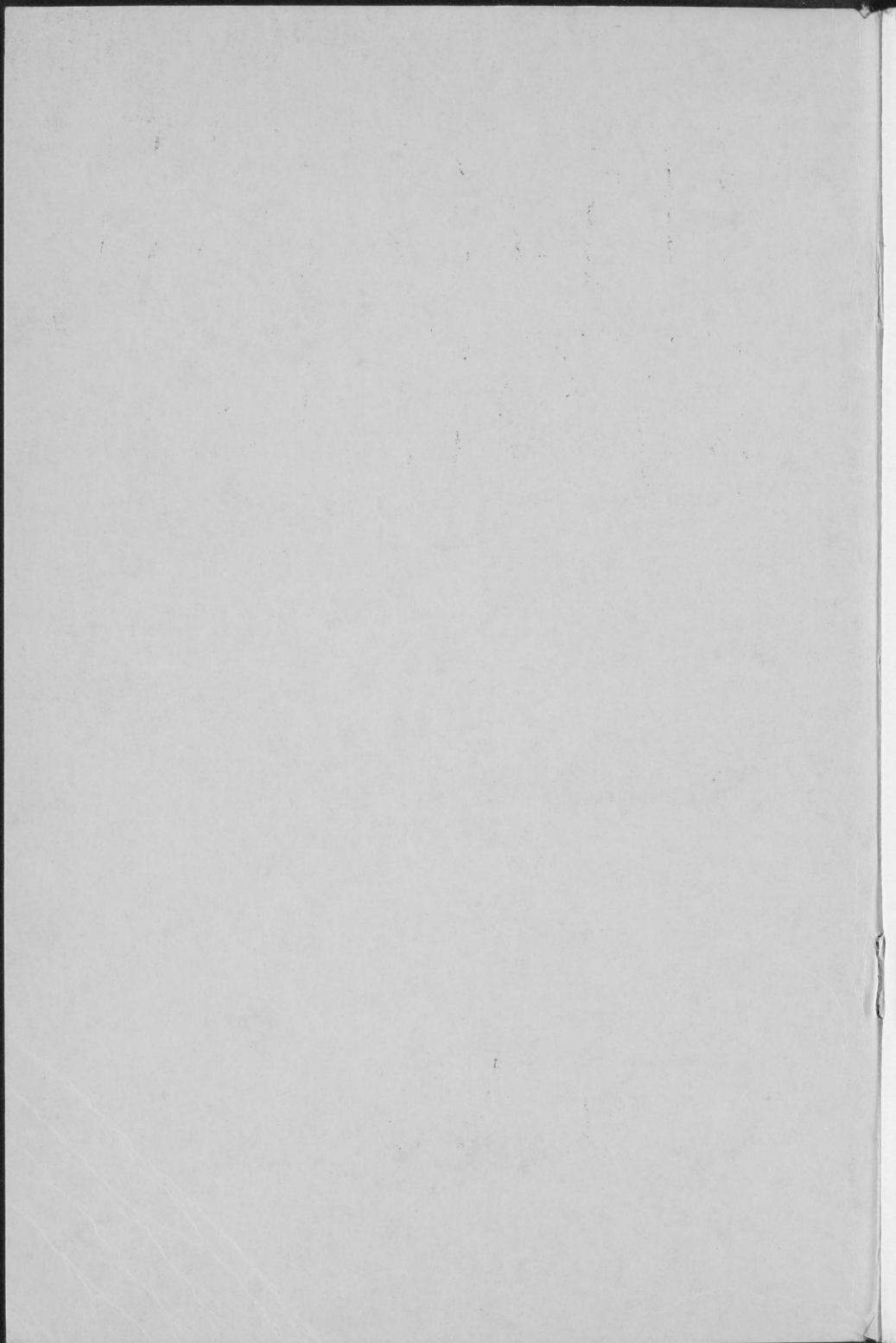


Confraternity of Christian Doctrine
- Religion stories for home and school
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FOR
HOME AND SCHOOL

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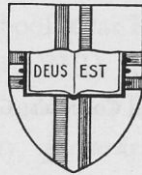
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INTRODUCTION

These stories, taken from authentic lives of the saints and from active Catholic life and practice, are planned to help parents teach religion to their children at home during the *Story Hour*.

In "A Confraternity School Year Religion Course: The Adaptive Way" (3 volumes, Grades I-VIII) and "Religious Vacation School Manuals" (3 volumes, Grades I-VIII), each lesson is presented under the headings: *Story, Pictures, Doctrine, Practice, Prayers*. The present book, RELIGION STORIES FOR HOME AND SCHOOL, contains source material for the *Story* section of many of these lessons. (The lessons are designated under the story titles in the Contents pages, references to the Confraternity School Year Religion Course being preceded by the initials "SY"; those to the Religious Vacation School Manuals by "RVS.")

A short final section includes some additional stories.

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A LITTLE WHITE FLOWER

ST. THÉRÈSE OF LISIEUX

HAVE you ever heard of a Saint called "The Little Flower of Jesus"? She is also called St. Thérèse of Lisieux. The very first name she ever had was a long one but a very pretty one too. It was given her when she was baptized in the church of Notre Dame in the French city of Alençon, where she was born. Her name was Marie Françoise Thérèse. Her parents' names were Louis and Zélie Martin.

Nine children were born in this good Catholic family, and Thérèse was the youngest. If you have a baby brother or sister in your own house, you know that Thérèse was given a great deal of loving and petting when she was small. Her parents loved one another and all their children too, and so hers was a happy home indeed.

Thérèse's favorite playmate was her sister, Céline. They used to have a lot of fun together. They also always tried to help one another to be really good girls. Each of the two little sisters carried a string of beads in her dress pocket. The beads were used to keep count of their acts of sacrifice and self-denial. For instance, if Thérèse took the smallest piece of chocolate cake from the plate instead of the largest one, she offered her sacrifice to Jesus and moved a bead on the string in her pocket. Then at the end of the day she would know if she had truly tried to show her love for Our Lord. Céline did the same thing. It was a kind of game they played to help one another to be better.

The Martins moved to the town of Lisieux while Thérèse was still very little. This was in a very lovely section of the country. The family used to go out walking together on Sunday, and the children would carry baskets to bring home flowers in. Their mother would tell them how wonderful and good God is to give people lovely flowers to enjoy.

See Co-ordination Chart, page VII.

Like all children, Thérèse sometimes did things she was not supposed to do. One day, quite by accident, she tore a small piece of wallpaper from the wall. When her papa came home she told him what she had done. She was not punished because it was not her fault. And her papa was pleased that she had told him herself.

Two of Thérèse's older sisters, Pauline and Marie, were in the convent learning to be nuns. Thérèse liked to say: "I am going to become a nun too." And at the age of sixteen, she left her home to enter the Carmelite convent in Lisieux. Many years later she told her sisters that their good example had made her want to be like them.

"After my death," she said another time, "I will let fall a shower of roses from heaven." The "roses" did begin to fall as soon as Thérèse got to heaven. They were the favors God granted her when she asked Him to help those who wanted to be good. And some of these roses were miracles.

It was Thérèse who first called herself by the name "Little Flower of Jesus." All children are "Little Flowers" in God's garden when they try to please Him and His Blessed Mother.

JESUS IS COMING TOMORROW!

IT WAS Saturday evening and Robert was getting ready for bed. He had taken his bath as he always did on Saturdays and he had put on a fresh pair of pajamas. He tied his robe neatly over these and thrust his feet into slippers. But this was not like any other Saturday in Robert's life. He felt happy and pleased and cleaner than he had ever been before. It was not Mother's special pine smelling soap which made him feel so clean.

Robert knew that he was clean, inside and out. That very morning he had made his first Confession. He had received the great Sacrament of Penance. He had made his Act of Contrition.

See Co-ordination Chart, page VII.

His sins had been forgiven by the priest. After that he had knelt in the church and said his Penance. As he walked home he had said to himself very softly; "Jesus is coming, tomorrow!"

Now it was time to go to bed. It was almost tomorrow. Robert dropped to his knees beside his bed and made the Sign of the Cross. As he said his night prayers he asked Our Lord to bless all of his family and friends. Robert knew that tomorrow he could ask Our Lord even better than he could tonight for blessings. He would be near Him in the Holy Eucharist. Robert could not go to sleep at once. He was excited. There were many things to remember.

For weeks now, the class had practiced how to march into church. Sister had clicked a little gadget that she held in her hand to tell them when to genuflect. She had told them to be certain to keep exactly across the aisle from their partners. Tomorrow they must do their very best. Because tomorrow would not be practice. It would be the great day itself.

In the dim light in his room, Robert could see his new suit hanging. He would wear it tomorrow. And new shiny shoes. And a flower in his button hole. And a white shirt. He would carry his new prayer book and rosary too. As all of these things went through his mind, Robert looked up and saw his mother coming into his room.

"Are you asleep, dear?" she asked. Robert crooked an elbow and propped his head on his hand. "No, Mother, I was thinking," he said. He told her then how he was trying to remember just how to walk in church and genuflect and keep with his partner as Sister said. He told her he was thinking about his new clothes too.

Mother sat down on the chair beside his bed. She reached out and touched him with her hand. "I know how you feel, Robert," she said. "But you are not thinking about the only thing that counts."

Robert knew what she was going to say. But he listened very carefully. "Of course Sister and your parents want everything to be lovely tomorrow. There will be white flowers on the altar and I am sure the boys and girls will look wonderful. But we only do these things in order to honor Our Lord."

Robert sat up straight in bed then and said to his Mother, "I know the important thing, Mother! Truly I do."

"Tell me, dear," she said.

"Jesus is coming tomorrow! Jesus is really and truly coming, His Body and Blood under the appearances of bread and wine. When I make my First Holy Communion, I will receive Him."

Mother leaned over and kissed him.

"I think you can go to sleep now, Robert, if you try."

Mother was right. Robert went sound asleep. And when he awoke it was his First Communion day.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS ALWAYS POOR

BLESSED PIUS X

MORE than a hundred years ago, a little boy was born in a village in Italy. His parents were Signor and Signora Sarto. All babies bring great joy to their parents; but this one brought an extra share, because, you see, his mama and papa had lost two babies before he came. God had taken them to heaven. The Sartos knew that God wanted their babies with Him in heaven. They knew that the two pure little souls were happy there. So they did not complain. But oh, they did love babies!

God is very good to those who accept His Will. So now He sent this new baby to the Sartos. The little one was a joy indeed!

"We will call him Giuseppe!" they decided. Giuseppe is Italian for Joseph. And it has a nickname, just as we call boys named Joseph, "Joe." The nickname for Giuseppe is "Beppo."

The Sartos did not have much money. But they were rich in other ways. God kept on being good to them and before many years "Beppo" was the oldest in a family of eight boys and girls.

Papa Sarto was a cobbler. His trade was making shoes and he could make very fine shoes. But alas! Most of the neighbors were

See Co-ordination Chart, page VII.

as poor as the cobbler so no one worried a great deal about having shoes made. The weather was nice and all the children went about barefooted. This was all right as far as the children were concerned because nothing feels nicer than warm sand under foot. But it wasn't good for business. But this was another matter to be accepted as in the plan of God. So Papa Sarto just did the best he could. Whenever he could find an honest job, he took it willingly in order to support his family. Sometimes he used to sweep out the courthouse and he swept it very well, indeed. And of course as soon as his sons grew older they did their best to earn a small share of coins. And the girls helped mama at home.

Everyone was busy all the time. There were lessons to study and games to play and meals to cook and washing to hang on the line. Beppo's favorite lesson was Catechism. He used to stand very straight and speak most clearly when the priest would ask: "Why did God make us?"

"God made us to show forth His goodness and to share with us His everlasting happiness in heaven."

Beppo wanted to become a priest. He studied hard and his whole family was ever so proud when young Father Sarto was ordained. Now he was teaching Catechism instead of learning it. He liked to teach this important subject. After all, if people knew their Catechism and tried to obey the instructions given, they would go to heaven. And why else was anyone ever born?

Father Sarto was wise and kind. He was a good priest. One day he was made a bishop. Then after a while he became a cardinal.

When the Pope died Cardinal Sarto went to Rome to help elect a new Holy Father. To his great surprise he himself was elected.

"No, no!" he cried out, "I am not worthy to become Pope!"

But the other cardinals told him they thought that he could serve God best by accepting the great office. So he prayed very hard, to learn whether God really wanted him to be Pope. And after praying, he said, "I will accept." As Popes are allowed to do, he chose a new name for himself: Pius X.

He was a wonderful Pope. He was good and kind as he had been all of his life. He still taught Catechism. He loved everyone in the world because he knew that everyone was, in truth, his brother.

He is known as the "Pope of the Blessed Sacrament," because he loved Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist so much and did everything he could to get others to love Him too. A very special thing he did was to let little children receive their First Holy Communion just as soon as they are able to understand that they are truly receiving Our Lord Himself.

When the Pope was old and ill and knew that God would probably take him to heaven soon, he said, "I was born poor, I have lived poor, and I wish to die poor."

He died poor in worldly goods but rich in the grace of God. And after all, what else is important to any one of us?

In 1951 Pope Pius XII declared him Blessed Pius X.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND THE MYSTERY OF THE BLESSED TRINITY

THE name "St. Augustine" is one of the greatest in the Church. But Augustine was not always considered great. In fact, if someone who had known him as a boy and youth had heard a prophecy, "He will become a great saint," that person would have laughed and said, "You can't possibly mean Augustine! He is far from becoming a saint." But nothing is impossible when the grace of God sets to work!

St. Monica was Augustine's mother. He was a great problem to her. She herself was very good and her example was of the best. But that boy of hers! He seemed only to think of fun. And as you know, when fun is the only thing on a lad's mind, he is very likely to get into mischief. And seeing that nothing else was going to

See Co-ordination Chart, page VII.

help, St. Monica determined to pray her son back to goodness. She had to pray for years and years and years. But she did not pray in vain.

Once Augustine was sorry for his sins, he became a devout Christian. He was sorry that he had led people *from* God instead of *to* Him so he began to preach and teach the truths of our faith everywhere he could.

One day St. Augustine was taking a walk along the seashore. He was thinking about the Most Blessed Trinity as he walked. "Three persons in one God!" he said to himself, "I simply can't understand how that can be." He was so interested in his own thought that he almost stumbled over a small form on the beach. He looked down and smiled. He saw a little boy playing in the sand.

The boy was digging a hole. And as soon as it was dug he reached over to the water and scooped as much as his hands cupped together could hold. This he poured into his hole. St. Augustine stood there watching a moment. Then he asked, "What are you doing?" The boy looked up. "I'm going to put the ocean into this hole," he said. "That's silly," said Augustine. "Why you could never, never fit all this water into that small hole."

Now the boy smiled. He stood up and dusted the sand from his clothes. And then he said, "I can do it just as easily as you can fit the big mystery of the Trinity into your small human mind." With that he disappeared and Augustine was alone on the seashore. He knew that he had come upon an angel. The great St. Augustine had learned a lesson.

It is not necessary, nor even possible, to understand a mystery. Faith alone is necessary.

St. Augustine continued his great and good work for the rest of his life. And until this day, we have his writings to guide us on the teachings of the Church.

A GOOD LITTLE GIRL

ANNE DE GUIGNE: born April 2, 1911, died January 14, 1922

ANNE DE GUIGNE was a little French girl. Her father and mother were the Count and Countess de Guigne. These titles mean that the family was important in France.

Anne was to live only ten years but they were very special years because she learned in that short time to love God and His Blessed Mother very much. She also learned to live in God's grace.

As a very small child, Anne had as many faults as most children. But she tried to overcome her faults. And she succeeded.

Anne's daddy was a soldier in World War I. Tiny as she was, she was sad to see him go away. She was sorry to see her mother cry when she kissed him and said, "Good-by."

And then the bad news came that her daddy was killed. Anne was not yet five years of age but she understood about death. She knew that those who died in the state of grace went to heaven. She believed that those who love on earth will meet again in eternity.

God's grace was working in Anne. Even though she was little more than a baby, she began to try to correct her faults. She decided that her greatest fault was disobedience. When she heard a priest speak to a group of children on this subject, she made up her mind to do something about this offense. She couldn't write very well because she was such a tiny girl. But she was very sure of what she wanted to say. She decided that if her promise were written, she could keep it better. So she had someone older than herself write this statement: "My Jesus, I love You, and to please You, I make the resolution to obey always." Anne was faithful to this promise. She had to make sacrifices to keep it but she didn't mind these. They were for the sake of Jesus.

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Anne became such a good little child that her mother took her to prepare for Holy Communion even though she wasn't yet five.

She studied her prayers and her catechism but she was so young and so tiny! The Bishop hesitated to let her receive First Holy Communion when he saw her. But she was examined by a priest in authority, and he said that she was indeed ready to receive Our Lord. How happy Anne was! How delighted her mother was too!

Her First Holy Communion day was the happiest of her short life. Everyone who saw Anne knew that she was happy. Everyone could see from her shining eyes, from her short skipping steps all day long, that she was loving Jesus who had come into her heart, very much.

When it came time for Anne's little brother to prepare for Holy Communion a year or so later, Anne helped him with his lessons. She told him how wonderful it was to receive the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. Anne loved her brother and was kind and helpful. But this had not always been so. When he had been born Anne hadn't liked all the attention and love he received. She used to play unkind tricks on him. That was before she really truly worked at being good.

Once Anne set her mind and will on being truly good, she was kind to those about her. She did not insist on her own way. If there was a choice of a game or a treat she would ask her companions, "What would you like?"

When Anne was eight years old she became ill. She began to have most severe headaches. The doctor said that Anne should lie quietly on her back for hours at a time. This was of course hard for a little girl who liked to play and run. But Anne offered up her sacrifice to our dear Lord. She accepted her suffering as His holy Will. She did not complain. She was glad to help Him carry His cross. Anne was only ten years old when Our Lord came to take her home with Him to heaven.

A MATTRESS FOR LITTLE JESUS

ANNE DE GUIGNE'S SACRIFICES

WHEN Anne de Guigne, the little French girl, was just five years old, she cried because she didn't know how to make a mattress for Baby Jesus. She told the Sister in school that she hadn't learned to sew and she couldn't make a warm soft bed for the Christ Child. But Anne learned how!

Sister told her, "You must make a beautiful resting place for Him in your heart, by taking away everything that could displease Him. This means that you must make many little sacrifices. Then you must make a big soft mattress of charity for Him to lie on. The way to make this mattress is to love Him very much and everyone else for His sake." Anne listened eagerly and promised to do her very best.

