

The Missionary Catechist



Volume III

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, February, 1927

Number 3

Dear Friends of the Missionary Catechists:

For four centuries the inhabitants of Mexico have been happy in the possession and practice of their Faith, happier, probably, for the very reason that they often had to practice it against the pressure of persecution and of drastic laws. But today all the churches of the land are closed and the priests, for the most part, in hiding, must say Mass privately without any worshippers if they will say Mass at all. They may not wait on the people in time of sickness, may not bury the dead, may not bless the marriages of the faithful. The churches, either the gifts of individuals or the product of the sacrifices of the poor people, have been declared the property of the Government and may be used only with the understanding that the priest officiates as an agent of the

Government.

The Bishops of Mexico could, of course, have submitted to these unjust conditions, but in that event they would have been disloyal to their trust. The Church is of Divine origin, a perfect Society of the Spiritual order, and may never be regarded as the creature or tool of the State, though the Church will always do everything, except sacrifice a vital principle in order to work harmoniously with the State. In every well-ordered society the State also wishes to work harmoniously with the Church. But where the Church is practically the only obstacle to the introduction of Socialism, and where the ruling powers are committed to a Bolshevistic program, evidently the Church must be subjected to the State, and, if necessary, wiped out of existence. It is strange that even those who are diabolically inclined do not first consult history before they seek to execute their programs. History bears witness to the fact that the Church cannot be crushed or annihilated; that Her activities may be temporarily checked by hostile laws, but that the God Whom She serves always leads Her out of Her difficulties while He confounds Her enemies.

Now the Spanish-speaking people on the American side of the borderline are being given more attention than heretofore. Since the organization of the American Board of Catholic Missions and the raising of funds in a systematic way for the support of Home as well as Foreign Missions the attention of the Catholic Hierarchy has been directed to the many Bishops who have had a real Mexican problem on their hands, and they have become convinced that the Bishops in our Southwest states need help. The committee which represents the Catholic Hierarchy in the Home Mission Field met in Chicago last month with the Bishops of the South and West to deliberate on the best way of coming to the rescue of the latter in their dire want. Of course, the Mexican is not the only problem with which the Bishops of the United States have to wrestle. They also invited the Bishops who have a Negro problem, and will later meet with the Bishops who have their own peculiar problems in our Northwest.

The Society of Missionary Catechists, whose Mother-house is at Huntington, Indiana, and under whose auspices this little Magazine is published, was instituted to work among the Spanish-speaking people on the American side, particularly in places where, because of lack of priests and Catholic schools, the people have been Spiritually neglected. You, who take an interest in Missionary work among the Mexican people, are seconding an effort which is very dear to the heart of the Holy Father and must be even more dear to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to the heart of His Immaculate Mother to Whom the Society of Missionary Catechists is dedicated.

Remember this Society in your prayers; remember it with an occasional gift, and remember it, if possible, by permitting one of your daughters to give herself to the Community.

That God may richly bless everyone of you who has hitherto shown an interest in the work promoted from Huntington, Indiana, is the prayer of

Yours sincerely in Christ,

+ John Francis Noll
Bp. of St. Wayne

IN A NEW FIELD

MARY CONSTANCE SMITH.



AS DAISY HARPER stepped off the train at Buena Vista, the sun was setting behind the mountains in such a magnificent cloud picture that her spirits rose as they had not done during the long ride from Kansas City.

The old town looked its best at this hour and the shabby straggling hotel across the station square shone brightly from its polished tile roof and deep windows. Rows of round-headed well cared-for trees fluttered their rich leaves and a hundred happy martin birds twittered and circled about as if in welcome, and Daisy was smiling as she approached the inn.

But a cold wave of timidity crept over her as she passed several groups of traveling men in the lobby, and when she registered at the desk, a cowboy, sporting a pair of pistols in his belt, stood so dangerously near her that she gave a slight gasp and became so confused that she finished her name with a large blot.

She felt her face redden at this and she stepped back a few paces while the clerk resuming his conversation in Spanish with the cowboy, looked over the key rack.

Old Matt Flaherty, sitting nearby with his broad felt hat pulled down over his eyes, was talking, and as usual in a philosophic strain.

"Well, my lad," he addressed one of the younger traveling men, "you will find that it is much easier to shoulder new responsibilities than to take any blame that may be attached to the old ones. But the ghosts of regrets follow all of us who have hearts. And many a man has come out West to leave trouble behind, only to find that money and success can't satisfy him."

Daisy turned and catching his glance received a respectful nod from Matt which was accompanied by a graceful gesture towards his beloved hat.

"Good luck!" she thought as she followed the Mexican bellboy along the rambling corridor, "there is one person here, at least, who is not a 'foreigner'. Not only that, but the smiling old man has a bit of the brogue about him."

She had come to Buena Vista to teach Domestic Science in the high school at the edge of town—a handsome brick building that attracted pupils from an extensive district, and already boasted of having five teachers beside the Principal.

Daisy was a modern College girl, quite capable of taking care of herself anywhere, but the following day she moved away from the hotel, having found lodging with the Pennys who kept one of the two dry goods stores in the town.

Their store faced Main street, but being on a corner their living rooms were entered from the side, and the place was not only quiet but clean and comfortably furnished. There was one drawback, however.

The old couple positively refused to give her board, hence she would have to take her meals at the hotel or at the Chinese restaurant. She decided on the former, and before a week passed she was not only at home with the Pennys, but acquainted with the guests of the hotel, especially Manuel, the cowboy, and Matt, the philosopher.

