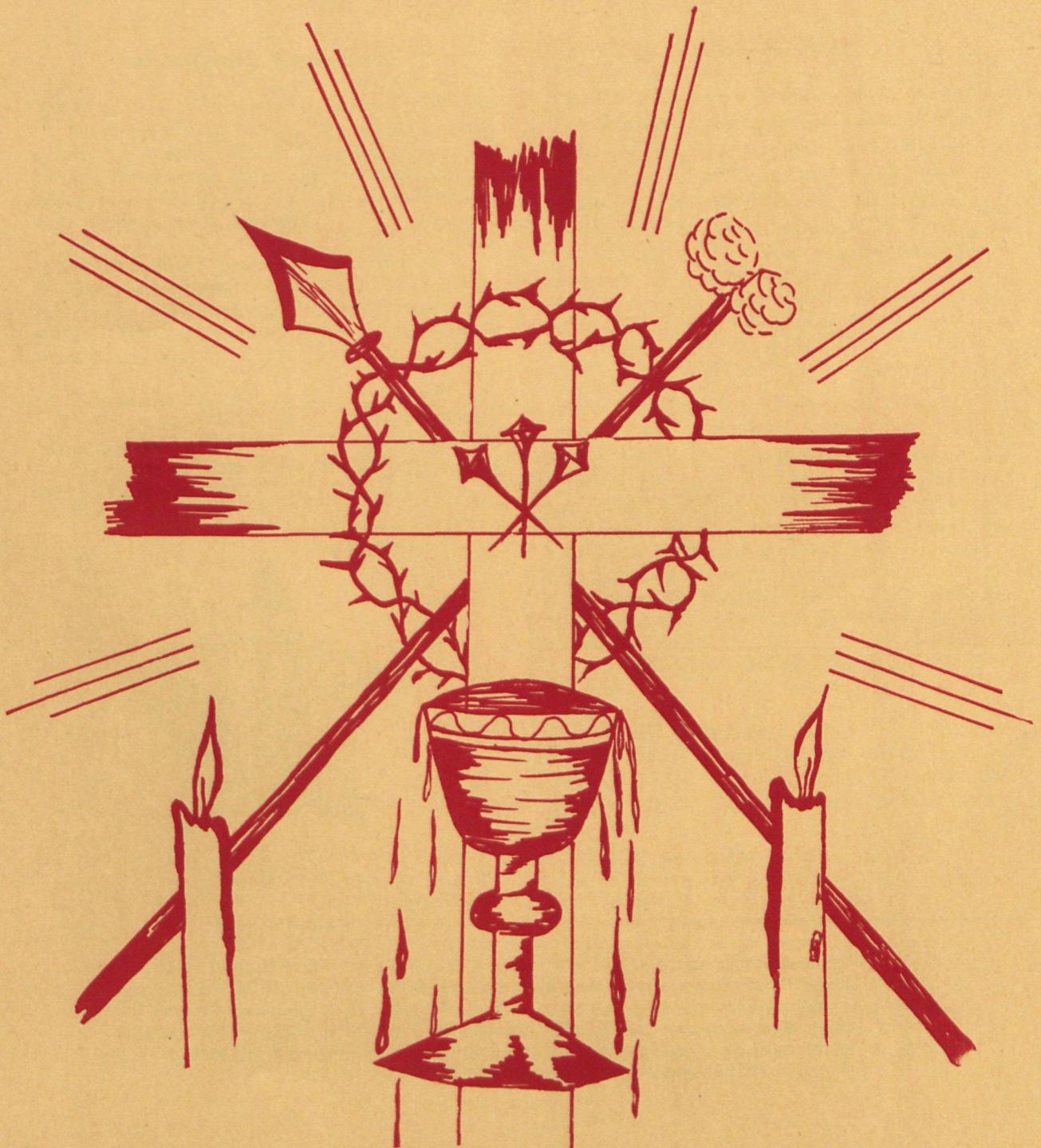


The

July-Aug 1943

MISSIONARY CATECHIST



July-August, 1943

For Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us for God with Thy Blood, out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation, . . . *Apoc. V, 9.*

Volume 19 No. 8

Memorare

to
Our Lady of the Precious Blood

REMEMBER, O Lady of the Precious Blood, the sorrowful sheddings of the Blood of your Jesus and the most bitter tears you mingled with His Redeeming Blood.

IN THE name of the Blood of the Victim of Reparation and of thy holy tears; in the name of the seven swords which pierced thy heart, by which you became the Co-Redemptrix of the human race and the Queen of Martyrs, have pity on my soul and on all its miseries. Have pity on sinners and on the innocent souls they seek to pervert.

HAVE pity on the poor, the sick, the infirm, and on all their sufferings, both physical and moral. Have pity on the agonizing, especially upon those, who except for thine intercession, would leave this world without being purified in the Blood of the Lamb.

IT IS by the Blood of your dying Son, by His inexpressible Sufferings, by His last Plea to His Father in favor of mankind, by His ignominious Death and by the perpetuation of His Sacrifice on Catholic Altars that I beg you, O Lady of the Precious Blood, not to reject my supplications, but graciously to hear them.

NO MAGAZINE IN AUGUST

OUR readers have often written us that our magazine is good but "there isn't enough of it." With this in mind we have decided not to reduce the size of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST in order to conserve paper stock. Instead we have combined the July and August issues. In other words, no magazine will be printed for the month of August.

We know you will be glad to make this sacrifice, rendered justifiable by war-time rationing.

The next copy of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST to reach you will be the September issue—our VICTORY-NOLL number. And it will be well-worth waiting for!

The Missionary Catechist

Volume 19

July-August, 1943

No. 8

Missionary Catechists

THE Society of Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory is a religious community of women devoted to active missionary works. Its purpose, after the personal sanctification of its members, is the religious instruction of public school children.

THE Catechists' missionary program is twofold, comprising catechetical instructions and social welfare work. They do not teach schools, conduct hospitals or do institutional work of any kind.

AN essential feature of the Catechists' program is home visiting. In regular and systematic home visiting, census is taken, converts are won, fallen away Catholics are discovered and reclaimed.



Prayer for Peace

O GOD, Who hast dominion over all realms and kings, Who by striking healest, and by pardoning savest; stretch out over us Thy mercy so that by Thy power we may enjoy peace and tranquility and use them for our healing and amendment. Through our Lord Jesus Christ.

—From the Mass in Time of War.



THE Missionary Catechists are prepared for their life work at Victory-Noll, the Motherhouse and Novitiate of the Society. After the postulate, and a novitiate of two years, the Catechists pronounce simple vows of poverty, chastity and obedience for one year, to be renewed annually for three years. Then perpetual vows are made. After first profession the Catechists are ready to take up active missionary work in the places assigned them by their superiors.

FURTHER information about the Society of Missionary Catechists may be obtained by writing to Catechist Catherine Olberding, Superior General. Address, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is a monthly magazine published with ecclesiastical approbation by the Society of Missionary Catechists, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana. Subscription rates: \$1 a year; \$2.50 for 3 years; \$4 for 5 years; \$25 for life, payable in monthly installments; \$1.50, Canada and Foreign. Enter as second class matter December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879.

