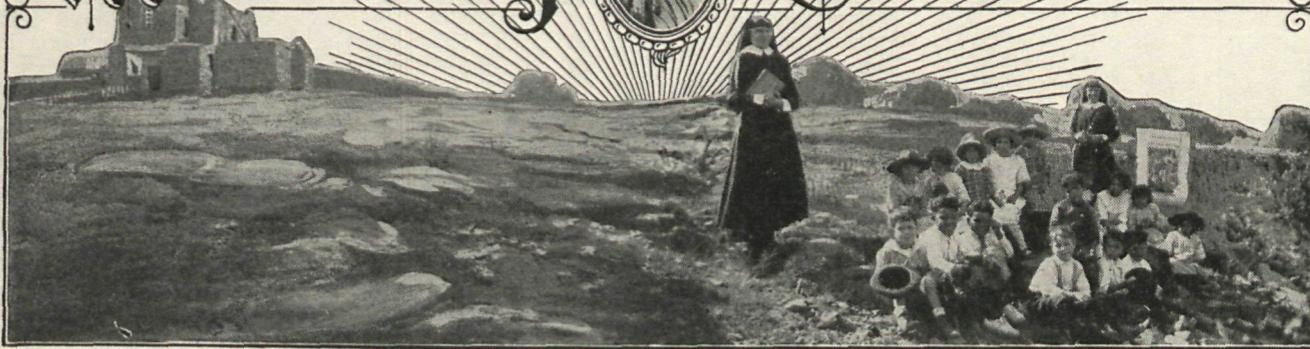


# The Missionary Catechist



Volume III

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, July, 1927

Number 8

## WEST OF THE COLORADO

By Sacerdos

**C**ALIFORNIA—a magic word representing a magnetic land. It draws from every nation and every clime. Even the mestizos in the high sierras of Sonora know of California.

The diocese of Los Angeles and San Diego comprises what is known as Southern California—from the Colorado River to the Pacific; from Tehachapi to the border. This territory which has been ruled successively by Spain, Mexico and the United States has always preserved to a marked degree the spirit and tradition of the early missionaries and conquistadores.

To this land of the Dons the Mexican has turned in recent years for refuge and peace, for work and domicile. From one end of the diocese to the other, in every city, town, and townsite they are found. Their condition varies as their work varies. Some live in well built homes in good circumstances, others in miserable shacks and tents in places unfit for human habitation. It is estimated that there are 300,000 Mexicans in this diocese alone.

### The Average Mexican.

In the first place let us make clear that all Mexicans are not of the vaquero type that we see in the movies. The Mexican (we are describing the ordinary poor workingman) is to a great extent Indian but he is peaceable, untemperamental, easy going, home loving and dependable. He is not progressive but he is industrious. He does not carry a gun nor a hidden butcher knife. Considering the circumstances of his life, the average Mexican is the opposite of his image in the minds of many. I do not deny that many of them were vaqueros in Mexico or Texas, that a great number have fought in the ranks of revolutionaries, and that a large part of the inmates of our jails are of the race. But I am judging the "raza", so called, by the ordinary type, not the unusual.

### Church Conditions in Mexico.

Again, you must clearly understand that the condition of the Catholic Church in Mexico is not what we supposed it to be. Instead of a priest-ridden people, we find a nation served by a clergy woefully weak in numbers. It was a physical impossibility for the clergy to take care of the people—to instruct them in a proper manner and

to provide Mass on Sunday. Strange as it sounds, it is true. In Michoacan there were 300 priests for one million people. In the Archdiocese of Mexico City, about 450 priests served a population of three millions. There in the Federal district it was necessary to travel 15 and 20 miles to say a second Mass. In the mountains, the priest travelled 50 to 100 miles on horseback to cover his parish. In visiting the outlying districts in his diocese of Queretaro, in 1921 Bishop Banegas found communities still using the coinage of Diaz which was withdrawn in 1905. In 1910 there was one clergyman in the United States for every

568 people—in Mexico one priest for every 5000 Catholics.

The Bishops labored unceasingly to build schools and seminaries. For example, Bishop Nararrette of Sonora sold all of his goods, even his pectoral cross in order to raise money for his seminary. In order to care for the large number of people, Confirmation was given twice a week to classes of two or three hundred. Even in Mexico City, Archbishop Mora y del Rio found it necessary to confirm every Thursday and Sunday.

The Church was poor. Since 1859 when under Juarez everything was confiscated, the Church has been in very poor circumstances.

### Victims of Circumstance.

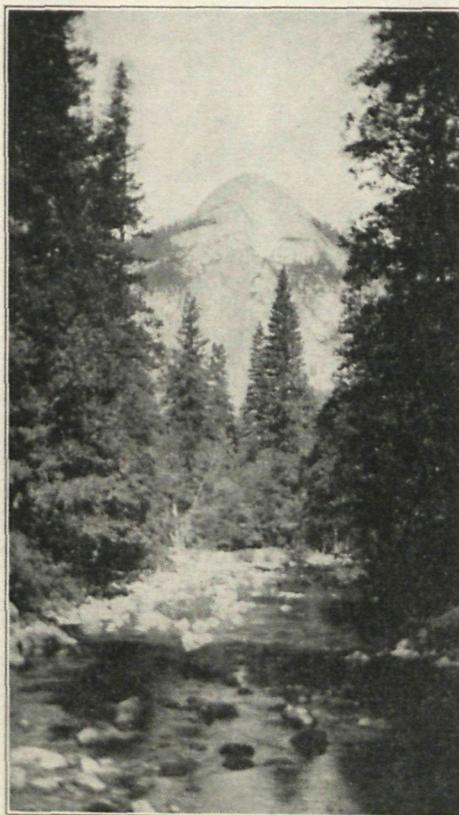
You may be wondering what relation has all this to Mexicans in California. The relation is intimate. You cannot understand these people unless you understand their historical background. I state these facts to show that the Church in Mexico was reduced to the standing of a missionary organization with insufficient funds and a handicapped clergy. How often are the Mexican priests accused of neglect, of indolence, of ignorance? How many Catholics reading of the present terrible conditions, say to themselves: "It is their own fault. Why didn't they wake up long ago and do something"?