Anne kept her promise. It was not easy. But the sacrifices she was called upon to make were the ordinary ones any child can offer. When cake was passed to the children, she would take the smaller piece so that her brother might have the larger one. She did this for love of Jesus. She planned nice things for the other members of her family. She performed her own small duties carefully. She tried to love everyone. Was not everyone a brother to Jesus?

When she was eight years of age and became ill she accepted her suffering saying, "We must suffer something for Jesus." She was very good about her illness. She did not complain and she did not make her mother feel sad. Instead she accepted her pain as part of the Will of God.

Anne hoped to become a nun. "Why?" she was asked. Anne replied, "I want to be a nun for the glory of God." After all, what other answer should any of us give for what we want to do or be on earth?

You may want to be a teacher. A mother or a father. A priest or a Sister or a Brother. An engineer. A doctor. A nurse. A farmer. No matter what you want to do, you must do it for the love of God if it is going to help you arrive in heaven. Anne realized this. She had learned what making a mattress for Jesus meant. It meant making a place in her heart for Him.

When she was very sick and her mother would sit by her bed through the long night hours, Anne would whisper, "Do go to bed and get your rest."

Anne died when she was ten. Hers was a short life and a good life. She found Jesus in all her friends, in her family, in all the good things around her — the flowers, the clouds, the stars. She saw Him everywhere. And this was because He was always in her heart, which she kept warm for Him by her love.

THE STORY OF TWO SONGS

ST. PATRICK AND THE SHAMROCK

IRISH people are very fond of singing. Because Irish songs have such gay, rippling tunes, they are known and liked throughout the world. As you know, you can't turn on the radio when it is near the feast of St. Patrick without hearing such songs. They are very bright and gay and make you want to tap a foot in time to them.

Did you ever hear the one called "The Dear Little Shamrock"?

It tells the story of St. Patrick and the shamrock. It is a very important story. Here are the words:

THE DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK

There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle,
 'Twas St. Patrick himself sure that set it;
 And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
 And with dew from his eye often wet it.

It shines through the bog, through the brake and the mireland,
And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland,
The dear little shamrock, the sweet little shamrock,
The dear little, sweet little shamrock of Ireland!

As you probably know, St. Patrick was sent as a missionary to Ireland. He was sent to convert the people. His task was to tell them about the one true God. He was very successful. But his work was by no means easy. Before the time of Patrick, the Irish people were pagans. They believed in all kinds of strange gods. They did not want to hear about this one true God. In fact, the king told everyone not to pay any attention to Patrick.

"Do not stand up when he comes near," he said. You know how you always stand to show a priest respect when he comes into the room. Well, the king did not want the people to respect Patrick, even though he was a priest.

One day the king and all of his court were gathered in a lovely green field. There are many such beautiful fields in Ireland. St. Patrick came before them. One little page boy stood up. He could not help himself. The others were quiet so Patrick began to talk. He said: "There is only one true God. There are three Divine Persons in this God. They are the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost."

The faces before him looked puzzled, so St. Patrick leaned down and picked a little plant which was growing at his feet. It was a plant which looked somewhat like clover. It had one stem and three separate leaves. It was a shamrock.

"This little plant will give you an idea of the Trinity," he said. "Look, here are three leaves on one stem. Just as there are Three Persons in One God."

The people nodded and smiled. That was simple. It was not hard to understand. They listened carefully to all the wonderful things Patrick went on to tell them about God. After that, many asked to be baptized.

Let me tell you about another Irish song. This one was written by St. Patrick himself. It is really a prayer which asks the Blessed Trinity to help all who believe in Christ. St. Patrick wrote it and sang it one day when he and his followers had to march by some enemies who were waiting to do them harm. The enemies did not see Patrick and his men even though they walked right past them. They saw instead a mother deer and her young. It was a miracle, of course. Some people call this prayer-song THE DEER'S CRY. Others call it ST. PATRICK'S BREASTPLATE. A breastplate is made of metal, and the prayer was truly a breastplate that protected the Christians from their foes. Part of it goes like this:

God's hand for my cover,
 God's path to pass over,
 God's buckler to guard me,
 God's army to ward me,
 Against snares of the devil,
 Against vice's temptation,
 Against wrong inclination,
 Against men who plot evil,
 Anear or afar, with many or few.

Christ near,
 Christ here,
 Christ beneath me,
 Christ within me,
 Christ behind me,
 Christ be o'er me,
 Christ before me.

Christ on the left and the right,
 Christ hither and thither,
 Christ in the sight

 Of each eye that shall seek me,
 In each ear that shall hear,
 In each mouth that shall speak me. . . .
 Christ not the less
 In each heart I address.

I bind me today, on the Triune I call,
 With faith in the Trinity-Unity-God over all.

It is always wise to ask for protection in time of danger. The Sign of the Cross is a very good way to ask protection. Every child should use this wonderful means of help.

NOE AND THE FLOOD

THERE was a time when God looked down upon the earth and was not pleased. He looked upon the lovely flowers He had made; the cool, clear waters, the big, green forests and the towering mountains; and yet He was not pleased. The earth and everything in it had been created for the enjoyment of mankind. In return, God wanted mankind to love Him. He wanted them to be good, so they could all come to heaven when they died.

The people on the earth were certainly enjoying everything God had given them; but they were by no means thinking of God and His goodness to them. They were thinking only of themselves. They were very wicked. They committed sins and sins and sins.

But there was one man who was good. His name was Noe. He had remained faithful to God.

God decided He would punish all the wicked. He spoke to Noe. He told him that He was going to destroy the earth and everything in it, except Noe and his family. There was going to be a big rainstorm. It would last for forty days and forty nights. Everyone would be drowned.

Now the plan which God had for Noe was this. Noe was to build an ark. This was a special boat. God even told Noe the exact size to make it and the kind of materials to use. When it was completed, Noe and his sons and their wives were to get in it. They were also to take into the ark two of every kind of living creature on the earth.

Noe followed instructions. And it began to rain! Oh, how it rained! As it continued, the waters grew higher and higher. The

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boat lifted higher too. Soon the tree tops were covered. And then the low hills were gone. At last even the highest mountain peak was under water. And the rain ceased.

Noe opened a window and looked out. He took a raven and set it on the window ledge and it flew away. It did not come back. Maybe it found food on a mountain which was drying out. Maybe it perched on top of the boat.

Noe opened the window again. This time he sent out a white dove. The dove came back with a branch from an olive tree in its beak. Noe let it go again and it did not come back. Noe decided that the storm was over. So he and his family and all the animals went out on the dry land.

The first thing that Noe did was to build an altar so that he might offer sacrifices to God. This pleased God and He blessed Noe and his sons. He told them to establish homes and to have families and to enjoy the earth. He also made them a promise. He said that He would never again destroy the earth by flood. And He gave them a sign.

The sign was a rainbow. A beautiful band of many colors was seen reaching from the sky to the ground. This was a reminder that God had promised the earth would not be destroyed by water again. God spoke to Noe about this "bow in the clouds." His words were: "This is the token of the covenant which I establish between Me and all flesh that is on the earth" (Gen. 9:17).

THE LITTLE WAY OF ST. THÉRÈSE

ST. THÉRÈSE of Lisieux, as you probably know, was the little French girl, Marie Françoise Thérèse Martin, who is known as "The Little Flower."

Everything that Thérèse did was "little." But little by little, she reached heaven. And she showed us how we can do that very same

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thing. When she was very small she discovered what she called "the little way." Thérèse tried to please Our Lord in the everyday problems which came to her.

The temptations which she had as a child were like those of other children. For instance, she used to grow cross with her sisters. On one occasion she shoved and slapped her sister, Céline. As soon as she had done this naughty thing, she was sorry. She ran and told her mother what she had done.

She loved her mama and papa dearly but this did not prevent her from hurting them occasionally. One day her papa came from work and Thérèse was having a lot of fun swinging out in the garden.

Papa called: "Come give me a kiss, Little Queen!" (That was his pet name for her.)

"If you want a kiss, come and get it," answered Thérèse, without leaving her swing. Her big sister said: "Thérèse, you should be ashamed. It is rude to answer Papa that way."

Thérèse at once began to sob and cry. She ran as fast as she could to Papa and asked him to forgive her.

Something similar happened with her mother. On her way downstairs, one morning, Mama came into Thérèse's room for a kiss. But Thérèse hid her face in the blankets and would not greet her mama. A few minutes later, however, Thérèse was out of bed and crying as though her heart were breaking. Her mother lifted her and hugged her gently.

Thérèse did not want to offend God any more than she did Mother and Father. She decided to try to do everything He wanted her to do. She made up her mind to say "Yes" to God when she knew what He desired. She did this in small things, and as she grew older, she was able to do it in large and important things. But her way was always "a little way."

When her playmates hurt her feelings, she did not say anything about how bad she felt. She was all smiles by the time she came home from school.

Later in her life, Thérèse said that at that time she would have offered her hurt feelings to God if she had been advanced enough in virtue. As she grew older, she learned to offer any human slight to God. A prayer which her mama taught her was often recited by the small Thérèse:

"My God, I give You my heart. May it please You to accept it, so that no creature can take possession of it but You alone, my good Jesus!"

While Thérèse was still just a girl she wanted to be a nun. First she spoke about this to the Sisters in the Carmelite convent at Lisieux. They said she was too young. So Thérèse went to Rome to see the Pope, Leo XIII. She pleaded with the Holy Father to give her his special permission to become a nun. He granted her request.

In the convent, too, Thérèse found many "little" things to do for God. No sacrifice was too small to offer to her Jesus. For a long, long time, every day, just one act gained great merit for Thérèse in heaven. This is what it was: In chapel, Sister Thérèse's place to kneel was right in front of an old nun who always rattled her beads while she prayed. Thérèse did not like to hear this noise when she was thinking about Jesus, and the Blessed Mother, and the Saints. She wanted very much to tell the old nun to keep the beads quiet. She thought of asking the Superior to change her place in chapel. Sometimes, she longed to turn around and glare at the old nun. But Thérèse did none of these things. She just offered up the little trial to Jesus. When she met the old nun outside the chapel, Thérèse always smiled sweetly and made a special effort to be kind to her.

This "little" sacrifice, and others like it, helped "The Little Flower of Jesus" to become the great St. Thérèse of Lisieux.

A GIRL WHO DIED FOR GOD

ST. AGNES OF ROME

THERE lived in Rome, a long time ago, a charming young girl named Agnes. Agnes was a Christian and she loved her faith dearly.

It was not easy to be a Christian in those days in Rome. The followers of Christ were persecuted and often killed. Agnes knew the state of affairs in her city. But she was not frightened. After all, the soldiers could do no more than kill her. She knew that a martyr's crown was a sure way to heaven. Why should she be afraid? She only prayed for grace enough to be strong, should she be put to a test.

When Agnes was twelve years old, she was called on to prove her love for God and her hatred of sin. She was rudely summoned to the Emperor's court and told to renounce Christ and all the truth He had taught. She was told to give up her vow of absolute purity of life.

Although Agnes was so very young, she was strong in grace. "No! No!" she cried out over and over again.

We are told that Agnes was very beautiful and that she always dressed in a modest way. The pagans knew that modesty was a treasured Christian virtue. So they pulled Agnes' clothes from her. Agnes succeeded in dropping her long and lovely hair about herself as a protection against the staring eyes.

She was then told that she must commit a sin. The sin she was asked to commit was one against purity. Of course Agnes said "No."

The poor girl was tortured without mercy, but she did not yield. At last her sufferings ended, for Agnes died.

Where did she go? Where martyrs always go — straight to heaven.

GOOD-BY TO FATHER TOM

IT WAS a very sad day for all the people in the city of Nancheng, China. Father Tom was leaving them. They knew they would have to say "Good-by."

The little children knelt down in the street and said a prayer for their friend. The priests said prayers for him too. And so did the Sisters. The Bishop was praying too. Father Tom was dying.

For fourteen years, Father Thomas Ellis had been living among the people in Nancheng. He had worked with them; had taken care of them when they were sick. He had taught them about God. He had found clothes for those who were cold. And there just didn't seem to be any trouble that Father Tom couldn't make lighter. There certainly had been a great deal of trouble and hardship to share during those years in China.

Father Tom had come as a young missionary priest from his home in Ireland in 1931. He was a member of the Columban Fathers, which is a great missionary Order. There had been war and famine and disease to fight in China. Most of all there had been souls to save. Father Tom had been very busy. It was through his work that a small hospital was built. Then he started a printing press so that people could have honest work to do. He started other little shops too. The people were very grateful.

Then a dreadful disease came to the city. It was called the bubonic plague. Many people are afraid to go near those who are sick from this disease. They are afraid they might catch it too. Father Tom was not afraid. He went everywhere, taking care of those who were suffering the most. He did not get the plague.

Once he saved his Bishop's life. A man who hated God was going to strike the Bishop. Father Tom stepped in front of him and he was saved. Once the Communists led Father Tom away and everyone thought he would be killed. But he came back. When

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he came back he sang a gay little song for the children so they would not be afraid. No wonder everyone loved him.

It was no wonder either that on March 8, 1945, the people cried. Their friend was dying of another bad sickness — typhoid fever. He was very weak and tired because he had worked so hard looking after the Chinese, body and soul. He had not strength enough to get well. So the people told him good-by, and God called him home. But they are remembering in China the things Father Tom taught. And they hope to see him in heaven.

CITIZEN AND SAINT

ST. FRANCES XAVIER CABRINI

JULY 15, 1850, was a date long to be remembered by the Cabrini family. On that day the thirteenth baby was born and baptized. She was a lovely little infant and was welcomed joyously by her father and mother and brothers and sisters. But none of them suspected that God had sent a very special gift, not only to their household, but to the entire world when Mary Frances was born. They did not know that she was to grow up to become a good and great missionary; a foundress of a religious Order and the first American citizen ever to be canonized a saint.

The Cabrinis lived in a comfortable farm house in the green and beautiful country of Lombardy, in Italy. They were honest and hard-working people, grateful to Providence for everything good which came to them.

The sun was shining overhead and the sky was a clear blue that summer day when the family awaited the new baby. Augustine, the father, was in the courtyard threshing grain so that he would be near at hand if his wife should need him. As he worked, a strange thing happened. A flock of white doves flew down and settled on the ground about him. When he attempted to drive

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them away, the pretty creatures fluttered their white wings, but did not leave. Smiling, Augustine stooped down and picked up one of the birds to take into the house and show his wife and children. Shortly after that, the baby was born. The Cabrinis all thanked God for her safe arrival and they could not but think that the doves had been sent from heaven to announce her coming.

That very same day, the tiny baby was bundled in a soft shawl and carried to the parish church to be baptized. How happy everyone was! How fortunate they were to have another stainless soul in their midst!

Frances grew up with good examples about her in her brothers and sisters and parents, and she learned her Catechism and prayers most happily. She received our dear Lord in Holy Communion when she was ten and was confirmed at an early age.

Even while she was small she began to talk and dream of becoming a missionary and of winning souls for Christ. However, her wish was not to be granted without discouragement and hardship. First of all, she was a delicate girl. It did not seem likely that any religious community would accept her. And there was no Order which was dedicated to the missionary work of God as she wanted to do it.

As a young woman, Frances taught school. She nursed the sick. She was cheerful and kind. And one day her Bishop sent for her and told her that she should undertake to establish a special Order herself.

"If you wish to become a missionary," the Bishop told her, "the time is ripe. We need a community of missionary Sisters; you must found one."

This is how the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart were founded. More directions were yet to come to Frances Cabrini, telling her exactly how she could best carry out God's appointed task. Pope Leo XIII said to her: "Not to the East, but to the West."

When the Foundress of the Missionary Sisters learned of the need in the United States for help such as she and her devoted companions might offer, her way was clear. She would cross

the ocean and be of assistance to the troubled and sometimes bewildered Italians who had gone to America. She too would become an American citizen, and would teach them how to love God, and by loving Him, how better to love their new country.

Mother Cabrini worked in America for twenty years. She visited many cities and established schools, orphanages, and hospitals. Today older residents in many cities can point out places and rooms where this saint worked and prayed. One can see beds where she slept, clothes she wore, and kneeling benches where she prayed.

It was in Seattle, Washington, that Mother Cabrini took out her citizenship papers. She worked in California, Colorado, Illinois, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey.

Mother Cabrini died in Chicago December 22, 1917. Her body now rests in New York beneath the main altar of the chapel of the Mother Cabrini High School. Thousands of people go there to pray and to implore her help.

Because Mother Cabrini had such a deep interest in our country while on earth, we think she still loves the United States, her adopted country. She was canonized by Pope Pius XII in 1950. She is our first citizen saint.

CHRIST'S STRONG FRIEND

ST. CHRISTOPHER

This is a special kind of story. It is called a Legend.

THERE was once a heathen king who had everything of worldly goods his heart desired. But he was not happy. He did not have the one thing he wanted above all else. He wanted a son.

He looked out the wide windows of his vast castle and sighed. Before him stretched many rich fields. And all of them belonged

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to him. Beyond these were the wooded forests where he could hunt and enjoy himself. And the whole forest belonged to him. Further in the distance, he could glimpse the mountains, which he could climb anytime he took such a fancy. And the mountains all belonged to him. He wanted a son and heir for all of this! He wanted a little boy of his own.

The king's wife did not content herself with wishing and sighing. She was not a heathen. She was a Christian and knew where to turn for help. The queen asked Our Blessed Lady to ask her Son to grant a favor. The Blessed Mother heard the queen's prayer, and a boy was born. His father, being a heathen, of course chose a heathen name for the child. The name was Offerus.

Offerus was very much loved by his parents. He grew and was sturdy and they were very proud of him. In fact he was bigger than any other boy his age and he was ever so handsome. His muscles rippled when he flexed his arms and he was outstanding at any kind of game. In addition to this he was good and kind.

Now in spite of his good looks and his success and his doting parents, Offerus wasn't quite happy. He always had the feeling that there was something in life which he had not yet discovered. He decided to leave home in search for it.

Offerus was really looking for God although he didn't realize that that was what his life lacked. He said, "I will travel through the world and I will serve the strongest and bravest leader I can find."

Offerus did serve more than one leader in his journeying but never did he find a man always brave and always strong. At last he met a hermit. The hermit was a very holy man. He began to tell Offerus about God. He taught him his Catechism. One day Offerus said, "I would like to be baptized." He had decided that no one could ever be braver or stronger than Christ. After all Christ had never been afraid. He had died willingly for the sake of all mankind.

Offerus received a new name in Baptism. He received a very beautiful one. He was called Christopher which means "Christ-Bearer."

Christopher was happier than he had ever been in his life. He made his home near a raging stream which was very hard for people to cross. The current was so swift that it would wash their feet right from under them and send them sprawling.

