



# St. Catherine's Academy Gazette

Holy Mother Church has dedicated this Month to Saint Joseph

Issue 33

March 2013

© J.A.W.

## Feasts and Fasts This Month:

March 17th - Passion Sunday  
 March 24th - Palm Sunday  
 March 28th - Holy Thursday  
 March 29th - Good Friday  
 March 31st - Easter Sunday

## Novenas

March 10th is the day to start  
 a novena to  
 St. Joseph

March 13th is the day to start  
 a novena to the  
 Sorrowful Mother

## THE DAISIES

Daisy means the eye of day  
 listen what it teaches;  
 Much one little word can say,  
 Thus, I think, it preaches:

Do the thing that's brave and right,  
 Day's eye boldly meeting,  
 Shunning not the open light,  
 Give it fearless greeting.

Let your words be sweet and kind,  
 True and just your dealing,  
 Pure and good your thoughts and mind,  
 Nothing ill concealing.

Think upon the Eye of Day,  
 That forever sees us,  
 When we work or talk or play;  
 For our Day is Jesus.

## What's Inside

A Gift From the Pope	3
Unscramble the Saints Names	6
Shamrock Maze	10
Catholic History Quiz	14
Nomen, the Nameless	16
Word Search	17
Miracle of the Holy Face	21
Legend of Robin Redbreast	23
Apples, Ripe and Rosy (cont.)	25

Pictures generally represent Saint Aloysius holding a lily, which is a symbol of his purity of heart, because he never throughout his life lost his baptismal innocence. But for my part, I often think that the little daisies, growing all over the fields, with their pure white petals and golden centers, are more like innocent children. Purity is a child's greatest treasure, and nothing is more beautiful or holy or pleasing in the sight of God than an unstained child's heart. Your greatest care ought to be to keep yourselves good and pure, so that you may be able to say with St. Casimir of Poland: "I would rather die than run the risk of losing my innocence."

But you must be watchful and brave, for you know, as the Catechism tells you, that a Christian has to fight against his enemies "all the days of his life." When the devil puts bad thoughts into your heart, say a little prayer, and then turn your mind to other things. If you have any bad companions,

who try to teach you evil, go away, and never play with them, and tell your parents about them.

If you are puzzled about anything that you want to know, go and ask your parents, and if they tell you that you are too young to understand be satisfied; there is plenty of time before you. Always recollect that it is tolerably easy to resist temptation at its beginning, but if you delay, it gets much stronger. Never say bad words, nor let other children say them before you, for that is taking part in their sin. When you come out of school, keep in the playground of the boys, if you are a boy, and of the girls, if you are a girl, and play with your own companions.

Never be idle; do something, be it work or play. If you have to mind cattle or sheep you can often gather wood for the fire meantime, or sometimes you can read without neglecting your work.

But, when all is said and done there is no defense against temptation like prayer. Therefore pray every day, night and morning that you may be pure and good, and especially invoke the aid of your Immaculate Mother. Father Zucchi, a holy Italian priest once wrote in a letter to a friend that he had never in his life stained his soul with a sin of impurity and that he attributed this grace to the protection of the Blessed Virgin, to whom he consecrated himself in boyhood. Lastly always approach the sacraments of Penance and of the Holy Eucharist at least once a month. The sacrament of Penance gives you special graces in order to enable you to lead a virtuous life and at the same time you have in your confessor a kind and faithful friend, to whom you should confide your temptations, doubts and dangers, and who will give you such advice and instruction as are suitable to your state and circumstances. Many children have been saved from ruin by the sacrament of Penance. And in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, Jesus Christ Himself, He Who is all-pure and all-holy, comes into your heart, bringing with Him all graces in abundance. St. Philip Neri, who spent so much time with children, used to say: "Frequent Communion, joined with devotion to the Mother of God, is not only merely the best, but the only means of preserving purity of character, and nourishing the life of faith in a boy or girl." "How do you manage to go on your way without stumbling?" was the question once put to a boy of fourteen. "This is my secret," he answered; "ever since my First Communion I have made it a rule to go to Confession and Communion every week." If you follow his example, and you will remain pure and innocent even in the midst of evil, like those little gleaming silver fish, which do not lose their brightness even in a muddy pond, as you can see when they are put into fresh water.

Can there be anything more beautiful than a pure child's soul? It is truly a lovely sight when the sky is rosy with the light of the rising or setting sun, when the clouds are golden-skirted, and when the landscape is bathed in glowing purple. Glorious is the noonday splendor of the sun in a cloudless sky, when the earth seems to be clothed in a veil of brightness. Beautiful again is the silvery light of the moon, which, to quote Faber, "makes a fairy-land of fallow fields at night." But fairer than all this beauty of earth is a soul which lies before the all-seeing eye of God, unpolluted by the breath of sin, and shining with the radiance of sanctifying grace. So lovely is it that the Holy Ghost Himself cries out in admiration: "Oh! how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory; for the memory thereof is immortal, because it is known both with God and with men."

## THE GIFT FROM A POPE

precious gift was given to children of all time when the late Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, named a saint to be their friend and helper in their studies. The gift will be dear to you as coming from the hands of a Pope, even before you know anything of the saint. Perhaps you think that since you are only young things, he will have chosen an obscure saint, little known even in his own times, and devotion to whom has never been very widely spread.

The Pope chose for you one of the most glorious and best-loved saints of the Catholic Church, when in 1880 he named St. Thomas Aquinas Patron of all Schools. St. Thomas was one of the greatest intellects the world has ever seen; in his own day all Europe rang with his fame, and so lovable is he that it is impossible to get to know him at all without losing your heart to him.

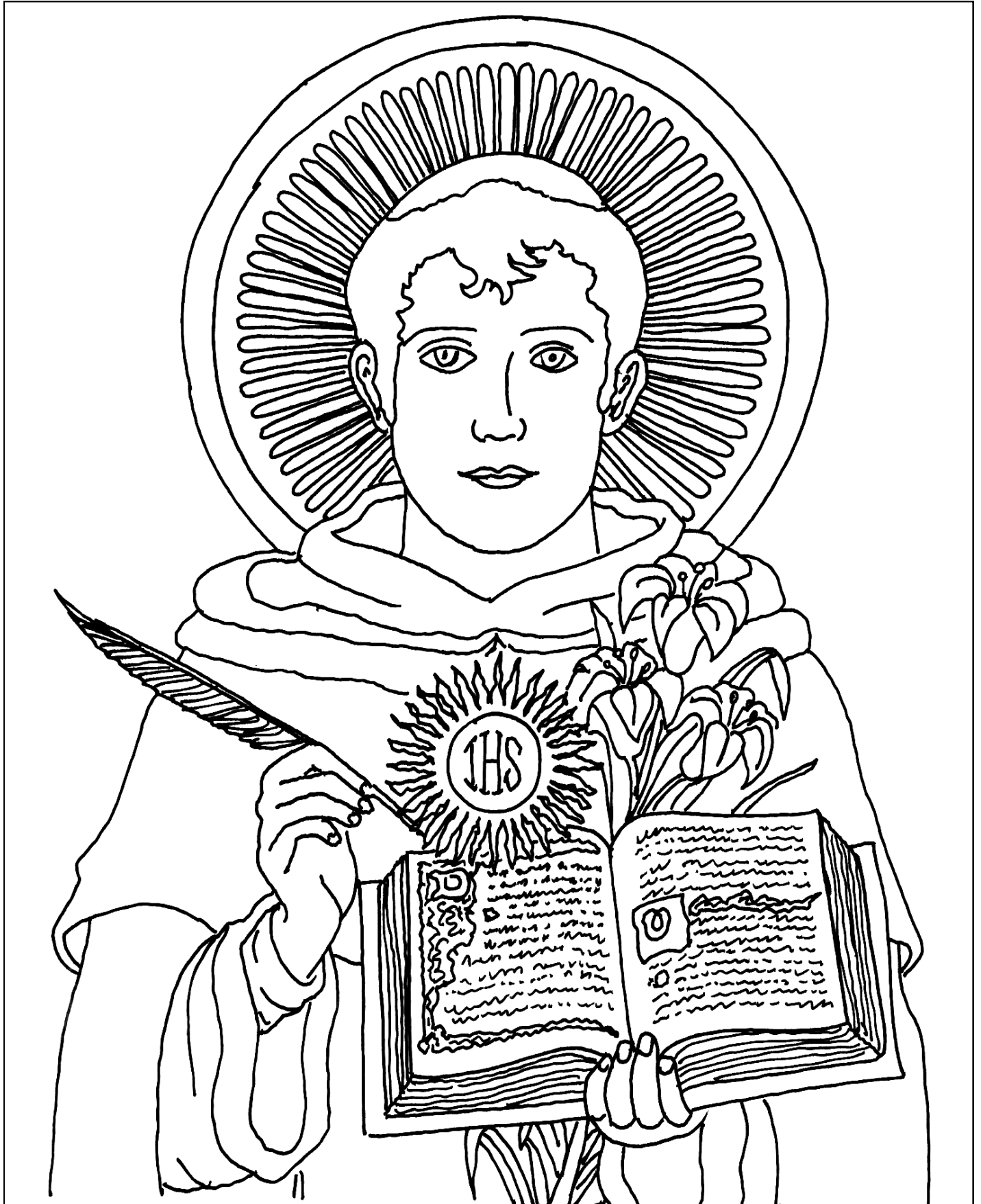
After receiving such a gift from the Holy Father, it would indeed be a shame if we knew little or nothing of the saint thus given us as our very own. Don't you think so?

