

The Missionary Catechist



Volume III

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Number 6

THE SPIRIT OF VICTORY-NOLL

By Rev. F. J. Remler, C. M., Author of "Supernatural Merit."

Upon the crest of a beautifully wooded hill commanding an extensive view of the picturesque Valley of the Wabash, stands the Victory Training Institute of the Society of Missionary Catechists. The Institute is ideally located one mile west from the city of Huntington, made famous as the home of Our Sunday Visitor. The spacious, mission-style building is an artistic gem crowning the summit of this lovely knoll so appropriately styled "Victory-Noll."

Here are the Motherhouse and principal training institute of the Missionary Catechists.

The Society of Missionary Catechists, founded only a few short years ago, has for its object the preservation of the Faith of those needy, neglected Catholics living in mission places or settlements deprived of the ordinary influence of Priests, Sisters or Parochial schools. Aided by the generous patronage of the Rt. Rev. John F. Noll, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne, and the internationally known founder and editor of Our Sunday Visitor, this Society has, in the short time of its existence, grown in a truly wonderful manner. Providentially designed to meet a most pressing need for saving the Faith of our Spanish-speaking population, the Society is destined to play an important part in the history of the Church in this country.

First Impressions

A visit to Victory-Noll makes a most favorable and lasting impression. Here one finds himself transported from the distracting noise of the world of business and pleasure into the atmosphere of a supernatural world where peace and happiness and love of God are found.

What impresses one most is the spirit of genuine peace and happiness found on all sides. One realizes that this is not something artificial: it is very real; it is permanent. There is no mistaking it—it is the peace of Christ which surpasses all understanding.

One instinctively feels that these noble-minded, generous-hearted young women who are here fitting themselves to become zealous apostles of God's poor in the neglected mission districts of the Southwest, have truly dedicated themselves without reserve to that most God-like of all good works—the saving of immortal souls. One cannot help observing that the Catechists go about their appointed tasks—prayer, study, work, and recreation, cheerfully, joyously, naturally, in a spirit of willing

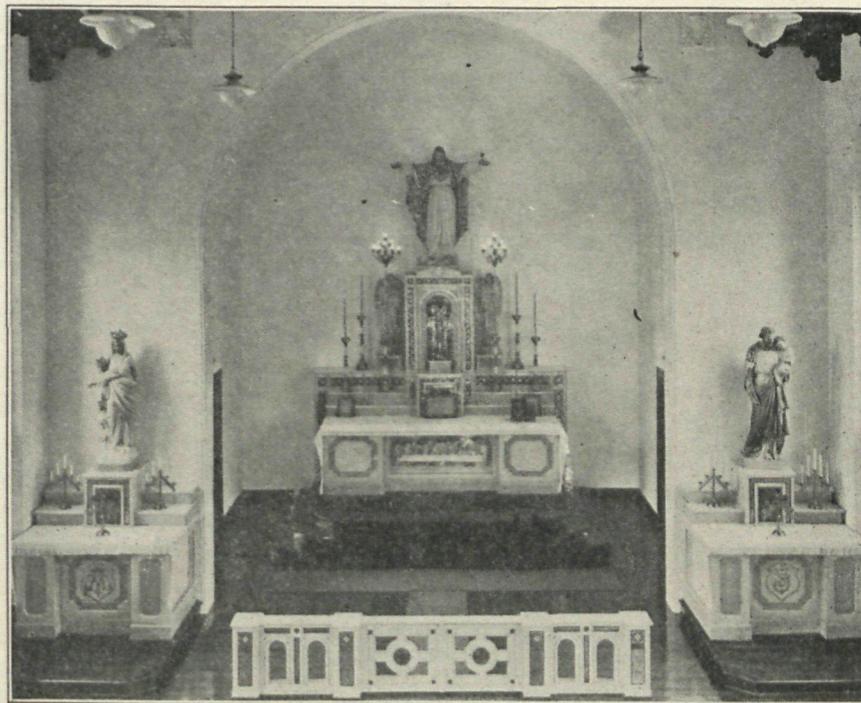
service and unreserved consecration to God's will. "Truly," one says to himself, "these self-sacrificing young women who have, for the love of Jesus Christ, forsaken relatives and home and all that life held out to them to prepare themselves for this heroic missionary apostolate, are even now visibly rewarded by Him with interior peace and happiness which he has so generously promised to all who have devoted themselves to Him in service of His poor.

A Community, But not a Cloistered Life.

Although there is a departure in the life of the Catechists from the generally accepted notion of what constitutes the life of a religious, it is not without precedent for in the 16th century St. Vincent de Paul instituted a community of uncloistered religious who ministered to the sick and poor in their homes. This was considered an innovation, but it was one which was made necessary by changed social conditions and history has proved that it was a wise and highly useful one.

In the same manner we have in the life of the Catechists a departure from accepted ideas concerning the manner of life lead by uncloistered communities. The needs of the missions of the southwest demand a body of consecrated workers who while living a community life are free to go among the people wherever their services are required.

The task that the Society of Missionary Catechists has set itself to perform calls for a spirit of love of God which is nothing short of heroic. It calls for a complete sacrifice of self and self-love, of detachment from comforts and conveniences, and often, too, from things which are really necessary for life—
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The Chapel at Victory-Noll.

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Victory Noll Archives

THE SPIRIT OF VICTORY-NOLL

(Continued from Page One)

—a detachment which is unusual in these days of softness and luxury.

The Spirit of Heroic Love and Service

Where members of religious communities have almost unlimited advantages of a spiritual nature, such as the Real Presence, daily Mass and daily Communion, frequent Benediction, the Missionary Catechists are often deprived of the privilege of living under the same roof with their Eucharistic King; frequently their's is not the privilege of attending Mass and communicating daily, for they may only hope to receive when the Missionary comes on his monthly or bi-monthly visit to the mission. Visiting the Blessed Sacrament, assisting at Mass in spirit and communicating spiritually are for weeks at a time their nearest approach to the actual reception of the Holy Eucharist.

How closely the life of the Catechists resembles the life of self-sacrifice and suffering which Our Divine Saviour led on earth for the purpose of bringing about our redemption! Impelled by love these generous souls voluntarily embrace this life of heroic self-sacrifice, of hardship and suffering in order that Christ's neglected little ones may share in the blessings He purchased for them by His death on the Cross.

In the School of Christ.

