

The  
**MISSIONARY  
CATECHIST**



Volume XX

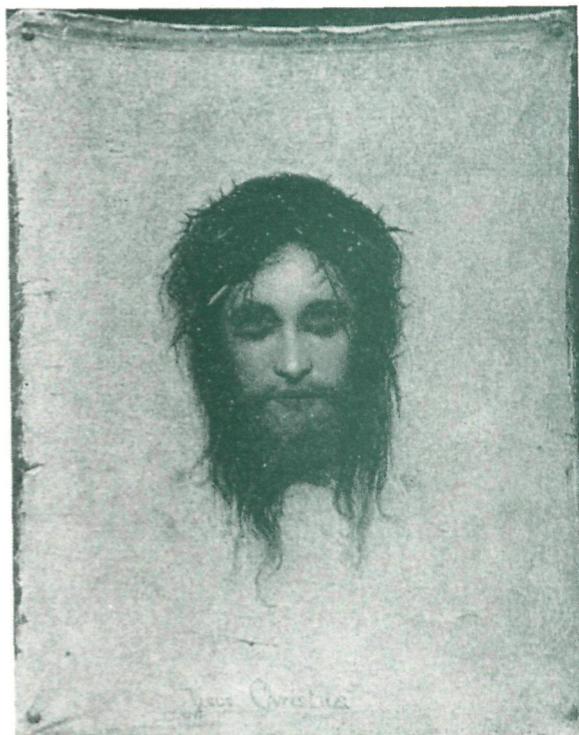
April, 1944

Number 5

# The Holy Face

by Peter O'Donnell

With longing eyes once more I turn to Thee  
Thy holy Face and Light again to see,  
Grant me, O Lord the everlasting grace  
That I may ne'er forget Thy holy Face.  
Give me contrition; help me to amend.  
O Christ, Lord God of Hosts, be Thou my  
Friend.



Gabriele Max

I humbly place myself within Thy Hand,  
To suffer gladly, pain upon demand.  
Never again shall crosses terrorize  
This worthless body which I now despise.  
Never again this body shall offend.  
O Christ, Lord God of Hosts, be Thou my  
Friend.

My God, no pen or brush can ever trace  
The matchless beauties of Thy glorious  
Face.  
No science, art, nor tongue can e'er express  
Its wondrous majesty and holiness.  
Grant me to see Thy Face until the end;  
O Christ, Lord God of Hosts, be Thou my  
Friend.



The late Peter O'Donnell, of Long Beach, California, author of this lovely poem, was a very dear friend of Father Sigstein, the Founder of the Society of Missionary Catechists. Mr. O'Donnell's generous donation of a hundred thousand dollars helped to build Victory-Noll, the Catechists' Motherhouse and Novitiate.



Catechist M. Dorothy McMannon teaches a class of public school children on the stage of the parish hall. Father Frederick M. Bittman, pastor, is in the rear. The trees are part of the stage scenery.—Paulding, Ohio.



"**H**OW wonderful! To be a teacher and not have to bother about teaching any subject but religion!"

This and similar exclamations are often made by young women who visit Victory-Noll for the purpose of deciding their vocation. The Missionary Catechists are, indeed, teachers, and yet they are not confined to the class-room all day long. Their mission is to bring Christ to the spiritually underprivileged children of our vast United States. Their pupils are recruited from the growing army of Catholic boys and girls who, through no fault of their own, are obliged to attend public schools, and in consequence, receive no religious instruction.

At the hour and in the place most convenient for the children of their missions, the Catechists gather the little ones for catechism classes. The hour may be on release time, after school, at noon, or even before the day's school-session opens. The place is, occasionally, the public school building. More often it is the mission chapel, the parish hall in larger centers, a private home, a secluded—or not so secluded—spot in the open.

Adult Catholics, converts and patients at home or in institutions, are also instructed by the Catechists.

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

# Will Any Religion Suffice

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

**T**HERE is nothing which indicates more clearly that most people lack the faintest concept of the character of revealed religion than their frequently expressed belief that one religion is as good as another, that all churches are equally good, that no one in particular is, therefore, necessary.

**N**OT even all religions of human origin can truthfully be said to be equally good, because some of them inculcate a high moral code, while others openly advocate superstition and even immoral practices.

**S**URELY the average American, who is unattached to any religious organization, will agree that Mohammedanism and Shintoism and Buddhism, and paganism generally, are inferior to Christianity. Surely other religious cults of the Orient, which are given to the practice of idolatry, cannot compare favorably with any form of the Christian religion.

**T**HEN among the religions which call themselves Christian there is a vast difference. For instance, the Unitarian calls himself a Christian; but claiming that he does not believe in a Trinity of Persons in God he cannot believe in the fundamental teaching of Christianity, namely, in the Incarnation of the Son of God. He must regard Christ only as a great man delegated by Almighty God to found a religion. But if the Unitarian be right, then practically every other Christian sect is guilty of idolatry.

**E**VIDENTLY a religion having a human being as a founder cannot be as good as one which has God as its founder. Evidently a religion founded by a human being can possess no supernatural and divine helps needed to lead man to a supernatural destiny in eternity. Human religions remain human organizations and are wholly incapable of providing things divine. The established way to the Kingdom of God in Heaven is through the Kingdom He Himself erected in this world.

**T**HЕ counterfeit may produce a coin or a ten dollar bill which only experts can distinguish from the genuine. But only those coins and pieces of currency are valid which are produced under government orders and supervision. The world is full of imitations of Christ's religion, but they cannot be approved or recognized by Heaven.

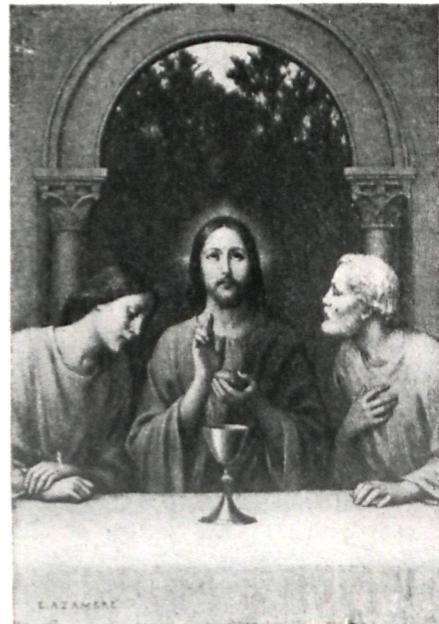
**T**HЕRE is actually a vast and even substantial difference between the Catholic and all other religions. If there be divine sanction for the supernatural effects of Baptism, for sacramental

absolution from sin, for the Holy Eucharist, for the Mass, as Catholics understand them, for the benefit of prayers for the dead, indulgences, etc., then the religious sects which reject such teachings cannot be as good as the Catholic. St. Paul teaches that there is "one God, one faith, one Baptism." (Eph. IV, 5).

