

The Missionary Catechist



Volume III

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, April, 1927

Number 5

A Memorable Day At "Ojos Calientes."

By Catechist Blanche Richardson.

"O jos Calientes" lies half way up a picturesque canon. On either side of the little Spanish village are walls of solid rock which rear themselves skyward and are topped with a fringe of scattered pines. Overhead an eagle wheels in leisurely fashion, while at the base of the canon flows the peaceful, greenish waters of the Gallinas River.

It was our very high and holy privilege to serve as auxiliaries to Father B. in the Mission "O jos Calientes" this year. Some time before the Padre's "Cuaresma" (Lenten) visit was spent by Catechists Martinez and Mendoza in visiting this Mission daily preparing the little ones for their first confession and First Holy Communion, and even instructing adults, some of whom had not been to the Sacraments for years. Every day the parents and relatives of the children, some, gray-haired old men and women, attended their classes and with simple, childlike Faith asked to be instructed in the manner of making their Confessions. It seemed as if the Catechists were conducting a real, old-fashioned Mission. Many of them had to learn anew the formula for confession. The pity of it is that they are all people of good will who, through ignorance, have grown careless in a matter so vital to their immortal souls. That they love their Holy Faith is easily seen in their deep reverence for the person of Priests and for all things holy. They bow reverently to their Pastor, kissing his hand on the occasion of his visits, and we have seen them kissing the altar cloths in our chapel! They need only to be better instructed, and their zeal for God's Glory and Service will far outstrip our own. Being Latins, theirs is a nature warm and ardent, while ours is essentially more practical and matter-of-fact.

The day before the Padre's visit, we went over to this Mission to give our final instructions to the children, taking with us three suitcases containing simple white First Communion dresses, veils,

wreaths, and white stockings for the girls, and badges of white ribbon, white blouses and black stockings for the boys. Truly, the amount of work entailed in trying to find dresses and blouses to fit our little armies of First Communicants is inconceivable. A lady kindly turned over her little adobe house to us while we rummaged through the suitcases. If only our good friends who gave these various garments to us for these little children could see the look of gratitude on the faces of the children, they would feel well recompensed for the expense and trouble to which they were put in furnishing them.

The next morning six of us and a portable organ were speeding northward toward the little Mission. The engine chugged steadily and bravely along, although the whole trip was a steady upward climb. A heavy snow had fallen during the night, and it seemed that we were now entering a realm entirely unknown. It was not the Ojos Calientes of the night before, but a world of glistening whiteness, of dark green pines blanketed with soft, fleecy snow, of jutting rocks whose sharp outlines were softened by snow-filled crevices.

Mass was offered up in a small school house, which despite its smallness held more than a hundred people. The teacher's

desk had been removed and in its place was a hastily constructed altar consisting principally of boxes, artfully concealed with strips of muslin so as to look very much like a real altar. The two Spanish Catholic school teachers—possessing great ingenuity—had collected a number of olive bottles and jelly glasses, dipping them in enamel paint and transforming them into splendid looking flower-vases. The candlesticks were treated in the same manner. They also constructed an altar railing, using wooden boxes at intervals, and stretching narrow strips of wood from one box to another. The whole was covered with crepe paper. In spite of its unique appearance, it served the purpose admirably.

Directly in front of the altar sat the First Communicants and one might have mistaken them for Chicago boys and girls, so nicely did they appear in the outfits provided them by our generous friends in the East. Each little girl wore a simple and modest white dress, with wreath and veil of net. Each little boy with shining face, (shining from the recent liberal application of soap and water) white blouse and ribbon streamer dangling from his arm, held a candle in his hand.

When the last confession had been heard, Mass began, and Catechist Furst, our organist, began to play a number of simple Spanish hymns, well-known to the people. It was a great blessing to have a little portable organ with us, since it removed the atmosphere of a school, and made the place very church-like. Like a mighty wave came the strong voices of the men who joined in the chorus of "O Maria, Madre Mia," and in that other favorite hymn, "Corazon Santo." Our native people dearly love to sing, and we knew that when congregational singing was taken up, they were very much pleased. After the little ones had received their First Communion, their parents and old folk received. Every grown person in the village, excepting one man,

(Continued on page 5)



SUPPORT A MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

GLORIA'S VOCATION

SOUTHWEST down Sugarite Canon from Raton thirty miles as the crow flies is the big sheep ranch of Miguel Anallo. The house, low, long and white-washed, is built in the form of a T, and stands well back from the trail. Its deep, wide windows are flower filled and face a lovely patio, through which one enters a large, comfortably furnished living-room. Behind the house is a canon seven miles long, sheltered, and rendered inaccessible from all sides except the Anallo corral.

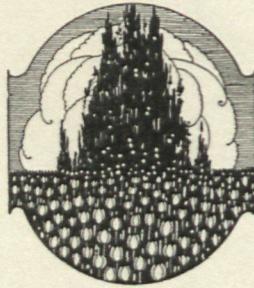
At Belle, the post-office and store, two miles down the trail, they say Miguel is lucky. When other sheepmen had whole flocks of sheep harried by coyotes, storms and what-not to such an extent that they fell over the rim of rocks at night, Miguel lost not one. He gave all the credit to John Ross who had cared for his flocks for many years, in fact ever since he had come West in search of health. John and his wife and daughter Gloria, lived in a small but substantial little adobe house farther down the canon. It was Gloria who, from the time she was ten years old, tended the sheep; through rain and wind—and there are some terrific "northers" in the sun-kissed places—she patiently, ploddingly followed them. Always she wore a medal of St. Francis around her throat, and always she carried a book with her.

Whenever Miguel brought the provender and her father's pay to the canon he would ride several miles out of his way to see Gloria. Although he took great delight in teasing her, until she lost her temper, they were the best of friends. Miguel well knew her determination to get an education, and so when she was about fourteen he persuaded her parents to permit him to send her to the Academy at Raton. As he told her goodbye, he teasingly said: "You will never be a lady, Gloria. You have too much of a temper."

Four years later Miguel drove to Raton to bring Gloria back to her parents. She had gone a long way in those four years, a long way indeed from the fun-loving, impertinent little sheep herder in flannel blouse and corduroy shirt. The red-gold hair, always so wild and intractable before, was coiled demurely about her shapely head, and there was a thoughtful, serious look in the once mischievous eyes. Something about her, which he could only define as saintly, awed Miguel, and he was very quiet for the most part of the drive home, but as they neared the Sugarite, he asked suddenly: "What do you plan to do, Gloria."