O. B. L. V. PRESS VICTORY-NOLL HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

Campo de los Trabajadores

by Catechist Sophia Renkey

IT is six o'clock on Sunday morning and we are driving through the Santa Ana River with all the necessary articles for the sacrifice of the Mass. We arrive at a large prison-like building in which a few dim lights are flickering. This is indeed an old prison renovated to meet the needs of housing our good neighbors from Mexico who have so generously responded to the appeal of our government for orange pickers.

WE sound the horn of our car and instantly the gloomy building seems to awaken to life.

FATHER'S car drives up shortly after our own, and the preparations for Mass are accelerated. Collapsible sleeping cots and personal articles are quickly removed to other quarters by willing hands, and the dormitory is turned into a large chapel. Artistic fingers, though work-worn, are soon busy decorating the back of the altar with clusters of orange blossoms, leaves and fruit—significant of the labors of these ardent men. We are deeply moved by the spirit of these men who truly love their precious Faith, and we cannot help recalling the early

days of the Church when the faithful presented their fruits as offerings to Almighty God.

WHEN Father begins Mass we play the opening strains of "O Maria, Madre Mia," on the organ. Then something happens. We and the organ are surprised into silence as a magnificent chorus of 500 male voices takes up the strain and sings with heartfelt devotion that beautiful, sublimely-simple, favorite hymn of the Mexican people to Mary. We just sit quietly and listen, moved beyond the power of words to tell. What words can describe the true, filial and surpassingly tender love of manly, Catholic hearts for the holy Mother of God!

AFTER Mass a large group gathers around us, happy to speak to us in their native tongue. Many show us their treasured pictures of Our Blessed Mother. Others beg us to pray for the loved ones whom they have left behind. Our presence at Mass means more than we could ever have imagined to these good people far from homes and families.

AS we stand their smiling and speaking kindly to one after another, we realize forcibly that these men, though foreigners, are not strangers—really. They are one with us in love for God and for His holy Mother. And so we meet on common ground, under Mary's loving eyes, not only as "good neighbors" but as children of one Heavenly Father and of the same tender Mother—the Catholic Church.

• The following is one of the many "thanks" distributed among the men from Mexico who helped gather the orange crop in the vicinity of Redlands, California.

TO THE citizens of Mexico who have helped pick our oranges we sincerely say:

"Many thanks—you are good neighbors."

WHAT helps the farmer, helps win the war.

WE HOPE that our citizens here have treated you as well as you have treated us. You have proved that civilian soldiers of democracy can fight and win a battle on the food front. All America is grateful to you. You have shown us a marvelous example of being a good neighbor. Your contribution is a challenge to us here in the United States to work out a better understanding and appreciation of Mexico and your fine people. Every orange you picked was an orange saved. Every orange saved was a bullet for our common enemies. We shall never forget how quickly you answered our call for help on the food front. You have not only helped in the winning of the war for Mexico and the United States but of equal importance you have helped tangibly in the *winning of the peace*, the TRUE PEACE OF GOOD WILL AND EQUAL TREATMENT OF ALL MEN REGARDLESS OF RACE OR CREED.

A FRIEND in need is a friend indeed, so to those of you who are leaving us we gratefully say:

"Good-bye, and many THANKS, citizens of Mexico."

Stanislaus Keeps His Rendezvous

by Thomas Forrest McCann

IT was the evening of August 5, 1568, feast of Our Lady of the Snow, and Stanislaus Kostka, young Polish noble, was very happy as a simple Jesuit novice in Rome. That very morning he had visited St. Mary Major, largest of all the Roman churches dedicated to the Blessed Mother, and his favorite among them all—the one he fondly gazed upon nightly before falling asleep. So on this great festival he had assisted at the High Mass there, and witnessed the shower of jasmine petals which were dropped from the ceiling in remembrance of that miraculous fall of snow on this day long centuries ago. For we all know that old legend which tells how the Blessed Virgin had appeared in a vision to two residents of the Eternal City: Pope Liberius and a Roman nobleman named Johannes, on August 4, 352, bidding them build a church in her honor where, on the morrow they would find snow had fallen. Upon finding the site of this wonderful snowfall of mid-sum-

mer they traced out the location of the church which later developed into the impressive basilica of St. Mary Major, which we see today.

STANISLAUS, while returning from this pilgrimage in apparent good health, made a startling prediction. He told his companion he did not expect to live much longer; that within a few weeks he would be dead. But his fellow religious, looking upon an apparently healthy boy of almost eighteen years, thought him mistaken. Stanislaus, however, was very happy and peaceful on this beautiful feast day. He had, at last, reached his goal: he was now a Jesuit. Ever since that time in early boyhood, when the Blessed Mother herself appeared to him telling him he was destined for the Society of Jesus, little Stanislaus had moved ever onward toward this objective. Now he had reached it, and here in the security of the novitiate he had found, as he expressed it: "A heaven amidst the pots and pans," performing the most ordinary every day tasks perfectly, out of love of Christ. Forgotten now the cruelty and ridicule of his brother in attempting to discourage him from his intention of becoming a Jesuit. Forgotten, too, the long trips on foot from one Jesuit house to another until thousands of miles had been covered and he, at length, reached Rome. Here, after thoroughly testing him, the General of the Order received him—a saint receiving a saint. This reception, however, was contrary to the desires of the boy's father for Count Kostka desired Stanislaus to remain in Poland and succeed him in his kingly estate.

SCARCELY had this feast passed, however, than Stanislaus became ill with what appeared to be but a slight ailment. Yet his condition grew worse—so much so that the eve of the feast of Our Lady's Assumption found the whole community gathered around his bed, for Stanislaus was dying—just as he had predicted. Fervently he received the last sacraments and made his thanksgiving. He then asked to be laid on the floor to die like so many of the great saints and penitents—he who had lived in innocence! To humor him, therefore, they placed him gently on the floor and knelt around him throughout the night. Just as the dawn lighted up the Roman skies for the beautiful feast of our Lady's Assumption, little Stanislaus smiled sweetly, then lay quite still with



(Continued on page 8)

Joan Takes a Bow

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

"PLEASE don't walk so fast," entreated Joan Summers breathlessly as she clung to her brother Jack's arm. "We'll get there just the same."

"That's right, Sis," smiled Jack, "I had almost forgotten you were hanging on to me. You're so small and light you know," he chuckled.

"Yes, and you're so big and strong," said Joan, meaning to be ironical but stating an evident truth.

THEY were now nearing the rectory gate. For the second time Joan asked: "I wonder what Father Dudley wants to tell us that's so important?"

"Can't imagine," replied the big brother, unconsciously quickening his pace.

JOAN tugged at him again. He slowed down and said meekly: "That's right, Sis! But, I just can't imagine. All he told Mother on the phone yesterday was: 'Would you please tell Jack and Joan that I would like to see them on an important matter tomorrow at seven-thirty here at the rectory'."