The kind of life which the Missionary Catechists are trained to lead in order to insure success in their arduous apostolate very closely resembles that which the Apostles were taught to lead while they were in the company of their Divine Master. It is patterned according to the rules which He Himself laid down for their guidance, and according to which He formed and fashioned them into perfectly responsive and effective instruments for the salvation of souls.

A brief glance at the outstanding features in the training of the Missionary Catechists indicates how they are endeavoring to imitate the apostolic life.

Abandonment of All Things

When Our Divine Lord called His Apostles He commanded them to leave all things in order that they might be wholly free to follow Him and to do His bidding. They were to sever all earthly ties and bid farewell to home and friends that they might be entirely unimpeded in the fulfillment of the great mission He was about to entrust to them. The most tender love of relatives must yield when He calls a son or daughter to a special service, for "He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me."

Accordingly we find the Missionary Catechists yielding ready obedience to this first condition laid down by their Divine Master. They leave father and mother; they bid farewell to comfortable homes and pleasant surroundings; they renounce the pleasures of the world and that freedom which every young woman of the day glories in as her rightful heritage, to accept the gracious invitation of the Heavenly



Our Blessed Lady of Victory

Brigegroom and to consecrate their lives to the salvation of souls.

Perfected in Faith, Hope and Charity.

Our Divine Saviour transformed those whom He called to the apostolate into new men by means of the three divine virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity. He perfected their Faith by teaching and enlightening them in the mysteries of the Kingdom of God; their Hope by the display of His Divine Goodness, Mercy and Power; their Charity by the ceaseless manifestation of His tender love for them and by His continual insistence that they "love one another even as He loved them."

In these three virtues the Catechist likewise receives a special training. Her Faith is made to expand and grow strong by a fuller study of religious truths through assiduous meditation and judicious spiritual reading; her Hope by the consideration of the infallible promise of a heavenly reward made in favor of those who renounce all things in order to consecrate themselves to the service of God in the person of His

poor; her Love of God is made strong by constant exercises of love and devotion and by the perfect discharge of all her duties through the pure motive of divine Love. Finally, her love of neighbor is exercised and perfected by the crucifixion of self and the cheerful rendering of mutual service and the constant desire of loving her sister-Catechists in God and for His sake alone.

The Proof of True Love.

Our Lord taught His apostles the real nature of true love. This love does not consist in elated feelings and sentiments, not in ecstasies or visions, or the power of miracles, but rather in keeping His law and doing His Will.

So, too, the Missionary Catechist is taught that the true love of God does not consist in a showy display of sentimental devotion, nor in the multiplicity of spiritual exercises, nor the inflicting upon her of painful acts of penance, but consists rather in the performance of her daily duties in the spirit of love with the greatest possible purity of intention, leading a life of obedience, humility, detachment from the world, and in a cheerful simplicity and willingness to endure hardships and privations for the sake of making God known and loved by those poor and neglected souls among whom she is called to live and work in the missions.

During her training period the Catechist earnestly prepares herself for the endurance of the painful trials awaiting her in her missionary career. Unceasing labors, painful sacrifices, privations and sufferings, so foreign to the ideas of even devout souls in the East, will be the daily companions of these noble Catechists who have voluntarily left all in order to gain the souls of Christ's neglected little ones who would perish without their saving ministrations. The true Missionary Catechist is not deterred from following her vocation and faithfully discharging its duties at the prospects of these difficulties. For the sake of her Crucified Saviour she is ready to sacrifice all, even life itself. Does not St. John insist that "In this we have known the charity of God for He laid down His life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren?"

Heroines of Charity.

Surely no one who hears of their heroism can withhold his admiration or fail to wish the Missionary Catechists the fullest measure of the graces they need for the success of their noble work.

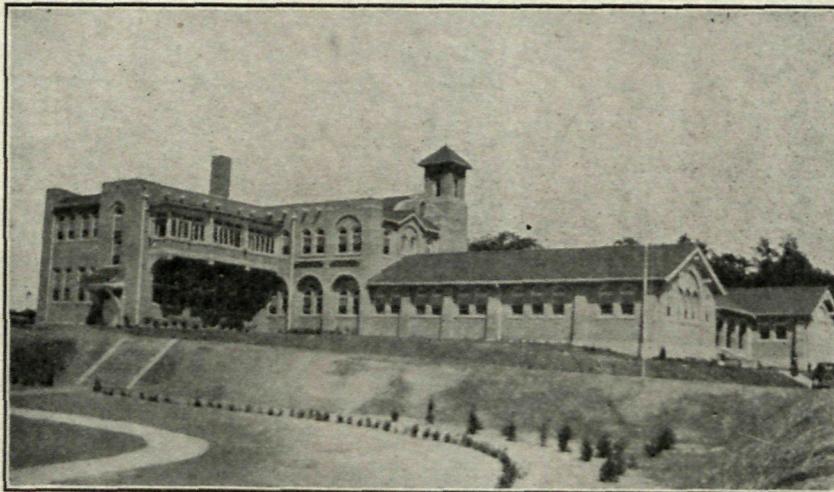
May it please God to inspire many generous and noble-hearted young women to bid farewell to the vain attractions of the world, to offer themselves unreservedly, with mind and heart, health and life, soul and body, to that sublimest of all forms of Christian Charity—the saving of the souls of the neglected poor.

Reverend dear Father:

Please find enclosed \$3 to use in your Missionary work. We promised this to Our dear Lord if we might have the blessing of my boy being able to find work.

I am happy to say this favor was given us. Asking your prayers,

Very sincerely, R. H. F.



Victory-Noll, the Catechists' Training Institute.

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THE BLUE SPRUCE HEDGE



IN 1900 John English and his wife, Samantha, came from England to New Mexico, to visit a cousin, Mrs. Honeysett, who had homesteaded. As she and her husband rode toward Honeysetts, Samantha saw every clump of sage cast its purpling shadow that lengthened as the sun dropped toward the hills. The sight fascinated her.

"We will take land here, John and I. We will accumulate wealth and take a trip back to England," she told herself.

They took land—one hundred and sixty acres, on the Johnson Mesa. They could have taken more, for it was arid, if Samantha would go farther south, but she liked the view from this plot,—and next door was a well-kept ranch with trees.

