

# The Missionary Catechist



Volume II

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, November, 1926

Number 12

## A Sentinel On A Hill

Mary Stephen

Having seen a thing begun beautifully, one naturally hopes to see it develop in beauty. That was one reason why, passing through the central part of Indiana recently, I stopped at the pretty city of Huntington and called over the telephone to a friend at Victory-Noll, "I want to see you again. May I come?"

The same happy voice that had answered a similar call a year ago replied:

"We want to see you again, too. Do come."

Shortly thereafter I was being greeted by a young Catechist with a warmth that left no doubt of my welcome. In spite of the fact that I had had only one previous visit to this lovely spot, there was almost the flavor of a home-coming in this return. In a beautiful way that seems to be all their own, the Catechists who came up to give me greeting made me feel in a moment that I was no stranger—not even a visitor; I was at home; I "belonged."

Of course I must see what a year had brought about. How eagerly the changes and improvements were pointed out. There was the abundant garden, so much larger and more productive than last year; there were the new Catechists whom I had never met, and some young girls who were staying a few days to see if they were right in thinking their work should bring them to Victory - Noll. There were

new classes under a new teacher, a brilliant young college woman from the Middle West who was throwing her utmost fervor into this work for the Faith she loved. All these things were to be seen, and admired, and happily prophesied about.

In the cool dusk of that August day there were little groups that came and went under the Spanish arches which mark the front entrance to the spacious patio. Here were two or three Catechists talking eagerly of their dreams for future missionary work. There were two elderly Brothers from Techny, who had come to supervise—and to do with their own hands, largely—a work to be mentioned later. Miss Stella O'Brien of Our Sunday Visitor talked entertainingly of the Eucharistic Congress, which she had attended, showing some wonderful photographs, and describing the exhibit of altar linens which the Order of St. Veronica had sent there to be shown. A Catechist

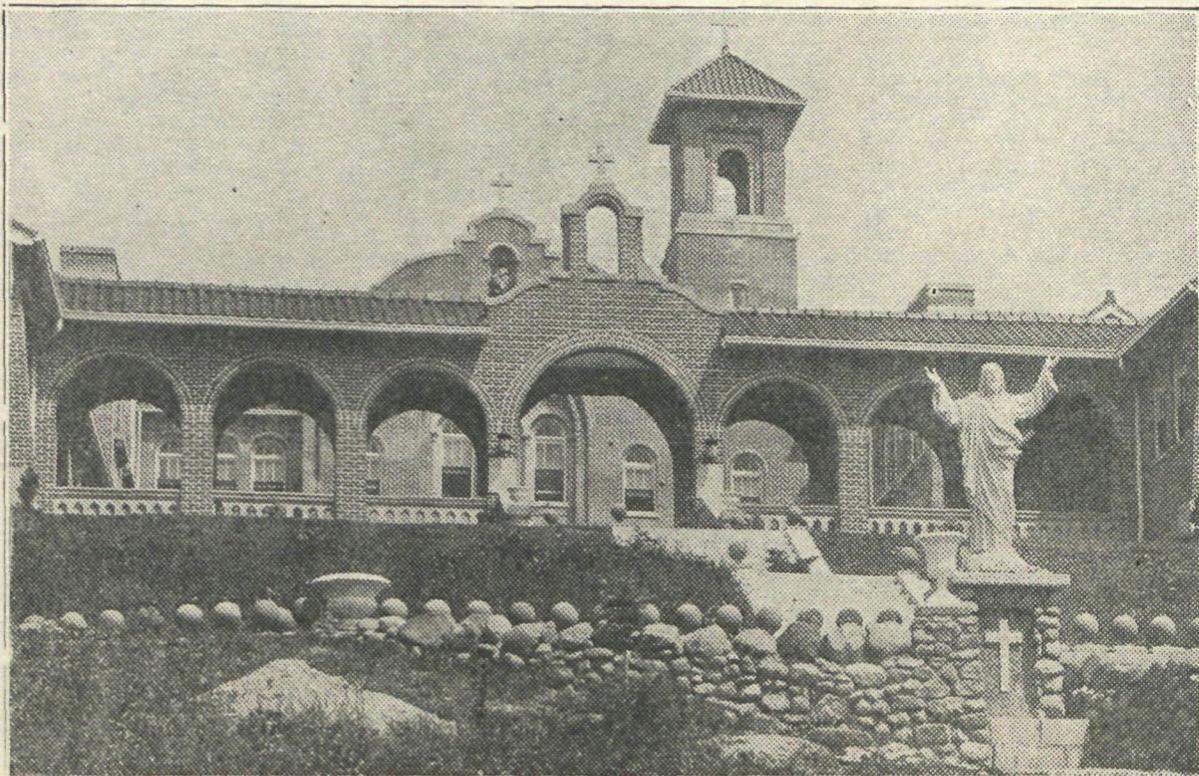
who was long ago a convert exchanged experiences with a young teacher who had known her Faith for only a little while. And in this connection it is interesting to remark that of eight who sat at one table for the dainty Sunday evening lunch, six were converts. The Reverend Spiritual Director himself, with a grave young face already lined by many responsibilities, passed from group to group, joining in the pleasant conversation and touching it with the spirit of his own far visions. Altogether it was most delightful and restful.

Dark came down softly, and bit by bit the distances across the broad Wabash Valley were blotted out. All at once a light flashed up from the lower terrace, and all eyes turned towards it. Here was something else that was new, and at once the courtesy of host and hostesses urged that I must see it.

The best way to do that, they said, was to

go down the terraces to the public road, going some distance down the road, to turn and come back, that the sight might come to us as it was meant to come to those who passed up and down that thoroughfare. So that was what we did, deliberately seeing nothing until we turned back again.

The scene as we turned made me catch my breath for a moment. It was almost unearthly in



READ OUR NEW PLAN FOR INVESTING IN CHARITY WITH INTEREST ON PAGE 4

## A Sentinel on a Hill

(Continued from page one)

its loveliness. Three terraces led up from the highway to the arched portico. On the middle terrace the Techny Brothers with rare artistic sense, had placed a pure white figure of the Sacred Heart. Below it ran the smooth ribbon of road and half way between were placed hidden lights with powerful reflectors which threw a radiant glow upon and about the beautiful pleading figure of the Christ. Beyond it all, in the dusk, the faint arches of the portico made a background that the old painters might have used for their sublime representations of the Saviour. Through the arches the blue-black sky filled interminable distances.