"We'll see in a minute," Joan panted as she endeavored to keep up with her brother's giant strides.

HARDLY had they reached the top of the stairs leading to the front door of the rectory than out popped the little manly frame of Father Dudley himself.

"I SAW you enter the gateway," he beamed, "so I bounced down at once to greet you. Step right in and make yourselves at home," he invited as he directed them into his office.

JACK began at once: "I just couldn't get here fast enough tonight, Father. That 'important matter' of yours blew me here like the wind!"

"And what a gale it was, Father!" put in Joan who was still breathing heavily.

FATHER DUDLEY settled back in his chair and laughed. Then suddenly he grew serious and his eyes rested upon the statue of Mary Queen of All Hearts on his desk. Turning from the statue the little priest fixed a penetrating eye upon his guests, as if reading their very souls.

"That important matter," Father began slowly, almost reverently, "it concerns our blessed Mother. Therefore, it concerns our blessed Lord."

JACK'S countenance broadened into a half-smile of philosophical satisfaction. He had sensed the full import of that chain-like argument: It concerns Mary; therefore, it concerns Jesus.

FATHER DUDLEY continued: "A few years ago I was named assistant here at St. Mary's parish. My one ambition was to give our blessed Lord to the world, by giving him first to the good people of St. Mary's. Ever since I set foot in this parish I've struggled to my utmost to carry out this plan."

HE paused and ran his hand slowly through his hair. His voice grew strangely sad. "I'm afraid I haven't been using an altogether perfect method," he confessed humbly, his eyes lowered.

AGAIN there was a pause. A tense stillness crept through the room. Jack's sympathetic gaze rested on Father Dudley's anxious countenance. Joan's shifting eyes moved from the priest to her brother, then back again, in silent bewilderment.

"At first," the priest resumed his narrative, "I started by organizing the different members of our parish; by creating new societies and amusement centers."

"And don't you think that you've already achieved wonders in this parish?" asked Jack in a tone that sounded more like a compliment than a question.

"Why, everybody think's you've practically revolutionized the whole parish and put it on its feet again!" exclaimed Joan.

"I know you both mean to be complimentary," said Father Dudley softly, "but you are speaking merely from a human and exterior point of view. I'll admit—and all thanks are due to God for it—that we have achieved a more perfect unity and a more definite sense of mutual help and dependence in our parish by these organizations. Even our Bingo games have done their share in keeping our Catholics together," he added, grinning.

"But," continued the priest, serious again, "what I am driving at is this: The value of a watch is judged not by its face and hands, but by its interior mechanism. Now, our little parish may well be compared to a watch. To the casual observer only the hands and the face of the watch appear; and they appear to be working in fine condition."



THEN raising his voice, Father Dudley asked: "Must we sit back and yawn: 'Everything is perfect. Our watch is of the best make! There's nothing left to do but to keep it clean and give it a winding now and then?'"

JACK shook his head negatively. He was beginning to understand.

"There is a divine Jeweler," continued the priest, "Who will bid me given an account of my watch—this parish. He will not merely look at the face and hands of my time-piece. He will not ask me merely: 'Did you keep the face and hands of your watch in good condition?' In other words, God will not question me as to how many organizations I have created and fostered in this parish. He will not even ask me how many members each organization had. But, He will compel me—and that is why I have called you here this evening—to show Him the souls I have saved through these organizations. He will ask: 'How many persons did you bring closer to Me and My Mother?'"

FATHER DUDLEY was now breathing heavily. He leaned forward on his desk and exclaimed in a loud, emphatic voice:

"What we need is an organization whose BASIS, AIM and MEANS are SPIRITUAL. We'll keep our other organizations. Our watch must keep its face and hands. But we'll get a new interior mechanism for it. We need solid, honest-to-goodness spirituality!"

"And what organization have you in mind, Father?" inquired the eager Jack.

"It has been my one ideal, ever since I've read and re-read De Montfort's Treatise on True Devotion to Mary, to establish right here

in St. Mary's Parish a Confraternity of Mary-Queen-Of-All-Hearts; to gather a small group of zealous and ardent slaves of Jesus and Mary who will devote themselves entirely to Mary's cause and thus radiate, like so many little suns, in their own spheres. . . "

"It really is not so difficult to start a Confraternity here, is it, Father?" Jack queried.

"To start one? No. That is not the difficult problem. To amass names, to encourage wholesale Consecrations to Mary and to give an occasional sermon or pep-talk to the members of the organization are not perplexing tasks. In fact, I'm inclined to think it would be relatively easy. But to establish a Confraternity which will have the same efficiency in our parish as the priceless mechanism of a precious watch; to introduce in our parish a spiritual dynamo that will transform ordinary Christians into saintly Christians; to assemble men, women and children from all walks of life and then to instil into them a real, dyed-in-the-wool Christian and Christ-like spirit of dependence for all things on Mary, the Mother; to show our parishioners not only the role God gave Mary in our Redemption but also the role which she must play in their individual lives; to have them believe PRACTICALLY what MARY MEDIATRIX means to them; in a word, to make them live fully their Christian lives as God wants them to live them, that is, through Mary; depending on her for all things not only as children but as loving slaves; to do all that," he sighed, his features taut from exhaustion, "is a truly difficult, I'd say, a superhuman task!"

"To do all that! I'll say it's superhuman!" Joan nodded wide-eyed.

"It would take another St. Paul or some Blessed de Montfort," declared Jack.

"Or a Therese of Lisieux who showers roses from Heaven." Joan put the feminine aspect in relief.

"And why not Father Dudley?" came Jack's quick retort.

"And why not Jack and Joan Summers?" flashed back the priest triumphantly.

BROTHER and sister stared at one another in blank amazement. Jack recovered first. In broken, but carefully meted syllables he protested:

"But we're not priests, Father. I mean . . . we could never. . . "

"You could never what?" interrupted the priest. "You could never help rebuild a parish because you're not a priest? Humbug. Frank Duff, the founder of the 'Legion of Mary', that world-wide organization, is an apostle of this devotion. He is not a priest either. You should

read of the wonders he and his associates have performed in parishes through this devotion the world over! His Legion, as he himself declares, 'is the Army of Mary Immaculate, the Mediatrix of all Graces. It AIMS to work for souls in union with and in complete dependence on her, its Leader. It BELIEVES that in the measure in which it achieves this aim its apostolate will prevail or fail.' No, he is not a priest either," repeated Father Dudley with a smile.

"Nor are those Missionary Catechists about whom Father was telling us the other day, priests," put in Joan delicately. "And they not only learn about the True Devotion to Mary from their very Novitiate, but they actually teach it to the little ones confided to their care!"

"That's right, Joan," laughed the priest, approving his own statement. "And I could enumerate an endless list of such apostles—lay as well as religious—who have existed in all the centuries of the Church. As regards the laity, we call that 'Catholic Action'. It's as old as Christianity."