"I had wished to open a church-school in Francisco, and teach for nothing. There was a Presbyterian girl in Raton who means to locate there in September. If I could only go at

Constance Edgerton



once—but of course that is out of the question for I must help Papa and Mama. I shall get a position to teach in Vegas or Roswell. But, O Miguel," she was smiling bravely, but her voice almost broke, "isn't it hard to see our people without instruction?"

"Gloria!" he exclaimed, "do you wish it that much? Loupe, my old housekeeper is so feeble, and she wants to go to live with her daughter at Belle. Perhaps your mother will take her place and your father could be the mayordomo. They will both be earning enough then without any aid from you."

"O, Miguel dear!" she breathed and her eyes were like twin stars.

"I—I never have given much to charity in my life—he faltered.

"Miguel! you sent me to school," she interrupted.

"—and I could help the cause a bit by letting you have fifty dollars a month."

"Half that would take care of me. You are wonderful and always have been. I can never thank you. But I'm sure He will, for by helping me to become His servant you are serving Him, too."

He wished he could tell her how she might thank him, but he knew that she looked on him as a good friend or a dear brother, and he could say nothing.

"You recall the teacher, Miss Robbins, who used to teach in Berry's district? She taught Catechism every day after school, and accomplished so much." Gloria was happily chatting.

Miguel, however, cared nothing for Miss Robbins and her doings. It was Gloria he wanted but how to tell her so. "I hope you will be happy in your work, Gloria. If I can ever help you, you must let me know," he found himself saying. But it was not what he had meant to say at all. He wanted to tell her what a superb being she was, so serious, so poised, so different,—he wanted to tell her that he loved her. But he was halting—wordless.

Gloria's father drove her to Francisco village and she began her chosen work at once. During the happy busy year that followed she never returned to the canon, but Mr. and Mrs. Ross visited her several times, and it was from them that Miguel knew of her progress.

In June, 1917, Miguel Anallo enlisted in the Marines and he drove over to Francisco village to say goodbye to Gloria. She was genuinely happy to see him and felt proud that he was going to serve his country. When she had shown him the work of her classes, he said: "You still wear that medal you had when you were little, don't you?"

"My St. Francis medal?" she questioned. "Oh, yes! St. Francis is my patron Saint."

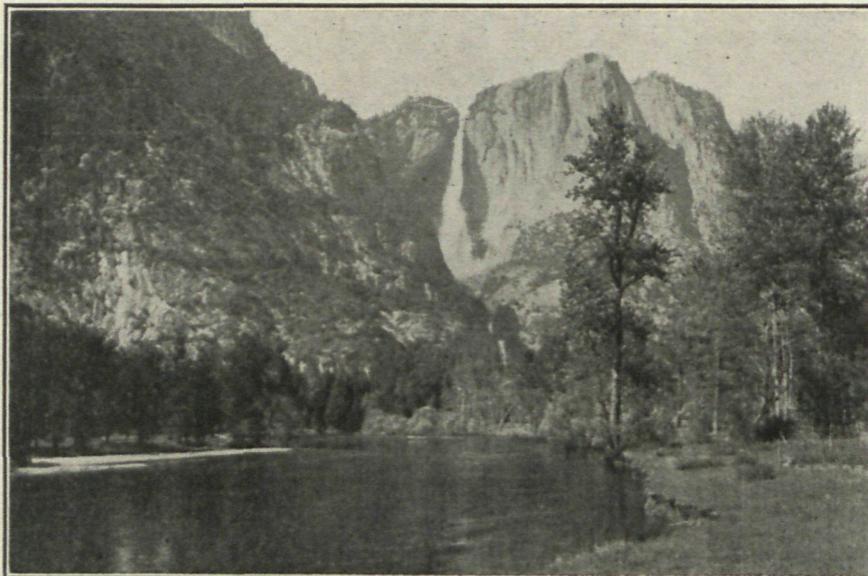
When he left the old medal was in his pocket and he told her if he didn't come back he would try to have it returned to her. Going home by way of Raton, he stopped to see Manuel Baca, the lawyer, who had been his classmate at San Miguel.

Twice he wrote to Gloria and each time she answered. Then followed months of silence. One day when Gloria returned from her Catechism classes she received a letter from an army Chaplain. The medal was enclosed.

In the next five years Gloria lived in several different villages, and in each village she left a native catechist to keep on with the work she had begun so well. But there was something her heart craved,—something she could not define until she

met two members of a new Missionary Society, who were working among the Spanish-speaking people. These young women were called Missionary Catechists and they had consecrated their lives to the service of Jesus and Mary in the person of the poorest and most neglected children in these scattered Missions. They were so very happy and contented, so enthusiastic in their work that Gloria knew that this was an answer to her prayers—to give herself entirely to God, and yet to continue working among her beloved Mexicans and Spanish Americans.

Today Catechist Ross is back among "her people," happy in being not merely the servant of her Lord, but also the spouse of her King



HELP SAVE THE FAITH OF OUR POOR CATHOLIC, "MISSION" CHILDREN.

IN HIS STEPS

"THE papers on the subject assigned, 'Some Difficulties in Prayer,' were all so very good that it was difficult to decide which one to select. I think, however, you will all agree with me, after you have heard Anne read her paper, that she has summed up some of the chief difficulties most of us experience in reciting our prayers. I will now ask you, Anne, to read your paper, and I hope that all of us will profit by your practical exposition of the subject of prayer which, after all, should not be such a perplexing subject when we consider that it is such a natural thing for us to commune with our Heavenly Father, just as a child communes with its parents on all those things which affect our spiritual and temporal welfare."

"In treating of the subject of prayer," read Anne from the paper Sister Charitina had returned to her, "it would seem almost superfluous to discuss difficulties in this spiritual exercise which most of us practice so naturally without difficulties."

"Prayer seems to be natural to man. So firmly is this fixed in man's nature that no explorer has ever found, even among the most savage tribes, a people which did not have some religious exercises which found expression in adoration and supplication to their respective deities."

