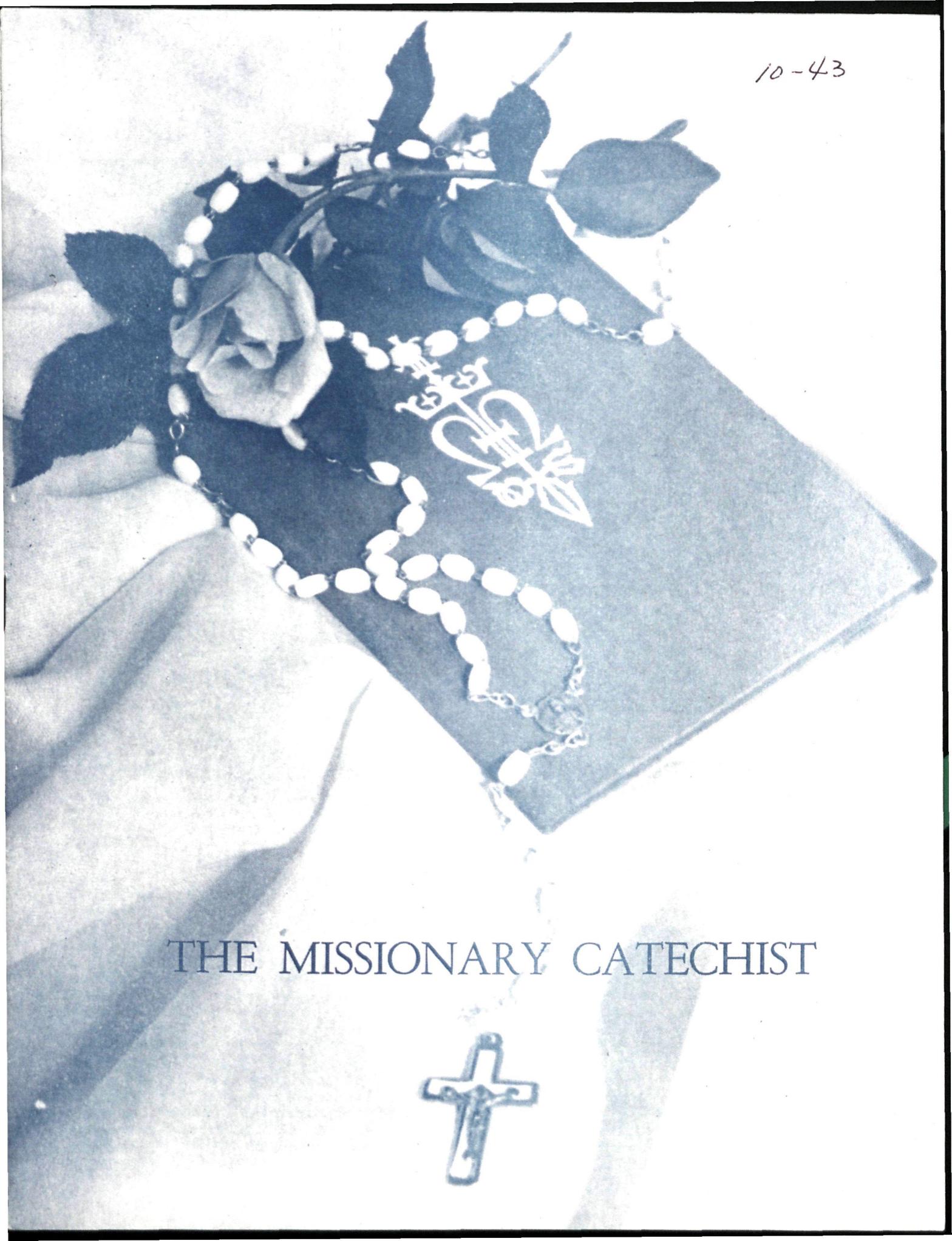


10-43



THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Bishop Niedhammer

Visits Us

A CHARMING composite of Franciscan simplicity, episcopal dignity and apostolic enthusiasm, that is Bishop Matthew Aloysius Niedhammer, titular Bishop of Caloe, Vicar Apostolic of Bluefields, Nicaragua, and first member of the Capuchin province of St. Joseph to be elevated to the Episcopate.

TO us who have for many years been the beneficiaries of the spiritual ministrations of zealous Capuchin Fathers, the announcement of Bishop Niedhammer's consecration brought a thrill of satisfaction and joy which was intensified during his visit to Victory-Noll.

AS the Bishop stood before us, the Franciscan brown of his cassock contrasting strangely with his brilliant-hued feriola and biretta, we could not help thinking of St. Paul's words, "I became all things to all men, that I might gain all for Christ," and the contrast became for us a symbol—a symbol of surrender and of sacrifice.

A CAPUCHIN by his very vocation does not ambition honor or dignity. In fact he shuns it as something foreign to the life which he has chosen. Yet for the sake of souls and in obedience to the voice of Christ's Vicar, Father Matthew did not hesitate to lay aside his sandals and his coarse habit for buckled shoes and a bishop's purple. Truly, he becomes "all things to all."

FROM his first quiet greeting in Spanish to his humorous aside as he left us: "I wore this (tugging at his feriola) so you could see how it looked," Bishop Niedhammer delighted us with his simplicity and fired our missionary zeal with his enthusiastic accounts of the great work for souls being done among the Spanish-speaking natives of Nicaragua.

ONE and all, we Catechists congratulate the Capuchins of the Province of St. Joseph upon the honor which the Holy See has most fittingly, we think, bestowed on one of its members. We are happy with them and for them, and shall join our prayers with theirs for God's blessing upon the apostolic labors of their



The Most Rev. Matthew Niedhammer, O. F. M. Cap., D. D., taken in the patio of Victory-Noll during his recent visit.

bishop-confrere.

A NATIVE of New York, Bishop Niedhammer has inspired us with the joyful way in which he left the sidewalks of New York for the swamps of Nicaragua. No difficulties seem to daunt him. The climate, the gnats, the lack of suitable buildings, all these obstacles, he hopefully assured us, would be overcome in just "a little while." His confidence in God and in his fellow missionaries is an inspiration.

WE are told that His Excellency is a sculptor by avocation. He is also a sculptor by vocation. He forms not only lifeless images of clay or bronze; he forms the image of the living Christ in the living souls of men. How fitting that this sculptor of souls should have chosen for his motto: "Ut vitam habeant, that they may have life."

The Missionary Catechist

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No. 11

PRAYER IN TIME OF WAR

O Lord Jesus Christ, Who in Thy mercy hearest the prayers of sinners, pour forth, we beseech Thee, all grace and blessing upon our country and its citizens. We pray in particular for the President—for our Congress—for all our soldiers, whether on the seas or in the skies; for all who are suffering the hardships of war. We pray for all who are in peril or in danger. Bring us all after the troubles of this life into the haven of peace, and reunite us all together forever, O dear Lord, in Thy glorious heavenly Kingdom.

(This prayer is recited each Sunday afternoon on the radio at the close of THE CATHOLIC HOUR.)