In California, the poorer Mexicans have the faith. They baptize their children—they call a priest before it is too late. Many do not go to Mass on Sunday. However, many did not have the opportunity to go to Mass in Mexico. They are ignorant of their religion. But who had the opportunity to instruct them? They are in the words of the people "impossible" but they respond to every attention given them. They are misled by Protestants who seek to hinder and destroy, yet very few lose their love for the Church. They are in truth the victims of circumstance.

### Caring for Southern California's Thousands

The Bishop of Los Angeles and San Diego, Rt. Rev. John J. Cantwell, has used every resource in his power to care for the thousands in Southern California. During

(Continued on page 8)



California—A magnetic land.

OUR ANNUNTY PLAN: A SECURE INVESTMENT

## Where True Happiness Is Found



"To reach souls is my one desire in life." The words came to me softly, but their sincerity bade me gaze into the face of my companion. It was lit up with rare zeal. Her eyes were lighted with that fire of love which comes only from a heart burning with ardour.

"Of course, my own sanctification must come first, for Our Lord has required that," she continued. "One must save one's own soul before one can save the souls of others. One must know well how to wear the sweet yoke of Christ before he can induce others to embrace it."

The rustling of the leaves, silvered by the afternoon sun, the purr of a motor on the white, winding road below, the soft rhythm of a hymn to the Sacred Heart filled the silent moment.

"It is so quiet here on the Noll, Catechist," I remarked, "and the atmosphere is so peaceful, so devotional, I can understand your feeling so, though worldly minded I may be. But afterwards—when you are living in the missions, separated from the companionship you enjoy here, when you are deprived of so many of the conveniences and comforts you have been accustomed to, then doesn't it begin to pall? Certainly, then all the glamour must be lost in the hard reality."

"But, Mrs. Dennis, we do not go to the missions because of the glamour or attraction of adventure. If we did, you would be right: the silver would soon become tarnished. But we have consecrated our lives to the service of Jesus and Mary for the salvation of the souls of the poor living in neglected mission districts; that is our one great purpose in life. With that end always before us, every difficulty and hardship is easily, even joyfully, surmounted."

"Yet how monotonous it all must be!"

"Indeed it is not! There is not a single hour of the day in which we are not as busy as we can be. Often we have scarcely said our morning prayers before there is a knock at our door and we are summoned to visit some poor person who is sick and suffering. There are times when this means a hurried trip over rough roads to some poverty-stricken adobe hut. Again, it entails an even rougher journey up a craggy mountain side to where a sick baby lies, heavily breathing in its blankets on the floor. Do you think these visits monotonous? In all the world there is no greater happiness than alleviating the pain of one who is suffering without medical aid or assistance of any kind, and who is too poor and remote from the marts of science to be able to procure relief through ordinary channels."

Though I found myself almost carried away by her enthusiasm, I was not wholly convinced that life in a secluded mission village could be anything but deadly tiresome.

"But certainly all your work is not as consoling as bringing relief to the suffering. There are times when you must become lonely."

"There is hardly time for that. With our

Catechism classes, visits to the homes of our people, our tabernacle and other social welfare works, hardly a moment is left to think of ourselves. And you know," she smiled somewhat tantalizing at me as though holding before my eyes something I could never hope to share, "happiness is never found when we seek it. It is like a stray beam of sunlight that slips in through a hidden crevice lighting a dark cavern with unexpected beauty. Where we least expect it, there it is always found. When we are most busied about bringing gladness into the life of some less fortunate person, then we are certain to find happiness radiating in our own hearts. Loneliness is but a form of unhappiness—and when one is never unhappy, how can one be lonely? Besides, we are working solely for love of Our dear Lord and His love is ever burning and strengthening us."

The same sincerity rang in her voice as when she told me her greatest desire was to lead souls aright; and I have brought away from Victory-Noll a new ideal of service and of love.



### "Because"

Because thy days and hours are spent  
In bringing joy and sweet content  
To souls whom Christ to thee has sent  
He loves thee.

Because, in spite of toil and care,  
In sun or rain, in storm or fair,  
Thy heart is one with His in prayer  
He loves thee.

Because, forgetting self each day,  
Thou tread'st with Him the narrow  
way,  
Beside thee all thy life He'll stay,  
And love thee.

## Telling The Story

Chaperito, New Mexico, Sept., 1924

On September 8th, the beautiful Feast of the Nativity of Our Blessed Mother, we opened our mission center here. Mass was offered in honor of Our Loved Mother's birthday. Our home was then blessed and we had an opportunity of meeting the people. These poor, but kindly disposed souls came during the day to bring us donations of vegetables, and we felt that some of them deprived themselves of the little they had in order to testify to their appreciation of our coming.

We met the school directors and they readily gave us permission to use the school, stating that they were glad we had come to teach their little ones the truths of Faith. It is indeed a great help for us to have the co-operation of these school trustees as very often of their own accord they have the school dismissed an hour before closing time in order to give us an opportunity to instruct the children and make it possible for them to get to their homes before dark. Some of these children have to travel a long distance to come to school and if we began our instruction after the close of the regular session, it would make it very late for them to cross the mountain passes and mesas.