Since prayer, then, is so natural, so simple, so essentially a part of man's existence, whence, it is asked, do our difficulties in prayer arise? We answer, briefly, that these difficulties arise chiefly from a wrong understanding of the nature of prayer itself, or of its relation to our every-day needs.

"God does not need our prayers. He has ordained them, not so much in order that we may receive, as that He may give. We could never make ourselves worthy of His gifts, nor could we fittingly dispose ourselves to receive them. Hence we should rather strive to dispose Him to grant us these gifts. God is ever ready to give His grace, and He gives it to all who properly ask for it."

"How far does the power of God's response to prayer extend? His promise embraces all things. 'All things whatsoever you ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive.' Nothing, then, is excluded. At the prayer of Moses, rocks were changed into running water. The persevering prayers of Daniel, the Prophet, induced Almighty God to send His Beloved Son into the world even before the time appointed in His eternal decrees. All difficulties, all obstacles, all trials vanish through the penetrating power of prayer. Pray, and persevere in prayer, and there is nothing, according to the Will of God, which you may not accomplish. When we really consider the history of the world, we find that history has really been made, not by kings, or soldiers, or statesmen, but by the prayers of simple, humble, saintly souls."

"But sometimes we hear people say, 'God

doesn't listen to my prayers,' 'God never hears my prayer.' Such persons have a wrong notion of prayer. Our Heavenly Father certainly does hear every earnest prayer offered to His Divine Son, although in His infinite Wisdom He may not answer these prayers at once. If our prayer really brings no result, then the fault may be imputed to ourselves alone. 'You pray,' says the Apostle St. James, 'but you pray amiss.' We either pray in the wrong manner, or we ask for the wrong thing."

A person prays in the wrong manner when he prays without confidence in God. Some weak, cowardly souls are fearful of



being denied the spiritual and temporal favors they pray for. They go to the good God in much the same manner as a trembling slave might go to a cruel and exacting master. Is it any wonder, then, that their prayers remain unanswered?

Again, there are others who get no results from prayer because they ask for the wrong things. They are continually asking God for special temporal favors, riches, honors, power. For such temporal favors they are always making novenas, or they are requesting others to make these novenas for such intentions. These persons seem to lose sight altogether of the necessity of praying first for spiritual favors. "Seek you first the kingdom of God, and His Justice, and all these things will be added unto you."

Again we find others who are always trying to strike a hard bargain with God. They are forever laying down conditions upon which they base their requests and upon which they make their promises in prayer. "Lord," they say, "if You will grant me this petition, I will promise this or that in return." It never even once seems to occur to them to condition their prayer upon the Will of God, saying, "Oh Lord, if this be according to Your Divine Will for my good, please grant this favor." Presumptuous persons, in offering prayers without the necessary conditions, seem to forget that when we pray we go to Our Divine Lord as beggars, not as masters, as debtors, not as creditors."

There is another class of persons who make the mistake of continually multiplying their prayers. They seem to believe that unless an endless number of prayers are recited, they are not pleasing to God. And so we find them constantly burdening themselves with many prayers and devotions. They seem to think that they are in conscience bound to offer innumerable litanies and novenas as a necessary part of their night and morning prayers. Can they reasonably expect by thus torturing themselves to make prayer an easy and spiritually profitable task? Instead of contenting themselves with the approved prayers of the Church, the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, the Creed, the Confiteor and acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, and in striving to recite these beautiful prayers slowly, attentively and devoutly, they are forever buying new prayers books with new prayers, and so increase their difficulties with their devotions. St. Teresa, a great authority on Prayer in the Church, says well: "One Hail Mary devoutly said is worth infinitely more than many prayers hurriedly gone through with."

For prayer only a few thoughts are necessary, a few desires, a few words, but these must come from the heart, otherwise they are meaningless and our prayer is useless.

Now vocal prayer, that form of prayer which finds expression through words, is no exception to the general rule. It, too, has its difficulties, which principally arise from the distractions attendant upon the habitual use and constant repetition of the self-same words and phrases. We shall find much to encourage us in combating these difficulties in the consideration that we use identically the same mind and will in prayer that we use in study, in labor, or in any other activity in which we employ the powers of our soul and body. If we have not learned to properly discipline the powers of our soul, surely we can not hope to control them when engaged in prayer. Our duty, then, is to prepare our minds and hearts for prayer even before we kneel down to pray. We can really acquire the habit of fervent prayer if we make use of short prayers called aspirations, which are the simple uplifting of the heart to God. The constant practice of aspirations during the day gradually brings a love for prayer and renders all prayer easy.

"But," some object, "I can not pray." That is heresy. Indeed you can always pray. If you feel a disgust for prayer, pray on; pray in spite of yourself. Pray for that courage in prayer which your agonizing Saviour merited for you by His bitter sufferings in Gethsemane and upon Calvary. Pray, for prayer is the strength which saves; the courage which perseveres; the mystic bridge cast over the abyss which joins the soul to God."

SUPPORT A MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

The Missionary Catechist

Huntington, Indiana

Published monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by The Missionary Catechist Publishing Co.

Subscription Rate: In U. S., 50c per year for single copies; 10 copies or more to one address, 40c each per year. Life subscription \$10.00. Canada and Foreign, 75c per year. Payable in advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 30, 1924, at the postoffice at Huntington, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

Printed by Our Sunday Visitor Press,
Huntington, Indiana.

Saviours of Their People

On the Feast of Our Lord, Jesus Christ King, last October, the Society of Missionary Catechists formally opened at Las Vegas, New Mexico, its Preparatory Training School for native subjects. In this Institute Spanish-speaking subjects from New Mexico and other states of the Southwest will be given a preliminary course of training, which will prepare them for entrance in the Victory Training Institute at Victory-Noll. It is at Victory-Noll that they will receive the major portion of that religious training necessary to fit them for a life of Consecrated service among the needy, neglected people of their own race.

Now since our Catechists go only to the very poorest missions, it happens that the subjects they recruit among the Spanish-speaking girls come from the poorest classes. So poor are they, in fact, that their parents have not even means enough to defray their traveling expenses from their home to Victory-Mount, Las Vegas. Consequently our Society has an added burden in defraying all expenses in connection with supporting, maintaining and training these worthy and pious little children of the poor.

