fort Wayne, Goshen, San Pierre and South Bend. VICTORY-NOLL, the Motherhouse and Novitiate of the Society of Missionary Catechists, is also located in Indiana, about a mile west of Huntington.



Girl Scouts and Brownies became queen, maids-of-honor and flower girls in a colorful May-crowning ceremony at St. Mary's Mexican Church in Redlands, California. Father James Gray is pastor of St. Mary's. The Scouts and Brownies are under the leadership of the Catechists.

A BOY of six and his little sister were left on the train when it stopped to switch cars at the station in a big city. The mother could not return at once as she had assured the children she would do. Alarmed the little girl cried aloud, "My Mommie is lost! My Mommie is lost!" I calmed the child but her tears did not cease until her mother returned. Later the trio passed us as they left the train. The little girl looked up at me with confident eyes and said, "You'll take care of this train, won't you?"

Catechist Helena Smith

WHILE taking the census a small girl told us "Mom is Mormon, I'm Methodist and Sis is just a Catholic." Later we learned that they all had been baptized Catholic.

Catechist J. Cima



Father Daniel Leahy, Catechist Rosario Lara and Catechist Dorothy Schneider with a class of First Communicants in Bingham Canyon, Utah. The convent at Bingham is the Missionary Catechists' second foundation in Utah, the first being at Salt Lake City.

SPEAKING about the visit of the angel Gabriel to our blessed Mother, Catechist asked: "What did Mary say when the Angel asked her if she would be the Mother of God? Jimmy?" Jimmy arose bashfully and answered: "Mary said 'Okay!'"

THE children in the prayer class completed their spiritual bouquets for their mothers, and signed their names to them proudly, though laboriously. Then they hurried home bearing their Mother's Day gifts. Angelina loitered until she was alone with Catechist. Then she came very near and whispered shyly, "Catechist, I wish you a very happy Mothers' Day."

Catechist M. Joan Ginsterblum

OFTEN our Confraternity lay teachers in New Mexico do a great deal of good work quietly and unostentatiously. One lay teacher from Padilla's ranch in the Manzano Parish prepared a large group of children for their First Holy Communion and brought them in a truck to Manzano for the reception of the Sacraments. Father Jose was very much pleased with the class who were unusually well instructed in the catechism lessons. The children brought their lunch, and after Mass, they celebrated the occasion with a picnic breakfast in the mountains. It would be difficult to say who was the happiest on that day, the children, the lay catechist or Father Jose. Catechist Johanna Barthen

AT the close of life it will be a supreme satisfaction to be able to say I have labored not only to save my own soul, but to bring others to know my Savior and His Mother Mary.

Our Associates



In Chicago, Ill.

Charitina Club I. A war time suggestion for A.C.M. Promoters comes from Miss Katherine Hennigan and her members through Miss Mary A. Reed, who sent Charitina Club's January and February contributions for Catechist Durkin's Burse. We know, however, that it won't be a new idea for all of you. Several clubs have already adopted the plan as a means of aiding their country and the missions simultaneously.

"We twelve enjoy our meetings so very much," Miss Reed writes. "We play bridge, and the table prizes are 5 and 25-cent War Savings Stamps. The quarter stamps go to the four with the highest bridge score. The other stamps are used as consolation prizes. All the members like the idea of a stamp as the prize. It saves a lot of trouble trying to buy a prize for the big sum of twenty-five cents for each table. Then, all of us try to fill books with stamps, so it is a practical plan as well."

In Martinsburg, W. Va.

St. Agnes Band. Miss Gertrude Atkinson, promoter, and her members have had to bring ingenuity and a live mission spirit into play in order to carry on for their Catechist and the missions. But they have proved that such a mission spirit is theirs. Although work in defense plants has taken several of the girls out of town, and night duty prevents the others from holding meetings, they continue to give their dues each month to Miss Atkinson for their missionary, Catechist Agnes Ganse.

"I am sure you have felt the new, ceaseless activity among your Associates," Miss Atkinson wrote. "Nearly everyone is working to the limit, and still trying to keep up social pleasures, parish activities and mission projects as before. We have been able to get together only once during the past months, and even then only eight of the members were able to come, due to their work. But the girls ask about our A.C.M. Band every time they see me. They want to pay their dues just the same, and I

am grateful and hopeful for the future."

