



# St. Catherine's Academy Gazette

Holy Mother Church has dedicated this Month to the Blessed Virgin Mary

Issue 34

May 2013

## Feasts and Fasts This Month:

Rogation Days, May 6th, 7th,  
and 8th

Vigil of Pentecost, May 18th

Ember Days, May 22nd, 24th,  
and 25th

Ascension Thursday, May 9th

Pentecost Sunday, May 19th

## Novenas

May 10th is the day to start a  
novena to the Holy Ghost

May 22nd is the day to start  
a Novena to the B.V.M.

May 29th is the day to start a  
Novena to the Sacred Heart

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## MAY DAY

What rapture thrills the hills  
In welcome of the Spring!  
In bright array they greet his way  
With flowery offering:

Abloom are trees with melodies  
Where birds all joyous sing.  
Yet fairer far the lovelands are  
Within our souls to-day!

Like wondrous flowers in Springtime hours,  
Our hearts in fragrance sway,  
And bloom all sweet before the feet  
Of Mary, Queen of May.

O here we bring our offering  
The lily's heart of white,  
The love that blows from lilac rows  
In purple splendor bright;

And every hue that blossoms drew  
From mines of golden light.  
Dear Mother, take the gifts we make  
From Springtime's flowering;

And take, above the May-time, love,  
Our hearts will gladly bring,  
Eternal be our praise of thee,  
Mother of Christ, the King!

~ REV. MICHAEL EABLS, S.J. ~

## MARY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS—May 24

*"He who is mighty has done great things for me, and holy is his name." St. Luke, 1:49.*

That excellent little mission magazine "FAR EAST" brought us some years ago this inspiring story. Tonglu was a village in China. Forty years before the Boxer Rebellion, which took place in 1900, this village was a miserable place, entirely pagan. A squabble between two rival families had given a native priest a chance to enter as peacemaker. He restored peace and he also made many conversions. As a result, when the Boxer Rebellion broke out the settlement had seven hundred Catholics. Many of the faith from native villages fled for protection to Tonglu. The invaders were determined to wipe out these Christians. Ten thousand strong the Boxers attacked. Everyone thought, "Tonglu cannot resist; Tonglu must fall." But Tonglu did not fall. From June 5 until August 15 fifteen-hundred men, women, and children, all Chinese Catholics, withstood the terrible siege.

Finally, the small, poorly equipped garrison drove off the attackers. It was amazing; it was heroic; it was unexplainable. No, it wasn't. Throughout the siege the Catholics had prayed ceaselessly to our Blessed Mother, Help of Christians. They put her picture in their church. They appealed to her, and through her intercession they were able successfully to defend their town and their homes. To her these Chinese Catholics have given credit also for the prosperity of the people and the growth of the church in Tonglu during the years that followed.

On May 24 we celebrate the feast of Mary, Help of Christians.

1. Mary is the help of every individual Christian. When a child is frightened or hurt or in any need it runs to its mother, and mother always helps. When a child cries for help mother rushes to its assistance. That is just what Mary, Help of Christians, does for each one of us. When we are attacked by the enemies of our soul or body, she hurries to our help. We would like to speak particularly of the enemies of our soul:

**A.** One of the greatest enemies of our soul is the world. By the world we do not mean this earth on which we live. By the world we mean the spirit of the world, a spirit that entirely forgets and neglects God. That is why the bishops of the United States a few years ago published a letter on the greatest enemy of God and His Church in the United States. They called that enemy "Secularism" which means worldliness. The spirit of the world is not one of faith; it is not one of morals. It is a spirit that condemns or ignores sacred things. It is a spirit that permits and approves immoral entertainment, bad example, divorce, abortion—any of the things which the world would dictate. These practices, of course, are the enemies of the individual soul. Against them Mary is our protection.

**B.** The second enemy of the soul is the flesh. Ever since the fall of our first parents the spirit has lost its command over the flesh, as St. Paul experienced: "I see an other law in my members, warring against the law of my mind and making me prisoner to the law of sin that is in my members Unhappy man that I am! Who will deliver me from the body of this death?" *Romans, 7:24, 24.*

The third enemy of the soul is the devil. He was driven out of heaven, because of his pride. Ever since he and his cohorts are trying to drag souls down into hell. The devil is clever. He uses every means to trap us. He makes evil suggestions. He deceives minds and assaults Christian souls. Here again Mary is our help.

Mary is not only the help of the individual Christian; she is the sure help of the entire congregation of Christians in the world. That help has been shown so frequently and so powerfully that we are sure the title Help of Christians goes back to the very infancy of the Church. She inspired the early followers of Christ to undergo death for their faith. She helped those harried by heretics. She inspired St. John Damascene to use his pen against the image-breakers. She drove off the Moors. She won many actual battles.

At Lepanto in 1571 she strengthened the soldiers of Christ who went into battle shouting, "Long live Mary." As a result of this victory won through the Mother of God, Pope Pius V, a saint, added to the Litany of Loretto the invocation, Help of Christians, pray for us.

One hundred years later in 1683 the Turks were again driven back through her help. In the middle of the seventeenth century the Irish, fighting for their liberty and freedom, fighting for their very faith, had a picture of our Lady on their blue standards and about their necks these words, "In God and Our Lady and Rory O'Mare." Their watchword was "Holy Mary." In 1812 Mary saved New Orleans from the British, as our American General Andrew Jackson later testified.

Mary is also the special help of the divinely appointed head of God's Church. We have mentioned just a few instances where the Holy Father was helped by our Blessed Mother.

We would like to mention a particular instance. Napoleon took captive venerable head of the Church, the saintly Pope Pius VII. The emperor had the Pope dragged from one prison to another in the hope of destroying the Church, or making the empire of the Church one of his own. Again Mary's help was in evidence. Christ's vicar was set free.



Like the people of Tonglu and like all lovers of Mary we want to show devotion to her as Help of Christians. We all need her help. Amen.



## THE SACRAMENTALS OF AGRICULTURE

*"I have planted, Appollo watered, but God has given the growth." I Cor., 3:6.*

**S**t. Isidore, who was born near Madrid, Spain, about the year 1070, and who died May 15, 1130, is the patron saint of farmers. All his life he worked for a certain Juan de Vargas on a farm near Madrid.

Every morning before going to work he would hear Mass in the nearby city. His fellow workers were jealous of the esteem which their employer had for Isidore. They complained to their master that Isidore was always late for work in the morning. The owner decided to find out for himself. He hid in the hollow of a tree to watch. Sure enough, Isidore actually started working much later than the others. The employer was walking toward the late-comer to rebuke him and tell him to come on time, when he was surprised to see a second team of oxen, snow-white and led by unknown individuals, plowing beside Isidore. Even as he stood watching the team and drivers disappeared, proving that supernatural help had supplied all that was lacking. Others reported they saw angels assisting Isidore in the field. By attending daily Mass he had won God's special blessing.

Who, more than the farmer, needs the blessing of God on his work? So much depends on favorable weather—on the rain and sunshine and the miracle of growth, that the man who tills the soil needs constantly the help of the Almighty.

Christ chose many of His parables and illustrations from the field and the farm. Until recent times, tilling the soil was the principal occupation of men everywhere. Even today it occupies millions of people. For these reasons Mother Church gives special attention to the farmer's needs and offers a blessing for lands, seeds, harvests and animals.

The Sacramentals of Agriculture are among the most numerous and necessary in the ceremonies of the Church. We do well to think about them.



1. Four times a year Mother Church asks us to observe Ember Week. In December, in Lent, after Pentecost, and in September the Church sets aside a week, asking us to fast and abstain on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, principally for abundant and successful crops.

2. She sets aside the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday before Ascension Thursday as Rogation Days, to beg, which is the meaning of Rogation, God's protection over people and crops.

3. In the Litany said on these days we offer this fitting prayer: "We beg of Thy goodness, O Almighty God, that the fruits of the earth . . . may be penetrated by the dew of Thy blessings; grant to this people always to thank Thee for Thy gifts; that the fertility of the earth may enrich the hungry . . . and that the poor and the needy may celebrate Thy glory. . . . May the blessing of

Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, descend in plenty on the fields and on all these good things, and remain there forever."