We came up the road slowly, without speaking. The very beauty of the scene made silence our only possible tribute. No one could explain afterward what caused the thing we all noticed. It must have been, of course, some optical illusion connected with the fact that we approached up a long slope and not on a level—but as we came nearer it seemed as if that glorious, shining figure lifted its arms slowly, as though in blessing. When we had come to a pause in the road, immediately below and facing it, we looked at each other as if to say, "Did you see?" But no one could tell how it came.

We spoke of it wonderingly as we came back to the arched spaces and looked down again on the long, dim highway. Cars were passing, numbers of them, going home to Huntington from a Sunday outing, or going out from there on a longer road that runs lengthwise through the State. We could hear that they slowed down, that people were noticing the white figure above them.

We wondered if others, too, saw the pierced hands as they lifted in blessing, and if they found themselves thereby lifted up a little by the exaltation we had felt so strongly. Under those powerful lights, that Figure might be seen, we knew, for miles across the valley. For this glowing white spot in that great expanse of darkness would shine very far.

"A Sentinel on a Hill." Somebody made the phrase softly, and others repeated it, thinking of its perfect fitness. For in it the whole missionary spirit of Victory-Noll found expression. The radiant Figure seemed almost living and endowed with divine vitality as it stood there, its up-lifted arms inviting even those who passed most thoughtlessly to turn again to the eternal comfort of changeless love.

Victory-Noll has grown from a vision to a reality; from an idea to an ideal. It was a greater joy than I can express to go back again; and the only thing that causes regret is the fact that I am not many years younger, and free to go back and stay. To young women who are earnestly seeking a life of service, the call of Victory-Noll should become the clear voice of invitation and duty. That it has already reached the hearts of many is shown by the fact that the Catechists in training far outnumber those of a year ago, and that more are coming in all the time.

Truly the Sentinel on the Hill is not an idle form of stone, but a living and vital force that shall bless and uplift not only Indiana but "the uttermost parts of the earth."

## LETTERS TO MARY

November, 1926.

My dear Mary:

As I stand gazing through a window that opens upon the West, a pretty panorama stretches itself before my eyes. A shaggy-looking old mountain, with a thick crop of black looking pines, rears itself skyward. A passing cloud has a transforming effect. You have seen, Mary, some of the pictures painted by modern artists which are done chiefly in a hazy sort of blue. That is just what is happening to



Bound on an Errand of Mercy

that old mountain. Quickly the huge dusky shadow spreads itself over the golden, sunlit area, much as if a bottle of ink were spilled across its bright surface.

At the base rests the peaceful little valley of Llano. Conspicuous for its white-washed adobe walls and bell-tower is the little Mission Chapel. While clustered about it are many adobe houses, whose only coloring is the coloring God gave them when He made the earth of which they were raised.

Now I look out of a window that opens to the North and a contrasting picture is presented. Here is a clean shaven old mesa, with nothing to relieve its baldness but a scar of sharply defined crevices, on which not even the scorched-looking prairie grass will grow. But the scar has a peculiarity, too. From a distance it has the appearance of a huge heart cut into the sloping side of the mesa. Every morning I notice it as we come home from Mass, and it spontaneously reminds me of the Great Heart of the Son of God and His love for these poor people. Nestled at the foot of the mesa is another little village,—that of San Antonio, equally peaceful. Somehow it hearkens to mind those old lines learned at school, when studying "The Ancient Mariner"—"As silent as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Life is so interesting out here, once one grows to know and love the people among whom one labors. Their simple, devout lives are truly a marvel.

There is little Anastasio, whom we train-

ed as an altar boy. On Saturday and Sunday mornings when he serves Mass, he brings his older brother, Enrique, who has been blind from birth, with him. With brotherly affection, he leads him to a pew in the rear of the church, and then hastens forward with lightning-like rapidity. We shake our heads as he genuflects, after the manner of altar-boys to be found the world over. The twist, the flop, the turn is not imitable. Only altar-boys have a patent on it. He then bounces into the sacristy to get ready for Mass.

Then there is old Teresita, who, when her cup is brim full of sorrows and sadness, comes over to our house to weep into our pitying ears. Her litany of "No Tengos" would evoke the sympathy of the most hardened heart. Of course, she always leaves us, feeling much better for the solace offered and for a pair of shoes or warm shawl which we have given her.

Again there is the little bowed and bent figure of Josefita the postmistress, which enters into our daily lives. She is always urging us to teach her young grandson "respeta," (respect) for his elders and superiors, forgetful that it is hard for teacher and catechists to break the habits formed by too-indulgent grandmothers.

Lastly, there are little Luis and Ramon, our faithful little wood-carriers. One day, when the news that we rewarded their performance of chores, with cookies, apples or candy, had been wafted abroad, we found that we had not two, but a whole retinue of wood-carriers at our back-door.

So often, Mary, our well-meaning but rather misinformed friends anxiously wonder how we are faring with the "treacherous" Mexicans. Are we not afraid of our lives, etc., etc.? Never were we shown more respect, more reverence than by these grateful people for whom we are working. It has been our experience for old gray-haired men and women to kneel at our feet and ask our blessing. We were quite at a loss to know how to handle such a situation when one Catechist cleverly solved the problem by saying she would gladly give it, and then knelt down and asked the hoary-headed marvel of simplicity and humility for his.

Praying, dear Mary, that you will be successful in organizing St. Joseph's Band of the Associate Catechists of Mary, about which you wrote me last week, and hoping to hear from you soon with splendid results,

Affectionately your old friend in

O. B. L. V.,

CATECHIST BLANCHE RICHARDSON.

We are receiving an ever-increasingly large number of requests for remembrance in our perpetual Novena to Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

Recently the Superioress of a religious community sent in a request for special prayers to be offered by our Catechists and the poor children under their care for some very urgent intentions for her community. Often good, zealous Priests who are striving to promote God's glory by bringing their fallen-way Parishioners back to the Church and the Sacraments, or to effect the conversion of non-Catholics write requesting special remembrances in the prayers which our devoted Catechists offer daily before the Altar of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

Every Saturday a Mass in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory is offered in our Chapel for our benefactors and their intentions both for the living and the dead.