Let us begin by fixing him in time and place. He was born about the year 1225 in a castle perched high upon a rock in Southern Italy. The castle of Rocca Secca was near the little town of Aquino, from which he takes the second name by which we know him. He belonged to a noble family. You and I have often played games in which we were king or queen, or if someone else had this envied part, then, at least, we were nearly related, we were of blood royal. Is not that true? But I wonder if any of us have ever pretended that the Pope was our godfather? This was not, however, "a pretend" with St. Thomas, whose godfather really was Pope Honorius III, the friend of St. Dominic, while the great Emperor Frederic II was his cousin. This did not make him a bit proud; he was one of the humblest of saints.

While we are talking of Popes and humility, shall I tell you a story all in its wrong place? St. Thomas was in St. Peter's Church in Rome one day, and as he passed the statue of the saint he bent down, kissed the foot, and then placed his head beneath it. While he was humbling himself thus, a poor woman who was ill kissed his habit and was cured immediately.

We have several pretty stories about the childhood of this great saint, who was later to have so much to do with the reading and writing of books. When your baby cries, perhaps you give it a doll or a rattle. When little Thomas cried, his nurse gave him a book, and he was quite happy. Before he could walk he got to the chest in which all the family papers were kept, and began to put them in order. It was just an ordinary thing to do, but I am glad the little incident has come down to us. When the saints do ordinary, simple things don't you think it makes them feel nice and near? If you often get scolded for being untidy it might be a good thing to ask St. Thomas to remind you to put your things away.

One summer night, when the child was about three years old, the castle was struck by lightning. The poor mother rushed to the room where her children slept, to find her little daughter dead but Thomas quite safe. From that time, however, he was always afraid of



~St. Thomas Aquinas, Feast Day March 7th ~

lightning. We are told that sometimes during a thunderstorm he would fly to the church, and there, his head pressed close to the door of the tabernacle, try to conquer his fear. Once during a storm he took refuge in a cave, where he traced an invocation in form of a cross upon the wall. Crosses, with this inscription on one side and the figure or the saint on the other, are blessed against lightning; so if you are afraid when the thunder peals and the lightning flashes across the sky, you could get one. Certainly, if you tell him of your fear, he will be very tender, and not even think too hardly of your weakness.

When St. Thomas was five years old he was sent away to the Benedictine Abbey of Monte Cassino, which was only a few miles distant from his home, and the monks remembered many interesting details about their famous pupil, which they afterwards told his Dominican brethren.

He was a quiet, serious little child, who spent a good deal of time in church and did not care to play. Are you beginning to think you would not have liked him very much? In that case you would not have been at all like his companions, who loved him very dearly; for, though he was quiet, he was not dull, and he was so kind and so ready to help that when any boy was in difficulty or trouble he went to Thomas as a matter of course.

He was hardly ever seen without a book in his hands, and often went away into the woods to think. One day his master asked him: "What are you thinking about?" He must have been surprised when an eager little face was raised to his, and he was asked the great question, "Master, tell me, what is God?"

Like all the saints, Thomas loved the poor, and a very beautiful story is told in connection with this. The steward of the castle complained that the boy gave away the rood required for the household. His father watched and surprised him as he was carrying some bread to the poor at the gate, and asking him what he had under his cloak, pulled aside the folds. A shower of roses fell to the ground at his feet.

At ten he left his school for the University of Naples, where his wonderful talents developed rapidly. Here again he was a universal favorite, and this is another proof of his loveliness, for his teachers were always holding him up as a model to his companions. Every boy will understand how winning he must have been to be popular in spite of that.

He often went to pray in the Dominican church at Naples, and when only fifteen he begged to give himself to God and St. Dominic, but the Prior advised him to wait for three years. How long the time must have seemed! But at last, it was over, and one glorious summer day, probably on the Feast of St. Dominic himself, he was clothed in the dear white habit for which he had waited so long. His parents were very angry, and there began for St. Thomas a series of adventures and escapes as thrilling as anything you have ever read in your storybooks. You must get a life of our saint and read about them: you will find a store of exquisite stories, each as beautiful as a poem. I will only tell you that he was taken prisoner by his own brothers, shut up in a tower for more than a year, and treated very harshly.

But God, for Whose sake he bore this, took care to spoil him in His own beautiful way. You would be surprised how God can spoil a person who is really brave about suffering

for Him. One day He sent to that great gloomy prison two glorious angels bearing a white cord, which they put round the saint's waist; they put it on so tightly that, brave as he was, he gave a little cry of pain. Then they told him that God gave him for always the beautiful virtue of purity, and that not even a temptation against it should come to him all his life.

St. Thomas never told that secret to anyone until he was dying, and then he told the priest who was his friend and confessor. He had worn the cord and borne the pain all his life for the sake of God's beautiful gift, which the saints seem to find is kept whitest by pain. Just as some people who have a great dread of lightning carry the cross of which I told you before, so Dominican Fathers bless a white cord which is worn by many persons who have a great dread of sin.

One thing more must close our talk about this dear saint. St. Thomas loved our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament with his whole heart. He wrote the office for the Feast of Corpus Christi. All our most beautiful hymns to the Blessed Sacrament are his. Someday, I hope, you will know them all. Could you not learn the one which begins, "Adoro Te" to say after Holy Communion? It was what he said after his last Communion, when he lay dying. The most beautiful verse he has written is said to be in the hymn, the first line of which is, "Verbum supernum prodiens." One translation of the verse into English is:

"Our Fellow, in the manger lying,  
Our Food, within the banquet-room.  
Our Ransom, in His hour of dying,  
Our Prize, in His own kingly home."

*-Wreaths of Feasts for Little Ones, Imprimatur 1912-*

### UNSCRAMBLE THE SAINTS NAMES

- |               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. BERTTUC    | A. BENEDICT   |
| 2. SUIEULOG   | B. CASIMIR    |
| 3. NIVICRTOA  | C. EULOGIUS   |
| 4. DICBENET   | D. NICEPHORUS |
| 5. SIMIRAC    | E. MAUDE      |
| 6. UNEUNEDGC  | F. CUTHBERT   |
| 7. DEAUM      | G. CUNEGUNDE  |
| 8. PHORNICEUS | H. VICTORIAN  |
| 9. YORGERG    | I. PATRICK    |
| 10. KCPATRI   | J. GREGORY    |





## FUNERAL SERVICE

*"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, so with him God will bring those also who have fallen asleep through Jesus." I Thess. 4 :14.*

The Boxer Rebellion in China was a time of terror and dread. Many Christians lost all their property; many were killed. Among those who escaped few had a more thrilling experience than a missionary priest by the name Father Stephen Stette of Hing Shu station. He attributes his escape to the reverence of the Chinese for the dead.

When word came that his station was in danger, his Chinese friends hid him in a box that looked like a coffin. They shouldered the box and carried it over 300 miles into Lien Chen. During the seven-day trip the Boxers permitted the carriers to go their way, thinking the box contained a corpse. At last they reached a port, where they had to pay the boatman \$50 to take the "coffin" aboard. Later more money was demanded at the threat that the box would be thrown overboard.

The Christians had to make known their trick. They paid another 300 pieces of silver before the sailors consented to take the priest to another port where he could embark for America. He arrived home August 31, 1900. The inborn reverence of the Chinese for the body of a dead man helped save that priest. Every civilized people, and even many uncivilized, have a deep respect for the remains of the deceased. But the Catholic raises that reverence still higher, making it something spiritual and religious.

From birth to life Mother Church takes care of her children. And when the soul has departed she continues to show attention and respect to the lifeless clay, remembering that during life it was the temple of the Holy Spirit and the living tabernacle of Christ in Communion. She knows that this body is destined to rise again to be united to its spiritual companion, the soul.

Accordingly the Church directs that the body shall be decently prepared for burial, and that every respect be shown it. She wants candles burning beside the casket. She wants holy water handy to be used prayerfully for the departed. She permits flowers at the funeral home, as a reminder of the resurrection, but asks that there be none on the coffin in church, so that all attention may be directed to the prayers for the deceased. The ceremonies of a Catholic funeral service are simple yet sublime. As sacramentals they remind us of great truths, they spur us to pray for the deceased.

1. Strictly the burial service should begin at the home. In this country, however, the priest meets the coffin at the door of church, sprinkles it with holy water, and recites Psalm 129, which begins with the appropriate and appealing words:

"Out of the depths have I cried to thee, O Lord."  
"Lord, hear my prayer."