MISSION SUNDAY

A Plea for the Missions

Despite the present global warfare, to which America has been contributing the utmost in manpower and arms, this nation constitutes

the hope of the missions. To these United States the Sovereign Pontiff looks hopefully for a continuation of the aid which permits the missionaries to pursue their Christlike labors, which today are being seen and appreciated by our armed forces throughout the world.

May we ask our readers to help fulfill the wishes of the Holy Father by contributing to The Society for the Propagation of the Faith on Mission Sunday, October 24? Make this a day of real prayer and true Catholic Action for the Missions by creating a spiritual and monetary treasury for them. Remember that Home and Foreign Missions will be aided by your charity since nine per cent of the funds received will be used for work in the Near East, forty per cent for the furtherance of the home apostolate and fifty-one per cent for endeavor in the foreign field. For further details contact your Diocesan Director of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

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

Christ Versus the World

by the Rev. Francis J. Remler, C.M.

THERE are many natural and preternatural forces at work in the world arrayed against, and opposed to, God and His Christ.

There are heresy and infidelity with their tremendous intellectual forces and pecuniary aids such as endowed colleges, universities and libraries, and proselytising agencies for robbing uninstructed Catholics of their faith.

There are irreligious governments, controlled largely by Free Masons, with their state appliances, treasuries and armies and navies at their disposal, who under the pretext of furthering the interests of state and nation, wage a bitter war against the Spouse of Christ.

THERE is the modern press with its farreaching, overwhelming influence, lending its aid in spreading falsehood, suppressing the truth, and vilifying the Church in a thousand ways.

There is our literature which derives its charm and supreme attraction from its unchristian and immoral teachings, especially in recent years in the realm of sexual irregularities. There is what is paraded as ART which in very many cases is only the workshop of Satan for the corruption of innocent souls.

There is our system of politics which would exile the Church from the world as a leper is cast off and driven from the city.

THERE are our all but omnipotent trusts and corporations which like an octopus live on the life-blood of their unfortunate victims; powerful bodies that defy all attempts of human justice to make them return to ways of honesty and honor.

THERE are our secular schools, especially our colleges and universities from which God is driven out and banished as though He were a bold intruder in a foreign dominion, and where He is never spoken of, save in a sneering, blasphemous manner.

THERE are family circles in which God is never thought of, His Name never mentioned except in an irreverent manner, where His claims on man, on the family, on society are never considered; or, if considered, it is definitely claimed that man, not God, is a law to himself in the marriage state, and that God's law is too heavy, nay even tyrannical, in its various relations to married life.

There is society which lives gayly and fast, and brands it a disgraceful breach of "good manners" if God's holy Name is so much as mentioned.

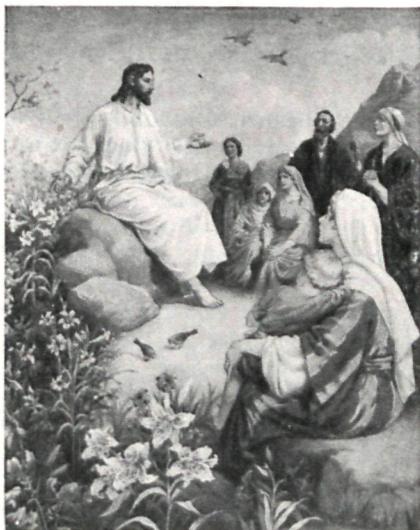
IN ONE word, the Church of God finds arrayed against herself all the professed badness of the world and all the unprofessed indifference of men who turn away from God and seek their happiness in the quagmire of their depraved passions.

The World Chastised

DOES not God still chastise the world and its spirit as He did repeatedly in the history of the nations? Is the modern world less deserving of punishment than was the world of two thousand years ago? The vices of modern society—often the more repulsive for their studied refinement and respectability in the eyes of men—rise like a foul stench to heaven without ceasing. Society is enthralled in an insane love of ease, enjoyment and sinful pleasure; it is maddened by its passion for wealth and distinction; it glories in its godless and materialistic education which gives youth an animal outlook on life; it dreads trials and sickness and poverty—poverty which it considers a crime that must be repressed with the policeman's club and by means of birth-control.

THIS rebellion against God further manifests itself in the disregard of the fundamental virtues of Justice and Charity by both Capital and Labor, and the consequent angry disputes between them, often ending in untold misery to thousands, and even in the shedding of blood. It is seen in the wild dreams of Socialists and in the bloody ambitions of Communists; in the hostile attitude of the Great Powers toward each other, and in their complete disregard for the most elementary rules of Christian conduct.

OTHER manifestations of this rebellion against divine things we see in the irreverence and flippancy of the age as shown towards the most sacred and solemn subjects; in the destructive attempts of thousands of so-called educators to bring about the complete denial and rejection of the supernatural order, of God and of His truth and law; in the concentration of human thought and endeavor upon the fleeting things



of this life; the universal attempt to emancipate the flesh from the yoke of the Commandment of purity and chastity; in the bold denial of a life after death, and hence of a heaven to gain and a hell to avoid,—one of the great aims of the materialistic philosophy of life based on evolution.

ALL these and many other serious evils have by this time penetrated deep into every class, and like an active poison have worked great havoc with our whole social structure. They are visible even to the most indifferent observer, and they are signs of an approaching ruin compared with which the destruction of Tyre and Sidon, and Babylon, Jerusalem and Rome will have been merely *painted* ruin.

IS THERE a remedy? And if there is, where is it to be found? Did God create mankind to abandon it to this frightful state? No: He created it for happiness here and glory hereafter. Sin deranged God's plan and design. But instead of leaving the human race in its self-inflicted misery, He mercifully and generously provided an efficacious remedy for all its moral ills.

BUT this remedy, like all remedies, tastes bitter to the body that is racked by disease. Christianity, and it alone, offers to sick society an infallible remedy. It consists of ingredients that the "natural man," the "animal man," the man of sin, abhors, and because he abhors them, wilfully rejects them to the further development of his disease and ultimate destruc-

tion of his life. And what are these bitter ingredients of the infallible remedy offered by Jesus Christ?

THERE is first of all the voluntary poverty of Christ, which He recommends to all His followers as a Beatitude, as a condition to be desired and loved and practised, while He condemns the inordinate love of temporal goods as an almost insurmountable obstacle to the soul's eternal salvation.

"BLESSED are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven: Woe to you rich, for you have your consolations." He recommends the Beatitude of Poverty to all His followers; He invites courageous souls to the Counsel of Perfect Poverty in religious communities.

IN THE next place He prescribes the practice of purity and chastity by all, though in different degrees of perfection. Even the ordinary Christian must keep his very thoughts and desires pure and chaste, so that he may not render himself guilty of unchaste actions either alone or with others. If he chooses the married state he must regulate his conduct strictly according to the divine law governing the holy Sacrament of Matrimony. Those who desire to do the perfect thing He invites to live the life of angelic purity by the holy Vow of Virginity. In regard to the practice of this virtue we can say, that its general acceptance would do away with perhaps two-thirds of all the misery that sorely afflicts the human race at the present time.