We are happy to secure the services of the Spanish-speaking school teachers in assisting us to give religious instruction to the children. Wherever possible we train these good girls for this work. A number of lay persons are also helping us in our Catechism classes. Mrs. D. is a splendid lay religious teacher and a born disciplinarian. We wish we had more like her in every mission center. It is very important for us to secure the cooperation of these good lay teachers. As a rule they are pious girls and the children naturally look up to them.

### "ALL FOR JESUS THRU' MARY".

Los Cerrillos, N. M., May 24, 1927  
Dear Father:

Thanks to Our Blessed Mother, we arrived safely at Cerrillos yesterday and found everything satisfactory. Father Oliver, O.F.M., could not be reached as the nearest telephone is at Santa Domingo, six miles from his residence at Pena Blanca.

A very good non-Catholic here has given us the use of her house until our own is finished.

We have announced in the schools here and in one of our out-missions, Madrid, that we have come to give religious instruction. The children are very respectful.

There is a big field here and soon we shall begin making our house to house visits and will no doubt learn a great deal about social conditions at that time.

Catechists L. and P. are fine and like New Mexico very much.

CATECHIST EDNA LIKE,  
Senior Catechist.

Muscatine, Iowa  
The Missionary Catechist,  
Rev. dear Father:

Enclosed find a two dollar money order. Please publish this as a thank-offering for favors granted me by the Holy Ghost.

G. F.

# AT THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN

By Mary Stephen

**A**MERICA being a "new" land, no one suspected, for many years, that it was likewise an "old" land; or that when the pyramids were being built in Egypt there were other structures, as strange, as magnificent and as permanent, going up in a great continent beyond the unknown seas. It remained for succeeding centuries to brush away the accumulated desert dust and bring back into the sun the concrete evidences of a culture as definite and significant as any along the Nile or on the Persian plateaus.

"A thousand years is but a day" in the growth of a civilization; so it is not yet yesterday that cowboys seeking stray cattle in the wild canyons of southwestern Colorado, rode over a strange mound and looked across a great gash in the rocky earth toward an enchanted city. What they saw, eerily white in the black throat of the canyon cave, 800 feet from the bottom of the canyon, we know as Cliff Palace, the most extensive cave ruin in the world. Its towers above the gray debris must have looked like a dream city, sure enough; in fact so strongly did the whole thing savor of witchcraft that they hastily turned the tails of their cow-ponies toward this mysterious place of white walls and black silence, and skittered back down the canyon trails as fast as whip and spur could take them.

That was in 1884. The discoverers were the Wetherill boys, long since famous for this greatest of modern archaeological discoveries. But not until thirty years later did anyone attach any importance to the mound upon which they stood when they looked across the canyon to Cliff Palace. In 1915 a party of explorers from the Smithsonian Institute, under the leadership of Dr. Walter Fewkes, happened to note the peculiar shape of the mound, and to discover lying near its base, a bit of pecked stone that looked as if it might have been used in laying up a wall. To men accustomed to attaching importance to the slightest sign of human handicraft, when found in wild places, this was enough; and straightway spades and picks were set to work to open a tunnel into the side of the mound.

The world woke up one morning to be confronted with great news. But not the next morning after the spades began, by a long way. First there were months of painstaking work; slow, because the shovels must not disturb any possible trace of wall or workmanship; slow, too, because every day brought to light bits of pre-history that must be pieced together as they came, each related to the other, and all to a possible whole that was yet only a matter of conjecture. But finally the great ruin lay once more open to the daylight, and the world could be invited to come and see it.

We went with the rest. And with the rest we climbed the steep trail to the top of the great green plateau, a road that has since been made comparatively broad and easy. It was anything but that, however, when we took our chances on the steep, shaly benches and narrow ledges, finishing the climb in ways to scare the faint

hearts among us almost into giving up the trip and going back down the trail. At last we came to the top and after some circuitous wandering on the broken level of the Mesa, to Sun Temple itself.

Some of our party were frankly disappointed. There was nothing so imposing after all, in the long, low walls, standing unfinished, as they were left when the little brown workmen of centuries ago had put down their tools and taken to their heels. There was something about the queer, celled double wall that held the sight-seer for a moment, but few cared to stay very long where there was so little to see. There was the base of a round tower at the tip of the jutting plateau—but what could that mean, ruin as it was?

So an hour saw most of the party, satisfied and ready to boast of their trip, on the way back to the lower camp.

"When they stop asking silly questions and get out of the way, we will try to see something," said our friendly guide and companion, an old man who had lived among the mesas until they kept no secrets from him.

So with the last tourist disappearing down the trail and only himself, my own lad and I, with a ranch cow-boy who had lately discovered something new that he thought worth seeing, left standing at the corner of the great wall-face of Sun Temple, the real adventure began.

"Come," said our old guide, "let me show you what I found last summer when we were digging out this corner wall."

He led us to the southwestern corner of the great D-shaped temple base. It may be stated just here that Sun Temple lies like a gigantic capital D, with the straight side 140 feet long, running east and west. The rounded side sweeps away in a great, regular curve, enclosing a wide level plaza, near the center of which are two low walled oval enclosures, with openings toward the straight side of the D. The whole ruin is, as before stated, unfinished. The walls were raised only some fourteen feet when the workmen ceased; for what reason, one man's guess is as good as another's, since nobody knows.

But, to get back to the story. At the designated spot we found a peculiar raised seat with arms. It was formed of a projecting corner of the wall.

"Climb into the Prophet's Chair," said the guide, smiling, "and look down."

"Why do you call it the Prophet's Chair?"

"Just a notion," he replied. "But a man sitting in that seat would have faced the exact western sun at the time of the equinoxes. That was a sacred moment with the tribes. It is logical to suppose it had something to do with the location of this temple-seat. Look down and tell me what you see."