2. After this prayer, the priest, preceded by servers with cross and candles, leads the corpse to the gates of the sanctuary, reciting Psalm 50, which begins:

"Have mercy upon me, O Lord, according to thy great mercy."



3. The corpse is placed with the feet toward the sanctuary. A priest or bishop is placed with head toward the altar, to show that they were shepherds facing the flock in their spiritual work. On each side of the casket are three lighted candles, emblems of the faith that tells us there is a resurrection.

4. Holy Mass is then offered for the deceased whose given name is repeated several times as the priest prays to Almighty God. The Mass is the most important part of the funeral service, doing the deceased more good than all the flowers, tears and other trappings of mourning. Christ dies again upon the altar for that soul, dies that our loved one may live.

5. Immediately after Mass the priest stands at the opened sanctuary entrance in black cope and offers a prayer with this beseeching beginning:

"Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord."

6. Then the celebrant recites and the choir sings the Libera, soulful and solemn, yet uplifting, as its opening words indicate:

"Deliver me, O Lord, from everlasting death in that dread day, when heaven and earth shall quake; when thou shalt come to judge the world by fire."

7. The priest then sings: "Have mercy on us," and intones the Our Father, saying it silently as he sprinkles the corpse three times on each side with holy water and then incenses it in the same way. Several beautiful prayers follow.

8. As the body is carried out of church the choir sings:

"May the angels lead thee into paradise."

9. If the cemetery has not been blessed, the priest blesses the grave with Incense and holy water.

10. After the body is laid in the grave he prays: "I am the resurrection and the life," and intones the song of Zachary with the words:

"Blessed be the God of Israel; because he hath visited and wrought the redemption of his people."

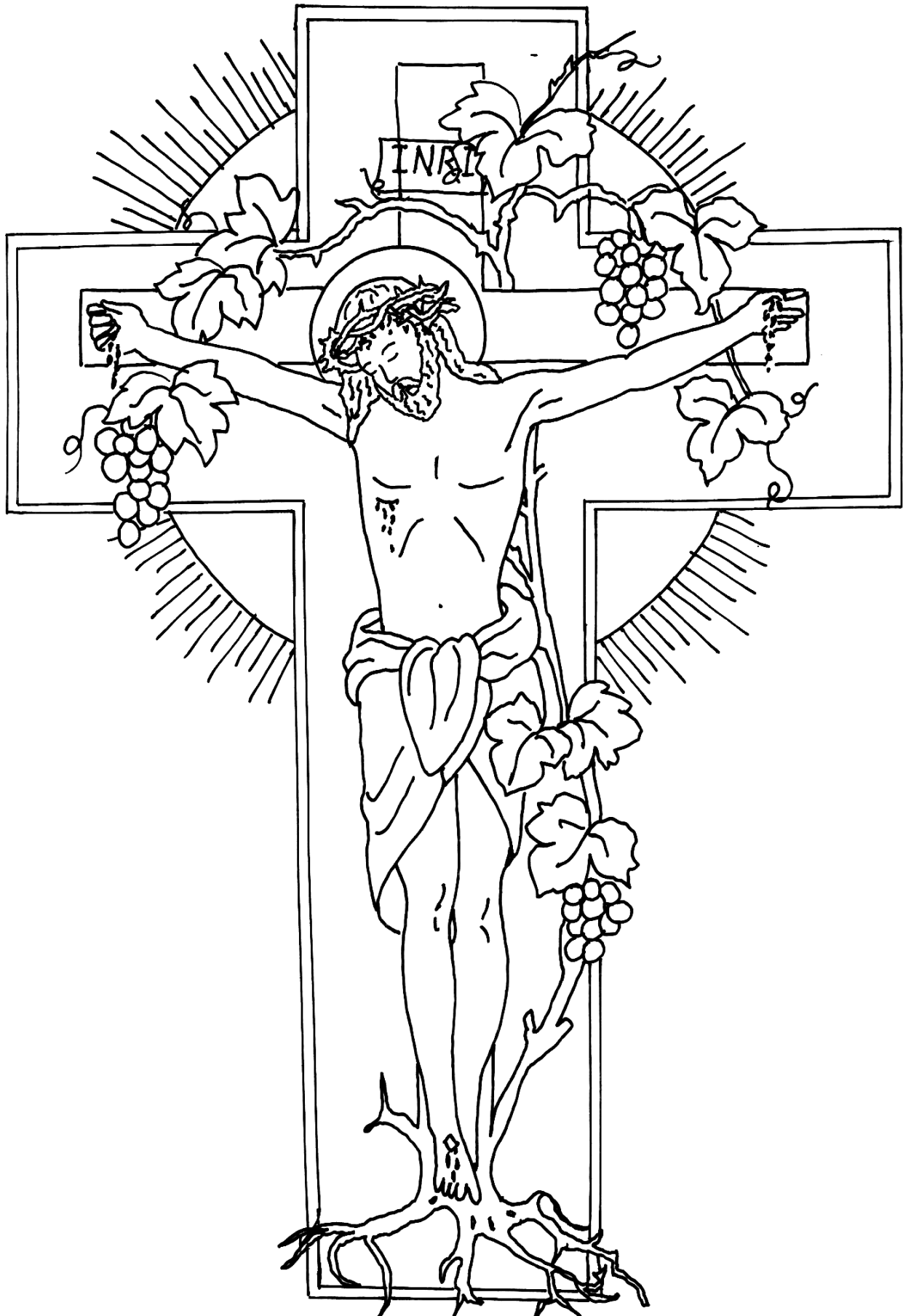
11. Again the corpse is sprinkled with holy water and incensed, as brief petitions and a few longer, loving prayers are offered.

Often the priest adds several prayers in English, particularly the Our Father, Hail Mary, and Eternal Rest.

Mother Church has laid her child to rest. She has reverently and solemnly put the body to bed to sleep until the dawn of resurrection day. She respects that body. Her respect helps that departed soul by the prayers she offers. Like a true mother she continues to watch over her sleeping child. She continues to beg God's mercy and forgiveness. She continues to help the departed. Amen.

*~ Talks on the Sacraments, Imprimatur 1956 ~*

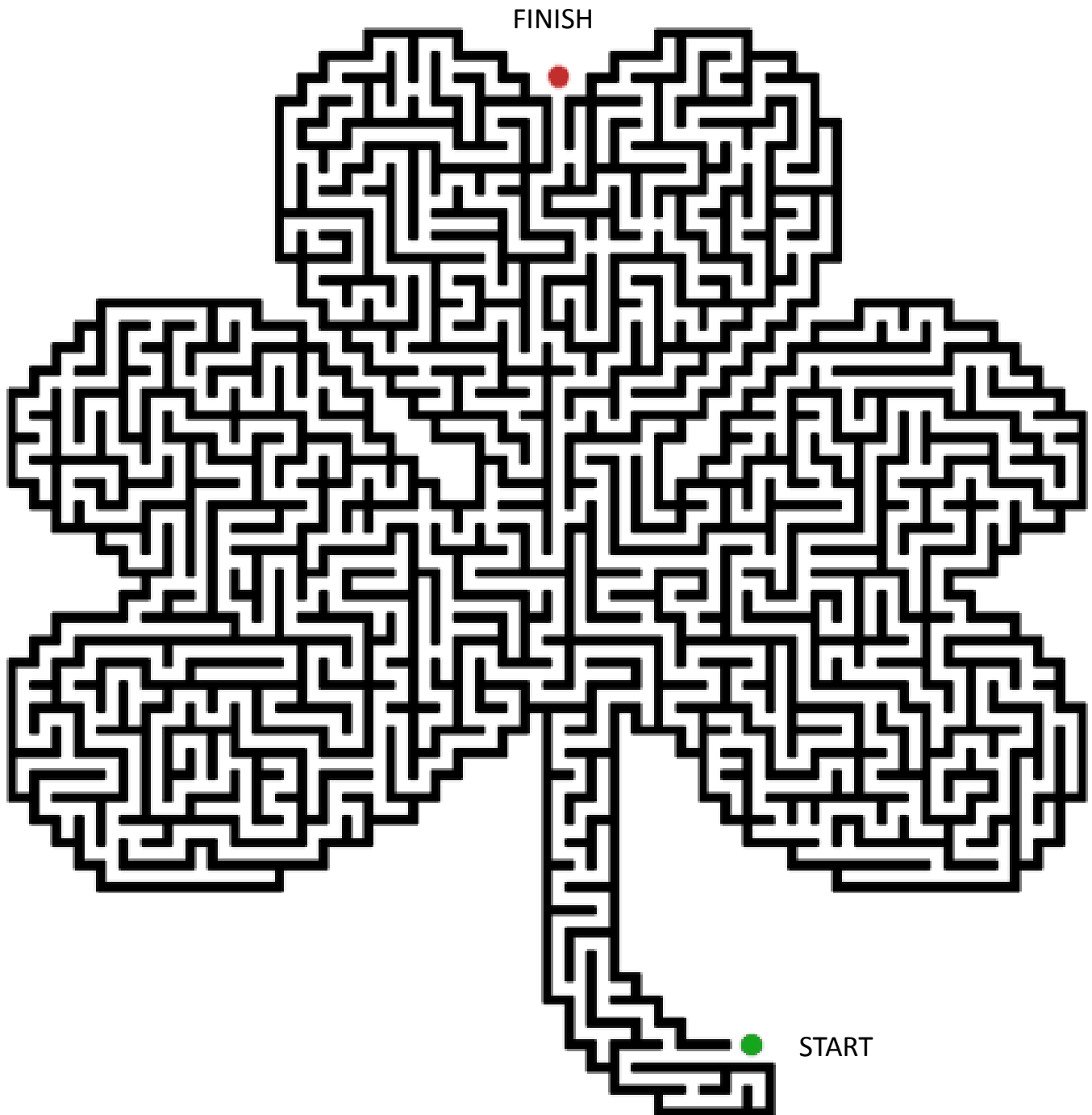




“Learn to suffer and to be silent if you wish to live in peace and to attain to great virtue.”  
*- St. John of the Cross -*