**REMEMBER YOUR DEAR DEPARTED THIS MONTH BY SUPPORTING A MISSIONARY CATECHIST**

# PEDRO'S DAUGHTER

Mary Constance Smith

Pedro painted his whole house in preparation for the party. Which statement means that he tinted and frescoed his adobe dwelling all over the outside. Finished, it was a symphony of colors; white, old rose, bands of blue and leaves of green about the door and windows, all blended in a piece of work that was unusually well done and proved that Pedro was an artist in addition to being a plain ordinary painter.

And none of his numerous family was prouder of the improvement in this little ancestral home than Juanna, his younger daughter, in whose honor the activity in decoration was "all about," as the boys at the garage expressed it. Yes, Juanna was betrothed to Jose, a mechanic who knew more about a Ford car than he knew about the English language, and there was to be an engagement party with relatives of both present.

Nina Bolero, the wife of Pedro, and the mother of the bride-to-be, would make the tortillas and cook the chile-con-carne. The tamales, however, had been ordered from Manuel, the old man who went around in the evenings with his wares in a great tin can. For no one in Buena Vista could make better chicken tamales than the venerable Manuel.

Now, it could not be truthfully said that all the town was interested in this party; the Bolero family belonged to the poorer class, yet there was not a single villager who did not know that Juanna and Jose were to be married. Had not Senora Maria Garcia, for whom the little maid worked these two years past, announced to all the social leaders of Buena Vista this fact, and had not the proud and happy Pedro spread the news even as he had spread the paint, among his own kind?

Juanna, under Senora Garcia's guidance, had become an unusually good housekeeper and even Jose, her laconic sweetheart, had been heard to boast of her clear jellies and delicious preserves.

Thinking of this morsel of praise one morning, Juanna blushed deeply as she worked over a broad granite pan of sweet red peppers, sitting before the open door in the Garcia kitchen. As her little brown hand pressed the seeds out and crushed the pulp, she could see with her mind's eye the smile on Jose's thin face as he tasted her best strawberry and rhubarb jam. Senora had told her that it was almost as good as her own, so at the party there was to be a large jar of this placed right in front of Jose. Truly, then, thought the little Juanna, her lover might be inspired, forget his natural shyness and "say a few words now and then," as the festivities proceeded.

When the peppers and meat had been placed in the earthen pot and put to cook in a slow oven, Juanna stole into the pantry and gazed in rapture at the hundred shining jars that held her mistress' preserves and jellies, pickles and sauces. Was there ever

such a beautiful sight? It seemed more beautiful this year than ever because new glassware with crystal tops and labels with deep red borders had been used.

Juanna paused to admire the tempting array of preserves, and as she admired she longed to have them as her own. Then into her brown cheek came a crimson spot, and into her big black eyes came the fire of adventure. Very quickly and quietly the little maid placed a chair against the set of shelves and drawing down a handsome jar of strawberry and rhubarb, the favorite confection of her beloved Jose, she clasped it tightly as if it were a pet kitten, and would have carried it into the kitchen, had not the warning cough of Senora Garcia, coming along the back hall, brought a chill of caution to her. One moment more and the jar was secreted in a corner and when her employer appeared Juanna was solicitously peering into the oven.

They spoke in Spanish, of course, but now the replies of the servant fell back into the Mexican dialect, betraying an embarrassment not accounted for, thought the lady of the house, as she slowly surveyed the clean and orderly room.

"The fire is low and the dish covered," said the mistress, "why do you let the heat escape? I am afraid that Jose has just passed the door."

Her voice was low and her face stern, but there was a kindly glint in the eyes of the older woman.

"No, no, by the cross, Senora, but my thoughts were with him." And even as the maid spoke she turned to get the apron that her mistress used when she came to lend assistance to the preparations for dinner.

"May it always be so, Juanna. Just this morning I thought of you both when coming from Mass, and I bought the large water jar for your new house. It is exactly like the one in my vestibule here," she said in a gay tone, "because my faithful little girl has always loved that jar."

Jar, jar, the word struck the ears of the bride-to-be like distant thunder; but with a slight gasp she hurried to get spoons and bowls, eggs, butter, sugar and wine for her mistress' table.

Meanwhile Juanna had been fighting her

temptation to carry home in the evening the beautiful glass covered receptacle now secreted in the adjoining room. It seemed a propitious time to make a request of her mistress. Would not she give her the preserves perhaps, instead of the once-coveted but now hated pottery jar? Twice she moistened her lips and prepared to ask the momentous question. But Senora Garcia was talking of weddings now and there was no end to her descriptive powers when once launched on a subject of splendor. On and on she rambled about the marriages of her cousins in the City of Mexico, her brother in Denver and her friend in San Antonio.

As a consequence when Pedro's daughter returned home that evening she carried forbidden treasure under her yellow shawl. Her father saw her coming up the hill as he stood in the doorway and he smiled complacently. How much he should thank the Lord and His Blessed Lady of Guadalupe that this, the youngest of his children was about to marry, and with a boy that would always be able to support her because he had a trade. Pedro himself had been industrious at his painting, and had worked in Las Vegas and Albuquerque for weeks at a time, bringing home all the money to Nina. And within the old, square adobe house that had been his parents', there were rugs and blankets and strong furniture that testified to his industry.

He walked out in the open now and met his daughter.

