

St. Catherine's Academy Gazette

Holy Mother Church has dedicated this Month to the Holy Family

Issue 32

February 2013

Speak, Little Voice

Speak, little voice within me, speak!
Set is my heart to hear;
Low is the light and the night is bleak,
Tell me that God is near.

Speak, little voice, and strongly say
I am His little child:
Counsel and lead me along the way,
Life is a pathway wild.

God is my Father, O little voice,
This do you whisper me;
Father all-watchful, so I rejoice,
Bleak though the night may be.

~ Rev. Michael Carls, S.J. ~

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

~ G.W. Langford ~

Feasts and Fasts This Month:

Feb. 2nd ~ The Purification of
the B.V.M. or Candlemas

Feb. 11th ~ Our Lady of Lourdes

Feb. 13th ~ Ash Wednesday

Feb. 20th, 22nd, and 23rd
Ember Days

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AGNES, LITTLE MAID OF ROME—MARTYR

The walls of the little catacomb crypt were dark and bare, still marked with the uneven strokes of the pick-axe. The floor was streaked with damp, and the tiny rose flame of the hanging lamp scarcely lighted the rough-hewn altar. One by one the Christians had left the Mass chamber, and now Agnes was alone, alone with the dear, hidden Lord. Little bride of Christ, white-robed, flower crowned, her heart was too full for words of prayer. But a few moments past she had spoken her vow of virginity, and now she could not bear to leave Him to Whom her love was given.

The call of the semantrons summoned her to go from the Master in His sacramental presence to find Him in work for His poor. Obedient to its sounding, she rose from her knees. Bright tears dimmed for an instant her soft dark eyes, but she brushed them away. “Dear God, I am not worthy;” she whispered.

In and out, through the winding streets of the city where the poor were huddled together, the deaconesses and little virgins who had consecrated their lives to Christ, made their way, scattering sunshine and love, and winning souls to God.

Of noble birth, and known throughout all Rome, Agnes could not do her work unseen. Won by a charm they could not understand, many pagans of high rank begged for her hand in marriage, but to each one, as they came, she gave the same answer, “To God alone my love is given.”

In those stern days of long ago, love of Jesus meant death for Him. The doom of the little maid was sealed. Soldiers came to her father’s home with manacles to bind her hands and lead her before the court. One after another the chains were slipped over her wrists, but they were too large, and fell to the ground. Agnes smiled. “I do not need your prison bracelets to lead me to Jesus,” she said playfully. “I will go with you gladly for His sake.”

Clad in her virgin’s cloak, fairer in her simplicity than the richly robed pagan maids about her, she stood fearlessly in the half gloom before the tribunal. They led her before the altar of Minerva and commanded her to bow in adoration. On a carven stand were the coals for the incense, and the golden thurible. Dark-faced and servile, Minerva’s priests bent forward to help her, but the child shrank from their touch. How different was this glitter and show from the quiet and peace of the dim catacombs!





St. Agnes ~ Feast day, January 21st

She raised her hand in the sign of the cross, and her voice rang out in clear tones, “God alone will I adore, and to Him alone will I bow.” The face of the judge darkened, and turning to his guards he spoke a low word of command. In obedience they brought into the temple, the gleaming sword, sharp pincers, and the molten lead. Agnes looked at them calmly, no fear in her face, no fear in her heart. This is the torture that awaits you, unless you do my will, a stern voice said. Agnes lifted her head. “You have had my answer,” she repeated softly.

Then the Vestal virgins in their purple cloaks drew her to their midst and begged her to give worship to Vesta, the goddess of the home. Vividly they pictured the delights of her service, and the long night vigils before the sacred flame. Agnes shrank away as a lily wind-blown. She was a little virgin of Christ and craved no earthly honor. The Vestals were chosen from among the fairest maidens of Rome, and vowed their lives in pure service to Vesta, but they were as far below Agnes as the valley lies below the snow-capped mountain.

The judge bribed and flattered, then abused and threatened, but all in vain, and at last gave the order that she should be beheaded. Without a word, Agnes knelt and bowed her head. The Vestals turned away, sad at heart, and the face of the judge grew strangely set. The sword fell, and one of earth's sweetest flowers was transplanted, to bloom with a yet rarer beauty in the eternal gardens of God.

Feast, January twenty-first.

~ “Children of the Kingdom,” Imprimatur 1914 ~

Feast of the Holy Family

Belonging to the hidden years at Nazareth, this feast reminds us that God has in view always our needs and our trials. Christ came on earth to save us. His was the tremendous task of converting a hard-hearted world to a way of life that would upset all man's notions of self-indulgent living. Yet, with this great work to be fulfilled, he spent but three years in public life. The remaining thirty years were passed in a town so small and so thoroughly unimportant that people were to say to Him, doubtingly, “Can anything good come out of Nazareth?”

Probably this was in the decrees of God because so many of us live what the world considers very unimportant lives. Armies do not march at our command; people do not go halfway round the world to see us; history will have nothing to say of us. No one, in fact, pays very much attention to us. If we take for ourselves no other models than those who are world-famous or even notorious, this will hurt us a great deal and result in a lifetime of striving to “be somebody.” But if we follow the model of the Redeemer who for thirty years lived in obscurity, it should not distress us to be ignored. There are very few people of worldly importance; fast in the majority are the multitudes of ordinary people whose path to heaven is unexciting and unromantic. How very kind of God to show us by His long hidden life that His plan of redemption includes everyone, even those whose lives are so unremarkable that the world does not notice at all!

To Mary the hidden life brought its peculiar joys and sorrows: the joy of being always with Jesus, the sorrow of knowing that this beautiful Child must grow to be the Man of Sorrows. Mary and Joseph were privileged above all the earth's peoples in being able to live under the same roof with God Incarnate. They shielded Him on the frightening flight into Egypt, guarded Him during the exile. They heard His first word, guided His first step, and watched Him grow out of babyhood into boyhood and young manhood. With God dwelling in it, the little house at Nazareth was as near to heaven as anything on earth could be. However humble their work, it was sweetened by the joy of doing it for Jesus.

And it goes without saying that their household tasks were tiresome, as such tasks have always been. Saint Joseph worked hard as a carpenter, receiving probably just enough wages to keep his little family supplied with necessities. Our Lady had nothing of convenience in her tiny home. A home where Jesus was did not need to have anything but Himself to make it heaven on earth. The house at Nazareth was to be the model for all the ages to come, when the unending tasks of millions of hard-working mothers and fathers would be dignified by being patterned after those of the Holy Family. It could not be the material model for the electrically run homes of today, but it is a lasting proof that material conveniences do not make a home. Only the people within it can do that.

Mary and Joseph watched their holy Charge lovingly. They understood, when He was obedient to them, that He was showing them, and through them the whole world, the real meaning of humility. Later He was to say to the apostles:

"...learn from me; I am gentle and humble of heart; and you shall find rest for your souls."



He began to teach there, in the obscurity of Nazareth.