Last year, when meetings could be held regularly, Miss Atkinson told us: "The girls have a new idea all their own. At the monthly meeting of the Children of Mary they plan to explain to the Sodalists what our St. Agnes Band is doing for the missions. Margaret Maisel has been chosen to speak about our activities, about the Associate Catechists of Mary and their connection with the Missionary Catechists in their work, and as much as possible about the Catechists and what they are doing for neglected and uninstructed American and Latin-American Catholics. Many of the Sodalists and the people are not yet acquainted with your Society, and think that the Catechists are lay workers instead of a Religious Community."

This effort to make our Society better known is greatly appreciated. We hope that many of our Associates will be encouraged to do the same in their own parish, with the approval of the pastor. Information or literature, or even a prepared talk, will be sent to anyone who requests it.

A. C. M. Band Donations

February 26 to March 26

Archbishop Stritch Band, Chicago, Miss Helen Gaethke	...\$10.00
Dolores Band I, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Klingel 12.50
Dolores Band II, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Bechtold 10.00
Ellen Lemm Circle, Chicago, Mrs. Johanna Schweih 10.00
Good Will Mission Circle, Carrollton, Ky., Mrs. Harry Hill 3.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. J. Murphy 11.55
Mission Club, Chicago, Mrs. Anna Diebert 5.50
Mother and Daughter Club, Chicago, Mrs. M. Leutkenhus 7.00
Our Lady of Guadalupe Band, Dayton, Miss Rose Marie Heier 6.50
Our Lady Queen of Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier 10.00
Srillians of Our Lady of Sorrow, Cheviot, O., Miss Marie Gadzinski 2.00
St. Agnes Band, Martinsburg, W. Va., Miss Gertrude Atkinson 2.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace M. Kern 2.50
St. Elizabeth Band, Dearborn, Mich., Miss Cleta Schneider 30.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Miss Margaret Karas 10.75
St. Joseph Band I, Chicago, Mrs. M. McNamara 50.00
St. Joseph Band, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. Albert Zahn 14.25
St. Jude Thaddeus Band, Chicago, Mrs. C. J. Fiala 30.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer 10.00
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit, Mrs. Peter Pink 5.00
St. Raymond Nonatus Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan 6.75
St. Rose Band, Marshfield, Wis., Mrs. W. C. Smith 10.00
St. Sabina Band, Chicago, Miss Marie Dwyer 10.00
Via Matris Club, Chicago, Miss Anna Aldworth 5.00
Victory Mission Circle, New Orleans, La., Mrs. S. S. Ogden 1.00

In Chicago, Ill.

Mother and Daughter Club. Somehow our May A.C.M. pages would not seem complete if we did not mention our friends in the Mother and Daughter Club. Mrs. M. Leutkenhus, who always signs herself "one of the mothers," sends the members' almost monthly donations for our mission work.

Since both mothers and daughters are dear to the Sacred Heart it seems appropriate that their meetings should be held on the First Friday of each month. "We enjoyed our little get-together this month at the home of one of the daughters," Mrs. Leutkenhus writes. "We also thought of the Catechists, and hope that the little offerings we gathered for them will help a tiny bit. We all need

and want your prayers so very much." And indeed our prayers are yours. May the Sacred Heart and His Blessed Mother bless abundantly your charity and that of all the mothers and daughters whom we are proud to claim as our Associates.

St. Bernadette Band. "Although I am a little late with the news I know you will be interested in the election of officers held by St. Bernadette Band recently," Miss Florence Spitzer wrote. "The new officers are: Miss Catherine Lichter, president; Miss Dorothy Spitzer, secretary; and Miss Mary O'Donnell, treasurer." Congratulations, and every blessing and success. We are happy to welcome you among our A.C.M. leaders.

St. Justin Martyr Band. Mrs. Fred Kiefer, promoter, has a habit of giving us little items of interest about her members when she writes—a practice we like, for it makes us feel better acquainted with them, our Associates, in our work together for the missions.