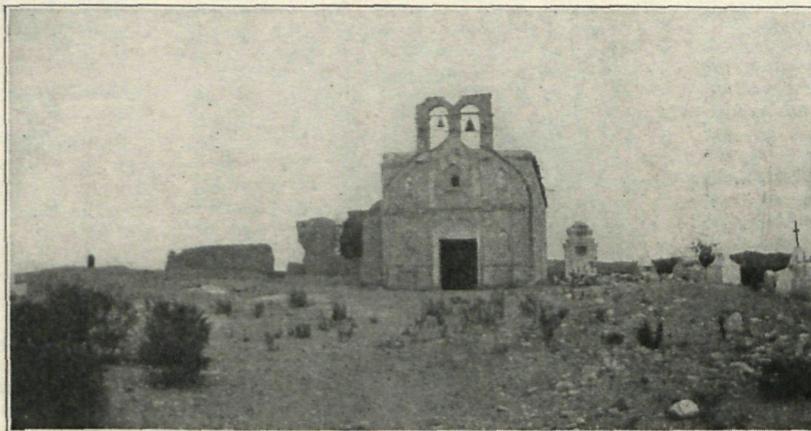
"Salute, my little one. See the old house is finished and painted with oil-calcimine that will not wash away. Come Juanita, your mother wishes you to fix an altar in the window of the front room so that all who pass may see our happiness, and tomorrow we shall have the grand feast."

She smiled and hurried in to her mother, distant thunder again in her ears as she realized that she would not be able to look the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the face even though compelled to arrange the window shrine.

Such a gay party as the Bolero family had on the following evening and lasting until midnight, is common enough as far as the crowd, the feasting, the laughter and music compose the gayety of such a celebration, but to Pedro it was wonderful and eclipsed anything he had been able to give his older children, hence he talked more and sang louder than all the rest put together. At least so it seemed to Juanna.

And the reason was that Juanna was sick. Not only sick at heart for purloining the beautiful jar that stood opposite Jose at the feast, but sick all through her little being with a child of soul and body that must be like the feeling of one condemned to die.

Her eyes stared, her smile felt frozen on her face and her teeth chattered as she gazed across at her jubilant father whom she adored. And yet neither he nor her mother, nor Jose, nor the doz-



A Sanctuary of the Desert

**THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST**  
Huntington, Ind.

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Rev. J. J. Sigstein, Spiritual Director of The Society of Missionary Catechists  
Editor

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**"Remember Me At  
Least You My  
Friends!"**

The month of November, dedicated by Holy Church to the Poor Souls, is an appropriate time for testing our devotion to our dear departed. Devotion to the Souls in Purgatory, especially those of our dear departed who may be detained in its purifying flames, may be said to be a true spiritual barometer of our charity.

It is hard to conceive how any Christian child, that makes profession of sincerely loving his mother, can so far forget himself as to slight the memory of this dear parent when she has passed away. It is not always those who weep the longest and wail the loudest at the death of a dear parent who prove themselves to be affectionate and grateful children. "Out of sight, out of mind," is an adage that applies very well to them. But, thanks be to God, the generality of our Catholic young men and women do remember their dear departed. This is evidenced by the large number of Masses every Priest is called upon to offer up for the departed relatives of his parishioners.

We know, of course, that there is nothing of greater value for the benefit of our departed than the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. This is an infinite offering—an offering beyond all earthly value. But some there are who seem to forget that there are other ways in which we can help our dear departed besides the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. "Prayer is good," says the Holy Ghost, in Sacred Scripture, "but prayer with alms is better." So we may help our departed through our alms as well as through our prayers or Masses. And surely Our Dear Lord will lend a willing ear to our petitions in behalf of our dear departed parents or relatives if we pour out our charity upon the poor so dear to His Sacred Heart. "Inasmuch as you have done it unto these My little ones,"—i. e., the poor,—"you have done it unto Me."

Now since our Catechists are devoted exclusively to the service of Jesus Christ in the person of His poor, by supporting them in their charitable and missionary labors, our readers can make an offering most meritorious in behalf of their dear departed. During the month of November many of our readers will, no doubt, wish to avail themselves of this opportunity of doing something for the benefit of their dear

dead, by supporting the SOULS IN PURGATORY Catechist. For every offering made by you to this Souls in Purgatory Burse for the support of this particular Catechist, her prayers will be offered for the benefit of the departed souls in whose memory you make the offering. Thus far we have received three thousand dollars to apply on the Souls in Purgatory Burse. It will take three thousand more to complete this burse. We should be so happy if during this month of the Holy Souls our generous friends would enable us to complete this burse.

**COMING**

We are certain that our readers will be pleased to hear of the feature articles we have prepared for the forthcoming numbers of The Missionary Catechist.

First, there will be a serial novel with a well-laid plot and a striking moral written by one of our best short-story writers, Lydia Coghlan.

We shall also have an additional number of fascinating stories of the Southwest from the gifted pen of Mary Stephen.

California, which always holds such a charm, will be treated in a specially-arranged number, as also will Colorado, Texas, and other states of the Southwest.

Finally, pen sketches of high lights in the history of New Mexico will prove intensely interesting to all lovers of the romantic in our Catholic Southwest.

St. Mary's Church, Marshall, Ill.  
My dear Father Sigstein:

Your letter of the 16th was an exceptional joy. When some years ago I received a notice of the Victory-Noll enterprise, it was sufficient that it was a work under Our Blessed Mother's patronage to demand attention.

That the notice of a DeMontfort burse in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST did not escape my notice, shows that it is a particularly interesting visitor here. Besides the very fact that that name was mentioned in connection with your work struck an altogether different note—specifically different.

"Why," I said to myself, "these are 'Mary's own'."

The common heritage of all Catholics—veneration—for Our Blessed Mother, Blessed de Montfort has raised to a devotion, which St. Thomas tells us is "Actus principalis virtutis religionis." Similar to the effect of the vows of religion, raising poverty, etc., to the plane of acts of religion, so does the Act of Consecration, according to TRUE DEVOTION, put the Consecrates in a specific state. They become the voluntary slaves of the Incarnate Wisdom, by, with, in and for Mary. Mary becomes the chosen mistress of all Jesus' slaves—His true devotees. It was left to Blessed de Montfort to bring out in literature the genuine meaning of the term "devotion." In the Providential misconception of the term "devotion" scholars missed the tremendous place TRUE DEVOTION holds in spiritual literature.

From this you will comprehend why your letter is a specific joy—to hear that Victory-Noll has become a fountain head not only of True Devotion, but of the perfect fruitfulness which it means.

Sincerely in Jesus and Mary,  
REV. J. A. M. WILSON.