**I**F IT be conceded that God is the author of one religion, and of only one, then all other religions, admittedly of human origin, can certainly not be placed in the same category with that one.

**D**O YOU honestly believe that you would be justified in founding a religion and in promising eternal bliss to all who would embrace it and live up to it?

**B**UT would you not have the same right to found a religion as any of the men or women who are the authors of all religious organizations in the world today with the single exception of the Catholic? Consult any encyclopedia, any reliable work of history, and you will be able to learn, without the aid of any Catholic book of instruction, that every form of Protestantism—and there are more than 400 forms—actually had human authors. How can any man presume to offer Heaven to anyone on any terms? He must earn Heaven solely on the terms of God. Religions based on the principle of Private



Judgment nullify the whole purpose of Christ's coming.

**I**F THIS clear fact does not convince the average American, it is due to one of several unsound attitudes. Either he strangely assumes (a) that all people have an inherent right to Heaven or (b) that all religions being human, none has a divine commission to teach, none is competent to aid men except by preaching and exhortation, or (c) he wishes to justify himself for not having affiliation with any.

**T**HE Catholic Church is of divine origin, is commissioned to teach and has power to forgive sins, the only obstacle to salvation; is divinely guided and protected. The Catholic Church is a religious "organism." It has a material body and a spiritual soul just as you have.



The body consists of its members everywhere in the world, wonderfully united in the same faith and practice under the successor of him whom Christ appointed to teach and govern and guide in His stead, and collectively animated by the Holy Ghost, Whom the divine Founder, in keeping with His promise, infused into the body of the Church ten days after His return to Heaven.

**P**EOPLE are influenced by "externals." Houses of worship look alike; clergymen act pretty much alike; all have the Bible; nearly all baptize, recognize some sort of communion. But Catholics believe differently about all these things.

**T**HE Catholic Church is often called the "Mystical Body of Christ," not principally because it is Christ's creation, but because He is directly identified with it. Christ regards the teaching authority of the Church as His own,



its supernatural life-conferring ministry as His own.

**I**T IS quite generally assumed that Christianity is constituted of all religious organizations which pay tribute to Christ, and even of those people, who unaffiliated with any religious organization, choose to call themselves "Christian." But a little reflection, we think, will make it clear that such a concept is wholly erroneous. How can those although holding membership in the various religious groups, who reject Christ in the one character in which He insists on being accepted, namely, as the Son of God Incarnate, lay claim to the Christian name?

**S**T. JOHN the Apostle says (I John IV, 3) "Every spirit that dissolveth Jesus is not of God."

**I**N THE same Epistle, John (IV, 9) says "God hath sent His only begotten Son into the world that we may live by Him:" and (IV, 14) "we have seen and do testify that the Father HAS SENT HIS SON TO BE THE SAVIOR OF THE WORLD."

**I**N CHAPTER V, verse 5, John writes: "Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that JESUS IS THE SON OF GOD."

**I**N VERSE 9, he matches the testimony of God with the testimony of those who extol Christ's holiness and beauty of character while denying His divinity: "If we receive the testimony of men, the testimony of God is greater. For this is the testimony of God, which is greater, because He has testified of His Son."

**T**HIS same Apostle wrote his gospel principally to defend the divinity of Christ. How then can one call himself a Christian who insists on believing as he pleases about Christ? How can a religious organization call itself Christian if

## TRUE DEVOTION TO MARY

Mother Mary, to thy keeping  
Soul and body I confide;  
Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping,  
Be thou ever at my side.

Cares that vex me, joys that please me,  
Life and death I trust to thee;  
Thou must make them all for Jesus,  
And for all eternity.

—Father Faber

JESUS came to earth not only to redeem us but also to teach us the way to Heaven. The thirty years of His earthly life are summed up in these words, "He was subject to them." Can we look upon the holy Childhood and Youth of our Lord and Model without feeling that beneath the mystery of this submission of His there lies a deep lesson for us? Surely He would have us learn dependence—entire, habitual dependence—on Mary. To follow Him we should belong to her and let ourselves be guided by her in all things. This is TRUE DEVOTION to Mary and perfect imitation of her divine Son, our supreme Exemplar.



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## WILL ANY RELIGION SUFFICE?

(Continued from page 5)

it harbors members who reject or even doubt the divinity of Christ? How can clergymen who reject, call in question, or even hesitate to subscribe to the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, call themselves "Christian"?

SINCE it is generally recognized that that portion of the human race which has been under Christian influence is more cultured, why is it that the human race remains, for the most part, pagan? Many Protestant leaders correctly blame "the numerous divisions in Christendom" for the failure to win the Orient for Christ.

IN FACT, the Second World Conference on Faith and Order, held in Scotland in 1936, approved of a declaration which read "we humbly acknowledge that our divisions are contrary to the will of Christ, and we pray God for unity."

IF THESE divisions were held to be contrary to the will of Christ, why are they sanctioned

by nearly all Protestant churches? Why is one schismatic group regarded by the other as equally good? If they be contrary to the will of Christ, then they are not Christian.

ON THE eve of His Ascension into Heaven, when Christ promised to send the Holy Spirit to the Apostles, He said (John XV, 26): "When the Paraclete cometh, Whom I will send you from the Father, the Spirit of truth, Who proceedeth from the Father, He shall give testimony of Me, and you shall give testimony, because you are with Me from the beginning."

THAT testimony, as frequently reiterated in the Acts of the Apostles and in the Apostles' Creed, was to deal chiefly with Christ's divinity, and with the need of unity of faith among all Christ's followers. Yet Bishop William T. Manning, head of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, recently acknowledged that "the Christian Church stands with its witnesses weakened and its message confused by the differences and divisions among Christians." He called this state of affairs "the sin of disunion."

# The Miracle Picture

by Catechist Elvira Vigil

TORREON—accented on the last syllable—is a Spanish word for a strong tower, a great fortress. The village of Torreon in New Mexico takes its name from a tower-like peak in the Manzano Mountains hard by. While visiting the people of the village, I found myself comparing them, too, to strong towers—towers of faith standing firmly against the forces of error and evil which press all around.