Our facilities will be taxed to the utmost in providing for the needs of the splendid little native subjects who will come to us during the course of the year. Thus far we have found only one generous soul who is willing to adopt one of our Aspirants at Victory-Mount. For the nominal sum of \$15.00 one may perform a most meritorious work of charity by adopting an Aspirant, who, when a Catechist will, in grateful remembrance of her benefactor, offer her prayers and good works for her "Fairy Godmother". The following letter from one of our little Aspirants at Victory-Mount to her generous benefactor will convey to our readers some idea of the gratitude felt by this little soul who has left father and mother, and sister and brothers, and everything that life held out to her for the sake of Jesus Christ, the Father of the Poor, and His Blessed Mother:

Victory Preparatory Training School
East Las Vegas, New Mexico,

Dear Mrs. Wilgus:—

May I introduce myself, although I am not entirely a stranger to you? I am Margaret Aragon, an Aspirant in the Victory-Preparatory Training School, and you, I have been told, are my kind "foster-Mother". That means that your love for the missions has prompted you to adopt

one of us Spanish American girls in training here, before we enter the Catechists' Training Institute at Victory-Noll. You will be a second Mother to me. My own dear Mother went to Heaven many years ago, but the Blessed Virgin has always been a true and loving Mother to me. Soon, as a Missionary Catechist, I shall have a chance to repay Her love as a faithful child by working for the souls of the poor, neglected children here in the Southwest, for whom Her dying Son said, "I thirst".

My father calls me "Margarita" (Little Margaret) because I am only four feet, eight inches tall, and weigh only eighty-eight pounds. It does not make any difference how small you are, you can still be a big soldier, fighting in Our Lord's army for the most valuable thing on earth—a human soul. Don't you think so?

THE FIRST EXPLORER OF THE SOUTHWEST.

In 1540, fully seventy-five years before the English established themselves on the coasts of Massachusetts, the Spaniard, Coronado, set out at the head of a large expedition from the City of Mexico and penetrated what are now the states of Texas and New Mexico, exploring the region as far as eastern Kansas.

On this march he conquered the "Seven Cities of Cibola," occupied by the Zuni Indians. His lieutenants discovered the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, one of the seven wonders of the world, visited the pueblos of the Rio Grande River and traversed the vast Buffalo plains of the Southwest.

In his famous march Coronado explored a region as extensive as the long Atlantic coast line extending from Maine to Georgia.

I like my studies very much, especially Catechism, and Spanish, because these two are the most necessary for a Missionary Catechist. I study all I can because I want to become a good Catechist, so I can do a great deal of good for the children of my race who are less fortunate than I.

May I hear from you some time, because I appreciate my foster-Mother, and would like to see you even though you live in far-away Vermont?

I will send you my picture later.

Asking Our Lady of Victory to obtain for you from the Sacred Heart the grace of perseverance, I am,

Your loving foster-child,

MARGARET ARAGON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

The Missionary Catechist,
Huntington, Ind.

Dear Rev. Sigstein:

The enclosed ten dollars is for one year's subscription to The Missionary Catechist.

The little paper has been much improved, and I look forward to receiving it every month. Our Missionary Catechists should be encouraged and assisted in their wonderful work, especially at this time, when so much is needed.

Sincerely yours,

O. J. G.

Why Take Chances?

When you make a bequest in a will are you sure that your last Testament will not be broken? What guarantee have you that when you leave money by will your bequest will be carried out in accordance with your wishes? Do you not read every day in the newspapers of wills broken through some legal technicality, even though drawn up with the greatest care by some skillful lawyer? Even the Masses you wish offered up for the repose of your soul may never be said because some unscrupulous, grasping relative breaks your will.

Why not adopt a "Safety First" policy and place your money during your lifetime so that every cent will be used for the purposes which you originally intended?

Why not put your money to work on heavenly interest by making an annuity agreement with the Society of Missionary Catechists, Inc., which will guarantee you the three essentials required of every good investment, namely:

7. SECURITY.
2. HIGH RATE OF INTEREST.
3. ASSURANCE THAT THE PRINCIPLE WILL BE APPLIED FOR THE END INTENDED.

You may invest even small sums in this secure annuity plan and receive interest semi-annually for the rest of your life.

Write today to the Society of Missionary Catechists, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Ind., and we will send you complete details of our Annuity Plan.

Indianapolis, Ind.,
February 20, 1927.

Catechist Sophie Renier,
Victory Preparatory Training School,
East Las Vegas, New Mexico.

My dear friend:

I received your letter of January twenty-first, and so I am again sending you a check for \$25.00 to help provide for a Catechist engaged in your good work.

Some time back I read in "Our Sunday Visitor" of the sad plight of the poor Mexicans, both spiritually and corporally, and I started doing something then, although in a very small way. A few months back, in answer to prayers to Our Blessed Mother, I received a good position with an increase in salary. I thought, therefore, that I should return some of this gift to the Blessed Virgin in gratitude. About this time I noticed in your little magazine, the address of the Catechists, and also a statement to adopt one of the Catechists. I did not understand this, but when I received your letter I found that I could help by sending \$25.00 each month to provide for a Catechist while at her work in the field. And then when I saw a picture of some of these Catechists, I decided this was the thing to do.

I appreciate this is a very small sacrifice on my part, but, having been until lately, a poor young man, I do not now want to begin having many pleasures in the world.

If at any time you would like to have me send you some religious articles, let me know and I will try to get them for you.

Trusting you will sometimes pray for me, I hope to remain ever yours in Christ.
N. L.

HELP SAVE THE FAITH OF OUR POOR CATHOLIC, "MISSION" CHILDREN.



Victory-Noll Notes

"Rejoice and be glad, for He has risen as He said, Alleluia!" May He, Who is the Resurrection and the Life, bless you and yours, filling your hearts with an abundance of Easter Peace and Joy!

The Enchantress of the seasons, lovely Spring, has visited the "Noll" and with but a touch of her magic wand has transformed the dull, sleepy hills and valley into a world of brightness, warmth and life. In the budding branches of the trees robins gaily sing, and a teasing meadow lark, in a field nearby, bids us beware of "Spring fever" with her eternal chirrup: "Laziness will kill you!" The sparrows in the eaves are busily building their Spring homes and all day long one hears their homely but interesting chatter. On the rolling slopes of the "Noll" the violets are shyly peeping through the brown earth, and here and there a gay daffodil smiles up at the warm sun.