---

### Saint Patrick's Shamrock Maze



**SEVEN SORROWS (Friday after Passion Sunday or September 15th)**

*"And thy own soul a sword shall pierce:"* St. Luke, 2:35.

Queen Alexandra, the consort of King Edward VII of Great Britain, died in 1925. Two of her three sons had preceded her in death. After her first son had passed away she spent most of her time at Sandringham. It seemed that the only thing which could arouse her interest was some case of sorrow or bereavement that she might lighten.

One morning while out walking the queen met an old woman toiling along the road to Wolferton Station with a heavy load of packages on her back.

"Why are you carrying those things yourself?" asked the queen, "it is too much for you."

"But it cannot be helped, ma'am," was the tearful reply, "my poor boy Jack used to carry them for me; but he is dead, and I must do it myself, or starve."

After expressing a few kindly words of sympathy, the queen passed on.

A few days later a trim little donkey cart arrived at the old woman's cottage, a gift of the royal lady who had also lost a son, and who found solace in ministering to the needs of those who were similarly bereft.

There is another Queen Mother who lost a Son, one who was infinitely more precious, infinitely more loving than all the sons of earth. There was another Mother, the Mother of us all, who felt in her loving heart the pain of several swords of sorrow. On the Friday after Passion Sunday Mother Church officially asks us to recall the principal sorrows of Mary, our Sorrowful Mother.

Rightly is our Blessed Mother called the Sorrowful Mother. She is indeed the Mother of Sorrows. She is the Queen of Martyrs. In fact, her whole life was a martyrdom. The sufferings of the poor, for instance, she had to bear all through her life. Mary was poor, as poor, perhaps poorer, than the poorest of us.

A thread of sorrow ran through all her years in that she could see ahead to the time when her only Son, now an Infant, now a little, curly-headed Boy, now an obedient and respectful young Man, would have to die a most painful and disgraceful death.

And oh, her sufferings during the passion of Jesus, her anguish as He carried His cruel cross, her agony as she stood beneath that cross watching Him die. Who could ever measure her grief or count her tears?

It was most fitting that the woman whom God gave us for our heavenly Mother should be a Mother of Sorrows, a woman who had to suffer. As we all know, suffering is the lot of every human being. There is not, nor was there ever, a man, a woman, or a child but had to suffer. No person ever living that had not at least one sword in his heart, at least one sorrow, at least one affliction.

"But so and so has no trials in his life?" How do you know he has none? In judging the sadness or gladness of another life we are much like the tourist who went to visit the pyramids of Egypt. On beholding the great pile of stone and brick from one side, he exclaimed:

"How wonderful!"

The guide, however, beckoning the tourist to follow, took him to the summit from which they could see all four sides of the great work. His wonder and amazement grew, but he was in for still greater surprises when the guide told him to follow into the interior.

Thus it often is with us in our judgment of people. We too often see only one side. The fact remains: Every human being has some sort of sorrow. Is it not consoling then that we children of Mary have for a heavenly Mother one who has borne a many-sworded sorrow? Children of Mary all, we are glad that we have a Mother who suffered too; because only one who has suffered can rightly console, can satisfactorily comfort the sufferings of others.

Yes, everyone has a cross. Bitter indeed are some of our crosses—death of dear ones, sickness, poverty, misunderstanding, difficulties in our home and in our work.

What is your cross? Thank God for it. Ask Mary to show you how to carry it. Our Blessed and Sorrowful Mother, she who sits at the side of her divine Son, with whom she suffered here on earth, Mary is now in heaven waiting to help you, waiting to console you, waiting to be a sympathetic Mother to you.

Next Friday we will recall her principal sorrows. She had many more, but Mother Church centers our attention on the seven swords that pierced her tender heart:

1. The prophecy of Simeon that a sword of sorrow would pierce her heart, was a bitter pain.
2. The flight into Egypt made her experience the sadness of exile.
3. The three-day loss of Jesus made her heart ache.
4. What anguish when she met Jesus on the way of the cross.
5. One would think her heart would break as she stood beneath the cross at Christ's death.
6. Only a mother who holds a dead child in her arms can know anything of Mary's grief as she held Jesus taken down from the cross.
7. Only a mother who puts her child to bed in a grave can understand at all how Mary felt at the burial of Jesus.

Queen Alexandra became a sympathetic and helpful soul through the untimely death of one of her sons. She showed her sympathy to those who grieved and suffered. She had been through it.

Mary, our Sorrowful Queen, reaches out her sympathy and help to everyone who suffers. She, more than any other woman, knew the pang and pain of sorrow. We will go to her and take others to her. Amen.





~ Our Lady of Sorrows, Feast Day Friday after Passion Sunday or September 15th ~

## CATHOLIC HISTORY QUIZ

1. How old was Our Lord when He began His public life?
2. What is meant by the Jewish feast of the Passover?
3. Name three things which Our Lord did at the last supper?
4. What is meant by the Mass?
5. What is meant by Holy Communion?
6. What is "Good Friday"?
7. Why did our Lord die?
8. What accusation was made against Our Lord before the court of Caiphas?
9. What accusation was made against Our Lord before the court of Pontius Pilate?
10. Whom did the Jews choose to free instead of Our Lord?

*(answers on the last page of the gazette)*

Oh! come and mourn with me awhile ;  
 See, Mary calls us to her side ;  
 Oh! come and let us mourn with her:  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him  
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride;  
 Ah, look how patiently He hangs !  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Seven times He spoke seven words of love,  
 And all three hours His silence cried  
 For mercy on the souls of men :  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,  
 And let the blood from out that side  
 Fall gently on thee drop by drop:  
 Jesus, our Love, is sacrificed.

A broken heart, a fount of tears—  
 Ask, and they will not be denied;  
 A broken heart Love's cradle is:  
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

O love of God! O sin of man!  
 In this dread act your strength is tried;  
 And victory remains with love :  
 For He, our Love, is crucified.

*~ Father Faber ~*





### **NOMEN, THE NAMELESS ONE**

In the year 320, a legion of Roman soldiers was quartered in the little town of Sebaste in Armenia, waiting orders from the Emperor. The barracks stood at the northern end of the town, and at the gate had been erected an idol, before which the soldiers were commanded to burn incense daily. In the legion were forty young Christians, who steadily refused to obey the imperial order.

Word of their disobedience was sent to the Emperor. He commanded that all who refused to sacrifice should die. A day was appointed for the test, and at the word of the centurion the men formed in a hollow square about the idol. The Emperor's decree was read, and the soldiers of the legion were commanded to step forward and swing the golden censer before the god of the realm. One by one the pagan soldiers bowed in homage. Then there was a pause.

The first of the Christian soldiers heard his name called, and stepped from the ranks. His answer was quiet but firm, "I cannot offer sacrifice to an idol made by man." He was instantly condemned to death, and with him thirty-nine others, who, Christians like himself, refused the adoration asked of them.

It was midwinter. Hoping that slow torture might weaken their courage, the Christians were exposed to the icy wind on a frozen pond. The sun sank behind the hills, and the bitter blasts swept coldly over the waters. In places the ice broke under the weight of the martyrs bodies, and they sank knee and waist deep into the pond. One of them, a mere boy, Nomen, cried out to the others, "Courage, comrades! Forty we have come to combat, and forty we must be crowned." "O God, be our strength," the others made answer.