We remarked this fact in the home of a dear old lady whom we were visiting, and included her in the number of extraordinarily fervent Catholic villagers. Quickly, with genuine humility, she assured us that she deserved no praise. God had favored her singularly, and, she said, it was only just that she served Him to the best of her mean ability. "Besides," she added, "I have a miracle picture, a visible sign of God's special, paternal care of me."

All unwittingly our conversation led to the unfolding of an eventful chapter in her life-story.

"Come," she said, "I will show you the picture."

We followed her into an adjoining room where she pointed out to us an old print of the Infant of Prague enclosed in a glass case.

"When I was a child," she began her story, "I lived near Seboyeta. In those days Indians used to come from time to time to raid the village. One night they came unexpectedly, frightening the Spanish settlers with their wild war-whoops. At once the men, including my father, took their guns and went out to fight, if need be. The women and children hurried to one of the homes which could be easily guarded. In the excitement several of us children became separated from our families. Before we had time to realize our dangerous state, Indians swooped down upon us. What became of the others I do not know, but I was carried away, a captive, a prisoner of the Indians.

"On and on we rode, through the darkness, I knew not in which direction. At last we came to a pueblo. There I spent many, many sad days. I learned the Indians' way of talking and working. Although I dreamed of home I dared not mention it. I could only pray to God and trust in His merciful aid.

"One day I was so lonesome for home and loved

one that I cried bitterly. For this I was whipped with green willow branches. That was too much for me. When night fell I ran away. All through the dark hours I wandered about with no sense of direction, but morning found me at the edge of the forest. I was happy to be free, but my joy was short-lived for soon I heard the sound of galloping horses' hoofs. Yes, the Indians were following me. I threw myself flat on the ground behind a sage bush and waited. There the thought came to me of our Lord lying in agony in the garden of Gethemene and I begged Him to hide me from my pursuers.

"The riders came nearer, were upon me! I held my breath. Oh, the torturing suspense of those few moments! I can feel the pain of them yet. Thanks be to God, I was not discovered.

"When the sound died away I arose cautiously and peered about to make sure the way was clear. No one was in sight but there on the bush behind which I had lain, was a picture of the Infant of Prague, mounted in a tin frame. I grasped it eagerly, and holding it close to my heart, I knelt to thank God for my deliverance.

"That afternoon I arrived at the hut of a sheep-herder. He was very much impressed with my story, and with the picture which he venerated. Nothing, he said, but Divine Intervention could have saved me from being recaptured, by the Indians.

"The shepherd took me to the little village of San Mateo where the good people organized a *velorio*, an all-night watch of prayer and adoration, in thanksgiving for my escape, which they called miraculous.

"Never in my life have I parted with my *miracle picture* before which I have recourse to God on every occasion, many times a day. It is my one earthly treasure."

This good soul radiates the happiness of a life of union with God. She spends her time in prayer and in works of mercy. By word and deed and example she preaches the truths of that staunch faith and unbounded confidence that is in her. The foundation of her life of deep faith is the "miracle picture" of the Infant of Prague. She is, I thought as we left her home, *el torreon* of faith, a refuge to the weaker souls of the village and an inspiration to all who have the good fortune to meet her.



The Davidson Mansion which recently became the convent home of the Missionary Catechists of Salt Lake City, Utah.

## Half a Century Later

by Catechist Rosario Lara

OUR new convent home, a beautiful work of architecture, stands on the banks of the river Jordan. No, we have not opened a mission center in the Holy Land. This river Jordan is in Utah. Originally it was named *Rio de la Santa Anna* by the early missionaries, Padres Domingues and Escalante, who were among the first white men to come to these parts. At that time Father Escalante, appraising the territory, declared somewhat prophetically: "The banks of the Rio de la Santa Anna are fertile enough to support a mission."

At the coming of the Mormons in 1847, however, Saint Ann's river became the Jordan. These Mormon pioneers saw in it a counterpart of the Jordan in Palestine for it connects Lake Utah, the largest body of fresh water in this intermountain region, with the Great Salt Lake, just as the Jordan connects the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. Next to the Dead Sea, the Great Salt Lake is the saltiest body of water in the world.

In 1893 Mr. Albert Fisher, a successful business man, selected the banks of the Jordan as a site for the home he wished to build. Although the building planned and erected was a mansion, it proved to be first of all a home to this distinguished gentleman and his noble wife. Leaders in the upper stratum of society they were, but first and foremost, they were devoted parents.

The Fishers were renowned for their hospitality, and so the mansion on the Jordan was *home* to many besides the Fishers and the Davidsons. It often was, also, the scene of much pomp and splendor. Priests, bishops, senators were housed and feted there. But the years rolled by, the children grew up, married and bade farewell to the home that was truly dear to them. Only one daughter, Mrs. Fred Davidson, remained.

ON DECEMBER 29, 1939, the Missionary Catechists came to Salt Lake City. Our

first home was at the Guadalupe Mission, a small Mexican mission on the west side of Salt Lake. We named it "Mary Queen of Peace Convent." At that time there were only four Catechists, but even then our living quarters were cramped. In time the scope of our missionary work widened and there arose a need for more Catechists. The coming of four more made it impossible to continue living at the Mission. It was then that Mrs. Fred Davidson offered her home to Bishop Duane G. Hunt, for the use of the Catechists.

TWO Catechist visited the Davidson mansion about six months before we moved there. On entering the home, to their amazement, they beheld an exquisite tapestry of Mary Queen of Peace. This was indeed a coincidence for "Mary Queen of Peace" was the name determined upon for our convent in Salt Lake City before we opened our center there. This tapestry, which came from Brussels, was a precious gift to Mrs. Davidson from a bishop.

WE MOVED into our new home on August 1943. At the end of the hall we have placed a life-sized statue of Mary Queen of Peace. This statue, too, has a story.

THE summer before we came to Utah, two Catechists attended our Mission Helper's retreat which was being held in Chicago over Labor Day. One of the retreatants, Miss Mae Reiss, spoke to the Catechists and told them she wished to donate a statue of our blessed Lady. It seems that Miss Reiss had promised a statue in our Lady's honor if she would obtain the cure of a niece who lay critically ill. The child's recovery was almost miraculous, and the beautiful statue in our convent here is the fulfillment of Miss Reiss' promise to our blessed Mother.