Within our Mission House, too, there are many "signs of Spring". Mops and pails, brooms and paint brushes are conspicuous objects everywhere.

Rev. Father Angel Canamache was a very welcome visitor at Victory-Noll, last month. He has just recently returned to this country from a trip to Cuba.

On Our Lady's great Feast of the Annunciation our Catechist Directress, Catechist Helen Sroll, and Catechist Catherine Olberding, the Catechist Directress of the Junior Training Home at Gary, Ind., renewed their vows in our Chapel of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

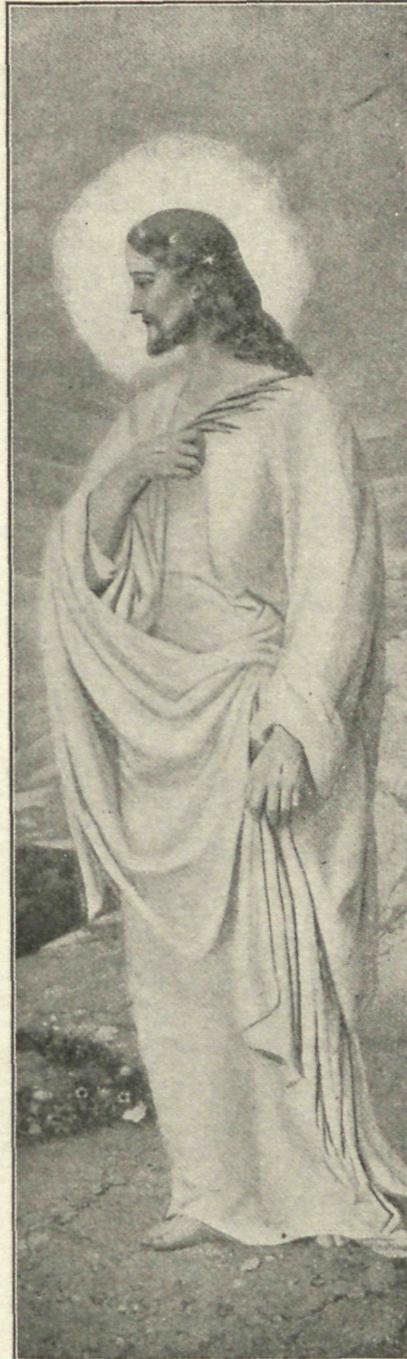
Breakfast, which followed the Profession Mass and ceremonies, was a festive occasion. The walls of our big dining room, usually so severely plain, were adorned with long panels of softly tinted crepe-paper, and on each table were lacy baskets, of the same lovely pastel shades, filled with gay jonquils which gave the room the appearance of a large flower garden. At one end of the long room stood a beautiful little shrine portraying the scene of the Annunciation. In this was a statue of Our Lady kneeling at prayer, while before her stood the Angel Gabriel, bearing a scroll on which were the old yet ever beautiful words: "Hail, Full of Grace."

A Memorable Day at "Ojos Calientes"

(Continued from Page One)

received our Eucharistic Lord into his heart in Holy Communion on that memorable day. Surely on an occasion like this Our Blessed Lord would not fail to impart to these poor people a greater love for Himself in the Sacrament of His love, and to inspire them with an ardent desire to receive Him more frequently in Holy Communion.

After all had received, and the Mass had been concluded, the First Communicants were first enrolled in the Scapular, and then, placing their right hand on the Missal presented by the Padre, and holding in their left a lighted candle, each one of them solemnly renewed his Baptismal vows. It



Reading Something Worth While

Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

"AT THE FEET OF THE MASTER"
by Rev. A. Muonder, S. J., translated by A. Preuss; B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis and London, \$2.00.

Priests are no cake-eaters; they relish plain substantial dishes. Such nutriment is furnished by Father Muonder in his work, "At the Feet of the Master," the second volume of which has been translated freely into English by A. Preuss. Priests, acquainted with the original, have found it a treasure and read it again and again. During the Lenten season many cast about for sermon-matter, for sermon-books and sermon-periodicals have not been found altogether satisfying. Preachers ring true when they give of their inner fullness, what they have meditated upon and prayed over. This book offers priests 125 meditations on the Passion, presenting to their consideration not only the Man of Sorrow but also the lesser characters and minor incidents of Calvary's tragedy; truly a helpful book, solid and stimulating.

"FAITH AND THE ACT OF FAITH",
by Rev. J. V. Bainvel, S. J., translated by Leo C. Stersk; Herder Book Co., St. Louis and London, \$1.50.

Books of an apologetic nature are on the increase. The Church must adapt her defence to the attack. When enemies tunnel deep, surface wire entanglements will avail but little. Rationalism directs its efforts not so much against positive dogmas, i. e., the walls of the City of God, as against its foundations. More attention must now be given to the fundamental principles of Christianity. Our Faith is a reasonable Faith and it is the duty of theological experts to see to it that its reasonableness will always appear. The tenor of Father Bainvel's book, "Faith and the Act of Faith", is not polemic. With the calmness of a true scientist he places Faith under his microscope to analyse it, first as a purely human produce of mind and will, and then, as a divine and supernatural act, the resultant of revelation, grace, reason, and will. All students of philosophy and theology should find this little work very satisfying.

THANKSGIVING FOR FAVORS RECEIVED.

To Our Blessed Mother, St. Jude, and the Little Flower.—Mrs. A. M. W.

To the Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Lady, St. Anne and St. Therese.—A. J.

To the Sacred Heart, Mrs. E. S. and C. A. C.

HE IS RISEN!

Death and darkness
Can no longer Him detain.
Lord, give us to triumph likewise,
Give us power to rise and reign.

was a touching scene and not a few brushed away from their eyes tears of tender emotion gathered there.

At Catechist Furst's suggestion, we concluded our part in the morning's services, by singing a fervent Magnificat to Our Blessed Mother as the crowd left the building. The school-teachers served a little "desayuno" (breakfast) to the First Com-

municants in an adjoining room, consisting of hot cocoa and cake with pink frosting.

Words fail to convey an adequate idea of the happiness experienced by the Catechists upon their return from this scene of their labor of love. This beginning of their religious work in this lovely, lonely village, nestling below the lofty crags of Hermit's Peak, will undoubtedly bear abundant spiritual fruit,—not only among the children, but among their parents as well.