4. Mother Church also blesses grain from the moment of planting to the day of harvest. She prays: "We beg of Thee, O Lord, deign to bless these seeds, to foster them with the mild breath of a serene heaven, to render them fertile by dew from above, and to bring them unharmed to fullest maturity for the use of souls and bodies."

She blesses the growing grain; she blesses the crops; she offers the first fruits to God; she blesses the granary, the mill and their contents; she asks God to appoint an angel to watch over the crops and their owners.

5. Farm animals, their barns and their food have a blessing. In blessing a stable Mother Church recalls the ox and ass at Bethlehem. She blesses hay and salt and pasture lands. True and tender Mother that she is, the Church blesses animal pets like dogs and cats, canaries, parrots and monkeys. At Rome she blesses the horses of the cabmen, and in 1939 along with the horses she blessed two circus elephants.

6. Especially interesting are the blessings of bees and silkworms. The prayer for bees refers to the beeswax candles used in divine worship. It asks God to bless "these bees and this beehive . . . so that their fruits may be dispensed unto Thy glory, and that of Thy Son, and of the Holy Spirit, and of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

The Church asks God "to bless these silkworms, to foster and multiply them by kindness," so that the silk may be used to adorn the altar and glorify God.

7. There are numerous blessings for products of the earth and farm—for bread, fruits, eggs, oil, butter, cheese, lard, for beer and wine. Each blessing asks health for soul and body of those who eat the food. Here is part of the blessing for bread: "O Lord Jesus Christ . . . Thou living Bread of eternal life, deign to bless this bread . . . that all who partake thereof may obtain the desired health of body and soul."

There is even a special benediction for colored Easter eggs, as symbols of creation and resurrection.

These and many other blessings for things on the farm are what we call the Sacramentals of Agriculture, the Sacramentals of the Farm. These sacramental set aside the things which God has created, the things which God has caused to grow, that we may use them for the glory of God, that we may use them for our own health of soul and body.

Every man who tills the soil, and every thinking person who to any extent has an understanding of the life of the farmer, will see at once the value, dire need, the beauty, and the inspiration of these farm blessings.

Just as St. Isidore prayed for the blessing of God every day at Mass, and visibly had the help of God's angels in his work, so every tiller of the soil should ask God's blessing, the blessing of God's Church on his work and the fruits of his work. Amen.

*~ Talks on the Sacramentals, Imprimatur 1956 ~*

## CYRIL, LOVED OF THE ANGELS

THE gray shadows fell softly over the hill, and deepened in the quiet valley. The birds were hushing their wee ones to sleep with the tenderest of mother-songs, and in the blue-black sky the stars were coming out one by one.

Cyril threw back his head and smiled, though his eyes were wet with tears. "Dear Father God," he said aloud, "did You light those lamps to show me the way home to You? He paused to crush back the lump in his throat. You are my only Father now," he whispered softly; "for the father You gave me on earth says he will not call me his child any longer because I love You. And heaven is my only home, for I can never go back to my other home unless I stop loving You. And I will never do that, dear God."

He folded his white tunic closely about him and went forward bravely. Night crept on, and only the occasional howl of a wolf and his own light footsteps broke the silence. But the boy was unafraid.

Love drove out fear, and he could almost see his guardian angel by his side. The silver moonbeams seemed like the reflection of his outstretched wings, and the soft sounds in the woods like the rustle of his robes.

At last, through very weariness, the lad fell asleep, curled in the roots of a gnarled old tree, an orphan of earth, but doubly the child of an infinitely tender Father in heaven.

As the morning sun rose over the eastern hills, and shot its quiver of golden arrows into the shadowed woods, Cyril awoke, stiff and cramped, but light of heart. What if martyrdom awaited him in the near city, it would only mean a quicker going home. The streets were arousing to life. Heavy chariots were rolling by on the way to the homes of the rich. Drove of cattle were being driven to the market place, followed by an ever-increasing cloud of dust. Men were crying out their orders, and the night guards were wearily awaiting those who were to relieve them.

Full of boyish curiosity Cyril's eyes roved about eagerly. All was so new and strange. Once he had been to the city with his father, but that was long ago. At the thought, the young lips set the more firmly. Oh, if his father only knew God, surely then he would love Him, and side by side they might enter into His presence. Where should he go? In all the wide streets he saw no familiar face, no open door to give him welcome. Overhead the sky was cloud less, and the warm sunshine cheered the heart that had just begun to grow sad. A smile crept about his lips, and with one hand he smoothed his rumpled tunic. His noble bearing and fearless poise attracted the attention of the day guard who had just come to his post.



"Where is your home, boy?" he asked, Cyril pointed upwards.

"Heaven is my home," he answered simply, "and God is my Father."

"Then you are a Christian" the man broke in. "Come with me," He brought him to the judge, who, full of pity for Cyril's tender years, offered him gold and honors if he would go back to his earthly father, and give up his heavenly home. But the boy was resolute, and neither punishment nor the threat of it could make him waver.

Sentence was then passed and the death fire kindled. With a prayer on his lips the child knelt down, folding his hands on his breast. The golden light of mid-day lay all about him, but deep in his eyes was a gladder, sweeter light than earth had ever seen.

"I am coming, Father, coming home to You" he whispered, and the fair white angel by his side bore his soul to the Father.

~ Feast, May twenty-ninth ~

~ Children of the Kingdom, Imprimatur 1914 ~



### THE BIRTHDAY OF THE CHURCH

Everything was very quiet in the Upper Room at Jerusalem. For nine days the Blessed Mother and the Apostles had been staying together with other friends of Jesus, watching and praying. Jesus had ascended into heaven. How lonely they must have been without Him! But He had told them to watch and pray until He would send them the Holy Ghost. And so they prayed and waited.

All at once there was a rushing sound, as if a strong wind were whirling through the air. Then softly, gently, came flames like tongues of fire from above, and rested over the heads of those who were gathered in the Upper Room. Jesus had kept His promise. The Holy Ghost had come.

"Did you hear that noise?" asked the people in the city. "What do you suppose it is?" And they ran to the house from which the rushing sound seemed to come.

Ever since Jesus had been crucified, the Apostles were afraid to show themselves, for fear that they, too, would be killed. But now that the Holy Ghost was with them, everything was different. Now they had courage to face the whole world. The doors of the Upper Room were unlocked and the Apostles went out to speak to the people. And as they spoke, a strange thing happened.

The many visitors who were at Jerusalem at this time, spoke different languages. There were people from Arabia and Asia, from Egypt and Rome. And yet, no one asked what the Apostles were saying. Each one understood the words of the Apostles, for "every man of them speak in his own tongue." That was the work of the Holy Ghost. He gave to the Apostles the gift of tongues and to the people who listened the grace to understand.



But as always, when someone tries to do good, there were men who laughed at the Apostles. They said that the Apostles were drunk and did not know what they were talking about. Then Peter raised his hand and began to speak:

"Men of Judea," he said, "these men are not drunk, as you say; for it is still early in the day. But the Lord has poured His spirit over them, as He promised the prophet Joel many years ago. And now listen to my words: Jesus of Nazareth, whom you crucified, rose again from the dead. We ourselves saw Him go to heaven. Today He sent down the Holy Ghost upon us. He will also send His spirit over you, if you will turn to Him and believe in Him."

Many Jews were deeply touched by the words of Peter.