Far below, on the white rock floor of a lower level, was a strange-rayed figure. Closer inspection showed that it was the mark of a great palm leaf, etched ineffably into the rock where it had lain and decayed thousands of years before. It was a figure held in peculiar reverence by the sun-worshipping civilization, whatever its origin, since it represented to them the beneficent rays of the Ruler of the Day and the Giver of all good.

"I figured it out something like this—yes, that is another story—and needed a bigger ceremonial temple. They came up to the top of the Mesa, and while they were looking around, they found this old palm etching. Of course they took it as a direct sign from the Sun-god that they were to put their temple here, and they cleared away the pinons and sage and went to work. The great ceremonial throne—you are probably sitting in it right now—would naturally be put square with the equinox, and in a certain position in respect to this revered symbol. And there you are. It all works out, you see—"

We did not quite see, having far less insight into the mental processes of the Hopi Indians, who are said to be the direct descendants of the Cliff Dwellers, than had this scholarly guide who had labored many years among them. But we were willing to accept his theory as at least as good as any other.

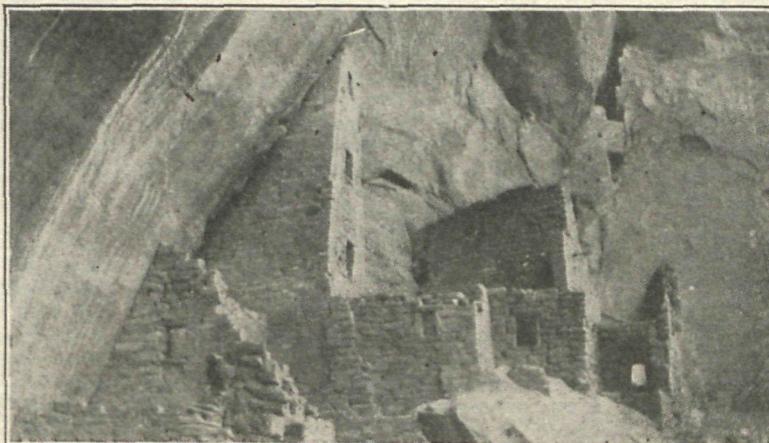
## THEY ALSO SERVE

Who pray for the missions and the success of missionary endeavors. To co-operate in extending the reign of Christ in the hearts of men is a most meritorious work in the sight of heaven.

Blessed indeed is he who lifts his heart Heavenward to implore grace for those whom Christ has singled out to follow Him! Blessed, thrice blessed is he who carries the call of God into the heart of some youth or young girl by his prayers and his encouragement!

Pray daily for vocations to the Society of Missionary Catechists; pray that ardent young hearts inflamed with love of Mary and love of Her Divine Son may consecrate themselves to a life of service as Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

How many Catholics are there in the East who realize that we have a serious mission problem right here at home? If we do not get busy and solve this problem, in a few years there won't be any problem to solve. In Albuquerque, New Mexico, alone there are five Protestant Mission schools with an attendance of over one thousand Catholic children.



A mysterious place of white walls and black silence.

JOIN VICTORY-NOLL MISSION CIRCLE: SUPPORT A CATECHIST

## WHY NOT A CHARITY BUDGET?

Nowadays every business man makes up a budget. Even heads of families are urged to make up monthly budgets. This budget, or estimate of one's expenses for a given period of time, is certainly a great help in systematizing one's expenditures. We all realize how difficult it is to save money spasmodically without any definite program or system.

Why cannot we apply this sound business principle to charity? Every Catholic realizes that he is bound in conscience to do works of charity, to give to the cause of religion or to the poor. It is unfortunately too true, however, that while many realize this obligation, they do not give consistently because they have no well-ordered system, no definite plan or time for giving. How easy it would be for one to set apart a dollar a week, or even a dollar a month for the sweet cause of Charity and to give that amount consistently and regularly!

You can adopt such a course by helping support a Missionary Catechist in her work among the poorest of God's poor in the missions of the Southwest. Since the Catechists labor only among those too poor to support Priests, Sisters or Parochial Schools, you may be sure that every cent you give will be applied for relieving the spiritual and temporal necessities of the poor under their care. Surely it will be a source of consolation to you to know that your donation will be applied, not for the erection of costly buildings or the payment of accumulated debts on buildings already erected, but will be directly applied toward the feeding and clothing, the nursing and caring of those destitute and neglected ones in our missions who might otherwise fall into the hands of Protestant proselytizing missionaries, seeking to separate these needy Catholics from Holy Church by their material benefactions.

Holman, New Mexico, June 9, 1927  
Dear Father:

On May 31st we left Chacon, one of our out-missions, in a wagon to visit a dying girl. We remained with her in her poor, humble home three hours. Then we were taken to our home in an auto, arriving at three o'clock for lunch. After a hurried meal we left for Carmen, another of our out-missions.

As soon as we returned to Holman, we again went to the home of this girl. We found she had died during our absence. We attended her funeral, and also the funeral of another little girl who had just died. We had all the little girls of the parish for whom we could provide white dresses attend the funeral.

One of the girls had died of throat trouble. The cost of bringing the doctor to her would have been \$80.00, and the money has to be paid at once. The poor parents did not have this sum of money, and consequently the little girl died without the medical attention she required. As usual, the Protestants had their trained nurse on the spot. She visited the girl while we were away. It was all very sad as this was the second girl to die in this family during the past two months.

There is a great deal of sickness among our children at the present time.

Your spiritual daughter in O. B. L. V.,  
CATECHIST JULIA DOYLE.