Daisy's work at the school was very interesting and much appreciated. And the few Mexican girls that attended her classes knew their lessons as well as the American pupils, and in fact, were more proficient at needlework and domestic art. Daisy learned to love these dark-eyed Senioritas as she had not expected to, because, although baptized a Catholic, she had been reared by a Protestant step-mother who brought her frequently to her own Sunday school class and spoke only in terms of scorn regarding the Latin races and their Romanist religion.

One beautiful May morning as the young teacher came out the side door of Penny's residence, she saw Manuel up at the corner standing alert and not lounging against a wall as he had so often done in the earlier days of their acquaintance. A new carved leather band ornamented the boy's sombrero, a brilliant red tie spread wide over his khaki shirt, and the high-heeled boots on his small feet were brightly polished.

"Buenos dias, Seniorita," he said, as she approached, "surely you will come to the Church with me this evening. We are going to have a grand procession and my mother is one of the women who have been chosen to carry the holy statue."

Daisy smiled but kept on walking. Manuel happily swung into step with her, and soon they were passing the hotel chatting pleasantly like friends.

Matt Flaherty was in the doorway and he sighed violently as he looked after them.

"Oh ho!" exclaimed a pleasant voice behind him now, "perhaps your philosophy has struck a snag, Senior?"

"Padre Augustine, buenos dias! I was just in need of airing me views, and here you are," said Matt, trying to smile.

"Come over to the Church, then, Senior Flaherty. The sexton is sick and I must have someone to help me. You and I are two old men, but together we can do the work of one young one," apologized the priest, half turning away as he spoke.

"Well said, Father! And do you know that since me wife and daughter died twelve years ago this spring, I have never felt so old as I do at this minute. And 'tis the sight of those two, Miss Daisy and Manuel together, that has given me the set-back!"

"Surely," began the priest in a tone that showed surprise "the girl is so young that I should hardly have expected you—"

"Faith, I've felt like a father to her," interrupted Matt with a laugh, "with meeting her so often at the hotel and over at me old friend Penny's. I have come to know that girl like a book!" he added solemnly.

"And she is the first person, Padre, that I have tried to convert in all me life," he said, after both men had walked to the end of the square in silence, "but that whip of a young Manuel is spoiling all me plans in that direction. He is falling in love with her while she is laughing at him."

"Manuel is wild, yes, but he has a good mother. He will be all right. But Miss Harper, is she not five or six years his senior?" questioned Padre Augustino, as much puzzled by the idea of Daisy attracting a boy of twenty as he was a moment ago by his suspicion concerning the feelings of Matt.

"Verily this is a queer world," he continued as if answering his own question, "Manuel, he has been telling me how Miss Harper has been helping his poor cousins in the mountains. And you, Senior, have also told be of her kind deeds many times. I had been praying for her—perhaps to become a Sister, and certainly a good Catholic, because she is truly a noble girl."

Matt was delighted to hear the Padre speak with so much earnestness about Daisy, and when they entered the sacristy the old miner doffed his hat and coat and went to work with a will; filling the candlesticks, unfurling the banners, and hanging

garlands across the sanctuary. His heart was overflowing with happiness because now surely, the bright little teacher would be saved from marriage with that foolish cowboy. For months he himself had watched the girl and advised her, had given her Catholic books and magazines, and had prayed night and morning for her conversion. And now here was Padre Augustino interceding with Heaven for her. How good God was, thought Matt, truly it was God's world, this world of ours! He made everything; He ruled everywhere, after all.

(Continued on page 8)



IN THE FIELD

\$30.00 Will Support a Catechist During Lent.

Future Leaders of Their People

The full-faced moon casts a mellow light upon the squatty adobe houses. The night wind stirs softly, causing the fragrant oleanders to sway gently and gracefully. In the Padre's front yard, close to the long veranda, stands an angora goat, whose long white hair is touched with the silver moonbeams. A parrot chatters noisily indoors.

Do we dream? No, this is not a bit of Andalusia, nor yet a South American village in the shadow of the great Andes. It is a bit of our own United States, unknown, perhaps, to most of us, but essentially a part of the great Southwest.

The chickens in the nearby corral cackle, noisily, excitedly. Padre rises quickly from his chair on the porch. "Valgame!" he cries, sinking back into it again as a rheumatic twinge is felt in his knee.

"Juanito, get thee to the corral to see whether the skunk has been after the chickens."

Swiftly the lad runs at the bidding of the priest.

"Ah, Juanito!" sighs the Padre, "what would I do without him?"

A moment of silence envelops us. The hoot of an owl is heard in the distance. It is the time for reminiscences.

"Padre, will you tell us something of old Mexico?" we ask.

The priest assumes a far-away expression. He draws his hands together and taps his fingers lightly.

"You have seen Pasadena?" he inquires. We nod our assent.

"A city of gorgeous flowers and luscious fruits," he continues, "of perpetual sunshine and stately mansions. And yet,—not half so fair is it, to my native land." (The Padre was exiled from Mexico, following one of the many persecutions of the Church in that turbulent country.)

"Beautiful? Yes, but there is an air of pervading coldness. Richly attired people pass in luxurious limousines. Wealth? Yes, plenty, no doubt! but happiness? Ah, that is the thing that counts.

"In Mexico, take for instance a great Feast of the Church. The sound of joyous voices are heard. In the center of the plaza are congregated the people of the village. Songs, folk-dances, feasting are in order. Everything breathes wholesome gayety, and warm friendship. Here neighbors are not strangers. Hospitality and generosity are watchwords.

