

The Missionary Catechist



Volume III

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, March, 1927

Number 4

Missionary Catechists Solving the Mexican Problem in the Steel District.

Five Thousand Mexicans in Indiana Harbor, Indiana, Welcome Catechists.

With the coming of two Missionary Catechists to Indiana Harbor from Gary to make a survey of conditions among the Mexicans, the work of the Missionary Catechists was formally inaugurated in that "steel city" the latter part of January. For almost a year the Rev. Father Zavatta, Pastor of the Mexican parish at Indiana Harbor, had been anxiously awaiting the time when the Catechists would begin their work among his poor people. Moving from East Chicago to Indiana Harbor a short time ago, Father Zavatta immediately began the erection of a frame church for his needy parishioners. Although many of the Mexicans who labor in the mills were working only part time, and many others were entirely out of employment, the zealous pastor succeeded in raising two thousand dollars among them toward the erection of his parish church.

Having completed the building, it was Father Zavatta's happiness to have it dedicated on Sunday, January 30th., by the Rt. Rev. J. F. Noll, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne. Practically the entire Spanish-speaking population of Indiana Harbor took part in the dedicatory ceremonies of that day. Assembling at the rectory, in a long procession led by the children and a splendid Mexican band of twenty-five pieces, his parishioners escorted the Rt. Rev. Bishop to the church. Having constantly encouraged the Pastor and his people in the building of the church, the Bishop was highly pleased with this religious demonstration and commended them for their zeal in erecting and furnishing the little church. He urged them, moreover, to be faithful to Holy Church and loyal to their zealous Pastor and the good Catechists who had come to bring the blessings of Holy Religion to them and to their children. He pointed out to them the great benefits that had come to them in living in a country where they were free to practice their religion and where they would not be subject,



OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE
Patroness of the Mexican Church at Indiana Harbor

as were their brethren in Old Mexico, to religious persecution. He concluded by referring to the great advantages that would come to them through the unselfish devotion and self-sacrificing services of the Catechists who were devoting their lives to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Spanish-speaking people in this country.

When, three days before the dedicatory services took place, Catechists Olberding and LoRang came from the Gary Settlement House to begin their work in Indiana Harbor, they found that the task of decorating the altar, preparing the altar linens and making arrangements for the procession of the children had devolved almost entirely upon them. Through the kindness of several bands of the Associate Catechists of Mary attractive white dresses and veils were provided for the children whom the Catechists gathered together and trained for the procession and dedicatory services. The Catechists, who have already begun organizing the children into groups for Catechetical instruction, anticipate that within a short time they will have approximately two hundred children under their instruction.

For some time Father Zavatta has been seeking a house suitable for use as a home for the Catechists nearer the scene of their missionary labors. This will obviate the necessity of the long trips which the Catechists now make to and from Gary, where for a number of years they have been laboring among the Spanish-speaking people and have been residing in the Gary-Alderling Settlement House conducted by the Rev. John P. DeVille.

The work so auspiciously begun at Indiana Harbor by the Catechists under God and His Blessed Mother promises to be productive of the most fruitful results. The present plans of the Society include the opening of a Junior Mission Training House at Indiana Harbor in the near future where a large number of Junior Catechists will complete their second year of training by engaging in practical social welfare and catechetical works, thus effectually counteracting the activities of various Protestant Missionary Societies which have preoccupied this field since the advent of the Mexican people into this part of the Calumet Steel district.

"CATHOLIC NURSES! LET YOUR PROFESSION BECOME AN APOSTOLIC VOCATION"

LETTERS TO MARY

"All for Jesus Through Mary"

VICTORY-MOUNT

My dear Mary:

We are delighted with the prospect of entertaining you sometime at our Training School in New Mexico. But let me warn you that you are apt to be disappointed with New Mexico on your first visit. Lummis simply sums up the country in three words,—"sunshine, silence and adobe," but even he was partial and a lover of this weird country. Those who have but a superficial acquaintance will probably speak of the time when terrible sand-storms chased them off the observation platform, or of the State's desolate wastes, its savage rocks or its water-cut arroyos.

Those who have lived longest among its weird beauties and can interpret its changing humors, are the most appreciative, but I doubt if even they could voice their admiration. That which at first appears a desolate waste becomes a pulsating, living, animate piece of creation. Hermit's Peak, our nearby mountain, in all its varying moods, is an example; now surly with an ashen gloom spread over its countenance, deep frown and furrowing wrinkles; again smiling warmly in response to the kisses of the radiant sunbeams.

But perhaps one lives farther south where the rock-ribbed mountains of the North have gradually given way to burning sands, with nothing to relieve their monotony except low desert mountains, stark and somnolent, in the torrid rays of the sun, or an army of Spanish bayonets, interspersed with vagrant clumps of mesquite, whose hardness not even the opposition of all the elements can frighten. Are these not figures of the Missionaries of old who were not fearful to plunge into the very jaws of the infernal regions in their feverish quest for souls? And how like the infernal regions are not some portions of the desert. Far ahead are clouds of dust, caught by a sudden vortex of air. It is easy to fancy as vaporous sulphur those gidly, whirlwinds which rise slowly in zigzaggy fashion, only to die after traveling a short distance, to be followed by another and another until the whole desert appears a boiling cauldron.

Not long ago we welcomed to Victory-Mount Father Jose, a Missionary who had come forty miles on horseback and was going thirty more via auto to see a priest in charge of an adjoining Mission. He left his horse in our keeping and promised to

return in two or three days and give us the great happiness of Mass in our Chapel before returning to his Mission. We turned



Cristobel, Father's faithful pony, into our pasture with Bossy, our erstwhile obstreperous cow, but Bossy is now very docile and so she did not invite him to race with her. When you analyze the name "Cristobel" is it not very appropriate? Cristobel in English, means Christopher, and we all know that Christopher means "Christ Bearer." Many times has Father Jose's faithful horse borne Our Dear Lord to the sick, and dying.