Christopher offered to carry people across on his strong, wide shoulders. He wanted to perform this favor for the love of Christ. One day a very unusual boy asked to be carried across. Christopher swept him into his arms and started into the wild water. He had hardly gone a step when he realized that this little child was the heaviest passenger he had ever had. The more steps he took, the more certain he was of this odd fact. Finally he asked the boy, "Who are you?"

The Boy answered, "I am Christ, the Redeemer of the human race."

Christopher understood the strange weight. Anyone who carries Christ must share His cross. His cross is heavy. In working for the love of Christ, Christopher was carrying his dear Lord each time he stepped into the stream.

The Boy told Christopher to plunge his staff into the ground beside the stream. The next morning it was still there but it had turned into a palm tree laden with fruit. Many people came to see the tree and many were converted.

When the ruler of the country heard about this great interest in a Christian and a holy miracle, he gave the order that Christopher's head should be cut off.

So Christopher became a martyr. He was glad to die for Christ. He wanted to show his love for the dear Redeemer — and what greater way could he show it than by dying for His sake?

A SOLDIER ALONG THE KING'S HIGHWAY

JUNÍPERO SERRA, O. F. M.

IF YOU should travel along any of the beautiful highways in the green and rolling countryside of California, you would notice certain signs, marked by mission bells, which read, "El Camino Real." That is Spanish for "The King's Highway" and has reference to the trail which leads from one mission to another and was once the property of the King of Spain.

If you had studied how Christian civilization came to that rich and flourishing section of our United States, you would know that these signs might as truthfully refer to the possessions of another King. They could mean Jesus Christ, the King of heaven and earth.

Let us consider how the California missions came to be established. Let us get acquainted with one of the King's most courageous soldiers, Father Junípero Serra, O. F. M., a Franciscan priest. He was a soldier who never aimed a pistol nor thrust a sword. Yet he fought with great bravery for Christ, the King.

It was on November 24, 1713 that a pious Catholic couple named Antonio and Margareta Serra became parents of a son. They lived in the village of Petra on the island of Majorca, near Spain. The infant was carried to the small church of the Franciscan Fathers that very day and was baptized. He was given the name Michael Joseph. He took that same name again, some while later when the Bishop came to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Michael Joseph was a happy child. His father worked at the tasks of a laborer and his mother devoted her time to looking after the needs of the family. But there was always time to pray together and to have some fun too.

One of the things Michael Joseph liked best was to accompany his parents to the Franciscan church and to attend services there. He liked to watch the candles on the altar and the flowers, and to listen to the deep voices of the Fathers in the Latin chant. He

understood that our dear Lord was present on the altar and he came to love the Blessed Sacrament devotedly.

He grew up knowing that his parents were good, because they lived according to their faith. He tried to do the same. He went to school to the Franciscan Fathers and it was not surprising that when he was seventeen years old he asked to be admitted to the Order. He was quite delighted when he was accepted, and he took the name of Junípero.

By the time Junípero was ordained he had established quite a reputation for himself as a speaker and writer. Had he so chosen he could have become a very famous preacher and scholar in Europe. But that was not his wish. He wanted to travel to a missionary country where he might bring more souls to Christ.

In 1750 he was sent to Mexico where he labored diligently for nineteen years. At the end of that time he began the wonderful work for which he will always be loved and remembered. He began the founding of the Alta California Missions.

By this time Father Serra was no longer a young man. Besides he was lame from an ulcerated leg which had never healed. But he was sturdy in heart and in spirit and he happily traveled up and down the primitive trails of this new country. His sandaled footprints became a familiar marking on the long tiresome journey between missions. But he was eager to go. He was needed by the soldiers, the Indians and the Spaniards.

The Indians were ignorant and poor. Father Serra was their friend. He taught them about God and he also taught them how to live better. He showed them how to plant their grain and fruit properly, to make soap and weave cloth, and to build homes and churches. Everyone was happier after Father Serra and his faithful followers came to California. His own hope and faith in God was an inspiration to others when hardships were to be overcome. His quick prayer of gratitude when things went well taught others to thank and praise their Father in heaven.

By the time of his death, he had instructed over 5,000 souls. When he died on August 28, 1784, his work did not die with him.

California owes a great part of her beginning to his zeal, and the faith he brought to the Western shores has been handed down there for generations. If you ever visit Mission San Carlos, near Monterey, in California, you must be sure to say a prayer beside his grave. And should you go to the Statuary Hall in Washington, D. C., you must look at his statue, "The Apostle of California." And someday you may call him "St. Junípero Serra," because his cause for canonization is under investigation in Rome.

THE WEAVER'S LITTLE SON

ST. ANTHONY CLARET

ST. ANTHONY CLARET is a new saint. Although he lived more than a hundred years ago, the Church did not declare him a saint until May, 1950. The Church is like that. She names her saints when there is a certain task for them to do.

The task of St. Anthony Claret seems to be one which shows us how to live a good life in a very upset world. In his time there were the kinds of trouble there are today. Sometimes priests and bishops were put in prison. They were accused of crimes they would not dream of committing. They were mistreated and misunderstood. St. Anthony Claret was one of these. He suffered a great deal for God and the Church.

When he was a little boy, he was just like other lads his age. But in his young heart seeds were planted which blossomed into sainthood.

Would you be interested in knowing someone who was going to be a saint? You probably do, if you just look around you. Any boy or girl who tries to be good has a fine chance of someday

being a saint of God. My goodness! All of us hope to be saints, don't we?

Anthony Claret had a very nice birthday. It was the same as the Christ Child has. He was born on Christmas Eve. Do you know any boys or girls who share that lovely birthday?

Juan and Josefa Claret were his parents. Juan was a weaver by trade. He was respected and kind and very fair to the men who worked for him in his shop. All the Clarets used to help in the shop. Even the smallest could be given tasks that required the bright threads. They all helped at home, too. And these brothers and sisters had many wonderful times together.

Anthony's big sister was named Rosa. She used to take her little brother for walks and always before she brought him home she would stop at the church so he could visit Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. If you are a big sister, you probably do this too. Just think how surprised Rosa would have been if someone had said to her, "Rosie, you are holding a future saint by the hand!"

Anthony liked to play games and run and jump. But he was also obedient, and would stop his game as soon as he was called. He had a very kind heart. Once the soldiers came and told the people to get out of the village, as there was likely to be fighting in the streets. Anthony was small. But he thought of his old grandfather who could not walk very fast.

"Grandpa, I'll wait for you," he said. And he did! He walked slowly beside the old man and was a great comfort to him.

Because Anthony was a good, kind little boy, he became a fine man. When God called him to the priesthood, he was a wise priest and later a great archbishop. He founded an Order of missionary priests known as the Claretian Fathers, who do a great deal of good throughout our own country and many foreign lands. His parents certainly received a wonderful Christmas gift, that eve when he was born.

THE GREAT SAINT OF CHARITY

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL

ONE day a group of children were engaged in conversation with the Most Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara, Bishop of Kansas City.

"Your Excellency," a little boy asked, "what does the 'V' in your name stand for?"

"The greatest saint of all!" said the Bishop. He smiled as he spoke. He wanted the children to know he believed that all the saints are great. But he wanted also to impress upon them the fact that his patron had a special claim on greatness.

"His name is St. Vincent de Paul," he went on. "He is the saint of charity."

His name is also the same as that of the great St. Paul, who wrote beautifully about charity, and who leads us to believe that he considers it the most important of all virtues. "So there abide faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity" (1 Cor. 13:13).

Charity means love. It means love of God above all things. It means love of every creature ever created by God, because we are able to see God in everyone. St. Vincent de Paul earned the beautiful title of "Saint of Charity" by always seeing Christ in his fellow men. Because he practiced this lovely virtue in his everyday life, he gives us an example as to how we might do the very same thing.

St. Vincent de Paul was born in France. His family lived on a farm and as a little boy he spent a great deal of time guarding sheep and pigs for his father. It was then he decided that Our Lord wanted him to become a priest.

Because his parents were poor, he studied very hard. He realized they would be called upon to make sacrifices to help him and that it would be a sacrifice to give him up. His mother had

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taught him to love the Blessed Mother and to ask her help. This he did as a young student and for the rest of his life.

He was ordained a priest when he was only twenty years old. He was a good priest and the people were devoted to him. Whenever he came upon suffering in any form he was sad. He was able to imagine how he might feel if he were in the place of those who were suffering. He did, indeed, actually put himself in their place whenever it was possible.

In those days slaves were used at the oars of galley vessels. These were boats which put out to sea under the power of sails and oars. The task of propelling the oars was a miserable one. Men had to sit in cramped quarters hour after hour and row and row and row.

From the very moment our saint saw galley slaves he was determined to help them. This he did in many ways. He was appointed chaplain to these men. He ministered to them spiritually and he did all in his power to better their physical conditions. Their owners listened to St. Vincent when he explained that every human being has a right to consideration because each is possessed of an immortal soul made to the image and likeness of God.

Upon one occasion, St. Vincent actually took the place of a certain slave. This man was very angry with the whole world because he was accused of a crime which he did not commit. Not only was he made to serve as a slave but his family suffered from want because he was away. He was even angry with God for permitting this injustice. Patiently St. Vincent listened to his story. Then he said, "Give me your prisoner's clothes. I will take your place in the boat. Go home to your wife and children."

As soon as the king discovered that this good priest was acting as a slave he gave him his liberty and pardoned the man. The queen placed him in charge of her charities. He traveled about and established hospitals and schools and homes for orphans and the aged.

There was so much work to do that St. Vincent was distressed. How could one man do it alone? He couldn't. St. Vincent knew

where he could find help. He prayed to Our Lord and Our Blessed Mother. Help came in a wonderful way.

Men and women came to St. Vincent and said, "What can I do?" He formed an Order of Sisters known as the Daughters of Charity. He also organized the Ladies of Charity. These were noble women who gave their services to the poor.

St. Vincent was well known in many cities. He used to walk through the streets of Paris at night and carry in his arms the babies he found abandoned there. By morning he had them in a foundling home snugly tucked in bed by a Sister's kind hands.

Charity is a virtue we can all practice every single day. Charity is love. When we try to understand those about us we are practicing charity. When we put ourselves in their place we are following the example of St. Vincent de Paul.

Perhaps a new boy or girl has entered your class at school. Perhaps some have said, "Oh, she is stuck up!" or "He thinks he is smart!" Ask yourself, "How would I feel if I were a stranger in a roomful of boys and girls who all knew each other. Would I stand apart and look *stuck up* when I was really lonely? Would I give *smart* answers just to make believe I didn't care?"

So this is your chance to be friendly. This is your chance to treat the lonely newcomer as you would Christ Himself if He came to your school.

THERE'S ALWAYS CHINA!

A FEW years ago, a Columban Missionary Sister, in writing home from China said, "Keep telling our young people at home not to waste hours and days wondering what to do with themselves. There's always China. Life is never dull here. We need more priests and Sisters badly."

Sister spoke truly. Not only are brave men and women needed to work in taking care of the bodies and souls of the Chinese, but

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in so doing they will never have "a dull moment." The life of the missionary is one of adventure, excitement and very special joys.

Sisters and priests make a great sacrifice when they leave their families and friends behind and go to a strange country. But they are not sad and gloomy. They are eager and delighted with the life before them.

As a ship nears the China shore, the Sisters and Fathers know a wonderful thrill. They are like soldiers coming to claim a new land for their Leader. Their Leader is Christ and they are certainly His soldiers. Because they are working in His Name they are filled with zeal and courage. They are not deceived though. They know that they must be prepared to suffer many hardships. Some of these will be only small, everyday discomforts. Others may even be slow torture or death. But Sisters and priests make the best of things. They are working for "the Best," so how could it be otherwise?

After World War II in China, there was increased sickness and death. Even after hours and hours without rest or sleep, the missionaries moved among the suffering and made help for body and soul available. It was theirs to know that they had guided souls toward heaven.

One day in a mission an old lady came in walking very slowly. She said to the Sister in charge, "I want to see the priest. I want to receive Extreme Unction."

Sister summoned Father and he did, indeed, administer the Last Sacrament because the poor woman was very ill. She thanked Father and bowed in her native gracious way. She died a few days later.

The Sister and the priest will never forget the faith of this woman who came old and trembling to receive the Last Sacraments. What faith she had! The Sisters and the priests are grateful that God permits them to carry the Faith to others and they are grateful that He allows them actually to SEE its workings!

MASS IN THE EAST CAROLINES
OFFERED AT THE RISK OF LIFE

HAVE you ever heard of the Island of Yap? Perhaps not. Well, there are a lot of things the people on the Island of Yap never heard of either: things which are very important and which you know about; things which have to do with Our Lord and His Blessed Mother.

But God is very good, and it so happened that the Jesuit Order sent missionaries to this Island in the East Carolines, and a chapel was built there, and the people came to know and love God.

It was the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The people had been coming to the chapel for nine days to make a novena which would end that day. And everyone had been looking forward to the Feast. Mass was to be offered at 6 o'clock in honor of the Sacred Heart.

When the chapel bells rang out that morning, it was raining very hard. The priest who had watched the darkening sky before he went inside to hear Confessions, had wondered if the people would come. Soon he knew that the people had come in great numbers. He knew this because so many were lined up to go to Confession that he did not begin Mass until half past seven. And when he looked at the congregation he saw that the chapel was as full as it could possibly be; the aisles were crowded, people stood in the vestibule, and outside, in the drenching rain, people attended Mass as best they could by peering through the windows.

In the congregation, Father recognized many from the neighboring Island of Gagil. He had wondered if they could possibly get there because they had had a very difficult time with war and typhoons. But seventy people, old and young, had managed to make the trip. Actually they had arrived the night before, and had arranged among themselves to keep vigil before the Blessed

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Sacrament. In between their hours of vigil they had taken what rest they could.

Once during the night Father had come into the chapel. Among the worshipers he could see a couple with their three-months'-old baby. The young parents were kneeling side by side in prayer and from the shoulders of the mother there hung a cradle basket, with the dear little baby sound asleep inside. Father smiled. Where else would he find such devotion as among his parishioners!

When Father made his Thanksgiving after Mass, it was from his heart. How he thanked the Sacred Heart of Jesus for His love which served to awaken an answering love among these people! How glorious is the Faith!

HE FORGAVE FOR THE SAKE OF CHRIST

ST. JOHN GUALBERT

ST. JOHN GUALBERT was born at Florence in 999 A. D. One Good Friday as John was riding into Florence with some armed men, he met an enemy along the road. On many occasions this man had said he would kill John if he had an opportunity. John had likewise declared that he would take this man's life; and so they were face to face on the road. John was with his friends. They all wore their swords. John could now do away with his enemy. But before he made any motion to do so, the other man fell to his knees. He stretched his arms out in the form of a cross and begged for mercy. He asked that John spare his life for the sake of Our Lord's Passion.

"I cannot refuse what you ask in Christ's name. I grant you your life and I give you my friendship. Pray that God may forgive me my sin."

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John had been a proud man up until this time. Now he was humble. He was contrite for his sins. He hurried to the nearest church, went in and knelt before the Blessed Sacrament to tell Our Lord so. As he knelt there, the figure of our crucified Savior on the cross bowed His head as though to tell John he had been forgiven.

John now entered the religious life. Later on in a charming valley outside of Florence, John established a monastery. Once his enemies came to the monastery and plundered whatever they could lay their hands on. They beat the monks and treated them without respect.

John was not sad when he found his monks wounded and mistreated. "Now you are true monks," he said. "You have suffered for Christ." He fought against any doctrine which was not of the true Faith. He encouraged his monks by example. He lived a quiet and a devout life. He fasted and did penance. And he was always most grateful to Our Lord for helping him to love his enemy.

A SAINT WHO TOLD JOKES

ST. THOMAS MORE

SIR THOMAS MORE is a martyr and a saint. And it must have been wonderful just to know him!

We are told that the home where he lived with his wife and four children was a gay and happy place. Their many friends used to like to visit them because they were sure of a hearty welcome. There was a great deal of laughter, and sometimes Sir Thomas would play for them on his flute and they would sing. He used to tell jokes and witty stories. When his wife brought

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her friends in he was sure to entertain them and make them smile at his humorous remarks.

All of this proves something you already know. Holy people are happy people. It is not necessary to have a long, sad face to love Our Lord. Thomas always had this cheerful disposition. A great deal of it was probably due to his parents' wise training. He was the son of Sir John and Lady Agnes More, who taught him to love God and to obey His commandments. They helped him to learn that really important things have to do with the world to come. This wise teaching was to serve Sir Thomas when he was called upon to die for his Faith.

Little Thomas More attended St. Anthony's School and when he was thirteen years old he was sent to live in the Archbishop's house. In those days this was often done with boys who showed good character and promise of becoming leaders. The Archbishop liked Thomas because he was so merry. He liked him, too, because he applied himself to his lessons and could be depended on to follow instructions. The Archbishop decided to send him to Oxford University for more studies.

Thomas made progress at the university. He got along well with the other students and did not spend money foolishly as some students do. About this time Thomas began to think that perhaps God wanted him to become a priest. He prayed that he would know God's will in this regard. And finally he realized that his state in life was to marry and to raise a family.

Sir Thomas married a young lady named Jane. She was very lovely and they were blessed with four children whom they named, Cecilia, Margaret, Elizabeth, and John. Their home, as we have said before, was a happy place indeed. By now, Sir Thomas was a lawyer rapidly earning a splendid reputation in legal circles. His interests were by no means confined to the law. He was learned on many subjects and important men liked to come to see him to talk about various things. He read a great deal, too, and he wrote several important books and some poems. You will like this stanza from one of his poems called

CONSIDER WELL

When fierce temptations threat thy soul with loss,
Think on His Passion and the bitter pain,
Think on the mortal anguish of the Cross,
Think on Christ's Blood, let out at every vein,
Think on His precious heart, all rent in twain;
For thy redemption think all this was wrought,
Nor be that lost which He so dearly bought.

There came a time in the life of Sir Thomas More when he was called upon to prove his love for Christ. He was Lord Chancellor of England. This was a very high position. He filled it wisely and well. The king, Henry VIII, was fond of him. He used to come to see Sir Thomas and walk about the garden with his arm on his shoulder. But Thomas More never forgot that he had an allegiance to a higher King, and he was not to be influenced by a worldly king when he had to make a choice.

There was a great deal of trouble in England. The king wanted a divorce; but he was truly married in the Catholic Church so of course he could not get one. So the king formed a new church, that let him get a divorce; and he said, "I am the head of this church and everybody in the country must belong to it." Sir Thomas More knew this was wrong. He would not give up the Catholic Church. Then the king became very angry, and sent Sir Thomas to prison. He kept him there for a while and at last said he was to have his head cut off. Sir Thomas was a martyr for his Faith.