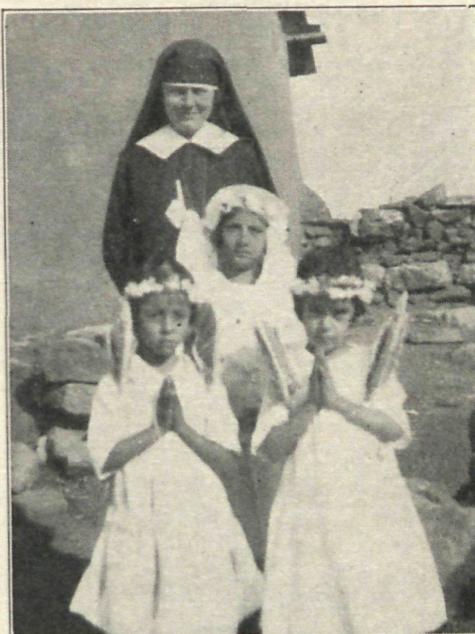
Anita appears in the doorway, and calls the priest inside for a moment.

Juanito, the orphan, whom the Padre has raised, has returned from his errand and is lying on his stomach, his feet dangling upwards, his chin resting on his arms, gazing into the faces of the "Americanas" with unabashed curiosity.

"And is Juanito also going to be a priest, some day?" we ask.

"Quien sabe!" he answers laconically, beating his feet together and staring dreamily toward the corral.

We are a trifle amused, and yet a thought presents itself. Is not this a typical picture of New Mexicans, young and old? When shall our soft-spoken, dreamy brethren of the Southwest awaken to a sense of responsibility; of leadership? Let us hope that the native girls being trained at Victory-Mount may return to their villages true leaders, future Judiths of their own people.



A HEROINE OF THE FAITH
"To Jesus through Mary."

December 18, 1926.

My dear Catechist:

I received your letter, but have not been able to answer sooner. Now with great pleasure I set myself to the task. Since it is Christmas time, I desire to say that my prayer for you is that the Divine Infant of Bethlehem may fill you with graces and blessings so that you may labor for the salvation of souls to the greater honor and glory of God.

Here in Mexico we are even yet steeped in the most hidden sorrows, for we have not yet seen the happy and joyful day when we can, with full liberty, prostrate ourselves at the feet of our August Queen and Lady in order to make public and sincere confession of our gratitude and love to her. But, nevertheless, with all confidence and faith, we are waiting for victory, remembering that "the Church shall be persecuted but never conquered."

Moreover, it is true, that all these trials are only a punishment for our great faults, but the compassionate and merciful Lord will pardon us, through the intercession of our Blessed Mother, Holy Mary of Guadalupe, and through the prayers, also, of so many generous souls that do not forget the poor Mexicans who grieve sorrowfully over the absence of the Sacramental Jesus in our churches. Oh, my dear Missionary, if you could see how cold, how sorrowful, are our churches, and could feel the pain we experience on entering them to see the Tabernacle empty!

It is true that on special occasions like this Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the churches are decorated in honor of our celestial Queen, but not with the splendor of former days. And, there is not experienced that blessed peace, that holy joy, which is felt on depositing our sorrows and our joys at the door of the Tabernacle. Instead, filled with sorrow, we approach to ask counsel in our daily trials and arriving at the foot of the altar we place in the hands of Mary our bitter grief. Perhaps, our Holy Mother Mary weeps when we weep, as, at the foot of the Cross, Her pure heart was filled with great sadness at the separation from Her Divine Son.

Reading Something Worth While

Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

The Primitive Church, by Lanslots, O. S. B.

Modernism, like false evolution, loves to disport itself in dark and distant ages. Afraid of running up against historical facts and data of Christianity, known to all, it fancifully builds its structure of a false system of development of Christian faith and practice in the darker period of the first centuries. Fortunately, the watchers on the towers of Israel sounded a timely warning to all Catholics. On the other hand modernism is driving the wedge of dissension to the very center of protestantism.

THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH does not professedly attack modernism but, in a simple and orderly manner, giving religious-historical data of the Apostolic age, delivers a strong blow to this synthesis of heresies. Profane as well as ecclesiastical writers are adduced in testimony; it is principally, however, the inspired texts of the New Testament which bear witness to the identity of present-day Catholic Faith and practice with Apostolic Christianity. To the student of Sacred Scripture this book presents little that is new. But many know the sacred texts only through their early study of Bible History and are therefore not acquainted with post-Pentecostal events; others have read and reread the New Testament and still have not that clear understanding which links facts to facts orderly. All these will find the reading of THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH both pleasurable and instructive.

THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH may be obtained from the B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. \$2.25.

But Jesus, who is all compassion, gives us some moments of heavenly joy, and permits us to see Him, under the Sacramental veil, at one time or another, in a poor Tabernacle hidden where it can least be imagined. This strengthens and comforts us and gives us courage to continue in this vale of tears. We are realizing that, "Calvary is the shortest road to Heaven." It is likewise true that "while there is not a cross without a blessing, there is also no blessing without the cross."

Holy Mary of Guadalupe is with us in Her Shrine, and there day after day, without ceasing for a single moment, the Celestial Queen receives her humble, repentant and sorrowful children who beg Her maternal protection, and we know that soon our day of grief and sorrow will be past and Victory will come at last.

Sincerely your friend,

—X.