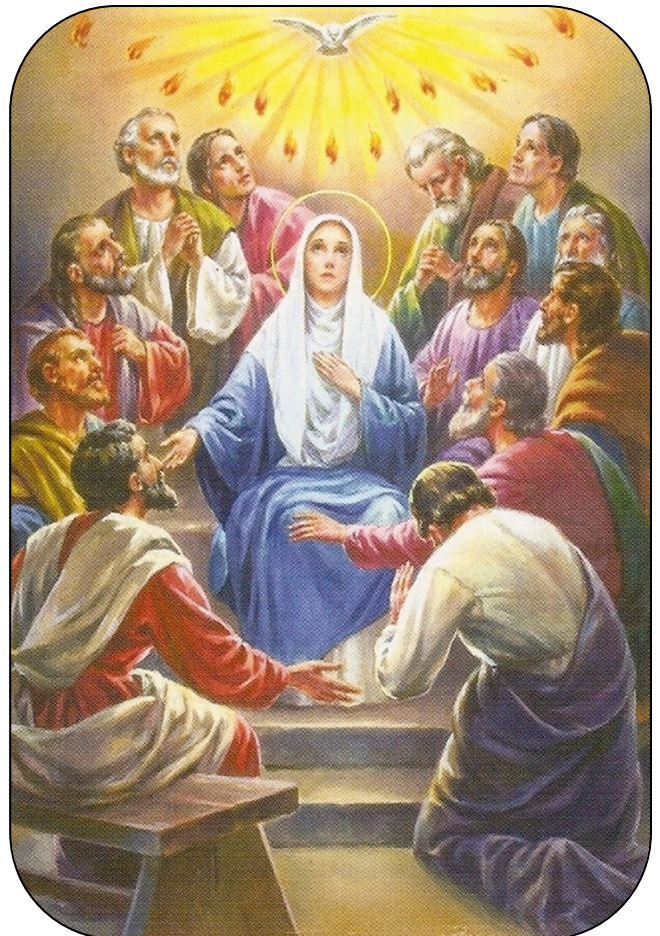
"What shall we do?" they asked.

"Do penance and be baptized," answered the Apostle, and 3,000 persons were baptized that same day.

That visit of the Holy Ghost was the beginning of the Church or the birthday of the Church. It is called the Feast of Pentecost. The people who were baptized were the lambs of the fold; the Apostles were their shepherds. They took care of them and taught them all that Jesus had told them to teach. Peter was their visible leader. He watched over the lambs and the sheep of the flock.

*Now answer these questions:*

1. Why were the Apostles together in the Upper Room?
2. Who was with them?
3. What happened after nine days?
4. How did the Holy Ghost come down ?
5. Why did the people come running?
6. Who spoke to the people?
7. What strange thing happened while Peter spoke?
8. Did all the people believe what Peter was saying?
9. What feast do we celebrate in honor of the coming of the Holy Ghost?
10. How many were baptized on the first day?
11. Who was the shepherd of the new flock?



*~ The Vine and the Branches, Imprimatur 1934 ~  
(Answers will be found throughout the text of the story.)*

## MATCH THE APOSTLES TO THEIR SYMBOLS

- |                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. PETER             | A. KNIFE            |
| 2. JOHN              | B. CHALICE          |
| 3. JAMES THE GREATER | C. DOUBLE CROSS     |
| 4. ANDREW            | D. SHORT SWORD      |
| 5. MATTHEW           | E. ONE OR TWO KEYS  |
| 6. JAMES THE LESS    | F. SAW              |
| 7. THOMAS            | G. FULLER'S BAT     |
| 8. PHILIP            | H. LANCE            |
| 9. BARTHOLAMEW       | I. SPEAR OR ARROW   |
| 10. SIMON            | J. OBLIQUE CROSS    |
| 11. JUDE             | K. STAFF AND WALLET |
| 12. MATTHIAS         | L. CLUB             |

*ANSWERS TO BE FOUND ON THE LAST PAGE OF THE GAZETTE*



### The Ascension

For forty days He came and went  
 And comforted His own;  
 Sad were their hearts to feel that He  
 Must leave them all alone.  
 Until at last He led the way  
 Unto the mountain height -  
 And sending them to preach His name  
 Was lifted from their sight.

## SAINT MONICA

(332-387)

PATRICIUS

**I**t was a gala day in Carthage when Monica married the wealthy Patricius, but there was little reason for anyone to be envious of the gentle Christian bride. Her husband was a fiery-tempered pagan who had little respect for the teachings of her faith.

At first the young bride trembled whenever the face of Patricius flushed with anger or when his gruff voice thundered out some command. But, timid as she was, Monica always gathered enough courage to argue with him or correct him. This increased his rage and caused him to heap more abuse upon her. What should she do? His violent temper and his sharp tongue often brought sorrow to her heart. She had learned that it was useless to argue with him or thwart him in his fits of anger. She thought of the meek and gentle Master Who overcame the world by His meekness and resolved to imitate Him. Therefore when Patricius stalked about the house during his violent outbursts of temper, Monica remained meek and quiet as if she deserved whatever was said.

However, she always managed to straighten things out later in the day when Patricius was calm. Often in the evening she would lead him to some favorite nook in their garden to enjoy the cool sea breezes and listen to the laughter of their two boys as they raced over the gravel paths and through the berry bushes. St. Monica would wait her chance and then speak to Patricius about his fit of anger. She would gently show him how wrong and unjust he had been. Casting his eyes on the ground or gazing steadily into the rippling fountain, he would listen patiently to St. Monica. Her tenderness would conquer him and he would plead for forgiveness. Time after time he promised, as they sat beneath the tall palm trees, to control his anger. He improved with the years but never became as patient and meek as his gentle and holy wife.



### THE STUBBORN SON

Imagine how grieved and worried St. Monica was when she noticed that Augustine, her younger son, was becoming more and more like his father. On several occasions he had shown a stubborn, angry temper. Monica had trained her boys well because she wished them to be good Christians. With all her holy zeal, she was preparing them for the great day when they should be baptized and enrolled among the followers of Christ. Full well she knew the dangers that beset them with pagan playmates and pagan teachers. Time and again, she warned them against the false teachings of their pagan friends. The loving mother felt that she had done her work well and had little to fear for the future of her boys.

What a blow she received when she heard that Augustine had joined the ranks of the anti-Christians! Could it be possible that the boy she brought up so carefully would

turn his back on the God she loved and served? It was too terrible to be true. "It cannot be," she cried. "Have all my efforts been of no avail?"

Sad to say, it was only too true. Augustine, a bright, clever lad of seventeen years, had joined those who despised the God Whom Monica loved. She heard it from his own lips when he returned from school. Her loving heart was crushed when he told her that he knew too much to be a Christian and to believe their foolish teachings. St. Monica was heartbroken. She withdrew to her room and shed tears of sorrow and anger. Her boy — her son — had become a traitor to her God. "It would have been better if he had never been born," she moaned as she paced the floor, wringing her hands. She tried to pray but could not; the shock was too great.

### BANISHED FROM HOME

The chirp of a bird drew her attention to the open window that faced the sea. She paused before it and gazed at the foamy waves as they dashed themselves upon the sandy shore. Fond memories of other days rose before her — memories of her boys playing on the sand or battling in the waves, as she prayed for them. How proud she had been as they grew into stalwart youths! But that pride was crushed now. "For seventeen years," she sighed, "I have watched him and prayed for him. Morning, noon, and night, I have asked God to keep him good and holy and to protect him from evil. I had often dreamed of having him with me in heaven, but now — all is changed. He spurns the true God. He gives himself to sin and his soul to hell. "The distracted woman cast herself upon a marble bench and wept bitterly. She arose shortly and brushed aside her tears. She had formed a plan to conquer the stubborn will of Augustine.

Banishing him from home would bring him to his senses, she thought. The echo of her son's voice reached her ears as he called to one of the servants in the garden. She resolved to make a last plea and if this failed, she would send the boy away from his home.

Followed by her faithful brown dog, she approached the bench where Augustine was studying. The boy was surprised to see the sad face of his mother. Kissing him, Monica begged him to give up his new friends and return to the God he had spurned. He told her very firmly that he had studied the matter most carefully and was convinced that she was in the wrong and he was right. He was only a boy of seventeen, but he felt that he was much wiser than his mother. A mother's tears and a mother's pleadings had had no effect on Augustine. There was nothing left for her to do but carry out her determination.

"Augustine," she said, "there is no room in my home for a traitor to my God. Ungrateful, stubborn son, be gone from my presence forever!"