A BRIEF tour of our new convent home would be something like this: As you step into the hall through the front entrance, you immediately see a winding staircase which leads to a balcony above. To the left of the hall is a beautiful, spacious drawing room; to the right of the hall is the dining room. An exit from the dining room, opposite the entrance, leads to another hall. Here you find a back stairway to the second floor. Adjoining the dining room is the kitchen off of which is a breakfast nook and a large screened porch. The drawing room is being converted into a chapel.

ON THE second floor are our sleeping quarters and the community room. A third flight of stairs leads up to a large sleeping porch.

From here you get a wonderful panoramic view of Salt Lake City, wrapped in the mystery of blue haze and half encircled by the snow-capped peaks of the Wasatch Mountain Range. It is a breath-taking sight.

Across from the sleeping porch is a huge attic. Unlike most attics, this one is bright and roomy.

The basement with a big laundry, furnace room, trunk room, fruit room, and club room, completes the tour.

Outside is a two-story garage which we hope to convert into attractive club rooms for the children. Already the gorgeous grounds have proved helpful for our children's parties.

Some day we hope to erect a shrine to good Saint Ann, overlooking the Jordan River, which river to us will always be el Rio de la Santa Anna.

Mr. Fisher, the man who erected the home which is now Queen of Peace Convent, was not a Catholic; neither was the Society of Missionary Catechists in existence at the time of his building. Yet, in the designs of Providence, he was chosen to lay the foundation, as it were, for the fulfilment of Padre Escalante's prophetic hopes voiced more than a century earlier. Today, from the Mission on the banks of St. Ann's River, the Catechists go forth daily to their various centers, to sow the Gospel seed in the hearts of all whom God has entrusted to their care.

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## In The Home Field



Planting Beans in Tijeras, New Mexico  
The women are experts at estimating the proper distance between hills as they throw their seeds in the furrows made by the old fashioned plow. Santo Nino Chapel is in the background.

### NEW PARISHES

ON JANUARY 17 Guadalupe Mission, Salt Lake City, was raised to the rank of a parish. It is now known as the Parish of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Father Collins, who had been administrator of the Mission for about thirteen years, has been made pastor. He now lives in the apartment annexed to the chapel which formerly was occupied by the Missionary Catechists.

This is the second of our missions to be elevated to the status of a parish during the past year. Last summer Bountiful, where Mass had been celebrated once a month for the past two years in the American Legion hall, was made a parish with the Paulist Fathers in charge. The front rooms of their home have been converted into a chapel, and Holy Mass is well attended there each Sunday by the faithful living in that vicinity.

The Paulist Fathers also have charge of Hillfield and Layton where Masses are celebrated in the town halls every Sunday. Both these missions have been started since defense projects were built nearby, drawing families from other localities for this work and also for the farm work, such as beet and tomato raising, and fruit picking.

Three years ago there was only one Catholic woman, and her little daughter, living in Layton. Now more than one hundred persons attend Mass every Sunday, and about sixty children are enrolled in our catechism classes which are held in the public school once a week. Since most of the children live a long distance away, and are brought to school in busses, the Fathers must take them home after classes.

Catechist Edna Like

### BOBBY TAKES OVER

BOBBY was overjoyed when he heard that Father was making arrangements to say Mass in his home. This lad lives in a railroad section house about eighteen miles from our mission center. He would like to attend Mass regularly but that is out of the question for his father is section foreman and works seven days a week, and his mother can't drive the car.

Before the day appointed for the Mass at the section house, we received a telephone call from Bobby. He telephoned from school to tell us that his mother had been called away by the death of a relative.

"Gee, Catechist," he added with keen disappointment, "Mom won't be home to clean up the house so how can we have Mass there?"

We were surprised that a boy as plucky as Bobby would accept defeat so readily in a project very dear to him. "Bobby, Father can't come on the next Saturday because he is going to Lyons," we explained, "Can't you do something about putting your home in order?"

Bobby thought a moment and then answered, "Catechist, I'll get the kids to help! Tell Father we'll be ready."

On Saturday morning when we arrived at the section house for Mass, Bobby, his younger brother and sister, and the other children present were clean and smiling. The boys who lived next door told us proudly: "Catechist, you should have seen us kids helping Bobby. We got the house ready and we shined our shoes too."

Bobby was like a major-domo, showing us where everything necessary was to be found. He rose like a man to the occasion and did extremely well in taking his mother's place, even in receiving Christ's emissary who came to offer the Great Sacrifice in their poor little home.

Catechist M. Gertrude Kelly



Spring Flowers



### THE MAIL BAG HELPS

WHILE we were stopping at one of the filling stations in Elko, Nevada, we noticed a small girl, about eight years of age, smiling sweetly, and seemingly desirous of speaking to us. We hastened to give her the opportunity. In a short time we learned her name, where she lived and that she had been baptized Catholic. Since she could not attend catechism classes, we promised to send her a book which would help her become more familiar with our dear Lord and with His blessed Mother. Ten days after we mailed the book, the following letter arrived:

Eureka, Nevada

Dear Catechist:

I want to write and tell you how happy I am to get the work book "JESUS THE CHRIST CHILD." I like to work in it because I do not get to Sunday school or church very often. I am already on page 60. I hope that when I finish my book I will be able to get to Elko to see you. Some of the questions I am not so sure of and would like to ask you about them.

I am in the third grade and am going to school in the country. There are six pupils in our school. It is called the Jay Dee School.

We live about 65 miles from Elko.

I want to thank you for remembering me and for sending me the nice book work.

Sincerely,

R. Ann Borgna

(The State of Nevada provides a school and a teacher for every district having five or more pupils)

Catechist Eleanor Gerhart

### CARMEN'S SACRIFICE

IT WAS Tuesday afternoon, catechism class day at the lemon camp. The children came running toward us as we left the car, each vying with the others for the honor of ringing our hand-bell which summons the boys and girls for their weekly instruction.

"Carmen can't come today," was the first news we heard. "She is very sick. Lupe hit her in the eye with the heel of an old shoe."

Carmen was a sweet child of thirteen, regular at instructions and painfully conscious of the religious indifference of her elder brothers and sisters. Her parents were separated.

The injury to the eye proved more serious than was at first diagnosed. Soon it became necessary to remove the eye and part of the cheek bone which had been infected. Carmen never regained her strength after the operation. Then, on another Tuesday afternoon, we were told: "Catechist, Carmen died at the hospital. She is all fixed up pretty at her house."