(Editor's Note.—The above is a translation of a letter to Catechist Blanche Richardson from a highly cultured young woman of Old Mexico, who sometime ago, while in the United States, honored Victory-Noll with a visit. She is truly a heroine of the Faith; in company with five other young women she is engaged in teaching Catechism to hundreds of children each day. The fact that discovery would mean certain imprisonment and even perhaps dishonor and death cannot daunt the courage of these zealous self-sacrificing young women. Surely with such zeal and faith and courage the day of victory and triumph is not far off.)

The Missionary Catechists Invite You to Join Them in Serving God and Church.

The Stewardship of Wealth

Some thirty years ago one of the great Archbishops of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, New Mexico, while on a visit to France—his native land—gathered together a number of zealous young priests, who volunteered as missionaries for the vast Mission districts under his jurisdiction. In sending them forth to their apostolic work in these churchless Missions, he said to them, "Reverend Fathers I am sending you in the name of Christ, to save a race spiritually starving. The poor natives of my diocese have been without priests, without Mass and the Sacraments so long that thousands of them are famishing for the spiritual food of the Divine Word, which you will bring them."

That these zealous French Missionaries understood well their mission and their commission to this spiritually starving people is evidenced by the fact that thousands of the natives were—by their priestly ministrations—saved to the faith, who undoubtedly would otherwise have been lost.

If today in our Catholic Southwest these and other Missionaries are struggling against poverty, it is due, indeed, in a large measure to the fact that our Catholics in the prosperous communities of the east have been insensible to the needs of this great destitute Home Mission Field. If they could but realize that the very crumbs that fall from their well-laden tables would provide for the needs of these destitute Missions and for a decent living for God's Missionaries struggling to keep the faith in the hearts of their poor people, then perhaps they might be induced to play the part of a St. Martin, the Roman soldier who divided his military cloak in order to cover the nakedness of a beggar by the wayside, rather than the rich Dives who denied to the famishing Lazarus even a crumb with which to satisfy his hunger.

In these Southwestern Missions it takes 6,000 Catholics under ordinary conditions to support one priest. Even under the most favorable conditions these priests cannot personally give religious instructions to their children or properly prepare them for the reception of the Sacraments. Hence it is of paramount importance to the Church that these children be instructed by those who have consecrated their lives to this work. The Missionary Catechists are the consecrated auxiliaries of the Missionary Priests in the vast destitute mission fields the Catechists are called upon to solve of our Catholic Southwest. The problems vitally effect the Church in America. They are pledged not only to preserve the faith of the Spanish-speaking Catholics of America, but they must moreover save them from the proselytizing influence of powerfully financed Protestant Missionaries "who go about as ravening wolves seeking to destroy the lambs of the flocks."

Now, in order to carry on their gigantic undertaking and to bring it to a fruitful issue, our Catechists must be supported by those whom Almighty God has blessed with money and a large share of temporal blessings. Is it not a sad commentary on the lives of so many of our wealthy Catholics today that they spend money so lavishly on dress, sports, and entertainments and yet have not a single cent for children of the poor Missions at their very door? Surely such wealthy Catholics do not realize the

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

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Huntington, Indiana.

Catholic Mexico

Stand fast, brave Mexicans, God lives,
And He doth know His own.
Your drab lives offered Him He makes
Resplendent—near His throne.
The foe is but His instrument
Of strength and joy to you,
By which you gain high place with
Him
Unending ages through.

"Who'er shall lose his life for Me
That life shall find again,"
God promises. Then all the works
Of tyrants you'll make vain.
Today, as yesteryear, men seek
On bleak, tempestuous shores
That highest prize that man may
win,—
'Tis at your very doors!

Great God! Yet hearths and Altars
call
On men to do and dare,
And kindred souls before have won
In face of grim despair.
Long years ago was heard in Spain
The last despairing cry
Of Christless hosts akin to those
Who would your King defy!

Lepanto! Let the brave Don John
Your inspiration be,
And, heirs to all the ages,
Restore lost liberty.
Invoke your God. Convince yourselves
You cannot, shall not fail!"
—James C. Dolan, In Columbia.

tremendous responsibility entailed in the stewardship of wealth. Superfluous wealth, by the laws of Christian Charity, should go to God's poor. It will not do for the wealthy Catholics to say that it is nobody's business what he does with his money, and that he is not his brother's keeper. The great Pope Leo XIII, quoting St. Francis, said: "Man should not consider his outward possessions as his own, but as common to all, so as to share them without hesitation when others are in need." He must employ them as stewards of God's Providence for the benefit of others.

What a noble act it would be for one of these wealthy Catholics to support, or to adopt, even one of the Catechists and thus enable her to relieve the necessities of God's poor! It is little enough she can do individually laboring alone without proper fi-

A Modern Martyr of Mexico

"All for Jesus through Mary."
Holman, New Mexico,
January 19, 1927

Dear Father:

This evening I received a letter from home. All my dear ones are filled with sorrow and I beg your prayers for them. They have received news from our relatives in Mexico, (state of Guadalajara) that the Catholics have revolted against the anti-Catholics who are persecuting them. My cousin was captured by the government forces. They tried to force him to give up his Faith, but, of course, it was not possible for him to give up his holy Faith, so they stabbed him to death. They then threw his body into a well, and the remains are still there. They allowed no one to see him or to claim his body. May his soul rest in peace!

I think my cousin is a real martyr: that is my only consolation.

The Catholics finally entered the town and the Priest offered up the Holy Mass in the public square. All the faithful assisted at this Mass.