Augustine was dazed. Never before had he heard his mother speak like this. Nervously pushing the pebbles with his foot, he thought for a moment. He was making his choice between his mother and his friends. Too stubborn to give in, he decided in favor of his friends and hastened to the house to gather up some clothing and a few books. He left without a word of farewell.

A mother's love had banished Augustine from his home in order to bring him to his senses. Night and day, St. Monica prayed for him. She pleaded with God to have mercy on her wayward son and to bring him back to see the truth. She asked the priests and the bishop to reason with the boy. But the stubborn youth refused to listen to reason.

The priests grew tired talking to him and they avoided his mother because the same cry was always on her lips, "Will you see my boy? Will you talk to Augustine? Will you pray for him?"

One day the good bishop, who was weary of listening to her pleadings, told her that he would trouble himself no more with the stubborn boy. This answer grieved the poor, distracted mother. She had determined to save her boy's soul and she would have no rest while that soul was in danger of damnation. Tears filled her eyes as she looked into the face of the bishop.

"Oh, good bishop," she cried, "during all these years have I prayed for him; during all these years have I wept for him. Yes, and gladly would I lay down my life for him. Do not tell me that there is no hope."

This tender plea was too much for the bishop. Blessing the weeping mother, he said: "My friend, continue your prayers. It is impossible that the child of such tears should be lost."

#### AUGUSTINE GOES TO ITALY

By this time, Monica had permitted Augustine to return home. Year followed year, but there was no change for the better in him. Finally when he was about twenty-nine years old, he decided to go to Rome to teach. Monica feared that life away from his native city would only delay his conversion and, perhaps, bring him in contact with still more evil companions. She used all her powers to induce him to remain at Carthage. But the call of Rome was ringing in his ears. His love for learning and adventure was stronger than his love for his mother.

Unknown to her, he boarded a small sailboat that had been lying at anchor in the harbor and sailed for Italy. When poor Monica heard the sad news, she hastened to the shore to bring her wayward boy home, but, alas! it was too late. The boat was fast disappearing from view.

"My boy is gone," she cried, "but I shall follow him. I have prayed and suffered too long to give up the struggle now."

St. Monica sailed on the next boat. She wished to be near her son to protect him as much as possible. Augustine's surprise was very great when his mother greeted him one day on the streets of Rome. Augustine and his mother lived for some time in Rome but Augustine was not contented. Milan, the city of the north, attracted him. Thither he went, accompanied by his mother and brother and a few friends. Monica was secretly pleased at this journey because the great St. Ambrose lived at Milan, Stories of his wonderful powers had long before reached the shores of Africa. New hope now dawned in Monica's heart.

"If Augustine would only meet Ambrose," she repeated over and over again.

One day, through curiosity, Augustine and some of his friends wandered into the church to hear St. Ambrose preach. They wondered if the stories about his wonderful sermons were true. The stirring sermon more than proved Ambrose's greatness. The curious visitors returned again and again. They listened to Ambrose as he denounced their sins and their errors.

## CONQUERED

The grace of God began to work in Augustine. He made private visits to St. Ambrose, who clearly showed him the error of his ways. St. Monica was overjoyed when she heard this. However, she did not stop her prayers on the eve of victory; she doubled them.

The great day finally came when Augustine was baptized and received into the church of God. The grace of God had brought success after thirteen years of prayers and tears, and the mother's prayer was answered. Monica was satisfied and happy. She felt that her life work was over. She yearned for her home in faraway Carthage. Augustine was now more obedient to her wishes. He made arrangements for the homeward journey. It was, indeed, a joyful group that set out for Milan, Monica, her two sons and some of their friends. They traveled by land to Ostia, a seaport near Rome. Here a deadly fever attacked St. Monica. She knew that her end was near. As Augustine sat at her bedside one day, she said to him,

"My son, there is now nothing in life that gives me any pleasure. All my hopes in this world are now at an end. The only thing for which I desired to live was that I might see you a Christian and a child of heaven. I ask for nothing more. Be loyal and true to your God till death calls you."

During the next few days the fever increased and, in her delirium, Monica spoke of nothing else but her love and prayers for Augustine. He had never realized until now the terrible sorrow that he had brought into his mother's life. He stooped to kiss her fevered brow and his silent tears fell upon the holy face that had shed so many tears for him.

Just before the end, the dying mother opened her eyes and smiled at her sons. They told her that it grieved them to have her die in a strange land, far removed from home and friends. But with her dying breath she whispered: "It makes little difference where you bury my body. The only thing I ask of you both is that, no matter where you are, you remember me at the altar of God."

*~ Heroes of God's Church, Imprimatur 1931 ~*



When I kneel down my prayers to say,  
I must not think of toys or play;  
No! I must think of what I should be,  
To please God who is good to me.

He loves to see a little child  
Obedient, patient, too and mild;  
Nor often angry, but inclined  
Always to do what's good and kind.

And I must love my dear mamma,  
And I must love my dear papa;  
And try to please them, and to do  
Things that are right, and say what's true.

For God is always pleased to see  
Even little children such as we,  
Whose hearts (as angels' are above)  
Are full of peace and full of love.

*~ Lady Flora Hastings ~*



The Baptism of St. Augustine

## THE HYMN OF THE BRAVE NUNS

*"But the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, Whom the Father will send you in my name,  
He will teach you all things."*

**W**E SHOULD always have a tender devotion to the Holy Ghost. Many children just take Him for granted. They treat Him like something extra which is added on to the Father and the Son, as if He were a spare tire or the feather in a hat. He is much more important than that. He is equal to the Father and the Son.

The nuns of the convent of Vendee in France did not forget that the Holy Ghost is important. During the French revolution many priests and nuns were being put to death. The entire convent of nuns at Vendee were condemned to death on the guillotine. They all knew what that meant, but not one of them showed the least sign of fear. Instead, standing close together, they lifted their voices in a sweet song. In the face of death they sang, and the song they sang was, "Come Holy Ghost." For these nuns the Holy Ghost was a real person, a tender consoling Counselor, not just an afterthought.

For a few moments let us take a look at the work of the Holy Ghost and be grateful to Him. He is like a finger of God's right hand. As a young child grows the light of reason shines forth and he begins to learn to speak. The Holy Ghost is there, fulfilling His promise to teach little ones to speak and understand. The sun rises and sets, the welcome rain falls on the parched earth, the seasons follow one another. The finger of God's right hand is there. For the purity of Mary we can thank Him. For the humanity of Christ we thank Him. For the Mass we thank Him. For preserving the Church from a million dangers we thank Him.

Are you thinking: "He has done these things for everybody, but what has He done for me alone?" You may remember sometime when you were undecided. You were bothered by having to choose what to do: to sin or not to sin, to go to Mass or to stay in bed, to skip your prayers or to say them. While you were wondering what you should do, a gentle whisper sounded deep down in your heart and you did the right thing. That whisper was the voice of the Holy Ghost.