Only the humble need apply for the heavenly help of the Holy Family. The proud, and those who are concerned with social position, would be uncomfortable in the poor home of a village carpenter. But the poor in spirit, whom Our Lord was to call "blessed" in His sermon on the mount, are never embarrassed to be found suppliant at the feet of the Holy Family.

Christ preached many times against wealth, because it so often blinds men's hearts to the important things of God. The Scriptures are filled with references to God's care of His creatures and the futility of our worrying about worldly goods. In Psalm 39 is sweetly stated:

"The Lord is careful for me."

The idea is even more developed when in the 90th Psalm, said during Compline (the night-prayer of the Church), is sung:

*“O Thou that dwellest beneath the shelter of
the Most High, and abidest under the shadow
of the Almighty... With His pinions shall He
shelter thee, and under his wings shalt thou be secure.”*

Loving confidence in God is the keynote of these and many other psalm verses: they breathe the spirit of the Holy Family. Mary and Joseph were filled with confidence in God’s mercy, and they sought nothing outside their humble little home, which was the sanctuary of the Most High.

Christian homes today are few, partly because of man’s—and woman’s—mad pursuit of wealth and position. The little home at Nazareth, in which the gracious Queen of heaven dwelt humbly as the village carpenter’s wife, could teach many lessons to parents of today and tomorrow. The virtues of humility and poverty of spirit, and the great and beautiful virtue of charity, are just as hard to practice today as they have always been. But this same gracious Lady—who is also our Mother—has a personal interest in helping each one of us to practice them. If only we would remember to ask her!

*“O God, the protector of all that trust in Thee,
without whom nothing is strong, nothing holy:
increase and Multiply upon us Thy mercy, that
Thou being our ruler and guide, we may so pass
through things temporal, that we finally lose
not the things which are eternal...”*

~ “Our Lady’s Feasts,” Imprimatur 1945 ~



THE PURIFICATION

| | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Joy! Joy! The Mother comes, | Saint Joseph follows near, | O Infant God! Christ! |
| And in her arms she brings | In rapture lost and love, | O Light most beautiful! |
| The Light of the world, | While angels round about | Thou comest, Joy of joys! |
| The Christ, King of kings; | In glowing circles move, | All darkness to annul; |
| And in her heart the while | And o’er the Mother broods | And brightest lights of earth |
| All silently she sings. | The everlasting Dove! | Beside Thy light grow dull. |

~ Rev. F. W. Faber ~



Help the Kings through the stars to find the Infant Jesus



Answer maze on last page

PURIFICATION

*“They took him up to Jerusalem to present him to the Lord—
as it is written in the Law of the Lord.”* St. Luke, 2:22.

In the life of St. Dunstan who was born in 910, we read an interesting incident. In fact, this happened even before Dunstan was born. On the feast of the Purification the people went with their usual devotion to the Church of Our Lady. The father and mother of Dunstan were there. All the congregation held lighted candles as they assisted at Solemn Mass. Suddenly, as the Gospel was being read, all the lights in the church went out including those in the hands of the people.

In the excitement they noticed a candle in the hand of Dunstan’s expectant mother. It was lit. From this one light the congregation again relit their candles.

Something like this is expressed in the feast of the Purification, the feast we keep on February 2. St. Luke, 2:22, tells us the story. After Mary had fulfilled all the days of her purification, according to the law, Joseph and Mary carried Jesus to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord, for it was the law that every first male child should be called holy to the Lord. It was also the law to offer a sacrifice, and they offered a pair of turtle doves. In Jerusalem at that time there was a holy man named Simeon. He was just and devout, waiting for the coming Messias.

The Holy Spirit was really in him; that Spirit had told him he would not die until he had seen the Christ, the Lord. He was in the temple at the time and when the parents of Jesus brought in the little Child to do what the law required, this old man took Jesus into his arms, blessed God and said: “Now thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace; Because my eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of .all peoples; a light of revelation to the Gentiles, and a glory for thy people Israel.” St. Luke, 2:29-32.

Jesus is the Light of the world, as He said Himself: “I am the Light of the world. He that followeth me walketh not in darkness but shall have the light of life.” St. John, 8:12.

The Purification is the feast of the Light of the world. We then bless candles, which are symbols of that Light. We place them upon our altars, we carry them in procession, we take them into our homes, to represent Christ, the Light of the world. We do this on February 2 to remind ourselves again that Mary actually carried the Light of the world in the flesh into the temple. In presenting Jesus, the Light of the world, to the temple and to the hearts of men, Mary showed certain virtues.

I. She was a model of obedience:

a. This obedience was difficult. Mary had to appear before the priest in the temple as an act of legal purification.

b. This was blind obedience. She submitted to the letter of the law, although she was not strictly bound to that ordinance.

c. This was big-hearted obedience. By doing more than her duty demanded, Mary showed her burning love for God.

II. In the Purification Mary showed the deepest humility:

a. By her virginity. She preferred not to appear superior to other women, but chose to appear in the eyes of the world, as long as God willed it, less pure than she really was.

b. By her holiness. Although she was the purest and holiest of creatures, Mary, on her knees, begged the priest in the temple to pray for her.

c. By her divine motherhood. There was nothing external to distinguish Mary from all sinful mothers, even though she was the mother of God. But that was because of the greater delight on the part of God, and because the Almighty had regarded the humility of His handmaid. Therefore, all generations will call her blessed.

III. Mary, in the Purification, is also a model of the most burning love:

a. She offered up her divine Son. She offered Jesus, the only delight of her heart, not as a mere ceremony but as a sacrifice in the strictest sense. She offered Him that He might suffer and die and fulfill all that the prophet had foretold about Him.

b. Out of love Mary brought Jesus back by the sacrifice of the turtle doves.

c. Joyfully and tenderly she carried Him home.

Here we see the three ways in which we can and must offer Jesus, the Light of the world, to the people of the world:

a. By obedience to the laws of Christ's Church we offer Him to the world.

b. By humility, we admit that we are nothing and Christ is all. No matter what our virtues, or our privileges of grace, or our success, even in spiritual matters, we are still nothing and capable of nothing in the sight of the all holy God.