IN THE third place Christ insists on self-denial and mortification as one of the essential ingredients of the remedy He prescribes for the cure of men's ills, as also on love for all men, and mercy and helpfulness to all in affliction. This is direct opposition to the pagan spirit of today which demands the riddance of the poor, the hopelessly insane, the incurable, the aged, and the destruction of the unborn infant whose bringing up would interfere with the comfort or pleasure of those who begot it.

THE remedy which Christ prescribes as outlined by the Gospel is the only remedy that can cure the ills of mankind. If men consent to use it no matter how distasteful to sin-loving nature, all will be well in a short time. But if they refuse to do so, then nothing but chaos and ultimate destruction are bound to be the necessary results of the continued violation of the order instituted by God for the well-being of the nations.

From the Texas Mailbag

All for Jesus through Mary

El Paso, Texas

DEAR Benefactors:

In writing to you we usually stress the spiritual and material poverty we find among our poor so as to win for them your prayers and financial help. Perhaps you would enjoy another type of pen-picture—we might call it “our consolations.”

Maria is one of our special charges. If you were to walk along the dark streets with us on our way to church, you would wonder at a rumbling noise; and you would discover Maria propelling herself on a small wooden block set on rollers. She is a widow. Both her legs were cut off above the knees in a train accident. A pair of wooden legs helped for a while, but due to a swelling of the limbs she can no longer use them. Sympathetic neighbors built her the block on rollers.

Maria's one room is a model of neatness. She is always busy and happy despite her affliction. Some times we find her seated on a high chair, ironing; or kneeling on her poor stumps of limbs beside a tub on the dirt floor, washing clothes for other people. She makes a little money doing this, but when the money runs short, she doesn't complain. God will provide. A kind-hearted neighbor will help her, or the Catechists will come with something which good people have given them for the poor. And so

she goes on, a beautiful example of loving resignation to the heavy cross God has given her. She finds her strength in daily Mass and Communion.

* * * * *

As we enter the Church of San Ignacio, a familiar tapping noise sounds behind us. We need not turn to discover the cause because morning after morning we hear the now familiar sound. It is made by the artificial limbs and supporting canes of our good friend, Don Antonio. Don Antonio is a tall, well-built man. Some years ago he was injured in the mines where he was then working. Both legs had to be amputated above the knees. It was a severe trial to the father of a family, but Don Antonio took up his heavy cross bravely, and carries it in a truly Christian way. Each morning we find him at the Communion railing. He walks with great difficulty, using all his strength to throw forward in a stiff, halting manner, the heavy artificial limbs, each weighing seven and a half pounds. He stands with head bowed, leaning heavily upon the thick cane he holds in each hand, as Father approaches with the Blessed Sacrament. Balancing himself carefully, he leans forward to receive His Lord.

A visit to Don Antonio finds him busily engaged in a small home, taking the place of his wife who has become the bread-winner in his stead. The home is clean and orderly. The crippled man does the cooking and much of the housework. His young daughters do the rest.

GET chummy with your Guardian Angel. He is a never-failing friend in all the vicissitudes of life and especially at the hour of death. You haven't out-grown this little prayer to your Angel. Perhaps you need it more now than you did when you were a child. Pray it daily.

Angel of God, my guardian dear,
To whom His love commits me here,
Ever this day be at my side,
To light and guard,
To rule and guide.



There is no complaining. All is the Will of God, and the entire family is resigned to it.

Don Antonio tells his story simply. While working in the mines a huge rock was dislodged. It rolled toward him. There was no escape. His legs were pitifully crushed. He feels that only a miracle saved his life. He says with a knowing look in his deep-set eyes, "God did not want me yet."

But each day he prepares for the time when God will want him. That is why he drags himself so painfully to Mass and Benediction; and once—here Don Antonio chuckles—"I made the Padre angry." He tells, "I walked in the Corpus Christi procession. For weeks after I suffered pain and swelling." (The Corpus Christi procession is two miles long.)

Don Antonio points toward heaven: "The good God understands."

* * * * *

We follow a sweet-faced old woman through a plain but spotless bedroom to the other room, a small kitchen. She is smiling brightly; she knows why we have come. She has watched us from her doorway as we stepped hesitatingly on the rotting boards of the tenement porch. In a soft voice she greets us: "Ah, las Madrecitas quieren ver a Elena.—Ah, the little Mothers wish to see Elena."

We step into the kitchen, which is just as clean as the other room but very crowded. In one corner stands a large cookstove. Against the opposite wall are a table and two chairs. A bench with two wash tubs is fitted into a small space beside the stove, and the other side of the room is occupied by a large double bed. Sitting up, smiling expectantly, is Elena, a girl of twenty. A mass of shiny black hair frames a beautiful, radiant face. Large black eyes sparkle with laughter, fun, and something deeper—a spiritual quality not easily described. Her condition explains the latter.

Elena has not left her bed for five years due to a serious heart ailment. She is happy to talk to the Catechists. She and her mother live alone in the two small rooms. Elena is able to do a little sewing now and then to help along, but her mother has to take in washing to earn their livelihood. It is painful for Elena to see her mother work so hard, but she does her part in praying and suffering.

"Do you suffer very much, Elena?"

"Bastante, (enough) Madrecita," she answers lightly.

The various bottles on a chair beside the bed contain the different medicines which she must use continually. Next to them, on a small table, stand her "little Saints," a crucifix, a statue of the Sacred Heart, one of the Blessed Mother, a vigil light and some holy water.

"The Padre brings me Holy Communion every morning. Isn't God good?"

The bells of the church nearby begin to toll. A funeral is taking place. Elena smiles her sunny smile.

"Do you hear them, Madrecitas? They keep me busy, reminding me to suffer and pray for the dead." She pauses. "I can help the soldiers in the war and their families too, just by being patient. Father told me so."

One cannot question her patience. It shines out of her dark eyes in a look that speaks of loving acceptance of the cross God has placed on her young shoulders. One can learn much from the deep, dark eyes of Elena.

We rise to go; we do not wish to tire her. She promises prayers for our intentions. Her mother steps out of the room ahead of us. Just for a moment Elena's sunniness is shadowed: "Catechists, pray for Mother." And then the smiling eyes look into ours and beg, "Please come again. It means so much to me to have you."

We cannot say it aloud but in our hearts we answer, "How much more it means to us to have YOU, Elena."

Do you wonder that we call such as these "our consolations," and we might add, "your compensation," for it is to these poor, suffering people of ours that we entrust the petitions and intentions of our benefactors, knowing that God cannot refuse to listen to those who bear the cross lovingly and patiently for His sake.

Sincerely in Our Blessed Lady of Victory,

Catechist Marguerite Srill

Missionary Week End

by Catechist M. Catherine O'Reilly

SATURDAY comes around each week with its extra odd jobs to be done for the glory of God. For my Catechist-companion and me it ushers in a busy and happy week-end. As we leave our Redlands' convent-home immediately after breakfast, we are glad that it is our blessed Mother's day, and that we labor under her benign patronage. Even the sky reminds us of her. It is like her lovely blue mantle spread out to protect us.