Father B. at Chaperito also travels to many of his Missions on horseback. It is very often necessary because of the impassable mountain trails to be traveled, and again a poor Missionary does not always accumulate enough hard cash to buy an auto. Father B. told us that in order to reach one of his Missions in time for hearing Confessions he must leave, on horseback, at ten o'clock in the morning and will not arrive before seven o'clock in the evening. Our Catechists do not go "montado al caballo" (mounted on horse) but "a pie" (on foot) or in a buggy. At Anton Chico our Catechists are reaching five school houses in this way. They tell us if they had an auto they could reach nine. You see how the efforts and zeal of Missionaries are restricted because of a lack of ways and means. The Dear Lord knows our desires to reach more souls, and we feel in His own good time He will raise up some generous people

Telling the Story

March, 1925.

We have been accompanying the Padre in his visits to the various out-missions, where we conduct Catechism classes while he is hearing confessions. Just now we are preparing our first Communicants. Among them is a fifteen-year-old boy and a sixteen-year-old girl who have never received their First Holy Communion. We are also having extra evening classes in Catechism. Many of the senioritas who come to make the Way of the Cross, and a number of the Mothers, too, remain after devotions to listen to the Catechetical instructions we give the children.

After our morning classes we visit the sick poor in their humble homes. We see suffering on all sides but it is always borne with such true Christian resignation that we are filled with admiration for the great Faith of these splendid people. One day while in church we were called to visit a little boy who was badly burned. On another occasion we were summoned to a distant mission to tend a very sick baby who was expected to die. We found quite a number of sick people at this mission, and were very glad when the Padre came. We sang a Requiem Mass the next morning.

Upon our return home we found that in spite of the fierce sand storm which was raging, the children and their parents came in large numbers for the Lenten devotions and the Way of the Cross. Since we have no resident Priest here, one of the men of the mission leads the prayers, going from station to station and preceded by an altar boy carrying a cross.

The Penitentes are having Lenten devotions in their Moradas or meeting places during Holy Week.

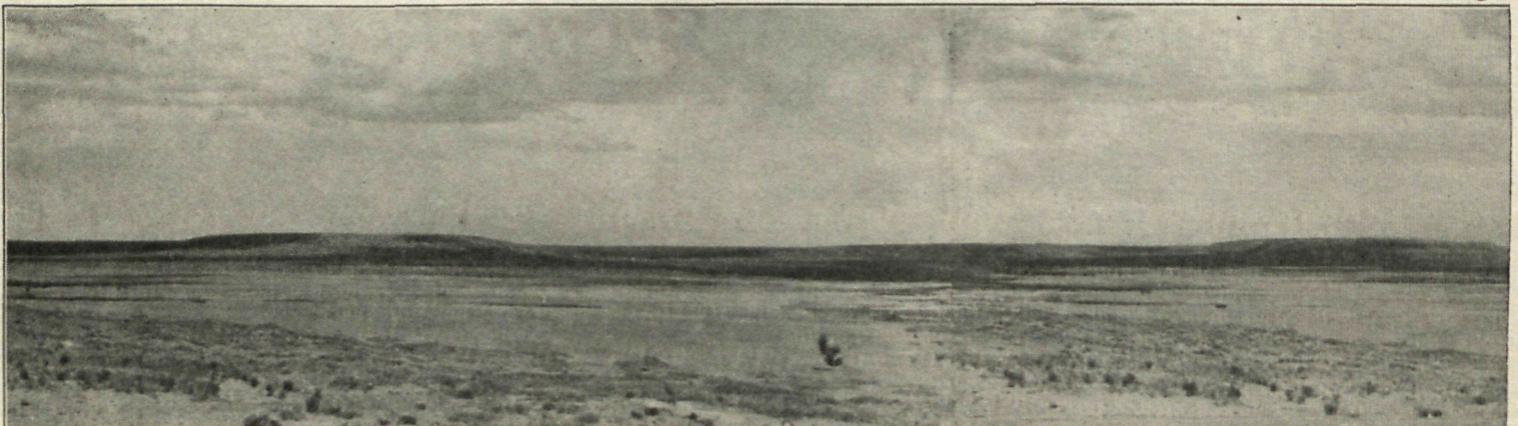
One of the most devout young men in the parish, Don Ciano, conducted the Good Friday services in our little mission chapel. Although many Penitentes attended Good Friday services at Las Galinas and Las Guardos, we were very much pleased with the large attendance at devotions. We Catechists observed the Tres Hora, remaining in church from twelve o'clock until three o'clock.

to provide them with a cheap, little Ford.

Thanking you for the contents of your mite box and hoping you will distribute those which I am sending to you among your friends,

Always your affectionate friend in
O. B. L. V.

Catechist Blanche Richardson.



New Mexico—The Land of "Sunshine, Silence, and Adobe."

THE SICK POOR NEED YOU TO NURSE THEM

The Cave of the New Fire

(By Mary Stephen.)

"What does it mean?"

The old, old question, forever on the tongue of the stranger in Mesa Verde; a question that usually no one can answer, but one which intrigues the interest for all of that. It came up again as we turned thoughtfully away from the great Sun Temple Ruin and gazed toward Inspiration Point, far away across the still canyon distances.

This time it referred to the connection between that immense upland temple, and another, smaller far more ancient, and very little known at that time, hidden in a great cave in the canyon wall almost directly below the Temple of the Sun.

Our guide shook his head. He had spent too many years in this eerie land to be led away by conjectures, however, plausible they might sound.

"Nobody knows; everybody guesses," he replied. "Why not make a guess of your own?"

No more words were needed. The straps of the camera packs were tightened over our shoulders, we looked a bit to the condition of the stout sticks that helped us in the steepest places, and then dropped one by one to the first level below the plateau's lofty field. Narrow, twisted trails; steep pathways that tested every muscle; but at last, breathless and triumphant, we stood on the tiny plaza which faced the great cave of the New Fire.