## 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.

### HOW YOU MAY HELP HER

1. By Praying Jesus and Mary to bless her work and grant success to her labors for the salvation of Their destitute "mission" poor.
2. By Subscribing to The Missionary Catechist, which is published at the extremely low price of fifty cents a year. The life subscription rate is but ten dollars.
3. By Sending cash donations to be applied to the purchase of medical supplies for the sick, or to the relief of the needs of the very impoverished.
4. By Joining our Mission Auxiliary, the Associate Catechists of Mary, and by Pledging yourself to contribute \$1.00 or more each month toward the support of a Missionary Catechist in the Field.
5. By Investing in our Annuity plan, thus not only establishing a permanent life income but also assuring yourself that after death the principal will be used for the benefit of God's mission poor.

June 2, 1927.

Reverend dear Father:

Please find enclosed \$1.00 for the monthly contribution I promised to the Babe of Bethlehem Burse.

I also wish to place an annuity with your Society. I am enclosing my check for \$275.00 and will try to make this \$300.00 in the near future. I am so happy to have this opportunity of placing my earnings with your Society. I have been wishing to make such an investment for some time and for a way and a place to leave my money after death without needing an attorney. Our Dear Lord and the Poor Souls have come to my aid.

If only others would read and heed your articles in The Missionary Catechist and our dear Bishop's weekly chat in Our Sunday Visitor, what a help it would be.

May God shower upon you and yours His choicest blessings!

Your humble and grateful servant,  
J. T. L.

## Reading Something Worth While

Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

### "RETREAT CONFERENCES FOR RELIGIOUS SISTERHOODS".

By Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P., B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo., and London, \$1.75.

Retreat conferences must serve two purposes: they must pull down and they must build up. Conferences that aim only at destruction of sin without building up virtue are incomplete. The book under review leaves the impression of incompleteness, however, in his Foreword the Reverend author explains that other volumes are to follow which will be devoted more to the upbuilding of the spiritual edifice. Here we have a series of heart-to-heart talks on the eternal truths of the last things and on sin and its consequences. Nearly one half of all of the chapters deals with sin, revealing the experienced retreat-master, for even the life of Religious is a conflict with sin; the state of perfection does not of necessity connote perfection of life. None are more ready to admit this than the Religious themselves. In his considerations on Hell the author very prudently adheres closely to the inspired text. No words on this subject are as dreadful as God's own. As a book of meditation or spiritual reading for the Religious and lay people who will make a retreat this summer these conferences deserve hearty recommendation.

San Diego, Calif.,  
June 1, 1927.

Reverend dear Father:

Your letter of May 4th was highly appreciated. I am enclosing \$1.00. Please remember us in your next novena.

I am placing that little treasure—The Missionary Catechist—in the bookracks of our various churches here. I hope and pray that this will benefit the Society of Missionary Catechists.

I was happy to see in the May number that a dear, life-long friend of mine is making donations towards the Souls in Purgatory Burse in memory of her departed mother. To have known her saintly mother was a grand privilege. She was a humble, zealous convert and, although feeble in health, never missed Mass. I am happy that I sent The Missionary Catechist to her daughter for now she, too, is interested in your work.

L. D.

Holman, New Mexico, June 17, 1927

Dear Father:

Today we went on foot to visit a poor patient over the mountains. On our return we drove to Chacon—a three-hour drive in the broiling sun.

On the eleventh we made preparations for a Corpus Christi procession. Three altars were erected outdoors, but a sand storm came up and blew down the decorations. Just imagine, we had only a wagon cover for a canopy for one of our Altars!

We served breakfast to our First Communicants, consisting of coffee, bread and jelly and some cookies which were sent to us from the Little Flower Mission Circle of Keokuk, Iowa.

Your spiritual daughter in O. B. L. V.,  
CATECHIST JULIA DOYLE.

# IN HIS STEPS

"I know, my dear children," said Sister Charitina to her expectant pupils, "you always enjoy hearing stories of the lives of the Saints, so this morning I am going to tell you a story which impressed me very much when it was read at our Community exercises the other day.

"It is the story of Nicholas Herman, a poor, uneducated man, who was born in Loraine in the early part of the Seventeenth Century. This holy man served as a soldier for a number of years, then worked as a porter in his home city, and was finally admitted as a lay brother in the Carmelite Monastery in Paris in 1666. Here he was known as Brother Lawrence, and here he died at the advanced age of eighty years, after a saintly life. Although he was only a lay brother and spent all his time in the kitchen of the Community, he came to be known among his brethren as a true saint of God, who lived always in the Divine Presence and shunned as much as possible the company of men. From his conversations and letters we see that in the midst of the most exacting occupations he had learned so well to combine action with prayer that for the space of more than forty years he hardly ever turned from the presence of God.

"I am sure you will agree with me that this story illustrates very well the truth that the exercise of the presence of God is so closely allied with prayer that it is a real necessity for one aiming to live a holy life.

"You will recall that one of the first truths you learned in your little Catechism was that Almighty God is present everywhere. He is present not only in Heaven on His throne of glory, not only in His Eucharistic life in our tabernacles, but He is present everywhere in all things by His Essence, Presence and Power. Would you believe it, children, God is actually present in hell."

"But, Sister, how can this be?" interrupted Rosemary. "How can Our Lord be present among the souls who are lost for all eternity?"

"That is an interesting question. I wonder who can answer it," smiled Sister. "Vera, can you?"

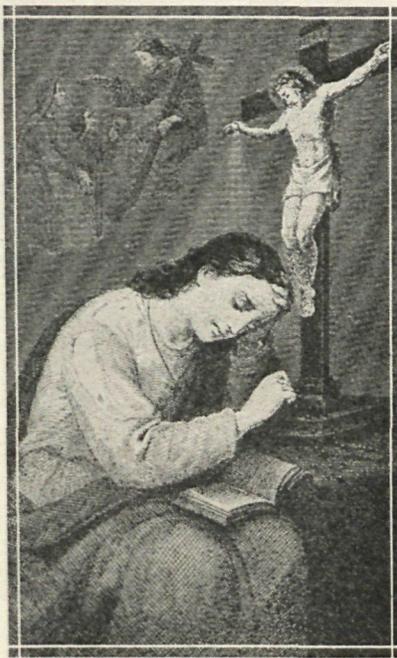
"I don't know, Sister, but I have a faint recollection of having read that God is present in hell by the exercise of His Justice."