LEAVING Redlands behind we enter San Timoteo Canyon on a narrow serpentine drive whose hairpin curves afford us more than one thrill. An hour's ride takes us near the Mojave desert and to our destination. The small, beautiful and quaint village of San Jacinto lies peacefully before us. At the church hall, where we park our car, stands Mr. and Mrs. Keeney's faithful little Ford which we have come to recognize as an indispensable adjunct to our personal efforts in this territory. At the sound of our car, heads begin to pop out from behind trees and bushes. Soon we are welcomed with happy greetings as eager children surround us, all talking at once, recounting the events of the previous week. Most of these children come from Hemet, a village three miles from San Jacinto. Many of them would not attend so regularly



Mr. Keeney in his "missionary Ford" surrounded by a group of faithful pupils.—San Jacinto, California.

were it not for that blessed Ford and the generous couple who own it, Mr. and Mrs. Keeney. This couple, our loyal helpers, drive around and gather all the children that their car will hold, sometimes as many as fifteen. Then they jog away to San Jacinto where the little flivver settles down for a few hours' rest while the children have catechism classes. Mr. Keeney takes care of the church property, sometimes assisted by the boys who like to help him mow the lawn. Mrs. Keeney cares for the interior of the church, keeping all in perfect order. It would be difficult to find two more generous souls in the service of our dear Lord. Unostentatiously they go about their labor of love, doing all for Jesus through His holy Mother.

IN the afternoon we drive out to the Soboda Indian Reservation. From the summit of the last hill we get a lovely view of the old mission church beside which stands a grey-haired, brown-clad figure—a Franciscan Padre. He watches for us and announces our arrival with the clanging of the huge mission bell. Since the children must be given time to assemble, we use that time to advantage visiting the Indian hospital which is located a short distance farther up the winding road.

ON returning to the church we find the children ready for class. Here we enjoy the pleasure of having many of the mothers "listening in" at our religious instructions. Sometimes, when a little head turns in the wrong direction, a fond Mama will rise and give a gentle reprimand which invariably has the desired effect. Perfect attention is the consequence.

CLASSES over, we return to San Jacinto just as the sun is casting its last tints of purple and scarlet over the distant brown hills.

SUNDAY morning finds us assisting at the early Mass in San Jacinto's beautiful parish church. The nine-thirty Mass is for the children. It is followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and then catechism classes in the parish hall.

ELEVEN-THIRTY. The last child has gone home and we are on the way again to our little week-end convent—a private home placed at our disposal by the generosity of a truly Christ-like heart. There a delicious dinner awaits us, another testimony of the gratitude and charity of generous souls. Refreshed in body and happy of heart we leave San Jacinto soon after noon and again follow the serpentine trail through San Timoteo Canyon back to "Queen of the Missions", our convent-home in Redlands.

CCD In Kingman

by Catechist M. Emma Sigfried

A PICNIC in the mountains with the newly-organized Sodality of Our Lady of Victory, brought to a close our sojourn in Kingman, Arizona.

IN the mountains, high above the little town of Kingman, and overlooking the desert country, all is quiet. Only a soft wind, hiding among the branches of the trees, plays an accompaniment to the warbling, chirping and calling of birds. Time, always so fleet in its relentless flight to Eternity, seems to be at a standstill here, as if it had found the mountain peaks a fitting place to pause and linger awhile.

CLOSE to the bright blue of the cloudless skies, no reflections crowd in upon us of the horrors of war, nor of the mercenary things of a troubled world. Here we feel only the precious nearness of our God of Peace. Consciousness of His Presence brings with it thoughts of the work we tried to do for His glory in the neighborhood of Kingman—the work of organizing the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

THE predominant sentiment in our hearts is one of deep gratitude to the zealous pastor, Father Anthony Vorst, and to the good people who so graciously exerted every effort toward making our stay among them a fruitful one spiritually. Upon our arrival Father Vorst already had a number of volunteer lay-catechists eager to take the course we were prepared to teach.

ON our first Sunday in Kingman we gave a religious lecture illustrated by slides. All the children and prospective religion teachers were invited. At this initial gathering, we an-



Catechist Sigfried and two lay catechists leaving the church with a class after instructions.

"Several lay catechists and some of their pupils. Father Vorst is hiding in the shadows."—Catechist Sigfried, Grants, N. Mex.

nounced our daily catechism classes for the children after public school hours. We also enrolled the teachers in the different courses depending upon which grades of children they would prepare to instruct.

THE teachers, selected from among young ladies and women of all walks in life—homemakers, teachers, nurses, students, working girls—all dis-

playing a serious interest in genuine Catholic Action, the heart of which is instructing children and youth in the saving truths of our holy faith, and guiding them to live a life of true Christian virtue. It was inspiring to witness, in these sad days of mundane selfishness, the noble spirit of self-sacrifice and sincerity of purpose with which

(Continued on page 19)

Love Affairs

by Catechist Margaret Campbell

WE boarded a crowded street car. I sat beside a strange woman, a Jewish matron. I felt her curious scrutiny. When I made a slight turn to see if we were nearing our point of transfer, she spied the silver shield on my mantle. She reached over to examine the shield and I smiled, half in amusement, half in friendliness. That "broke the ice" for her, but I could never have guessed the opening question! I expected her to ask if I were a Catholic Sister, to what Order I belonged, or some such thing. Instead, she blurted out: "Do you have to have a big love affair in order to do a thing like this?"

"Yes," was my immediate answer. "We do have to have a big love affair in order to become Sisters, but not the kind you probably are thinking of. Ours is a love affair with God. We love Him so much that we want to live for Him alone. So we leave our dear ones, our homes, earthly possessions, and all that the world cherishes."

The matron listened with surprised satisfaction. Then she exclaimed:

"Oh, NOW I understand. Before I never could. You do this because you love God so much!"

After that bit of conversation, she respectfully offered to do whatever she could for us.

* * * * *

LOVE is reciprocal. Little ones sense this. A four-year-old boy misbehaved. The maid



"I wanted to take a picture of the twins in my class but when I brought out my kodak the whole group clamored to have their picture taken, so here they are."—Catechist Berard, San Bernardino, Calif.

scolded: "Junior, you are a bad boy. Nobody likes you!"

In an instant the response came: "You are a big liar; I likes everybody and everybody likes me."

Innocent children feel the same about the supernatural. God loves them. They love Him.

The tiny tots prayer class was in session. We were reviewing the lesson of the previous week. Small faces lit up when we recalled the story and the picture of Jesus blessing the children. When I asked the question:

"What is Jesus doing in the picture?" the immediate answer was:

"He is loving them."

Other little ones added eagerly: "And they are loving Him!"

* * * * *

WHEN a child has personal love for God he wants others to love Him.

After religion classes one day, in the church vestibule, a kindergarten girl waited for me. There was a serious, worried expression on her baby face. She looked up when I came by and said solemnly:

"Catechist, there's a little girl out there who says she doesn't love God. She says she hates Him."