Carmen was indeed lovely in her casket. She was attired like a little bride in snowy white wreath and veil. Perhaps God, in answering her prayers for the spiritual rebirth of her family, had exacted the price of the child's life in payment. If so, she made the sacrifice gladly and it has already borne fruit. Her elder brothers and sisters told us with deep sorrow:

"Catechists, this is a good lesson for us to live better. Our little sister received Holy Communion many times. Her constant prayer was that Mother and Dad would be reconciled before she died. That prayer was answered. On the last day of her life, both parents were with her. She said to them, 'I have been waiting a long time for you, Mother and Dad. I could not die until I saw you together again, as you are now at my bedside.'"

Catechist M. Audrey Daskoski

ABOUT three years ago John injured his back while playing football at school. Since then he has been a model of patience and cheerful acceptance of suffering, edifying all who visit him. His parents are devout Catholics. They live about twenty-five miles from Lubbock, Texas, but whenever their car permits, some members of the family attend Sunday Mass. We should appreciate receiving good books and Catholic magazines for John, who is now eighteen years old; and also a few games that might be played by one lying flat on his back.

Catechist Rose Kaiser

Lubbock, Texas



# Associate Catechists

## THE CHICAGO PROMOTERS' GET-TOGETHER

On February 12th, the Chicago Area of the Associate Catechists of Mary sponsored a special "get-together" meeting and luncheon. Forty of the Chicago bands were represented with Mrs. Fred Kiefer acting as chairman for the occasion.

The following letter received from one of the promoters, voices her appreciation of the luncheon:

Dear Catechist,

You may be interested to learn the reaction of one who attended and enjoyed the first promoters' luncheon in Chicago last week. I think we were all impressed with the theme of your talk at the luncheon—the urgent need of prayer and sacrifice on the part of each one of us to help ransom souls for Heaven, souls who are suffering, but who, therefore, need guidance and encouragement such as the Missionary Catechists are able to give through their apostolate. Your own personal experiences of individual cases in the mission field brought home very forcibly to us this urgent need of more prayer and more sacrifice.

I thought, too, the roll call of each promoter, and the relating of the work her band is doing, gave us a splendid opportunity to discuss our mutual difficulties as well as to exchange ideas on how to renew or increase the missionary spirit of our bands. It was an inspiration to learn of the different religious practices made use of by some of the bands; for instance, one promoter mentioning that all the members of her band receive Holy Communion in a body on the fifth Sunday of the month, whenever it occurs, for the intentions of The Society of Missionary Catechists. I especially liked another band's custom of having a Holy Mass offered on the feast day of their patron saint. Don't you believe these practices must bring particular blessings

from our Lady of Victory? I hope we may all be able to adopt some such salutary practice in connection with our band work.

Mrs. Kiefer, and the members of the committee, who arranged this meeting deserve congratulations and thanks for the excellent arrangements—including the little crepe paper Catechist dolls for favors, making it appear as though all the Catechists were present.

All told, this "pep" meeting should result in more activities (and we hope more bands as well) and I'm sure you must also have felt the feeling of fellowship in work and in the determination to do more and better things for the Missionary Catechists in their God-pleasing labors.

May God bless you and all the Catechists through our Lady of Victory.

Wilma Wengritzky (Lombard, Ill.)

*We're Sorry*

Last month in reporting on Our Lady of Guadalupe Band, Dayton, we mentioned Miss Margaret Karas as promoter of this band. Miss Rose Marie Heier is the promoter of Our Lady of Guadalupe and Miss Margaret Karas promoter of St. Helen's Band.

## A.C.M. NEWS VIA THE MISSIONS East Chicago, Indiana

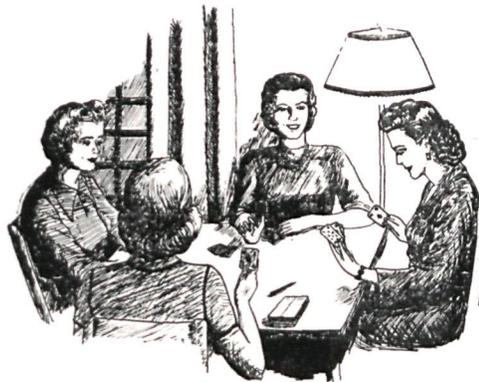
Dear Catechist,

Enclosed is a check of \$50 which is to be credited to ST. GEMMA GALGANI BAND of CHICAGO. MRS. J. VOGT is the promoter, as you know. She paid us a visit and brought the check with her. Mrs. Vogt informed me that



# of Mary

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Mrs. Houlihan made and donated the quilt and Mrs. McMahon and Mrs. Briesch took care of the raffle. They did very well, don't you think, in making so much money on the quilt?

They also have been generous in supplying used clothing for our mission for which we are grateful.

Catechist C. Meister (East Chicago)

Dear Catechist,

Did you know that MRS. BECK OF ST. ANTHONY'S BAND, CHICAGO, had brought us a very good food shower? She also supplied our Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner.

You might be interested, too, in projects worked out by my sister's very active Band in MARSHFIELD (ST. MARGARET MARY BAND of which MRS. E. LEU is promoter). I wish I could show you one of the beautiful dolls which they made for us for Christmas. All my high school girls wanted the dolls. The girls said they were very expensive in the stores. Besides their handiwork and money donations they have a spiritual program. Last year it was the reading and discussion of "The Life of Christ." This year it's "The Walters Family"—excellent for every member of a family, for teachers, etc. My sister said they "discuss it over their lunch" and all enjoy it thoroughly.

Catechist M. Campbell (East Chicago)

Dear Catechist,

I thought you might be interested in knowing that ST. HELEN'S BAND, DAYTON, Ohio, (MISS MARGARET KARAS, promoter) sent us two boxes for Christmas, which contained men's, women's and children's clothing, and dolls and toys. We receive boxes like these every year from them. They really are indefatigable workers and deserve congratulations. In a letter which I received from Margaret Karas, she mentioned that their club donations for the past year amounted to \$153.05. This amount is realized from dues, sales tax stamps refunds, etc. In addition to the amount which they sent to Victory-Noll during the past year, they also sent \$25 to me. I think you will agree with me that they are doing very well.