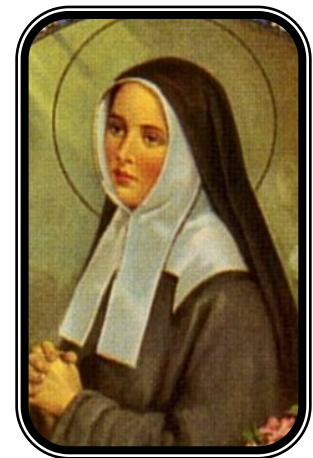
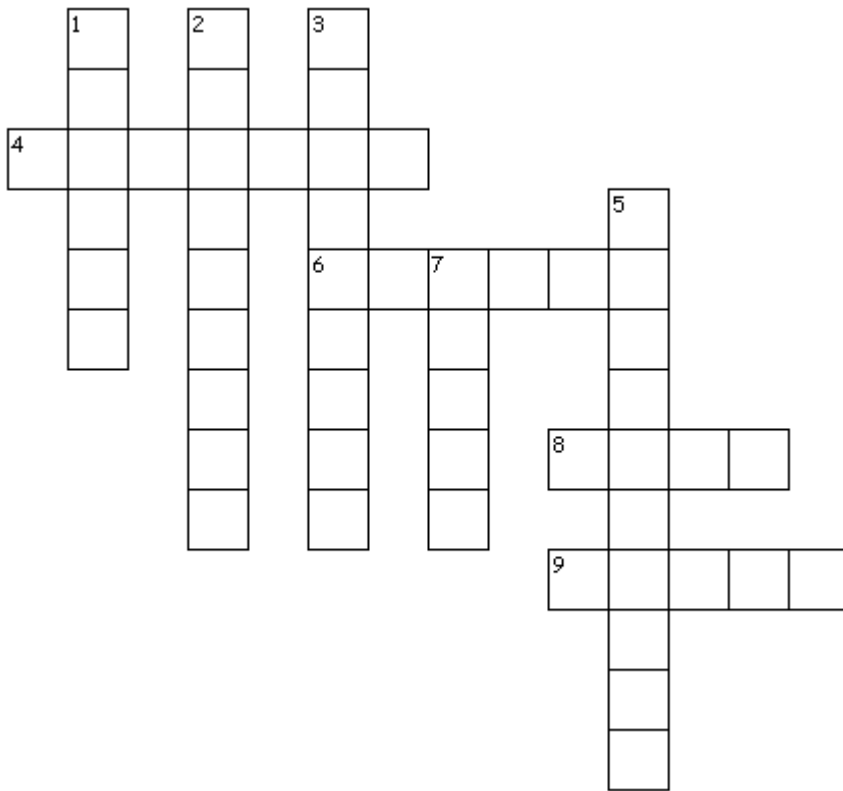
c. By love and by love alone we can win the world. That love is proven by sacrifice. Every act of religion in a sense savors of sacrifice—a giving that is done joyfully, just as Mary made her sacrifice joyfully.

In the story of the Purification we find inspiration for these simple, humble virtues which Mary had and which we also want to have, even in our limited way.

They were the virtues of St. Dunstan and his mother. They are the virtues of all true followers of Jesus and Mary. They are the virtues of all who really show Christ to the world. How the world needs that Light today. Christ will light up the world if we bring Him to the world, yes, if only to that little world where most of us live. Amen.



January/February Saints Crossword Puzzle



Across

- 4. Favorite disciple of St. Paul.
- 6. Invoked against diseases of the throat.
- 8. Who persecuted the Christians and then became a disciple?
- 9. One of Christ's Apostles; his name means "rock."

Down

- 1. She is the Patroness of Ireland
- 2. Patroness of dentists.
- 3. Nicknamed 'The Friend of Boys.'
- 5. Our Lady of Lourdes appeared to her.
- 7. An early Christian martyr. She is always pictured with a lamb.

Answers can be found on the last page of the Gazette

The Flight Into Egypt

Soon after the wise men had left, dear children, God sent an angel to St. Joseph during sleep, telling him that the wicked Herod was sending his soldiers to kill the Holy Infant, and that he must take the Child and His Mother and flee to Egypt.

St. Joseph obeyed at once and the Holy Family left during the night for a strange country. On the way, they met with cold, hunger and thirst, and were in danger of robbers and wild beasts, but they bore all this without complaining; they were patient for the love of Jesus, Who was in the midst of them.

Now, when the wise men did not return to Herod to tell him about the new-born King he became very angry and sent his soldiers to kill all the baby boys who were two years old and younger. These cruel men spared none; dragging the innocent babies from their mother's arms, killing them while asleep in their cradles, striking down the toddlers as they tried to walk in their baby way—all were put to death. Oh, how the poor mothers wept for their darlings lying dead in their arms! These little innocents died for Christ; for Herod tried to reach Him by putting them to death. The blessed babies were martyrs for their Infant King!

Meantime, the Holy Family settled in Egypt and remained there some time, while St. Joseph worked as a carpenter to support the Infant Saviour and His Blessed Mother. There were Jews in that strange land of Egypt; but they had no Temple in which to pray. This must have grieved the hearts of such pious people as Mary and Joseph, but you must not forget, dear children, that they had Jesus with them, and this was a bit of Heaven for them.

Once more the angel appeared to St. Joseph, telling him to return to Israel with the Holy Family. Always obedient, St. Joseph set out with Jesus and Mary and came to the town of Nazareth, where Holy Mary was living when the Angel Gabriel was sent to tell her that she was to be the Mother of God.



Often, children, you should think of what a painful journey that was to Egypt for a tiny, wee Baby! Think of what He must have suffered. This thought will help you to bear patiently for His dear sake all the troubles that come to you.

He was obedient, too; for, although He was a little weak Baby, He was God also. So, you too, if you wish to be like the Divine Infant, will obey at once whatever you are told to do, no matter how hard it seems. How sweetly the Baby Jesus will smile upon you from His home in Heaven if you will be loving and obedient children.

~ Bible Stories For Children, Imprimatur 1918 ~

Lost In The Temple

1. The Journey to Jerusalem

Jerusalem was the holy city of the Jews. Here stood the beautiful marble temple where the priests daily offered sacrifice to God. Here the people came year after year to celebrate the great feasts of the Jewish religion. It was the custom of Joseph and Mary to make a yearly journey to Jerusalem to celebrate the feast of the Passover. Can you tell the story of the first feast of the Passover?

When Jesus was twelve years old, His parents brought Him with them to celebrate this feast. The boy Jesus enjoyed the trip. Many friends and relatives from Nazareth were with them. The women rode part of the way on donkeys that were led by men or boys. Perhaps Jesus led the donkey when His Blessed Mother was riding. We can well imagine how carefully He picked the smooth parts of the road and how kindly He urged the donkey onward. In the evenings, the whole company pitched their tents near some well or stream. Joyful boys ran here and there gathering wood for the fires or carrying water.

After a few days of travel, they reached Jerusalem. How happy Jesus was as He entered the gates of the holy city! Mary and Joseph had often told Him about its wonders, and now He was in the midst of them.

2. The Temple

The Temple was one of the most beautiful buildings that the world has ever seen. Four marble courts of wonderful splendor rose one above the other. Those who did not believe in the God of Israel were permitted to enter the first court, but it meant death to them if they went beyond it. The women worshiped in the second court, unless they were bringing a sacrifice to the altars. Men and women never worshiped together in the Jewish temples, so the men had the next court for themselves. The highest court, which was the Court of the Priests, was the richest and most beautiful part of the Temple. Glistening gold and sparkling jewels dazzled the eyes. Here was the altar of sacrifice, the altar of incense, and the Holy of Holies.

The temple was the dearest place on earth to every Jewish heart. To pray within its walls brought peace and happiness to the troubled soul. How dear to our hearts should be our churches, because they contain the living God Himself, and not merely His altars or His laws as did the Jewish temple!