"That's true enough, Father," Jack said, "but they were privileged souls, weren't they? And especially well grounded in Theology and Mysticism."

"And we don't know a great deal about Theology nor even about the True Devotion yet, do we, Jack?" asked the girl, now apparently siding with her brother.

"That's so true," Jack agreed unassumingly, "that only a few moments ago, when Father Dudley spoke about MARY'S MEDITATION as being the ONE IDEA he wanted to teach our fellow-parishioners, it dawned upon me that that doctrine was the heart and soul, the very backbone of De Montfort's doctrine on Holy Slavery of love to Jesus through Mary."

JOAN arose quietly from her chair and curtsied toward the priest and her brother. Then in a manifestly confused tone she acknowledged simply: "And I'm just realizing that truth now!"

FATHER DUDLEY had been watching his guests intently. He could not decide whether they were trying to slip out of the back door on him in useless subterfuge, or if it were genuine humility that prompted them to refuse his challenge. Now he was assured of their sincerity by Joan's last confession. He was edified. Springing from his chair, he exclaimed:

"Joan takes a bow! I understand it all now. You are the very apostles I want. Frank, prudent, honest and humble. That's exactly what I need. That's what Mary needs. Apostles who KNOW they don't know it all. Apostles who can learn. Apostles who can take a bow!"

"Just a few more weeks of Marian-instruc-

tion and you will be ready to set out on your mission of conquest for Jesus and Mary. Our Confraternity has started in a humble manner tonight; but that is a guarantee of its future success."

THE priest's countenance was lit up with joy as he concluded:

"Quality is what counts, not quantity."

THE return home that evening was not so rapid. Deep, spiritual, zealous thoughts soared over the calm surfaces of these two ardent souls. Joan dreamed conquering dreams. Jack schemed strategic plans. At last the girl asked in an awesome voice:

"What are we going to do, Jack?"

Her brother could only answer: "Learn more about Mary's Mediation!"

STANISLAUS KEEPS HIS RENDEZVOUS

(Continued from page 5)

Mary's rosary in his hand and a letter to her over his heart. They held a picture of the Blessed Mother before his eyes, and when his face did not light up with pleasure then they knew he was really dead. To him had been granted the inexpressible happiness of celebrating this great Assumption feast in Heaven with Mary and her Divine Son. Stanislaus had kept his rendezvous with Our Lady of the Snow.

STANISLAUS was a mere youth. He had spent just one short year in that Society founded by the soldier saint, Ignatius; he had done nothing the world would call great. He had not converted multitudes like a Patrick or a Francis Xavier; neither had he performed miracles in life like an Anthony of Padua; instead, his was a hidden life spent like that of the Little Flower of Jesus, in performing ordinary tasks extraordinarily well. And because he had lived and died in sanctity the church, after long and careful examination of his life, placed her seal of approval upon it and raised him to the altars, inscribing his name on the calendar of saints. And so he stands as a patron of youth, encouraging and inspiring boys and girls of our own age, adults as well.

THE life of St. Stanislaus teaches us this simple truth: we, too, may become saints if we go about our own particular life work, performing the ordinary tasks extraordinarily well out of love for that loving God Whom Stanislaus loved fervently and served so well.



"Our class in the pea-camp at twelve o'clock, noon, Brawley, California. There isn't much shade here at that time of day.

"I snapped the picture to show you that our 'chairs' were the woodpile, but the woodpile doesn't show at all. It's there, though, under the children!"— Catechist M. L. Perl.

Knock! Knock!

by Catechist Loretta Srill

"NEVER mind the class materials today," greeted our pastor as we opened the trunk of the car and began taking out charts, blackboards, books, etc. "The children were dismissed from school at noon."

WITH a sigh of resignation we put our things back, thinking that our thirty-five mile trip had been in vain. All the children lived scattered throughout the countryside and had been taken home in the school buses.

"JUST a fine opportunity to get that census in the colony," suggested Father. "This parish is so scattered I can't get around it very often."

COMPLYING with his request, and supplied with a generous pack of religious pamphlets and circulars, and our census book, we drove several miles farther on to the "colony" which was a pleasant Mexican settlement of about thirty families.

Knock! Knock!

"NO, we're not Catholics." This was the response to our inquiry at several doorsteps, although we knew that all these people had been baptized in the Catholic Church.

"PROSELYTIZERS have been busy here," we remarked and proceeded to another group of houses. There a warm welcome awaited us whom the good Mexican people call their "Madrecitas". These were faithful souls. Far from church, without a means of transportation, they seldom heard the Word of God. It was a genuine

pleasure for them to listen to and speak about the truths of Faith.

FROM house to house we went, distributing our leaflets and encouraging all to be faithful to prayer even though it was impossible for them to assist regularly at Mass.

ON entering one house I noticed a large blackboard hung in a conspicuous place on the wall and covered with scriptural texts. A few questions re regarding it revealed that the Pentecostal workers came to this home regularly. The parents of the family had already joined that sect. The mother informed us that she could not make her children follow her example, however. Just as that moment in walked a boy of twelve years, a girl eleven and several smaller children.

"And what church do you go to?" I asked.

"We are Catholics," promptly came the answer, "and we are trying to learn what is in this book so we can make our First Communion. A girl is helping us learn these prayers."

A BALTIMORE Catechism, apparently much used, was proudly produced.

"Do you not like to go to the Pentecostal church with your mother?" I asked.

"We are baptized Catholics and we want to remain Catholics all our lives," they answered with finality.

WE left the little colony late in the afternoon, feeling that our time there had been well spent even though we had missed our regular catechism class in the city that day.

In The Home Field

A NUMBER of boys were playing ball in the street until two Catechists came along and caused a sudden halt in the game. One of the boys asked, "Are you Catholic Sisters?" On being answered in the affirmative, he quickly genuflected before the Catechists and then returned to the game.

THE new pastor was enjoying his first visit to the pre-school religion class. He asked the tallest child in the group: "Are you the oldest?" "You mean of all these kids?" came back the question.

"No, I mean in your family."

"Oh, no," replied the child, surprised that Father didn't know better, "Mother and Daddy are much older."



When they are caught! My, oh my!

"TONY, would the priest ever tell sins that someone told him in confession?" "No," said Tony, "because they aren't sins any more. The priest absolves them."



Another way of furthering our war efforts.

THE class had just heard the story of the Last Supper. Relaxing after an absorbing half hour, Loring became playful and began to entertain the others. One of his small class-mates reprimanded him sharply: "If you don't watch out you'll be just like that bad Apostle."

THE lesson was about Heaven. Rastus raised his hand and announced proudly, "Catechist, my mother is forty-seven years old and she has not been in jail even once, so I know she is going to Heaven."

LITTLE Doris is saving her pennies to buy books for her father so that he can learn about God and become a good Catholic too.