The stars glittered coldly, high above them, and silence fell, broken only by the footsteps of the guard. The quiet became so deep that half unconsciously he stood at rest, so as not to intrude the echo of his footsteps on that sacred hush. An instant later, he saw, afar off in the midnight skies, a silver trail. Brighter it grew, and before his astonished gaze there swept a long, fair line of angels, each bearing a crown. Awe-stricken, the pagan soldier fell to his knees. As he gained courage to look again, he saw that one angel bore no crown, and in a moment he knew the reason. A cry rang out from the icy waters, "I give up Christ, I cannot bear the pain." A soldier was drawn from the pond and carried to a warm bath. But life was too nearly gone, and he died in his sin. Watching in silence, his heart softened by the vision of the angels, and flooded by grace from the great King, the guard flung off his cloak and plunged into the stream.

"I too wish to be a Christian," he cried. "I give my life for Christ's sake." A low murmur of joy surged from the freezing lips of the martyrs. "Our number is complete," Nomen whispered. Morning broke at last, and found all dead, save Nomen, who, younger and stronger than his comrades, had longer endured the bitter cold.

When the officers came to carry away the dead they felt his heart still beating. They would have attempted to restore him to life, in the hope that he might now offer sacrifice, but among the women who stood near was the mother of the boy. Knowing their intention and fearing lest her son be yet separated from the glorious band, she lifted him

gently in her arms, and bore him to the cart where the dead bodies were resting. He opened his eyes and smiled on her, and a moment later the last of the forty martyrs was with the King.

The boy's real name is known only to God. So I have called him Nomen, which means but a name, any name. Perhaps God Himself will reveal his true name, one day, when we stand with the martyrs before His eternal throne.

*Feast, March tenth.*

*~ Children of the Kingdom, Imprimatur 1914 ~*

---

### **WILLIAM OF THE SHOPS**

he boy paused at the open door. The noise and confusion of the shop rang in his ears, the streets were thronged with people, hurried and anxious faced. He lifted his eyes to the quiet skies, there at least was peace! And he smiled as he thought how near heaven was, and how little even poor, poor people need worry over their daily needs, since God was ever watching.

He was old beyond his years, this boy of twelve. He thought of many things that did not enter into the minds of other boys. His parents were simple country folk, living in Norwich. William was an apprentice in a tanner's shop. Though his pause was but for a moment, the smile still lingered on his lips as he turned back to the close little stock room. It was heavy work, and ill-suited to one so young, but the lad was strong, and worked gladly.

He had seemed one of God's own from the very beginning. Before his birth his mother knew from a vision that the child whom the Lord would send would be a saint, and he had fulfilled her dreams. Often at night she would steal up to his little room under the eaves, and watch him at prayer. Sometimes the misty moon light would play about his head as a silver aureole. Then the mother, sinking on her knees in the dark hall, would pray that her boy might ever keep his fair purity of soul.

One day, just before Easter, 1137, the lad was captured by a band of Jews and crucified, out of hatred for Christ. The boy's simple, happy faith and holiness of life had fitted him to be their victim. He was conscious as he was thrown on the rough cross, conscious as the nails were driven through his hands. What wonderful love and courage! Perhaps the knowledge of this sweet sacrifice brought some gleam of comfort to our dear Lord as He hung on His cross. Here at least was love for love.

Five years passed before his body was discovered, then it was buried with honor in the cathedral churchyard. That God's love for His martyr might be shown, many were the miracles that were worked over the small grave. The sick were healed, and virtue went out from the precious relics through the power of the divine Physician. One midwinter a rose bush burst into leaf and blossom at the foot of the little mound, and as fragrant as those winter flowers is the lad's memory to the faithful people of Norwich.

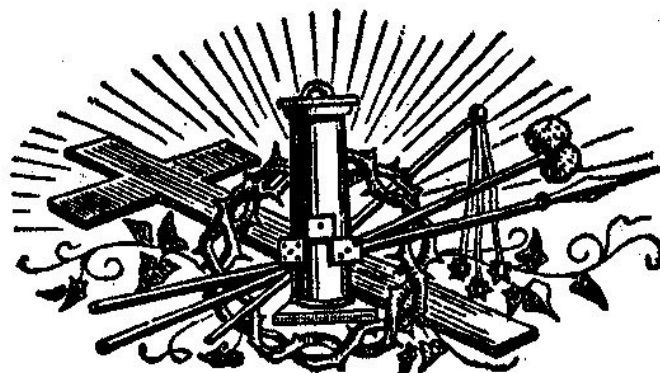
*Feast, March twenty-fourth.*

*~ Children of the Kingdom, Imprimatur 1914 ~*

LENTEN WORD SEARCH

1. LENT
2. PENANCE
3. FAST
4. JESUS
5. CROSS
6. CROWN
7. THORN
8. SPEAR
9. VINEGAR
10. GALL
11. DONKEY
12. PALM
13. APOSTLES
14. PILATE
15. CAIPHAS
16. SCOURGE
17. AGONY
18. GARDEN
19. SOLDIERS
20. JEWS

Z O Z R R M F X R N F L P Y P A H Z N G  
 U C N A Q V U H R A W U C B I C U B K S  
 H R M G A H S O S N M H X Z L N M N C W  
 W O N E A G H T R U F L V Q A W X X V E  
 R W Z N V T O G X F Q Q A S T O O A Z J  
 E N K I F N T N M W E H A P E R L I U O  
 D C R V W V W T Y A O H G C T C L L A G  
 I O N L C I F E B Z P R R Y I A W M U L  
 U H N A X U Y K X I V E G F P L Q A W C  
 G S H K N R H M A P G D B O L C C X E R  
 W A Q W E E V C D A S U S V E W N X G M  
 E O P W F Y P C R J O T A B N O F U S T  
 E N Y C K J B D C Q L F X X T T N U T J  
 J K R V W Q E H H E O L I C N Q V M D T  
 W S J Q Y N Q P S C O U R G E P E N H W  
 Z Q S J K C M S W I Y B C D J M W W F B  
 C R P O S B M I I B G B G D N U V J D M  
 K X G E R G T S A F N L V F P F S D I U  
 D A R Z Y C S P E A R K C K C A L B B O  
 P K Z B S U S E J R S R E I D L O S S T



### THE MYSTERY OF LOVE

IN THE day before He was to be put to death, Jesus celebrated the Feast of the Passover with His Apostles. This solemn feast was hundreds of years old. It commemorated the time when God had brought the Jewish race out of Egypt, where they were held in slavery.

Another name given to the Passover was "Feast of the Unleavened Bread." This was because on that day the Jews used bread made without leaven, or yeast. The most important part of the Passover Feast was the supper. It consisted of certain foods and of wine, which were eaten and drunk with special prayers and hymns. Jesus and His Apostles came to Jerusalem to have their Passover supper. Nicodemus, a wealthy Jew, who was a faithful friend of Our Lord, loaned them a large upstairs room in his house, and John and Peter came ahead of the others to make the supper preparations.

Soon Jesus and the rest of the Apostles arrived. It had been a hard walk along the dusty road, and they were very tired. But how glad they were to be celebrating the Feast together!

On entering the room, everyone removed his sandals as was the custom, and then took his place at table. In eating the Passover supper, Jesus followed carefully all the rules of the Jewish religion. That religion had been given by God Himself, and each prayer and each act of the Passover was a way of adoring His beloved Father in Heaven. At one point all at the supper had to wash their hands. When this was done, Jesus took off His cloak and tied a large towel around His waist. Then, filling a large basin with water, He began to wash the Apostles' feet. The Apostles were overcome with wonder that their Lord should thus act as their lowly servant. Many of them protested, and Peter most of all; but Jesus insisted on finishing the humble task. When it was done, He said to them:

"I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet. I did this to give you the example of serving one another, just as I have now served you."

The feast was resumed. Jesus and the Apostles observed all the beautiful old customs: praying, singing the praises of God, and offering the specially prepared bread and wine to God in thanksgiving for His blessings. But when the meal was nearly over, Jesus showed by His manner that there was sadness in His Heart.

"Truly," He said to His friends, "one of you is about to betray Me."

At this dreadful thought, the Apostles were very shocked. With trembling lips each one asked,

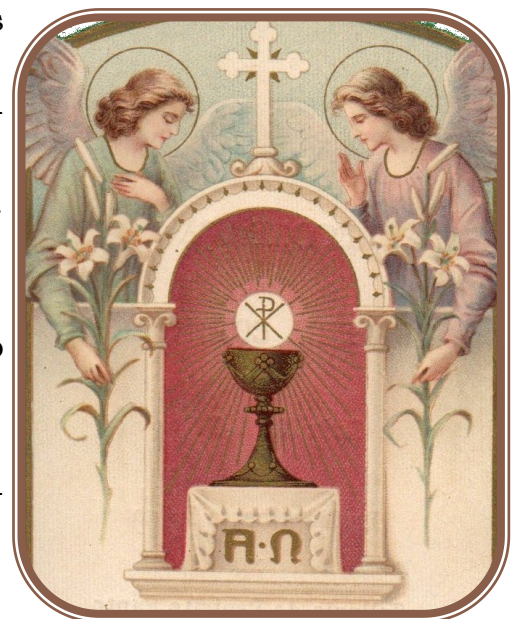
"Lord, is it I?"