"Quite right, Rosemary," answered Sister. "But, the thought of God's holy presence makes little impression upon the mind and heart of the average Christian of today. Is it not true that so many of them go through life without ever stopping to think of the all-pervading presence of God? With reason could St. John the Baptist reproach the unthinking and unfaithful Christians as he reproached the Jews of old. 'There is One in the midst of you Whom you know not, One Whose presence you forget to honor and respect.' Surely we can say that such Christians do not realize the great truth made known by Our Blessed Lord Himself that the Kingdom of God is within them. They need to be awakened to the fact that the Spirit of God is within their hearts and remains with them as long as they are in the state of sanctifying grace.

"The saints tell us that in our daily lives we are surrounded as it were, with the atmosphere of God's holy presence and that by making Him present to our minds and hearts through holy thoughts and affections

we will be closely united to Him and make great and steady progress in the way of solid virtue.

"We have many striking examples from the lives of the saints to teach us how they always kept before their minds and hearts the presence of God. Everywhere and always they considered Him present and



The Secret of the Saints

turned to Him with all the affection of their heart. By use of this means alone Dositheus, a disciple of the great Saint Dorotheus, became in the short space of five years a great saint of God.

"Even in the Old Testament we find the Prophets urging the people 'to seek the Face of God'—to walk always in His holy presence. The Prophet Michaeus says very beautifully: 'I will show thee what is good and what the Lord requires of thee. Be careful to walk with thy God.' Noah, the Scripture says, was a just man because he walked with God. When Almighty God selected Abraham to be the Father of His chosen people He gave him only one command: 'Walk before Me and be perfect.' Finally, among the counsels given by the holy old man Tobias to his son there is one that stands out above all others. It is 'My son, in all the days of your life have God in your mind.'

"And so we see, children, that the saints of both the Old and New Law considered the practice of the presence of God as a great means for pleasing Him and serving Him faithfully.

"Holy Church teaches us that we are to find our greatest holiness and highest happiness by drawing near, as near as possible, to that Divine Love which radiates from God's holy presence. Our desire must be for the closest possible union of love with Our Lord. To live continually in His holy presence, to hear His voice, to follow His inspirations, and to make continual acts of

His holy presence. We must reflect in our lives His very presence, for St. Paul urges 'Let that mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus'."

"But, Sister, may I ask a question?" queried Rosemary, and then as Sister nodded assent, she continued: "There is one thing I cannot understand. If we are to make continual acts of the presence of God, will it not interfere with our ordinary occupations or duties?"

"Not at all, Rosemary," replied Sister, "for the reason that it takes but a moment to raise our hearts and minds to God by these short acts of love, and far from interfering with the perfect performance of our ordinary duties and actions, such little acts will perfect them. For what is it after all that gives to the ordinary little actions of our life a true supernatural value before God? Is it not the desire to do them all for love of Him, to please Him alone, and to fulfill His Holy Law?"

"If our Divine Lord is present in our mind and in our heart or will, we shall look upon Him as living in the very center of our soul; we shall pay attention to the holy thoughts and inspirations that come from Him, and which influence our whole life, imparting to every action, even the least, a supernatural or heavenly value. Our wills, too, will be continually occupied in attending to Him, loving Him, obeying Him, even in the slightest particulars. Our hearts will be turned to Him and we will learn to converse with Him by loving aspirations.

"Just as the presence of God must be renewed frequently in our minds during the day, so it must be frequently renewed in our hearts by short but fervent aspirations.

"We know how unstable our wills are and how easily they are drawn away and attach themselves to the creature instead of to the Creator. It is therefore necessary for us to renew acts of the presence of God in our minds and hearts during the course of the day. In this way the love of God will become a bright flame enkindling in our hearts perfect charity and enabling us to live and labor always in His holy presence."

Have you, perhaps, been asking for a special favor for some time, and has your petition remained unanswered?

In a letter from one of our very good friends she says: "Years ago, dear Catechist, I found if my petition was not answered it was because my prayer never reached Heaven but got tangled up in some very good clothing on the third floor where my selfish thoughtlessness had left them hang. After I had paced the garment with God's poor my request was granted, for the prayers then had a straight pathway to Heaven." Does this solve the mystery of your unanswered prayers?

## THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

O Precious Blood! Redeeming Flood  
From Jesus' sacred side;  
Come sign us as the Savior's own,  
And claim us at His Father's throne.

O Precious Blood! Redeeming Flood  
From Jesus' sacred wounds;  
Let ev'ry tongue thy praises sing,  
Hail, Blood of Christ, our Savior King!

# The Associate Catechists of Mary

## REDEEMED BY BLOOD

### "THINK!"

Echoing through the centuries the eternal Truths of God sound hollow on the deceptive shell of a superficial world. Caught in the mad swirl of vacation pleasures, even we Catholics are too often prone to rush past the Cross little heeding the price exacted by God for our redemption. With wisdom, then, does Holy Mother the Church say to her children: "Know 'that you were not redeemed with corruptible things as gold and silver, but with the Precious Blood of Christ.'"

"THINK!" Not until the last drop of that Precious Blood stained the wood of the Cross a deep crimson and sealed the pledge of our redemption, did heaven become our birthright. Not until the last saving drop of that Blood, which had marked every step from Gethsemani to Calvary was shed, did our salvation become a reality. Our salvation? Yes, and the salvation of countless other souls.