DIFFICULTIES, both real and imaginary, keep many of our children from Sunday Mass. Billy and Barbara represent the two extremes of the problem. Said Billy one day, "My mother wants me to miss, and I WON'T miss." He is only six and yet has a good record for Mass attendance, in spite of a careless mother who doesn't go to Mass herself and often indulgently suggests that Billy doesn't have to bother getting up on Sunday morning. Barbara is far, far at the other end of the scale—although there is at least a glimmer of good-will in her promise. She claimed she simply couldn't get up in time for Mass. A serious talking-to finally drew this concession: "I'll pray to God tonight so He can TRY TO wake me up, or something, Catechist."

Children of Irwindale, California, stop to look for their names on the catechism - attendance chart posted at the entrance to the church.



"CATECHIST, may I have the basket ball?" It was Ramon, one of our faithful pupils. After giving him the ball, I went about my work. Soon one of the Catechists called:

"Come and see where Ramon is."

Looking out of the window I saw Ramon sitting against the wall, in the middle of a heap of rubbish, reading a half-burned magazine. Fire was smoldering in the papers around him.

Someone had sent us secular magazines which we thought it better not to distribute, and so were burning them in our back yard. Ramon had salvaged a particularly colorful one and was devouring its scorched contents. We watched him wistfully for a moment, wishing we had something equally as attractive—and Catholic—to exchange for the banned periodical which had fallen into his hands.

IT is difficult to prevent our young people's reading baneful magazines unless we have the right kind to give them in exchange. We shall appreciate Catholic books, pamphlets, and magazines for distribution. Kindly send them to Box 336, Coachella, California.



Ramon, in a heap of rubbish, reads the half-burned magazine.

"DID you say your prayers," Mamma called to little Amadeo when she heard him jump into bed.

"Yes I did," came the answer. "Did you and Daddy say yours?"

LITTLE Lucy was perplexed. "How's come, Catechist," she asked, "you show us pictures of Baby Jesus, and you showed us Moses in the basket, but you never showed us the picture of Adam and Eve when they were babies."

THE non-Catholic principal's small son had been coming to catechism class regularly, learning as much—if not more—than anyone else in the room. But one day Catechist was told that he could come no more. The week before, when the other children received prizes, he looked so longingly at the medals that Catechist gave him one too. Promptly his mother returned it. She explained graciously that she knew how she would feel should anyone mistreat her Bible, and so she didn't wish to see something we held sacred thrown around carelessly. The medal incident is the reason he can't come to class, thought we. We were mistaken.

A Catholic teacher in the public school told us the whole story. It seems that the minister, instructing the children at Sunday School, held different views on Heaven than Catechist had explained in class, so Sonny Boy proceeded to enlighten him. Perhaps the minister didn't take correction well. Anyway, Sonny informed his parents that the minister didn't know anything! Evidently, this hadn't been the first time Sonny had started an argument at Sunday School, so the principal came to the conclusion that his youngster had better stop catechism class; he was learning too much!

☉ *The sacrifices we make for the poor will seem very small when we reflect that charity to them is our only means of repaying Jesus Christ who sacrificed His life for us.*

Our Associates



Via Matris Band

THIS newest A.C.M. Band in Chicago was welcomed to our organization in March when Miss Anna Aldworth, promoter, sent us the names of her members requesting enrollment among our Associates. Catechist Josephine Vins is their missionary. "We have chosen the name Via Matris Band," Miss Aldworth explained, "because all the members have made the Sorrowful Mother Novena from time to time, and many of us make it all the time.

"We decided to choose officers alphabetically so that in time each member would have her turn to hold office. Should a member feel she is unable to assume the responsibility when her turn comes, she is free to refuse the office and it goes on to the next member. Our aim is to have one meeting

a month, at which we will pay a quarter as dues. As soon as we have \$5 we will send it on to Victory-Noll—our first contribution is enclosed. We are none of us in a position to do things in a big way, but we are sure our help even though it may not be much, will be appreciated."

VIA MATRIS BAND sponsored their first Bingo Party on April 10 at the home of Dorothy O'Brien, a member. Miss Aldworth wrote when sending us the proceeds for the support of their Catechist, "Dorothy entertained about thirty guests and explained to them the work that the Catechists do."

Welcome to the A.C.M., Via Matris Band. Like all our Associates, you receive rich spiritual benefits which we hope will be a source of untold graces and blessings.

A.C.M. Reception

ON SUNDAY afternoon, May 2, the annual Reception of the Associate Catechists of Mary, Chicago Area, was held in the Roosevelt Room of the Morrison Hotel, in Chicago. The day started with gray skies and rain, but the sun smiled on our Blessed Mother's "friends of the home missions" before time for the Reception to begin.

THE Associate Catechists of Mary were privileged to have as their guest of honor Rev. Joseph A. Wagner, Assistant Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Chicago. Two Missionary Catechists from Victory-Noll, Catechist Viola Wopperer and Catechist Dolores Schneider, also attended the Reception. Our Chicago Associates responded generously to the invitation extended to them, and nearly two hundred members and friends were present to enjoy the splendid

program prepared by the A.C.M. Central Committee.

MISS MARIE KNUTH, secretary of the Central Committee and general chairman for the Reception, opened the program with a welcome to all. She then announced that since our organization is dedicated to our Blessed Mother, Mrs. Antoinette Fuchs would sing an Ave Maria and the hymn "Mother at Your Feet is Kneeling" in her honor. Mrs. Anne Dockendorff, a member of Adrian Band, accompanied Mrs. Fuchs on the piano.

MISS MARY PERKINS, president of the Central Committee, was introduced to the guests and she graciously explained the purpose of the Reception—to give all an opportunity to get better acquainted with one another and with the mission work of our Society. Miss Knuth likewise introduced the promoters and chairmen who, she said, "by their cooperation made my efforts as general chairman so successful and pleasant." Among these

were Mrs. Rose Owens, past president of the Central Committee; Mrs. Mary Gleason, vice-president; Mrs. Marie Brogi McDonald, Reception hostess and A.C.M. social chairman, who took care of all the arrangements for refreshments and decorations; Mrs. Helen Garrity, who sent out the invitations, and Mrs. Fred Kiefer, raffle chairman; Mrs. Mary Staley, treasurer and financial secretary of the A.C.M. and Miss Florence Kuenster, publicity chairman.

MANY smiles and hearty applause greeted the next announcement. Mrs. Catherine Service, honorary chairman and introduced as Mother of the A.C.M., is known and loved by every A.C.M. member and friend. Miss Knuth presented Mrs. Service with a beautiful spiritual bouquet and an orchid corsage, gifts of the Chicago Associate Catechists of Mary.

THE highlight of the program was reached when Miss Knuth introduced the Assistant Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Father Wagner. Father spoke in a most interesting and enlightening way of the particular problems faced, by missionaries in today's war-torn world, not only in foreign lands but also in the home mission field. He pointed out especially the great opportunities for a rich harvest of souls in the near future, resulting from the contact of those who are prejudiced against Christianity or entirely unacquainted with the Church, with our Catholic soldiers, sailors and marines who are giving such a splendid example of Catholic Faith.

BOTH Catechist Wopperer and Catechist Schneider had the privilege and pleasure of addressing our Associates and friends, describing briefly the mission work of our Society and recounting mission experiences of the Catechists.