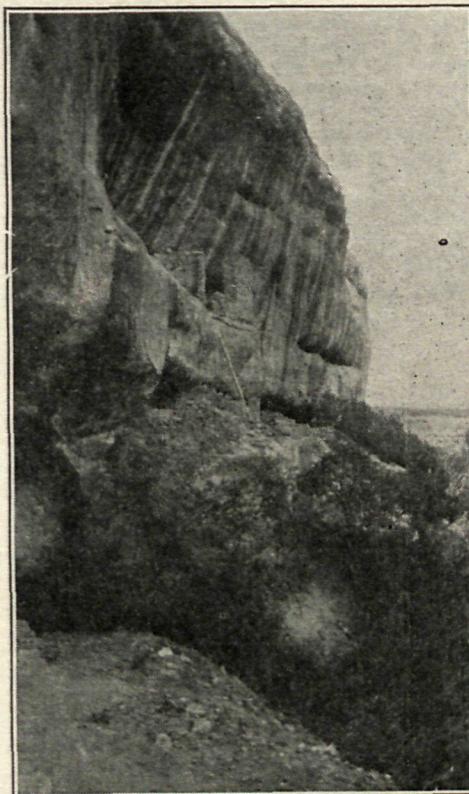
For a few moments we sat silent on the low banquette that edges in this small, rock-hewn plaza. Whatever it may be, there is something that forbids speech when one first sets foot in these ceremonial caves; something very different from the breath-hungry gasping from the long and arduous climb. It is mystery, wonder, awe of the unknown; the reverence always due to any tangible expression of a nation's faith.

There could be no question about New Fire House, so far as that went—it bore every mark of the ceremonial, and none of the communal cave. No broken pottery was here, no blackened hearths, neighborly ladders or doorways, no division into small rooms, no storage cysts or towers, no turkey feathers or bones, no mortar-set cobs of the tiny maize, such as we had found over and over again in the great village ruins. The cave was a single room, backed up by a sloping rock wall in which were niches apparently cut for standing, row above row, so that perhaps two hundred men could have watched the weird ceremonies from the vantage ground. In the foreground were altars, three of them, the central one round, and still fire-marked and blackened; the others, flanking it at equal distances at either side, oblong with one end a trifle broader than the other, making a rather unpleasant suggestion of coffins. This suggestion was heightened when one of our party, a restless lad who always jumped at uncanny conclusions, said:

"They must have made human sacrifices here. Look! This just fits me!"

We looked, to see him, lying on his back in one of the altar spaces, and the human-sacrifice idea that had been the merest hint at the back of our minds flamed vividly into a most unpleasant certainty.

"Get up!" we commanded him sternly. "This is no place for such actions. The spooks are thick enough as it is. Besides, Dr. L.—says the Mesa cliff-people were more than likely Toltec, not Aztec, and if



Hidden in a great cave in the canyon wall we came upon the mysterious Cave of the New Fire

truth, were the rest of us. But the idea of such sacrificial ferocity in the little brown people who otherwise seemed to make up the homiest and happiest of tribes, was one we refused to believe until we must.

"The Hopis still perform the New Fire ceremony," said our guide, who had spent many years among them as teacher and government agent, and who knew better than any other living man the meaning of their age-old worship.

"Each year," he went on, "all the fires in the pueblos and tepees are extinguished. Not a living spark must be left. Then new fires is kindled from brands carried by swift runners from the New Fire Altar, after the priests and medicine men have performed their stately ritual over it. This fires are kindled from brands carried by never allowed to go out."

"That is the fire-altar in the middle, then."

"Yes. The Hopi altar is square, but the significance seems to be the same."

"But these oblong altars at the sides?" The uneasy notion of human sacrifice would not stay down.

"Nobody knows. The Hopis use somewhat similar ones for offerings of fruit and grain and flowers."

Our disturbing youngster had been poking about in the trash in one of these oblongs, debris that had lain there for no one knew how many centuries. For New Fire House had only just been excavated.

"What is this thing?" he asked, holding up a charred fragment. "Looks like a finger-bone to me."

It did. And it may have been. But even then it proved nothing.

"Put that thing down," we ordered him sharply, "and if you don't stop digging up that stuff—"

"I'm not to blame because it is here," he said, flinging the fragment over the banquette carelessly. "I didn't do anything to that poor old Injun."

We gave it up. The idea was evidently becoming more fixed in every mind. Besides, the sun was rapidly dropping, and in a little while the darkness would fill the canyon depths. We did not propose getting caught by it in any such place, and if we were to see the rest of the cave area we must stop mooning about over weird altars.

A great, jutting rock ledge separated the New Fire cave from another, smaller space at one end. In this smaller cave we found two or three "rooms," or natural divisions, and in one of these were wall paintings of deer, in the dull red coloring so long associated with the Pompeian ruins. In another we found the rain and lightning symbols so often met with in caves. These were arranged near the top of the small, dark enclosure forming a sort of frieze. It was here, our guide thought very probably, that the secret rain-prayers were made.

It was dusky, in spite of our haste, when we came out again into the Cave of the New Fire. In the waning light, just tinged by the sun on the upper levels, we could imagine the scene as it must have been—the glowing fire in the cave's dark throat, ten score or more of small dark men, silent and motionless, standing in the rising niches of the great rock wall at the back, half a dozen white-clad fire-priests grouped about the central altar, lifting the living firebrands to put them into the hands of the swift runners who waited to kindle the tribal fires anew. But from the altars at the side our thought still turned away shuddering. We did not like to think what might have lain there in the grim dusk of the great cave. And even our least gruesome thought might have wronged those mild and kindly people, after all.

It is a good thing that the days of the old gods are done, and that in their stead has come to the Land of the Caves a kinder and more merciful message. For in the valley, not many miles away, a slender spire lifted a shining Cross to that same sunset, and at its glory the old fires faded, and the new Light that should illumine even these far places was kindled. There the sacrifices of the old days of the caves, like those of the old days of the Jewish people, were finished and done away, and the great Sacrifice of the Cross stood in their place for all the races and all the years of men.