Thinking that she was referring to one of

the non-Catholic children who had been playing in the church yard, I asked:

"One of the little girls who was playing out there?"

"No," she answered, "a girl that lives out near my house. She says she hates God."

She told me further that "the little blasphemer" was four whole years old!

To my small apostle I then explained the reason for a child saying that she hates God. It was because she simply didn't know anything about Him.

"Why don't you tell your playmate," I suggested, "some of the truths of God that you learned in class, and from OUR LITTLE MESSENGER." (We use the Confraternity Edition to excellent advantage) "Show her the pictures in the Messenger. She would like that."

The child's serious face lit up. "The MESSENGER!" she exclaimed, "Oh, yes. I have a whole mess of them! I saved them since the first class."

The next Saturday I found a triumphant wee apostle awaiting me in the vestibule after class. This time her happy smile told the story before she spoke. This is what she said: "I told that little girl about God, and showed her my MESSENGERS! now she says SHE LOVES GOD!"

* * * * *

WE had been talking about making Acts of Love. A red-headed, freckled-faced mischief of about six years told the following:

"When I'm gonna get a lickin', I hurry up

and say 'My God, I love You'; then I don't get the lickin'."

I suggested that before getting into the mischief, which would bring on "the lickin'" he say the ejaculation and ask God to help him not to do the bad or naughty things he felt like doing.

The following week, as the class was lining up, my little Redhead told me with a broad grin: "It worked!" His prayer had forestalled his mischief.

* * * * *

OUR BLESSED LORD loves the little ones, and I believe that He also has regard for little troubles.

It had rained almost daily for several weeks. A threatening sky overcast the earth also on the morning of wash-day, when I went out to hang clothes. Junior was playing in a yard nearby. I called to him, asking if he would like to do something for us.

"What?" he asked eagerly.

"Will you go into church where Jesus is and ask Him not to let it rain?"

In response he got to his feet and trotted off toward the church. After a few minutes he returned.

"Did you do what I asked you to, Junior?" I questioned.

"Yes," he answered briefly.

"What did you do?" I persisted.

"I went in there where Jesus is and He said, 'Otaay. It idn't donna wayne anymore.'"

It didn't rain for a week.



"Philip is knee-deep in autumn glory but he doesn't appreciate it. He says, 'Gee, I wish it was summer all the time then I wouldn't have to rake leaves and shovel snow.'"—Catechist Killian, Goshen, Ind.



Immaculate Conception Sodality, San Jacinto, California
"The girls are wearing white silk capes and blue net veils. They looked lovely, really, although on the picture their veils look more like hoods, cocked at various angles. 'Twas ever thus."—Catechist Weyenberg, Redlands, Calif.



Associate

HOME AGAIN

Nine years have passed—oh, how quickly!

Are you wondering what that has to do with the Associate Catechists of Mary in this particular spot, at this particular time?

To be specific, just nine years ago, I bade fond farewell to all our loyal Associate Catechists of Mary as I left for my first mission assignment. Our associations had been very pleasant; I had found many devoted friends whose zealous mission spirit had been an inspiration to me. And so I took happy memories of genuine friends and true lay-missionaries with me to sunny California.

Now, after nine busy years in the missions, I am back at the same desk in the Associate Catechists of Mary office. Needless to say, I am more than happy to find many of the faithful members whom I had known working just as hard, or harder, than ever. This is a great encouragement to me as I resume my relations with you as the A.C.M. Supervisor. It is also, I believe, a guarantee of your continued cooperation.

Frequently, while I was busy with my mission duties, I thought of you—the Associate Catechists of Mary. Many times I wished that the day might contain a few more hours in which I could write to you and to send you personal messages from the mission field. Since I am back, the many things which I should have liked to tell you then, may, perhaps, find their way into your pages now.

Even before my assignment to the missions, I sincerely appreciated all that you were doing—your generous donations which came regularly, your boxes of clothing, your interest in all that was going on throughout the entire Society. Yet, it was only after I began doing actual mission work that I could realize fully just how much

it all meant to us. It was encouraging to know that while we Catechists in the field were doing our part in the Lord's vineyard, our loyal Associates were behind us, furthering God's cause in the continuation of their worthwhile work.

Now as I again take up the threads of past associations, I hope to be able to tell you through the medium of our magazine, some of my every day mission experiences—experiences that will bring home to you vividly your participation in the big work that is being done for souls.

May God love you, and bless you!

Catechist Viola Wopperer

St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Nebraska

"Last month we celebrated our fifth anniversary, and I am happy to report that we still have all of our members. The only members we have lost are some of the mothers who died during these years. I am very proud of the girls, and I think they have done a splendid work.

"We raffled off five dollars at our regular monthly meeting. Forty dollars was realized, which is included in the fifty dollar money order. The ten dollars constitutes our usual monthly contribution."

Congratulations St. Margaret Mary Band! You have every reason to be proud and happy of the work you have accomplished during your five years' existence.

Marians Band, Chicago, Illinois, Miss Rita Marie Johnson:

"As you see by the enclosed money order we have had our Bingo Party."

The "enclosed money order" amounting to \$40.00 shows that the party evidently was a success. This surely meant hard work on the part of all the members.

May our Lord reward you for your goodness!

Catechists of Mary

Chicago, Illinois

Mrs. Agnes Beck, promoter of St. Anthony's Band says,

"Enclosed find check for \$85.00. This will help some at this time."

Indeed it did help some. We realize the good work you and your members have been doing. May God bless you, and may you be able to continue your missionary activities for many, many more years.

Little Flower Mission Circle, Miss Veronica Foertsch:

"Our card party at Marie Schlessler's proved very successful, and we are pleased to be able to enclose herewith a check for \$50.00."

To all the members of the Little Flower Circle goes our heartfelt gratitude for their many successful parties, which always result in generous checks.

ASPIRATION

How sweet it is
 To know that Jesus waits for me in His house
 And to know that when
 I go there,
 I will see His sweet-faced Mother
 With her blue robe
 Trailing,
 And her eyes lifted toward Heaven.
 There I go for comfort and I plead
 That Thou wilt help me in my hour of need.
 Then I take my
 Rosary
 And gently murmur prayers that to me
 Are indescribably lovely
 And filled with the pathos of a
 Man on a Cross, with scarlet life-blood
 Streaming from His Wounds
 While at His feet, His sorrowful Mother kneels.
 Then I know that Thou wilt help me in my hour
 of loss,
 Help me in the name of Him who died upon a
 Cross.

Rosemary Edward

(The above was written by a non-Catholic girl)

Chicago, Illinois

From our Lady of Sorrows Band came a welcome check of \$20.00. Although Miss Marian Dempsey, the treasurer, tells us that the band has had no special parties, the members are still doing their part, as is evidenced by their regular checks.