THE Mae Kennedy Kane Steppers, Irish Catholic children who are well known for their military, tap and Irish folk dances, entertained the guests with several numbers. The program was then concluded with the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. Refreshments were served, and all enjoyed an informal hour together until the end of the Reception.

TO THE Chicago A.C.M. Central Committee, and to each of the members and friends who attended the Reception, we wish to express our sincere heartfelt thanks. The cooperation of Promoters and members which made the raffle held in connection with the Reception a success, and brought a substantial donation, \$114, for our mission work, is likewise appreciated. You have our grateful prayers in return, for you and for your boys in the service.



Mrs. Catherine R. Service, A.C.M.

A.C.M. BAND DONATIONS

April 28 to May 25

Archbishop Stritch Band, Chicago, Miss Helen Gaethke	10.00
Charitina Club II, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary C. Gibbons	5.00
Little Flower Mission Club, Pittsburgh, Miss Catherine Lippert	6.00
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 Victory Guild, Omaha, Mrs. Esther Russell	6.25
Sacred Heart Mission Society, Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Inez Homlech	18.75
Srillians, Cheviot, O., Miss Marie Gadzinski	2.00
St. Anne Band, Fort Wayne, Miss Anna Brink	6.50
St. Anthony Band, Chicago, Mrs. A. F. Beck	10.00
St. Anthony Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	5.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace M. Kern	2.50
St. Gemma Galgani Band, Chicago, Mrs. Vogt	10.00
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Miss Margaret C. Karas	10.00
St. Irene Band, Chicago, Miss May Walsh	7.50
St. Joseph Band, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. Albert Zahn	5.00
St. Joseph Band, Chicago, Mrs. M. McNamara	50.00
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	6.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	20.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. C. Nachtigal	50.00
St. Mary Philomena Band, Stevens Point, Wis., Mrs. Philomena Levenduske	5.00
St. Mary Sodality Band, Detroit, Mrs. Peter Pink	5.00
St. Philomena Band, Lombard, Ill., Miss Mary Schaefer	7.00
St. Raymond Nonatus Band, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	4.25

Our "Little Flower"

by Catechist Josephine Penning

WE were recounting mission experiences; one in particular came back vividly to my mind.

ON a chilly morning in March, at a few minutes to five, we were rudely awakened by the ringing of the telephone.

"THIS is Sister at the hospital, Catechist," came over the wires. "I just called to tell you that Inez, our Darling, died a few minutes ago. There was a sudden turn for the worse during the night. She prayed continually to the Sacred Heart with the most beautiful resignation, until she slept peacefully in His loving Arms to remain with Him forever."

SISTER asked us to notify the family and to assume responsibility for the burial. We agreed to make the necessary arrangements as soon as possible.

INEZ had been a pupil in the seventh grade at the public school in one of our New Mexico missions where we were permitted to teach in the schoolroom. She was very reticent, well-behaved and studious, attracting no attention in the large group of vivacious, chattering girls who made up her class. Perhaps it was for this reason that we gave no serious thought to her absence until two weeks had elapsed. Then, to our inquiries, we received the answer: "She's sick, Catechist."

THAT same evening, when we returned home after teaching, Inez' grandmother was at our convent waiting for us. She had come to tell us that Inez had a cold and a bad cough. Could we give her some medicine? We asked that Inez come to the clinic, if she were able, and we would do all we could for her. About an hour later the child came. We saw at a glance that she was running a temperature so we took her home in our car and put her to bed.

THERE was no improvement in her condition. After a day or two we made an appointment with our doctor who immediately made X-rays of her chest. We awaited the results fearfully. Nor were our fears unfounded. The doctor reported that he had never before seen a patient in such an advanced stage of tuberculosis who was not aware of his condition.

"CATECHIST," he said, "your young lady has one chance in a thousand. One lung is completely gone, and the other is going fast. The very best care; good rich cream. . ."

WE gasped. Inez' family was among the poorest of the poor. Her mother had died several years before leaving a family of five. The father had taken his bereaved children to their grandparents. Now two small rooms in a poor adobe building were home to them.

WE thanked the doctor for his never-failing help in our difficulties and went in quest of the county nurse. She suggested that a separate room be fixed up where the patient could rest without coming into direct contact with the younger children. She came with us to view the situation. There was nothing to fix up—that was obvious.

NEXT we pleaded Inez' cause with one of our best benefactors and received the funds necessary to place her in the hospital. But the hospital was not taking tubercular patients. It was not equipped to do so. However, after hearing our story, Sister offered to speak to Mother about our little protegee and see what could be done.

THE good Sisters prayed and considered; the Catechists joined Inez in prayer. Three days later, Sister telephoned saying that she was making up a bed for Inez and we could bring her over. We were delighted and grateful. The Sisters said they were offering up the inconvenience which would be entailed by caring for a tubercular patient for the success of a new undertaking.



NOW that the plans were laid to begin the battle for Inez' young life, we faced the difficult task of telling her and her devoted family how critically ill she was.

FIRST I told Inez that the doctor said he was going to try hard to help her get well but that she was very sick and perhaps Our Lord was going to take her to Him in Heaven soon. She listened quietly while two large tears trickled slowly down her feverish cheeks. Then she said, "Whatever He wants, Catechist."

AFTER the family had been assembled in the tiny home, Inez knelt for her father's blessing. Then she kissed his hands and turned to leave her sorrowing, though resigned, loved ones. We took her to the hospital where she was a model patient. No complaint, no groan escaped her lips. Everything was offered to the Sacred Heart. Her stay at the hospital was a source of edification to those who saw her. Everything that could be done for her was done gladly by the many who had become interested in this modern "Little Flower". For six long months she battled bravely against the merciless disease and then, as I first described, she gave forth her pure soul to her Creator.

TO us the saddest part came after her death. There was no money for funeral expenses and so we accompanied the grief-stricken father to the County Office to secure an order for a box. We bought white slippers and the dress which was to be her shroud, and she was gently laid in a plain wooden box which was furnished by the County, and which we took to the hospital. The Sisters asked the undertaker to take the corpse to the cemetery for us, which he kindly consented to do.

THERE are two cemeteries, one for those who can afford to buy lots and another for the poor who simply take care of their own graves. When we arrived at the latter place, the grave was not entirely ready. The box with our beloved dead was taken out of the hearse and we remained beside it until Inez' father and grandfather completed the digging of the grave. Afterwards, they filled in the earth which would enfold their child.

LATER that same day, Inez' grandmother came to our convent to return the shoes which we had purchased for the burial. She informed us that it was not customary for them to put shoes on the feet of their dead. In fact it was considered an irreverence.

SEVERAL years have passed since the day of Inez' death, but the sweet memory of her beautiful presence will always be treasured. Often, too, we call on her for help in our work among her dear people.



"Our Pride and Joy."—Elko, Nevada.