**A Secure Investment  
for Eternity**

Some weeks ago a good old Priest turned over to our Society a certain amount of money with the express understanding that he was to receive interest upon this money during his lifetime, and after his death the money would be applied for the benefit of the poor children under the care of our Society.

This prudent city Pastor, having expressed the highest admiration for the work of the Missionary Catechists among the destitute and neglected people in the Missions, stated that he was convinced of the necessity of doing something for the sweet cause of charity during his lifetime. Only too often experience had shown him that a large percentage of wills were broken through litigation, the very purpose which the maker of the will had in mind frustrated, and his money diverted to other purposes.

Every Catholic realizes that he must do something for charity. By persevering labor and honest strivings he has increased his store of this world's goods. He knows only too well that he cannot merit a single grace after death. Therefore if he wishes to do good with his money he must put this money to work for charity while he is still alive. He realizes that he cannot take a chance on his intentions being carried out after death. Then too, death may overtake him before he himself has a chance to carry them out. And yet he feels that he cannot afford to give all his money to charity now for he needs enough to live upon during the remainder of his life.

Our Society has devised a new and practical plan whereby good Catholics may safely invest their money, receiving interest during their lifetime. After death the principal sum of the investment to be applied on a Burse which provides for the support of a Missionary Catechist in her charitable labors among the poor.

Our plan now makes it possible to securely invest not only large but small sums of money for this purpose. Our Society as a corporation is empowered to receive such bequests and to expend them for charity. According to the stipulations of this agreement, interest will be paid either annually or semi-annually.

Details of this investment plan will be gladly furnished. Write for particulars to:

REV. SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR,  
Society of Missionary Catechists,  
P. O. Box 109,  
Huntington, Indiana.

On Sunday, July 25th, the last Sunday before the clergy were withdrawn from the churches of Mexico, a venerable Bishop, almost 75 years of age, confirmed ten thousand children. Worn out with his labors and weak from the want of food, the aged prelate fainted and was carried from the overcrowded church. As soon as he revived he insisted upon being carried back, saying: "I must do God's work while there is yet time, otherwise my poor children will not be confirmed in the Faith." He returned to his task and confirmed fifteen thousand more children, making a total of twenty-five thousand whom he had confirmed in one parish.

**REMEMBER YOUR DEAR DEPARTED THIS MONTH BY SUPPORTING A MISSIONARY CATECHIST**

## How to Become a Missionary Catechist



Today our people consider that service is but the modern translation of charity. The Missionary Catechists are the living embodiment of religious and social service. Their life is but the interpretation of the missionary activities of their Divine Master, Who went about everywhere doing good. They give religious instruction to the most destitute and neglected of our Catholic children. They prepare these poor little ones for the reception of the Holy Sacraments and train them to lead good, practical Christian lives. They visit and care for the sick and poor in their humble homes. In the missionary districts where they are called to labor they engage in various social service works. In the mission chapels they care for the altar and vestments, train the altar boys and lead public devotions in the absence of the Missionary Priest.

They are striving to put a stop to the "raids" made upon our Spanish-speaking people by groups of workers from certain Protestant missionary societies. The labors of our Missionary Catechists carry them to the very front line of action where the great battle for the mastery of the souls of the Spanish-speaking people is being waged today. Where this far-flung mission line is weakest and most in danger of being bent and broken under the pressure of highly organized adverse forces, there the Catechists are found striving to save the Faith of our people.

That this apostolate appeals very much to our whole-hearted, active American girls longing to give their lives to Our Divine Lord in His consecrated service is evident from the number of letters received requesting fuller details of the work and the requirements for entrance.

Briefly stated, the conditions and requirements are as follows:

### 1. OBJECT.

A pious disposition and an earnest desire of sanctifying one's soul.

A true vocation to devote one's-self—in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory—to the Catechetical, Missionary and Charitable Labors of the Society among poor Children in scattered mission places.

### 2. MORAL CHARACTER, ETC.

Candidates must be of irreproachable character; must possess sound judgment; have a fair education and a knowledge of Christian Doctrine.

### 3. HEALTH.

Candidates must have good health in order to support the labors of a missionary life. Doctor's certificate is required.

### 4. AGE.

Applicants must be at least 18 years of age and not over 30 years. Younger and older applicants, possessing suitable qualifications, may be admitted by exception.

### 5. CERTIFICATES AND REFERENCES.

Certificates of Baptism and Confirmation are required; also a letter of recommendation from some priest to whom applicant is personally known.

Letters of application from young women having a vocation for this work, should contain full information on each one of the above named conditions.

## Telling the Story

Sunday, November 4, 1923

Catechist R. arrived at our Mission Center with our Spiritual Father. Father was deeply impressed by the large number of sick calls we have made since coming to Ocate. It is quite cold here and there is a great deal of snow in the foothills and valleys, and yet every day we are summoned to attend the sick poor. Our hearts go out to these poor, helpless people who are so far removed from the care of doctors and nurses. No wonder that almost half the children born die before completing their first year. God help the poor sick! Before our arrival Protestant Medical Missionaries were the only ones who visited them and nursed them in their home. Now we find that taking care of the sick, treating them and providing them with medicine forms a very large part of our Missionary labors.

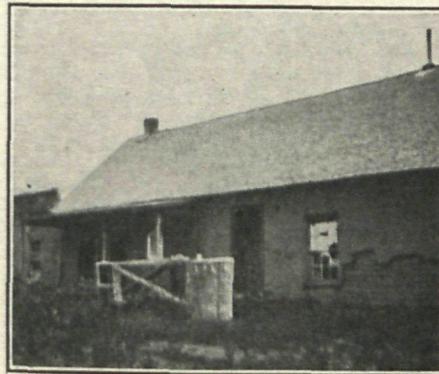
To give an example of how our days are taken up when we visit our out-missions, I shall speak only of our work at Las Fabres. There after we had finished teaching Catechism, we visited the sick in their homes, giving medicine to four patients and in other cases instructing Mothers how to treat their poor sick little ones for colds, fevers and other ailments.