Something like that ran in our minds as we came warily out upon the narrow ledge trail, up, and up, and still more steeply upward, until we reached again the broad plateau far above the New Fire Cave. It was like our coming back into the present from a long-gone age, an age that, as our guide had said, could only be guessed about.

"After all, nobody knows," he said again, as we rested a moment after the last steep climb.

"Nobody ever will know," we replied, agreeing with him.

"That, too, nobody can be sure about," he said with a smile, as we started back to camp, and the first turn in the trail hid the walls of Sun Temple from our sight. They were, they sacrificed fruits and flowers, not humans."

"Well—" said the boy reluctantly. But he sounded unconvinced and so, to tell the

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Rev. J. J. Sigstein, Spiritual Director of
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Editor

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Dear Father Sigstein:

Thank you for your New Year's Greeting, and for your interesting enclosures.

I shall be glad to write some short article for your Journal—when and if I ever get caught up with my crushing prior obligations. I am just back from five months' seeking for health in New Mexico; an enormous accumulation of work has piled up awaiting my return. I am not very strong yet, and am suffering very much with my eyes, am nearly blind, so you see I have my hands full. But your Cause appeals to me, and as I say, I will be glad to do my bit at my first possible opportunity.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Charles F. Lummis.

Reading Something
Worth While

Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

Father Lasance adds another volume to his long list of excellent prayerbooks. "LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS" (published by Benziger Brothers, Chicago,) contains 670 pages of meditation matter for every day of the year and almost 200 pages of prayers and devotions. The readings of January and February are longer than those of the latter part of the year, since they are designed to furnish material for the monthly recollection and the annual retreat. Besides offering apt Bible texts the Reverend author gathers material from the English and French masters of the Spiritual life, such as Challoner, Branchereau, Hamon Barraud, and Thomas a Kempis.

In the second part of his work, the author covers the usual ground, giving, however, a novel Mass-form which consists wholly of indulgenced prayers. Religious, especially, will find this latter devotional part of Father Lasance's book a "truly Spiritual treat."

It is to be hoped that thousands of lay people will take a quarter of an hour from "listening in" on the radio, or seeing a movie, or playing bridge, to read and meditate this book. By reading it their hearts will surely be lifted up above the vain and sordid things of life, and become more closely united with the Heart of Jesus "the Source of all good."

San Antonio, Texas

Dear Father Sigstein:

Am sending you herewith two years subscription. We, down here, appreciate what you are doing, and we all wish that we could do more. I have assisted many of the Sisters, who have come to this city from Mexico, and we all pity them, as all others who are coming into this country every day. But we can only pray that God may soften the hearts of those in power in Mexico.

At present things look rather dark, and the K. K. K., Shriners, etc., are jubilant. The Methodists are dedicating a new Mexican church here this week. They claim 400 Mexican members, according to a little clipping, I am enclosing, from the "News."

"A tamale supper will be one of the entertainment features after the formal dedication of the Mexican Methodist church, at 308 San Fernando St., tonight, according to announcement made by Rev. J. N. Pascoe, pastor. The supper is being given under the auspices of the Missionary Society members from various Methodist churches."

The church, recently organized, has a membership of 400, Rev. Pascoe said, all of whom will take an active part in entertaining delegates of the Mexican Methodist mission of Texas, who will be in San Antonio for a four-day meeting.

This makes fourteen Mexican-Methodist churches in San Antonio, and there are just as many Baptist Mexican churches here.

Yours in Christ,

G. W. LUMIERE.

A Lenten Resolution

A practical Catholic does not regard New Year's Day as the only time of the year in which to make resolutions. Rather will he seize upon every opportunity afforded him during the year for putting into effect good, practical resolutions for his own betterment or for the betterment of his neighbor. Now it seems to us that there is no more propitious time for making good resolutions than the beginning of the Holy season of Lent. This is essentially a season of prayer and self-denial. It is a time when we are better disposed than any other to carry out the injunction of the Holy Ghost "to join alms with prayer" as an offering most pleasing to God and most helpful for our own salvation and the salvation of our neighbor. Surely there is no more efficacious way of carrying out this recommendation of Holy Scripture than to assist God's poor by giving our self-denial offerings during the holy season towards the support of a self-sacrificing Missionary Catechist who is devoting her life to the love and service of Jesus Christ in the person of His poor. May we suggest to you the following resolution:

In remembrance of the bitter sufferings and death of my crucified Savior, and of the sorrows of my Blessed Mother, I will assist the Missionary Catechists in their labors among the poor by:

1. Praying fervently that Jesus and Mary may bless them in all their missionary labors.
2. Applying my self-denial offerings—no matter how small—during the holy season of Lent towards the support of a Missionary Catechist.

During the holy season of Lent the Missionary Catechists will have special devotions in all their houses in honor of the sufferings of Our Blessed Savior and of the sorrows of His Most Holy Mother. In these special Lenten prayers they will not fail to recommend to Jesus and Mary those intentions nearest the hearts of their benefactors and friends.

Readers of The Missionary Catechist may send in their petitions before Ash Wednesday so that they may be included not only in the daily prayers, but also in the special novena made in honor of the Feast of the Annunciation.

THE FIRST WHITE MAN TO CROSS OUR CONTINENT

Cabeza De Vaca, a Spaniard, was the first white man to cross our continent. This intrepid explorer traversed the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific in 1537, nearly one hundred years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

De Vaca's account of his famous overland journey reads like a page from the Arabian Nights Tales. His is the story of shipwreck and battle, of captivity, strange adventures and extraordinary experiences among the Indians of the Southwest.

He was the first white man to visit the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. From him came the first accounts of the customs and manners of these Indians, who built three-story dwellings of stone and wood, cultivated the fields, and possessed a civilization of no mean order.

January 17, 1927.

Reverend dear Father:

I have been a subscriber to Our Sunday Visitor for the last sixteen years and value it very highly.