Happily Solved

by Catechist M. Agnes Feik

FOR the past few years it had been a problem to get the boys to serve Mass. Some times even on Sunday there were no boys to serve. All that is changed now. The reformation was brought about by the arrival in the parish of a new boy, Edward. Edward is about fourteen years old, a daily communicant and a born leader. He had never been an altar boy but he had a great desire to become one. The Latin prayers were difficult for him to master, but he finally learned them quite well. Now he is at Mass every morning to serve. Usually one or two other boys are there too, following his example.

NOW on Sunday there are always two altar boys at both Masses, and sometimes four. It is no trouble either to get boys to serve for a funeral Mass. Just because Edward is always eager to come the others also want to.

LAST year we had to make out a Sunday schedule so that there would be someone to serve Mass on that day. This year we must make a weekly schedule in order to give all the boys opportunities to satisfy their enthusiasm.

THE altar boys usually play together. They call their gang "Commandos." Edward is, of course, their leader. One Sunday afternoon Edward was scheduled to serve for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. And so, instead of going to the movie that afternoon, all the boys went to church for Benediction first because their leader was serving.

IN ORDER to raise funds for their treasury the boys have made several laws. Some of them are: Any boy who comes in late for altar boy practice must pay a fine. If anyone does not come to serve when his name is on the schedule, he is fined. When the boys are given money for serving at a funeral or nuptial Mass they must turn in half the amount received to their treasury.



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

Found -

In Our Mary's Loyal Helper
Mail Bag

Eileen Saltus, Burlington, Vt.

I do hope this will help out in your missions which are so nice. They are also doing very much good. Well, I will remain a Loyal Helper and I hope to keep saving my pennies.

Magdalen Molohon, Curdsville, Ky.

I just got home from school. I knew all my lessons except geography, that is my worst subject. We have 4-H Club at St. Elizabeth's School. There is a man who teaches the boys how to raise pigs or anything like that and a lady who teaches the girls how to sew and cook.

I was glad to get the Sunshine Bag because I like to help the Catechists all I can. It really wasn't much penance to do without candy this year because we can't get it. But once in a while Mom would give me a nickle to buy apples or something and I would just slip it in my Sunshine Bag.

Elaine and Adele Messier, Springfield, Mass.

Here are some Sunshine Pennies to help keep your missions a-going. Wishing you and the missions happiness and success.

Ruth Schaar, Detroit

I am sending the dollar that I saved during Holy Week. And it was a pleasure to save it for such a worthy cause. I love to wear my M.L.H. pin and know that I really tried my best.

Bill (and Kenny) Schneider, Dearborn, Mich.

A check is enclosed for your Sunshine Campaign. Some of it I saved and we got the rest from selling old newspapers. But don't think I did it all myself, Kenny helped a lot too so we should give him half of the credit. Also I am buying War Bonds and Stamps with my spare dimes, and not much

refreshments. I have made up my mind to be a pilot when I grow up.

Lillian Whitfield, Dubuque, Ia.

I received your letter and the holy card and pin. Thank you so much. I am putting the pin on my new suit, as I am proud to wear it. Also I will say some daily Hail Mary's for the missions, and please do write me about your work, as I am very interested.

(P.S. You will find some more pennies in your mailbox soon!)

Mary Louise Chartrand, Detroit

I'm very sorry for not sending my Sunshine Pennies sooner but you know I just had to have my new spring bonnet. We want to thank you very much for your prayers for my Aunt who is a nun in Japan. They must have helped a lot because we know now that she is safe.



Jeannette

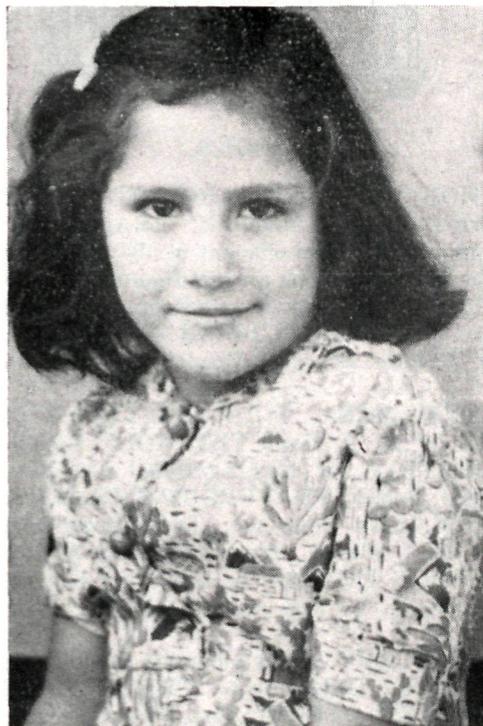
by Catechist Edna Like

JEANNETTE is a Junior High student in the public school of a small Utah town, not far from Salt Lake City. Since she was a little girl Jeannette has had little opportunity to attend Religious Instructions or even Sunday Mass; but she does try hard to do what is right. Others are often edified by her good example.

WHILE they were eating lunch at school one day, the girl sitting next to her, wishing to be sociable, offered Jeannette one of her own sandwiches. Now it happened to be a Friday. The sandwich contained meat, so Jeannette politely and kindly said, "Thank you, but you see, I am a Catholic and I don't eat meat on Friday." "Oh," exclaimed Angela, "I didn't know there were any Catholics in this school. But tell me, why don't you eat meat on Friday?"

SEEING that Angela was really interested, Jeannette explained as best she could. She told Angela that it is a rule in the Catholic Church not to eat meat on Friday because Our Savior gave His Life for us on that day. For a minute or two Angela was silent, thinking over what Jeannette had told her. "Then I should not eat meat either," she said. "My mother told me that I was baptized in the Catholic Church, but she never goes to church and I know nothing about the Catholic Religion."

AS she spoke Angela put aside the half finished sandwich she had been eating. When Jeannette saw that she was not going to eat it, she offered her one of her own and Angela accepted it gratefully. "I would like to know more about the Catholic Church," she said. So Jeannette told her that the Church was founded by Jesus and that He has promised to be with His Church until the end of the world. Then she added, "You know, we are having Mass here in our own town one Sunday a month. Why don't you come. Father can explain anything you want to know. Perhaps your mother will come with you since she used to be a Catholic." Angela promised to be present the next time Mass was celebrated in their town. And she said she would do her best to persuade her mother to come too. On the way to the classroom Jeannette said a prayer that both Angela and her mother would soon become good Catholics.



Here They Are——

... The participants in our second Sunshine Campaign, sponsored by Mary's Loyal Helpers. The number tells how many Sunshine Pennies each Loyal Helper gathered and sent to us for the missions:

Genevieve Palazzola 200, Mary Louise Chartrand 100, Margaret Foeckler 200, Ruth Banet 200, Patrick Doherty 300, Ruth Schaar 100, Eileen Saltus 300, Margaret Schuld 200, Julie Donahue 100.

Joseph Beckman 100, Richard Mourey 100, Dorothy Felczak 100, Patricia, Eileen and Violet O'Neill 100, Paul Murphy 25, George and Rita Hammes 344, Magdalen Molohon 100, Elaine Messier 100, Adele Messier 100.