"I thirst!" exclaimed Christ with His last dying breath. It was the final expression of His vehement, burning thirst for souls. Thousands now daily kneel at the foot of the Cross, drinking eternal love from the living fountains of that Blood. Yet there are other thousands living in the scattered mission sections of our own country whose lives are little touched by the saving influence of His grace because of their poverty and the lack of Missionary Priests and Sisters. With hands outstretched they are pleading to share in the merits of the Precious Blood which flows so copiously upon our Altars.

But, "Faith cometh by hearing; and hearing, by the word of Christ" (St. Paul). How then shall they hear, unless they be sent who may teach them?

Built on the foundation stone of personal service, the Society of Missionary Catechists is today sending its consecrated laborers into the destitute and neglected sections of the Catholic Southwest. There they are zealously devoting their lives to the social, catechetical, and nursing activities of the Society, spending themselves for the welfare of the souls under their care. Now, since the end of the Society is essentially a missionary end, it may not, according to its Rule, engage in institutional work, nor accept any remuneration for its catechetical, charitable, and social activities. The extension of its work is, therefore, wholly dependent upon the practical interest manifested in it by Catholics living in the more prosperous sections of our country.

In an Encyclical letter on promoting Catholic missions Pope Pius XI emphasized the obligation of consistent missionary support. "There is no need to insist how foreign it is to the virtue of charity, which embraces God and all men, for those who belong to the Fold of Christ not to have a care for the rest who are unhappily straying without the Fold. Surely the duty of charity that binds us to God demands not only that we strive to increase with all our power the number of those who know and adore Him in spirit and in truth, but also that we bring under the rule of the most amiable Saviour as many as possible, in order that from day to day 'the profit of His Blood' may be more fruitful, and that we may likewise render ourselves more ac-



ceptable to Him to Whom nothing can be more acceptable than that men be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth. Since Jesus Christ proclaimed that the special mark of His disciples would be that they loved one another, can we vouchsafe to our neighbors a greater or more signal charity than that of having them withdrawn from the darkness of superstition, and instructed in the true faith of Christ? Nay, this surpasses any other works or testimonials of charity, as the mind surpasses the body; heaven, earth; eternity, time."

As Associate Catechists of Mary you may promote the missionary work of the Society of Missionary Catechists by launching upon a vigorous campaign during the summer months to make its work known among your friends. Wherever you may go you will find those who are unacquainted with the destitute conditions of our home missions. Tell them of the proselytizing campaigns being carried on by Protestant Missionary Societies in these sections; tell them, too, how the Missionary Catechists are endeavoring to combat their efforts by planting deeply in the hearts of the people among whom they are laboring the truths of Faith; urge them to support their work by organizing mission circles affiliated with the Associate Catechists of Mary, or by joining the home band, Victory-Noll Mission Circle, and by adopting, wholly or partially, a Catechist who has consecrated her life to winning souls for Christ.

In the autobiography of the Little Flower we read: "Was it not when I saw the Precious Blood flowing from the wounds of Jesus that the thirst for souls took possession of me? I seemed to hear Our Lord whispering to me, as He did to the Samaritan woman: 'Give me to drink!' It was indeed an exchange of love: upon souls I poured the Precious Blood of Jesus, and to Jesus I offered these souls refreshed with the Dew of Calvary. In this way I thought to quench His thirst."

Shall you not also honor the Precious Blood of Jesus and help quench His burning thirst for the souls of men?

## A LETTER THAT BREATHES MISSIONARY ZEAL

Buffalo, New York, June 15, 1927

Dear Catechist Schneider,

I am enclosing a money order from Dolores Club to be applied on the Seven Dolor's Burse. An additional amount, the receipts from a card party held recently, will be on its way in a week or so.

At our last meeting plans were discussed for having a card party at Fort Erie Beach some time in July. We are now busy making arrangements to have a Strawberry Festival the latter part of this month. Our vague plans now are to serve hot dogs, lemonade, loganberry fiz, strawberry ice cream, cake, to sell candy, and to have one of the girls who is good at telling "yarns", read fortunes. There will be no charge for admission, but we hope to sell enough "eats" to make a tidy sum. Oh yes, we shall sell lollypops too.

I have formed a Junior Band among girls thirteen to fifteen years old. They seem to be quite enthused. I have attended only one meeting so far. They are to have a Mary Jane Garden Party a week from tomorrow afternoon. This will end their activities until September. The receipts from this party they will keep until they get \$15.00 to "adopt" an Aspirant for one month.

May not this Junior Band be affiliated with the Associate Catechists of Mary?

With sincere good wishes from Dolores Band for the success of all your missionary activities, I am

Sincerely yours,

(Dr.) MARGARET A. GROTZ, Sec'y.

For many months we have been busy making plans for the organization of a Junior Auxiliary. Next month we shall tell you about them.

Would you like to have literature explaining the work of the Missionary Catechists for distribution among your friends? We shall gladly send you explanatory pamphlets.

Have you delayed sending in your membership application to Victory-Noll Mission Circle? Do it today!

Address all communications relative to the Associate Catechists of Mary to:

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

San Diego, Calif.

The Missionary Catechist,  
Rev. dear Father:

Enclosed I am sending four dollars as an offering for favors received through St. Anthony.

Asking you to please publish this in The Missionary Catechist,

I am yours truly,

F. J. D.

Work cheerfully,  
Work joyfully,  
For the missions you love.  
Work carefully,  
Work prayerfully,  
Then leave the rest with God.

**WHY NOT INTEREST YOUR FRIENDS IN OUR WORK? GET THEM TO SUBSCRIBE TO T. M. C.**

## Victory-Noll Notes

Victory-Noll is at present the scene of varied outdoor activities. Gardening, berrying, and other similar occupations keep all busily employed.

But all is not work. Friday, June 22, the Catechists spent a delightful evening picnicing in the "daisy patch."