Catechist E. Cogan (Monterey)

## A.C.M. BAND DONATIONS

January 31 to February 28

Archbishop Stritch Band, Chicago, Miss Helen Gaethke	.....\$10.00
Charitina Club, Chicago, Miss Katherine Hennigan	..... 11.50
Charitina Club II, Paris, Ill., Miss Mary C. Gibbons	..... 5.00
Good Shepherd Band, Chicago, Mrs. H. F. Staley	..... 4.25
Holy Family Band, Chicago, Mrs. Wm. Murphy	..... 11.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Chicago, Miss Mary A. Perkins	..... 11.00
Our Lady of Guadalupe Band, Dayton, Ohio, Miss Rose Marie Heier	..... 2.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band II, Evanston, Ill., Miss Celia Henrich	..... 31.00
Our Lady Queen of Poor Souls Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Margaret Sauthier	..... 5.00
Our Lady Queen of Angels, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	..... 5.00
Poor Souls Band, Berwyn, Illinois	..... 6.50
Srillians of Our Lady of Sorrows, Cheviot, O., Miss Marie Gadzinski	..... 1.00
St. Anthony Band, Chicago, Mrs. A. F. Beck	..... 48.55
St. Anthony Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	..... 8.00
St. Bridget Band, Bellevue, Ky., Miss Grace Kern	..... 5.75
St. Elizabeth Band, Dearborn, Mich., Mrs. M. Donahue	..... 33.25
St. Helen Band, Dayton, Ohio, Miss Margaret Karas	..... 10.00
St. Joseph Mission Society, Baldwinsville, N. Y., Mrs. Mary Bucci	..... 12.50
St. Joseph Band I, Chicago, Miss Anna Knusman	..... 25.00
St. Jude Thaddeus Band, Chicago, Mrs. Chas. Fiala	..... 25.00
St. Jude Band, Fort Wayne, Ind., Mrs. Mary Noll	..... 60.35
St. Justin Martyr Band, Chicago, Mrs. Fred Kiefer	..... 12.00
St. Katherine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Katherine Hammer	..... 40.00
St. Mary Philomena Band, Stevens Point, Wis., Mrs. P. Levenduski	..... 5.50
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Miss Mary Schaefer	..... 10.50
St. Sabina Band, Chicago, Miss Marie Dwyer	..... 10.00



To all our Associate Catechists of Mary we wish a happy, glorious Easter, and we beg our Risen Saviour to grant to each "A renewal of spiritual fervor."

# Lights Glowing

M. M.

IT WAS entirely my fault that I collided with Don Jose, an old Mexican man, and sent his two silver dollars spinning down the sidewalk. I retrieved one of the coins at once; the other had disappeared in the grass. While the kindly old man and I searched for his dollar we became acquainted. Our conversation was sprightly enough for although Don Jose spoke very little English my Spanish was fair.

MY NEW friend talked freely about himself—he had nothing to hide. In the first few moments of our search I learned that he was on his way to the convent home of the Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. It was a long walk, to be sure; and he was tired after a day's labor, and he was old—past seventy—but it had been pay day and so he could not go home to rest until he had made his usual monthly offering "por las luces." The offering was small, much to his regret, because his monthly earnings were only the meagre returns of sporadic employment. There isn't much a feeble old man can do. Besides he had an elderly sister to support. They managed very well, however, thanks be to God, Who never allowed them to miss the pittance they gave por las luces.

"POR LAS LUCES—for the lights?" I repeated interrogatively. The man's eyes twinkled. "Si, si, Senorita, por las luces. The lights? The sanctuary lamp and the Catechists."

CATECHISTS! Lights! The Missionary Catechists were not unknown to me in a general way. Several years before they had been invited to teach catechism and to do social service work in the rather distant Mexican missions attached to our large flourishing parish. Our pastor was enthusiastic over their success. He spoke of them as the "most noble, heroic, self-sacrificing women he had had occasion to meet." He said that they were "unknown to the world because they were buried in the hovels of the poor to whom they ministered for Christ's sake."

SUPERLATIVES in any form leave me unimpressed, and so I remained neutral, not so much as bothering to become acquainted with these new Sisters. Yet, even our pastor had never gone so far as to call them "lights."



JUST then I found the missing dollar. Don Jose no longer seemed interested in it. He was beginning to wax eloquent about the "lights." At first my attention was merely polite; then it became absorbed. Don Jose was a poet, that was obvious. His words—choice, musical Spanish words—were enchanting. They wove something of a spell about me. Much of the charm of what he said is lost when repeated in English; nevertheless, freely translated, it was this:

"YOU DO not understand, no?" he began. "The candle of the sanctuary lamp burns night and day before the altar of Our Eucharistic King. I give an offering to help keep it burning so that it may never cease to proclaim to the whole world that Our Lord is there present, and to invite all to adore and love Him. I ask Him to let the light represent me, for although I wish to be always with Him, the imperious necessities of life force me to spend my time elsewhere.

"I GIVE a small offering to help the Catechists too, for they also are candles before the Lord. The light of their ardent love glows brightly as they kneel in prayer before Him. And when they leave His Presence to perform the works of mercy prescribed by their God-given vocation, they are candles still, candles to the children and to us poor people for whom they sacri-

face their lives. Ah, yes! Candles in the night of this world's darkness, lighting our way in the paths of truth to the very throne of Our Lord and King in Heaven."

THERE was more in this same strain but I was no longer listening. My eyes were glued to Don Jose's animated, wrinkled face. They were not seeing him, however, they were seeing a glorious picture conjured up by my enraptured fancy.

I WAS seeing myself, a beautiful candle burning softly before the throne of our Eucharistic Lord. I was seeing myself, too, a glowing, alluring light, leading little ones irresistibly to Christ and illumining the way for the spiritually weak, the sick of soul, and for the tottering feet of the aged. I was seeing the candle—

which was I—diminishing with the passing years, yet losing nothing of its radiance. Rather, as it decreased, its aureole grew in proportion, drawing ever more souls into the effulgence of its light.

DON Jose must have wondered at my seeming rudeness, for suddenly, while he still talked, I pressed the dollar into his hand and hurried away, without a word. He could not know, of course, that I wished to be alone, to think and to pray, because his words had awakened a beautiful something in my soul which was asking a bold, wonderful question: Could a carefree, pleasure-loving college freshman like me also become a candle of the Lord? A candle white, glowing, lovey, radiating the warmth of Christ's love and the light of His Word to all whom I should meet!



## Reminders

by Catechist Carlotta Baca

That string around your finger—remember how you used to tie it as a reminder of a particular duty to perform or of a certain appointment to keep? It is not a string but something equally as effective that helps one class of my First Communicants remembering to keep an appointment every day. Theirs is a special appointment—to meet God in prayer at the beginning of their waking hours. It didn't take long for them to become regular in saying night prayers, but they remained just as regular in forgetting to pray in the morning. "We can't remember, Catechist," was their constant wail. A string on the finger would not do in this case.