Mary Ryan 300, Billy and Kenneth Schneider 825, Joan Walters 100, Cecelia Amer 400, Viola Spetter 100, Esther Herman 100, Nora Shea 1000, Camille Miller 100, Marie Sobieski 100, Stella Miller 100, Lillian Whitfield 200, Marian Ginsterblum 200, Bernadette and Agnes Foppe 100, Regina Eileen Jackson 200, George Trapp Jr. 200, Gertrude and Bernard Lazor 362, Miles McShirley 100.



BOOKS

HOW TO THINK or HOW TO ANALYZE, ASSOCIATE, MEMORIZE, REASON — an "economy" for more efficient study and for right thinking intended for all intelligent persons over fourteen, by Arthur D. Fearson, Ph.D. Order from COLLEGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 2309 Webster St., San Francisco, Calif. \$1.00.

THE MASS, YOUR SACRIFICE AND MINE by M. A. Gray THE HOLY HOUR OF ADORATION for congregational use, by Rev. James J. Behan; PRAYERS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN (with Novenas). These three booklets may be ordered from INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Ten cents the copy.

DON'T WORRY, a pamphlet by Donald F. Miller, C.Ss.R. Order from THE LIGUORIAN PAMPHLET OFFICE, Box 148, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. Ten cents.

IN MEMORIAM

- Mrs. Ellen Garvin, A.C.M., Fort Wayne
- Mr. George Pequignot, Fort Wayne
- Mr. A. Russell, Omaha, Nebraska
- Mrs. Cecelia Fricke Steenman, A.C.M., Fort Wayne
- Evelyn Klomann, Chicago
- Mrs. Thos. McEnaney, Cortland, Ill.
- Mr. William Hoppenrath, Guthrie, Okla.
- Mrs. John Huflin, East St. Louis, Ill.
- Felix Soczynski, Detroit, Mich.
- Henry Pope, Detroit, Mich.
- Dora E. Gilivary, Paris, Ill.
- Louella Conrard, Dayton, Ohio
- Mrs. Florence Welch, San Diego, Calif.
- Mrs. Thos. McEnaney, Cortland, Ill.

NO MAGAZINE IN AUGUST

OUR readers have often written us that our magazine is good but "there isn't enough of it." With this in mind we have decided not to reduce the size of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST in order to conserve paper stock. Instead we have combined the July and August issues. In other words, no magazine will be printed for the month of August.

We know you will be glad to make this sacrifice, rendered justifiable by war-time rationing.

The next copy of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST to reach you will be the September issue—our VICTORY-NOLL number. And it will be well-worth waiting for!

RELEASED TIME

OVER 15,000 public school children are now enrolled in the catechism classes taught by the Missionary Catechists from their eleven foundations in the State of California. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Catechists received with gratitude news of the passage of the Mc-Millan bill recently. This bill places California as the 44th state in the union to permit public school children to receive religious instruction during school hours.

IN signing the bill, Governor Warren of California stated: "In times such as these, it is desirable that every opportunity and encouragement be afforded for religious instruction."

DELAWARE, Nevada, New Hampshire, and Wyoming have so far taken no action, either in their legislatures or through the courts, approving some form of released time religious education.

IN THE long run men hit only what they aim at. Therefore, though they should fail immediately, they had better aim at something high.

—Henry David Thoreau



Mission Intention for July

"The Timely Training of Catholic Leaders in Mission Countries"

IN the year 30 A.D. the Son of the simple carpenter of Nazareth emerged from His thirty years of retirement, and began the work of training the first Catholic leaders in the world. From human standpoints His choice of subjects was poor: humble fishermen, simple men from simpler homes, a tax-collector, a physician, a painter. However, He knew that they would have three years of intensive training; that they would accompany Him on his journeyings through Judea and Galilee; that they would be eye witnesses to the miracles which He would perform. He did not overlook their human frailties, their denial of Him, their defection in the garden of Gethsemane. Over and above all, with His infinite wisdom He knew His timely training would transform them into the lions of courage able to brave the terrors of the arena, the slash of the whip and the sword, the horror of the boiling caldron.

EIGHTEEN hundred years later another course of intensive training was inaugurated and it is only today that we are in a position to appreciate its truly destructive character. In 1867 the German leader Bismarck founded the German Federation and did "bestride this narrow world like a colossus" even as his twentieth century imitator would presume to do. And yet as Archbishop Goodier, S. J., in his *Occasional Historical Essays* reminds us "in that very same year another 'petty man (did) walk under his huge legs and peep about', and almost under his very nose published the bible of a new religion, whose ideals and aims were the very opposite to those of the Iron Chancellor."

FOR more than three-quarters of a century those Marxian principles have become the handbook of Communistic training which would strike at the roots of the Christian doctrine. Hence the appeal made by the Holy See, echoed by The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, for prayerful intercession in behalf of the timely training of Catholic leaders in mission countries.

THE Marxian teachings which form the groundwork for Communism and the nationalistic trends which rose simultaneously with them overlook completely that "the social strength of Christianity comes from the 'very delicate sense of justice' which is the secret of the true Christian, and in virtue of which the re-establishment of violated rights and the restoration of social well being 'are defended much more cogently by the principle of Christian faith, and are promoted much more efficaciously by the power of Christian charity' than by any other system in existence. Christianity is of God." (Don Pierre Celestin Lou Tseng-Tsiang, O.S.B.)

THESE statements coming from the pen of the renowned Chinese convert find an echo in India. Mr. A. Soares a noted Catholic leader and President of the All-India Catholic Congress in that country, urged that the Nationalists of India grant: 1. the elementary freedom of conscience and religion, which includes the right to win over adherents to the faith by peaceful persuasion; 2. the right to maintain our educational institutions for our children and such others as may wish to share in the benefits of that education; 3. the recognition of our own personal law in specific matters like marriage, which to us, as to the orthodox Hindu, is not a mere civil contract but a religious sacrament.

FROM the seriousness of the utterances of these noted Catholic leaders one begins to understand the importance of proper training for the Catholics who must move to the foreground in mission lands. It is hoped therefore that the people of America will recognize this need and pray for its fulfilment.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell
National Director

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith

Stay Home!

This is Uncle Sam's vacation message to America.

There are many ways of spending a pleasant vacation at home. Just try it.

Then ———

Spend your vacation money on WAR BONDS and THE MISSIONS!

That's one way of working for God and for country.

Each year some of our friends sacrifice a little of their vacation pleasure and send an offering of five dollars to Victory-Noll for the Catechists' missionary work. They call this "Vacationing with the Catechists."

Will YOU also "vacation with the Catechists" this summer?

You are promoting the glory of God and the welfare of our beloved country when you help bring Christ to spiritually poor Americans.

For God And For Country

Victory-Noll
Huntington, Indiana

I wish to do a little spiritual vacationing with the Catechists. Enclosed is part of my "vacation money." Use it where the need is greatest.

Name

Address