Jesus was delighted to be in God's house, because it was His house also. The great feast lasted a week, and each day Jesus went to the temple with Saint Joseph. He saw the pious little altar boys who helped the priests around the temple. He watched the white-robed priests as they slowly passed in and out of the holy place. He was happy, very happy indeed.

3. Jesus Remains in Jerusalem

After the celebration was over, the pilgrims began to leave the city. All those going toward Nazareth decided to journey together. It was never safe to travel along the lonely roads in small parties. Robbers of the meanest kind often lay in wait for the weary travelers to take from them their food, money, and everything else of value. In the land where Jesus lived, things have not changed very much since those days, for even in our own

times it is not safe to travel there in small groups without armed guides.

When the hour of departure arrived, all the people going in the direction of Nazareth had not assembled. Some of the party, therefore, started without waiting for the rest. Joseph was among these. Later the second group followed them. The Blessed Virgin and some of her friends were in this group. Mary did not see the first group depart, so she thought that Jesus was with Saint Joseph. And Joseph naturally thought that Jesus was with His mother.

The happy people traveled on for the whole day, talking about the beautiful temple, the solemn services of the priests, and about the many relatives and friends they had met during the week. It was a lovely day for walking. The air was sweet with the breath of the first blossoms of spring. When the darkness of night made traveling impossible, the first group selected a pretty spot covered with grass, where they pitched their tents. Joseph had fixed his tent, filled the jars with water, and started a fire by the time the second group arrived.

Mary looked anxiously around for Jesus and did not see Him. "Where is Jesus?" she asked.

Joseph stared at her in amazement. "Jesus?" he said. "I thought that He was with you."

"And I thought that He was with you," said Mary as her eyes filled with tears. "My boy, my boy is lost!" she cried.

Mary and Joseph hurried through the camp to find Jesus, but He was nowhere to be found. The heart of Mary was filled with terror. She blamed herself for not being more watchful.

Back to Jerusalem, Mary and Joseph hastened. Their feet and the tired donkey could not carry them fast enough. They imagined that all sorts of things had happened to Jesus. They thought that perhaps He had been killed or stolen. Perhaps He had walked with another party in the opposite direction.

Through the streets of Jerusalem they hurried, asking everyone they met, "Have you seen our boy Jesus?"

No one had seen Him. They called at the home of their relatives, but Jesus had not been there. They went to the houses of their friends, but Jesus was not to be found. Oh, how they prayed that God would save His Son!

After three days' searching, Joseph and Mary



entered the temple. There to their joy and amazement, they saw the child Jesus talking to the Jewish doctors, asking them questions, and by His answers putting to shame the wisdom of old men.

The joy of the Blessed Virgin was so great that she burst into tears, and threw her arms around her boy saying: “Why have you done so to us? Behold your father and I have sought you sorrowing.”

Jesus did not like to see His Mother in sorrow, so He kissed away her tears. Then He said some strange words to her: “How is it that you sought me? Did you not know that I must be about my Father’s business?”

The Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph did not understand what Jesus meant. They did not know that He was speaking about the great work for which He came into the world—the work of saving men’s souls. The Jewish doctors told Joseph that Jesus was a wonderful boy.

They were astonished at the things that He knew. Joseph embraced the child Jesus, and the Holy Family began their return trip to Nazareth.

This quiet little’ village was to be Jesus’ home for the next eighteen years. There He lived with Joseph and Mary, loving them and obeying them.

Jesus, the Son of God, was a beautiful example of obedience to all boys and girls. He loved His mother so dearly that He did all in His power to make her happy. He helped her about their little home, and He helped Saint Joseph in the carpenter shop. The little boy Jesus is our model. Let us learn from Him to honor, obey, and love our parents.

~ “A Child’s Garden of Religion Stories,” Imprimatur 1929 ~

Quiz on the Papacy

1. Give three of the nine official titles of the Pope.
2. What Pope originated the present calendar?
3. What is Rerum Novarum?
4. Who was the first Pope to fly in an airplane?
5. In what part of the Vatican are the Papal elections held?
6. Give within ten the number of Popes since the founding of the Catholic Church.
7. How many Popes have reigned under the name “Peter”?
8. For what is Castel Gandolfo known?

Answers on the last page of the Gazette



ST. JOHN BOSCO

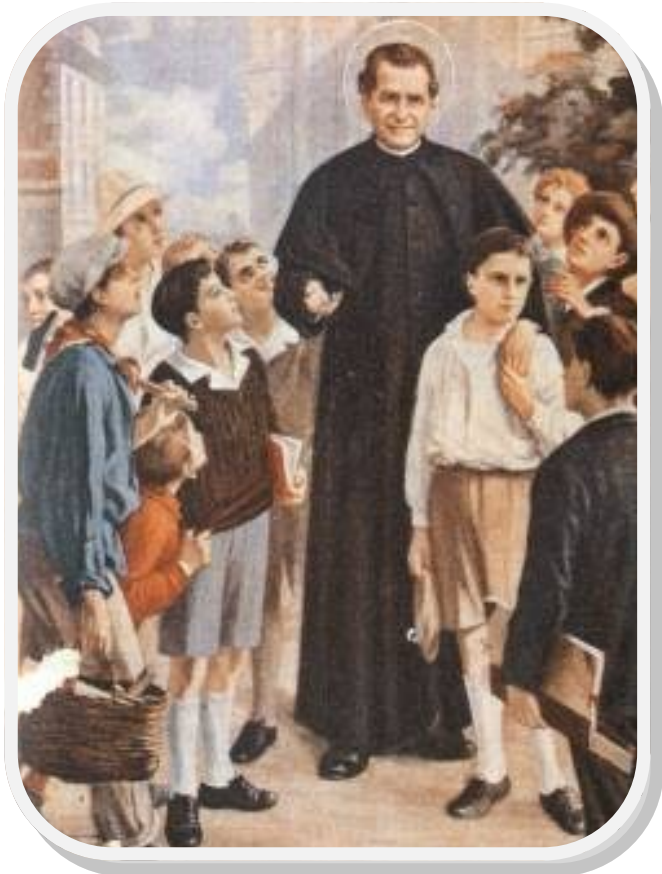
Feast day ~ January 31st

St. John Bosco was born near Turin, Italy. Like many Saints, he was a poor farm lad, who was brought up by his holy mother in the love of God and Our Lady. John's father died when he was young and his mother had to work very hard to feed her family. John, too, worked as hard as he could to help his mother. He was an intelligent lad, who knew how to keep his playmates from offending God. He would do tricks to win their attention and then he would talk to them about spiritual things.

In Order to become a priest, John had to work his way through school. He did all kinds of work. He was a carpenter, a shoemaker, a cook, a pastry-maker, a farmer, and many other things. At the same time he was a fine student and was always happy and cheerful.