As a lesson for this week, each of you should start to get into the habit of praying to the Holy Ghost before and after you do your homework. The Holy Ghost is equal to the Father and the Son. They are the three equal persons in the one God. We should make the Holy Ghost a part of our lives, just as we do the Father and the Son. We should make Him a part of our lives just as did the nuns of the convent of Vendee who sang this hymn on their way to death:

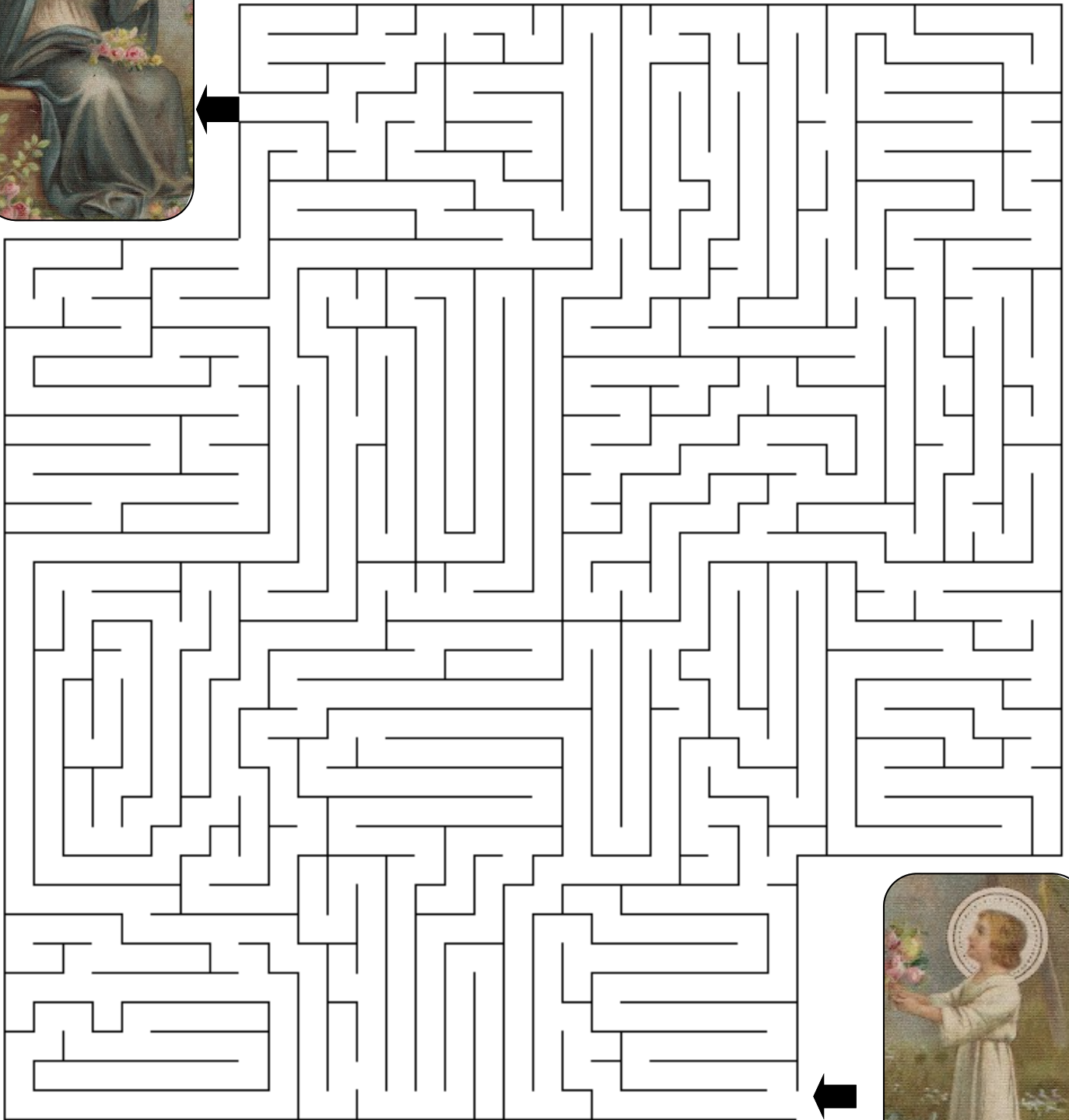
"Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,  
And in our hearts take up Thy rest.  
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid  
To fill the hearts which thou hast made."

*~ Sunday Morning Storyland, Imprimatur 1945~*





### Maze for the Month of May



Help Little Jesus find His Mother so that He can give her the flowers.

## A CHRISTIAN CHILD'S DAY

"Across the old dial's stony face you see the sunbeams all  
 But were it in a shady place 't would be no use at all.  
 And so the child who does not raise his heart to God on high,  
 Misspends and wastes the precious days so quickly passing by."

**A**LL life is made up of single days; therefore if each day is well spent our whole life is right and well arranged, full of happiness and blessings. We ought to have a fixed rule for the day. How does a Christian child spend it? You all know the hymn:

"When morning gilds the skies  
 My heart awaking cries:  
 May Jesus Christ be praised !"

Directly you awake make the sign of the cross. Then, as your Catechism tells you, "arise diligently and dress yourself modestly," and when you are ready, kneel down and say your morning prayers reverently and attentively. Never forget to say a prayer to your guardian angel, nor to make the good intention." Say: "I offer up all this day to Thy greater glory, my God. I intend to gain all the indulgences which are in my power. I unite myself to the masses and prayers which are being offered, the good works which are being done throughout the world this day."

In one of the Swiss cantons lived two little boys, who were good children. They never forgot their morning and evening prayer to their angel guardian, and if by any chance it slipped the memory of one, the other reminded him of it. One night their father, who slept in the room next to theirs, heard all on a sudden a loud noise. He jumped quickly out of bed, struck a light, and hurried into the children's room, where he perceived, to his great alarm, that part of the ceiling, had fallen just between the two little beds. He instantly snatched up the younger boy in his arms, woke the older one, and left the room as fast as possible with both of them. Scarcely had he done so, when the whole roof fell in. The boys are now stalwart young men, but they still say the daily prayer to their angel guardian.

In a lonely farm-house the mother of the family was, as she thought, the only person left at home one fine Sunday evening in summer. Her husband and children had gone out. After a while she thought that she would take a little walk in the fields, but as she was getting ready an extraordinary feeling of fear seized upon her. Nevertheless she went out, but before she had gone a hundred yards she felt as if something were dragging her home again, and though she could not account for it, she went back. She entered the sitting room, it was empty. She looked through all the bed-rooms, the kitchen, the cellar; nothing seemed wrong. But when she got to the stable she found one of the farm servants frightening her little ten year old daughter. Needless to say he was dismissed, and the mother said to the trembling child: "Annie, you have to thank your guardian angel for my coming."

Whenever you can, go directly after breakfast to hear Mass, by so doing you bring a blessing on the whole day. Lessons next; do them cheerfully, for if you do not learn

when you are young you will never do so when you are old.

It is a bad habit for a child to loiter about after school. You should run straight home, do your preparation for the next day, and then see if there is any work in which you can help your father and mother. If they do not want you, go and have a good game with your play-fellows, only be careful that you do nothing wrong at your play.

Never sit down to table and never get up without saying grace. Recollect that while you are being fed by your Father in Heaven many other children are hungry.

In Paris there are always about six thousand children without food or shelter; in Vienna nearly six hundred daily go dinnerless, and three hundred more have only a bit of dry bread, and another nine hundred only bread and coffee, or a few vegetables. An old workman used to say that he and his family always said grace, even when they had hardly a bit of meat or a drop of soup.

Never be greedy either about eating or drinking. Temperance is, as you know, one of the cardinal virtues, and if you practice it, it will help you to two other great virtues, meekness and purity. Take what is given to you at table, and never forget to say "thank you." Sometimes, if you have an opportunity, share something with a poor child, or help someone who is in want whilst you have plenty.

It happened once that there was a fair in a certain village, and so a great many booths were set up, round which all the school children pressed eagerly, and those who had money quickly spent it. One little boy, finding himself without any, ran home to ask his parents for some. His mother gave him a shilling, and the child flew off at full speed to buy some sweets or cakes. On the way he met a poor woman pushing a little hand-cart full of broken pieces of crockery. She had run into something on the road, and almost all the little stock of things which she was going to sell was broken to pieces. The boy stopped running, looked pitifully at the poor weeping woman, and gave her his money. The woman cast a grateful look on her little benefactor, and said: "You will think of me when the day comes that you stand at the altar." Her words came true. He became a priest, and when he said his first Mass, he did indeed remember the poor woman.

Always end the day, as you began it, with prayer. Kneel down and say your evening prayers. Never forget to pray to St. Joseph for a happy death, to examine your conscience, and to make a good act of contrition. Many a child has died suddenly during the night. St. Joseph who is the patron of the dying will get you grace to die well.