"Enclosed is our donation for Catechist Elizabeth Kiefer's Burse," a recent letter from Mrs. Kiefer begins. "Please acknowledge it to our member who entertained St. Justin Band, Mrs. Anna Costello. Despite her family of ten she likes to help." Another letter reads, "You know, this Band is the first club my mother has ever belonged to. She gets a thrill out of entertaining whenever her turn comes round. Her last daughter at home is getting married this month, so your prayers for her at this time will be appreciated. At our meetings the most requests are of course for prayers for the boys in service."

In every letter to our A.C.M. Bands we assure the members that this intention which we know is nearest and dearest to every heart during this war has a remembrance every day in the prayers of us all. May God bless and protect your boys, and bring them home safe to you again when the blessing of peace is given to the world by our loving Father in Heaven.

Annual Chicago A. C. M. Reception

will be held on Sunday, May 2, in the Roosevelt Room of the Morrison Hotel. Chicago Associates are cordially invited to attend.

May, Mary's Month—



—brought First Communion Day for these smiling boys and girls of Castroville, California. Father Franco, pastor, and Catechist Alvina Schnedecker are seen with the group.

ST. KATHERINE'S A. C. M. Band, Chicago, helped to make their First Communion Day a happy one for a number of these boys and girls. Mrs. Katherine Hammer, promoter, and the members sent twenty white blouses for boys and seven or eight white dresses with slips, all handmade, for the girls on their "day of days."

MRS. T. McBRIDE, mother of Catechist Rose McBride and a member of St. Katherine Band as well as of the Holy Family and St. Jude Thaddeus Bands in Chicago, wrote this interesting item about the box which they sent to our Monterey Mission: "One day I

visited the Catholic Salvage Bureau here and discovered a beautiful net wedding dress which I bought for almost nothing. We washed it and ripped the seams, making many small pieces of net. These were sent in the box with the First Communion things. My daughter, Catechist McBride, wrote that when they looked in their cupboard for veils they found only a couple that were usable, and so were happy to receive the net. Fifteen veils were made from this, the small pieces being used to make the cap part for the veils. She said that it must have been an inspiration of the Holy Ghost when I bought the net dress."

And It Came To Pass

by Catechist Marguerite Srill

"INFANT mortality rates are high among the Mexican race due to unsanitary living conditions and the ignorance of proper diet. As a result over twenty-five per cent of Mexican babies die during the first year."

"WHO would believe it?" Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen might have said as they read the above excerpt taken from the Report of the President's Research Committee on Social Trends. We Catechists, working among the large Mexican population of El Paso, could never have voiced such a query, for ours has been the sad experience of visiting in the homes where death had claimed the lives of new-born infants. But we could have added reasons for the high mortality rate other than those listed by the government statistician.

IN one home we found a mother and five children; the latter, gathered about the table, were dipping their tortillas into what looked like weak tea but proved to be a mixture of water and syrup. The woman had just sat down after an attack of nausea and vomiting.

QUESTIONING revealed that though advanced in pregnancy, her nourishment for several days had been some of the water and syrup. She had saved the tortillas for the children. In regard to her expected child, she told us she hoped death would take it to prevent its coming into such an existence of poverty and distress. This is not the normal attitude of the Mexican mother who accepts cheerfully and patiently the burdens and sacrifices imposed on her by frequent child-bearing. To our dismay, she did not change her viewpoint, even after we had assisted the family materially. A visit to a relative of the woman gave us the explanation.

A nurse from a near-by Birth Control Clinic had been a regular visitor in the home for some months, and had urged the poor mother to use certain means for the limitation of her family. Observing the children's poor diet, the visitor had cleverly based her argument on this, asking the mother if she had a right to bring into existence, another child who would take some of the little she could provide for the others. The nurse had done her work well, and one of our problems was to help the poor woman readjust her views.

THIS visit had been typical of others in which we had discovered the intensive work of the

advocates of birth control; it was after such visits that we stayed longer before the Tabernacle Home of our Eucharistic King, praying fervently for a Catholic Maternity Center.

THE need for such a foundation had been recognized by other groups, religious and lay-people engaged in welfare work in El Paso, but finances for such a project together with a means of permanent operation were lacking.