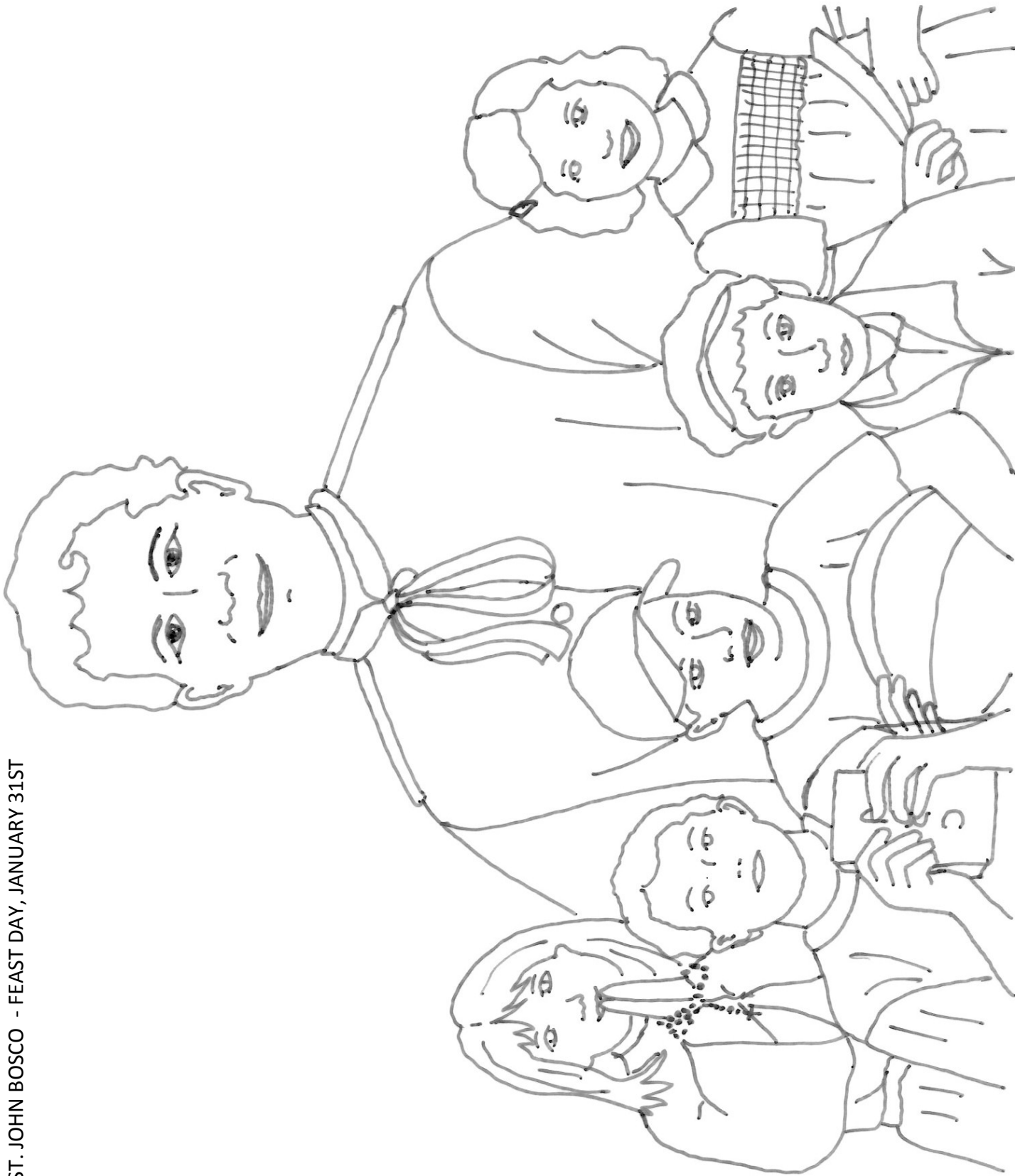
After he became a priest, Don Bosco, which means Father Bosco, began his great mission of helping orphan boys. He gathered together hundreds of these boys who had no home. He taught them all kinds of work, so that they would not steal and get into trouble. At first, people were angry with Don Bosco, because they did not think those boys would turn out to be good. But he proved that they would. "Do you want to be Don Bosco's friend?" he would

ask each new boy who came to him. "You do? Then, you must help me save your soul." Every night, he wanted his boys to say three Hail Mary, so that the Blessed Mother would help them avoid sin. He also recommended that they go to Confession and Communion as often as possible. One of Don Bosco's boys became a saint, St. Dominic Savio. Later on, Don Bosco founded Religious Orders to take care of poor children and he also built many homes and schools for them.



Let us help our parents at home as much as we can. The more things we learn to do, the better we can serve God.

*“Saints for Young People”
~Imprimatured: do date listed~*



ST. JOHN BOSCO - FEAST DAY, JANUARY 31ST

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

February 14th

“To-morrow is St. Valentine s Day,

All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window

To be your Valentine”

~ SHAKESPEARE ~

IF you make out the grammar of this verse, you will be cleverer than most people are. I don't think it has any grammar, and that is not wonderful, for it was sung by a poor young girl who was out of her mind. Ophelia was distracted with sorrow, and went about singing wild snatches of song. Hamlet, her betrothed, had slain her father and cast her off, and the double trouble had unbalanced her mind. Though the verse has no grammar to speak of, it has sense. “To be your Valentine” meant to be your lady-love for the coming year. It was a custom, come down from pagan times, amongst the common folk, to look out on St. Valentine's Day for a “true love” and the maid first seen in the morning was the one to be chosen. Now this arrangement was often enough very awkward, always very silly, and sometimes even an occasion of temptation. So, gradually, as people gained more sense, and occupied themselves with higher things, they dropped these remnants of heathenism, and contented themselves with sending pictures to each other.

But there was a real “Valentine” once, and he was a Saint. As you may suppose, he had nothing whatever to do with a pagan custom. He was a holy priest who lived in Rome in times of persecution. His greatest joy was to attend the martyrs in their last moments, and help them in prison. One day he was taken prisoner himself and brought before the judge. Every argument was used to make him renounce his Faith, but he remained firm. Then the sentence was pronounced : Valentine the Christian priest was to be beaten with clubs, and then beheaded. The holy priest bore the cruel martyrdom with perfect patience, and received his crown and palm on February 14. So there is this connection between the martyr and the pagan custom. He died on February 14, and that was the eve of the day the heathen Romans held their festival in honour of Februa Juno, and the time when boys drew the names of a companion for the year. St. Francis of Sales saw the harm the lingering of the old custom caused, so he devised a Christian drawing of names. Children should choose by lot patron Saints, he said, and honour them with special love and devotion all the year round. And this good custom is now observed, not only in France, where St. Francis of Sales lived, but in many other countries also. Couldn't some of you elder ones write the names of your favourite Saints on little slips of paper, as many slips as there are persons in the family, and let the slips be drawn on the eve of St. Valentine s Day ? I think

you could, and I think that thus you would help to honour the Saints, and they would certainly not forget you in return.