No one was poorer than John and Samantha, that first year. But soon there came an influx of settlers. They had to have mail, and English's ranch house was chosen as postoffice. Twice a week the mail was brought from Yankee. Samantha started a store. For miles around they drove in for their mail and her grocery stock attracted them. She was a good business woman and she soon enlarged her stock; John enlarged his herd.

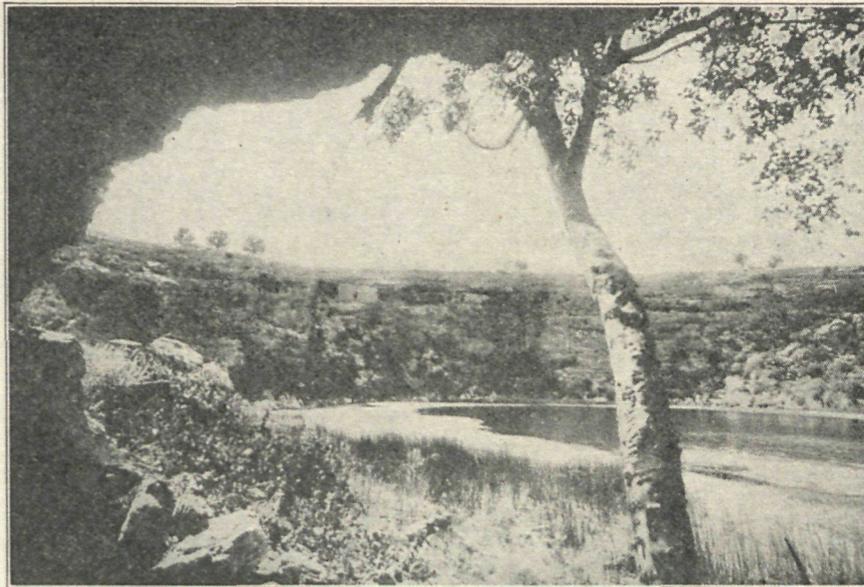
Time passed. They had proven their land, but the trip back to England was still in the far future.

Down the trail a short distance was the Miguel Lopez ranch. It gave one the impression it was sleeping in the sun. A row of little trees—Colorado blue spruce—took the place of a fence along the trail. Miguel and Dolores Lopez had taken this homestead at their marriage. Here they had lived seven years, proved and improved the place; here they had wept and smiled, worked and served God in happiness and contentment.

Dolores loved trees and flowers and birds and it was she who had gone into the canon to the north and brought home the blue spruce. She had driven over early when the air was pure as wine and the hills, veiled in the lilac mists of the morning light, were shimmering above the blue of the sagebrush, and the gold of the high mesas. She would stop in her work of digging the little trees to watch the sun rise. The air would split with lavender, lilac, and primrose, and then, as the sun rose higher, gold and red would suffuse the world.

The blue spruce hedge was almost seven years old and in its blue, glistening limbs were bluebirds, finches and doves, (which Dolores had at different times brought home from the canons below the mesa rim), when Samantha English first saw it.

Samantha would often stand in her doorway and look down the trail to the next ranch. She liked the blue trees glistening in the sunlight—she had always liked blue, even the blue shadows that are a sure sign



The dreamy scene with its long, purpling shadows fascinated her.

of desert land. She was fond of birds, too. There were always birds in the hawthorne hedges at home in England. An idea was playing tag in Samantha's brain—a wicked idea but she nourished it. She was obsessed with but one desire: she must have the blue spruce hedge, the birds and the land.

Night after night she stole forth with John's pliers and snipped the wire on Miguel Lopez's fence. She meant to do a thorough job. Every night; every strand of the four wires; between every other post.

Wide-eyed Dolores Lopez awoke to this wanton destruction. Miguel was not at home. What could she do? That night she secreted herself and awaited the marauder. It was Samantha English, the post-mistress!

Horrified, Dolores faced her: "How wicked of you to destroy property. Surely you must know that those who fear not God will pass out of the memory of men forever."

"That's old world superstition," said Mrs. English, "and I will tell you now to save your time; I have friends in court and in the land office, also. It will do you no good to fight."

Dolores knew only too well the truth of this, but did she not have a Friend in a court higher than any on earth? Surely the dear Virgin of Guadalupe would save her home,—would not let harm come to Miguel and the twins and herself.

Samantha turned her herd into the Lopez field. Protests were vain. The land commissioner was appealed to and "took evidence," but he postponed his findings. John English filed on the Lopez ranch, and he seemed to be within the law, although perjury must have been resorted to for the title of Miguel and Dolores Lopez could not be found on file in the land office.

Miguel was heart-broken, sad and morose. He lost all hope, for had not the same thing happened to his own parent's when he was sixteen? But Dolores was calm and cheerful, and she never, for one moment, lost hope in her gracious, heavenly Advo-

cate. Each night, calling the twins to her side, she recited the Rosary at the little Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. And each day she went about her work with a song on her lips and a prayer in her heart.

"We have had so much happiness—this is only a little trial to test our gratitude," she would say; or "Surely you have confidence in the Virgin of Guadalupe, Miguel?"

"It will take a miracle to save our home," he would answer stubbornly. "Then She will work it!" said the trustful Dolores.

But the days passed and the miracle did not come. May did, however, and with it the announcement that the English's would take possession of the Blue Spruce Ranch the

last week of the month. But even this did not daunt Dolores. She only redoubled her prayers, sang a bit more gayly and smiled more brightly.

One day a tall, elderly stranger came into Samantha's little store. While waiting to make a purchase he began talking to a New Mexican seated near the window which faced the blue spruce hedge ranch. "Who lives over there?" he asked pleasantly. The man scowled angrily, "It belongs to Miguel Lopez," he said, "but it was stolen from him! They will have to vacate soon."

Their conversation had been in Spanish and the stranger wondering if he had misunderstood the man, turned to Mrs. English, who was now free to wait on him. "A beautiful place,—the next ranch—isn't it? To whom does it belong?"

A queer look came into Samantha's eyes, and she stooped below the counter to get a box of cigars, before answering. Then she said, "It is my place."

"Is that so? You are surely to be congratulated for it is the loveliest place I've seen in these parts," he said, as he chose a couple of cigars.

In a few moments more he was on his horse riding toward the Lopez ranch. "Lopez—" he mused, "seems sort of familiar. Let's see—"

As he dismounted in front of the homey little adobe ranch house a young woman came out, smiling hospitably: "Buenas tardes, Senor. Pasen."