Now at home in South Chicago my people are all upset by this sad news. My poor old grandmother wants to go back to Old Mexico, but of course, that is now impossible. Perhaps all my relatives there may die for the Faith.

I beg of you, my dear Father, to ask my sister Catechists for their prayers. Pray for my family and for those who are in the midst of these wolves. Also please say a special prayer for my dear parents. May the Holy Will of God be done!

I remain your child in O. B. L. V.
Catechist Rafaela Mendoza

1811 Biltmore St.,
Washington, D. C.
The Apostolic Delegate
sends

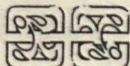
Best Wishes for the New Year
and all encouragement to the good and
useful Missionary Catechists.

✠PIETRO FUMASONI-BIONDI, D.D.
(Archbishop of Dioclea)

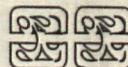
nancial support and maintenance, but properly supported the progress she will make in her apostolic and missionary labors will be beyond our most daring calculations.

If such a devoted Missionary Catechist could but put into the heart of the wealthy Catholic—insensible to the crying needs and sufferings of his neighbor—a little of the faith that is hers; could she but translate into words for him something of the vision that is hers of the Church in the Southwest that is yet to be, how supremely happy would she not be in such an achievement! She is spending herself for the Church today; she is building for the Church tomorrow also, and for generations yet unborn, that they may come into the precious heritage of Divine Faith which rightly belongs to them. If she could but vision for these wealthy Catholics this vast spiritual temple of beauty and holiness and happiness which she is striving to build in the souls of the children of the poor, then indeed would she rest satisfied "that the Kingdom of God is come," that her dream for enlisting the support of well-to-do Catholics in her Cause—God's Cause—had come true.

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Victory - Noll Notes



THE annual holiday visit of our beloved Bishop, and our very good friends, the Reverend Associate Editors and the entire force of Our Sunday Visitor, was a very important occasion for Victory-Noll, last month. It was our pleasure to provide a very unique form of entertainment—the first showing in this Diocese of our new photoplay, "In the Service of the Queen." The programs were printed in the form of miniature Our Sunday Visitors.

After the showing of the picture, which was greatly enjoyed by all, a luncheon-supper was served in the big dining room, which was decorated in honor of the occasion in Our Lady's colors, blue and gold. At one end of the long room was a statue of Our Blessed Lady of Victory from which streamers of blue and gold radiated.

The premier exhibition of "In the Service of the Queen," took place recently in Chicago, and was pronounced by many as superior in most respects even to the famous "White Sister." It is estimated that the returns from the Chicago showing were \$500.

Depicting the struggles of an American Catholic girl to realize her ideal of Service, the fascinating story with its many thrills, deep pathos and effervescent humor, has as its setting the scenic beauty of the great Southwest, the quaint customs of its Spanish-speaking people and the charitable and Missionary labors of our Catechists among them. Old Santa Fe provides many of the intensely interesting scenes. Of exceptional interest, also, to those who would know something of the "quaintest" city of all America are the scenes of the Fiesta at Santa Fe.

Despite many difficulties in filming and production the picture has proved most successful, entirely through the aid of Our Blessed Lady of Victory to Whom it was dedicated. The production of "In the Service of the Queen" was made possible through the kindness and courtesy of Mr.



RIGHT REVEREND JOHN F. NOLL, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne.

William Roeder and the members of the Joyce Kilmer Players, Chicago's foremost Catholic Dramatic Guild, who generously co-operated with Mr. Fred Felbinger, one of the Movie Photographers of the Pathe News Reel Service.

Last month Victory-Noll had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. David Goldstein of Boston, who, while making a tour of the country under the auspices of the Knights

of Columbus lecturing on the "Truth of the Mexican Situation," gave the Catechists a very interesting talk on his work, "campaigning" for the Faith. Mr. Goldstein, a Hebrew convert to the Faith for almost twenty-one years, has been giving open air talks and lectures on our Religion for the last nine years, in and about his city, Boston. He has made several cross-country tours also in his earnest endeavor to give others a better appreciation of the Faith he cherishes so deeply. Mr. Goldstein gave many of his experiences both serious and humorous and in conclusion spoke very beautifully on the love he bears toward the Catholic Church: "The more I know the Church the more I love the Church. It is a great thing to be a Catholic. There is no greater thing in this world than the gift of the Catholic Faith. Our life on earth is short even at its longest. Working for the Church and endeavoring to live for the Church is the only thing worth doing in life, and with the grace of God I hope to continue it to the end."

* * *

The later part of January another one of our Junior Catechists, Catechist Genevieve Vasquez, was sent to Gary, Indiana, where she will complete her Juniorate in the practical mission work among the Spanish-speaking people of that city. Catechist Vasquez is a native of Old Mexico, having come to this country some two years ago. She has had a very wide catechetical experience, working among the inhabitants of Aguas Calientes, a name which has become quite familiar to American readers since the Mexican trouble.

With the coming of Lent we hope to receive an additional number of requests for Mite Boxes. Put your dimes to work earning interest for Heaven by helping a Catechist in the Missions.

The Missionary Catechists Invite You to Join Them in Serving God and Church.

The Associate Catechists of Mary

My Dear Associate Catechists of Mary:

Just sixty-nine years ago Our Blessed Mother was pleased to appear to a sweet, humble little maiden in Southern France. There is something appealing in Her appearance to Bernadette. Perhaps it is because it is all so simple.