IN the Spring of 1941, the Catholic Welfare Organization under the leadership of Mr. A. W. Norcop, President, decided to build a twenty-bed maternity hospital on the grounds of Hotel Dieu, the large Catholic hospital under the care of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, and to establish a pre and post-natal clinic in the Catholic Welfare Building on San Antonio Street. The remodeling of this building was begun in August, 1941; the upper story was converted into a convent for our use; the lower floor into quarters for the Welfare Office and San Jose Clinic. On January 26, 1942, the Clinic opened its doors to poor women of El Paso, regardless of race or creed.

SISTER DOLORES, of the Sisters of Charity, was appointed Supervisor of San Jose Clinic and of the Maternity Hospital, which began its career on March 19, 1942. This hospital, fully furnished with the latest equipment was made possible by the combined efforts of business firms and individuals, who realized what it would mean to the community at large.



Class is dismissed!

Happy and lovable, the children of El Paso are one reason why our missionaries say that hearts soon take root in Texas and it's hard to break away.

AMONG those to whom this enterprise was proving a source of deep joy and satisfaction was Mr. J. E. Morgan. Long noted for his love of the poor and his charity towards them, he exercised this charity to the utmost by his donation of funds and materials to further the undertaking, which was to mean so much to the poorest and most under-privileged. Mr. Morgan lived only a few months after the completion of the hospital, but even in his last illness, much of his intense suffering was offered for the success of this venture so dear to his heart. The memory of his truly Christian life inspires and encourages those who follow his splendid example of Catholic Action here in El Paso.

SAN JOSE Maternity Center marches on triumphantly to its first anniversary, with its every endeavor blessed by its great Patron, San Jose. The cooperation of all agencies and individuals, religious and secular, has been splendid.



"Stairsteps"

Although frowning at the bright Texas sun, these children gladly pose for a picture. They and their mother are grateful beneficiaries of the clinic.

THE El Paso Board of Health sends its doctors to serve regularly at the Clinic; city nurses make all pre and post-natal calls. All laboratory work connected with the Clinic is handled by the Board of Health; every type of immunization is made available to the small patients. Cases from a near-by locality of New Mexico, where there is no county hospital have been referred to San Jose Clinic.

STAFF doctors of Hotel Dieu Hospital serve regularly in the Maternity Hospital, also taking care of unusual cases or cases requiring surgery in Hotel Dieu proper. Nurses from the Hospital also come to the Clinic to assist the doctor in charge.



In sombrero and serape tiny Juan smiles a typical south-of-the-border greeting.

THE St. Vincent de Paul Society provides emergency food orders for clinic patients and their families immediately following investigation of Clinic patients at the Clinic, or by the Catechists in their home visiting.

THE Ladies of Charity, by means of their active sewing circle keep the clinic and hospital supplied with articles of clothing required by mothers and babies.

THE pastors of the El Paso churches give their spiritual and material aid to this undertaking which is improving the morale of the poor people under their care. Records of baptisms, and the adjustment of civil law marriages, add to their satisfaction with the spiritual good being done through the Center.

AND over all is the guiding and sustaining hand of our Bishop, whose personal interest and encouragement have stimulated religious and laity. Our good Bishop inaugurated the practice of baptizing every hundredth baby born at San Jose. Parents and friends are delighted with this interest on the part of Bishop Metzger. One godparent, aware of the dignity being conferred, frantically phoned to the Clinic of San Jose to get minute instructions as to what god-parents should say and do when the Bishop officates. Bishop Metzger has granted special marriage dispensations, so that the rectifying of marriages

(Continued on page 18)



**A Mission Interest Department
For Boys and Girls**

Mary's Loyal Helpers

WE enjoy reading our Loyal Helper mail; and know that you'll enjoy it too. Wrote Regina Eileen Jackson, Westwood, N. J., a few weeks ago:

With this letter you will find a dollar which I saved in my Sunshine Bag. My brother who is serving in the U. S. Navy is home on a furlough. He will be able to see the Shrine which we are putting up for the boys in our parish who are in the service.

—M—

Marcella Gerlits, Silverton, Ore.:

It has been quite some time since you heard from me. Nevertheless I have not forgotten to pray for you and all the Catechists, and am en-

closing \$2 to help you all better in your work. It is not much but I know every little bit counts. I only wish that I could do more for the poor children that are so dear to Our Lord. Some day I hope my dreams may be realized and that I have an active part in helping God's poor as you Catechists are doing.