Some time ago I was in serious trouble and remembering what I read in the Visitor about the Society of Missionary Catechists and what its object was, and the prayers that are offered by the children under its care for its benefactors, I concluded that if any help could be obtained it would be by just such little ones as it is caring for. I made a promise and a small donation. My wish was granted.

I am now about to make a will for an old lady and in talking to her about it, told her my story. She has decided to include you as one of her beneficiaries. The amount is not great, but it will help. Will you please send me the form you use for bequests, together with the official or corporate name of the Society?

Wishing you every blessing and all success in your wonderful work, I am

Sincerely yours,

J. H. H.

THE SICK POOR NEED YOU TO NURSE THEM

Victory Noll Notes

The Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes dawned beautifully bright and clear on the Noll—an almost springlike day with its Mary-blue sky and pure white clouds. In our lovely little chapel of Our Blessed Lady of Victory all was beautiful too. It was Profession Day, and kneeling with lighted candles within the Sanctuary, four Junior Catechists pronounced their first Vows, as the Priest stood with uplifted Host before them. When the words of the promise to consecrate themselves entirely to the Service of Jesus and Mary in the person of their poorest and most neglected little ones had been spoken, each Catechist received her Divine Spouse into a heart filled with love and peace and joy.

The Catechists who pronounced their Vows were Catechists Evelyn Benton, of Pensacola, Florida; Cordelia Bahl, of Hayes, Kansas; Madelon LoRang, of Gutenberg, Iowa, and Josephine Penning, of Dubuque, Iowa.

On the same morning eleven members were invested as Juniors and Probationers in our Society. Those invested as Juniors were: Catechists Salome Dorava, of Dodge, Wisc.; Marguerite Srill, of Chicago, Ill., Marion Drexler, of New Haven, Conn., and Clara Leutenegger, of Omaha, Nebr. The following became Probationers: Catechists Dorothy Leahy, of Davenport, Iowa; Mary Ann Seewaldt, of Fort Wayne, Ind.; Elizabeth Ayers, of Lima, Ohio; Ida Kuntz, of Oldenburg, Ind.; Agnes Rauschenbach, of LaPorte, Ind.; Julia Schmitt, of Dubuque, Iowa, and Loretta Smith, of Des Moines, Ia. Miss Mary Dickebohm of Lafayette, Ind., received the white veil as a Consecrate of Mary in our Society.

Reverend Father G. Daly, C. S. S. R., the Founder of the Sisters of Service of Canada, who conducted the retreat which preceded the Investiture and Profession, was the celebrant of the Mass. In his very beautiful sermon, Father Daly said in part: "There is nothing that brings you nearer the angels than the perfection of your Vows. You will be like the mysterious angels that Jacob saw in his dream, ascending and descending the ladder to Heaven. It will be your privilege to ascend to God through your prayers, carrying with you the prayers of others. You will ascend to Heaven by prayer, and descend to suffering humanity by charity, bringing back to the poor the gifts of Grace. You are going out to the most neglected souls. Thank God for this Mission; it is the most beautiful a soul could dream of in this world.

"Go as angels to carry into the Southwest Missions the light of Faith, go to a people that is waiting, and when the last day is come you will be thankful to God for having called you to this sublime Mission."

* * *

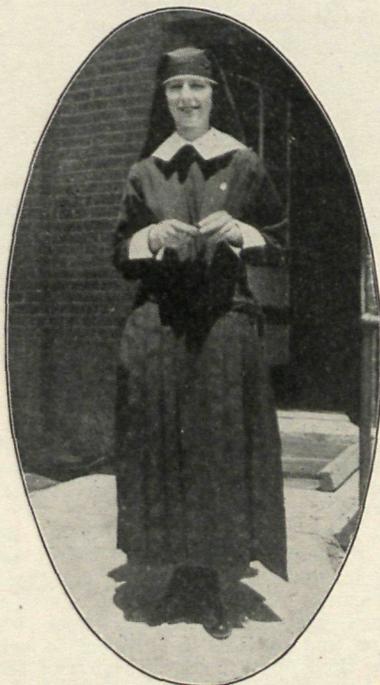
Among those present at the Investiture and Profession ceremonies was the Reverend Father Florian Briede, O.F.M., pastor of St. Bonaventure's church, Lafayette, Ind. In the afternoon Father Florian gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in our Chapel.

Another guest at Victory-Noll was Doctor Esther Quigley, of Chicago, Ill. Doctor Quigley is a very good friend of our Society and during her short stay gave the Catechists a very interesting and instructive talk.

On the eve of the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, Miss Francis Meyers of St. Bernard, Ohio, was received as a candidate in our Society.

* * *

The latter part of last month Father Sigstein left for a visit to our Sister-Catechists in the missions of New Mexico.



Catechist Benton, our Supervisor of Studies at Victory-Noll.

PRAYER FOR THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS

O Sacred Heart of Jesus! with Thy most tender love regard Thy missionaries who, for Thy love and for that of the souls so precious to Thee, have cheerfully forsaken home and kindred and all that to them was dear. Grant that help may be extended to them to carry on their work, and let not their hearts be wrung with the grief of being compelled to send away the souls who come to them begging the bread of eternal life. Comfort them in hardships and privations. Make them feel that Thou art with them in their solitude, and give them grace to persevere unto the end in the life of abnegation Thou hast destined for them. O Sacred Heart, for Thine own glory's sake be mindful of Thy missionaries. Amen.

The Catechists will begin their Novena to Saint Joseph on the 11th of March, and the petitions of all our friends will be remembered before the altar of our powerful friend and patron. We are sure that our readers will rejoice to know that through the very great kindness of Msgr. Baker, rector of the National Basilica of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, at Lackawanna, N. Y., our intentions will be remembered daily before Our Lady's Shrine.

"Go To Joseph"

Lida L. Coghlan

A severe attack of lagrippe had weakened my not overstrong lungs to such an extent that Dr. Rockwell had ordered me to Florida for the winter. I had a very pleasant room at the Gulf House and spent most of time on the broad gallery. The balmy air and health-giving sea breeze had accomplished wonders for me. I felt almost as strong as before my illness and looked forward to the happiness of again taking up my parish duties.