St. Thomas More was a good, brave man who had the courage to die for Christ. He also lived for Christ in his everyday life. He is a fine patron to call on for courage to resist the temptations of daily life.

THE BOY WHO STUDIED HARD

ST. JOHN VIANNEY

JOHAN MARY VIANNEY was born in the village of Dardilly near Lyons, France, May 8, 1786. He was born in the month of Our Lady and all his life he loved her with great devotion. In fact his love for her was the reason he was ordained a priest at a time when his ordination seemed doubtful. This is how it happened.

The parents of John Vianney were poor farmers. The children were expected to help earn a living in any way possible. Young John and his sister used to spend days at a time out in the hills tending sheep.

You can see that there was not much chance for John to go to school. Besides that, he had a very hard time with his studies. He used to try and try but the books seemed hard to understand.

The time of his childhood was difficult anyway. The French Revolution was underway and he saw a great deal of bloodshed and suffering. During that period the priests were forbidden by law to administer the Sacraments and offer Mass, and they were hunted down and mercilessly killed when they bravely carried out their duties as priests of God.

Young John used to gather with the rest of the faithful in an old barn to hear Mass. It was there that he made his First Holy Communion and in his young heart began to yearn to become a priest himself.

He loved Our Lady dearly and made a shrine for her in a tree. The other children admired it and John led them in singing hymns to Mary. He then told them what he knew about God and Our Lady. He knew a great deal more than many of the others, because after the churches in Dardilly were closed by law his parents had given him special instructions in our Faith.

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By the time John was in his teens, a kind priest offered to help him with his studies. John continued to study hard and to pray harder. But, oh my! The Latin was so very hard! He simply couldn't straighten out all the conjugations and declensions in his mind. (And one can't learn Latin without learning those declensions and conjugations, and one can't study theology without Latin!) So you can see that John needed a great deal of faith and help from heaven to become a priest.

Our Lady did not fail him. When it came time to present the names of the candidates for ordination to the Bishop, the priest in charge hesitated over that of John Mary Vianney. "This is a fine young man," he told the Bishop, "but he isn't very bright."

"Well," asked His Excellency, "does this lad love the Blessed Mother?"

"Oh, indeed he does," the priest answered. "He has a wonderful devotion to the Rosary."

"Let him be ordained," the Bishop directed. "France has need for pious priests."

So John attained his goal and became a priest. He was assigned to a place called Ars and told to bring love of God to his people if he could. "There is very little in Ars," the Bishop sadly said. Soon young Father Vianney discovered that the people were not interested in attending church. When he offered the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, there were only empty pews in his poor little church. This would never do!

Soon the figure of the Curé of Ars (a Curé is a French priest) was a familiar sight on any farm in the district. If the people would not come to him, he would go to them. Was he not a farmer's son? Did he not understand how a man could worry about his wheat and corn and forget that there were other things to be considered?

Soon the farmers and their families recognized an understanding friend in their pastor. They went to church. They found the sermon was not too different from the conversations they had enjoyed with the pastor. He spoke to them simply. He urged them

to love God. He told them that if they succeeded in loving God and loving their neighbor they would know true happiness. They would be happy on earth and in heaven.

Before very long the men and women and young people who were no better than they ought to be, and, alas some who were not even as good as they should be, were listening with their ears and with their hearts to what the Curé had to say. Because, somehow they realized that he was speaking from the bottom of his own heart. And they knew what he meant. Love of God is, indeed, everything!

They began to practice in their daily lives the things the Curé told them. They told their friends and relatives from other towns about the good pastor they had. Naturally these friends and relatives wanted to hear him too. Soon the fame of the humble Father Vianney spread throughout France. Many wanted him to hear their Confession and long lines waited outside his confessional, not just on Saturday, but every single day. This went on for thirty years. The Curé did not have much time to himself. He didn't get much rest. But it was as he wanted it because he was doing God's work. This was the work which he had studied so hard to be able to do.

No, John Mary Vianney, was not the head of his class in school. But he won the highest honor of all. He became a saint.

KING ST. LOUIS OF FRANCE

LOUIS IX became king of France when he was only eleven years of age. At that time his father died and he was left to rule the great and beautiful land of France. Fortunately for the boy king, he had a wise and capable mother. Her name was

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Blanche, and she helped him rule until he was of age. She also taught him how to be a good king.

Blanche told her son that the important thing was to know, love and serve God. She told him that every citizen in his kingdom was of equal importance and value. He must serve his people if he was to rule them. He must be good to the poor and help them in every possible way. And she added: "I would rather see you dead at my feet than that you should commit one mortal sin."

When Louis was grown up he married Marguerite of Provence. They had eleven children, who all were brought up in the same manner Louis had been. Like him, they loved God and desired to serve Him.

In those days there was a great deal of trouble in the Holy Land. This, as you know, is the land where Our Lord lived. The fierce Mohammedan soldiers had seized it, and they abused and killed any Christians who came there. So in Christian countries armies were formed to try to get back the Holy Land from the Mohammedans. These wars were called the Crusades. Louis led two Crusades. It was during the second one that he died.

King Louis gave good example to his family and his people. He began each day by hearing Mass. He always remembered his mother's words.

During his life no one knew the long hours he spent at prayer and doing penance. He insisted on justice in every dispute which came before him. He always said that peace and blessings came to his kingdom because of the poor. Beggars were fed at the royal table, and the king himself would eat what was left when these hungry wanderers were finished. He was a good-natured man and gracious and kind. He was careful never to act as though he felt superior to other people. He desired always to imitate Christ, and that is why he became a saint.

A YOUNG MAN OF GOD

ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA

ON MARCH 9, in the long-ago year of 1568, in a great and beautiful castle in Italy, there was born a baby who was to become known as St. Aloysius Gonzaga. Since he was the son of a rich and noble family, his parents naturally expected that he would grow up to rule some day over his castle and fine lands and when he died leave them to his own heirs. But Aloysius was not very old when he began to show that he had other ideas.

Aloysius told his mother and father that the greatest love he would ever know was his already. It was for the Blessed Virgin Mary. He was devoted to her and promised her and her Son that he would never marry but would devote his life to doing God's work. When his parents had given their blessing, and he was yet a lad, Aloysius went to study with the Jesuits intending to become a priest. He studied hard and prayed hard. His professors were delighted with him as a student. He was able to recite his Latin and Greek better than much older students could do. Aloysius was not proud because of his success in classes. He knew very well that his ability to excel came from God. He was happy that he could so apply himself in order to move toward the goal of ordination.

When Aloysius was still quite young a terrible disease spread throughout the city. It was a fearful plague and people were sick and dying everywhere. He decided to help nurse them as best he could.

The Fathers warned him to be careful. "You are not any too strong yourself," they reminded him. "God will give me all the strength I need," he said. And he went to work. Forgetful of self he took care of the sick. When he had time for a few hours of rest, he spent much of this time in the chapel before the Blessed

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Sacrament, where he begged Our Lady and her Son to keep him pure in heart and body. And then he would sleep a bit and be back in the streets ready to care for the sick and dying.

One night he didn't even have his own bed to sleep in. He had placed a sick old man there and he got along as best he could without a bed at all.

Soon the long hours and patient nursing began to show on Aloysius. He was more pale and thin than ever. At last he had to go to bed himself. He was very sick. After a few days of feverish suffering he died. He was never to realize his boyhood dream of ordination to the priesthood. He had been claimed for heaven.

St. Aloysius Gonzaga is a special patron for school boys and girls. He is a Saint to implore for grace to keep the virtue of purity. He is a friend who will take the cause of any one who asks him to Mary where she, in turn, will bring it to the throne of her Son, Jesus Christ Our Lord.

THE SAINT WHO LOVES BOYS

ST. JOHN BOSCO

JOHAN BOSCO was born in a little town in Northern Italy. His father died when he was just two years old. His mother, whom he lovingly called "Mama Margaret," had to work very hard to take care of him and his brothers and grandmother. Mama Margaret didn't mind getting tired and not having pretty things to wear. She was grateful that she could keep her family together and only wanted to see the boys grow up to be strong Christian men.

When John was just nine years old he had a very wonderful dream. Many years later, the Pope told him to write out the story of this dream. That is how we know about it. In the dream he

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saw the Blessed Mother and Our Lord. They told him that he should help boys to know and love God, and that the only way to do this was by kindness.

John used to entertain the boys in his village so he could get to know them better. He was just a boy himself, but he was very wise. He used to give shows where he would do tricks as most boys do in playing show. Then the audience would pray with him and sing hymns. He would even give a sermon, repeating as much as he could remember from what he had heard one of the priests say in church.

Encouraged by Mama Margaret, John studied and became a priest. He was called Don Bosco, which is the way the Italians speak of the priests. Before long he was at his work with boys. What a time he had! He discovered that everyone in the city where he lived did not see the good in the poor boys that he saw. People thought they were rough and did not want them about.

Before very long 300 boys were coming to Don Bosco for advice and help. When no one would rent a house to them, Don Bosco rented a field where the boys could play ball. Don Bosco sat at one side and heard confessions and talked to the boys. As the work grew, Mama Margaret packed up all her belongings and came to help. She remained with her son and his lads until she died. Meanwhile they had at last secured a house. Here many useful things were taught. The boys grew up to become fine citizens, and younger boys then came to the home.

The work went on and on. People could see how splendid it was. They helped with money. Some of the boys remained to give their services. In this way the Society of St. Francis de Sales was established. A religious Order for women began, too, under Don Bosco's guidance. Today there are members of these Orders in many countries. They are carrying on the good work of their founder.

A MARTYR OF NORTH AMERICA

ST. ISAAC JOGUES

ISAAC JOGUES was born on New Year's Day in France in the year 1607. As a little boy he was interested in the wonderful stories told about America, the great new land across the sea. He heard about the wild and pagan people who inhabited this land and while he was yet young, he longed to visit this strange country. Unlike many other boys and youth who wanted to travel in order to acquire gold and riches, Isaac desired adventure for quite another reason. He wanted to bring souls to God.

Isaac prepared himself for the missions by studying hard in school and entering the seminary of the Jesuit Fathers. When he was ordained after years of careful preparation, he was delighted to be assigned to the missions in Canada. He crossed the ocean along with other members of the Jesuit Order. These brave men did not know they would all become martyrs to the Faith. They did know that they were going among savages who would probably torture them without mercy if they fell into their hands. But this did not discourage them. On the other hand, it made them more eager than ever to teach the Word of God. Who needed it more than these Indians?

In constant danger, this group worked for six years in the district about the Great Lakes. The Indians were hard to convert. Their only idea of greatness was physical strength. They only admired skill and ability to perform great bodily feats. Isaac Jogues and his companions could accept hardship. In their black robes they marched across great stretches of land. They endured cold and hunger. They lived under primitive conditions. This was a life they were not used to. They were from French homes of comfort and culture. But this was the life they had chosen. It was a life dedicated to Christ.

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Father Jogues planned to preach the Gospel to the Sioux Indians in the region of the Mississippi. But he was captured by the Iroquois. They were very cruel to him. They tortured him. For more than a year they made him a slave. They threatened to burn him slowly to death. But just in time to save Father Jogues some Dutch colonists succeeded in obtaining his release. They put him on a ship that was sailing for Europe.

Father Jogues had suffered so much he looked more like a skeleton than a man when he arrived in Brittany. That was Christmas morning in 1643. He succeeded in making his way to a Jesuit convent. Later the Queen received him with great respect because she felt that she was conversing with one of God's future saints.

Now wouldn't you think that this brave priest had the right never to leave home again? Wouldn't you think that he would never want to see another Indian as long as he lived? But Isaac Jogues still wanted to win these souls for Christ; to convert the Indians of North America.

Father Jogues went to Rome and had an audience with the Holy Father. He held up his poor scarred hands for the Pope to see. Some of the fingers were missing: they had been burned off by the Indians. As you know, it is important for a priest to take good care of his hands because his fingers touch the sacred host when he offers the Sacrifice of the Mass.

The Holy Father told this brave missionary that he had special permission to say Mass, even if his fingers were missing and he would have to hold the chalice and the host in a different manner than any other priest. The Pope gave this special permission to the great priest, saying: "It would be unfitting to refuse permission to drink the Blood of Jesus Christ to one who has testified to Christ with his blood."

By springtime, Father Jogues was on his way back to Canada to the same tribe of Iroquois which had held him as a slave. He taught and he preached. But God still had waiting a martyr's crown. There came a severe siege of sickness among the Indians.

There was failure of their crops. They looked at one another and said, "this Black Robe has brought us bad luck." They all turned against him and one day as he went into a tent an Indian struck him on the head with a tomahawk and he died. St. Isaac Jogues is a great example of courage and perseverance in the work of gaining souls for Christ and His Church.

OUR FIRST POPE

ST. PETER

ST. PETER is one of our most exciting saints. From the very first moment he met Our Lord, he loved Him dearly and would do anything to help Him. He was so anxious to show his devotion that his very eagerness got him into difficulties. The life of the fisherman who was to become our first Pope, changed as soon as he met Jesus. Even his name changed. He had been known as Simon. Later on Our Lord called him Peter, which means *rock*, and as Peter he was known ever after.

Among the Apostles, it was easily seen that Peter was the leader. If there was ever a reason for one to speak for the group, it was Peter who did the talking. Our Lord showed His affection for this rugged friend by talking to him about many important matters. Once Our Lord told Peter to walk on the water, and when Peter became frightened because of the strangeness of the experience, Our Lord kindly took him by the hand and together they got into a boat.

Peter believed so fervently in the divinity of Our Lord, that Jesus told him he was to become the head of the Church. He was the "rock" upon which the Catholic Church was to be built.

But there was one certain time when Peter did not act like a rock.

When the Apostles learned that Our Lord was to suffer and to die, Peter felt very sad. He said he would never, never leave Our Lord, no matter what happened. Peter meant every word

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he spoke. But he was depending too much on himself, and too little on God's help. When Our Lord was arrested by His enemies, Peter suddenly became very much afraid. He denied that he even knew Our Lord!

Of course poor Peter was soon very sorry that he had been such a coward. Jesus knew he was sorry, and forgave him. This was the only time Peter was ever afraid to show his love for Jesus. The story teaches us that we are never really strong unless we trust in God's grace instead of ourselves. It also reminds us that Our Lord will forgive us for any sin if we are truly sorry.

After the ascension of Our Lord, Peter was head of the Church. He was a wise and brave Pope. He taught and preached the truth no matter what forces of evil opposed him. He was arrested and put in jail by the Romans, who were enemies of the Church. He kept up his work even in jail. While he was a prisoner in Rome he wrote his Second Epistle. He ended this letter to the faithful with these words, "Grow in grace and knowledge of Our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. To Him be the glory, both now and to the day of eternity. Amen" (2 St. Peter 3:18).

It was decided that Peter was to die by crucifixion. At his own request, he was crucified head downward. He did not think himself good enough to die as Jesus had.

A HAPPY AND HOLY SAINT

ST. PHILIP NERI

ST. PHILIP NERI is as great a favorite with boys and girls in our time as he was when he lived on earth during the sixteenth century. Young people were attracted to him for two excellent reasons. First of all, he was (and is) interested in all their affairs and problems. Secondly, he was a lot of fun!

A saint who can teach us by his own example how to be as happy as possible while we are being as good as we can be, is

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certainly a saint to become acquainted with. Such a friend in heaven is St. Philip Neri.

Philip Romolo Neri, often called The Apostle of Rome, was born in Florence, Italy, July 22, 1515. Philip was the oldest child in his family. A younger brother died and there were two little sisters named, Caterina and Elisabetta. He probably called them "Cathy" and "Betty." The three children used to have good times together, playing games and singing songs. But like all brothers and sisters, they occasionally became provoked with one another. In fact this is the only fault Philip seemed to have as a child.

One day he and Betty were reciting Psalms together. This they enjoyed very much. But little Cathy wanted to play something more exciting. So she kept on interrupting. All of a sudden, Philip gave her a slight shove to make her quit. Immediately he knew that he should not become impatient and display his temper. He knew he should be kind to others. He was sorry, and not only told Cathy so, but also told Our Lord. And furthermore he worked very hard at self control. This was a virtue he practiced the rest of his life.

When Philip was sixteen years old, he was sent to a splendid place of business near Monte Cassino which was owned by a rich relative of his father's. He was to help here, and it was thought that Philip, who was a clever boy and a hard worker, might one day inherit the flourishing business. But the boy was not concerned about worldly honors and riches. So he did not remain long in these luxurious surroundings. Instead he made his way to Rome.

In Rome he lived with a man who gave him food and shelter in exchange for his services as tutor to his two sons. Perhaps it was at this time that Philip came to understand boys and to like their company. He encouraged these two pupils to make the most of whatever skill or talent God had given them. He told them jokes and liked to see them laugh happily. He also instructed them in their religion and the man was most pleased to observe what an excellent influence Philip was. The man was delighted because he realized that his sons would grow up to be not only

good, kind men, who practiced purity and charity, but that they would be cheerful and contented as well.

But Philip realized that he himself had a great deal more to learn if he was going to impart this knowledge to others. So back to his books he went! He studied hard, and he prayed and performed acts of self-denial and penance. Philip became well known in Rome. He made many friends. He helped a great many people quietly. He used to visit the hospitals and jails. He would chat with people on the streets. The boys who were considered rough and wild stopped to talk to him. He did not scold them. He told them about God. He spoke of the proper way to live on earth so that heaven may be won. He showed them that Jesus was a brave Man as well as God, and that all of us are dear to Him and are children of His Mother. The boys who had been wild and rough became gentle like Philip. They helped him in his good works. They quit trying to get attention by being noisy. They quit thinking about themselves and thought of God instead. And before they knew it, they were happier than they had ever been before. They found satisfaction in being good. How lucky they were to have met Philip! He had shown them his secret.

When he was thirty-six years old, at the advice of his Confessor he decided to become a priest. And what a wonderful priest he was! Father Philip Neri continued to encourage young people, and old, to approach the Sacraments often. He loved the Blessed Sacrament more and more. He had a deep devotion to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

As a priest he began his days at dawn. He heard Confessions until noon and then he himself said Mass. People came from everywhere to confess their sins and to receive his advice. God helped him to look into the very souls of people. They became calm and happy when he gave them Absolution.

All his life was devoted to others. Most of his work was accomplished by his own sweet way of life. He was good to people and they in turn were inspired to pass on this goodness to others.

He did not scold boys and girls. He told them to pray for God's help at Mass and to go frequently to Confession and Holy Communion. When he was eighty years old God took Philip home. He had never offered Mass with more reverence and devotion than on the very day he died. This was in May. He had always loved Our Lady dearly and we can be certain that he was happy to go to heaven during her month.