When he entered he could see that the family were seated at supper in the next room, and apologizing he introduced himself as John Carson, and asked if it would be possible for them to give him shelter for the night.

Miguel, who had come into the room, seemed rather displeased at the request, but sullenly agreed to permit him to stay after Dolores had spoken a few, soft, pleading words.

After supper, Mr. Carson sat alone on the little veranda. The twins came out,

(Continued on Page Eight)

Every Little Bit Helps

Frequently we receive letters from our charitably inclined friends, stating that they would be happy if they could help the Missions by a substantial donation, but they fear the little bit they are sending will be of little avail in assisting the Catechists in their work. Now, this is a mistaken notion, for Our Divine Master has told us that even the "widow's mite" is most acceptable to Almighty God when offered with a good intention.

Very few really great Catholic works in this country have been built up by a single large contribution or endowment. It seems that in the designs of Almighty God all good works are supported through the offerings and sacrifices of the poor, or those of moderate means.

The Society of Missionary Catechists is no exception to his general rule. It depends entirely upon the contributions of our devout Catholics who so often possess little more than the ordinary necessities of life. We believe that God's blessings have come to us with these small but meritorious contributions from persons in moderate circumstances. We are firm believers in the idea that your "little bit" will help a "great bit" to build up a Burse for the support of one of our Missionary Catechists.

With the Profession of each of our Catechists the duty devolves upon us of completing her Burse of \$6,000.00. The interest on this Burse forms her perpetual source of support. At the present we are trying hard to complete the Burses in honor of "Our Blessed Lady of Victory" and "Our Lady, Queen of the Rosary." Your offering, no matter how small, will help us to realize this end.

Why not honor our Blessed Mother, during this beautiful "month of Mary," by sending your offering, (no matter how small) towards the support of her consecrated Catechists who are laboring to save the neglected children of the poor in New Mexico.

BETTER THAN INDUSTRIAL SECURITIES

Why not invest your hard-earned money in heavenly securities instead of perhaps doubtful secular securities? According to its Annuity Plan, the Society of Missionary Catechists, Inc., will pay a high rate of interest during your lifetime, besides assuring you of priceless heavenly merits which will accrue to you during this life and the next.

Your investment will help to support a Missionary Catechist in her sublime work of saving souls. Your money thus loaned in the cause of religion will bring you the most lasting spiritual results; it will be a precious and perpetual memorial of your life work here on earth, and a pledge of God's mercy to you in the life to come.

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., for the complete details of this plan.

The Missionary Catechist

Huntington, Indiana

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

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NEW MEXICO—U. S. A.

One of the tasks of the Catechists, —and by no means the least,—has been to "discover" New Mexico to our Catholic communities in the East and Central West. This state, the fourth largest in the Union, with its vast resources, its wondrous scenic marvels, its historic past, is so little known to many of our Americans that it might for all purposes be a part of Borneo. Some of our people even take it for granted that it is a part of Old Mexico. This has been such a source of humiliation to some of the prominent residents of New Mexico that they have lately begun an agitation that the state be named after President Coolidge. By thus "re-christening" the state they hope to give it that measure of publicity to which it is justly entitled.

Although New Mexico is one of the poorest states in the Union from the standpoint of dollars and cents, its incomparable climate, its perpetual sunshine, its unsmirched skies, its romantic traditions, more than offset its lack of financial means.

New Mexico, the "Sunshine State," has a population of 388,146; its area is 122,503 square miles. Discovered by the Spaniard, Cabeza de Vaca in 1536 and governed by Captains-Generals from Spain, it passed under the jurisdiction of Old Mexico when that country gained its independence from Spain in 1821. For fifty-five years it remained under the flag of the Mexican Republic, and then became part of our country when General Stephen Kearney took possession of it during the Mexican War. It became a territory in 1850 and under President Taft's administration was admitted to Statehood, January 6th, 1912.

The climate of New Mexico varies greatly. In the extreme Southern part of the state near the Texas boundary it is dry and hot, while in the mountain districts of the North the rarified air makes it necessary to sleep under blankets even during July and August. Here, the giant, snow-capped peaks of the Rockies seem to touch the sky at an altitude of 13,000 feet.

A Protestant's Tribute to the Church

(Editor's Note: This splendid tribute to the work of the Church in Mexico is an excerpt from a recently published work, "Diplomatic Episodes in Mexico" by Henry Lane Wilson. The writer, a non-Catholic, was United States Ambassador to Mexico under Presidents Taft and Wilson. As the Representative of our government during the Madero and Huerta regimes, he played an active part in those stirring events which preceded their downfall. He is, therefore, competent to furnish us with an intimate picture of the history and life of the Mexican people, and to give us a true estimate of the work of the Church in that revolution-torn country.)

"Very much has been said by writers on Mexico about the power and tyranny of the Roman Catholic Church in its influence with the Mexican masses. As far as my observation goes, the Catholic Church in Mexico has, since the time of Juarez, been more sinned against than sinning. Its political power from the overthrow of Maximilian down to the brief rule of Huerta was a myth. The Roman Catholic Church as a political organization does not exist in Mexico, but it is to be doubted whether its loss of influence and the persecution of its priesthood have had a beneficial effect on the Mexican people. It is true that some four hundred years ago the Indian races then inhabiting the country were converted to the Christian religion by the sword, but nevertheless Christianity was a benevolent substitute for pagan Aztec barbarism.

"After the conquest the rule of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico was generally benevolent and uplifting. It founded and reared splendid medieval churches, established charitable organizations, places of refuge, and gave to the impoverished Indian population a primary education which it could obtain from no other source. The church was stripped of its power, property, and influence by the governments of Juarez and Diaz, but neither these presidents nor their successors had the courage—or shall we say a sufficient lack of patriotism?—to attempt to impose by military force a godless and heathen regime, having its origin in bolshevik propaganda. Not all Christians are concerned with the fate of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico, but the matter of a complete overthrow of the Christian religion is of as much concern to any Protestant denomination as to those who pay obedience to the Pope."

"What name do you wish to give the child?" asked a minister of a colored woman who had brought her baby to have it baptized.

"I want him to have de Scriptural 'Hallud,'" she replied.

"Hallud? Why where did you find that name in the Bible?"