You remember how it happened—

Entrusted with the care of a small flock of sheep Bernadette's childhood days had been spent in that solitude and silence, that close communion with nature, with the ever-changing heavens and all growing things that seems almost mystically to draw souls to God.

Then one day as she was preparing to follow her companions who had preceded her in crossing a small stream, a Lady of surpassing loveliness appeared to her, surrounded by a white shining light and standing in the niche of a rock. Bernadette, frightened for a moment, grasped her Rosary tightly. The Peerless Queen of the Heavens smiled upon her, and at once she began to make a garland of the Rosary prayers for her Mother Mary.

The Lady remained in a listening attitude as if pleased until the child had finished, and then vanished.

All the world knows of the visits which followed and of how at last the beautiful Lady said to Bernadette: "I am the Immaculate Conception;" yes, and all the world acknowledges the miraculous cures which have been effected at Lourdes from that time to this.

We, who are so entangled in the mesh of human frailties and human weaknesses, can little expect Her to appear to us, but we may draw very, very close to Her by our unswerving allegiance and implicit confidence in Her Maternal love. We have become Her Associate Catechists of Mary, we have pledged ourselves to Her service, and She will not fail us in our needs: She will ever be near to assist us with our daily duties, to help us conquer the obstacles that beset our pathway in life. It is She Who will first greet us when the Gates of Heaven part to welcome us home when life's journey is over.

And now again we have given Her our pledge of fealty and promised to be Her partner and the partner of Her Divine Son in Their great business. We are going to assist Them to save souls that are dear to Their Sacred Hearts.

Well we know that we can not go out into the byways and hidden parts of the earth to search out the straying sheep. No, we must stay at home and go about the tasks that have been given us. Perhaps ours is the God-given task of forming childish hearts to right ways and true; perhaps day after day we must go to office or shop and there put our minds to tasks little to our liking in order to provide for our loved ones' needs. But we have promised to become partners with God and His Blessed Mother by assisting those whom They have called to spend their lives in winning souls for Heaven.

And ours is a very practical way. We have interested several friends in the Associate Catechists of Mary and have banded them together in a Circle under the protection of one of Her Saints, or in Her own loved Names. Once every week or perhaps twice a month we meet for a social hour or two. Instead of paying the price of a ticket to the nearest moving picture show, or to the most popular play of the week, we pay

our club dues—and have the happiness of knowing that while we are enjoying our game of five hundred, bridge or bunco, we are actively helping the Missionary Catechists who are engaged in their heavenly Father's business—the saving of immortal souls.

It may be that we only pay fifty cents dues to each meeting. Well, if there are twelve of us that will amount to \$6.00—and \$6.00 will support a Catechist in the missions for six days—and in six days a Catechist may conduct many Catechism classes, she may nurse many who are ill and alone; she may draw down many blessings upon us by her self-sacrificing labors of love.

We know that each Catechist is supported by means of a Burse of six thousand dollars and that this amount securely invested draws enough interest to perpetually provide for the support and training of one Missionary Catechist; we know that the amount required for her support for one



Miss Anna Heaney, successful Promoter of two Bands

year is only three hundred dollars—just about a dollar a day, and we rejoice that it is our privilege to be associated with Our Mother Mary and our Saviour Jesus in this eternal business of saving souls.

Yes, you, as active Associate Catechists of Mary, are indeed partners with Jesus and Mary and intimately associated with Their Catechists in the most divine of all good works—the salvation of the souls of the poor little ones in the missions.

"Our Blessed Lady of Victory, pray for us and help our Catechist to gain souls for Thy Divine Son."

Sincerely yours in O. B. L. V.

Catechist D. M. Schneider,
Catechist Supervisor.

HINTS FROM MISS ANNA C. HEANEY

My Dear Catechist:

I was very glad to hear from you last month, and to receive the membership cards for both the Immaculate Conception and the Sacred Heart Bands.

You are right about my clubs having a good time. We do. In fact, I think our record for compatibility is unusual. We have played cards together for the last four years and never had a "scrap"—a sure test of good sportsmanship.

One feature that helps to keep things going in an amiable way is the fact that anything elaborate in the manner of serving refreshments is taboo. Each circle meets on alternate Tuesdays, plays five games of five hundred interspersed with plenty of conversation, after which the hostess serves a simple luncheon.

No one is put to the trouble of selecting prizes, for the hostess simply gives one dollar for the first and fifty cents for the second prize—and the best part of it is that no one cares who wins. We just like to be together. The game itself is a side issue.

We are all greatly interested in the Catechists and are happy that we can assist in the noble work to which they have given their lives.

Sincerely yours,
ANNA C. HEANEY

Though it may be a little late to mention Christmas and Santa Claus in the February issue, we know you will be interested in these excerpts from the letters of the Catechists in the Missions which reached us after the January magazine had gone to press.

Anton, Chico, Mission Center
December 28, 1926

"Over two hundred children attended our Christmas party. Assisted by Father Charrier, a Missionary Priest, we distributed among them the Christmas stockings, toys, books and other gifts so generously sent to us by the dear 'Santa Clauses' at home."

Catechist Edna Like,
Senior Catechist.

Holman, New Mexico,
January 28, 1927

"We had a splendid Christmas celebration. Everyone of our early benefactors remembered our mission center, and thanks to Jesus and Mary, new friends also remembered us.

"The little children were delighted with the toys, candy, clothes and other things they received from Santa Claus. We also held a celebration for the grown-ups, and everyone was present.