"SAVE US FROM THE FIRES OF HELL!"

"In the end my Immaculate Heart will triumph" (OUR LADY TO THE THREE CHILDREN AT FATIMA).

LUCIA and Jacinta and Francisco were three little children of Portugal who liked to watch their sheep together and to sing and dance and play. In 1917, Lucia was nine years old and Jacinta and Francisco, her cousins, were eight and six. These children are known to the world today as "The Three Shepherd Children of Portugal." We sing about them in lovely hymns in honor of Our Lady of Fatima. And it was they who introduced the Mother of God to the world under that title. For Lucia and Jacinta and Francisco, really and truly, while still on earth, saw the Blessed Virgin.

In the days when they had such fun together, in the warm, happy spring and summer of 1917, they were not any different from other boys and girls of their age in the village where they lived.

It was the custom where they lived for the boys and girls who were in charge of their parents' sheep to herd the woolly creatures into the hills where they could graze, and remain with them so that no harm came to the flock. Once the sheep had their noses to the grass, the shepherds were free to rest or play. It was a pleasant sort of life when the weather was good.

Lucia and her cousins were wonderful chums. The three enjoyed the same games and fun. The two girls liked to dance, and

while Francisco wasn't too enthusiastic about dancing he was a good sport and would join in. Besides, he liked music, and dancing can't be done without some sort of music.

The story of the Children of Fatima is so thrilling and interesting that we could stay on it for days and still think of more to tell. A number of books have been written about it. However, the particular part of the story of Fatima which we consider now has to do with the vision of hell which Our Lady herself showed these little ones.

One day after the three children had eaten lunch and had said the Rosary, a vision appeared to them. It was an angel, who called himself the Angel of Peace. He came to them a number of times and told them to pray for sinners.

The children did not tell anyone about the angel. They kept this huge secret to themselves. And one day as they tended sheep in a cave outside the town, the Blessed Mother came. They did not know then that it was the Blessed Mother. They saw a beautiful lady dressed in white appear in a cloud above a tree. Lucia, the eldest, asked the Lady who she was. "I have come from heaven," she was told, "I have come to ask you to meet me here six times on the thirteenth of the month. In October I will tell you who I am and what I want."

There was great excitement when the news about the vision got around. People didn't believe the children, to be sure, but they were curious. And by July 13, there were thousands of people waiting to see if Our Lady really would appear.

When the hour arrived, the throng observed bright flashes of light and a strange cloud that came steadily toward the earth. But only the children saw Our Lady as she revealed herself in the cloud. It was on this occasion that they were given the awful and frightening vision of hell.

Our Lady had told Francisco and Jacinta that they were to die young, and that Lucia was to live to spread devotion to her Immaculate Heart. When they saw hell they were so frightened that Our Lady kindly assured the three of them that they would go

to heaven. Listen to what they saw and you will not wonder that they were filled with terror!

Lucia herself told what she saw when she was old enough to write it all correctly. She said that Our Lady opened her hands and light poured out and went from them right into the earth and they could look inside. There they saw a sea of fire, and plunged in this fire were souls and demons. Some were human forms but they were transparent. Some floated and were black. Some were brown. They were all horrible. Sparks flew about and red-hot coals sputtered and there was great suffering.

On this occasion Our Lady told the children to recite the following prayer:

"O my Jesus, forgive us our sins; save us from the fire of hell and lead all souls to heaven, especially those who have most need of Your mercy."

She told them that they were to say this prayer after each mystery of the Rosary. She also said that the world could be saved by devotion to her Immaculate Heart.

It is a good thing to say the Rosary every day; and, of course, you must say it reverently. Add this little prayer after each mystery. You will be helping to save souls. Our Lady said so, and she always keeps her promises.

THE MAN WHO MISSED GOD

ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO

AUGUSTINE was born at Tagaste in Africa in the year 354. Although this small city was for the most part Christian, there were a goodly number of important citizens who were still pagan. Patricius, Augustine's father, was one of these. His mother, one of our most patient and gracious saints and the patroness of

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Christian mothers, was St. Monica. Augustine was a very bright boy. And as a very little fellow he was good. He must have been a source of great joy to Monica. What a grateful mother she must have been as she saw her baby develop so sweetly in mind and body. And how proud of him was Patricius! He had great plans for his son.

Augustine showed great promise as a child and at the age of fourteen was sent to Carthage to study. To the clever lad, fresh from the small African city of his birth, Carthage was a gay and dazzling place. There were all sorts of exciting things to do and no lack of charming and willing companions to share the fun. Augustine gave himself up to pleasure. Seemingly, he forgot completely the Christian lessons of his childhood.

Poor Monica was miserable when she learned the manner of life her son was leading. She pleaded with him to give up his sinful ways, to say his prayers and to ask God's forgiveness. But Augustine didn't pay any attention. He went merrily on his wicked way.

Meanwhile Monica continued to pray. She was convinced that her prayers would finally be answered. God had not failed her in any other crisis she had known. Hadn't Patricius, who had seemed ever so distant from the Church, been baptized and died a Christian? Wouldn't God listen again if she herself kept on praying?

After it was all over, and Augustine had come the long way around and into the arms of Mother Church he made this statement: "For Thou, O God, hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts cannot rest until they rest in Thee." He also said that he believed that the Name of Jesus had been planted in his heart in infancy by the prayers and devotions of Monica. No matter how splendidly things were written that he read afterward, or how cleverly ideas were expressed, if they did not include that Name, they did not satisfy him.

The turn for the better came when Augustine went to hear St. Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, give a sermon. Augustine came

to hear a good talk and to be entertained. He remained to believe. He looked into his heart and saw there God the Father Who had created him. He saw Jesus Who had died for him. He saw the Holy Spirit Who had illuminated his intelligence.

At last the life of Augustine was one of complete and brilliant service to God and His Church. Augustine worked harder for God than he had ever worked for his own pleasure. He became a Bishop, one of our greatest saints, and a Doctor of the Church. His many great books in the field of philosophy and theology are still studied by scholars and students everywhere. He was one of the most original and powerful thinkers that the Church ever produced.

Monica lived for many years after the conversion of her son. She was happy and died thanking God for His kindness in answering her prayers.

Augustine could not be happy without God. He missed Him when he would not accept Him. He was only content when he recognized God in his own heart.

HE WAS DELIGHTED TO BE ALIVE!

FREDERICK OZANAM: born April 23, 1813; died September 8, 1853

FREDERICK OZANAM, founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, was born at midnight on April 23, 1813, in the city of Milan.

When Frederick was nine years old, he entered the Royal College, as was customary for boys of that age. It soon became clear how clever he was not only with his studies but also in games and he had no trouble in making friends. At about this time he made his First Holy Communion. He always remembered this important and wonderful day and kept a love for the Blessed Sacrament as long as he lived.

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While Frederick was good, pure and kind, he was not without his faults. He was quick-tempered and somewhat stubborn. He recognized these shortcomings, and went faithfully to the Sacraments in the effort to overcome them.

While Frederick Ozanam was a student at the University of Paris his greatest work was begun, and it endures until this day. He founded the St. Vincent de Paul Society. This is how it came about. Frederick by this time was quite a good speaker; he had a clear logical mind and could prove a point easily against skilled opponents. He had become a member of a group of students who met regularly to debate. His side defended truth. One day the students on the other side grew angry when they lost the discussion, and one of them cried out: "It is all well and good for you Catholics to talk about the Church of another day. But that's all you do! You talk! Where are your good works? Show us your good deeds." This challenge moved him to action.

Six zealous young men met together and drew up a set of simple rules for a society. Frederick Ozanam said: "The blessing of the poor is the blessing of God." St. Vincent de Paul was chosen as a patron of this new group of laymen because of his works of charity. St. Vincent de Paul loved Christ by loving his fellow men. Frederick Ozanam and his companions were inspired by his example. The rules of the St. Vincent de Paul Society were aimed at helping members to attain their own salvation by helping others.

The work began humbly in the poverty stricken districts of Paris. Into cold dreary rooms went the students, carrying food, clothing and fuel and offering it in the name of Christ. No matter what the weather or season of the year they went, saying, "The poor know no holiday."

They visited the prisons and hospitals. They distributed literature where it was needed. They taught catechism. In no time at all the idea of this society spread to other cities and countries until it is as we know it today: the St. Vincent de Paul Society, noted for its understanding charity and good deeds. In most of our churches are found "Poor Boxes." These are generally used to collect funds

for the needy. The work is carried on quietly. It is known only to God.

Ozanam continued to work for the society and he saw it spread. He himself married and had a daughter. He taught in one of the universities and by his sincerity and example was responsible for drawing many souls toward God.

When Frederick Ozanam was forty years old he became ill and yet he spent his waning strength in the service of others. The very last walk he took was to Mass on August 15, the Feast of the Assumption. His death came on the Feast of Our Lady's Birthday, September 8. Many people believe that Frederick Ozanam is surely in heaven and offer their prayers that he may be beatified and eventually declared a saint of God.

AN AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE

ST. ROSE OF LIMA

OVER three hundred years ago there lived a little girl in Lima, Peru, who was to become the first American saint. When, as a baby, she was carried to the church to be baptized she was given the name of Isabel. Her last name was Flores. In Spanish, the word *flores* means flowers. But that is not the reason we know her as Rose. She was called Rose because of her complexion. When she was confirmed, she chose Rose as her name.

Rose was very obedient and good, and as pretty as she was good. Because she was delicate, her mother didn't send her to school at the age most children go. Instead, she taught her her lessons at home.

Like most mothers, Senora Flores was very busy with her other children and her housework. One day she became provoked because Rose wasn't learning to read as quickly as her mother expected her to. After being scolded, Rose went into her bedroom,

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knelt down, and earnestly asked Jesus to help her with her lessons. After that she read very well. No word seemed too long or difficult for her to pronounce.

Rose built a little grotto in her yard. One of her brothers helped her. She used to say her prayers there.

There were many Indians in Peru. They were poor and a great many of them were sick as well. Rose used to visit them and teach them their Catechism. As she grew older she brought some of the sick ones to her home and took care of them. When she was twenty years old, she took the Dominican habit. She did not live in a convent, however. She promised her life to Christ and continued to live at home.

During the day she worked very hard at sewing. In this way she earned money to help her family and to carry on works of charity. At night she knelt in her grotto and prayed for everyone in the world. When she was ever so tired she would lie down on the most uncomfortable bed you could imagine. It had stones and broken glass in it instead of nice cool sheets and smooth blankets. This was her way of suffering for Christ.

Rose died when she was thirty-one years old. Immediately all the people who had known her, or heard from her friends about her good life, began to ask her help from heaven. Many miracles were performed. She was canonized and so became our first American saint.

THE WEDDING FEAST AT CANA

"A marriage took place . . . and the Mother of Jesus was there."

(JOHN 2:1)

THERE was great feasting and merriment at Cana of Galilee. A young couple had been married and all of their relatives and friends had gathered to congratulate them and wish them hap-

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piness. Among the guests were Jesus and His Mother. Their presence gave great dignity to the occasion and the guests were delighted that this wedding had been so honored. Indeed, ever since then marriage has had a special dignity because Our Lord showed His high esteem of matrimony by coming to this ceremony and bringing His dear Mother with Him.

As the servants passed among the people offering wine, Mary noticed that they looked worried. She saw why. The wine was running low and it would be most embarrassing to the bride and groom not to be able to serve enough for everyone.

Our Lady went to her Son and said: "They have no wine." Jesus answered, "What wouldst thou have Me do, woman? My hour has not yet come" (John 2:3-4).

This was the first public appearance of Jesus and He had not yet performed miracles. But Mary knew that He would help because she had asked Him. There is nothing He will not give if His Mother asks it. That is why so many people so often address their prayers to Mary. They know that a sure way to Jesus is through Mary.

Our Lady told the servants, "Do whatever He tells you." Jesus said to them, "Fill the jars with water" (John 2:5-7).

The servants filled them to the brim. And Jesus told them to draw some out and take it to the chief steward. The steward had no idea where this wine had come from, and as he tasted it an expression of surprise came over his face. He turned from the servants. He sought out the bridegroom and said, "Every man at first sets forth the good wine, and when they have drunk freely, then that which is poorer. But thou hast kept the good wine until now" (John 2:10).

This was the first miracle of Jesus and His disciples believed in Him because they had been present at this proof of His divine power.

The story of the wedding feast of Cana is a favorite one with all Christians. We enjoy hearing how kind Mary was and how thoughtful of her friends. We like to hear how Jesus helped her

when she asked Him. Most of all, we are impressed with the fact we learn, that a wedding is a sacred occasion as well as a joyful one.

THE LOVELY SAINT OF MUSIC

ST. CECILIA

CECILIA OF ROME was a very beautiful young woman. Her form and face were not one bit more lovely than her pure, chaste soul. Her whole short life might be compared to a song of praise to the dear Lord Who had created her and made her soul in His image and likeness. Indeed, the life of any good person is a song of praise to the Creator. And no matter how simple or ordinary are the events of any life, they become prayers and hymns if they are intended to further the honor and glory of God.

St. Cecilia is the patroness of Church music. We find pictures of her in the rooms where music is taught and where orchestras practice. Musical societies in our Catholic schools or parishes frequently bear her name.

Because Cecilia lived so long ago, it is difficult to learn a great deal about her. But here is the story of her life as best we can find it from the early paintings and writings about this charming lady.

When she was yet in her teens, her father wanted her to become the bride of a handsome and noble Roman youth named Valerian. But Cecilia wanted only to be the bride of Christ. She wanted with all her heart to love Jesus and to show her love by remaining a virgin.

Cecilia had faith in God, although her parents went ahead with plans for her marriage. There was great celebration because hers was a wealthy family. But when the wedding feast was over she told Valerian that she wanted to be true to her vow of

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virginity. "I have an angel to guard me," she said. The young man looked about and saw no one but Cecilia. "Where is this angel?" he asked.

"You will see him if you yourself become a Christian," Cecilia replied. Straightway Valerian asked to be instructed. The time came for him to be baptized. Then, true to Cecilia's promise, the angel appeared. Now Valerian loved Cecilia more than ever. But he loved her for her purity and goodness and he determined to help her in every way possible.

Among the tasks which fell to the early Christians was the burial of the dead. Cecilia was devoted to this corporal work of mercy and in great respect for the human bodies which had been living temples of the Holy Ghost she afforded them Christian burials. Valerian helped Cecilia and one of his brothers became a Christian and joined them in their work of charity.

But alas! It was not possible to follow Christ in those early Roman days without persecution. Both Valerian and his brother were arrested and executed. The gentle Cecilia had the sad task of burying these two courageous young men who had died for their Faith. But Cecilia was happy in knowing that they had given their lives on earth in order to win life eternal.

Now Cecilia herself was hunted by the prefect of Rome. She knew that it was only a matter of time before she too should be condemned to die, and so she arranged that her beautiful home should become a Church. She was captured in that very house and the cruel plan was put under way to suffocate her there. But God saved her from this death and she remained unharmed. She was then ordered to place her head on a block to have it cut off. She did this gladly, for it meant giving her life for Jesus. Three times her neck was dealt a strong blow. Still, Cecilia did not at once die. She suffered dreadfully because her head was partly severed from her body, but she remained alive for three days. At last the virgin and martyr went to heaven.

OUR LIFE, OUR SWEETNESS AND OUR HOPE

THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

WHEN we say "the Blessed Virgin Mary," we are speaking of the Mother of Jesus Christ, the Mother of God. We are speaking also of the Mother of the human race. Mary is our Mother too.

Actually we know very little about the life of Mary. But we hear a great deal about her, both in the Old and the New Testaments of the Bible. This is because, as the Mother of the Savior, she was to help bring about the redemption of the world. The Prophets foretold her coming. In the life of Jesus, we hear about His Mother.

A prayer well-known to all Catholic children is the *Hail, Holy Queen* in which we say: "Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope." These words are most appropriate for Mary. Before her coming, the Prophets offered her as a light of hope, and after she was among men, her own goodness and purity was sweetness. And how is she our life? She gave us Jesus Christ, through Whom we receive the life of grace; moreover, she added her sufferings to His for our sake, and she continues in heaven to obtain grace for us by her powerful prayers.

We know that Mary was free from original sin from the first moment of her existence. We know this because of the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. We do not know exactly where Mary was born, but several towns and cities claim the honor of being her birthplace. It is not surprising that they should. But since Mary is the Mother of all mankind, it doesn't really matter where she was born.

Mary was taken to the temple when she was very young and it was probably then that she made a vow to dedicate her soul and body to God. In spite of this vow, when she grew older, she was promised in marriage. We think that her parents carried out this

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plan because they were inspired by the Holy Spirit to do so. They did what they thought was in keeping with the Will of God. So it was that Joseph became the promised husband of Mary.

One day the angel Gabriel appeared to Mary and told her that it was God's plan that she was to become a Mother. She was puzzled because of the vow of virginity that she had made to God. But when the angel said that she would become the Mother of God's own Son through the power of the Holy Spirit, she accepted with joy.

The angel Gabriel told Mary that her cousin, Elizabeth, was also going to have a child. This surprised Mary because Elizabeth was no longer young and she and her husband had given up hope of becoming parents. But Mary knew that Gabriel was telling her the truth. As soon as she could she made preparations to visit her cousin. She thought perhaps she could be of some service to her.

As soon as she saw her, Elizabeth knew that Mary was to be the Mother of God. She knew this because the Holy Spirit inspired her. Mary stayed three months with Elizabeth.

When Mary came home, it was Joseph's turn to be puzzled. Mary was going to be a Mother. What was the explanation? An angel appeared to good Joseph and put his mind at ease. He was told that great things were happening through the power of the Holy Spirit.

In obedience to a law of the Emperor Augustus, Mary and Joseph were required to go to Bethlehem to be registered. It was almost time for Mary's Baby to be born and the journey was long and tiresome. Naturally, Joseph did all he could to make the trip easier for her. But he could not manage everything.

Bethlehem was very crowded when Mary and Joseph arrived. They could find no place to stay. Door after door was closed with the words: "No room." At last Joseph guided Mary to a cave which housed animals. And there Jesus, the Savior of the human race, was born.

Mary and Joseph took good care of the Child. When shepherds came from the nearby hills to offer gifts and to adore Him, they

stood quietly by. Mary knew that her Son was born to save the world but she kept this knowledge to herself.

Jesus was given His Name when He was eight days old; when He was forty days old, He was offered to God in the temple. This was according to Jewish custom. While Mary and Joseph were in the temple with the Child, an old man named Simeon came toward them. He was very holy and a Prophet. He exclaimed in great joy at sight of the Baby Savior. He told Mary that she would become the Mother of Sorrows. So Mary knew of the grief which awaited her in the years ahead.