"How about putting something in your shoe at night," I asked.

"That's just the thing, Catechist!" exclaimed one of the boys.

"But what shall we put in?" the class chorused.

"As soon as you remove your shoe at night," I suggested, "drop a few marbles or a top in the toe—or something like that. Then in the morning when you put your foot into the shoe, it will touch the reminder. You will probably still be very sleepy, and you may have to think: 'Why did I put that in my shoe? Oh, yes! I must say my prayers!'"

All were enthusiastic about trying this scheme to outwit their over-developed "forgetters." And it has worked too. One little fellow related the following:

"Catechist, I tried the trick right away, only I didn't have a top so down into my shoe went my little sister's comb. And you know what happened? Next morning my sister was out of bed first, and when I woke up she was looking all over for something. I said, 'Marlene, what are you hunting for? Maybe I can help you.' 'Please do, Pete,' she said, 'My little pink comb is gone.'

"I took Marlene by the hand and showed her what I had done, and told her about the trick. 'The comb in my shoe made me think of something I told Jesus I would do this morning,' I said.

"Now I put a top in my shoe instead of Marlene's comb, but I wouldn't need to because Marlene is my best reminder. Every morning, as soon as she gets up, she runs to see what I have put in my shoe, and says, 'Pete, did you say your prayers?'"

Pete further related: "When I go home from catechism class I tell Marlene all that you tell us about Jesus. (Marlene is three and a half years old) And in the evening she tells Mama the stories that I tell her."



# Loyal Helpers

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Dear Catechist,

Were you disappointed when you opened my envelope? The check (\$2.00) was all ready but for the moment forgotten. I'll make doubly sure I enclose it today.

Rita Lengerich (Decatur, Ind.)

Dear Catechist,

My name is Anna Kramer. I think that the Catechists are doing a great big part to bring the world back to God.

I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade of school. My birthday is February 26th. I am staying with my grandmother and grandfather for the winter. I am not a very interesting person to write about.

I have six sisters and six brothers and a little brother and a sister who died quite young.

I like to cook and sew and also to take care of children. At home I love to pop popcorn. My father raises Hybrid seed corn so you can see why we all like popcorn so well. I go to Mass every morning.

I think you do a very good job in helping the poor children to learn their religion.

I am very much interested in the war against souls and would like to be a fighter to help win that war.

May God bless your work.

Anna Kramer

Dear Catechist,

I received your kind and most welcome letter. I, like other children, am interested in Catholic Action. May I be a co-missionary? If you will send me a Sunshine Bag, I will try to help.

I am going to join a religious order next fall. May God bless your good work.

Your co-missionary  
Barbara Offerle (Fort Wayne)

Ruth Banet is one of our Loyal Helpers who is praying hard for our missions, and also trying to get more Loyal Helpers to join our Prayer Crusade. Ruth is twelve years old and lives in Fort Wayne, Indiana.



We feel like shouting "Hurrah" for the Loyal Helpers who are doing their part so loyally, but instead we shall breath a grateful "Thanks to Jesus and Mary." May God love them and reward them for their zeal!

Have you heard about it—OUR PRAYER CRUSADE? We want at least a thousand of our Catholic youth to join us in prayer for the many souls under our care. Now more than ever there is a need for prayer and sacrifice. Just think what it would mean if we could get one thousand girls and boys to say at least one MEMORARE a day! Our Blessed Mother couldn't resist those petitions, for do we not say "Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary, that NEVER was it known that ANYONE who fled to THY PROTECTION"?



## LOVERS MEET IN EXILE

By Paul Twitchell

A strange story is the tale of two Kentuckians who met in exile.

**D**URING the war between the States, General Paine of the Federal Army, was given command at Paducah, Kentucky, in 1864. He immediately started a ninety-day reign of terror against the citizens, who were Southern sympathizers. Many loved ones were torn apart and sent into exile, while others remained behind in the city jail to be shot for muttering treasonable words or refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the Lincoln government.

**I**N the first batch to be sent into Canada was Susan Russell, a bright and pretty young lady who refused to step off the walk for Union soldiers, when meeting them on the streets. The soldiers had no idea of allowing a woman to go to such trouble, regardless of her sentiment, but they had orders from Paine to arrest any Southerner who refused to do so, and if they did not obey it meant court martial for them.

**S**USAN RUSSELL was torn from her family, sent to Chicago under guard of Negro soldiers, then transported across the line into Canada. She was a stranger in a vast country. Behind, somewhere in the South, was a lover who had promised to return when the war had been won by the Confederacy. He was Alex Montgomery, a member of John H. Morgan's army, and had been captured by the Federals, to be sent to Camp Douglas, near Chicago. Susan Russell did not know this, and wondered why she had not heard from him in months.

**W**HEN she arrived in Montreal her heart was heavy. She wondered where she was to stay that night. She had no money, friends or anything. She was walking down the street when a voice said, "Hello!"

**S**HE turned to face a haggard young man who spoke swiftly: "Could you help a person? I'm awful hungry! I've just escaped from prison in Chicago. I'm a Confederate soldier!"

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I'm Alex Montgomery, Miss! With Morgan's cavalry. I gotta go back!"

"Alex!" she cried. He recognized her, and the strange union of Kentuckians came to a climax in exile.

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Thy cross, O Lord, is the source of all blessings, the cause of all graces. By it the faithful find strength in weakness, glory in shame, life in death.—St. Leo.

Antigo, Wisconsin

Dear Catechists:

I am sending you a real Easter Rabbit this Easter which I know you will appreciate very much. I have been looking forward for quite some time to this day when I should be able to live without the interest on my annuity contract. I believe that day has finally arrived, and so I am sending the interest to you, but I ask one favor which I hope you will grant, and that is that you remember me occasionally in your prayers and novenas.

Thank you, and may God bless you and your good work.

Sincerely,  
J. S.

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One of the greatest tests of being a good Catholic is zeal for the Church and devotion to Christ's Vicar.



### IN MEMORIAM

Martin Schmitt, St. Louis, Mo., father of Catechists Cecilia and Julianna Schmitt.

L. J. Owens, Chicago, Ill.

Joseph John Winkel, Oak Park, Ill.

Kenneth Quinn, Chicago.

William Curtin, Chicago.

George Jautz, Chicago.