An Irish missionary, Fr. O'Haire, had been for several years in charge of a district in South Africa nearly as large as the whole of England. From time to time he visited his widely scattered flock. On one of these rounds he quite lost the track, and wandered about without knowing where he was. At last however, he came upon some human habitations, and found at work in front of one of the houses a peasant who exclaimed: "You come in the nick of time; a man in yonder house is lying at the point of death." The priest hastened in, and as he opened the door of the sick-room the dying man exclaimed with tears of joy, and with an expression of the most heartfelt thankfulness:

"O blessed Joseph, I was sure that you would send me a priest before my death."

"What do you mean?" asked the missionary.

The man answered: "I am an Irishman."

When I was a little boy, my good mother taught me to say every day this short prayer: "Holy St. Joseph obtain for me by thy prayers the grace of a happy death," and throughout my life I have never omitted it. For one-and-twenty years I was in the army and came to Africa in consequence of the war with the Kaffirs. When the war was over, I remained in these parts, and soon fell seriously ill. I prayed to St. Joseph every day with increased fervor, and you see, today he has sent me a priest quite unexpectedly. "The next day the man died.

So my dear children say every evening: "Blessed Joseph obtain for me the grace of a happy death."

Undress yourself modestly, and when you get into bed make the sign of the cross, and say some little prayer, so that your last thoughts may, as the Catechism says, be given to your crucified Saviour.

Many children repeat the pretty old rhyme:

"I lay my body down to sleep,  
I give my soul to Christ to keep;  
Wake I the morn, or wake I never,  
I give myself to Him forever."

If two or three children sleep in the same room they should not talk and laugh after they have said their prayers. The 'enemy' in the parable sowed tares "whilst men slept;" do not give him a chance of planting weeds in your hearts.

Such is the rule of life which a Christian child should follow. If he observes it, each day will be like a lovely day in spring, full of sweet scents and fresh air; the sweet scents of virtue, and the air of God's grace. The blessing of God will rest upon his day's work, he will spend a happy and cheerful life, and when death comes he will gain Heaven as a reward.

*~ The Dutiful Child, Imprimatur 1898 ~*

### Why God Sent His Son

Not you, nor I, nor anyone,  
Could ever see God's face,  
Unless God's Son came down to us,  
And won us back our place.  
So that is why, dear little ones,  
Down from His heavenly throne,  
There came the mighty Son of God  
To claim and save His own.



## OUR LORD'S WORDS TO ST. PETER AND THE DISCIPLES ~ HIS ASCENSION

**D**o you remember how Jesus told the holy women to say to the disciples that they should go to Galilee, and that there they should see Him?

Well, as soon as they were able, they went to Galilee, as Our Lord had commanded. There He appeared to nearly five hundred of them. Another time some of His apostles were near the sea of Tiberias, and they began to fish. All night they worked, but could catch nothing. But when morning came, Jesus stood on the shore, though at first they did not know Him. He said to them:

"Children, have you any food ? " which meant "Have you caught anything?" but they answered,

"No." Then Jesus said:

"Cast your net on the right side of the ship, and you shall find."

They cast their net as they had been told, and when they wished to draw it back, they were not able to do so on account of the great number of fish in it. Then St. John, the beloved disciple, said to St. Peter:

"It must be the Lord;" and immediately St. Peter put his cloak around him, and cast himself into the sea to go to Jesus; but the other disciples came in the ship, dragging the net filled with fishes, and though there were so many the net was not broken.

When they had reached the shore, tired and hungry, they found that Jesus had lighted a fire, and prepared fish and bread for them to eat. Then Our Lord, in presence of the other apostles, said to St. Peter:

"Peter, lovest thou Me?" St. Peter answered quickly:

"Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee;" and Jesus commanded him, saying:

"Feed My lambs." Twice Our Lord put the same question, and each time He said to St. Peter:

"Feed My lambs;" but the third time He said,

"Feed My sheep" that is to say, "Be My shepherd over My sheep" for Jesus meant St. Peter to be the head or shepherd of His flock, and He wished His disciples to understand that no man ought to rule over people unless he loves them and is good to them. Jesus often speaks of the Church as His flock, and Himself as the Good Shepherd, to show that He loves and takes care of every one of His children, just as a good shepherd guards and shelters every sheep and lamb under his charge.

It was to save us that Jesus gave up His life upon the cross, so that we might be happy for all eternity, and He did this because He loves us. Hew ants us all to love one another; the rich must love the poor; the mighty must take care of the weak and humble; big children must be good to little ones, and do all they can to help them. Even tiny children can be kind to animals, and be useful to those about them.

One way in which they can be very useful is by not giving more trouble than they can help. They must not always want to be amused when people are busy about them they must not cry or whine when they do not get everything they want; they must not snatch away one another's toys, or quarrel, or tell tales. Then they would be a real help

to the nursery, and they would be obeying Our Lord's orders, "Love one another." If only the people of the world could always remember those three little words, they would be very happy themselves, and would make those about them happy, besides pleasing God, and deserving heaven.

When Our Lord said to St. Peter, "Feed My sheep," He told him that when his work was over he should die a cruel death as his Master had done, for God's sake, and thus wipe out the shame of having denied his Saviour. After many years of hard work, spent in preaching and converting people, St. Peter was seized by God's enemies. As he would not give up his faith, they determined to crucify him as Jesus had been crucified. But St. Peter did not feel worthy to die the same death as his Master, so he begged his executioners to crucify him head downwards. Though St. Peter had sinned, he was very sorry for his sins, and tried to atone, or make up for it. Then Jesus loved him, and even made him head of the Church; so you see it is never too late to begin again, and to try to be good and do God's work.

Once more Jesus appeared to the eleven apostles in Galilee, and He said to them:

"All power is given Me in heaven and on earth: going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things which I have told you. And behold, I am with you all days, even unto the consummation of the world. He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be condemned. And these signs shall follow them that believe: In My name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

Many children will not be able to understand these words which Our Lord spoke to His disciples; but they are very important words, and I will try to make you all understand them, so that when you see them in other books you will know what they mean.

"All power is given Me in heaven and on earth." Jesus, as God, had full power both in heaven and on earth; but even as man He had full power in heaven and on earth, for this power was given to Him by God.

"Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The apostles were ordered to spread themselves over the whole world; all nations were to be taught about God; Jesus died for all men, not only for the Jews. So the apostles dispersed themselves. St. Peter went to Antioch and Rome, St. James travelled to Spain, St. Bartholomew to India, St. Matthew to Ethiopia, St. John preached in Asia. All the apostles went to different places, "baptizing people in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Our Lord had already made the Sacrament of Baptism, but by these words He told His apostles that every Christian must be baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity, that is to say, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

"Teaching them to observe all things which I have told you."

It is not enough to believe in God, we must observe that is, obey Him in all things. All the commandments and rules which Our Lord gave us when He was upon earth must be observed; so Jesus told His apostles to teach all men what they must do, and all the rules they must obey.

"And behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Consummation means finishing or ending. Our Lord is with us, and always will be with us, as long as the world lasts. He is in the tabernacle, waiting to listen to your prayers, and when you are old enough to go to holy communion you will receive His sacred body and blood as the food of your soul.

"He that believeth in Me, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be condemned." If we believe in God, and are baptized, we shall go to heaven, if we also love and obey God. But those who have heard of the gospel of Christ and will not believe in Him, who might be baptized, but do not choose to, will be condemned to everlasting punishment, for God is just as well as merciful.

"And these signs shall follow them that believe: In My name they shall cast out devils; speak with new tongues. They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."

After Christ's death there were only a very few Christians; most of the disciples were only poor ignorant men; still God made use of these humble men to build up His great Church. He gave them wonderful power, so that they might do His work.

You remember how He told them to teach all nations. Well, they did not know how to talk any' language except their own, but God, when He sent them to other countries, gave them power to speak the languages of those countries, so that, wherever they went, people could understand them.

As they travelled about, they were exposed to many dangers; but God protected them till the hour had come for them to die. Snakes did not hurt them, poisonous things did not do them any harm. Over and over again God sent His angels to protect them when cruel men would have hurt them. Besides this, God gave them the power to work miracles, to cast out devils, and heal sick people, because these miracles or wonderful things which they did convinced or showed the truth to the people, and made them ready to listen to what they were told about God and the Church, and in this way many were converted and became Christians.