—M—

Mary Magdalen Molohon, Curdsville, Ky.:

I have saved two hundred pennies and am sending them to you in bills. It was a lot of fun saving pennies in the Sunshine Bag. Every Sunday Dad would give the man at our church a nickel for the Sunday Visitor which is three cents, so I got the two pennies that were left.

I have a sister, Martha, at Victory-Noll. She entered the first of November and likes it very much.

For Mary's Little Tots

by Catechist Margaret Miller

OUR Spanish-American children here at San Angelo Mission, Texas, enjoy games just as you Loyal Helpers do. Poor though they are, they always find a way to have games which are very much like those you buy in the Department Stores. How? By making their own!

LAST summer we stayed in one of our missions a few weeks, teaching Religious Vacation School. After class one day I noticed a few of the boys bending over something on a bench nearby. They were so interested in their game that they didn't hear me come up behind them, and I peeked over their shoulders to see what it was all about. From a cardboard box they had cut a large square piece. On this lines had been drawn with crayola until it looked like a checkerboard. For checkers they were using bottle caps which they had collected around the town.

IN another of our missions the children had still another idea, all their own, for a game. One of the boys cut a leaf from a cactus plant. With a pocketknife he cut off the thorns which are very sharp and strong. These they used as darts, and a target was drawn on the side of the shed. In the twinkling of an eye, with a few pricked fingers, they had as fine a game as you can buy.



Three "little regulars" at a California catechism class. Mission boys and girls play "Cowboys and Indians" too.

STUBBORN and unbelieving were these eighth-century people, yet by the grace of God Christ's Missionaries triumphed

The Mission Story

Chapter 4

THE rumor had spread quickly among the nature-loving Hessian people. One after another had told it in awed whispers to everyone he met. As a result a large crowd of men, women and children, roughly clad, a curious expectant look on their faces, now stood silently around a huge vine-covered oak tree.

TO them it was not just the mightiest and best of the trees in the forest that was their home. These rough children of the woods were worshippers of the nature they loved. The oak round which they stood had, long ago, been dedicated to the god Thor. They held it sacred, regarding it with great reverence. No one, they believed, could harm the tree without suffering disaster, even death, at the hand of their god. Yet one, a man named Boniface, had declared that this very day he would chop down the great oak; further he had said that their god would be powerless to hurt him.

The Missionary Boniface

THREE months before the white-robed man had dared to come into their country, telling them of a God who made from nothing the bright sun, and moon and stars; the forest in which they lived; even the very tree they had made sacred by dedicating it to their god. They listened silently, with admiration and respect, whenever Boniface spoke. But stubbornly they refused to believe anything he told them of the Christian Religion.

BONIFACE came at last into the center of the circle, ax in hand. A few of his companion monks were with him but the people had eyes only for their leader, straining to see every move he made. With strong, even strokes he began to chop down the huge oak tree. There was no word of protest. Hearts beating quickly with excitement, the Hessians waited for the tree to fall, confident that the man who swung the ax would be struck down before their eyes.

WITH a crash the great tree toppled to the ground. Men, women and children shouted a warning and scrambled out of reach of its branches. Then they turned and looked at the man who had done this thing. He stood there unharmed, his lips moving in prayer. No lightning came to strike him as a sign of Thor's anger. The earth did not open to swallow him, nor did an unseen hand lift him up and carry him to torture and death.

IN wonder and astonishment the people gazed at him. The wonder changed to awe as they realized the truth: the God of Boniface had saved him from their god Thor; the God of Boniface was stronger, greater than they had even imagined their god to be. Eagerly now they listened as Boniface began to speak, explaining to them the things which Jesus came on earth to teach us all. After months of labor success was his. God's grace touched their hearts and men, women and children asked to be baptized. By his courageous act Boniface had converted on that eighth-century day one of the largest tribes of what we know as the German nation.

The Work Of Other Missionaries

THE Christian religion had made progress everywhere in the German nations since the second century, when the country was in the hands of the Romans. But the churches had been destroyed by the barbarian tribes when they took the countries beyond the Danube by force and made its land their own. Like Boniface other courageous missionaries of Christ, mostly from Ireland and Britain, had come to restore the Church by bringing the light of faith to the barbarian people.