I was walking up and down the far end of the gallery, reading my breviary when the hotel bus came in from the station. Among the passengers was a slightly built young man—evidently a foreigner whose clerical attire attracted my attention. I judged him to be a theological student and one glance at his emaciated face told the errand upon which he came. I saw nothing of him for several days, then he came out on the gallery and I spoke to him.

A nearer view of his face showed him to be older than I had supposed. He was a priest; had been ordained in the cathedral at Cologne. He was a cultured man and possessed a fund of genial humor which made him a most delightful companion. The days no longer dragged by with lagging footsteps. We took long walks together, played chess in a shady corner of the gallery, discussed theology and exchanged reminiscences of our college days.

Father Tracy, the pastor of the one Catholic church in town, was called to the death-bed of his mother. I was attending his parish duties during his absence. One morning a message came to me that a man was dangerously ill at the Sailor's Rest, a rather disreputable tavern near the docks. I found the man in critical condition and very anxious to prepare for death. He was a Pole; could not speak a word of English and I could neither understand him nor make myself understood.

About five miles down the shore there was a German settlement. I hired a buggy and drove out for the German priest. He had gone to a little mission church in the interior and would not return for several days. Wholly discouraged, I turned back. When I had covered about half the distance I met an old dorky of whom I inquired if there was another priest in the neighborhood. "Yes suh, 'bout fo' miles down the Magnolia Road, Father St. Michel, he got a little church."

"Father St. Michel is French. I suppose. Do you know if he speaks any other language?"

"Yes suh: I knows he talks English and Latin. He's a powaful sma't man, Father St. Michel is. I specs he kin talk eny kind of talk."

So I turned my horse and drove out on the Magnolia Road. Father St. Michel, a venerable old man, received me kindly but assured me that he did not understand the Polish language. Finding my mission fruitless, I returned in a very despondent frame of mind. The sick man was very anxious to make himself understood.

Father Lacari was walking the gallery reading his breviary when I reached the hotel. He turned to me with his genial smile. "You have been long away and you look tired. I thought you were but going to the tavern by the docks."

I told him of the Polish sailors and of my fruitless search for a Priest who could understand him. I was much surprised when my companion said, "I speak the lan-

(Continued on page 7)

The Associate Catechists of Mary

My dear Associate Catechists of Mary,
 "Remember man that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return."

Again and again the words resound in our ears on Ash Wednesday as the Priest makes his way from person to person, sealing their foreheads with the ashes of the Palms used the preceeding year in the ceremonies celebrating Christ's triumphant entrance into Jerusalem. Have you not noticed that each year they sound a little deeper into the depths of our hearts and pierce a little further into the innermost recesses of our souls, and that with the recurrence of each Lent we seem to enter more fully into the ceremonies of Holy Church? We have quaffed a little more deeply from the cup of life; its piteously few moments of supreme happiness, its bitter draughts of sorrow and worry, the telling of its lonely hours have brought us a little nearer to Calvary; we comprehend a little more fully the sufferings of our dear Saviour.

Standing within the shadow of the Cross, which of us has not felt the futility of our lives? What have we done for Him Who suffered so grievously for us, Who lived a hidden life in the lonely home of Mary and Joseph to instill into our souls the lessons He knew we needed to live aright Who suffered an agony no mortal heart can know in the silent, moonlit garden of Gethsemane to teach us the heinousness of wilful sin, Who shed the last precious drop of His blood on Calvary's Heights, and died a most ignominious death to release us from the dread captivity of sin and eternal banishment from heaven? What have we done for Him? Whatever we have done for His poor. When we reflect that mercy to them is our only means of repaying Jesus Christ for the sacrifice of His life for us, what sacrifices can we make for the poor which will seem enough?

This thought should make us more zealous than ever in pursuing our duties as Associate Catechists of Mary, for we know that every penny we contribute toward the support of a Catechist redounds to the benefit of the poor and will bring into our lives God's choicest graces and blessings.

Is there a more powerful appeal than the children in the Southwest missions—poor little ones, corporally suffering for lack of medical and nursing care, spiritually neglected for want of Priests, Sisters and parochial schools? Think of the little ones who nightly kneel at your feet to say their prayers, think of the education they are receiving, to which is added the blessing of regular religious instruction. Then think of these other thousands who hear the Word of God but seldom and who are growing up deprived of all religious instruction. Think of them I say, and on bended knees thank God that He is allowing you to assist His Catechists in their self-sacrificing labors in the so-long neglected mission districts of the Southwest.

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



SISTERS AND TEACHERS!

Station A. C. M. has a message to broadcast to you. Will you listen in?

CREATING INTEREST IN THE POOR

At the beginning of Lent, assuredly, you will try to impress upon your pupils the need and value of depriving themselves of certain pleasures and luxuries, and encourage them to do something for those who are less fortunate than themselves in order that they may please God.

How easily the sympathy of children is obtained! Just place before them in vivid language a story of the suffering and wants of other little ones and see how boys and girls react.

Now, with the approach of this holy season of Lent there comes a timely suggestion to enlist this ready sympathy in a good cause. Tell the children about the sufferings and wants of our poor little Mexicans and how little it takes to bring joy into their drab lives. Encourage them during Lent to collect such articles as holy cards, bits of gay ribbons, odds and ends of bright-colored pieces of cloth and anything else the above might suggest to their minds. Our Society will be only too glad to receive these collections and to use them to bring happiness to others.

* * *

At various times during the year just closing we have asked our readers and friends to pray with us for the intentions recommended to us by our friends desiring spiritual or temporal favors. Hundreds of petitions have been sent to us and these we have laid at the feet of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, imploring Her powerful help in behalf of our benefactors. This, is for our devoted Catechists, "a labor of love."



A "DAY OF DAYS" IN THE MISSIONS

WON'T YOU HELP?