If God chose, priests could still do that kind of miracle, just as every day they do a miracle by changing the bread and wine into the body and blood of Our Lord. Many wonderful cures are still worked by the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, and at holy places, such as Lourdes, or St. Winifride's Well. Many saints have had the gift of performing miracles, but, as a rule, God in these days works wonders to our souls instead of to our bodies. He brings souls from death to life, from sickness to health, by the Sacrament of Penance. By contrition and the absolution which the priest gives us, we are freed from the power of the devil, to become God's children.

Now I hope that you will understand the words which Our Lord spoke to His disciples. Many times still did Jesus appear upon earth, to teach His followers how they must live, and what He wished them to



do. At last came the fortieth day, on which it was foretold that Jesus would ascend into heaven.

Our Lord led His disciples to Bethania, and then, standing among them, He lifted up His hands to bless them; and as they gazed upon Him they beheld Him ascending—that is, mounting—towards heaven. Soon a cloud hid Him from their sight, but still they stayed, looking up to the blue sky after the kind Master who had left them.

Then, looking round, they saw two strangers standing by them in white garments, and these men, who were in reality angels, said to them:

"Men of Galilee, why stand ye looking up to heaven? This Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven shall come back in the same way as you have seen Him going into heaven."

When the day of judgment comes, when all men, living or dead, will be judged, Our Lord will come down from heaven, no longer as our protector and Saviour, but as a just Judge, who knows all our hidden faults. We must therefore try to live in such a way that we need not be afraid to meet our Judge on that last dreadful day.

When Our Lord went up to heaven, He took with Him the souls of all those people who had lived good lives, and had deserved eternal happiness, and had no debt of sin, but who had not been able to enter heaven because Christ had not, by His death, opened the gates of paradise for them. These souls had been waiting in a place of rest called limbo, and it is of that place that we speak in the Creed when we say, "He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead."

*~ Catholic Teaching for Children, Imprimatur 1898 ~*



#### MY WISH

Each little act of virtue,  
 Performed from day to day,  
 Is like a precious jewel  
 In heaven laid away.  
 +++  
 Our angel, in a casket,  
 Each treasure doth conceal,  
 That rust may not consume them,  
 Nor thieves break through nor steal.  
 +++  
 And none shall know what treasures  
 Are' neath the golden lid,

Until God's final judgment

Disclose the jewels hid.

+++

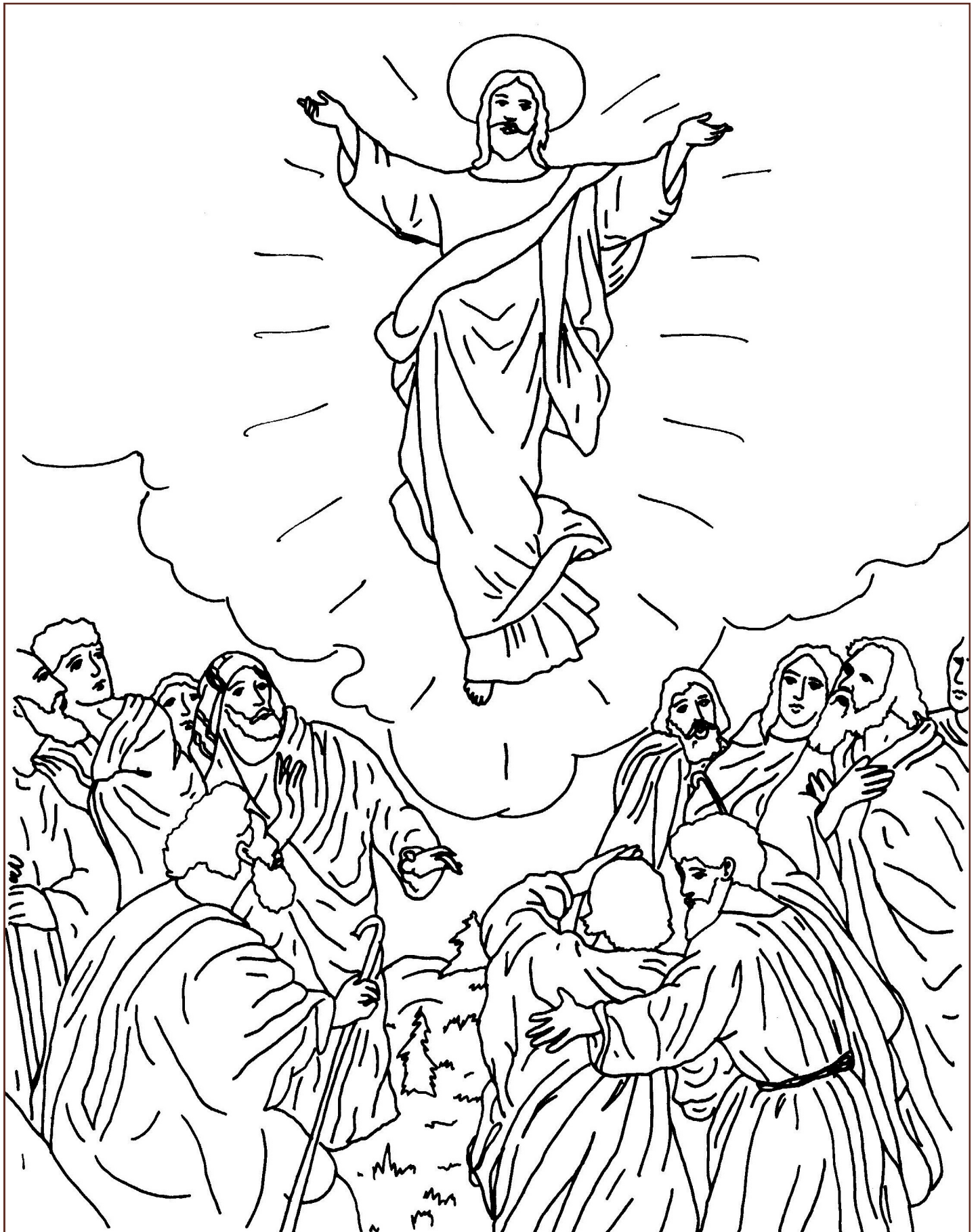
God grant my dearest brother,  
 That when thy course is run,  
 Thy casket may be brimming  
 With jewels thou hast won.

+++

For, in that crown of glory  
 Which God shall make for thee,  
 These precious gems shall sparkle  
 For all eternity

*~ Rev. Francis J. Butler ~*





## GREGORY VII

**I**n the year 1020 a little boy was born of poor parents Tuscany, Italy. The boy's name was Hildebrand. He is chosen by God to be a great defender of the rights of the Church at a time when kings and princes were trying their best to rule the Church and even to take charge of her spiritual affairs.

When Hildebrand was still young, his uncle took him Rome and had him educated in the school of the Lateran Palace. How happy the boy was, to be in the great city of Rome. He studied hard and learned to love the Eternal City with all his heart.

When Hildebrand was older, he became the pope's secretary. Soon the young man learned that the Church was going through evil days. Kings and princes were selfish and unjust. They oppressed the people, mistreated bishops and even the pope, if he did not do their will. Sometimes things looked so dark and troubled that it seemed as if the whole world had become bad.

The pope was later banished from Rome and Hildebrand followed him. After the pope's death, Hildebrand went to France to the famous Benedictine monastery of Cluny. This monastery was a renowned center of learning, where many splendid leaders and great saints received their training. It was at Cluny that the next pope, Leo IX, found Hildebrand. Leo took him back to Rome, where for 23 years he stood by the popes one after the other and helped them in fighting the evils that threatened the Church on all sides.

At last Hildebrand himself was elected pope. He was called Gregory VII. No one knew better than he what it meant to guide the Church in those terrible times. To be at the head of the Church at that time meant to fight against powerful kings and princes, who claimed the right to appoint bishops and priests to their office and who even went so far as to imprison a pope if he did not do their will. To be pope meant to have many bitter enemies and few trusted friends; it meant to stand almost alone in the fight for the rights of the Church.