~ Saints and Festivals, Imprimatur 1913 ~



On this feast let us celebrate
 That special kind of love,
 That has led so many men to shed
 Their blood for God above.
 Let us ask God to grant to us
 A love so holy and true
 That we may die to self and serve
 Only Him in all we do.
 And so our dear St. Valentine
 Intercede for us we plead,
 That God may confer to us True Love
 In our thoughts, our words, and deeds.



Happy St. Valentine's Day

From: The Willson Family

Tim, Julie, Timmy, Mary, Sarah, Katie,

Patrick and Elizabeth

THE MERCIFUL KNIGHT

IN the long-ago days, when the clash of arms was often heard in the streets of Florence, and when the sons of the great families were brought up early to learn the use of sword and lance, men thought more of a strong arm and brave deeds than of kindness and compassion for the weak. It is true that the knights were gentle and courteous to fair ladies, and truth and honour were as dear to them as their swords, but they had learnt to repay evil for evil, never to forgive an injury, and to take vengeance into their own hands.

In such a time as this, then, the story of the Merciful Knight shines out like the steady gleam of a single bright star, set in a dark sky. The beauty of its clear light is the more precious because of the darkness around.

It was in one of the proudest of the great Florentine families that the two little brothers, Giovanni and Hugo Gualberto, were brought up. The boys were taught all that noble children were expected to learn in those days, especially how to be skillful and quick in the use of all knightly weapons, so that they might be trained to be brave knights and courageous soldiers. But besides this they were taught the lessons of their creed, for it was the duty of a Christian knight to hold in reverence all holy things. Together the two little brothers would kneel in the great dim church at Christmastide when the story of Bethlehem was pictured once more. The little waxen Bambino lying in the straw, guarded by the gentle mother and St. Joseph, taught the old lesson of humility and God's goodwill towards men. The ox and the ass too, that stood by the manger looking on with such wise eyes, would help them to remember that God's dumb creatures have also a share in His merciful kindness.

Then when Holy Week came round and all the city bells had ceased to ring, because it was Good Friday, the boys would kneel again beneath the crucifix and gaze with awe upon the sad scene of suffering. That was a difficult lesson to learn, why the King should suffer so at the hands of His servants. It was easier to understand the joy and brightness of Eastertide, when the bells rang out once more, and the world seemed full of joy because the King had triumphed over His enemies.

So the boys grew up, learning their lessons together, and loving each other with a deep and special love. They were the only children in the old grey palace, and shared with each other every joy and sorrow that came into their lives.

Then when all was sunshine and joy, when life was spreading out all its pleasures at the feet of the two young knights, suddenly the blow fell which seemed to blot out for ever the light from Giovanni's life. His brother Hugo, setting out one morning full of life and gaiety, was brought back ere nightfall pierced through the heart by an enemy's dagger. There had been, perhaps, some hot quarrel, but the boy had been cruelly done to death by treachery, and no more than that was known. It seemed impossible to believe, but it was only too true. Hugo was dead, and a deep wail of grief went up to heaven and a wild cry for vengeance upon the murderer.

The old father seemed turned to stone in his grief. The broken-hearted mother wept until she could weep no more. And then both turned to Giovanni, their one hope, and bade him avenge his brother's cruel death.

It was little urging that Giovanni needed. His heart burned within him like a red-hot coal in his wrath. No

softening tears quenched the light of vengeance that glowed in his eyes. With his strong right hand he grasped his sword, and looking up to heaven he vowed that he would rest not, night nor day, until he had killed the murderer of his brother. He would hunt him down, no matter where he was hid. Nothing should save him from the vengeance which was his due. So Giovanni set out on his search, and it seemed as if in a few hours the light-hearted boy was changed into a stern-faced man.

It was springtime, but to Giovanni all seasons seemed alike. The sky was blue and the earth was bursting into flowers, but it might have been dead winter for all he knew. There was no sun in his sky. All was black before his eyes, lightened only by the glow of that one desire for vengeance. Day by day and hour by hour he searched, but no sign of his enemy could he find, and at last he turned wearily away from the city, and set out for the country-house, outside Florence, where his father and mother were waiting for news.

It was the evening of Good Friday, and a solemn stillness seemed to brood over the land. But Giovanni never noticed that the bells were silent and that there was no sound to tell the passing hours. Slowly he began to mount the steep hill which leads from the city gates to the church of San Miniato, which he must needs pass on his way home. Half-way up the hill, a little road turns off sharply to the right, and there at the corner Giovanni suddenly came face to face with the man he was seeking, the enemy who had so cruelly killed his brother. Quick as lightning Giovanni drew his sword, and a wild rush of joy filled his heart. Here was his enemy, given into his hand, alone and unarmed. There could be no escape. Vengeance had triumphed.

The wretched man saw too that all chance of escape was hopeless. Neither could he fight for his life, for he had no weapon. He was indeed given into the hand of the avenger. There was but one thing he could do, and throwing himself upon his knees he pleaded for mercy.

'For the love of Christ,' he cried, 'I beseech thee to spare my life. He who on this day hung upon the Cross to save mankind, would He not have us show mercy to one another? For the love of Him, our Saviour, have mercy upon me!' And as he spoke he spread out his arms in the form of a cross, and looked upwards beseechingly into the eyes of the avenging knight.

There was a moment's pause. The uplifted sword was stayed. A terrible struggle was going on in Giovanni's heart. Could he forgo the revenge for which he had thirsted so long? The man was a murderer and deserved punishment. But had not Christ upon the Cross prayed for forgiveness for His own murderers? The meaning of the old lesson, so hard to understand, became clear. This was the higher devoir. Was not He, the perfect Knight, the example of all true courage and knightliness?

The struggle was fierce, but a prayer rose from his heart for help to overcome, and slowly he lowered his sword. Then as he gazed at the trembling wretch at his feet, a great pity began to flow into his heart, and he bent down and raised the man from his knees, and embraced him in token of forgiveness. There they parted, and Giovanni, still trembling after the fierce struggle that had gone on in his heart, went slowly on his way up the steep hill, until he came to the church door. Turning aside he went in, and found his way in the darkness to the high altar where a great crucifix hung. There he knelt and hid his face in his hands, and the great hot tears forced their way through his fingers and dropped on the marble floor.

He saw now that revenge was but a cruel black act, which no Christian knight should take into his own hands. He thought how often he had offended and grieved that gentle Master Who had hung so uncomplainingly upon the Cross to save his soul. And in the silence, the prayer rose to his lips: 'O Christ, Who hast taught me to be merciful to mine enemy, have mercy upon me and forgive me, as I have shown mercy to him.' And surely the prayer was heard, for as the words fell upon the stillness, lo! the figure of the Christ above bent down, and in gracious answer kissed the bowed head of the Merciful Knight.