Mrs. Sallie S. Ogden, A.C.M., New Orleans, La.

Mrs. Elizabeth Horger, Dearborn, Mich.

Mrs. Mary Sulzer, Atlantic City, N.J.

Mrs. Robert J. Cooley, A.C.M., Chicago.

Miss Mary Mullaly, Troy, New York.

Joseph Lang, Stevens Point, Wis.

Joseph Murphy, Chicago.

Neil C. Mitchell, Chicago.

Benjamin Coles.

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**Y**ES, we are glad to get cancelled stamps. Please send them to Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

# Mission Intention for April

by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell

## "CONTINUED SPREAD OF THE FAITH IN WEST AFRICA

IN THE light of present day war activities West Africa has occupied a prominent place in the headlines. American troops are now located there, as in other sections of that continent, and we know that where our armed forces travel there, too, will journey our interest and affection. Therefore, there should be a sympathetic response to the appeal of the Holy See for prayer during the month of April for the "continued spread of the Faith in West Africa."

AFTER the Moslem invasion which devastated the Christian settlements in North Africa, the next section to feel the beneficent effects of Catholicity was the West Coast. As the Rev. Henry L. Hughes reminds us: "The earliest direct contact between pagan West Africa and European Christendom was established by the Portuguese navigators sent out by Prince Henry the Navigator to explore what was then an entirely unknown corner of the globe. The discovery of the sea-route to India round the Cape led to the establishment at the beginning of the sixteenth century of small fortified settlements at various strategic points along the West African coastline. The Faith—as well as trade—in those days followed the flag and shortly after Catholic Sees, filled by Portuguese missionary bishops, were erected at Cape Verde, St. Paul de Loanda and on the island of San Thome. The decline of Portugal as a Colonial Power during the following century practically involved the extinction of the nascent West African Catholic Church. Had a strong nucleus of Native Christians—such as that which ever since the sixteenth century has existed at Goa in India—survived there is no doubt that the history of the Guinea Coast during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would not have been such a sorry story. As it was, the setback to Christianity coincided with an intensification of the West African Slave Trade."

### *The Port of Embarkation*

TO THE ignominious shame of the white man there were between twenty and twenty-five million slaves exported from West Africa. Thousands of the unfortunates taken from the hinterland and destined for the American plantations passed through Goree Island. Perhaps some of the American boys will visit this spot which is only a mile or two distant from busy Dakar. Today they may witness the same scene which Archbishop Celso Constantini, President of The

Society for the Propagation of the Faith, described so vividly after his trip there. "One may still see the dark prison chambers into which the slaves were huddled," stated His Excellency. "The narrow slits of windows in the ground floor rooms were heavily barred. Each chamber had one door, heavily barred and bolted, which faced the waterfront and was opened only when the slaves were driven on board ship."

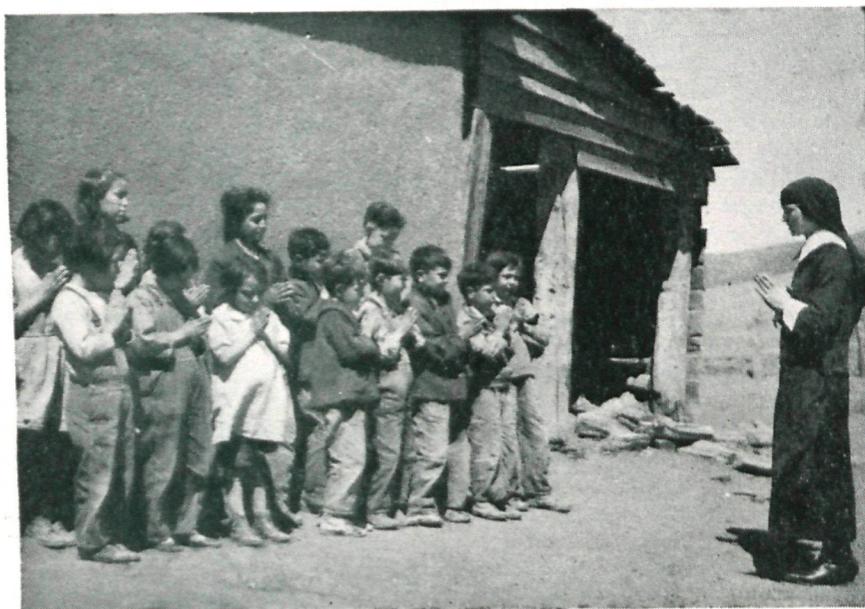
CATHOLICISM proved the champion for these unfortunate victims. Despite the fact that the abolition of slavery would have worldwide economic results, in 1839, Pope Gregory XVI issued his encyclical "In Supremo Apostolatus fastigio" denouncing slavery. Then opened a new era in West African history. Aroused by the spiritual call to arms generous souls espoused the cause of bringing the Faith once more. Don Monnet, Libermann, Vaughn, Ven. Mother Javouhey and Lavigerie were the torches which lighted the way for missionaries to penetrate into the very heart of this pest hole of human greed. And then came that momentous decision. "I am convinced," wrote Father Libermann to Mother Javouhey "that it is only by founding seminaries that we shall be able to save Africa!" It was this same Mother Javouhey who "guided to the steps of the altar the first three Senegalese priests."

### *Repatriation*

FINALLY the West Coast came into its day of greatness. Freed descendants from the former slaves returned from America. Repatriates from Brazil, having absorbed the religion and civilization of their masters, began an immigration before the middle of the 19th century and continued until the second decade of the present century. In particular the Brazilian colony in Lagos were particularly zealous in spreading the Faith. In addition a group of philanthropic Americans conceived the idea of establishing a refuge for freed American Negro slaves. Its government was modeled on that of the United States. An American, Father Baron of Philadelphia, was appointed its first vicar Apostolic and at present the care of the mission states in Liberia is confided to the Society of American Missions.

THE Church has made great progress in West Africa during the past century, but, in order to counteract the great infiltration of the various Protestant sections, the interest of American Catholics is urgently needed. It is for this reason that The Society for the Propagation of the Faith urges the prayers of the faithful during April for "the continued spread of the Faith in West Africa."

*For*  
*Life*



**Not for one month**

**Nor for one year**

**But for LIFE**

**The Missionary Catechists cheerfully bind themselves by vow to the arduous work of imparting the truths of Faith to Christ's little ones in our Home Mission Field.**

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Huntington, Indiana  
Dear Catechists:

I wish to become a LIFE SUBSCRIBER to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

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