But Gregory knew that he did not stand alone. There was One with him who was stronger than all the powerful princes of the earth; and that was Christ Himself, who had promised the Apostles: "Behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

Gregory began at once to make war on all who were guilty of wrong, whether they were kings, princes, bishops, or priests. There were especially three great evils that he had to fight. The first was simony, or the selling of holy offices. No one but the Church can say who is worthy to be a bishop or to hold any other high office of the Church. Yet many rulers claimed this right and accepted large sums of money in return.

The second evil was the conduct of the unworthy bishops and priests who refused to obey the strict laws which had been made by the pope for the good of the Church; and the third was the claim of kings and princes that they had the right to appoint new bishops. It was a tremendous task to fight against all these evils, and it took a man who had made himself strong by prayer and self-denial to carry out the work to the end.

Perhaps the greatest trouble of all was made by King Henry IV of Germany. In spite of the pope's orders that kings must not appoint bishops, Henry continued to do so. Gregory excommunicated him. When Henry saw that the pope's power was stronger than his,

he went to the castle of Canossa to kneel at the pope's feet and to tell him he was sorry for his disobedience. For three days Henry did public penance, by standing barefoot in the snow before the castle. Gregory thought that King Henry was really sorry for his sins, and gave him absolution.

But soon the king showed that he was not sincere. He was hardly gone, when he continued to break the laws of God and of the Church as before. Then he was once more excommunicated by the pope. Henry sent his troops against Rome and the pope had to leave the city. He died shortly afterward. He had loved justice and hated evil, as he himself said, and therefore he had to die in exile.

Although Gregory died before the struggle for the rights of the Church was over, the victory was really won by him. In the twelve short years that he was pope, he had shown that the Church is more powerful than kings and must be obeyed in spiritual matters even by the rulers of the world.

He is honored by the Church as a saint of God and as one of the greatest popes of all times. His Feast day is, May 25th.

**Now answer these questions:**

1. Where was Hildebrand educated?
2. What did Hildebrand soon learn in Rome?
3. Where did he go after the pope's death?
4. Where did Pope Leo IX take him?
5. How long did he help the popes?
6. What was Hildebrand called after he was elected pope ?
7. Did Gregory stand alone in his fight against evil ?
8. Who made the greatest trouble of all?
9. How did Henry do penance?
10. Was he sincere?
11. How long was Gregory VII pope?
12. What did he do for the church during that time?



*(Answers can be found throughout the story of Gregory VII)*

St. Gregory VII was willing to suffer everything rather than to give in to evil. He was a strong character, otherwise he would never have been able to stand as firmly as he did. You will also be called upon sometimes to be a champion for the rights of the Church. But in order to be strong enough, you must be prepared. Read the life of St. Gregory once more and find how he became strong to carry on the war against evil. There is much evil in the world also today.

What can you do to help fight it?

## ASK YOURSELF:

Do I know my religion so well that I can defend it before others ?

Do I keep the laws of God and the Church myself?

Do I allow others to say things against God and the Church ?

Do I give a bad example to my little sisters and brothers ?

~ *The Vine and the Branches, Imprimatur 1934* ~



## THE STORY OF A LITTLE COAT

**W**HEN Jesus was little He had a little coat—maybe you would call it anjacket—one that could be washed, you know. And one day His darling Mother left the little house at Nazareth for a while and went to a neighboring brook to wash that little coat. Mary, you must remember, was as busy and tidy a Mother as ever you saw. Indeed, there never was a mother like her.

She had washed the precious garment, precious because it belonged to Jesus, in the crystal waters of the babbling brook, when she looked about for a place to dry it on. But there was not a bit of grass around everything was sandy and rocky there. What was she to do? Just then she espied a thorn bush. It was an ugly bush, crooked and bare and uninviting. But it was the only thing around.

"Oh, you poor, lonely bush!" our Lady exclaimed. "You can hold my dear Boy's jacket and keep it spread out to the rays of the sun until it is dry." And she hung it carefully on the thorn bush and hastened home to care for Jesus. If thorn bushes can be happy, how happy that thorn bush must have been!

That evening Mary hastened down to the brook to bring her Baby Jesus' jacket home. There it was, safe and dry on the bush. But the bush was not a thorn bush any more. It was a rosebush! It was covered with beautiful roses of red, each petal of which was shaped like a heart. And in the center of each rose there was something like a crown of gold. A sweet odor issued from the fragrant flowers. Mary was not surprised. She smiled as though she understood. There was a happy look of love in her eyes as she hastened home.

Who can tell me the lesson of this little story? The least little thing that we do for Jesus shall not go without its great- and very great reward.

~ *Just Stories, Imprimatur 1929* ~



## BEATIFICATION AND CANONIZATION

**I**t was a beautiful afternoon in Rome. Thousands were pouring out of the great Basilica of St. Peter after having witnessed the imposing ceremony of the Beatification of Claude de la Colombiere, S.J., the spiritual director of St. Margaret Mary, and the apostle of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. My companion, like myself, had been deeply impressed by the splendor of the services. He asked me just what difference there is between Beatification and Canonization. Could you have answered his question?

The Church, in her wisdom, that we should not be deceived by mere appearances or by the enthusiasm of the misguided, does not permit any public honor to be given at her altars to any one who has not been officially beatified or canonized. Only after the most searching investigation of the life and writings of the one proposed, and of the alleged miracles presented as proof of sanctity, does the Pope pass judgment. In the case of a martyr, the essential point for Beatification is to prove that death was for the Faith.

Beatification bestows the title "Blessed" and permits that the one so declared be publicly honored only in certain places with a special Mass and Office. Canonization gives the title "Saint" and, by a decree of the Holy Father, commands that public religious honor be accorded the Saint throughout the universal Church.

The process for Beatification is usually a long one. Years may pass before the church gives its decision, for incontestable proof of sanctity must exist, alleged miracles must be proved by sworn medical testimony and other witnesses to be beyond the laws of nature and capable of no explanation other than that God Himself has intervened to prove the sanctity of His servant. The examinations begin in the diocese where the person lived and it is only when these are declared satisfactory that the cause is taken up in Rome. Every statement is balanced, every alleged miracle is studied with the aid of outstanding physicians. No human court weighs evidence with the searching scrutiny of the Congregation of Rites. If the vote is finally favorable, the cause is passed on to the Holy Father, for he is the final judge. If he approves, the Solemn Beatification takes place in the Basilica of St. Peter, Rome, where the Brief is read and a picture of the "Blessed" is unveiled.

The process for Canonization may be begun at any time after it is reported that at least two miracles have been obtained through the intercession of the Blessed. Again comes a most searching examination. Only after these miracles are confirmed does the Holy Father issue a Bull of Canonization, in which he commands the universal Church to honor the one declared to be a Saint.

## ANSWERS TO APOSTLE MATCH—UP

1. E, 2. B, 3. K, 4. J 5. D, 6. G, 7. I, 8. C, 9. A, 10. F, 11. L, 12. H

This is a series of Catholic Gazettes for children. We pray that it will help all to know and love their Faith better. It is put together by the students of St. Catherine's Academy as part of their Language, Religion, Art and Typing Courses. A.M.D.G. We hope you enjoy it. If you have any suggestions, ideas or comments please let us know at : <jwillson61@charter.net>

God Bless all of you! Tim, the father of this clan, Timmy, Mary, Sarah, Katie, Patrick, Elizabeth and the teacher, Julie. God is good!!

~ ALL ARTICLES ARE MEANT TO BE IN KEEPING WITH THE SOUND TEACHINGS OF THE ONE, HOLY, CATHOLIC, AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH, WHICH IS THE SAME CHURCH FOUNDED BY OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST AND WILL LAST UNTIL THE END OF TIME.~

We have also started a Catholic website as another school project. There are weekly Sunday Sermons for both Children and Adults and many other goodies. you can check it out at:

[www.Crusaders-for-Christ.com](http://www.Crusaders-for-Christ.com)