And Peter, who always acted very quickly, leaned over to John and said,

"Ask the Master who it is."

For John was sitting next to Jesus. So John put the question to Our Lord:

"Lord, who is it?"



"He to whom I shall give this piece of bread dipped in the dish," Jesus answered.

But He spoke so quietly that none of the others heard Him. In the center of the table at every Passover supper was a big bowl containing a thick syrup made of fruits that had been pounded and mixed with vinegar. This syrup was called "charoseth," and into it the disks of unleavened bread, or "matzoth," were dipped.

When Jesus had answered John's question, He took a piece of bread, dipped it into the bitter-sweet syrup, and handed it to Judas. Judas stared. How did Jesus know that he was getting ready to turn Him over to the chief priests? Judas was very frightened; but trying to seem as innocent as the rest, he asked boldly,

"Is it I, Rabbi?"

"Yes," Jesus answered.

Then, looking at Judas for a minute, He added in low tones,

"What you are about to do, do quickly."

What Judas was about to do was to make plans with Jesus' enemies for His capture. So we see by these words to Judas how willingly Our Lord gave Himself up to suffer for us. Judas arose and hurried out. The other Apostles still did not know of his guilt. They thought he had gone on some errand for the Master.

The feast was now drawing to its close. The meats and herbs had been eaten. The last portions of bread and the last cups of wine were yet to be offered to God and then consumed.

But Jesus was about to institute His own great Feast for the adoration of God: a wonderful Banquet that would feed the very souls of men. He took one of the loaves of bread and blessed it. Then, breaking it into pieces, He gave some to each of the Apostles, saying:

"Take and eat. This is My Body."

Next He took a cup of wine and, giving thanks to God, He blessed it also and gave it to them, saying:

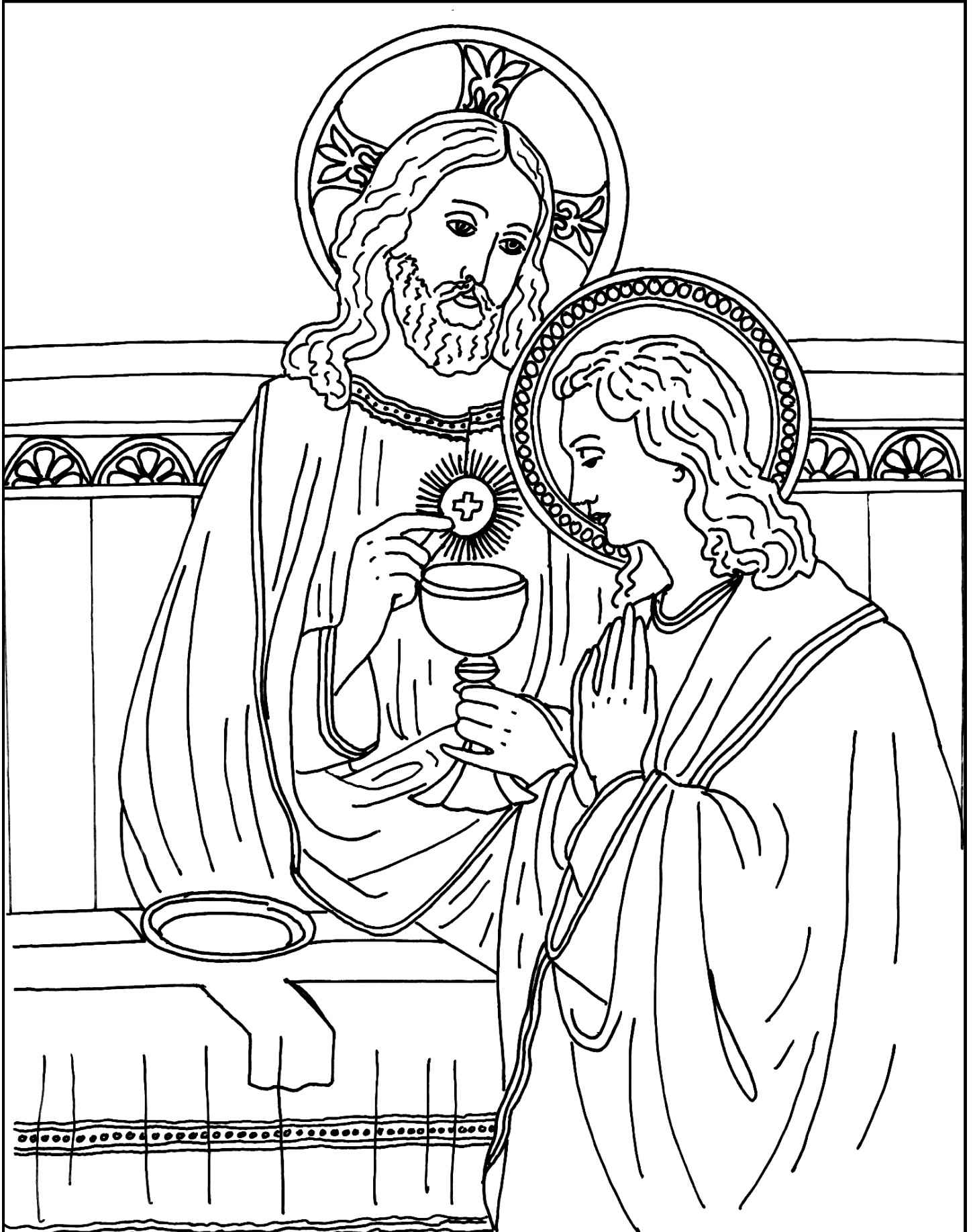
"Drink of this, all of you. For this is My Blood."

When they had solemnly partaken of the consecrated Bread and Wine, He added His final direction:

"Do this in commemoration of Me."

This was the first Holy Mass. And it was because Jesus wanted all people to be able to share in this Sacrament that He made the Apostles His first priests. This He did when He told them, "Do this in commemoration of Me." For these words gave them the power to change bread and wine into His Body and Blood as He had just done. Now they could go forth to all the world and be "second Christs." When Jesus and the Apostles had recited the glorious Psalms that give special praise to God, their last Passover supper was over.

They all went out of the upper room and bent their steps to the Garden of Gethsemani. Jesus wished to pray there, to beg from His Father help for what lay before Him. For He knew that He would be captured in the Garden of Gethsemani, and that on the next day He would give up His life on the Cross to redeem us all and open the gates of heaven to us.





## THE MIRACLE OF THE HOLY FACE

VERONICA paced up and down her richly furnished room. "What is the cause of your great agitation this morning, my lady?" asked Naomi, one of her maidservants.

"I fear for the safety of our Master, Jesus of Nazareth," replied Veronica. "I slept not a moment last night thinking of it."

"Why do you fear for the Master's safety? Was it not only a few days ago that He entered the city in triumph with the people shouting 'Hosanna'? They would have made Him King had He wished it."

"Ah, yes, Naomi, but the picture has changed now. Mary of Magdala sent a messenger to me late last evening to say that Judas had betrayed the Master into the hands of His enemies."

"What's that you say, mistress? Jesus of Nazareth in the hands of His enemies?"

Rachel, the other servant, did not try to conceal the eagerness in her voice.

"It pleases you to hear that, Rachel, because you do not believe in the Master," said Naomi sadly.

"Master?" echoed Rachel scornfully. "Does He show Himself a Master when He can be taken by His enemies?"

"Only because He wishes to be taken," defended Naomi. "He is still our King."

"A fine King! He is an impostor and has betrayed the cause of the people who trusted in Him." Rachel was very angry.

"Stop, Rachel," said Veronica going to her. "You shall not speak so of the Master in my house. Naomi is right. Jesus allowed Himself to be taken. We know not His plans but we do believe that He is the Messiah - the Christ."

"I share not your credulity, Lady Veronica," Rachel answered with a sneer, "and the sooner this deceiver and pretended miracleworker is put out of the way, the better."

"You dare speak like that?" cried Veronica.

"You are no longer a servant of mine. Begone from this house at once!"

"That will I do gladly. The atmosphere of this house irks me. I shall be glad to mingle with people who are sensible enough to see that this so-called Master is an impostor." So saying, Rachel turned and ran from the room.

"Poor Rachel," said Naomi, looking after her sadly. "What will become of her now, mistress?"

"Perhaps she will see the error of her ways and return to us. If she but sees the Master, she will believe, I know. The bell! Someone is coming, Naomi."

Naomi opened the door to admit Mary of Magdala. She was the picture of grief.

"Is your mistress in?" she asked, and Naomi at once took her to Veronica.

"Greetings, Mary of Magdala," exclaimed Veronica, as Naomi withdrew. "Do you bring news of the Master?"

"Aye, that I do, Lady Veronica, but it is indeed sad news. Jesus is to be crucified with two thieves on Mount Calvary. The procession has already started."

"O Mary, say not so!" Veronica cried.

"Where is His Mother? How will she endure this grief?"

"His Mother is with John and a few women who have remained beside her," replied Mary.