No doubt there are many readers of The Missionary Catechist so situated that they could give of their time and means to help forward the missionary endeavors of our Society in behalf of the poor in the missions. To them I address this appeal, to them I would say: "If you would sincerely sit down and consider the wonderful opportunity afforded you by the Associate Catechists of Mary to relieve the corporal and spiritual needs of thousands of poor souls, would you not organize a band of Associate Catechists of Mary?"

Consider the tremendous Protestant missionary organizations that have come into existence because Protestant men and women interested themselves in missionary activities and gave abundantly of their time and means to further the missionary enterprises of their various sects. Think of the inroads they are making on our Faith in the destitute missions of the Southwest, and then consider what YOU are doing to combat their activities. Certainly Catholics can do what Protestants have done.

Will you not become an Associate Catechist of Mary and help to support a Missionary Catechist, who in giving herself has given all at once?

The Associate Catechists of Mary is composed of bands of ten or more men or women, who are united together for the common purpose of co-operating with the Society of Missionary Catechists by partially or wholly adopting a Missionary Catechist. No stipulation is made as to the amount to be contributed by any given circle. This will, in a large measure, depend upon the zeal and energy of the members, as well as on the financial resources of their community.

Each Missionary Catechist is supported by means of a Burse. Each band may select a certain Burse and pledge itself to work exclusively for the support of the Catechist laboring under the patronage of the Burse selected. It costs but \$1.00 a day to support a Catechist. Each band may undertake to support a Catechist for a definite number of days each year, as its funds permit.

Persons who do not feel they can themselves organize a band of Associate Catechists of Mary may join the home band, Victory-Noll Mission Circle.

Nominal membership dues in the Associate Catechists of Mary are but \$1.00 a year.

Won't you help the Southwest Mission Cause by becoming an Associate Catechist of Mary and adopting a Missionary Catechist for a definite number of days each year?

Pray for the Missionary Catechists that Our Sweet Redeemer and Our Lady of Victory may bless their labors in the Mission Field and in the Classrooms at Victory-Noll.

Catechist Supervisor,
 Associate Catechists of Mary,
 Box 109,
 Huntington, Indiana.

THE SICK POOR NEED YOU TO NURSE THEM

Gary's Box Car "Apartments"

"Where are they? I can't see anything that looks like a box-car!" said Catechist Hughes with a quick glance about the place where the Mexican laborers, employed in the steel-mills, were supposed to be living. She had just recently come to Gary and was naturally very anxious to begin her visits in the Mission district.

"Oh, we'll just walk up this incline and then you'll see them," answered Catechist O'Neill, who had long been engaged in social welfare work among these needy people.

Soon the chimney and roof of the first car came in sight, then those of the second, third, and finally they faced a long row of flat cars, about twenty in number.

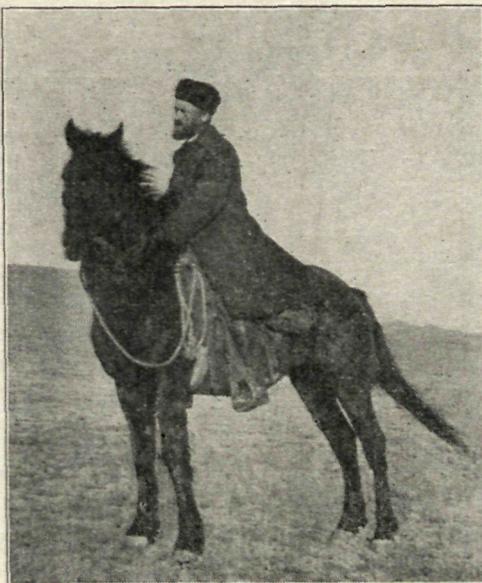
"And what are those little huts behind some of them?" queried Catechist Hughes.

"Quien sabe? (who knows) what they are called, but I believe that's where some of them cook," replied Catechist O'Neill. "Let's stop at this little hut first."

At the door they were met by two Mexican men who cordially greeted them with "Pasen, pasen, (enter, please)." Glancing into the car they saw two more men—one baking tortillas at the stove while the other was forming them into cakes on a table made of planks. The hut was a six-foot cube and there was scarcely room enough for two more persons, but, to satisfy them, the Catechists entered. After introducing the younger Catechist, Catechist O'Neill opened a discussion of the conditions in Mexico, and it was not long before the men were telling the "Madrecitas" about the things nearest their hearts, their wives and families back home in their native land. The Catechists urged the men to come and meet Father Garcia, one of their own priests and also to attend Mass on the following Sunday in the Guadalupe Chapel of the Settlement House. Then as they had many more cars to visit they bade the men "Adios" and went on to the next car.

Here there were only four inhabitants as two others had recently returned to Old Mexico on account of unemployment. When asked if they ever came to Mass at the Settlement House Chapel the men truthfully said that they had not attended Mass that morning. They had many and various excuses. Too busy working; no clothes; distance too great to church, etc. As many of them work on the sections and are often compelled to labor on Sundays the Catechists realized that they oftentimes have reason for their negligence in attending Mass. As for the second excuse, the Mexican, like the American, takes pride in his personal appearance, but to come to church he doesn't require a fine sack coat, neatly creased trousers, an Arrow collar or a Stetson hat. By no means! If it be but a nice clean jumper or overalls his modest requirements are satisfied and he thinks himself dressed well enough to go to church. But with their usual courtesy the men listened to the Catechists who explained how necessary it was for them to be true to their Religion and to come if at all possible to Mass on Sundays. Then after leaving with them a few devotional articles and several copies of "La Propagandista Catolica," a little Spanish paper, which they accepted graciously and gratefully, the Catechists left them with a wish that God would bless them both spiritually and temporally.

Arriving at the last car the Catechists
(Continued on page 8)



THE CAVALRY OF CHRIST.

Adown the trails of dusty vales
The ring of hoofs is heard.
A gallant band is riding forth
By hopes of victory spurred.
"They ride with Christ their Captain"
To keep a holy tryst,
By faith and hope and love made strong—
The Cavalry of Christ.