IMPORTANT

What? *The annual Associate Catechists of Mary party.*

Where? *In the Mural Room of the Morrison Hotel*

When? *Friday, October 15*

Admission? *55c*

Why? *A good time, and beautiful prizes, in addition to helping the Catechists.*

More information? *Mrs. Mary Staley who is General Chairman will gladly tell you all about the party. Moreover, she will appreciate greatly the earnest cooperation of every band, and of each member.*

A.C.M. BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

July 21 to August 19

Charitina Club, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	\$ 6.50
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Miss Lillian Dunn	18.00
Our Lady of Guadalupe Band, Dayton, Miss Rose Marie Heier	2.75
Our Lady of the Snows Band, Elkhart, Miss Kathryn J. Hall	7.00
Our Lady Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret Southier	4.00
Our Lady Queen of Poor Souls, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	4.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn	10.00
The Srollians of Our Lady of Sorrows, Cheviot, Miss Marie Gadzinski	1.00
St. Agnes Band, Martinsburg, Miss Gertrude Atkinson	5.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Miss Mary Schaefer	21.00
St. Joseph Mission Band, Baldwinville, Mrs. Albert Zahn	21.25
St. Jude Thaddeus Band, No. 1, Chicago, Mrs. Charles Fiala	20.00
St. Raymond Nonatus, Chicago, Mrs. Kathryn Quinlan	7.75
St. Sabina Band, Chicago, Miss Marie Dwyer	18.00

One Girl in One Port

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

"So it's a church affair, is it, Jack?" queried little Red Ranny, his squinting eyes blinking quizzically out of a freckled face.

"Well," continued his friend Jack Summers after reflection, "to be exact, I prefer to say that it is *not* a church affair, if you mean by that something that is merely exterior. It is something much deeper than that; it is something *interior*."

Red's eyes blinked more rapidly. He readjusted his sitting position on the empty overturned gasoline drum until once again his short legs dangled freely.

"I don't quite get it, Jack," said the boy at length. "Your college education is getting too deep for me, a mere high-school grad, and now a humble apprentice-machinist in a defense factory."

Jack laughed good-naturedly at this piece of self-effacement. "I've nothing on you, Red," he protested. "You always came out on top in your class."

"By the way," Red shifted the point of conversation from his person; "since you were speaking of true devotion to our Blessed Lady as something deep and interior, do you know, Jack, that Mom and the rest of our family say the beads every night together. That's something, isn't it? We've been doing it ever since Dad died, eight years ago. Is that deep enough for you?"

"I'll say it's something!" echoed Jack. "It's no wonder either that you're such an upright and respectable family!"

"You said it!" bellowed a hearty voice behind Jack, "Especially his sister May."

"Well, if it isn't Mike Evans," roared Red leaping down from his roost. "How's our sailor boy and his girl in every port?"

"Yes, how's the 'Old Salt,'" asked Jack Summers in turn. "You're burnt and crisp like an old sea-dog."

"And I'm hale and rough as one!" added Mike the sailor with a laugh that rolled like the powerful billows of the sea.

"Sit down on that door-step next to Jack," beckoned Red as he returned to his former roost. "Tell us all about yourself and the sea. May is working now so you can't see her before tonight, anyway."

"I prefer to hear you speak about yourselves and the folks first," said Mike wistfully . . .

I say, weren't you speaking of the Ranny family, Jack, when I so rudely intruded?"

"When you so happily surprised us," corrected Jack. "Yes, we were."

"Well, insisted the sailor, "I back you up on that statement: The Rannys are a swell bunch."

"Especially May Ranny," poked the old tease, Red.

This time the young "Old Salt" blushed beneath his sun-crisped skin.

"You said it, Red," he managed to say, "But I haven't forgotten your first question about my girl in every port. I'm sorry to disappoint you but I have only ONE girl and she is in only ONE port. Besides, you know better than I how she fares. I have not seen May in almost a year now." The word YEAR seemed to stick in his throat.

"And you're serious?" persisted Red in his mocking tone.

"I'm serious," replied Mike pausing to adjust his sailor-cap on the back of his head. Then he went on: "If you want to know how I've managed to remain the same old Mike, just ask May and yourself."

"What do you mean?" asked Red.

"Well," drawled the brawny sailor, "it's a long story, and it might make you fellows smile a bit; but I think it's worth the telling. I know that you are both good Catholics," he added with a smile, "and so you won't mind if I speak a little of our blessed Lady."

"Why, we were just speaking about her when you flew in," exclaimed the little man on the barrel.

"She is the reason why I came here this noon," added Jack. "Go to it, sailor. I might get you too . . ."

Jack's last remark was too obscure for Mike to stop and inquire. With quiet assurance he entered upon his narrative.

"Remember the first time you invited me in to say the rosary with you and your family, Red?"

Red nodded. Jack looked at him as if saying: "You didn't tell me that, Red."

"Well," continued the sailor, "that set me on the right path. For about three months afterwards, I said my beads faithfully every night before retiring. Little by little, however, I got lazy and just dropped the practice

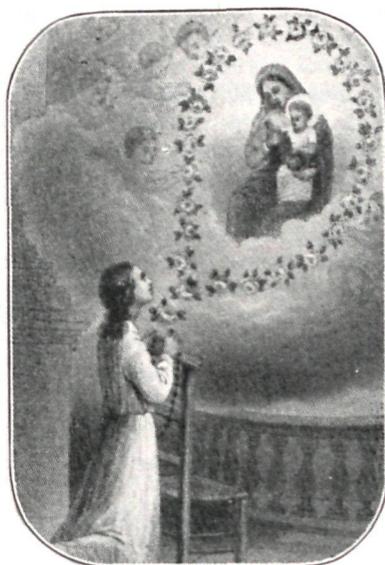
altogether, until . . . until the day I started going out with your sister May. The first night I took her home from a dance she told me that since she had not been at home for the family rosary that night, she was going to say it before going to bed. 'That's why I don't want to get home too late,' she gave as her excuse for leaving early.

"After leaving her that night, thoughts of my own laziness and cowardice filled my soul with remorse. And before I had arrived home I was determined to say my rosary every night also. 'If a young girl like May Ranny can always find time and always has the courage to say her beads, even after a late dance,' I argued with myself, 'why can't I do as much? I, a man who thinks so much of his brawn and chivalrousness.'"

He paused, lowered his voice and went on: "May didn't know of this until the day on which I set out to sea. I told her then, and she made me promise to say my beads every night, if possible, even when out at sea. And, boys, this sailor has found time to say his beads daily. Only one night did I omit them. That night it happened that I was sea-sick for the first time. God forgive me," he confessed, "I didn't know where heaven was that day!"

The sailor grew silent. He seemed to be thinking deeply as he cautiously picked up a stick from the ground and started to trace shapeless figures on the black dirt. Then he continued:

"This daily rosary not only kept me near to May, my only girl in one port, but it has brought me nearer to the Mother of God also.



Often during the day, especially when my mind reverted to May and the Rannys . . . strange thing! my thoughts were also of our blessed Lady. It seems she watched over me continually . . . And I don't know how often, in my lonesome hours, it seemed that she was right next to me to comfort and protect me. I don't know how to say it, except that I was like a big kid with our blessed Mother. May she forgive me for it! Before I went to a movie, for instance, it seemed that I had to ask her if it were OKAY. And unless she said yes, I didn't go.