"Well, for de Lawd's sake! You a preacher what says yo' prayers ev'ry day an' doan know 'Hallud be Thy Name!'"

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Echoes From Victory-Mount

Nature is holding a jubilee in New Mexico in honor of the Fairest of Queens. Bursting buds, sweet-scented blossoms and the liquid notes of songsters are doing their best to render homage to Our Beloved Mother. Scarcely has the morning sun gilded the dull green lomas when hymns of praise are daily offered up in Victory-Mount chapel to Our Heavenly Queen by the Catechist choir. Our meditation was twice disturbed by a mischievous woodpecker who rapped on the chapel windows. Perhaps he was impatient for us to begin our hymn-singing (the meadow larks and robins having begun their hymn of praise before dawn) and was giving us the "attention" signal.

Last month during Pas-siontide, a fire broke out in the rear of the building near the kitchen. Due to a strong wind, the whole building was threatened for a time. Excitement reigned supreme at first. Two Catechists were obliged to descend from a second-story window by means of a ladder, because of the dense volumes of smoke which rolled up in the inner stairway. The two fire departments of Las Vegas came speedily to our rescue and after considerable work extinguished the blaze. Most of the damage resulted from water and from the walls and floors being torn down by firemen in their efforts to extinguish the smouldering fire in the inner walls and beneath the flooring. The cause of the fire is unknown. Our Community room has been entirely shut off from use until the necessary repairs can be made. We are now forced to congregate in the kitchen for evening recreation.

Catechist Bahl, our Supervisor of Studies, who has been absent for over two months from Victory-Mount, has returned. She was affectionately and enthusiastically greeted by her former pupils, the Aspirants. Catechists Gratton and Vigil of Victory-Noll have also come to join the rank and file of the Preparatory Training School.

Some of our Catechists from Victory-Mount attended the First Communion Mass at the Mission Dilia. These children were prepared by our Missionary Catechists of Anton Chico. First Communion was also administered to the children of the Missions of San Antonio and Vigiles, attended by Catechists from the "Mount".

Among the recent acquisitions of Victory-Mount is a long-haired goat. Needless to say it is with the greatest misgivings that we hang our blankets out to air on the clothes-line. Once when some of the Catechists were having their picture taken with this queer-looking animal, Nanny started complacently to chew the ends of one of their veils.

Last month a procession of Catechists armed with hoes, rakes, etc. marked the beginning of a garden which is going to produce prize vegetables according to the predictions of the gardeners.

The Aspirants, like all Spanish-Americans have great devotion to Our Lady of Guadalupe. It is therefore our earnest desire to place in their dining room a devotional image of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and we are praying our most dear and Blessed Mother to inspire some generous donor to rejoice the hearts of our devout little Aspirants by such a gift. They will not fail to remember in their grateful prayers such a donor.

Little Emily had been to Church for the first time. On her return her grandmother asked if she had been a good little girl. "Yes, Grandma," he said. "A man even offered me a plate of money, and I said, 'No, thank you.'"



Better than the "Movies"
Victory-Mount, East Las Vegas, N. M.
Dear Father:

Father Rabeyrole said Mass at San Antonio this morning. They are having a two day's mission there. He sent a man over to tell us that he would like to have the children receive Holy Communion Thursday morning. It was rather unexpected as thought he did not want to take them until after Easter, but I think it is better now than to wait longer. I will ask him if the children at Vigiles may receive before Easter, also.

We haven't much in the line of clothing for these poor little First Communicants. We are hoping the little boys will not have to wear overalls on their First Communion Day. We haven't anything on our shelves for them. It will make our hearts ache if we haven't anything better for them to wear. A good benefactor sent some nice rosaries and scapulars. That much we will have for the little ones. We returned Catechist Doyle's veils thinking we would get some for our children, but if none come they will have to wear only wreathes, when they receive their First Holy Communion. Catechist S. Renier.

Instead of making a will, make an Annuity Agreement with the Society of Missionary Catechists, Inc.

Reading Something Worth While

Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

ANGELS—GOOD AND BAD, by Rev. Fred A. Heuck; B. Herder Book Co., Publisher, \$1.25.

Father Heuck offers a new book dealing with the invisible world, dividing space equally between the blessed and the fallen spirits. He draws freely on the Scriptures and St. Thomas Aquinas, who, as the Angel of the Schools, has a right to be heard on the subject of angels. Phrases such as: "They possess a clear insight into things singular as well as universals" P. 30, are better appreciated by the student of metaphysics than by the common mind, and the reader would feel more satisfied if a brief proof had been forthcoming for assertions like the following: "Knowing the nature of a thing, they likewise understand ALL that is proper to its nature".

The book is one of merit and not the least of this is that the author covers his ground with quick strides.

THE LITURGICAL SACRIFICE OF THE NEW LAW by Rev. Jos. Kramp, S. J., translated by Rev. Leo F. Miller, D. D., Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo., and London, \$1.50.

The Liturgical Movement which is gaining strength in our country makes the translation of Father Kramp's book, "The Liturgical Sacrifice of the New Law" into English most timely. This work has the merit of solidity. The author evidently understands his subject. He states his propositions clearly and develops his argument logically. The work is satisfying to head and heart. Rejecting the "destruction theory," the Rev. author maintains that "the whole significance of sacrifice lies in the fact that it is offered"—"the sacrificial change or conversion effects, not the destruction of the gift, but a more complete and perfect transfer of it to God." The prime motive of sacrifice is the glorification of God, but another motive is "to sanctify the sacrificer of whom the victim is a symbol." Analysis of the prayers of the various parts of the Mass shows that, whereas Christ is the eternal High Priest, the whole mystical body of Christ, i. e., the people with the sacrificing human priest, present the offering and, being of the nature "of a sacrificial repast," both congregation and priest are urged to complete the sacrifice by sacramental Communion during the Mass.

"It takes mighty good stuff to be a Missionary of the right type, the best stuff there is in the world. It takes a deal of courage to break the shell and go miles away, to master a foreign language, to turn aside from earthly fame and emolument, and, most of all, to say goodbye to home and loved ones."—Theodore Roosevelt.

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Victory Noll Archives

The Associate Catechists of Mary

"Our Blessed Lady of Victory, pray for us and bless the labors of the Missionary Catechists in the Field."