While in Bethlehem, the Holy Family was visited by Three Kings from the East who had followed a star to find the Christ Child. They also offered gifts and adored the Baby. At this time Herod was plotting to kill Jesus. He was afraid that Jesus would take his power from him. But an angel warned Joseph and the Holy Family fled to Egypt where they remained until Herod died. After that they went to Nazareth and made it their home.

When Jesus was twelve years of age, the Holy Family went to Jerusalem for the Paschal Feast. While there, the parents became separated from Jesus and started home without Him. When they discovered that He was missing they hurried back to the city and found Him teaching the great Doctors in the temple. Jesus told them that He was "about His Father's business."

Mary was with Jesus during His public life. The first miracle He worked, that of Cana, was at her request. She remained near Him during His Passion and accompanied Him to His Crucifixion.

It was while He was on the cross that Jesus gave us Mary as our Mother. He said to John, "Behold your Mother." To her, He said, "Behold your son."

Mary was with the Apostles when the Holy Spirit descended upon them and gave them courage, and other graces like those we receive in Confirmation. That was the day of Pentecost.

When it was time to end her years on earth Mary was assumed into heaven, body and soul. There she reigns as Queen. It is important to remember that Mary, Queen of Heaven, is our Mother.

She is understanding and kind and merciful. She will hear our prayers. She will ask her Son to help us.

THE SAINT WHO CONVERTED CANNIBALS

ST. FRANCIS SOLANUS, APOSTLE OF PERU

THERE was great rejoicing in the City of Montilla in Andalusia, Spain, on March 10, 1549. A son had been born in the virtuous and pious household of the Mayor of the City, Matthew Sanchez. He and his wife, Anne Ximenez Sanchez, were proud and happy as a Christian couple ever is when God has blessed them with another child to rear for Him. Little did they know that this son was to become a brave and daring soldier of Jesus Christ and a saint.

The baby was named for St. Francis of Assisi. When he was old enough he was sent to the Jesuit College. When Francis was twenty he applied for admission to the Franciscan Monastery at Montilla and after three years began his studies for the priesthood.

When a dreadful plague broke out in Montoro, Francis spent all his time nursing the sick. There was no home or hovel into which he would not go if he could give physical relief or spiritual comfort. He grew weary from overwork and from constant exposure to all types of weather. With no fear at all for his own well being he continued in a Christ-like manner to help his fellow human beings until he himself fell ill. He suffered greatly and lay close to death, burning with fever, shaking with quivering chills. But God's work was not yet done and so he recovered.

At that time, King Philip II of Spain was seeking missionaries for work in America. To Francis it was a battle call. Fortified by his faith in Providence and strengthened by the light of the Holy Spirit in his soul he accepted the call. In the company of other religious, he set forth in a frail galley in the year 1589. He was shipwrecked at Gorgona on his way to Peru. But Francis was such

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a clever fisherman that he was able to supply enough food for all of them and to his sorrow, many of his companions died later from eating poisonous berries.

After his rescue Francis traveled to Lima, making his way through seven hundred miles of unexplored territory. He made friends with the various tribes he visited and learned to speak their dialects. Wherever he went he preached the word of God. He traveled unafraid into many dangerous situations. Rather than regard this Franciscan as an enemy, the Indian tribes found themselves making peace with one another through his influence. His spirit was tireless, and where there were souls, Francis heard a Divine invitation to continue his work. His object was to win all souls for Christ. Again he met cannibals. This time he stayed among them and they abandoned their unchristian practices and were converted.

The Indians spread over hundreds of miles all loved, and respected and trusted Francis. Trying to follow the manner of life Christ had lived on earth, they had a good example before them. St. Francis Solanus was a true soldier and officer in Christ's army. He never knew fear because he had confidence in His Divine Commander. He died at the age of sixty-one, and straightway was petitioned for favors from heaven by those who had known him. His canonization took place in 1672.

THE SCHOOLBOY HERO

BLESSED DOMINIC SAVIO

DOMINIC SAVIO had a big job to do on earth and very little time in which to complete it. He died when he was fifteen years old. But fifteen years proved to be long enough for him to accomplish his goal. And it was a high one! He set out to become a saint!

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Dominic was the son of Brigid and Charles Savio who lived in the town of Murialdo, Italy. Charles was a hardworking blacksmith and Dominic was his helper at the forge.

As a little boy, one of Dominic's greatest joys was serving Mass. He began serving when he was so small he could hardly be seen when he moved the big Missal from one side of the altar to the other. And he was quite willing to get up at five o'clock in the morning in order to enjoy the privilege of serving at the Holy Sacrifice.

When Dominic was seven years old he made his First Holy Communion. His household was a very excited place as he made ready. His parents, who loved him dearly, put all their hopes in him, as their only other child had died in infancy. Dominic had looked forward to his First Communion ever since he understood that it meant actually receiving the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. He could hardly wait to welcome Him.

Mr. and Mrs. Savio were proudly beaming in the front pew when their son approached the Communion rail. Even though they were extremely happy, they felt like crying too. Sometimes parents feel that way when they see their children marching up to Holy Communion for the very first time. It is a wonderful experience.

Dominic was an unusual boy. His parents knew this to be so. They didn't try to understand wherein he was different. They only thanked God for giving them such a lad and they prayed that he would always remain pure and true to his great gift of Faith.

After Mass was over, little Dominic had a conversation with the pastor and his mother and father which none of them ever forgot.

Dominic said to the priest: "Thanks, Father, for giving me Jesus. Now I want to tell you about the present I gave Him." Shyly he continued, "I promised Jesus I would go to Confession and Communion as often as possible. I also made up my mind that from now on Jesus and Mary are to be my best friends."

Father smiled. "Why, that's wonderful," he said.

"And, Father, I gave Him something special. You remember you told me that the knights used to take a motto for their shields? Well, I made one up for myself: DEATH RATHER THAN SIN!"

The priest was amazed. It was unusual that a seven year old should be able to express a rule by which he could live all his life and hope to die faithful to it.

Dominic proved that he understood his motto. He was well liked by the other boys and girls. Everyone came to know that Dominic would not tolerate rough language, or jokes which bordered on impurity. He was not very skillful at games, but he was interested in them and popular.

When he was twelve years of age he was sent to a school called The Oratory. It was conducted by St. John Bosco, a priest who got along extremely well with boys. Here the boys learned to study, work, play and pray together. Dominic was very happy in this atmosphere.

But Dominic's health began to fail. When he realized this he undertook more than he was physically able to accomplish because he felt that he did not have very long to do God's work. Under the guidance of wise Don Bosco, however, Dominic came to appreciate the fact that God wants us to take care of one day at a time.

While Dominic was at The Oratory, there came a declaration from the Holy Father in Rome which was of importance to all the faithful. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was proclaimed. This gave Dominic an opportunity to offer a special gift to Our Lady. He organized the boys into the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception. This brought about frequent Communion. It helped the boys to be good.

Dominic's health was rapidly becoming worse. Sadly Don Bosco decided that the boy should go home to be with his parents in this his last illness. The boys were sorry to see him prepare to leave. He had been a good friend to all. He had offered encouragement and inspiration by his own life. Everyone knew that this was "good-by" for this life.

It was not long after Dominic went home that he died. His death was sweet and peaceful, and at the last he exclaimed, "Oh, what a beautiful sight I see!"

From the time that he had become a young Knight of Christ, he had remained faithful to his motto: "DEATH RATHER THAN SIN!" He had visualized those words as being written on his Shield of Sanctity; he has left them as a challenge to all Catholic boys and girls.

A LITTLE SAINT OF TODAY

ST. MARIA GORETTI

MARIA GORETTI, a little Italian girl who was martyred for the sake of purity, was declared a saint such a short while later that her own dear mother was present at the solemn ceremony in Rome.

Maria Goretti was born October 16, 1890. Her parents, Louis and Assunta Goretti, lived in a town called Corinaldo. They were farmers who worked very hard to make a living. Their only hope was that God would bless their home with many children. This hope was realized because Maria was the third of seven.

The Gorettis were poor but they enjoyed their family life. And they felt very close to God and His Blessed Mother. Mrs. Goretti had a deep devotion to Our Lady. That was why she was especially happy that her first girl was born in the month of the Rosary. She named the child for the Madonna.

As soon as any child in the household was able to speak, he or she learned to say simple prayers. And the hand of even a baby was guided in the Sign of the Cross. Maria was like other children her age. Her outstanding quality was obedience.

Times did not grow better for this hard-working, holy family. Instead affairs seemed to grow worse. When Maria was six, they

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moved to a place near Rome called Paliano. For three hard years they worked on a rented farm. Then they moved to Ferriere. This was worse than the last place. Even the climate was against them as the land was marshy and unhealthy.

The father of the family died. While he was ill, Maria helped to nurse him and also to look after her younger brothers and sisters. From this time on, Maria shared responsibilities with her mother. She helped in the house and she taught the smaller ones their prayers and Catechism.

As time went on, Maria grew more beautiful of face as well as of soul. She was popular with the boys and girls but she was ever careful of her companions. She never used coarse language nor listened to stories which were not good.

When Maria was twelve there was a boarder in the home. His name was Alessandro. It was he who tried to tempt Maria to sin, and when she refused, he murdered her. Maria Goretti would rather die than commit sin. That is why she is a saint today and why we should ask her to help us become saints, too.

HE PADDLES HIS OWN CANOE

A Claretian Missionary Father of Today

IN THE year 1943, Father Edward, C. M. F., arrived on the Island of San Blas in Panama. The turmoil of World War II, then going on, was felt even on this remote little island, inhabited by Cuna Indians. Besides, the Cuna Indians had their own remembrances of war.

It seems that earlier white visitors had left unpleasant memories and the Indians were not exactly happy to have white people come once more. Father Edward hadn't been ordained very long. He knew how fortunate it was for him that other members of his great Order had preceded him and by their zeal and work given

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the natives an example of true Christianity. But there was much to be done.

Father Edward was born in Pasadena, California, and attended grammar school there. He studied for the priesthood at Dominguez Seminary, Compton, California, for the Claretian Order which is known as that of The Missionary Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and was founded by St. Anthony Claret. Fortified with the graces and powers of his holy state, Father Edward began his priestly duties in Panama.

How does an American boy learn to be a good missionary? We might answer by saying that he opens his mind and his heart to the graces of the Sacraments, and he puts those graces to work. Most of all, he cooperates with the Holy Spirit Who descended on the Apostles at Pentecost and gave them the courage to face the entire world for the sake of Christ.

Father Edward found health conditions on the island deplorable. What was he to do? He was a priest, not a doctor!

Himself "another Christ," Father was mindful of the fact that Our Lord was always considerate of the ills of the body and many of His miracles had to do with the blind, the sick, the deaf and the lame. Father opened a dispensary at San Blas, and went to Army doctors with his problems. In admiration of his spirit, the Army doctors gave him advice and a new "miracle drug" which was just coming into use. Most of these professional men were not Catholics. Who knows what good came of their contact with such a missionary?

Father Edward learned to handle the canoe-type vessels the natives used. His parish took in more than one island, so in answer to a sick call it was not unusual for him to run to the water's edge with a canoe balanced on his shoulders.

He was called upon by white and colored; he was at the service of all. They came to him for advice on various matters. They volunteered to help him with his work. A splendid microscope was purchased from donations by people in the United States who had heard about his missionary labors.

Father even came to be known as an electrician and mechanic. He helped to keep the power plant running and was trouble shooter for the boats and launches which cruised the "Archipelago de las Mulatas."

About a year after his ordination, Father Edward came home briefly to Pasadena. He made this journey first of all in order to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the presence of his parents. However while in the States, he did other things that kept him very busy. He attended a university where the professors did all they could to pour quickly knowledge of dentistry into his eager mind. He wanted to help his people. He had seen much suffering from bad teeth. With the usual sympathy excited by sincerity, the university men gave willingly of their advice.

Father has taken care of many teeth since his return to the island. He carries on the work of a missionary as thousands of other priests and Sisters do. He works for love of Christ. And Christ is in every human being. If Father can reach Christ in a dying Indian by paddling his own canoe, then he is ready to paddle.

HE WANTED TO BE A MARTYR

ST. IGNATIUS OF ANTIOCH

ST. IGNATIUS of Antioch was born in Syria in the year 50 A. D. At Rome between 98 and 117, he died as he wanted to die: a martyr for his Faith.

As you know, martyrs win heaven with the sacrifice of their lives. That, of course, was the hope of Ignatius. It was also his hope to help others by the merits of his suffering and death. We believe that he achieved this desire, because shortly after his death several Christians saw him in a vision interceding for them as he stood before Christ.

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Ignatius was the Bishop of Antioch; and if ever the shepherd of a flock gave good example, it was he. He inspired his people by his own holy life, by his courage, and by his submission.

At this time the Emperor Domitian was waging furious persecution against the Church. He wanted the Christians to worship pagan gods in order to help the cause of his own worldly empire. But the Christians, under the militant leadership of Ignatius, put the Kingdom of God before all else.

Domitian came to Antioch and summoned Ignatius.

"What do you mean by this?" he demanded. "How dare you go against my orders?"

Like a true soldier of Christ, Ignatius reaffirmed his Faith.

"For this you shall die," declared the emperor. The bishop did not quail before this sentence. Indeed, it was what he wanted most because if he died for his Savior, he himself would be advanced another step in His imitation.

Then began a journey to Rome where torture and death for Ignatius was scheduled to take place. Ahead of the travelers went word of their coming. Along the way the faithful awaited the arrival of the persecuted bishop. They awaited his coming prayerfully. When they saw him they marveled at his poise and self-control. They were amazed at his joyful composure.

"He is not afraid to die," they said one to the other. "How he loves Our Lord!" And they in turn took courage from him. "We will pray for you, Your Lordship," they told him. "Will you pray for us?"

The bishop told them that he always prayed for his people. They knew he would continue to do so. They also knew that his suffering and death would help all of them as well as the souls in purgatory.

The soldiers were cruel to their captive and he underwent great suffering en route. By the time he arrived in Rome, the city was in a holiday mood. The pagans were about to be entertained by watching wild beasts devour no less a personage than a bishop.

What fun! Crowds in gay attire surged toward the huge amphitheatre where the show would soon take place.

Entering the arena, the bishop walked bravely into the pit and stood undaunted as wild lions rushed toward him. With no thought save of Christ, he prayed as long as there was a breath in his body. And there, while the cruel throngs shouted and cheered, the blood of a great martyr stained the ground. And when it was over, there was nothing left but the bones of the saint.

Reverently the Christians gathered up these bones and carried them back to Antioch, where the people venerated them. At last the relics were placed in a church, which was dedicated in honor of the saint.

Many favors were granted by his intercession. He is an example of a martyr who spent his life building up merit in the treasury of heaven. He closed this celestial savings account with the most valuable deposit he could make: his life.

THE SULLIVANS

A Family That Lives for God

THERE lived in Waterloo, Iowa, a happy Catholic family. There were five sons and one daughter. As you can imagine, the mother had a great deal to do when the children were small. But she liked her job of being a wife and mother. She thanked God for giving her this opportunity to raise children for His honor and glory.

This is about the Sullivans! Perhaps you have seen the stirring moving picture by that name. Maybe you have read about the Destroyer U. S. S. *The Sullivans*. They are a great family.

The Sullivans were great long before the American public as a whole ever heard of them. They became great when the five boys

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who were to become famous, were little fellows and their sister was a tot.

Mr. Thomas Sullivan worked on the railroad. It was a responsible position and a hard one. Mr. Sullivan liked his work. It was good, down to earth labor, which called for skill and integrity. It was work such as St. Joseph might have done had there been railroads in his day and had he followed that sort of work instead of carpentering.

The children all attended Catholic schools. This required no small sacrifice on the part of the parents. But it was worth all its cost. It was important that they should grow up knowing the truths of the Faith. Wisely, the Sullivans knew that was all that mattered.

Then there came World War II. By this time the boys were young men and the daughter a young lady. Mr. Sullivan was working harder than ever because railroads were an important part of the war effort. Mrs. Sullivan was kept busy too because her five sons joined the United States Navy. Volunteers all!

Then one day the Sullivans received a telegram from the War Department. It said that with regret it had to inform the family that all five of the Sullivan boys had been lost at sea aboard the U. S. S. *Juneau*.

The household was grief-stricken. But during that dark hour, their Faith sustained them. Mr. Sullivan went back to work. People were depending on him. Mrs. Sullivan went on with her daily duties. Life had to keep going.

And when Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan were called upon by the Navy Department to tour the nation in behalf of the war effort, they went despite their personal sorrow. And what an inspiration they were, these two graying parents, walking heads up in spite of their heavy hearts, saying to people in production plants and in camps, "We must keep on working for freedom and liberty."

In New York, Cardinal Spellman (then archbishop) presented a medal and a rosary to the Sullivans in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Sullivans' sailor sons had heard Mass there on a Sunday shortly

before they were killed; and now a Mass was offered for the repose of their souls.

During a personal interview, the archbishop told Mrs. Sullivan that he had been informed officially that her sons had received Holy Communion three weeks before they were reported lost. "That gives me real consolation," Mrs. Sullivan said. "I have worried and worried about it. Dad tried to make me stop fretting. So did our pastor back home. Now this news lifts a weight right off me." She told the archbishop that as soon as their visit was over she was going back into the cathedral to pray again and to "light candles, one for each of my boys."

In his sermon at the Mass the rector said: "A brave man must be a good man, because if he is not morally good, he cannot be brave. The Sullivan boys were brave. They must have been good because they had a good mother and father. We offer this Mass for the repose of their souls. We pray, not for Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, but rather that the rest of the married men and women of America may be inspired by them to realize their responsibilities."

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan based their family life on the life of the Holy Family. Like the family of Nazareth they had their joys and their sorrows. They knew too that we are born not for this life but for the next.

PEOPLE YOU MIGHT KNOW

THE MORGANS

THE MORGANS live in Butte, Montana. They could as well live in Boise, Idaho, or Brooklyn, N. Y. There are probably a great many families like them in those cities, and you probably know a few in the town where you live. In fact, you might belong to one.

Pat Morgan was born in a little coal mining town in Maryland. His mother and father had come to the United States from Ireland.

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His father had heard that there was work to be had in the coal mines. But Pat's father soon decided that it was not the sort of work he wanted nor the proper place to raise a family. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan wanted more land and sun and wind and sky than was to be had under ground level. It was their hope and prayer that Pat should be followed by brothers and sisters.