"They are not far from here. I left them but a short time ago to tell you so that you may join us.

"How can I thank you, Mary of Magdala?"

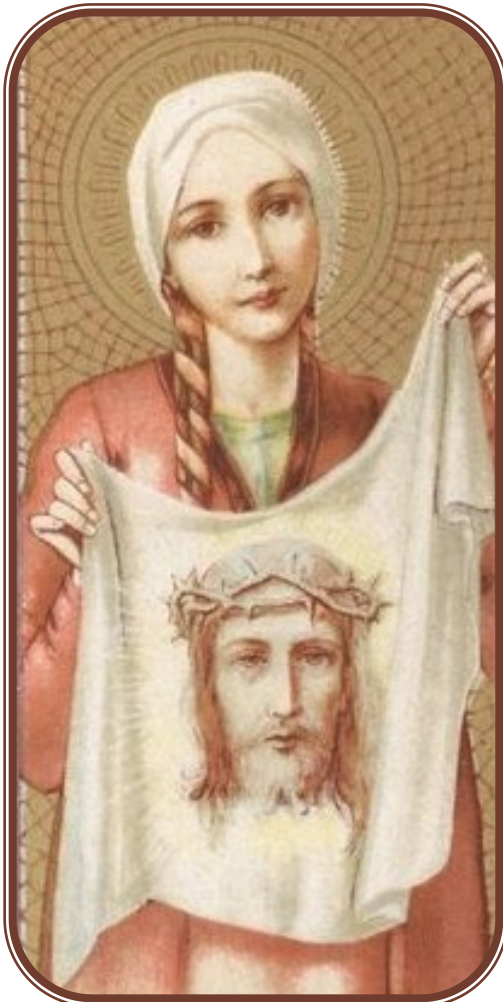
Let us hasten to join the Mother of Jesus in her hour of sorrow." And hastily picking up her veil, Veronica called to Naomi to join them as they left the house.

They had not gone far when they heard the tumultuous procession approaching. Walking as close to her Son as the mob would permit her was the Blessed Mother.

"See, the loving Mother cannot be separated from her suffering Son," said Mary to Veronica. Veronica looked for a long moment at the Mother of Jesus.

"O Mother Mary, if we could only do something to help Him."

"We must be strong in this dark hour, my daughter," said the Blessed Mother. "He is doing the will of His Father. For this did He come to earth."



Then the crowd parted a little and they beheld Jesus. Veronica's heart bled at the sight of her Master, His Body exhausted, His Sacred Face dripping with blood and spittle. In an instant she had snatched the veil from her head, and running to Jesus, had thrown herself at His feet and presented it to Him. She had done it all so quickly that the soldiers did not have time to stop her. Jesus took the proffered veil and wiped His face with it. Then He handed it back to Veronica with a look of infinite gratitude. The soldiers and Pharisees began to shout at her, and clasping the veil once more she hastened back to her little group.

"That was an act of great kindness, Veronica," said the Mother of Jesus. "My Son will reward you for it."

"If I have done even a small thing for Him, I already have my reward," Veronica replied.

"Very noble, indeed, Lady Veronica," said a familiar voice behind her.

"Rachel" Veronica was surprised and pleased to see the girl. But Rachel only sneered:

"What do you think of your King now?"

"Speak not so to our mistress, Rachel," warned Naomi.

"My mistress no longer," said Rachel. Then turning to Veronica, she continued, "And I suppose you consider your veil sacred now?"

And she laughed scornfully.

"That I do, Rachel, because it touched the Face of Christ." Veronica unfolded her veil and held it before her.

Rachel looked at it and fell to her knees crying, "Take it away, His eyes - He is looking at me!"

The others quickly followed her glance, and they too knelt in the street, with awe in their faces. Veronica turned the veil and beheld the Face of Christ imprinted on it.

"So great a compensation for so little an act," she murmured lovingly. "See, Rachel, such is the love of Jesus for His creatures."

"O mistress, I beg you to forgive me and to ask your Master to forgive me. I do believe in Him. I do," sobbed Rachel in true sorrow.

"The Master forgives," said Mary of Magdala, "for He forgave me all my terrible sins. Trust in Him, Rachel."

"I welcome you to my house again." Veronica's face shone. "Jesus has given you the gift of faith, Rachel. Guard it well, as I shall always guard this precious veil. Never from henceforth shall we forget the miracle of the Holy Face."

*~ Little Stories of Christ's Passion, Imprimatur 1941 ~*



### **LEGEND OF THE ROBIN RED-BREAST**

It was a terrible day. Never since the world was made has there been so sad and awful as that of which I tell you, so very long ago.

The sun gave no warmth or light, the whole world was dark and gloomy, because a cross had been carried up the steep mountain called Calvary; and nailed to it, with a thief on each side of Him, Jesus, the Son of God, hung bleeding and dying.

Many people were gathered there, some to look and wonder, some to mock and revile; others, but these were few, to weep and sorrow for the cruel sufferings they could not hinder; and there was one, the Blessed Mother of Christ, who knelt at the foot of the

Cross clasping it tightly with her trembling hands, while the tears streamed from her eyes, and her tender heart was pierced with anguish, because her Son whom she had nursed as a little babe in her bosom, and loved so fondly as her child as well as her God was dying that painful, cruel death.

A little bird came fluttering round the rugged Cross, a little brown feathered creature, and it knew that its Maker hung there, pierced with the long nails, crowned with the sharp thorns; and the tiny robin was sad because it could do nothing to spare one pain of the many which were borne so patiently by Him Who created it.

So at last, the bird flew away from the terrible sight away to a garden not far off, the Garden of Gethsemani, where so lately the Lord Jesus had suffered His cruel agony, alone in the stillness of night, when all the world even His own disciples were sleeping.

The robin perched on a branch of one of the trees and gave a little melancholy cry. The wind swayed the branch roughly to and fro, as it will do before some threatening storm, and the bird trembled with fear, and it could not rest, but flew back once more to the mountain and the blood-sprinkled Cross.

“Ah! If I could but do something to help my Lord,” sighed the robin; “if I could but bear some little pain instead of Him, how happy should I be. But I cannot. I am only a poor feeble, frightened little bird, of no use to the God Who made me.”

So it flew round the Cross once more, close, very close, to the head of the dying Saviour, nearly fluttering against the thorny crown; and then it thought of something perhaps it might do.

“If I could but draw out one thorn from that piercing crown, it would only be a little thing, a very little thing to do; and yet, surely it would be worth trying to give my Lord one thorn less to pain Him. He would not know it; but I should like to do that, because I love Him so.”

So the little brown robin flew near, and slowly, and with difficulty, it drew one long sharp thorn from the aching, bleeding head; and as it was fluttering away, bearing its burden in its beak, the dying Saviour raised His eyes and saw what the love of the bird had done for Him.

“Because you have pitied Me and sorrowed for Me,” He said, “you shall bear always upon your breast the mark of My Blood, so that in time to come, when men gaze upon you they may remember how you came to Me and tried to help Me when I was dying on the Cross.”

So ever afterwards the breast of the robin has been tinged with red and a remembrance and reward of that little service of love done by a tiny bird for its suffering Creator.

APPLES, RIPE AND ROSY  
(continued from last month's issue)

om lost no time now in getting home. A little later he had entered a spacious brick house on Florence Street, deposited the milk can on the kitchen table, set the cook a laughing by some droll speech, and, passing on, sought his mother in her cheerful sitting-room.

"Why, my son, what delayed you so long?" she inquired, folding away her sewing; for it was becoming too dark to work.

"Oh, I went home with Missis Barry!" he answered, with the matter-of-fact air with which he might have said that he had been escorting some particular friend of the family.

Mrs. Norris smiled and drew nearer to the bright fire which burned in the grate. Tom slipped into a seat beside her upon the wide, old-fashioned sofa, which was just the place for one of those cozy twilight chats with mother, which boys especially love so much, and the memory of which gleams, star-like, through the mists of years, exerting even far greater influence than she dreams of upon their lives. Tom considered this quiet half hour the pleasantest of the day. Mrs. Norris, with a gentle wisdom worthy of wider imitation, encouraged him to talk to her about whatever interested him. She was seldom too tired or too preoccupied at this time to hear of the mechanism of the steam-engine, the mysteries of the printing-press, or the feats that may be performed with a bicycle,--of which "taking a header," or the method by which the rider learns to fly off the machine head foremost into a ditch with impunity, appeared to be the most desirable. Her patience in this respect was rewarded by that most precious possession to a mother, a son's confidence.

Tom liked to tell her of various things that happened during the day; to compare notes, and get her opinions of matters in general; at the same time giving his own, which were often quaint and entertaining.

"Really, mother, Missis Barry knows a lot!" he now exclaimed, abruptly, clasping his knee and staring at the fire in a meditative manner.