May—the month of Mary.
May 24th.—the Feast of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

Spread devotion to Mary by encouraging your friends to join Victory-Noll Mission Circle. Do you think your act will stop at that? What about the thousands of children one of our Missionary Catechists, the recipient of their benefactions, will inspire with love and devotion to Our Blessed Mother? Don't you think their homage to the Queen of Heaven will merit God's blessing on your life? Try it!

* * *

What is wealth but that which we value most? What value exceeds that of an immortal soul? As an Associate Catechist of Mary should not a part, at least, of your wealth consist in the consoling knowledge that the Missionary Catechist you are helping support is daily laboring to win souls for Heaven?

* * *

Social activities heighten our enjoyment in life, and never more so than when they are inspired by the lofty desire to assist a worthy charitable cause. We invite our readers to give private parties for the benefit of the poor missions under our care.

* * *

My obligations to the destitute missions of my own country—am I meeting them?

* * *

Is there a more delightful manner of beguiling away the long afternoon hours of pleasant spring and summer days than to gather about you a circle of charming friends to chat about the thousand and one little interests of your daily life? Certainly the leisure hours of the Mother-at-home are too precious to be spent alone. Happy social hours tend to lighten her cares and to render less burdensome the responsibilities of her family life. Happy the Mother who has not forgotten how to enjoy the sweet companionship of her girlhood chums!

Common interests make for congeniality. Why not form a card or sewing club among the most cherished of your friends, the primary purpose of which shall be to assist the missions? United by the bond of sympathy for the destitute poor in the Field Within Our Gates, your friendship will be fostered and blessed by the charity that will ennoble your gatherings, and your membership dues, applied to the support of a Missionary Catechist, will bring religious instruction to many poor children who do not experience any of the advantages of even the poorest of city-bred children.

* * *

One way to help—Talk about the Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. Discuss their work in the Home Mission Field. Tell your friends how much you enjoy reading The Missionary Catechist. Soon you'll have THEM working for the missions!

May is moving time. May we suggest that you notify us of any changes of address at once so that members of your band may continue to receive The Missionary Catechist regularly?



Warriors of Christ.

Not in mailed and shining armor, do they seek to conquer men;
Not by gyves to hold them captive, nor by torture bend their will.
Armed hosts they have no fear of; sweep they on through glade and fen;
With the cross they come to ransom souls of men; not to kill.
Free the souls enslaved in bondage, which the Evil one enticed;
Help men back to joy and freedom, do these warriors of Christ.

By the cross that is uplifted, march they on in humble mien;
Seeking they the worn and weary, heavy burdened, faint and ill;
Freely give they help and counsel, in the way of Christ serene
Helping men to be of courage, and the law of Christ fulfill:
"Feed the hungry; clothe the naked"; charity and love unpriced
Give them with a God-like spirit, do these warriors of Christ.

Ever through the numbered ages, Man has had to combat sin;
Hosts have followed flaunting banners, of the Prince of Evil life;
Yet the hosts with cross uplifted, steady press mens' souls to win,
From a life of selfish pleasure; evil thoughts; ignoble strife.
Danger never made them falter; ever do they keep the trust;
Pledged they in their oath of office, do these warriors of Christ.

D. J. Donovan.

There is no safer, surer way of establishing a life income and at the same time sharing in a great missionary work among God's poor than by investing in our Annuity Plan.

NOTES FOR PROMOTERS.

"Business methods give life to the club organization." Does your band hold regular business meetings? However short they may be, they will add to the interest of your missionary work.

To co-operate with every promoter in the organization and successful management of her band, to promote an interchange of ideas among the various bands and to inspire each individual Associate Catechist with a great zeal for home missionary work has always been the dominant policy of this column. To the end that the greatest benefit may be derived from it by the various circles, we ask that each Promoter contribute whatever in her opinion will be of some practical assistance to another band.

* * *

Have you any suggestions to offer which will promote our activities?

* * *

So that proper credit may be given the various A. C. M. bands, we respectfully request that each Promoter mention the name of her band when making remittances.

* * *

God bless you and Our Blessed Mother love you for your zeal in behalf of our "mission" poor!

ECHOES OF BAND ACTIVITIES.

The Little Flower Mission Circle of Keokuk, Iowa, has greatly augmented its funds by conducting Baked Goods Markets. One market alone increased its bank balance by twenty-five dollars.

Does this hold a suggestion for your band?

* * *

To the Promoter, Mrs. James Cooper, and the members of the band at Marysville, Kansas, we extend our hearty congratulations on its past achievements together with our good wishes for its future activities.

* * *

The pretty little First Communion outfits sent to Catechist Doyle some time ago by Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band of Huntington have been doing active duty ever since their arrival in the southwest. Last month the Catechists at Las Vegas drove to Holman, a distance of about thirty-four miles, to obtain the dresses for their First Communion class at Ojos Calientes.

* * *

Are you a member of the Missionary Helpers Band of Chicago? If you are, we wish you might have seen the happiness your "Bunny Shower" brought to the little ones at Gary and Indiana Harbor. God bless you for the sparkle your gift brought into their dark eyes!

* * *

The card and bunco party given by a group of the Chicago bands under the direction of Mrs. Catherine Service, the Chief-Promoter of Chicago, was unusually successful. Certainly these bands must have a wonderful club spirit: their plans never meet failure.

Address all communications to:

Catechist Supervisor,
Associate Catechists of Mary,
Victory-Noll, Huntington, Ind.

Promote the Honor of Our Blessed Mother by Getting Your Friends to Subscribe to The Missionary Catechist.

Tesuque, the Inhospitable

Mary Stephan.

Tesuque Pueblo is out from Santa Fe a little more than an hour by automobile, and a day and half by burro. To get there, we went over gold and turquoise, through an opal light that no words have ever been found to describe. The gold, is is true, was only desert sand, but the turquoise fragments were real, blue-veined in shining quartz, lying in discarded bits here and there beside the trail.

But Tesuque bears out no such princely illusions. Sordid, almost squalid, and somewhat surly of air, it lies high in its mountain fastness, a group of low adobe tumuli piled up after the real pueblo fashion.

"Be careful what you say," warned our Mexican guide as we drove slowly through the cautiously unbarred gate and halted in front of the governor's abode.

That dignity came to the low doorway. He was in faded blue overalls and a nondescript, rather frayed shirt, barefooted, but crowned in royal fashion with a red bandana handkerchief. His expressionless face never changed one whit while our guide asked permission for us to visit the pueblo. A brief nod gave us our credentials, and we went on around the square enclosure about which the adobe houses were grouped.