Taken from: Legends and Stories of Italy for Children, 1909



JANUARY—FEBRUARY WORD SEARCH

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| 1. AGATHA | 6. BLAISE | 11. PAUL |
| 2. AGNES | 7. BRIGID | 12. TIMOTHY |
| 3. ANDREW CORSINI | 8. DOROTHY | 13. TITUS |
| 4. APOLLONIA | 9. GENEVIEVE | 14. VALENTINE |
| 5. BERNADETTE | 10. JOHN BOSCO | 15. WILLIAM |

“Now Dost Thou Dismiss Thy Servant, O Lord, In Peace”

Yes, February the second is Candlemas Day. How many beautiful thoughts we find in the presentation of Our Lord in the Temple at Jerusalem! But, do you know, I think the nicest part of the picture is the holy old man, Simeon, holding the Infant Jesus in his arms and exclaiming in joy: “O Lord, now dismiss Thy servant in peace.”

That is what a missionary was thinking about over Africa, down in the hot regions of Sudan, south of Egypt. He had planted the cross there, had built a little house beside it, and started a small garden. But it was uphill work trying to convert the dark-skinned natives around him. They were cold and indifferent.

So one day he sat thinking of holy Simeon’s words, “My eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples: a light to the revelation of the Gentiles.” Oh, when, thought the priest, when would those pagans, sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, see this light?

He was disturbed in his reverie by the sound of approaching footsteps. He looked up. An old, white-haired Moor, bent with age, was drawing near. Pausing before the missionary, he asked eagerly: “Are you a Christian?”

“Yes,” answered the priest, “I am a Christian.”

“And what do Christians believe?” continued the negro anxiously.

“We believe in one God and three divine Persons; we hope in this God; we love Him; we serve Him. In that way we can be saved.”

“But do you not venerate the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God?”

“Yes; indeed, we do,” said the missionary, “and—”

“Oh joy!” exclaimed the old man, tears coursing down his rugged cheeks; “you are indeed a bringer of good tidings to me. Long have I sought and now I have found!”

Thereupon he told the priest how he had formerly lived in a land to the north; how he had longed to find the one true God; how one day a white man had come preaching a new religion and bringing medicines, especially for children; how he had been able to stay for only three days, and how on departing he had said encouragingly to the Moor: “God will reveal Himself to you. Some day you will meet a Christian missionary. But do not listen to him, do not believe him, unless he teaches the veneration of the Blessed Virgin.”

“And now I have found you!” cried the happy old man. “For believing in the one true God I was deprived of my vast estates and banished from my home. I am a poor, wandering outcast now, but I have found the true religion. Baptize me that I may die in peace.”

But the missionary gave him instructions for three weeks longer, though the old negro really knew much about our faith, being able to read and having been given a catechism and prayer book by the white teacher of his home days.

The day of his baptism came. And then? Then came the happy day of his first Communion. He received Jesus into his heart. Wasn't he as happy as holy Simeon who held Bethlehem's Babe in his arms in Jerusalem? Oh, he was even more favored; he had Him in his heart

~ Tell Us Another, Imprimatur 1928 ~

APPLES RIPE AND ROSY, SIR

What a month of March it was! And after an unusually mild season, too. Old Winter seemed to have hoarded up all his stock of snow and cold weather, and left it as an inheritance to his wild and rollicking heir, that was expending it with lavish extravagance.

March was a jolly good fellow though, in spite of his bluster and boisterous ways. There was a wealth of sunshine in his honest heart, and he evidently wanted to render everybody happy. He appeared to have entered into a compact with Santa Claus to make it his business to see that the boys and girls should not, in the end, be deprived of their fair share of the season's merrymaking; that innumerable sleds and toboggans and skates, which had laid idle since Christmas, and been the objects of much sad contemplation, should have their day, after all.

And he was not really inconsiderate of the poor either; for though, very frequently, in a spirit of mischief, he and his chum Jack frost drew caricatures of spring flowers on their window-panes, knocked at their doors only to run away in a trice, and played other pranks upon them, they did not feel the same dread of all this that they would have felt in December. He would make up for it by being on his best and balmiest behavior for some days following; would promise that milder weather, when the need and the price of coal would be less, was surely coming; and that both the wild blossoms of the country fields, and the stray dandelions which struggle into bloom in city yards, would be on time, as usual.

On the special day with which we have to do, however, March was not in "a melting mood." On the contrary, the temperature was sharp and frosty, the ground white, the clouds heavy with snow. The storm of the night before had only ceased temporarily; it would begin again soon,--indeed a few flakes were already floating in the air. At four o'clock in the afternoon the children commenced to troop out of the schools. How pleasant to watch them!--to see the great doors swing open and emit, now a throng of bright-eyed, chattering little girls, in gay cloaks and hoods and mittens; or again a crowd of sturdy boys,--a few vociferating and disputing, others trudging along discussing games and sports, and others again indulging in a little random snowballing of



their comrades, by the way. Half an hour later the snow was falling thick and fast. The boys were in their element. A number of them had gathered in one of the parks or squares for which the garden-like city of E----- is noted, and were busy completing a snow-fort. The jingle of sleigh bells became less frequent, however; people hurried home; it was sure to be a disagreeable evening.

These indications were dolefully noted by one person in particular, to whom they meant more than to others in general. This was the good old Irishwoman who kept the apple and peanut stand at the street corner, and was the center of attraction to the children on their way to and from school.

"Wisha, this is goin' to be a wild night, I'm thinkin'!" sighed she, wrapping a faded and much-worn "broshay" shawl more securely about her, and striving to protect both herself and her wares beneath the shelter of a dilapidated umbrella, one of the ribs of which had parted company with the cotton covering,--escaped from its moorings, as it were, and stood out independently. "Glory be to God, but what bad luck I've had the day!" she continued under her breath, from habit still scanning the faces of the passers-by, though she had now faint hope that any would pause to purchase. "An' it's a bigger lot than usual I laid in, too.

The peanuts is extry size; an' them Baldwins look so fine and rosy, I thought it wud make anybody's mouth water to see them. I counted upon the schoolb'ys to buy them up in a twinklin', by reason of me markin' them down to two for a cent. An' so they would, but they're so taken up with sportin' in the snow that they can think of nothin' else. An' now that it's turned so raw, sure I'm afraid it's cold comfort any one but a lad would think it, settin' his teeth on edge tryin' to eat them. I'll tarry a bit longer; an' then, if no better fortune comes, I'll take meself to me little room, even though I'll have to drink me tea without a tint of milk or a dust of sugar the night, and be thankful for that same."

Patiently she waited. The clock struck five. As no other customers appeared, the old woman, who was known as Widow Barry, concluded that she would be moving. "Though it is too bad," she murmured; "an' this the best stand anywhere hereabouts."

In reality, the stand consisted of a large basket, a camp-seat, the tiresome privilege of leaning against two feet of stone-wall, and the aforesaid umbrella, which was intended to afford, not only a roof, but an air of dignity to the concern, and was therefore always open, rain or shine.

To "shut up shop," though it meant simply to lower the umbrella, gather up the goods and depart, was to the apple-vender a momentous affair. Every merchant who attempts, as the saying is, to carry his establishment, finds it no easy task; yet this is what the widow was obliged literally to do. To make her way, thus laden, in the midst of a driving snowstorm was indeed a difficult matter. Half a dozen times she faltered in discouragement. The street led over a steep hill; how was she to reach the top? She struggled along; the wind blew through her thin garments and drove her back; the umbrella bobbed wildly about; her hands grew numb; now the basket, again the camp-seat, kept slipping from her grasp. Several persons passed, but no one seemed to think of stopping to assist her. A party of

well-dressed boys were coasting down the middle of the street; what cared they for the storm? Several, who were standing awaiting their turn, glanced idly at the grotesque figure.