"I remember one night, two of the mates asked me to take in a dance with them on an island off which we were then anchored. I hadn't been ashore in four whole months. I thought of May; then the blessed Virgin seemed to say 'Don't go,' so I just said: 'Thanks, Mates, I've other sails to hoist!'

"Sad to say, those two fellows never returned to our boat. No one seems to know what happened to them."

Mike paused to light a cigarette. "Guess our blessed Lady wanted me to see May again."

A silence fell on the trio and they stared off into space. The noise of city busses and factory whistles sounded in the distance. Red looked at his watch. It was almost time for him to return to work. Suddenly Jack Summers sprang from his improvised seat on the doorstep.

"Mike," he said, "you're just the man we need for our new Confraternity of 'Mary Queen of All Hearts!'"

"If it's a church affair," Red interjected, "I'm afraid he won't do much. He'll be going off again in ten days to return—the Lord only knows when."

"What's all this about?" Mike wished to know. "Some new parish organization you want me to join? I'm too far from home now to be able to attend meetings."

"You needn't worry, sailor-boy," interrupted Jack. "I'm just after telling Red that it's not a church affair."

Turning to Red, Jack continued: "Red, I think that Mike here has got us beat all hollow in this True Devotion affair. He's been practicing it all along and he doesn't realize that it's the very True Devotion we're trying to make known in our parish here!"

The young mariner was puzzled. He stared questioningly.

"The Association I want you to join," explained Jack, "aims at doing exactly what you have been doing during your past year at sea and in port."

"You mean you want to begin an association of sailors like myself?" Mike asked with a roar of laughter that shook his mighty frame.

(Continued on page 19)



Mary's

ROSARY'S NAME

Mrs. Blight sat at the window, knitting. From time to time she glanced out to see if Rosary, her little six-year-old daughter was on her way home from school. One of her daily joys was that first glimpse of Rosary as she turned the corner. Many, many times a day she was saddened by the thought that they could not live closer to St. Paul's at the present time, so that Rosary could be in a more Catholic atmosphere.

Suddenly the golden curls appeared around the corner, and in less time than it takes to tell, Rosary was in the house, and in her mother's arms. With a deep sob, the first words that greeted Mrs. Blight were,

"Mother, why do I have such a funny name? Isn't it a real girl's name? Today in school Bobby Jones made fun of my name, and he said that only us Catholics have queer names. Is it queer, Mother? Isn't it a real name?"

Mrs. Blight held Rosary close for a second, and then said, "Of course, Little One, it is a real name; and a very beautiful name."

"But," continued Rosary, "nobody else does have a name like mine, do they, Mother?"

A look of pain came into Mrs. Blight's eyes, as she said, "Snuggle up close to Mother, Darling, and she will tell you why you have the name of Rosary, one of the most beautiful of all names."

"Many years ago before you came into our home to make Daddy and me happy, God sent us another little blue-eyed, golden-haired baby, whom we called Margaret Mary. She was such

a sturdy, happy little one, just like you when you were smaller. Everybody loved her. And then one day, when little Margaret Mary was just four years old, a dreadful thing happened. She found a match and tried to make a fire in her toy stove. Somehow her golden curls caught on fire, and before Daddy or I could reach her, Margaret Mary was badly burned. Soon after that God took our little blue-eyed baby back to Heaven.

"For a long time after that, Daddy and I were very sad; very lonesome. Every day I used to go to church and kneel before the beautiful statue of Our Lady of the Rosary and say my rosary. One day as I was kneeling there, I looked up at our blessed Mother and I said to her,

"O blessed Mother in blue, you know how lonesome our home is since little Margaret Mary went away. Just think how lonesome you would have been without little Jesus in your home! Won't you please ask the great, good God to send us another little one? We will take such good care of her this time. We will dedicate her to you, so that she will be all yours. And until she is seven years old, I will always dress her in your own color—blue. And I, too, will name her in honor of your rosary.

"And so, Little One," said Mrs. Blight with a smile, "you came to take Margaret Mary's place. Now do you see why you are called 'Rosary'?"

"Oh, Mother!" exclaimed Rosary, as she gave her mother a big, tight hug, "I am so happy! And so proud of my name. I really am our blessed Mother's little girl, am I not?"

Loyal Helpers

Buffalo, New York

"Sunshine Secretary
Victory Noll
Huntington, Indiana
Dear Catechists,

We have taken pride in making little sacrifices so that we could raise five dollars to help our poor missions in the United States.

We pray daily for your missions.

You will find enclosed a check for five dollars.

Sincerely yours,

Kenneth Trometer, Missionary

Kenneth is proud of his title as missionary, isn't he? And he has every reason to be proud and happy because he is doing what Jesus wants him to do.

Jesus said, "Going therefore, teach all nations." Everybody cannot leave his home and go to other places to teach. But everybody can help the missionaries who are trying to bring more souls to Jesus. Therefore we hope to find many more little friends like Kenneth, who will add the word "missionary" to their names, and be proud to do it.

—o—
St. Mary's Kindergarten
Evanston, Illinois

"Dear Catechists,

We are sending all the money we have. We are very happy to help Carlos and all the other children who have no Catholic School. We earned the pennies by working at home. Here are some of the things we did; dusted, helped with the dishes, picked up the papers from the floor, watered the plants, and emptied ash trays. Each of us tried to earn three pennies a week. Some days the poor Sunshine Bag was kind of empty, and Sister said it looked like a Rain Bag. Then we would work hard so that the next day it was Sunshine again.

Please give our love to all the boys and girls, and tell them we pray for them and for you.

God bless you,

The Children of St. Mary's Kindergarten

A letter like this one makes the sun shine more brightly even in our hearts. How pleased

Jesus must be with such little missionaries! I am sure He was right with them when they were doing the dishes, emptying the ash trays and making all the other little sacrifices.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if children all over the country were willing to help that much? We would have many, many Sunshine Bags just bulging with pennies coming in—and that would make us happy.

Do you know what I think? I think the Sister who had charge of that little missionary band must love the poor very much, don't you think so too? After all it was her good example and encouragement that made the girls and boys want to save their pennies.

—o—
Here is another letter that brought joy to us. It also shows little lovers of Jesus because these children too must have made sacrifices to save pennies to fill a Sunshine bag.

"Dear Catechists,

The children at St. Henry School have saved some pennies for you.

Enclosed you will find a check of 10.00 for the Mission cause.

Sister M. Clara."

—o—
Do you have your Sunshine Bag?

We still have plenty of Sunshine Bags tucked away, waiting to be called for by zealous little missionaries. If you have already filled one, wouldn't you like another one? If you have never had one, wouldn't you, too, be eager to see how many pennies you could stuff into one bag?

If you have never heard just why boys and girls are filling Sunshine Bags for the Catechists or what it means to be a Mary's Loyal Helper, fill out the blank below and send it in.

Dear Catechist Supervisor,

Please send me one of your Sunshine Bags. Also tell me what I must do to become a Mary's Loyal Helper.