The Morgans moved to Missouri and settled on a farm. God did bless them with sons and daughters. Life on the farm was hard but happy. The church was three miles away in the village and in those days when a horse and buggy served as transportation, that was quite a distance. But every Sunday morning saw the family at Mass. Whenever she could Mrs. Morgan attended daily Mass, walking into town with a tot by the hand. That is one of Pat's most precious memories, being chosen by his mother to go with her to Mass.

There was much time together at home in the winter and it was during these long, happy evenings that the children learned their Catechism and were instructed before receiving Holy Communion. And always there was family Rosary at bed time.

When Pat grew up he married a girl named Rose and they moved back to a mining country. This time it was copper. But Pat did not work underground beneath what is known as "the richest hill on earth." Instead he became a worker in one of the offices "on top." There he earned an adequate living for his fine growing family.

There were Tom, Frank, Kathleen, Helen and Rosemary. There was also for a short while a baby named Joe. But God called Joe back to heaven after he had been in the family only three months. They were saddened but left with the wonderful thought that a Morgan would be there waiting when each one of them should be called home.

There was always a lot of fun at the Morgans' because there were enough of them to have a good time by themselves and enough of them to attract lots of friends. Mrs. Morgan welcomed friends. She liked to have the youngsters gather there and she used

to say that it was wonderful to see her own children growing up with those of her neighbors.

As they grew older, selections as to a state of life were made by each. And Mr. and Mrs. Morgan prayed earnestly that each of their brood should find his or her own particular task on earth.

The years seemed to move fast when the children started leaving home. They returned home on occasion with families of their own to visit Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, who were now "Grandpa" and "Grandma." Then God called Pat Morgan to Himself. The family came together again in a time of sorrow. Yet it was a consolation, too, for them all. Pat had done a good job as had his father and mother before him. Because of his own example, his children were living good Christian lives. They could hope and pray that their own children would follow the same pattern.

Now Mrs. Morgan is often alone in the big house where the children grew up. But she is never truly alone. All the children are home in spirit. Mrs. Morgan recalls the times when they were small. She smiles to herself.

That is what life is. We are born to try to follow God's will for us on earth so we may be with Him as part of His eternal family forever after.

WATER OF LOURDES

THE STORY OF ST. BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS

EACH year thousands of people travel to the Grotto of Lourdes where water gushes from a spring, and praying there, they beg Almighty God for a vast variety of favors. Most of all, they ask for health. Ofttimes the water from Lourdes is bottled and carried away to all parts of the world. This water is a sacramental. It is given to the sick, the sad, the unbelieving. It is used with faith and hope and prayer. And because of faith, Our Blessed

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Lady has granted many favors by her intercession with her Divine Son.

Would you like to hear something of the young French girl to whom Our Lady appeared?

Bernadette Soubirous was fourteen years old when she first saw the Blessed Virgin. It was a very unexpected event—and Bernadette was not exactly the kind of person most people have in mind when they think of Holy Mary the Mother of God taking the trouble to come down to earth with a message.

Bernadette wasn't bright in school or clever at games. Ill health probably contributed to her lack of proficiency. But she loved the Blessed Mother dearly; and when it came to praying, she was wise indeed. She knew how to say her Rosary, and said it often. Hers was a great and simple faith.

The Soubirous family was as poor as poor could be. They hardly had enough food to eat or enough fuel to keep warm. The girls were often sent by their mother to the foothills to gather wood for fire. And it was on such an errand that Bernadette saw Our Lady.

One day Bernadette together with her sister and a friend went out to find dry branches to build a fire on the hearth for warmth and cooking. It was February 11, 1858. There in a cave Bernadette beheld a vision. The vision came to her on other occasions and the people of the village began to follow her so that they too might glimpse this beautiful woman she described.

People who gathered about saw nothing, but Bernadette held firmly to her story of a lovely Lady standing there. The Lady spoke. "I wish to see people here," she said. "Tell the priests I want to see a chapel here. Processions are to come here." She told Bernadette to dig in the ground. A spring would come forth, and Bernadette was to drink from the spring and wash in its water. And she also told her: "Pray for sinners."

Bernadette dug with her hands into the ground. The onlookers exclaimed, "This simple thing has lost her poor mind completely!"

But lo! water gushed from the ground, and today many thousands of gallons of water are flowing every year from this miraculous spring.

Finally, the Lady told Bernadette who she was. Her words were: "I am the Immaculate Conception."

Soon people from all parts of France, and then from all over the world began to come to Lourdes. They marched in processions. They prayed. They took the precious water home. Cures were effected on many which the doctors, after rigorous examination, could not understand. It was conceded by all that a supernatural power was at work.

And what happened to Bernadette Soubirous, the girl who didn't know her lessons in school, who wasn't much good at games? Bernadette became a nun. She was a holy, humble religious. In a way, the other Sisters found her a disappointment. They had expected an individual who would seem to them impressive and saint-like. Her impressiveness was inside her soul. She was still the simple country girl.

She suffered a great deal both in body and in spirit during her years in the convent. But she was a true child of Mary. She said quite contentedly: "You see, my story is quite simple. The Virgin made use of me and then I was put in a corner. That is now my place. There I am happy and there I remain."

If there is a very nice, cozy corner in heaven where she can see Our Lady clearly, I think that is where St. Bernadette will be found.

PATRON OF THE MISSIONS

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

IT IS now 400 years since St. Francis Xavier died on a bleak island in the South China Sea. He had served God all his life and spent his last ten years as a vigorous, fighting missionary of God.

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He died, not proud and pleased with his accomplishments, but rather with the heartfelt plea on his lips: "My Jesus, mercy."

Today St. Francis Xavier is hailed as a powerful Patron of the Missions. He is credited with having opened the gateway to the East so that others bearing the Cross might follow him. And follow him they have, despite discouragement, rebuffs, torture, and every type of human hardship and suffering. Inspired by his example and encouraged by his patronage in heaven, the missionaries of God's Church will continue to push forward toward the ultimate frontier of the Faith when God's Kingdom on earth and in heaven merge as one.

As is the case in any great campaign or struggle, the leader did not work alone. St. Francis Xavier, in his own humility, worked under the direction of Ignatius Loyola and in the army of Christ the King. And St. Francis was fortunate in having among his companions a Jesuit lay brother, Juan Fernandez, who was of untold service in his labors.

Francis Xavier was born in the Castle of Xavier near Sanguesa in Navarre on April 7, 1506. He studied as a boy in his own country, then went to the University of Paris. It was here that he met Pierre Favre and they became warm personal friends. Then the two of them became acquainted with a former soldier, now a very pious and earnest student, named Ignatius Loyola. Both Favre and Xavier were the first to associate themselves with Ignatius in the formation of the Society of Jesus, known as the Jesuit Order.

Francis Xavier had been ambitious to become a professor and writer. However his dreams and hopes soon turned toward winning souls for Christ. So he became a priest and when he was assigned to the task of foreign missions he was pleased.

Long and rough was the trail ahead of Xavier. But with the help of God he trod it. After a dangerous voyage, Francis landed at Goa in India. There he spent several months visiting the sick in hospitals. His tall dark robed form became a happy sight to the wretchedly ill men, women and children, whose physical as well as spiritual needs he attended. Soon that black figure became

a sort of Pied Piper in the city. Down the street he would walk, ringing a bell as he went and when the children heard the *clang . . . clang . . . clang . . .* they would leave their games and follow him. The march would end at the door of the church and the youngsters would file inside where Francis would teach them their Catechism.

On Francis Xavier went, leaving God's implanted word to take root and grow. He traveled to the pearl fisheries, where he distributed the gems of Truth which shine until this very day. He traveled from island to island, meeting discouragement and animosity, but carrying on despite it.

On and on he went, entering so many countries, touching so many islands in the Pacific that it is hard to believe a single man could reach such a far flung area in so few years. He is said to have baptized many thousands of pagans.

Other Jesuit missionaries joined Francis. Seeing that he must establish for the future, he set about erecting a seminary. Then he turned his eyes toward Japan. Here he planted the seed of Faith in many cities, including Nagasaki.

He was only forty-six when he died, completely exhausted by his labors to bring the Faith to the people of the Orient. He had a short life on earth, but he worked so hard for God he will live for ever and ever in heaven.

FOR HIM THERE WAS NO RETREAT

FATHER RYAN, S. J., MISSIONARY TO CHINA

FATHER RYAN is an American Jesuit missionary priest who came home to the United States after ten months in Communist prisons in China. Father Ryan endured many kinds of torture, both of mind and body, during those long months. He was

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ridiculed and scorned. He was compelled to go without sleep and proper food. He was not allowed to take a bath for months at a time. He was ill, nervous and thin when he came home. But what do you think Father Ryan said?

When people asked Father what he wanted to do, he replied, "I want to go back to China and teach the people about God." When he enlisted as a soldier of Jesus Christ, he was prepared to be a real soldier. He made full use of the Gifts of the Holy Ghost. He was not willing to turn his back on the enemy in retreat. He was and is determined to do all in his power to bring about God's Kingdom on earth as it is in heaven.

Father Ryan is from Santa Barbara, a city on the coast in California. His assignment in China was at Yangchow. Here, with his Jesuit companions, he sadly witnessed the coming of Communism. He saw young Chinese men and women become the victims of it.

For three years the missionaries continued to teach the Faith despite the difficult conditions. And then, on July 31, 1951, the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola, a great crowd of angry Chinese gathered in front of the Jesuit house. There were the men, women and children who had been their friends. Now they were screaming with hate. They were shouting and waving their fists. They hurled at the priests all sorts of strange, crazy questions. They accused them of crimes they did not commit. Then some of the priests were dragged off to prison, and the rest were told that they must leave the country.

Father Ryan tells how starvation and sickness has caused great losses in China throughout the years. "But Communism is the worst plague of all," he declares. "Communism eats at the souls of the people."

Everyone should pray for China. Everyone should pray for the missions. May the Holy Spirit continue to keep our courageous priest-soldiers strong!

HE DIED FOR THE SAKE OF JUSTICE

ST. JOHN FISHER

WE ARE proud when we see a figure move across the pages of history who not only is noted for accomplishments and contributions to his time but is distinguished for dedication to his Faith. Such a man was St. John Fisher.

John Fisher, destined to be a martyr for the sake of truth and justice, was born in Beverley, Yorkshire, England, in 1459. He was the son of Robert and Agnes Fisher. His father was a wealthy merchant.

His early education was received at the school attached to the church in the town where he lived. When he was older he went to Cambridge to study. There he did well, and was soon able to act as tutor to pupils who either had difficulty with studies or learned their lessons at home.

Young John studied for the priesthood, and after ordination, was active in the work of education. In a short while he became Bishop of Rochester, at the same time having the office of tutor to Prince Henry of England, who was to become King Henry VIII. For many years the relationship between King Henry and the bishop might have been likened to that between father and son. Henry was proud of the respected position of the bishop, his friend and teacher. John Fisher was known far and wide as an able and learned man. He had much influence with Henry even when he no longer taught him. And after Henry became king, the bishop was appointed spiritual adviser to the queen, Catherine of Aragon.

But trouble began to brew when Henry decided that, regardless of the law of the Church, he was going to divorce his wife, Queen Catherine, and marry someone else. The Bishop opposed this. He made it clear that the marriage was valid and firm, and indissoluble before God. Matters went badly after that in England. People began taking sides. The Bishop was sent to prison for a while.

See Co-ordination Chart, page XIII.

But he did not change his point of view and he courageously preached against divorce. Meanwhile King Henry VIII began to set up his own church and declared himself the head of it. This church, of course, let him get a divorce and marry again.

Again Bishop Fisher was carried off to prison. By this time he was growing old. He was treated most cruelly for a year, and was finally charged with treason to the State "because he had maliciously and traitorously said that the king was not the head of the Church." He was executed on June 22, 1535. While on the scaffold he prayed for the king and for the people. He died with the *Te Deum* on his lips.

ALOYSIUS GONZAGA, CLEAN OF HEART

ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA

ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA is a special patron of young people. He is their special friend in heaven because he died while still very young. He is chosen, too, because he is a model of purity and an admirable advocate to petition in seeking the beauty of that virtue.

Aloysius was the eldest son of Ferdinand Gonzaga, Marquis of Castiglione. He was born on the ninth of March, 1568. He was a remarkably handsome and good little boy. As soon as he could speak he managed to say "Jesus" and "Mary," beloved names often on his lips and in his heart as long as he lived. When he was nine years old he made a vow of virginity and was given grace never even to know temptations against purity. He received his First Holy Communion at the hands of St. Charles Borromeo.

When Aloysius was still a young boy, he felt a call to the priesthood. His mother was happy that God should so honor her family but not so the Marquis, her husband. Here was his eldest son, of whom he expected much in bringing worldly honors to the

See *Co-ordination Chart*, page XIII.

family name! Should he bury himself and the proud name of Gonzaga in a religious house? "No!" declared the Marquis. And he proceeded to place every difficulty in the path of Aloysius' plans. But eventually persistence and prayer won out and after three years, the Marquis gave his consent and his son happily entered the Jesuit house of studies.

After two years the young novice took his vows and went through the required courses of philosophy and theology. He was noted for his strict adherence to the law of God in little things. Actually he was never known to offend Our Lord by sin; and after his death, St. Robert Bellarmine, great Doctor of the Church, who had been his confessor, expressed the opinion he had never sinned mortally. Yet Aloysius was ever doing penance. He believed that his heart must be clean, shining clean, in order to offer it as a fitting gift to Our Lord and Our Lady.

Once Aloysius said, "I am a crooked piece of iron and am come to religion to be made straight by the hammer of mortification and penance."

Aloysius was in his last year of theology when a malignant fever broke out in Rome. The student gave himself tirelessly to nursing of the sick. Finally he fell ill himself, and never recovered. He died with that name on his lips which he learned to say so lovingly as a baby: "Jesus."

THE SAINT OF THE SACRED HEART

St. Margaret Mary Alacoque

MARGARET MARY ALAQUOÏE was a little French girl who lived in the seventeenth century. Her parents were good kind people who had enough worldly possessions to keep their family comfortably in a nice house. But they were wise and sensible. They considered charity and love of God much more important than temporal wealth.

Margaret Mary was a pretty and obedient child. Her happiest moment came when she received the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ in Holy Communion. She used to fast and speak to Him in her prayers. She made many little sacrifices.

SUPPLEMENTARY STORIES

One day Margaret Mary discovered that the candle not move her arms and legs. She was paralyzed. She had to remain in bed for four long years. At this time she was wonderfully patient and uncomplaining. She was grateful to those who took care of her.

Margaret Mary told the blessed Mother that she would become a nun when she grew up. As soon as she had made this promise she was well. She could run and play and do all the things that the other children could do. A link which after that her father had and soon the family had no money. They were not disturbed. They had faith in God's Providence.

By the time she was seventeen her father's affairs were good again. Margaret Mary's mother told her she thought she should join in the games and dances of other young men and women. Margaret Mary wanted to obey her mother. She decided that God would not hold her as her children were. One day when Margaret Mary came home from a very gay ball, Our Lord appeared to her. He was bleeding as He was during the Sacred Passion. Margaret Mary wept.

Her mother granted her permission and Margaret Mary entered the Visitation Convent. She continued to practice self-denial and

THE SAINT OF THE SACRED HEART

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Margaret Mary was a pretty and obedient child. Her happiest moment came when she received the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ in Holy Communion. She felt very close to Jesus and spoke to Him in her prayers as though He were right beside her. She made many little sacrifices to please Him.

One day Margaret Mary discovered that she could not move her arms and legs. She was paralyzed. She had to remain in bed for four long years. All this time she was wondrously patient and uncomplaining. She was grateful to those who took care of her.

Margaret Mary told the Blessed Mother that she would become a nun when she grew up. As soon as she had made this promise she was well. She could run and play and do all the things that the other children could do. A little while after that her father died and soon the family had no money. They were not disturbed; they had faith in God's Providence.

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Her mother granted her permission and Margaret Mary entered the Visitation Convent. She continued to practice self-denial and

penance. She was so devoted to Our Lord that her fellow Sisters could not understand her. They complained to the Superior, who said to the young Sister, "Henceforth, you must do exactly as the other Sisters do." This meant that she must forego the suffering she had endured joyously for Our Lord's sake. Our Lord appeared to her many times. He told her that He wanted the whole world to love His Sacred Heart. He told her many things and made nine wonderful promises for the faithful who would show special devotion and love for His Sacred Heart. Margaret Mary began the custom of making a Holy Hour in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. She also helped to popularize the devotion of the Nine First Fridays. Our Lord called her "the Disciple of the Sacred Heart." She died at the age of forty-three.

HER BAD BOY BECAME A SAINT

ST. MONICA

MONICA was born in North Africa of Christian parents. When she was a young girl she was married to a pagan named Patricius. He was a very rich and powerful man, but this did not make him a good husband. He had a bad temper and he made fun of Monica when she said her prayers.

It would have been hard for Monica to keep her own good disposition if she had depended upon herself. But she didn't. She asked God to help her.

Monica's prayers were answered when Patricius became a Christian. He died shortly after that.

But that was not the end of this poor woman's troubles. She was very worried about her son, Augustine. He was a handsome and intelligent boy, but he was not a good boy. He was lazy and he went around with evil companions. It was not surprising that he should fall into sin himself.

Augustine even taught against the Church. Monica was very sad because of the way Augustine acted. She used to weep but she did not despair. She kept praying.

Augustine went to Rome. His mother followed him there. When he left to go to the city of Milan, she also went. It was in Milan that Augustine met the bishop, Ambrose. The bishop was a very holy man. He is known to us now as St. Ambrose.

For the first time there seemed to be an answer to her prayers. Augustine was impressed not only by Ambrose's wisdom and his sermons but also by his goodness and kindness. Through this friendship Augustine became interested in the one true Faith. He was baptized.

Later Augustine became one of the greatest teachers in the Church. In his writings he told about his conversion and the influence of his mother's prayers. The prayers of St. Monica were like money in the bank. Sometimes money is placed there a penny at a time. At long last it brings interest to the one who faithfully placed it.

When Monica died, many miracles were performed for those asking help in her name. St. Monica is known as the patroness of Christian mothers.

WONDER-WORKER AND FRIEND OF MOTHERS

ST. GERARD MAJELLA

ST. GERARD MAJELLA was born on April 6, 1726, at Muro, a small town about fifty miles from Naples. As a boy, he led a simple, quiet life, because his parents were ordinary working people who believed that happiness meant working and praying hard and loving one another.

Even when Gerard was a tiny fellow he was outstanding because of his deep devotion to Jesus and His Mother. Gerard wanted ever so much to receive Holy Communion. He even followed the

people to the altar rail at Mass hoping that he too would receive the Body and Blood of our Lord in Holy Communion. He was sadly disappointed when the priest passed him by.