IN Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, Frisia; in the district along the banks of the Rhine, they labored to make Christ known and loved. Most difficult of all to convert were the brave and warlike Saxons. St. Eligius had tried in the seventh century, and later two missionary-brothers from England made every effort to bring Christianity into their country, but with hardly any success. The proud Saxons hated the Christian religion and often went into neighboring Christian countries, destroyed churches and put people and priests to death. Only after Charlemagne with his army conquered the Saxons was their cruel, proud spirit broken. As the Hessians had done they too now listened willingly to the preaching of the missionaries. After two centuries of failure Christ's ambassadors at last triumphed. The Saxons asked to receive the saving Sacrament of Baptism, and like their neighbors became a Christian nation.

To be Continued

"AND IT CAME TO PASS . . ."

(Continued from page 15)

can be speedily taken care of in cases of emergency. Through his intercession with government agencies and individuals, families of Clinic patients have been helped more adequately.

ACCOUNTS could be multiplied as the Maternity Center seems to become "all things to all men." In the hot months of July and August, expectant mothers came to San Jose Hospital for a few nights' sleep in the air-conditioned room; later, in January's cold spell, a young mother from the hovel she calls home, came to stay for a day or two to get warm. With complete confidence the patients bring other members of their families to get treatments or to be referred to the proper place for treatment. In some instances these persons have discontinued going to the Clinics sponsored by Protestant Sects. In their own way the people tell us, "We like San Jose Hospital. Sister sees that everyone treats us right." To the Mexican, used to being put aside because of his race, his poverty, his inability to meet rough shod measures, this statement truly reveals what the Center has come to mean in the lives of our poor people.

THE records of San Jose also tell their story . . . Within the year of its erection, the following figures are found:

600 births registered.

235 children of pre-school age given treatment.

314 infants continue to receive regular attention at the Well-Baby Department.

Average of 69 mothers a month receive instruction in care of homes, and sewing in special classes.

AND so "it came to pass," that many prayers were answered and many hopes realized, and as all of us who are associated with this noble work see its present good and anticipate its broadening future, we experience once again that special joy that is reserved for those who answer the plea that echoes down the ages "Whatever you do for the least of these, you do it unto Me."

Are you collecting and saving cancelled stamps for the missions? We shall be happy to receive them at Victory-Noll. Address: Missionary Catechists, Huntington, Indiana.



Books

THE ROSARY IN THE SCRIPTURES is a compilation of quotations from the Holy Writ describing each of the Mysteries of the Rosary together with directions for saying it, compiled and published by Leonard Doyle. Order from Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana. Fifteen cents.

The **NATIONAL CATHOLIC ALMANAC** for 1943. Order from St. Anthony's Guild, Patterson, N. J. \$1.00, paper bound edition; \$1.50, cloth bound.

A CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA, or ONE PRIEST TO ANOTHER, compiled by Clergy Conference of the Mid-West on Negro Welfare, directed exclusively to Priests. 11159 South Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.

DAILY MEDITATIONS, three small volumes of meditations on the Mysteries of the Rosary authentically reproduced from the **CITY OF GOD**. Order from Louis W. Bernicken, Mount Vernon, Ohio. Fifty cents each volume.

MEDITATIONS ON THE CROSS AND PASSION by St. Francis de Sales. Order from International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St. Brooklyn, N. Y. Ten cents.

THE SEVEN SACRAMENTS by Rev. Francis Connell, C. S. S. R., S. T. D. A separate booklet for each Sacrament. Ten cents the single copy, fifty for four dollars. Order from International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

OUR MORAL LIFE by Isidore O'Brien, O. F. M., St. Anthony's Guild, Patterson, New Jersey. Five cents.



Leander Jackson, Terre Haute, Indiana, father of Catechist M. Frances Jackson.
John Hungerman, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hugh A. McMullen, Cumberland, Md.
Mrs. Eugen Joanen, New Orleans, La.
Mrs. Theresa Schweickert, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Mary Klotz, Baldwinville, N. Y.
Francis Schweih, Chicago.