To hut and ranch their by-paths branch,
They ride by ones and twos;
Through dense mesquite-covered wilds
They carry God's good news.
Queen Mary's banner high is borne,
And simple souls, enticed,
They conquer and subdue to grace—
The Cavalry of Christ.

To Texas from far lands they've come
Led by the lure of souls,
And well content their lives be spent
In unheroic roles.
They asked no earthly heritage:
The Lord alone sufficed
To be their portion and their cup—
The Cavalry of Christ.

Their arm is strong to right each wrong,
Their lips to preach God's Word,
The Crucifix upon their breast
Serves better than a sword.
"They ride with Christ their Captain,"
Each hardship lightly priced
Can they but keep the path He points—
The Cavalry of Christ.
—Paul A. Lewis, O. M. I.

La Porte, Ind.

Dear Catechists:

In thanksgiving for a favor received I am enclosing one dollar toward the "Babe of Bethlehem Burse." I intend to contribute this amount each month toward this same Burse for the period of one year.

I hope and pray our dearest Lord will shower His choicest blessings on you all every day, hour and moment of 1927.

Sincerely yours,

M. R. P.

"Go to Joseph"

(Continued from page 5)

guage very well." I will let Father Lacari tell the remainder of the story.

"Never will I forget the expression on the dying man's face when I addressed him in his native tongue. He made a most humble confession and evinced sincere contrition for his sins. He had been a rover and, though not really a wicked man, had been indifferent and careless. He had not received the sacraments for ten or twelve years.

"God has been very merciful to you, my son," I said, after he had finished. "You had forgotten Him, but He remembered you in your extremity."

"Yes Father," he answered, "God is good to me. I have been very careless and wicked, but I have a good old mother who prays for me always. I was but fourteen when I started out to take care of myself. The day I left home my mother exacted of me two promises. One was that I would never neglect to hear Mass when I was on shore and the other to say every day a little prayer in honor of St. Joseph. I have sometimes been negligent about hearing Mass, but Father, I have never omitted that little prayer. I have sailed in many waters, visited many lands, experienced many adventures on both land and sea, but I have never forgotten my prayer to St. Joseph."

"And St. Joseph did not forget you, my son. To him is due your gratitude for the grace you have received today; he guided you into this port. Is your mother living?"

"Yes Father," his hands worked nervously for some minutes, then he spoke. "What does the doctor think of me?"

"I answered him as gently as I could. I think your chance for recovery is very slight.

"Do you think, Father, that God has really forgiven my indifference and neglect?"

"I assured him that God would never despise a contrite heart. Pray earnestly to St. Joseph to obtain for you the grace of a happy death if it be God's Holy Will that you should die."

"Will you write to my mother and tell her that I loved her always, that I thought of her every day, and that I never forgot to say the prayer she taught me?"

"I promised to write and I left him perfectly reconciled. I think he cannot live until morning."

Instinctively my hand sought the little statue of St. Joseph which I always carry about me. I looked at Father Lacari; his eyes were fixed on the distant horizon where the blue waters of the Atlantic merged into the bluer sky. "Poor old mother!" he said tenderly, "Nay, wise old mother! I often wonder why it is that we have not more devotion to St. Joseph. Surely He Who was subject to him when a Child will grant whatever he asks of Him now. And it pleases Our Lord when we venerate St. Joseph and have recourse to his intercession."

My own heart echoed his sentiment, and it was this thought which prompted me to give the little incident to the public.

Nearly a million people visited the national forests of New Mexico and Arizona during 1926, according to a report just compiled by M. M. Cheney, assistant district forester in charge of the office lands.

GARY'S BOX-CAR APARTMENTS

(Continued from page 7)

noticed with pleasure that the entrance had recently been thoroughly scrubbed. They soon found that the occupants had, while on their way home from work noticed the Catechists visiting their neighbors, and had hurriedly scrubbed their "flat" in preparation for the expected visitation.

In response to their knock the door was opened by a friendly looking individual, who smilingly bade them "Buenas tardes, Madrecitas, pasen, pasen."

A glance around the little home showed that their "best" furniture consisted of a rough plank table, a little barrel with a board on top and a couple of small boxes to serve as chairs, but everything was scrupulously clean and neat.

They could not help remarking how child-like and innocent these apparently rough men are. They bear themselves with an air of natural refinement and are gentlemen in every sense of the word. After a few moments of conversation on many subjects one of the men proudly exhibited two rosaries incased in miniature metal books which he was anxious to have blessed by the Padre before sending them to his two children in Old Mexico. He explained that as he works every Sunday he could not come to church himself.

The sound of the shrill steel-mill whistles reminded the two Junior Catechists that they must hurry home as the day was quickly slipping away, so they bade the men "Buenas Noches."

THE LAY APOSTOLATE.

Pope Pius X one day, while conversing with a group of Cardinals, asked them:

"What is most necessary for the welfare of contemporary society?"

"To build Catholic schools," one replied.

"No," answered the Pope.

"To increase the number of Churches," another said. Again the Holy Father disagreed.

"To secure more vocations to the priesthood," ventured a third. His Holiness disagreed with this also and declared:

"The most urgent need of the day is to form in each parish a group of lay people who are well-informed, resolute, and courageous—who are truly apostles."

The Missionary Catechists rejoice in the consecration of Most Reverend Arthur Drossaerts, D.D., Archbishop of the newly erected Archdiocese of San Antonio, Texas. To him they extend their sincere congratulations upon this well-merited honor, which has come to him in recognition of his Apostolic zeal and of his splendid Missionary endeavors for the betterment of 200,000 poor Mexicans in his big and rapidly growing missionary diocese.

Detroit, Mich., February 12, 1927

Dear Father Sigstein,

I made a promise of \$25.00 a month to your Society for a period of one year if a certain business matter came my way. I am happy to say that I was successful, and I enclose check for \$25.00 to satisfy the payment for January, 1927.

Yours very truly,

E. P. K.

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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Will You Help Support A Burse?

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THE SICK POOR NEED YOU TO NURSE THEM