Name

Street

City

Grade in school

Books

LEGENDO, by V.G.L. is a simple approach to the Latin of the Liturgy by a study of the actual texts used by the Church. Its object is to help adult Catholics understand and appreciate the public worship of the Church better by acquainting them with the language of the Church. Order from J. Fischer & Bro., 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. \$2.50.

THE DIVINE VERDICT, short discourses by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D., Litt. D. Order from P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 12 Barclay Street, New York. Cloth, \$1.00.

WHENCE VICTORY? by Mary Brabson Littleton. Order from Scapular Press, Sea Isle City, New Jersey. \$2.00.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Mary Burke, Chicago
Mrs. Nellie Puetz, A.C.M., Chicago
Jacob Bingham, Chicago
Mrs. John Dublin, East St. Louis, Ill.
Patrick T. Powers, Hartford, Conn.
John McCann, Santa Rosa, California.
Jacob Bingham, Chicago
Peter Ahern, Chicago
Mrs. Nellie Puetz, C. C. M., Chicago
Mrs. Margaret Geraghty, A. C. M., Berwyn, Ill.
Daniel Scanlon, Chicago, Illinois.
Mary King, Chicago, Illinois.

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

DO NOT be disturbed because of your imperfections, and always rise up bravely from a fall. I am glad that you make a daily new beginning; there is no better means of progress in the spiritual life than to be continually beginning afresh.

—Frances de Sales



CCD AT KINGMAN

(Continued from page 9)

the lay-catechists embrace their important work.

MONDAY morning we began visiting homes. From house to house we went asking parents to be faithful in sending their children to our classes; encouraging some families to attend Mass; explaining to others one or the other truth of our holy religion; and always leaving printed matter to continue the instruction we began in our brief visit.

THEN we recruited all Catholic children from the public school by calling for them ourselves. After they came a few times it was no longer necessary to call for them. They came of their own accord.

AFTER six weeks of intensive preparation—real hard work—our teachers were ready to be received into the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. Their reception was preceded by a retreat which opened on Friday evening and closed on Sunday afternoon. Father George Rheinweiller of Phoenix was Retreatmaster. The teachers sang during the Mass. At Communion time they proceeded to the altar with lighted candles. There they consecrated themselves, through our blessed Mother, to that most noble work of instructing the little ones of the flock.

IN the evening the occasion was celebrated with a party and election of officers. Now the Confraternity was fully organized.

UPON the Pastor's request, His Excellency, Bishop Espelage, O.F.M., permitted us to re-

main in Kingman six weeks longer. This gave us an opportunity to see the Confraternity in action. During this time the census was taken; nine older children made their First Holy Communion; four school children were baptized; adults were instructed. More attention was given to the choir, newly-organized in accordance with the Motu Proprio of Pope Pius X. Altar boys were trained and Our Lady's Sodality was organized for the young ladies.

ALL too soon it was time to say farewell to Kingman. As we drove away, if it had been possible for others to hear what our heart strings were playing, they would have heard the familiar—sad and glad—strains of Humoresque. Needless to say, we were sad to leave a people whom we love, but happy about the spiritual good accomplished among them.

ONE GIRL IN ONE PORT

(Continued from page 15)

"Not necessarily sailors, but boys and girls, men and women who practice devotion to Our Lady as you do."

"But," protested Mike, "what's special about my devotion to Mary? I was almost afraid I'd scandalized you when I said that I was like a big kid with our blessed Mother. I'm not even consecrated to her yet. My girl friend, May, is. She was telling me how your sister Joan had instructed her in what she calls True Devotion to Mary. Somehow, I never could make out what she meant by that term 'true' devotion. Aren't all devotions to Mary true?"

"In a sense, you're right, Mike," assured Jack. "All devotions to Mary of which the Church approves are good and holy. For instance, when you recite your rosary every night, you surely have a true devotion to our blessed Mother. But, neither your rosary nor any other form of external prayer which you could have recited is what we understand by True Devotion. It is deeper than that."

"Deep as the sea?" laughed Mike.

"Deeper still," flashed back Jack. "Deep in your heart, Mike, there is a love for your earthly mother that is *permanent* and *abiding*. So much so that although you do not continually think of her, you can nevertheless say that you love her always. And you do not necessarily love her more at the moment that you tell her of your love than you did five minutes before.

"Well, Mike, it is the same thing in your relations with the Mother of God. It is that *permanent* and *abiding* love for Mary that makes you respect and love her always even though you do not continually think of her that we call, with Blessed De Montfort, True Devotion to Mary."

"In other words," broke in the robust seafarer, "if I get you right True Devotion to Mary is *something interior*. It always remains as long as we do not chase it away, I suppose."

"Yes," agreed Jack, "and it can be augmented and intensified in the measure that we love Mary with the simplicity and obedience of a child."

"You mean that asking her permission to go to the theatre, and doing only what you think is pleasing to her, and treating her as a big kid treats his own mother, that's TRUE DEVOTION?" Mike asked bluntly.

"That's the true spirit of the thing!" maintained Jack Summers. "Saying your rosary every

night was the exterior devotion that nourished and strengthened this love of yours for Mary. It was like a beautiful flower that blossomed on the tree of your interior devotion—True Devotion to Mary!"

"Sounds poetic," whistled the mariner. "And to think that this poor sailor has been practicing that Devotion to Mary without knowing it! Won't May be glad to hear that I already know all about her True Devotion to Mary! And I thought her True Devotion stuff was a complicated affair! . . . Just act like a big kid with the blessed Virgin Mary!"

Triumphantly Jack Summers turned to Red: "Do you grasp it too, Red?"

"So far," blinked the boy. "But what about the consecration?"

"As usual, your question hits the nail right on the head," exclaimed the enthusiastic Jack. "The first step in Blessed De Montfort's True Devotion to Mary consists in consecrating one's whole self with all one's interior and spiritual treasures, even the merit of one's good actions both present and to come. Everything is given over to our Queen and Mother so that she is free to do with them whatever she pleases. This is the first step.

"The second step consists in living this consecration. If you want to know how this is done, Red, ask Mike. He just told us how one sailor does it!"

Jack paused. The big sailor looked at the little man on the barrel. "What do you say, Red?" he asked, "are you joining? I am."

"I don't promise to be a model," confessed Red, "but I'm willing to join an association like that if it succeeds in making a real man out of me as it is doing out of Mike Evans."

"Is it possible for me to make my consecration before leaving again for the deep?" anxiously inquired Our Lady's big sailor.

"You bet," beamed Jack. "And while waiting, all you have to do is to keep on saying your beads every day and love and obey our blessed Mother as you always do."

"And have only one girl in only one port!" was Red Ranny's final admonition.

True Devotion to Our Lady is interior; that is, it comes from the mind and heart. It flows from the esteem we have for her, the high ideas we have formed of her greatness, and the love which we have for her.

—Blessed De Montfort: Treatise, P. 81, N. 106.

War

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

NEW

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

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

Dear Catechist:

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

Name

Address