Many of the sick poor come to our mission center at Ocate, often walking miles over rough roads and no roads at all. The other day a poor man walked all the way from Oho Feliz through a blinding snow storm. For three years he had been suffering from lack of medical attention, too poor to have a doctor brought to him. The case was one of the most pitiable we ever saw. The poor man was in the last stages of consumption. He was covered with ulcers, and of course we could do nothing for him. We gave him a simple remedy, promised we would pray for Him, and saw that he was taken back to his home. He died shortly after his return to his poor adobe home.

If we only had a big medicine fund here how much good could we not do among these poor people who come to us filled with confidence that we will be able to cure them of all their ailments!

"If people only knew how great the power of the souls in Purgatory is, and what graces may be obtained through their intercession, they would not be so much forgotten."—Blessed Cure' of Ars.

Divine Heart of Jesus, convert sinners, save the dying, set free the holy souls in Purgatory.—(300 days, each time. Applicable to the Holy Souls. Pius X, Nov. 6, 1906.)



Where the Catechists Lived at Ocate

## Pedro's Daughter

(Continued from page three)

en of relatives seemed to see that she was anything but a shy, timid girl, overcome at the felicitations of them all.

Never talkative and rather dull of thought, now her mind was aroused as never before. If only Padre Augustino were here; if only they were rich people like the Garcias they would have asked him to come to such a celebration. If they were rich he would have blessed every dish on the table. Oh how she hated rich people at this moment. Senora with her cigarettes and fancy chocolates, her laces and fine airs! She it was, yes Maria Garcia it was, who put up these preserves. How Juanna hated her mistress this evening! Suppose they were poisoned at this party, would it not be Maria who would be imprisoned? Who would be tried, yes, who would perhaps be hanged?

A shrill cry drowned the musical voices, even the great tones of Pedro. Juanna pushed back her stool from the table and fell in a faint on the floor.

Next morning Buena Vista woke up just as usual. Jose went to the garage from his house and Juanna to work from her brightly painted home. Her head ached but she, who generally dragged her steps, now walked briskly, spurred on by a mighty resolution. As soon as she had built the fire and put the kettle on she would go to Padre Augustino and make her confession, and she would tell him everything—how the doctor, a year ago, had warned Senora Garcia about keeping spoiled preserves, and how re-cooked several jars of them.

Her mistress had laughed at his advice and now she was still alive after tasting from that jar last night and so were her parents. Jose too, was whistling as he went to work this morning. But who could tell where they would all be this evening? Perhaps in Heaven—every one of them who had been at the feast! Thus ran the thoughts of Juanna.

Senora Garcia had said her long prayers at the beautiful altar in her oratory, and as she was not going to Communion this morning she took her chocolate before going out to Mass. Just as she finished there came a timid knock at her door. She stood and put a scarf about her head before answering. There in the vestibule stood her servant wearing her yellow shawl.

"Buenas dias, Juanna. Are you giving me notice so soon, coming now to the front door?" she asked in surprise.

"Pardon, pardon," said the little maid, beginning to cry, "but I am sick and perhaps will die. Every one at the feast—my father, my mother and Jose, perhaps they will die. I must go to confession and tell Padre Augustino that I stole a jar of your strawberry and rhubarb, Senora, but it did not taste right and now we will all die."

Maria laughed as she had not laughed for a long time. "Poor little one," she said finally, "I knew you had taken it, but it was not strawberry and rhubarb, so you will not die. You took my strawberry and pineapple, a present from my cousin in Mexico. But now you know how true it is that 'a guilty conscience needs no accuser.' So come, and we will go to Mass this morning."

Where there is Faith there is Love,  
Where there is Love there is Peace,  
Where there is Peace there is God,  
Where there is God there is no need.

# Associate Catechists of Mary

My dear Associate Catechists of Mary,

How I wished you might have been present in our little Mission Chapel here at Victory-Noll on the Feast of the Holy Rosary when three of our Catechists made their Profession and were invested as Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. Simple as the ceremonies are, they are beautiful and heart-appealing beyond the power of words to tell. Kneeling with lighted candle within the Sanctuary on the top altar step, the Catechist pronounces her vows as the Priest stands with Host lifted above the Chalice. When the last words of her promise to consecrate herself to the work of imparting religious instruction and of giving a Christian training to the poor children in needy, scattered missions have been said, and her simple vows pronounced, she receives her Divine Lord. Heart and mind and will are His, and now He Himself has come to bless her. She has made the great sacrifice—has given her life for Christ's poor, yet the applause of the world does not sound in her ears—only the silence of love that emanates from the Tabernacle. But the peace in her heart is a peace surpassing all understanding for it is a peace born of love and love only.

Could you but see it as I have seen it, I feel certain that you, too, would feel the wonder of God's love steal into your hearts, and that you would turn toward the Altar where dwells the Hidden Lord of our Love with tear-dimmed eyes and thank Him again and again for the graces He bestowed upon you when He inspired you to become an Associate Catechist of Mary and to assist in the support of the Catechists whom He has called to spend their lives ministering unto His poor and needy.

October has been lovely, has it not, with its trees so gayly clad in red and russet, green and gold, but now that November is here, Nature is donning a more sombre aspect. Leaves are falling and withering; fields are beginning to look barren; colder winds are blowing. Holy Mother the Church puts what we sense into words when she bids us remember the dead and death.

"It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead". And so it is, for after death souls are helpless to gain any merit whatsoever for themselves. Their time for personal merit has ceased. But we on earth can help them; we can speed the delivery of the dead from Purgatory by devout prayer, by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, by alms given with this intention. We know by our faith, that, for the sake of these good works, the merciful Lord will be gracious to the poor souls, mitigate their pains, and shorten their sentence.

And so, during this month dedicated to the Poor Souls, let us not forget them in our prayers; let us have Masses said for them; and let us give our alms for their comfort.

Even while we are remembering them, let us sometimes meditate on our own death. When our pilgrimage on earth is ended, we too shall journey to the land of the Great Beyond. This, our last and by all means our most important trip—must it not call for the most earnest preparation? Whether tomorrow will belong to us, which of us can tell?