The Associate Catechists of Mary

My dear Associate Catechists of Mary:

"Let the earth be filled with joy, and let it be sensible that the darkness which overspread the whole world is dispelled by the splendour of our Eternal King".

So sings Holy Mother the Church on Holy Saturday as She lights the Paschal Candle, the glorious symbol of the Risen Saviour, and so we, too, shall sing if we have followed in the footsteps of our Suffering Saviour during the forty days of Lenten penance. To us those forty days of self-denial and sacrifice are also symbolical of a light—the light of Faith we are bringing to the poor in the missions through the ministrations of the Catechist we are keeping at her post. The happiness of the innocent young hearts she has prepared to receive their Loved Master for the first time in Holy Communion surely must echo in our own hearts the refrain, "Let the earth be filled with joy".

President Wilson said that the winning of the World War depended on team work: every man, woman and child was to join hands in the great cause of democracy. The success of the Associate Catechists of Mary depends no less on the club spirit of every one of its members.

An enthusiastic club spirit is essential to every band. Women naturally enjoy clubs. They like to meet their friends and to work with them toward the accomplishment of a definite ideal. Their untiring efforts for the success of a favorite undertaking is no less than their delight in social functions.

Thus the Associate Catechists of Mary has a direct appeal to every woman; it offers her the opportunity for social intercourse with a chosen circle of friends, at the same time placing before her the noble purpose of uniting with the Church in promoting organized missionary work in the home missions by adopting a Missionary Catechist. Once each member realizes that the duty of serving the poor in the missions is incumbent upon her, she will be grateful for the opportunity afforded her by the Associate Catechists of Mary to perform that duty; she will love the sublime ideal for which the society stands and will co-operate with it in all its activities.

Certainly there is nothing more appealing to the sympathy of every womanly heart than the destitute condition of thousands of poor souls in the missions. Not only is it necessary to aid them in a material way by ministering to their bodily needs by giving them clothing, foods and nursing care, but also in a spiritual way by instructing them in the rudiments of our Holy Religion and strengthening them against the attacks of proselytizing missionaries.

Today, more than ever, the various Protestant sects are expending vast sums of money to forward their missionary activities among the Spanish-speaking people in the Southwest. No later than last December representatives of twenty-seven Protestant denominations met at the national conference on the problems of Spanish-Americans in the United States held at El Paso to consider and plan how to win the Mexicans in the United States. Their recommendation that an extensive campaign of proselytism, including the establishment by the Protestant Home Mission Council and the Council of Women for Home Missions of a school of religion near the State Agricultural College at Mesilla



Park, precludes all doubt as to their intention to rob the Spanish-speaking people of the precious heritage of the Faith.

The duty of protecting the Faith of the thousands of Spanish-speaking people in the missions of the Southwest and in our larger cities is today one of the foremost problems of the Catholic world. To quote from *The Commonweal* (November 17, 1926), "The need of Churches in the Southwest among our Mexican population, the lack of Priests to carry on the work, and the importance of the establishment of schools for these potential Americans have long been a standing cry. A few persons have been aware of conditions and have tried to improve them. The Catholic Church Extension Society has been for some time trying to increase the number of churches and to reclaim many of those Mexicans who have drifted from the Faith. **THE NEED FOR CATECHISTS TO WORK IN THIS FIELD IS EVEN MORE PRESSING THAN THAT OF CHURCHES**".

With these thoughts clearly in mind, the necessity of carrying relief to this long-neglected mission section, Catholic for centuries, is obvious. Certainly every Associate Catechist of Mary, who realizes the importance of doing her utmost to co-operate with the Church, will be filled with a fervent, whole-hearted zeal to co-operate with the Promoter of her band, and to carry out its plans with that vigor and zest which should characterize every missionary endeavor. She will be loyal to the ideals for which the Associate Catechists of Mary stands, and will do her utmost to promote them.

Thousands of souls in the Southwest missions are endangered by the energetic activities of proselytizing missionaries. **IT DEPENDS ON YOU WHETHER OR NOT THEIR FAITH SHALL BE SAVED!**

ARE YOU DOING YOUR UTMOST TO KEEP A CATECHIST AT HER POST?

CATECHIST D. M. SCHNEIDER,

Catechist Supervisor.

ST. MARY'S MISSION SOCIETY of Fort Wayne, Indiana, achieved a remarkably fine record last year. Its annual report, which shows the amount of its receipts during 1926 to have been \$610.02, is indicative of the enthusiastic missionary spirit of its 225 members. Membership dues, an ice cream social, large public card parties, as well as smaller private ones, all contributed their share to this splendid total, which not only enabled the Society to wholly support a Missionary Catechist during 1926, but also to send 181 new garments, Christmas toys and sweets, rosaries and other devotional articles to the missions.

The admirable accomplishments of this group of Associate Catechists are attributable in large part to the missionary zeal of Mrs. Teresa Ankenbruck, its Chief-Promoter, and Msgr. Oechtering, the pastor of St. Mary's Church and one of the most consistently loyal friends of the Society of Missionary Catechists.

Ever original, this circle conceived the excellent idea of dedicating a statue in St. Mary's Church to the Mission Cause, and of devoting the proceeds from the vigil lights burned before it to the work of the Catechists. In addition to the Statue of the Little Flower, which Msgr. Oechtering dedicated on February 28th., a stand and a large number of vigil lights were donated for this purpose. "Sister had to put up an extra stand of lights today", Mrs. Ankenbruck enthusiastically wrote in a recent letter, "our plan is going over the top!"

Very early in his priestly life Msgr. Oechtering evinced a heartfelt interest in the welfare of souls in "the field outside the parish gates". Having been given charge of a struggling parish, he was courageously striving to pay off a large indebtedness when, by dint of persevering thrift, he managed to accumulate \$300.00, which he generously resolved to devote to the missions. As he was about to mail his check, he hesitated a moment. Could he really spare the money? Three hundred dollars was a large sum. Unselfishly putting away this thought, however, he mailed the check.

On his return home he found one of his parishioners waiting for him. "Father", she said, handing him a roll of bills, "I have been intending to give you this money for some time".

Msgr. Oechtering thanked the donor, put the money in his pocket and thought no more about it until some hours later, when he counted the money and found, to his amazement, that it amounted to \$1500.00!

Thus again was proved the saying that God is not outdone in generosity.