Out came our cameras, but at the click of the shutters the guide turned sharply.

"Put them up, quick," he said. "These Indians are dead against having their pictures made. Last year at the fiesta they almost killed one photographer when he wouldn't put his machine away."

But we were determined to have some snap shots, anyway, and turned back to the old governor's "mansion" to urge our case.

"Tree Doll," he said at last, and as the three silver cart-wheels clinked in his hands he managed a wispy smile.

"Here," he called to a tiny, beady-eyed boy who was climbing to the roof of one of the low buildings.

They jabbered rapidly a moment. Then the little fellow ran out before us and struck a pose. Again the cameras clicked. A handful of pennies insured a second pose, this time on one of the low roofs.

A group of fat squaws resplendent in stiff silk skirts and snowy buckskin boots next smiled their willingness to be taken, and accordingly we snapped them as they stood, a spot of garish color against the gray walls. But these were not what we wanted. A quarter in the outstretched palm of the oldest of the lot brought forth smiles and another simpering pose, but down at the end of a little alley we had spied something that attracted us much more strongly.

A group of three or four young Indians were trying to put a stubborn pony into the shafts of a ramshackle buckboard. The pony threw himself into the air, prone on the ground, forward and backward, but the harness, mostly of strings and unrelated straps,

was slowly being got into place. A tall young Indian with a sullen face saw us as we leveled the camera on him. He sprang forward with a sharp exclamation and would have struck the little machine to the ground if the Mexican guide had not intervened. His explanations, however, fell on deaf ears. The young bucks were plainly out of temper, and after a moment of argument the guide turned to us.

"Get into the car," he said in an undertone.

We obeyed as expeditiously as possible, that vehicle having been left only a few steps away.

One of the Apache lads picked up a rock and made as if to throw it. The Mexican smiled coolly and backed away from the scene.

"Don't be alarmed," he said to us over his shoulder. "You are safe enough, but I guess we had better go."

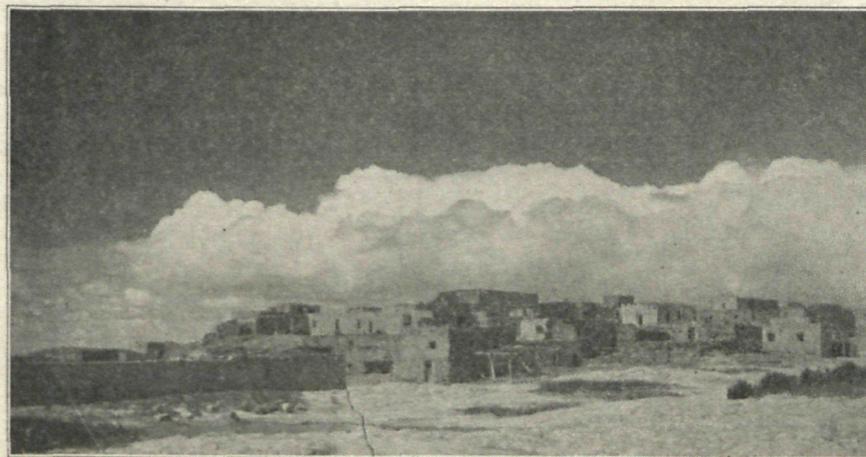
We went. The little enclosure had become filled with scowling faces as if by magic. We were plainly not being invited to linger in Tesuque. As we wheeled into the trail, out of the gate, a boy in our company stood up and snapped the camera again. There was a blur of piled pueblo, a streak of gray wall, and we dropped down the trail and out of sight.

But not before we had noted a tiny gray Church surmounted by a Cross, within the pueblo enclosure.

"Mass sometimes, not very often," said the guide in response to our question. "Them Indians don't care much. Got no souls, anyway, I think. Me, I'm a good Catholic—I go to the Cathedral."

Yet in that desolate spot, like a sentinel keeping watch over a wistful, ignorant, primitive people, stood the Cross. It was that we remembered as we came down the long, gold trail again, passing in a wide place, gold trail again, passing in a wide place, gold trail again, passing in a wide place, and watching a Mexican herder with his goats and his big brown dog guiding his sheep down a coulee. The Faith planted four hundred years ago by the devotion of a few brown-garbed priests was not dead, and please God, while faith lives in Catholic America, it shall not die.

The Novena to Our Blessed Lady of Victory begins the 15th. of May. Send in your petitions.



"A group of adobe tumuli piled up in pueblo fashion."

Victory-Noll Notes

May Our Blessed Lady of Victory bless us all during this, her own month, and especially on her lovely Feast Day, May the 24th.

* * *

Two very solemn and very beautiful ceremonies took place in our Chapel at Victory-Noll, in the evening of the 26th of April, when four of our Sister-Catechists renewed their Act of Consecration and received the blessing before being sent to the Mission Field of the Southwest, and five new candidates were received into our dear Society.

The departing Catechists were: Catechist Madelon LoRang, of Guttenburg, Iowa, Catechist Josephine Penning, of Dubuque, Iowa, Catechist Jeannette Gratton, of Newport, Vermont, and Catechist Elvira Vigil, of Denver, Colo. Catechists LoRang and Penning left immediately for a visit to the homes of their parents, in Iowa, while Catechists Gratton and Vigil proceeded to Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

On this occasion Misses Ann Ninteman, Riverside, Calif., Dorothy Trapp, Peru, Ind., Sylvia Thiels, Alexandria, La., Dorothy Wilke, Chicago, Ill., and Mabel Denzig, Elkhart, Ind., made their Act of Reception in the Society.

The ceremonies began with a processional of Catechists, singing "O Mary, Conceived Without Sin," as they entered the Chapel. Carrying lighted candles, the Candidates approached Our Lady's altar, where they knelt to recite the Prayer of Reception. At the close of the Litany of Loretto, which was chanted by the Catechist choir, our Spiritual Director addressed the departing Catechists.

Following the sermon the Catechists renewed their Act of Consecration. Entering the Sanctuary they knelt to receive the individual blessing of their beloved Spiritual Father. Then each one of the departing Catechists received the Kiss of Peace from the Catechist Directress, while the inspiring Departure hymn was sung.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the singing of the "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name" brought the solemn and inspiring ceremonies to a close.