It is difficult to think of ourselves as being dead—nothing more difficult. Our friends die—we know that we too shall die,



Our Lady of Peace

our immortal soul, if we desire a blessed death, we know we must consider our whole life as a preparation for eternity and make use of it accordingly. To prepare for a good death, we must lead a Christian life, a life according to the precepts of the divine commandments; we must try to keep our conscience clear, and make use of the proper means to attain this—meditation on the eternal truths, attending Holy Mass frequently, receiving often the Holy Sacraments of Penance and Communion, fervent prayer, works of Christian charity, devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

To you who are Associate Catechists of Mary it must be a consoling thought to know that though all others forget you, though never a friend should remember to say a prayer for the repose of your soul, the Missionary Catechists will still remember you in their prayers. Their remembrance of you will never cease, for as with the passing of the years their numbers increase, and the scope of their work is extended, they will ever remember to pray for those who assisted them and who have journeyed on to a happier land.

May God comfort your dying hours with this thought!

Sincerely yours in O. B. L. V.,  
Catechist D. M. Schneider,

## EVENING PRAYER TO OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Night is falling, dear Mother, the long day is o'er,  
And before thy loved image, I'm kneeling once more,  
To thank Thee for keeping me safe thro' the day,  
To ask Thee this night to keep evil away.  
Many times I have fallen, today, Mother, dear,  
Many graces neglected since last I knelt here,  
Wilt Thou not in pity, my own Mother mild,  
Ask Jesus to pardon the sins of Thy child?  
I am going to rest for the day's work is done,  
Its hours and its moments have passed one by one,  
And the God Who has judged me has counted them all,  
He has numbered each grace, He has counted each fall.  
In His book they are written against the last day—  
Oh, Mother, ask Jesus to wash them away;  
For one drop of His Blood which for sinners was spilt,  
Is sufficient to cleanse the whole world from its guilt,  
And if ere the dawn I should draw my last breath,  
And the sleep that I take be the long sleep of death,  
Be near me, dear Mother, for Jesus' dear sake,  
When my soul in eternity's shore shall awake.

and yet we cannot wholly grasp the thought; we cannot seem to comprehend that one day the cold earth will close upon us and we shall see no more the light of day. But reason tells us we shall die, and if we have at heart the eternal salvation of

Have you discussed the work you are doing as an Associate Catechist of Mary with some one of your friends who does not know of our Society? Perhaps he or she is only waiting for your invitation to become a member; perhaps the saving of a soul in the missions is dependent upon your interesting this friend in the missionary activities of our Society; perhaps it even affects the saving of his soul. Have you ever thought of this?  
\* \* \*

Literature relative to the work of our Society and the Associate Catechists of Mary will be furnished upon request. Address all communications to:  
Associate Catechists of Mary,  
P. O. Box 109,  
Huntington, Ind.  
\* \* \*

For the convenience of those who wish to contribute toward the support of the Catechists in remembrance of their dear departed, we are printing a form which they may enclose with their offering.

Society of Missionary Catechists,  
P. O. Box 109,  
Huntington, Indiana.

In memory of \_\_\_\_\_  
I am sending  
you the enclosed donation of \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
to be applied to the Souls in Purgatory  
Burse.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Victory-Noll Notes

On the lovely Feast of the Holy Rosary, at the completion of a general retreat conducted by the Rev. A. Filling, an Oblate Father from Springer, New Mexico, three Juniors, Catechists Agnes Kozla, Bridget Hynes, and Rafael Mendoza, all of Chicago, Ill., made their Profession, and pronounced simple vows for a period of one year. Two of them, Catechists Kozla and Mendoza just recently returned from New Mexico, and Catechist Hynes came from Gary, Ind., where they spent their Juniorate.

The retreat was a most practical one for all the Catechists as Father Filling has worked for many years among the Spanish-speaking poor of the Southwest, and gave very many interesting anecdotes and stories of life in the Missions.

\* \* \*

During the month of October we welcomed many notable visitors to Victory-Noll, among whom was the Reverend E. Gehl, of St. John's Institute, St. Francis, Wisconsin. Father Gehl is a Missionary for the deaf, and is doing a most notable work among these afflicted people.

Father E. V. O'Hara, of the Catholic Rural Life Bureau, also visited Victory-Noll, and gave us a most interesting talk on the need of Religious Instruction among the children in the rural districts of our country. He spoke of the efforts the Bureau is making to supply this want by introducing the "Vacation School" in the different dioceses, as well as by means of a Religious correspondence course which will bring the truths of our Religion not only to the children but to their parents as well.

\* \* \*

At the invitation of Miss Josephine Brownson, head of the Catholic Instruction League of that city, two of the Catechists, Catechists Like and Benton, went to Detroit to address the members.

From the moment they were met at the Station by one of the enthusiastic members of the League, until they were obliged to board the homeward bound train, the Catechists were made to feel the charming hospitality of their new friends in the great "Motor City."

It is a beautiful custom of many persons, who by reason of their many duties cannot spend much time in prayer in their parish Church, to place a lighted candle or votive light before a shrine of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, or some particular Saint to plead a favor in their stead. Numbers of our subscribers have found a better way—and derive much consolation in the knowledge that their intentions are remembered not once but many times a day by the Catechists at Victory-Noll in their Perpetual Novena to Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

We invite all our readers to send their intentions both for the living and for the dead, during this month of November—the month of the Poor Souls. No good Catholic can afford to forget their dear departed. It is not only "a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead" but we should also offer in their behalf our devotions, good works, and sacrifices.

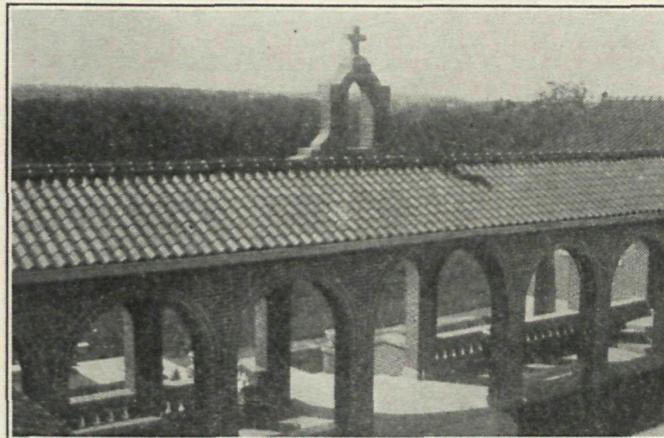
### Prayer for Relief of Persecuted Mexicāns

O Merciful God, Who hast in a most special manner placed the Mexican people under the patronage of Thy Most Holy Mother, and hast been pleased to bestow Thy blessings upon them in the past, grant to them strength in their trials and persecutions so that they may thereby obtain the grace of final perseverance and everlasting happiness, through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.