"During Christmas week we distributed 780 boxes of candy, Christmas stockings, toys, and 1,100 separate articles of clothing, stockings and other articles of wearing apparel."

Catechist Julia Doyle
Senior Catechist

"Many thanks to Mrs. Hanson and the members of her band who have always cooperated most faithfully with the Catechists in all their labors."

\$30.00 Will Support a Catechist During Lent.

The Call of the Southwest



Echoes From Victory-Mount

The heroic feature of Missionary work appeals to many of our best Catholic young women. Many are attracted by the charm and romance of the Missionary life. They would win entire nations and peoples to Jesus Christ and His Church.

Today our Catholic Southwest sends out the call for service in its vast Missionary fields already "white unto the harvest." All along the far-flung Mission line, the cry goes out not only for priests, but for Missionary Catechists.

The Missionary Catechists, laboring in the needy outlying districts of the Southwest, offer to zealous Catholic young women, the lofty ideals of service in behalf of God's poor and neglected little ones.

Our Divine Saviour, gazing over this vast harvest field of souls, compassionates the poor because "they are distressed and lying like sheep without a shepherd." "The Harvest, indeed," He says, "is great, but the laborers are few." Perhaps He calls you as He called Apostles of old: "Come follow Me, be a harvester of Souls."

Is it not a most wonderful thing to be called to be a Missionary; to be associated with Jesus Christ in saving immortal souls? "Of all Divine Works, none is more Divine, than that of co-operation in the Salvation of Souls."

Why not respond to this call and join the ranks of the Missionary Catechists? They extend a hearty welcome to all those called to this glorious Missionary life and invite them to enter the Training Institute of the Society, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

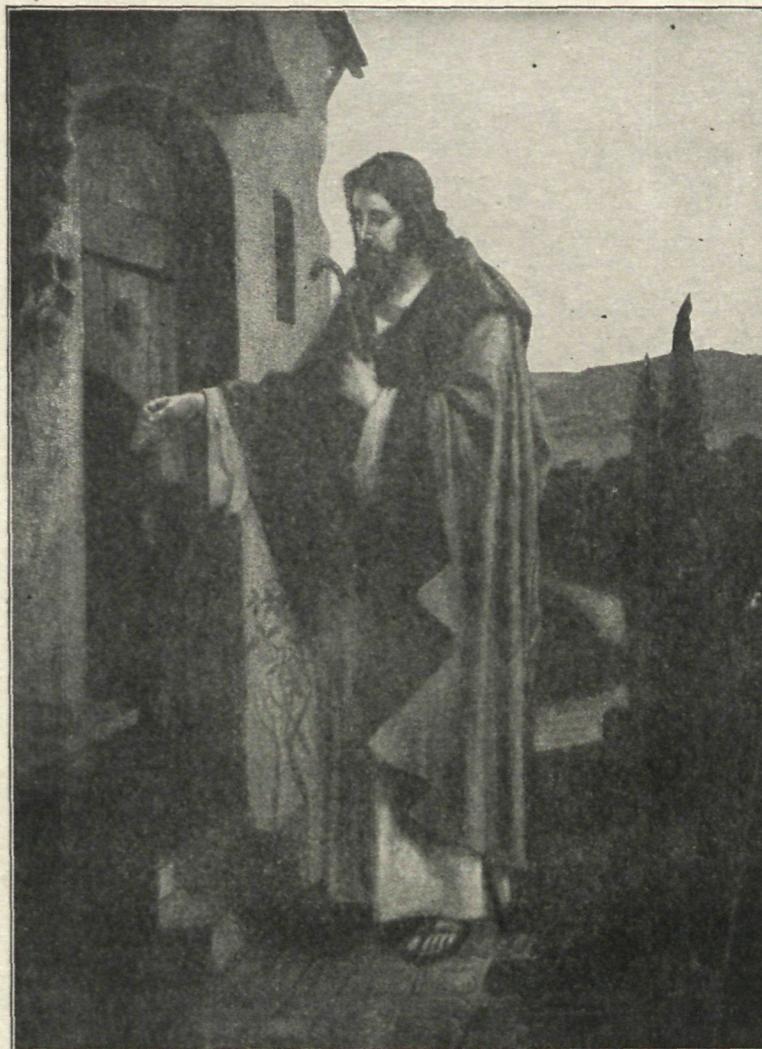
Questions concerning Vocations to Missionary life gladly answered. Address all communications to:

The Reverend Spiritual Director
Victory-Noll, Box 109 Huntington, Ind.

Prayer to Know One's Vocation

My Lord and my God, I am entirely Thine. Upon Thee alone do I depend for the grace necessary to choose the state of life to which Thou hast destined me from all eternity. Show me then, O my God, the way I should follow in order to save and sanctify my soul. What wouldst Thou have me do that I may serve Thee most faithfully? Thy love, Thy glory, and Thy service are the source of all my happiness in time and eternity.

O Mary, my Mother, to Thee do I commit all my desires and my anxieties in regard to my vocation. Through Thee do I hope to obtain the grace to know and to follow the Divine Will regarding my choice of a state of life. Desiring to serve Thy Divine Son and Thee in the person of the poor, I offer myself unreservedly to Thy Divine Son through Thee, saying with all confidence: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy word."



A beautiful image of the Sacred Heart Inviting was recently given to our Chapel by a generous lady who is interested in our work in the Southwest. The image is thirty inches high. We are praying that some of our benefactors will send us a statue of St. Joseph of the same height to place on a pedestal to the left. We are still using an altar borrowed from the Christian Brothers, but we are trustful that some day we shall have a new one.