Msgr. Oechtering has ever remained true to his first missionary impulse and today Victory-Noll counts him one of her most generous benefactors.

We congratulate Mrs. Wainwright and the members of the new band she has organized in Chicago on its first month's activities. "Well begun is half done".

If there are any missionary clubs or societies who wish to be affiliated with the Associate Catechists of Mary, we invite them to write to us.

Address all communications to:
Catechist Supervisor,
Associate Catechists of Mary,
Victory-Noll, Huntington, Ind.

HELP SAVE THE FAITH OF OUR POOR CATHOLIC, "MISSION" CHILDREN.

LETTERS TO MARY

"All for Jesus Through Mary"
VICTORY-MOUNT

My dear Mary:

It pleased me so much to hear of the new members in your St. Joseph Circle of Associate Catechists of Mary. It speaks of your zeal in behalf of the neglected children in the Southwest. I am glad, too, to know you are going to provide Father D. with an altar cloth for his poor chapel at Tierra Colorado. This will be a beautiful Lenten gift.

It is a hazy, lazy day in New Mexico. On the loma, which looms up in front of our Training School, obscuring a wonderful natural park beyond, of stately pines on towering cliffs, by its austere and uninviting appearance, are a group of small boys with a herd of goats. The goats,—black, white, and spotted,—frisk in and out among the rocks, while the little urchins content themselves with hurling stones, with far-flung reach, at an army of crows in a field below. The crows retort with a scornful "caw, caw," or "haw, haw," as one wishes to interpret their language. And it is not until their leader concludes to adjourn to another field that they cease in their busy search for something to eat. Then, like a cloud of black dust, they rise amidst incessant clamorings, to a nearby tree, and cause the willows to sway under the weight of hundreds of black, glossy wings.

We are giving out many pieces of clothing these days. (thanks to those good friends of ours who have been sending us their discarded clothing). Last week a poor, blind man came in a wagon with his two sons, from a village twelve miles distant. They were wretchedly poor. After attending to the needs of the "anciano" (old man) we turned our attention to the two shepherd lads. One of them wore a brown stocking on one foot and a black one on the other. Through the battered uppers of his shoes, we saw,—well, it didn't take us long to discover that there were no feet to his stockings. Broad grins behind which were glistening teeth, and sparkling eyes testified their great gratitude in being fitted out with new shoes and stockings. Their high spirits were communicated to the blind father. "Altho I cannot see them," he told us, "I am sure they are very nice."

Last week we gave some clothing to a ninety-seven-year-old son of New Mexico. At the same time another man of seventy years asked for a new coat and hat, too, for he wishes to attend Mass the next time the Padre visits his Mission. Such is their personal pride, or respect for Our Lord's Sacramental Presence, (I have never been able to determine which it is) that many stay away from Mass and the Sacraments if they do not have respectable clothing. This is one of the many problems met with in our Mission-Centers. In vain do we argue that God looks not so much to exterior appearances as to inward dispositions of the heart. In some things some of the native people are quite obdurate. It is, of course, through their never having been sufficiently instructed in the Sacred Truths of our Holy Religion that they do not realize the infinite value of one Mass heard, nor the great loss to one's soul through not hearing Mass. In many Missions, Mass is offered up but

three, or at most four, times a year. How can these people, then, be made to understand the priceless value of hearing Mass? Let us in imagination reverse matters and picture our American Catholics with no Mass nor Sacraments, or at best only at irregular intervals? What would become of the vast majority of them? I fear that in a surprisingly short time most of them would forget all about Catholic doctrines and practices. Don't you think, Mary, that it speaks well for the strong Faith of these people, that, under these conditions, they have remained faithful to Holy Church all these years?

During the past century for many years our New Mexican Catholics were deprived of the ministrations of priests and the Sacraments. During these long years of Spiritual "famine" they cherished their Faith and its practices to such a degree, that the French Secular Clergy, who came to these



His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Daeger

parts after the exile of the Spanish-speaking Padres, were amazed to find such strong evidences of Catholicity. Many years have passed since the coming of the first French priests, and yet there is still a great dearth of Missionary priests in the Southwest. I have just mentioned that Mass is offered up in some Missions but three and four times a year. But even with more Missionaries, there must be more people "behind the firing lines" to help them, (by this I mean generously disposed Catholics) since it takes at least six thousand natives to support one priest, because each family can contribute so very little.

The work of our Catechists in these poor Missions where Mass is said so seldom is to impress the natives with great value of the Mass and the Sacraments so that when they are offered to the people, although at very irregular intervals, they must be seized upon as means of heaping up priceless merit. (Continued on page eight)

Victory-Mount Echoes

The beautiful notes of robins and meadow-larks apprise us that Spring is not far distant. Moreover, the sun is not so sluggish but is rising earlier and earlier from his bed across the Eastern mesas. Withal, stern Winter refuses to relinquish his grip so easily, and therefore plenty of snow and storm clouds abound. Yesterday morning, Jicarita Peaks wore a corona of misty clouds.

The Rev. Father Bourque is now our Chaplain at Victory-Mount. Having been deprived of daily Mass and daily Communion for nearly eight months, it is a great happiness for us to have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered up each morning in our Chapel.

Our very dear Spiritual Father, the Reverend Spiritual Director of our Society, has been with us for the past three weeks. His semi-annual visits are always an occasion of great rejoicing at Victory-Mount.

His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop Daeger, O. F. M., of Santa Fe, made his initial visit to Victory-Mount the Sunday before Lent began. On this occasion, the Stations of the Cross, donated to our Chapel by one of our most generous benefactors in Chicago, were blessed. Among the local clergy present for the erection of the Stations were the Rev. Fathers Rabeyrolle, Oelmann, Barrau, all of Las Vegas, Mr. Brady, seminarian, and our Spiritual Director, and our Chaplain, the Rev. Father Bourque.

His Grace was surprised to find so many Catechists at Victory-Mount, and expressed His approval at the air of democracy, happiness, and contentment throughout the house. While we were formally arrayed with starched collars and cuffs during the early part of the afternoon, we had to don aprons and sleevelets after supper in order to wash dishes, put away the food, etc. Entering the kitchen, the scene of great activity, His Grace commented, "Marys must become Marthas." He expressed His pleasure and approval on the nature of the work of our dear Society, which is to work exclusively among the poor. He said in this, we were imitators of Our Lord, whose whole life was spent among the poor.