* * *

One of the most interesting of our "current events," last month, was a visit and talk by the famous author and Retreat Master, Rev. Fulgence Meyer, O. F. M., of Cincinnati. As quite a number of the Catechists had read with interest Father Meyer's popular book for Religious, "Uni Una," we were most happy to meet the reverend author.

Our beloved Bishop Noll, accompanied by Father Conroy, the Rector of the Cathedral at Fort Wayne, also spent an afternoon with us recently, and Rev. Father Florian Briede, O. F. M.,

(Continued on Page 8.)

The Blue Spruce Hedge

(Continued from Page Three)

however, to talk to him, and Miguel Jr., was soon telling him a long, rather unintelligible story of someone cutting down their fence. When Dolores called the twins, the little Maria shyly asked him if he would not like to say the "rosario" with them, that they might not have to "leave their nice home and the birds". He thanked her but said, "another time, perhaps." After they had gone he declared emphatically to himself, "If John Carson has anything to say you won't lose your lovely home!" An hour later Dolores found him still sitting there in the twilight gazing straight ahead with a far away look in his eyes.

They talked for a while about many things and then suddenly he asked about the ownership of the ranch. She was startled at the question but when he assured her that he had heard about it in the village only only wished to know in order to help her, she told him everything—from the time she and Miguel had taken the homestead and had seen the title filed in the land office to the night she had discovered their neighbor cutting down her fence. "Do you know who it was who filled out the deed?" he asked.

She couldn't remember, she said, adding "but it wouldn't do much good, anyway, for he went away shortly afterwards, and—they destroyed the title!"

Mr. Carson looked up at her from the step where he sat, "I am the man who recorded the title, seven or was it eight years ago?"

"Senor! but no, it cannot be!" She was so excited she could hardly understand what he told her, but, as well as he could, he explained that he represented the big Government land office at Washington and altho he was only here on a vacation, he would have the right to investigate the books and find out what had happened to her and Miguel's title. "But you must keep on praying," he added with a smile. They decided not to tell Miguel until it was all fixed up, but it was almost more than the loving Dolores could do to keep from breaking the wonderful news to her husband, and he often wondered why she would sometimes start to speak and then rush away into the next room.

It was the last week in May. Supper had been a very gloomy meal; Miguel had looked even sadder than before. Senor Carson had not visited them for several days and Dolores felt rather uneasy. Without bothering to clear the table she called the twins to come and say the rosary. The sun had not yet gone down but their

mother seemed so very serious tonight that the children made no objections and merely watched her with solemn eyes as she lighted the tapers before the little shrine.

When the children were safely tucked in bed, Dolores turned again to the statue of the Virgin, but hearing her name spoken she turned and saw John Carson standing in the doorway.

"Senora," he said, "here is your title to the Blue Spruce Ranch!"

"Senor!" was all Dolores could say, but the gratitude and happiness in her eyes were appreciation enough for John Carson. Then taking the slip of paper he held out to her, and calling excitedly, "Miguel!" Dolores ran out into the corral.

Her husband was standing near the blue spruce hedge, but he did not turn nor answer her call, and as she came closer she saw that he was chopping—her beloved spruce trees! "Was he mad!" she wondered with terror and again she called, "Miguel! Miguel!" This time he stopped and turned towards her.

"What are you doing?" she cried, forgetting all else.

"Oh, Dolores! I couldn't bear to let them have your blue spruce."

In a moment she was in his arms, and half crying, half laughing, told him that the Virgin of Guadalupe had worked the "miracle", and that the Blue Spruce Ranch would be theirs forever.

Boonville, Mo.

Dear Reverend Father:

Enclosed is a money order for \$4.00, which I am sending toward the Blessed Virgin's Burse, for the support of a Missionary Catechist. I want to give \$1.00 a month for a year toward this Burse, in memory of my precious Mother and Sister, deceased. My first offering towards this Burse was in September, 1926, and the enclosed amount is for October, November, December, and January.

Your beautiful work appeals to me so forcibly, Father. I have been making some infants' garments to send to your Catechists. I, too, am devoted to our most Blessed Mother, and feel this is part of my vocation.

Will you please remember the enclosed intentions in your perpetual Novena at Victory-Noll?

Very sincerely yours,

M. G.

There are no legal complications involved in our Annuity Plan. During the lifetime of the donor a high rate of interest is regularly paid. After death, the amount invested is immediately made available for the charitable and missionary purposes designated.

Victory-Noll Notes

(Continued from page 7)

of Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. J. C. Wakefer, of La Porte, Ind., and Rev. F. J. Schepper of Sullivan, Ind., were guests at the "Noll," during April.

* * *

Two Juniors who were sent to the Junior Training Home at Gary, last month, were Catechist Marguerite Srill and Catechist Veronica Scheltinga.

* * *

Beautiful stained glass windows, the gift of our beloved Bishop, were recently installed in our Chapel. These windows, from the art studio of Emil Frey, St. Louis, Mo., have the effect of transforming and imparting to our Chapel a truly religious and cloistral air, thus enhancing its beauty and enriching its devotional effect.

Ten of the twelve windows represent great Missionary Saints and Apostles of the Faith and of Charity. One of the most effective is that of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, St. Paul. St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, is seen in the act of instructing an Irish King, while the Apostle of Germany, St. Boniface, is represented baptizing one of the kings of the Saxons. St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, is represented holding aloft the crucifix, the sign of man's salvation, while in the opposite window stands the Seraphic Saint, Francis of Assisi, whose spiritual sons evangelized the greater portion of our own continent. Nor is the Patron and Apostle of Charity in the Church, St. Vincent de Paul, forgotten, for he is strikingly depicted gathering about him the abandoned children of the city of Paris. Next to him is a representation of a Spanish Missionary, preaching the Gospel to the Indians. Of unusual interest and of especial appropriateness to our Mission Chapel, is the window which represents a Missionary Catechist, instructing the little ones of the flock.

No doubt, visitors to Victory-Noll, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, will be more than deeply impressed with the significance of these truly devotional windows, which visualize so perfectly both the spirit and the Apostolate of our Catechists in the Missionary labors among the poor.

A speaker at a minister's meeting in Boston told the story of a negro clergyman who so pestered his bishop with appeals for help that it became necessary to tell him that he must not send any more appeals. His next communication was as follows: "This is not an appeal—it is a report. I have no pants!"

SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS,
Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

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