LOVE MUST SERVE

(Continued from page 6)

formula of Consecration according to the De Montfort way. Kneeling in line, their white veils drooping gracefully from their heads over their shoulders, like so many spotless lilies drooping in the sunlight, they began as one voice, to recite their Consecration.

"O Eternal and Incarnate Wisdom, O sweetest and most adorable Jesus . . . I give Thee thanks for that Thou has annihilated Thyself taking the form of a slave in order to rescue me from the cruel slavery of the devil . . . I praise . . . Thee that Thou hast been pleased to submit Thyself to Mary, Thy Holy Mother, in all things, in order to make me Thy faithful slave through her . . . I hail Thee, O Queen of Heaven and earth to whose empire everything is subject which is under God . . .

"I renew and ratify today in Thy hands the vows of my Baptism . . .

"In the presence of all the heavenly court, I choose thee today, for my Mother and Mistress. I deliver and consecrate to thee, as thy slave, my body and my soul, my goods, both interior and exterior, and even the value of my good actions, past, present and future; leaving to thee the entire and full right of disposing of me, and all that belongs to me, without exception, according to thy good pleasure, to the greatest glory of God, in time and in eternity . . .

"O admirable Mother, present me to thy dear Son as His eternal slave, so that as He hath redeemed me by thee, by thee He may receive me! . . . O faithful Virgin, make me in all things so perfect a disciple, imitator and slave of Jesus Christ thy Son, that I may attain, by thy intercession and by thy example to the fulness of His age on earth, and of His glory in Heaven. Amen."

Father Dudley then added: "May you all be faithful to your Love forever!" Motioning them all to stand he intoned a powerful Magnificat. Jack Summers' mellow baritone voice could be heard swelling the chorus of grateful hearts.

* * * * *

AS THE girls returned to their places for a short thanksgiving, Jack Summers dashed

into the sacristy close upon the heels of Father Dudley. He wanted to beg of him the honor of serving at Benediction in the evening.

"That was great, Father!" burst the boy. And before the priest had time to turn and greet him he added: "Only it's too bad there weren't any boys too . . . You have to hand it to those girls; they always beat the fellows to it when it comes to loving and serving!"

"What are you talking about?" started the priest as he gently reeled on his guest. "Why, the first one in this parish, if I'm not mistaken, was a boy, wasn't he?" . . . Jack flushed. He had not expected such a reply, much less sought such a compliment. So he added somewhat awkwardly:

"But, I mean . . . there should be more boys . . ."

"That's right!" put in the priest. "And that is your work to get them! . . . and tonight at 7:30—is that what you came to find out?—there will be Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The newly-Consecrated are invited to assist in their white veils and you are invited to serve as Master of Ceremonies."

Jack could only smile his thanks. The priest seemed deeply moved as he hurried back into the sanctuary to finish his thanksgiving. He had a lot to be thankful for . . .

* * * * *

JACK knelt in the rear of the church a good fifteen minutes waiting for Joan to arise from her knees. As they hurried home that morning Jack said: "Now, you can say that you're *in love*, Sis!"

Joan answered: "Now, I must say that *I Must SERVE!*"

* * * * *

"THE most Holy Virgin, who is a Mother of sweetness and mercy, and who never lets herself be outdone in love and liberality, seeing that we give ourselves entirely to her, to honor and serve her, . . . meets us also in the same spirit. She also gives her whole self, and gives it in an unspeakable manner, to him who gives all to her." (Bl. de Montfort T. D. No. 144).



She

Doesn't

Know

THAT the future holds great dangers for her precious immortal soul.

WE recognize the dangers—and so do you.

Will you help us prepare her for them?

MAKE it possible for us to bring solid religious instruction to her and to the thousands of other Catholic girls and boys in mission districts of our country who are obliged to attend public schools.

HOW?

Send an offering to the Catechists for the extension of their Home Mission Field.

Make your gift to the missions—be it large or small—in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, Patroness of the Society of Missionary Catechists. She herself will reward your sacrifice and your offering. Be as generous as you can so that we, in turn, can bring the knowledge and love of God to many more of Christ's beloved little ones—and to their parents as well.



Victory-Noll
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Catechists:

Here is my offering \$.....
in honor of Our Blessed Lady of
Victory, for your work among
the spiritually needy people of
America. Please pray for my
special intentions.

Name

Address