Saturday afternoons continue to be the time for distribution of clothing among the poor. Our Chaplain was very much edified by the devotion of the poor to Our Eucharistic Lord. They never fail to visit the Chapel when they come for clothing. It is a very common thing to find a whole family kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament reciting in community the Rosary.

The Rio Grande River, which flows through the State of New Mexico, is one of the longest rivers in the world. From its source to the Gulf of Mexico it covers a distance of eighteen hundred miles. From the northern border of the State of Mexico to the Texas border line, this great river has a fall of three thousand, five hundred feet.

Letters To Mary

(Continued from page 7)

its for Eternity, and as benedictions on their present lives and labors.

The scarcity of priests and the inability of people to get to Mass and the Sacraments often, is a sufficiently grave problem in itself, but when we view the onrushing forces of Protestant proselytizers into this Mission country it fills us with apprehension.

In our Mission-Centers we have two distinctive types of Protestants with which to deal. Those who have recently fallen away from the Catholic Church, through the work of present-day proselytizers,—among these are children who have been educated at Protestant boarding schools and come home with a Protestant's disdain for Catholic beliefs and practices, and secondly, those Natives whose mothers and fathers fell away from the Church some fifty years ago when a renegade priest, named Cardenas, left the Church and joined forces with the Protestants. This latter class, very much in the minority, are the type of Protestants with which our Catechists in Holman are dealing at present. Protestantism gained a stronghold there half a century ago, and there have been Protestant ministers in that region ever since holding the former "converts" to their adopted religion and encouraging Catholic neighbors to study the "friendly" American religion. In spite of this uphill work, our Missionary Catechists in Holman have succeeded in materially reducing the attendance at the Protestant church school and in getting several fallen-away and indifferent Catholics to return to their duties.

This is a very long letter, the reading of which has kept you from many stitches on the small altar pieces you are making. I believe the members of St. Joseph's Circle, however, will be glad to know for whom and for what they are working.

Assuring you of a remembrance in our Lenten prayers and sacrifices,

Lovingly yours in O. B. L. V.

Catechist Blanche Richardson.

Telling the Story

April, 1925.

Making Our Catechism Classes Interesting.

We have started to teach the children how to make artificial flowers and other articles from paper. They show great interest in this work. Every Saturday afternoon the little ones come and spend a pleasant time making paper flowers. They also make little mats and fans of bright colored paper. All this helps to make our catechism classes more interesting.

In our out-missions we have to make arrangements ahead of time for our classes. At Las Manuellas the school teacher made the mistake of dismissing the children too early last Tuesday, and so we missed them. We finally managed, however, to reach them on Wednesday, one of us going to Las Galineas where some of the children live, and the other, with some assistants, to Ariba.

THE CRUCIFIX.

Thy weary Arms are all outstretched,
Outstretched to welcome me.
Thy thorn-crowned Head is all bowed
down,
Bowed down in love for me.
Thy aching Heart beats slow and sad,
Beats sad for sake of me.
Thy nail-pierced Feet are weary too,
Aweary seeking me.
Thy gentle Eyes are dim and dark,
All dimmed with care for me.
Thy burning Lips are parched and
dry,
All parched with thirst for me.
Thy white, sad Face is wet with tears,
With wistful tears for me.
Thy tired Head bends lower still,
Bends low to pardon me.
And now there is a sob, a cry,
A cry aloud for me.
Thy aching Heart has ceased its
throb,—
A God is dead for me!

In the Days of "Billy the Kid"

We were on our way to Luna, which lies in the parish of Father P. "Padre" caught sight of us when we were passing through Santa Rosa, and, of course, our feeble ruse of being in a hurry could not survive the urgent entreaties of this hospitable little French Priest to stop just for a moment to take a cup of tea. We were not sorry when a few minutes later, being ushered into a cozy dining room, we partook of a most refreshing cup of tea and some beaten biscuits with home-made conserve, concocted by none other than Madame P.—Father's own sister. Forming a most pleasing centerpiece was a huge platter of white grapes which were seedless and "Pecos Valley" grown.

"I said Mass at Fort Sumner, this morning", commented the Padre.

"Fort Sumner? Is not this the region where Billy the Kid used to roam"? we asked.

"Yes", answered Padre, "and it is the place where he died, too. It is a strange thing that this noted outlaw, so quick with his gun, was never known to harm a Mexican. After breaking away from jail, he was shot and mortally wounded by the sheriff. He rode straight for the house of an old Mexican woman, whom he affectionately called "Comadre." He was buried with a medal of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which she probably pinned on him.

"It is said Billy the Kid had an aversion for any one with red hair", remarked Padre, as he emptied the bowl of his pipe. "This was supposed to have resulted from his father having been killed by a man with red hair. Once when the outlaw was taking a drink at the bar, a tall, slender youth with flaming hair entered the saloon. He was most likely a stranger in those parts, as well as a stranger to such a resort, judging from his uneasy manner. Billy the Kid gave one look in his direction and then invited him to have a drink with him. The young man refused saying he did not care to drink. Billy the Kid then said, 'Whether you will or no, you must drink with me.' The young man had scarcely lifted the glass to his mouth, when the outlaw unloaded his gun into the mouth of the unfortunate youth".

"We can be glad the West is no longer the wild and woolly country it used to be", we remarked, taking a long breath. "Why in the Bank of Santa Fe there is preserved an old notice of a Necktie Party, which was none other than a cowboy name for a lynching planned for cattle and horse thieves."

A glance at our watches and we arose to go. We hope, however, to be able to hear some more stories about the West, sometime, from the friendly little Padre.

Two friends got into an argument at Las Vegas over the merits of the climates of their respective states. One of the men was a New Mexican, the other a Californian.

"I want you to understand, sir," said the native of New Mexico very emphatically, "That in our state the sun shines 360 out of every 365 days in the year."

"That's nothing," the Californian replied contemptuously, "why out in California the sun shines 375 days a year!"

**We Make Loans for Catholic Parishes and Catholic Institutions
in All Parts of the United States.**

Reasonable Rates—Write for Our Rates

Thos. McDonald & Co.

11 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Established 1914

HELP SAVE THE FAITH OF OUR POOR CATHOLIC, "MISSION" CHILDREN.