Gerard's father died when he was still small and his mother sent him to work for a tailor. Unfortunately, the tailor was a cross, impatient man and he often punished Gerard unjustly and cruelly. But Gerard gladly endured this treatment and offered his suffering to Our Lord.

Later, Gerard went to work in the bishop's house and because of his respect for the priesthood, he enjoyed this association. Here, too, he found a master who was difficult to please. When the bishop died he became a tailor again. He led a pious life and was a good example to many.

Finally, he decided that he wanted to devote all his time to God by becoming a member of a religious community. Here, he met much opposition. He was refused by three Orders because of his poor health. At last, at his second application, the Redemptorist Order accepted him and he became a Lay Brother. It was an answer to fervent prayer.

Although he was frail of body, he was said to do the work of three others. He became known as "The Father of the Poor." He is credited with effecting many conversions.

At one time, he was accused of a grave and evil sin of which he was, of course, completely innocent. He offered this suffering to Our Lord in reparation for all the sins of the world.

His last illness was one of severe pain. Yet he welcomed it. It was a share in Christ's Passion. He told the members of his community, who were kind to him because they loved him very much, not to be anxious for his care. The day he was to die, he told them he was going. Because of the many miracles obtained through his intercession, he became known as The Wonder-Worker. He especially answers prayers of mothers.

ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE

TARSUS was one of the great cities of the ancient world. It was known as an important center of trade and industry. Many historic events occurred there. But Tarsus stands out in the history of the world, for the most part, because it was the birthplace of the great Apostle, Paul.

As a baby, he was not known as "Paul." His parents were faithful Jews and bestowed upon him the name "Saul." He was named after the first king of Israel. Since he was a member of the tribe of Benjamin, one of the purest lines of Israel, it is not surprising that he was given that old and honored name.

It was a custom of the Hebrew people to see that every boy should learn a trade. It was not enough that he should be able to speak several languages. A boy must also be able to earn a living. Young Saul learned the trade of tentmaking. He became very skilled in weaving the hair of goats into the kind of felt used for these tents. Tentmaking is a trade carried on in Tarsus to this day.

At the age of fourteen, Saul was sent to Jerusalem to complete his education. There he met many boys from other cities whose parents were also Jewish. He studied the Old Testament. He loved the Word of God.

One day a very exciting and sad thing happened outside the walls of Jerusalem. A man was stoned to death. This man was St. Stephen, the first Christian martyr. Saul was there. He did not throw any of the stones, but he did hold the coats of the men who killed Stephen. He did not try to save him.

Shortly after this, Saul became a fierce enemy of all Christians. He even asked permission of the Roman officials to lead men to other cities to seek out the Christians for trial. With this intention, he started toward the city of Damascus, a journey of seven days. Just outside this city a great miracle occurred. Saul saw a shining light in the sky and he heard the Voice of God. He became blind

as he heard the Voice ask, "Saul, Saul, why dost thou persecute Me?" (Acts 9:4).

Saul became a Christian. He was known as Paul. He worked harder for Christ than he had ever worked against Him. He traveled on many journeys and told about Christ. He wrote letters about Christ's teaching to many convert groups. Paul also suffered a great deal. He was put in prison. He was shipwrecked. He was beaten and starved. When he was very old and weary, he suffered martyrdom in the Eternal City, Rome.

SHE FOLLOWED THE GOOD SHEPHERD

ST. MARY EUPHRASIA PELLETIER

INTO the gracious, happy household of Dr. and Mrs. Julian Pelletier was born their eighth child on July 31, 1796. This new little daughter was christened Rose Virginia.

The Pelletiers lived on the Island of Norimouthier, Vendée, France. Their home was near the seashore, and Rose Virginia spent her early years playing by the ocean with her brothers and sisters. She came to love God's great ocean.

Among her favorite haunts was a grotto called St. Philbert's cave. It was named for the holy monk who was a patron of the Island. Rose Virginia and her friends used to gather flowers to decorate the cave where this good man had knelt in prayer.

Dr. and Mrs. Pelletier were noted for their charity. The doctor took care of the poor and would neither ask nor accept a fee. He would direct his wife toward the homes of those in need and she would provide them with food, linen and clothing. Love of God and neighbor was the keynote of this home.

The beloved father of this lively, happy family died when the youngest was quite small. The family moved, a few years later, to Soullans and Rose was sent to convent boarding school. She made many friends and seemed ever to be a leader in games and

student activities. She was always just and was often called on to settle disputes. Her judgment was respected even at that age.

While she was away at school her mother died. This saddened Rose Virginia, who had been devoted to her mother. The loss helped to fix the girl's mind on eternal things. She became interested in a school nearby conducted by cloistered white-robed Sisters called the Order of Our Lady of Charity, founded by St. John Eudes, who lived from 1601 to 1680.

The work of this Order had to do with the care of girls and young women who had gotten into some sort of difficulty in their home surroundings. It appealed to Rose Virginia, and she applied to enter when she was seventeen. Her guardian, however, objected to this step, and it was only after a long, anxious and prayerful period of waiting that she was at last received. Her name in religion was Sister Mary Euphrasia.

The Congregation of the Good Shepherd grew out of this Order. Sister Mary Euphrasia became Mother Superior. She re-established the Community which had almost been wiped out during the French Revolution. Under her guidance the work spread. She established the Order of the Magdalens for girls who had sinned and who wished to devote the remainder of their lives to God.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd are known for their splendid work throughout the world today. St. Mary Euphrasia died on April 24, 1868, at the age of seventy-two. She was canonized by Pope Pius XII on May 2, 1940.

ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA

ST. CATHERINE of Alexandria was a maiden of noble birth. She was martyred for the Faith in the fourth century during the reign of Emperor Maximinus, who was noted for his ruthless persecutions of Christians.

When Catherine was still in her teens, she decided to approach this cruel man and attempt to persuade him to mend his manner of living. She hoped to convince him that the pagan religion was false. Emperor Maximinus became very angry at her audacity. He was furious that such a young girl could speak so ably and well. Catherine spoke the truth. That was why there was no way to answer her arguments.

However the emperor tried to make her appear foolish before his court. Hoping to do this, he summoned the leading scholars of the time to speak against her. But Catherine was more than a match for them. So sincerely and persistently did she tell of Jesus Christ and the Faith He had founded that the men chosen to oppose her became Christians themselves. They were promptly beheaded.

The emperor ordered Catherine to prison. The wife of the emperor was interested in Catherine, who was by then the talk of an excited city. The empress visited the prison to speak with her. The ladies in waiting and the guards who went with her became Christians.

By then the emperor was angry indeed. He condemned Catherine to execution and told his men to build a horrible machine in which she was to suffer and die. It was made of spikes and knives assembled on a wheel. Undaunted, Catherine resorted to prayer and at her touch the big, strong machine broke apart. That is why we often see pictures of St. Catherine with a broken wheel in her hand. She was beheaded and we are told that angels came and carried her body to Mt. Sinai for burial. St. Catherine is the patroness of young girls and students.

STORY-TIME CALENDAR

Parents will find this book and story-time calendar practical aids in living the Church year in the home. Fathers and mothers may read or tell these stories even to their preschool children on various Feast Days and during the specified Church seasons. In the company of the Saints may their children thus advance in wisdom and grace as well as in age!

		<i>Story on page</i>
January	18: St. Peter's Chair at Rome	47
	21: St. Agnes of Rome	18
	25: Conversion of St. Paul, Apostle	92
Second Sunday after Epiphany:		
	Wedding Feast at Cana	58
February	1: St. Ignatius of Antioch	72
March	17: St. Patrick	11
April	2: Anne de Guigne	8-10
	16: St. Bernadette Soubirous	78
	24: St. Mary Euphrasia Pelletier	93
May	4: St. Monica	89
	26: St. Philip Neri	48
	30: Decoration Day; The Sullivans	74
June	21: St. Aloysius Gonzaga	42-85
	22: St. John Fisher	84
	29: Sts. Peter and Paul, Apostles	92
July	6: St. Thomas More	35
	9: St. Maria Goretti	69
	12: St. John Gualbert	34
	14: St. Francis Solanus	65
	19: St. Vincent de Paul	29
	Frederick Ozanam	55
25: St. Christopher	22	

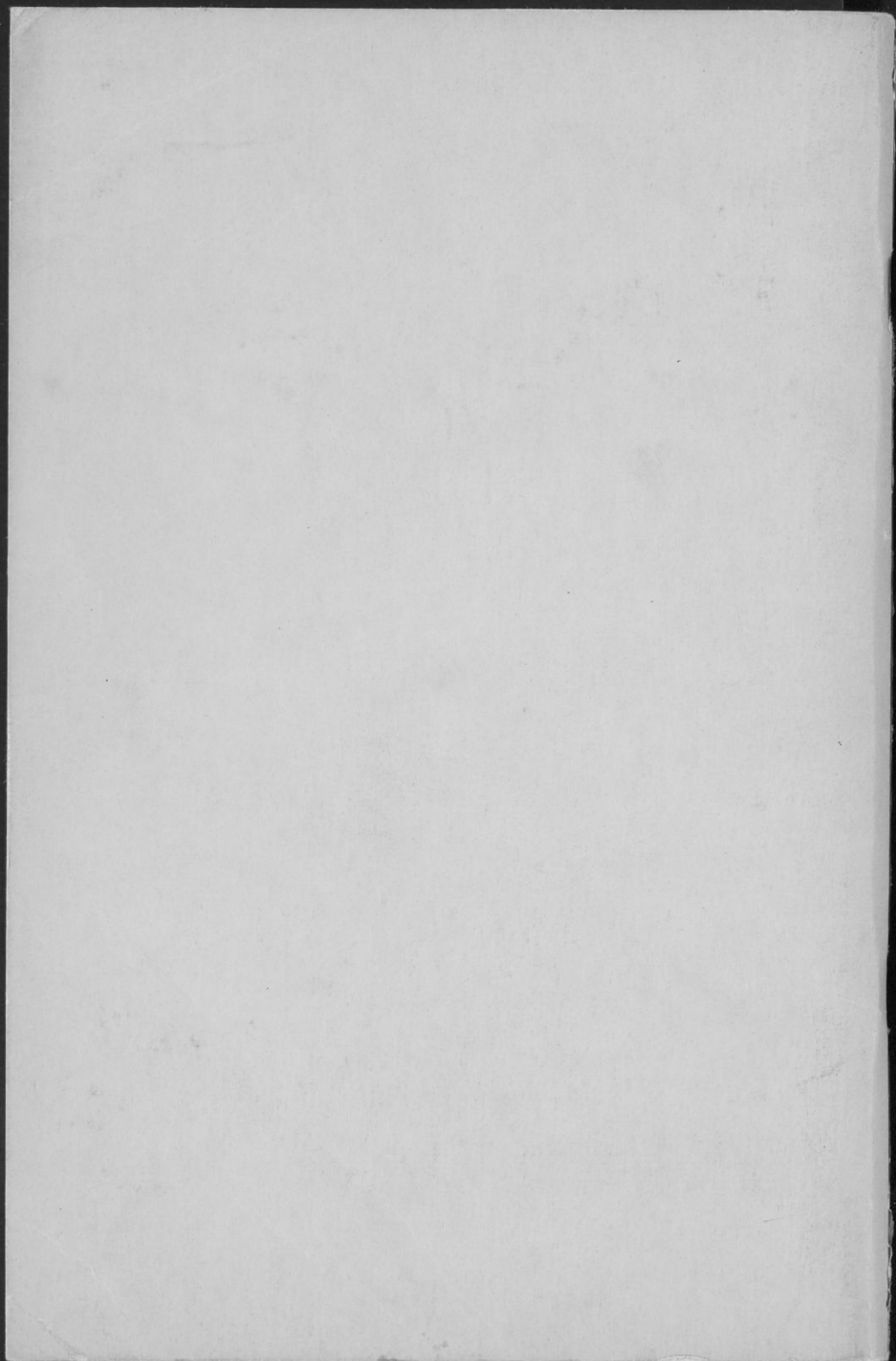
Story on page

August	9: St. John Vianney	38
	22: Immaculate Heart of Mary	51
	25: St. Louis of France	40
	28: St. Augustine	53
	Junípero Serra	25
30: St. Rose of Lima	57	
September	3: Blessed Pius X	4
	26: St. Isaac Jogues	45
October	3: St. Thérèse of Lisieux	1
	16: St. Gerard Majella	90
	17: St. Margaret Mary Alacoque	88
	24: St. Anthony Claret	27
Mission Week:		
	Good-by to Father Tom	19
	There's Always China	31
	Mass in the Carolines	33
	He Paddles His Own Canoe	70
	For Him There Was No Retreat	82
November	22: St. Cecilia	60
	25: St. Catherine of Alexandria	94
First or Second Sunday of Advent:		
	Noe and the Flood	14
December	3: St. Francis Xavier	80
	22: St. Frances Xavier Cabrini	20

STORY-TIME CALENDAR

August	31	St. John the Baptist
	30	St. James the Apostle
	29	St. Andrew the Apostle
	28	St. Peter the Apostle
	27	St. Paul the Apostle
	26	St. John the Evangelist
	25	St. Stephen
	24	St. Lawrence
	23	St. Vincent
	22	St. Anastasia
	21	St. Agatha
	20	St. Rose
	19	St. Elizabeth
	18	St. Mary Magdalene
	17	St. Mary the Virgin
	16	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
	15	St. John the Baptist
	14	St. Elizabeth
	13	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
	12	St. John the Baptist
	11	St. Elizabeth
	10	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
	9	St. John the Baptist
	8	St. Elizabeth
	7	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
	6	St. John the Baptist
	5	St. Elizabeth
	4	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
	3	St. John the Baptist
	2	St. Elizabeth
	1	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
September	30	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
	29	St. John the Baptist
	28	St. Elizabeth
	27	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
	26	St. John the Baptist
	25	St. Elizabeth
	24	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
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	9	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
	8	St. John the Baptist
	7	St. Elizabeth
	6	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
	5	St. John the Baptist
	4	St. Elizabeth
	3	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
	2	St. John the Baptist
	1	St. Elizabeth
October	31	St. Andrew the Apostle
	30	St. John the Evangelist
	29	St. Peter the Apostle
	28	St. Paul the Apostle
	27	St. James the Apostle
	26	St. Philip the Apostle
	25	St. Bartholomew the Apostle
	24	St. Matthew the Apostle
	23	St. Mark the Evangelist
	22	St. Luke the Evangelist
	21	St. John the Baptist
	20	St. Elizabeth
	19	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
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	5	St. Elizabeth
	4	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
	3	St. John the Baptist
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November	30	St. Andrew the Apostle
	29	St. John the Evangelist
	28	St. Peter the Apostle
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	25	St. Philip the Apostle
	24	St. Bartholomew the Apostle
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	22	St. Mark the Evangelist
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	14	St. John the Baptist
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	7	St. Elizabeth
	6	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
	5	St. John the Baptist
	4	St. Elizabeth
	3	St. Mary the Mother of Jesus
	2	St. John the Baptist
	1	St. Elizabeth
December	31	St. Stephen
	30	St. John the Evangelist
	29	St. Peter the Apostle
	28	St. Paul the Apostle
	27	St. James the Apostle
	26	St. Philip the Apostle
	25	St. Bartholomew the Apostle
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	22	St. Luke the Evangelist
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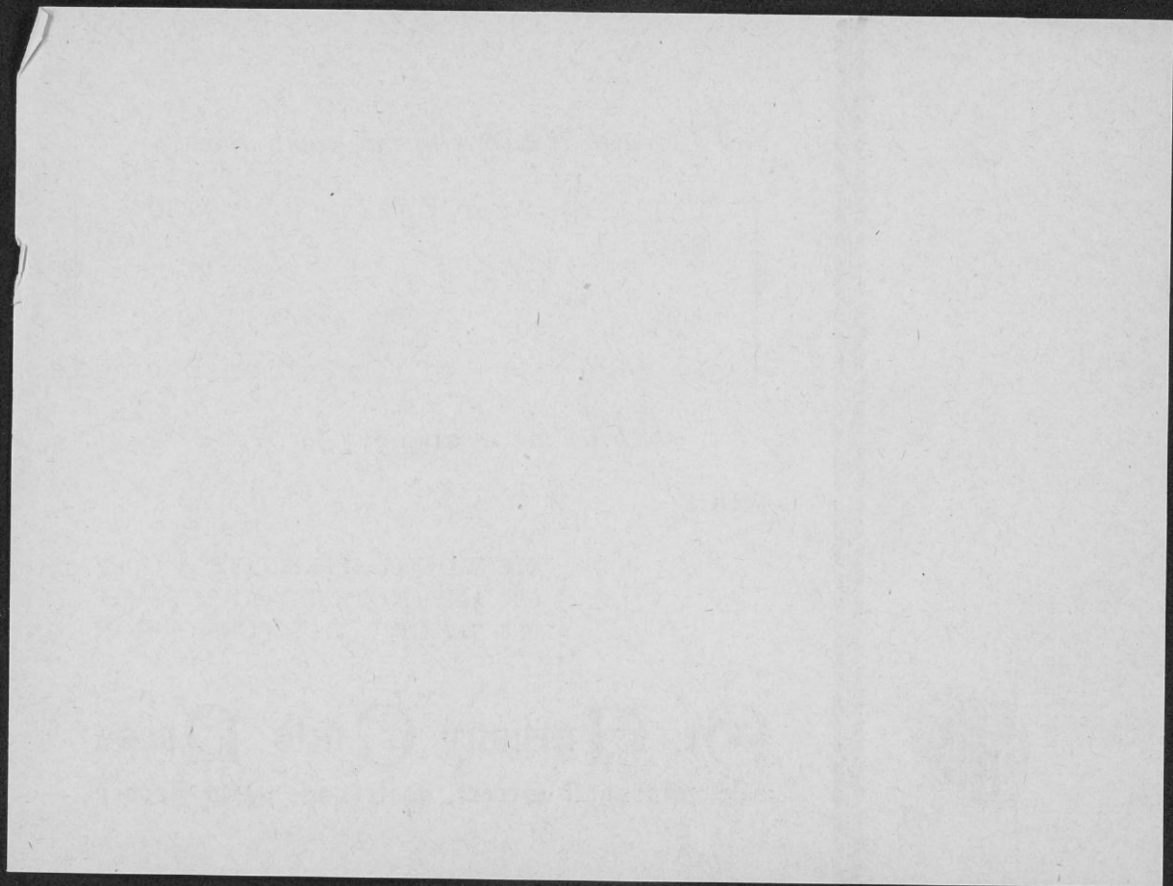
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