Mrs. Norris looked amused, but she did not venture to question the apple-vender's wisdom. One or two kindly inquiries about the old woman, however, prompted him to speak of her further,--of his meeting her as she struggled along with her burden, his drawing it on the sled, and last of her refusal of the drink he offered.

"You would not have minded, would you, mother?" he asked.

"No, not for the sake of the milk, certainly," responded Mrs. Norris, laughing; "but--" then she hesitated.

How could she hamper the mind of this ingenuous little lad of hers with false and finical ideas of refinement and delicacy! Why should she suggest to him that it is at least not customary to go about giving the poor to drink out of our own especial milk cans? There came to her mind the noble lines which but frame as with jewels the simple Christian





precept,--the words spoken to Sir Launfal when, weary, poverty-stricken, and disheartened, the knight returns from his fruitless search for the Holy Grail; when humbly he shares his cup and crust with the leper at the gate,--the leper who straightway stands before him glorified, a vision of Our Lord, and tells him that true love of our neighbor consists in,

"Not what we give, but what we share; for the gift without the giver is bare."

And then the mother's hands rested lovingly a moment upon Tom's head, as again she repeated more softly:

"No, certainly."

As Widow Barry had surmised, the keynote of Tom's nature was that he was easily led, and therein rested the possibilities of great good or evil. The little confidential chats with his mother were a strong safeguard to him, and laid the foundation of the true principles by which he should be guided; but, as he mingled more with other boys, he was not always steadfast in acting up to his knowledge of what was right, and was apt to be more influenced by his companions than his best friends cared to see him. At present he was inclined to make a chum of Ed Brown, who, though only a year older, was so precociously shrewd, and what the world calls "smart," that, according to good Widow Barry's opinion, "he could buy and sell Master Tom any day."

The old woman had, indeed, many opportunities for observation; for is not sometimes so simple a transaction as the buying of an apple a real test of character? If a boy or man is tricky or mean or unjust in his business dealings, is it likely that we shall find him upright and honorable in other things? Though Mrs. Norris was not as well posted as the apple-vender, one or two occurrences had caused her to positively forbid Tom to have any more to do with Ed,--a command which he grumbled a good deal about, and, alas! occasionally disobeyed.

But to continue our story. . .The following Saturday morning the skies were blue, the sun shone bright, the gladness of spring was in the air,--all promised a long, pleasant holiday. The apple stand at the corner had a prosperous aspect. The umbrella, though shabbier and more rakish-looking than ever, wore a cheery, hail-fellow-well-met appearance. Widow Barry had, as she told a neighbor, "spruced up her old bonnet a bit,"--an evidence of the approach of spring, which the boys recognized and appreciated. Now she was engaged in polishing up her apples, and arranging the peanuts as invitingly as possible; a number of pennies already jingled in the small bag attached to her apron-string, in which she kept her money.

"Ah, here comes Master Tom!" she exclaimed, presently. "An' right glad I am; for he always brings me a good hansel."



"Hello, Missis Barry!" cried he. "How's trade to-day? Too early to tell yet? Well, see if I can't boom it a little. Give me a dozen apples, and one--yes, two quarts of nuts."

Pleased and flustered at this stroke of fortune, she busied herself in getting out two of the largest of her paper bags, and filling the munificent order. But Tom was not like himself this morning. He had plenty to say, to be sure; but he talked away with a kind of reckless gaiety that appeared a trifle forced, and he was eager to be off.

The old woman paused a second, as if suddenly impressed by the difference in his manner; then, by a shake of the head, she strove to banish the thought, which she reproached herself for as an unworthy suspicion, and smiled as if to reassure herself. With a pleasant word she put the well-filled bags into Tom's hands, and received the silver he offered in payment--three bright new dimes. At that moment she caught a glimpse of Ed Brown lurking in the area way of a house at the other end of the block. The sight filled her with a vague misgiving which she could not have explained. She glanced again at Tom; he was nervous and excited.

"Wait a bit," said she, laying a restraining hand upon his arm.

"What is the matter? Didn't I give you just the price?" he inquired, somewhat impatiently.

The old woman bent forward and peered anxiously into his face; her kind but searching eyes seemed to look down into his very soul, as, in a voice trembling with emotion, she replied: "Yes: but tell me, asthore, where did ye get the money?"

Tom's countenance changed; he tried to put her off, saying, "Pshaw! Why do you want to ask a fellow such a question? Haven't I bought more than this of you before?"

"Troth an' ye have, dear; but not in this way, I'm thinkin'," she answered.

"It's all right. Do let me go, Missis Barry!" cried he, vexed and beginning to feel decidedly frightened.

"Hi, Tom, come on!" called Ed Brown, emerging from the area.

"Look here, Masther Tom, darlin'! You'll not move a step with them things, an' I'll not put up that money till I know where it came from."

"Well, then," said Tom, doggedly, seeing that escape was impossible, "I got it at home, off the mantel in the sitting-room."

"Oh, yes!" ejaculated Mrs. Barry, raising her eyes toward heaven, as if praying for the pardon of the offence.

"Why, that's nothing!" he went on. "Ed Brown says lots of boys do it. Some take the change out of their father's pockets even, if they get a chance. His father don't mind a bit. He always has plenty of cash, Ed has."

"Ah, yes, that ne'er-do-well, Ed Brown!" said the old woman, shaking her fist at the distant Ed, who, realizing that Tom had got into trouble, disappeared in a twinkling.

"An' his father don't mind! Then it's because he knows nothin' about it. They'll come a day of reckonin' for him. An' you--"

"Oh, the folks at home won't care!" persisted Tom, thoroughly ashamed, but still anxious to excuse himself. "Mother always says that everything in the house is for the use of the family. If we children should make a raid on the pantry, and carry off a pie or cake, she might punish us for the disobedience, but she wouldn't call it stealing." He blushed as he uttered the ugly word.

"Yes, but to take money is different, ye know," continued his relentless mentor, whose heart, however, was sorrowing over him with the tenderness of a mother for her child.

Tom was silent; he did know, had really known from the first, though now his fault stood before him in its unsightliness; all the pretexts by which he had attempted to palliate it fell from it like a veil, and showed the hateful thing it was. He could not bring himself to acknowledge it, however. Sullenly he set down the apples and peanuts, murmuring, "I never did it before, anyhow!"

"No, nor never will again, I'm sure, avick! This'll be a lifelong lesson to ye," returned the old woman, with agitation, as she put the dimes back into his hand. "Go right home with them now, an' tell yer father all about it."

"My father!" faltered Tom, doubtful of the consequences of such a confession.

"Well, yer mother, then. She'll be gentle with ye, never fear, if ye are really sorry."

"Indeed I am, Missis Barry," declared Tom, quite breaking down at last.

"I'm certain ye are, asthore!" continued the good creature, heartily. "An', whisper, when ye get home go to yer own little room, an' there on yer bended knees ask God to forgive ye. Make up yer mind to shun bad company for the future; an never, from this hour, will we speak another word about this--either ye to me or I to ye,--save an' except ye may come an' say: 'I've done as ye bid me, Missis Barry. It's all hunkey dory!'"

The old woman smiled with grim humor as she found herself quoting the boy's favorite slang expression.

Tom laughed in spite of himself, so droll did it sound from her lips; but at the same time he drew his jacket sleeve across his eyes, which had grown strangely dim, and said:

"I will, Missis Barry. You may trust me: I will."

And Tom did. From that day he and the honest old apple-woman were better friends than ever. Meanwhile her trade improved so much that before long she was able to set up a more pretentious establishment,--a genuine stand, with an awning to replace the faithful umbrella, which was forthwith honorably retired from service. Here she carried on a

thriving business for several years, Tom, though now a student at St. Jerome's College, often bought apples and peanuts of her.

"You see that old woman?" said he to a comrade one day. "Don't look much like an angel, does she?"

His friend, glancing at the queer figure and plain, ordinary features, was amused at the comparison.

"And yet," continued Tom, earnestly, "she proved a second Guardian Angel to me once, and I'll bless her all my life for it."

~ "Apples, Ripe and Rosy and Other Stories for Boys and Girls," 1893 ~



ANSWERS TO UNSCRAMBLE THE SAINTS NAMES

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

ANSWERS TO THE CATHOLIC HISTORY QUIZ

1. Our Lord was 30 when He began His public life.
2. The feast of the Passover is a religious ceremony to recall the time that the Jews were delivered by God from the cruel Egyptians.
3. He gave thanks, and then broke and gave the bread to His Apostles.
4. By the Mass, we mean the Body and Blood of Christ is offered up to God the Father under the appearances of bread and wine.
5. By Holy Communion we mean that we receive the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, just as did the Apostles at the Last Supper.
6. The day on which Christ died for us.
7. Christ died so that the punishment of original sin, committed by our first parents, might be lifted from the world.
8. The Jews accused Our Lord of claiming to be God.
9. The Jews accused Our Lord of claiming to be King.
10. The Jews chose to free Barabus instead of Our Lord.

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, Eliza-beth 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](http://www.Crusaders-for-Christ.com)