"What a guy!" cried Ed Brown, with a laugh, sending a well-aimed snowball straight against the umbrella, which it shook with a thud. He was on the point of following up with another.

Oh, come!" protested a carelessly good-natured companion. "That's no fun. But here-- look out for the other double-runner! Now we go, hurray!"

And, presto, they whizzed by, without another thought of the aged creature toiling up the ascent. No one appeared to have time to help her. Presently, however, she heard a firm, light step behind her. The next moment a pair of merry brown eyes peered under the umbrella; a face as round and ruddy as one of her best Baldwins beamed upon her with the

smile of old friendship, and a gay, youthful voice cried out: "Good afternoon, Missis Barry! It's hard work getting on to-day, isn't it?" A singularly gentle expression lighted up the apple-woman's weather-beaten features as she recognized the little fellow in the handsome overcoat, who was evidently returning from an errand, as he carried a milk can in one hand while drawing a sled with the other.

"Indade an' it is, Masther Tom!" she replied, pausing a second.

"Let us see if we can't manage differently," he went on, taking her burden and setting it upon the sled. "There, that is better. Now give me your hand." She had watched him mechanically; but, thus recalled to herself, she answered hastily:

Oh, thank ye kindly, sir! It's too much for ye to be takin' this trouble; but I can get along very well now, with only the umbrelly to carry."

"No trouble at all," said he. "Look, then,--follow me; I'll pick out the best places for you to walk in,--the snow is drifting so!"

He trudged on ahead, glancing back occasionally to see if the basket and camp-seat were safe, or to direct her steps,--as if all this were the most natural thing in the world for him to do, as in truth it was; for, though he thought it a great joke that she should call him "sir," will not any one admit that he deserved the title which belongs to a gentleman? He and Widow Barry had been good friends for some time.



"Sure, an' didn't he buy out me whole supply one day this last January?" she would say. "His birthday it was, and the dear creature as eleven years old. He spent the big silver dollar his grandfather gave him like a prince, a treatin' all the b'ys of the neighborhood to apples an' peanuts, an' sendin' me home to take me comfort."

Tom, moreover, was a regular patron of "the stand." He always declared that "she knew what suited him to a T." During the selection he was accustomed to discuss with her many weighty questions, especially Irish politics, in which they both took a deep if not very well-informed interest.

"Guess I'll have that dark-red one over there. Don't you think Mr. Gladstone is the greatest statesman of the age, Missis Barry?--what? That other one is bigger? Well!--and your father knew Daniel O'Connell you say?--ah, I tell you that's a fine fellow!"

Whether he meant the patriot or the pippin it might be difficult to determine. This, however, is but a specimen of their conversation. Then in the end she would produce the ripest and rosiest of her stock--which she had been keeping for him all the while,--and, leaving a penny in her palm, he would hurry away in order to reach St. Francis' School before the bell rang.

This particular afternoon, when he had helped her over the worst part of the way, she glanced uneasily at the can which he carried, and said: "Faith, Masther Tom, it's afraid I am that they'll be waitin' at home for the milk ye were sent for. Sure I wouldn't want ye to be blamed for not makin' haste, avick! An' all because of yer doin' a kindly turn for a poor old woman."

"No fear of that, ma'am," answered Tom, confidently. "There is no hurry; the milk won't be needed till supper time."

Then, noticing that she was tired and panting for breath, he took out the stopper and held the can toward her, saying impulsively,

"Have a drink, Missis Barry,--yes, it will do you good."

A suspicious moisture dimmed the widow's faded eyes for a moment, and her heart gave a throb of grateful surprise at the child's ingenuous friendliness; but she drew back with a deprecating gesture, saying,

"Well, well, Masther Tom, ye're the thoughtfulest young gentleman that ever I see! An' I'm sure I thank ye kindly. It isn't for the likes of me to be tellin' ye what is right an' proper, but what would yer mother say to yer not bringin' the milk home just as ye got it from the store, an' to ye givin' a poor creature like me a drink out of the can?"

"Oh, she wouldn't care!" replied Tom. "Didn't she say you were welcome at the house any time, to have a cup of tea and get warm by the kitchen fire? Do you think she'd grudge you a sup of milk?"

"It isn't that; for I know she wouldn't, God bless her!" said the apple-woman, heartily.

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"It isn't that; for I know she wouldn't, God bless her!" said the apple-woman, heartily. "Still, asthore, take heed of what I say. Never meddle with what's trusted to ye, but carry it safe an' whole to the person it's meant for, or the place ye are told to fetch it to. It's the best plan, dear."

"I suppose it is, Missis Barry, generally," agreed Tom. "I remember once Ed Brown and I made away with half of a big package of raisins that mother sent me for, and she scolded me about it. But that was different, you know. Pshaw! I didn't mean to tell you it was Ed. Here we are at your door, ma'am. I'll put your things inside--oh, no! Never mind. I was glad to come. Really I oughtn't to take it. Well, thank you. Good-bye!"

And Tom scampered off with an especially toothsome-looking apple, which the woman forced into his hand.

"Ah, but he's the dear, blithe, generous-hearted b'y!" she exclaimed, with a warmth of affectionate admiration, as she stood looking after him. "There's not a bit of worldly pride or meanness about him. May the Lord keep him so! The only thing I'd be afraid of is that, like many such, he'd be easily led. There's that Ed Brown now,--Heaven forgive me, but somehow I don't like that lad. Though he's the son of

the richest man in the neighborhood, an' his people live in grand

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(to be continued in the next issue of the Gazette)

"Apples, Ripe and Rosy Sir" by Mary Catherine Crowley

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS: 4: Timothy, 6. Blaise, 8. Paul, 9. Peter
 DOWN: 1. Brigid, 2. Apollonia, 3. John Bosco, 5. Bernadette, 7. Agnes

ANSWERS TO THE QUIZ ON THE PAPACY

1. His Holiness the Pope; Bishop of Rome and Vicar of Jesus Christ; Successor of St. Peter; Prince of the Apostles; Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church; Patriarch of the West; Primate of Italy; Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province; Sovereign of the State of Vatican City.
2. Pope Gregory XIII in 1582.
3. The title given to encyclical issued May 15, 1891, by Pope Leo XIII on the condition of labor. It refutes the false theories of the Socialists and defends the right of private ownership.
4. Pope Pius XII while he was still cardinal.
5. In the Sistine Chapel.
6. 263.
7. Only one—St. Peter, the Apostle, the first Pope. It is the Pope's summer home.

~ "The Catholic Quiz Book," Imprimatur 1945 ~

ANSWER TO THE STAR MAZE



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 HOLY ROMAN CATHOLIC 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