Last month we had Profession ceremonies in our little chapel, when Catechists Ida Keller and Anna Wilhelm took their vows. At the same time Catechists Meister and Monnot renewed their vows. The number of the professed Missionary Catechists is steadily increasing. May God grant them the grace to labor long years for His Glory and the Honor of Our Blessed Queen in the Missions of the Southwest.

The rasp of the saw and pounding of hammer are still to be heard in the halls of the Victory Preparatory Training School. The work has progressed as far as the kitchen where a new coat of paint is being applied to both wall and woodwork.

Poor Jack, our shepherd dog, is consumed with envy and jealously these days. A lean-looking mongrel invaded our premises and, taking compassion on him, we gave him one of Jack's bones. He has been a permanent boarder ever since. It seems, like Billy

O'Grady goat, he has some eccentric appetites. While relishing bones, he occasionally likes the taste of clothing. The other day a politician, in the quest of votes for a local election, was able to attest this. The dog persued him and exacted a piece of his coat as tribute. We really prefer watchdogs who are given to "watchful waiting."

Luzern, Penn.,

Dear Catechist Doyle:

For years I have been spending from \$40.00 to \$50.00 at Christmas for gifts for my younger brothers, sisters, relatives and friends, but after reading the article entitled "What are you going to do for Christmas, this year?" in *The Missionary Catechist*, I decided to do something different. Since my relatives have all they need and some even more than they need, I decided to help a little by giving \$50 this year to the poor little children in the Missions of New Mexico. So please do what you think best with the money, and get what is most needed for these poor children.

Yours truly,

J. W.

The Call

Our Saviour stands a-knocking; will you answer Him and say:
I welcome Thee, and go with Thee, to help Thy poor today!

Our Saviour stands a-listening: what would our Saviour hear,
From those He loves, from those He calls, who hold His teaching dear!

Our Saviour stands a-waiting. Ah, do not close the door;
But pray, and give—that all mankind may love Him evermore!

Each year the Catechists at Victory-Noll make a Novena to Our Lady of Lourdes. I know you will be pleased to hear that this year the intentions of all the Associate Catechists of Mary will be remembered.

The Missionary Catechists Invite You to Join Them in Serving God and Church.

IN A NEW FIELD

(Continued from page 2)

Padre Augustino should have mounted the ladder that day when they started to take down the statue, because he was of slight build and steady nerve. But no! Matt, heavy and clumsy, in his new enthusiasm, insisted upon climbing, and before the priest could protest further the man was up on the side altar.

How it happened, whether from a misstep or a spell of vertigo, no one has yet explained, but in another moment poor Matt had fallen to the floor, his head striking a corner of the altar.

All the rest of the day he lay in a stupor in his room at the hotel, while old Mr. Penny kept vigil. And then late in the evening, when the procession was over, Padre Augustino came again, the third visit since morning.

As he knelt praying beside the bed he noticed a tremor pass over the patient and he leaned a little closer towards him. Suddenly Matt opened his eyes and spoke:

"Did I break the statue, Padre?" he asked, in a weak voice.

"No, my son," answered the priest, "you did not even touch it. Our Blessed Lady was carried in the grand procession, and all of us were praying for you to recover, with the help of God!"

"Yes, dear Mr. Flaherty," said Daisy Harper, who had just come in with Mrs. Penny, "I prayed with them, too, as I had never prayed in all my life. From Manuel's mother and from you I have learned to love as well as to understand, the Catholic Church. And I have been far happier here in New Mexico than at home. For weeks I have been thinking that I should like to become a Missionary Catechist, and to dedicate my life to God in the service of His poor."

"You dear child," murmured the sick man, and Daisy took one of his lifeless hands in her own, and stroked it for a silent moment while she tried to keep back the tears that were welling in her eyes.

"Of course, I had not wanted to join the procession with the boy Manuel," she resumed with a forced smile, "but when I heard of the accident to you, my dear old friend, I realized at once that I was a baptized Catholic and therefore duty bound to go to Church and pray for you. See, you have obtained for me the light of Faith and the grace of God. So now you will soon get well and help Padre Augustino to instruct me?" she questioned softly.

Old Matt smiled wanly. He closed his eyes for a moment and when he opened them again they saw nothing of this world, but looked far beyond into Eternity.

...OLDEST CHURCH IN USE

The oldest church in America is located at the Acoma Indian Pueblo, in Valencia County, New Mexico, and is still in actual use. The pueblo is on a mesa 400 feet high.

* * *

The Experiment Station of the Agricultural College, has been carrying on extensive experiments in improving chili. A variety known as No. 9 has been developed which is much larger, smoother and fleshier than the ordinary varieties. The station has also done much work in testing out the better varieties of pecans, and a large number of fruits best adapted to New Mexican conditions. Fabian Garcia is the director.

Only God can give the grace of vocation
to supply the need for Catechists

But you can help support
those whom He does call

\$6,000 COMPLETES A BURSE

Each Burse represents One Missionary Catechist who is devoting every moment of the day, every day of the week, every week in the month, every month in the year, and every year of her life to serving God in the person of His poor, sick, and neglected little ones in the Missions.

There are now sixty-two Catechists, either in training at Victory-Noll, or laboring in the Missions.

A Burse must be founded for each one of these Catechists.

or

\$300.00 must be provided each year for the support of an Individual Catechist.

Every Donation, no matter how small,
will help build up a Burse.

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