O Lord, Who through Thine indulgent mercy and through the powerful prayers of Thy ever Blessed Mother, hast promised Thy help to those who trust in Thee, grant strength and peace to this persecuted people in this hour of their trials and sufferings, and enable them to obtain the grant of everlasting happiness through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.

\* \* \*

We are pleased to inform our readers that during the past month we have received a number of donations towards the Sacred Heart burse, the Little Flower burse, the Blessed de Montfort and Souls in Purgatory burses, and a new one lately established in honor of St. Anthony. A special Mass in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory will be offered every Saturday for those contributing towards the above incomplete burses.



VICTORY-NOLL FROM THE AIR.

October 9, 1926

Dear Father,

We gave instructions to fifty Mexican laborers living in box cars. We asked Father Angelo to go out and see these men who are living on the outskirts of Gary near the mills. He saw them and a number of them are attending Mass in our Chapel.

Catechists Rathnaw and Cogan are giving instructions to a number of non-Catholics. Two of them will be ready for Baptism by Christmas.

Sincerely in O. B. L. V.,

CATECHIST C. OLBERDING.

\* \* \*

### MAY WE SEND YOU A MITE BOX?

Christmas is fast approaching, and Christmas without the thought of God's poor and a gift to them for love of Him, is unworthy of us. Would it not be a splendid idea to now and again slip some of the "change" we receive when doing our Christmas shopping into His gift box?

\* \* \*

Our Christmas Novena will begin December 15th. May we suggest that you send in your intentions on or before December 10th?

## Echoes From Victory Mount

It is twilight and through the dusk comes the clear sweet tones of a Mission bell, ringing to announce Rosary devotions in the little Chapel of San Antonio, a neighboring mission which lies at the foot of the hill. The "Rosario" is probably the best loved devotion of these pious people, and each evening during the month of October the tiny church is filled with those who come to sing the praises of the most sweet Queen of the Holy Rosary. The devotions are led by the "Mayor-domo", (the name given to those persons who have charge of the church in the villages to which the Missionary rarely comes), and, as is the custom of the Spanish-speaking people, a hymn in Mary's honor is sung between each decade of the beads.

One cannot help but marvel at the fervor and love with which these people cling to the "Faith of their Fathers", despite the fact that they so seldom have the consolation of assisting at the real, essential ceremonies of our Religion—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

\* \* \*

On Columbus Day Catechetical classes were begun at San Antonio, and the Catechists are so pleased with the large attendance. These dear little folk seem so happy to come and so grateful to learn the beautiful truths of their Religion. The first day was spent in taking the names of the little children and dividing them into the various classes. Of course there was a multiplicity of "Ques?" asked as the names of the children are quite unusual to American ears.

Occasionally the little ones from the neighboring villages come to Victory-Mount for a visit with Our dear Lord, Whom we have the honor of having in our little chapel. Sometimes they bring flowers for His Altar and oftentimes fruit for the "Catequistas."

On the glorious new Feast of Our Lord Jesus Christ, King, our new Victory Preliminary Training School, Victory-Mount, will be opened. The purpose of this school is to train native girls who believe they have a vocation to become Missionary Catechists. Upon completion of this two-year course, those having true vocations will be sent to Victory Training Institute, Victory-Noll, Ind. Altho we have received many applications from young Spanish-speaking girls, who are anxious to begin training, we cannot accept a very large number at this time, for this would mean new additions to our building which we are unable to make at the present.

\* \* \*

### A CHRISTMAS GIFT WORTH WHILE.

What shall I give for Christmas? The old, old question—has it begun to bother you again this year? The Christmas gift worth while—A life subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST will bring happiness to that dear one, not for one short day alone; its monthly message of love and service will brighten every day of the year.

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Reverend dear Father:

Enclosed please check for \$5.00 for the support of a Missionary Catechist.

This is a thanksgiving offering for a favor received—the termination of patent litigation—with a promise to publish the favor if received.

Please publish this in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

Thanking you,

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\* \* \*

A certain millionaire did not approve of missions. One Sunday at Church when the collection was taken for the missions, the collector approached the millionaire and held out the collection box. The millionaire shook his head.

"I never give to the missions," he whispered.

"Then take something out of the box, sir," whispered the collector, "the money is for the heathens."

Church of the Divine Child,  
Caliente, Nev., Feast of St. Matthew, 1926  
My dear Catechist,

It was late last April that I arrived at Quemado, which is ninety miles by flivver from Magdalena—in turn connected with Socorro, and the main line by about thirty miles of a branch railroad. So you see, I was quite out of the world.

At Quemado there's a "capilla" where the priest from Monticello comes four times a year. In July Archbishop Daeger came for Confirmation. He was ill from the long uncomfortable traveling from mission in an open Ford. But he really did the bulk of the work there—hearing Confessions from 6 till 10 at night, then standing up to the two flicking candles on the altar to read his Office—then coming out to hunt up the cold stump of a cigar he had laid aside early in the evening, and still laughing and joking in the kindest humor. When it comes to his canonization I hope I have a chance to tell how I wonderingly watched him, candle in hand, search in the dark, outside the ramshackle sacristy for the "snipe" he had "coached" on a rock, somewhere. That's what I call heroic observance of Poverty, by an Archbishop.

I haven't space to tell you of the usual Mexican Confirmation; nor of Magdalena and its zealous pastor, nor even adequately of Caliente, one of the most humanly forsaken outposts of God's Kingdom in the West. Last Sunday, besides Mother, there were at Mass two adult Mexicans and three children. Would that I had someone to instruct them! There are many others in the town, and also an Indian family.

I'm not strong enough to preach, so I read sections from the large Spanish Catechism, to them, at Mass.

The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is too weak for the strenuous Apostolic labors.

J. SIMON, O. S. M.

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