June did not mark the close of the school year at the Noll as classes continue as usual. Recently a very interesting class in Pharmacy, conducted by Mr. John Huguenard of Fort Wayne, has been added to our course.

On the morning of June 11 Catechist Hannah Barthen renewed her vows.

The beautiful Feast of Corpus Christi marked the closing of the Forty Hours Devotions in our chapel.

At the request of Rev. A. Knoff, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church at Roanoke, two Missionary Catechists recently conducted Summer Catechism classes at Roanoke, preparing eleven children for the reception of their First Holy Communion.

Both the Catechists and the parents of the children were highly gratified with the results.

## Letters To Mary

My dear Mary:

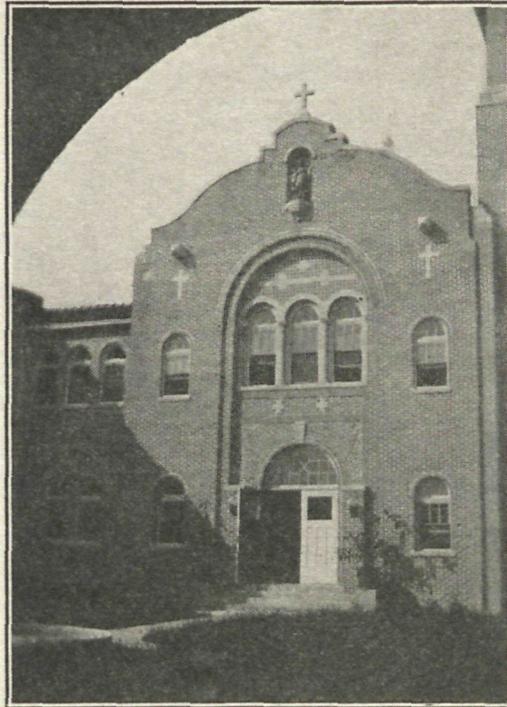
If I were an artist I would paint you a picture of this delightful little Spanish village nestled away in the heart of the Rockies.

In front stands the long, low house of the Mayordomo. A little to the left is a clump of cottonwood, whose tops are a golden mist of leaves. Bits of the azure sky penetrate the golden haze when the leaves sway gentle in the mild breezes which come over the mesa. Above is a soft, white downy cloud which lays peacefully against the blue ethereal expanse.

The bells in the twin towers of the Mission chapel ring joyfully, excitedly. Around the corner lumbers a creaking wagon. Seated in front on a high seat, behind a team of lean horses, is a swarthy man with black mustache, and an aged woman enveloped in a long, black shawl. In her arms she holds carefully and tenderly a precious bundle of white. There has just been a Baptism, of course, and these are the "padrinos". The altar boys are ringing the bells. The breezes catch the happy tumult and waft it far over the quiet, little valley. Happy is the hour when a soul is received into the bosom of Holy Mother Church and becomes a rightful heir to the Kingdom of Heaven.

It is late in the evening. The last streaks of the "afterglow" in the sky are still visible. Silhouetted against the faint pink, are the black shadowy forms of the cottonwoods.

Again the church bell rings, but how strangely altered! There is not now the joyful clamoring, but a lugubrious, mechanical tap, tap. After fifteen minutes the bell ceases to ring. A scraping is heard as the



Victory-Noll's Door—Ever Open to Welcome You

door is closed on its rusty hinges. Senora Tafoya, the Mayordomo's wife, passes around the corner.

"Ah, what is it, Senora? Someone has died?"

"Si, hermana, it is the Senor Gomez. But, gracias a Dios, he died well. The Protestant religion was good enough for him while he had life and health, but last night when he realized that he was nearing the end, he requested the padre. It was his nephew, Alberto, who went away to school and returned with lots of learning and a trunk of strange books which warped his views and caused him to deny his Faith."

"Then the Reverend Albert Ortiz is his nephew?"

"Si, si, hermana, and unhappy was the day when he built the Protestant church, here in our midst, with money he received from New York," she answered, brushing away tears from her eyes.

"But, we have much to be thankful for today," we reminded her, as she hurried toward the long, low house.

We stood looking a moment toward the tiny red flicker inside the church window and breathed a sigh of fervent thanksgiving while our memories brought to view a certain snowy afternoon, when we thrust a Spanish "Question Box" into a certain bewildered Mr. Gomez' hands and then scurried away, fearing his wrath.

Praying Heaven's choicest blessings may descend upon you every day, and assuring you of a remembrance in our Holy Communions,

Sincerely and lovingly your  
old friend in O. B. L. V.  
CATECHIST BLANCHE RICHARDSON.

What did you do with that old clothing this spring when you cleaned the attic? Perhaps you thought of the Missions? Then wash, mend, and send to Victory-Mount, E. Las Vegas, N. M. Box 30.

## Mission Echoes

During the latter part of June the State of New Mexico was visited with a few general rains which were needed badly as the country was dry and parched. To quote the words of one of our Catechists, "even the weeds in our garden refused to grow". In one locality, it was the first "honest-to-goodness" rain in five years. Near Sapello a forest fire waged and twenty-five men were employed by the government to extinguish it. Consequently the rains were a great blessing and a direct answer to public novenas and prayers offered up in all parts.

\* \* \*

Catechist Marie Bodin of Holman, New Mexico, renewed her vows at Victory-Mount Chapel on the Feast of the Blessed Trinity.

One more Aspirant, Mercedes Gutierrez of Dilia, New Mexico, has come to join our band at Victory Preparatory Training School. She is happy to consecrate her life to the work of saving the souls of her own people for Jesus and Mary.

\* \* \*

Missionary life sometimes has its ups and downs as the Catechists at Anton Chico can well testify. When they were ready to start for their Mission at Dilia, they discovered that Juanito had put the harness on the horse backwards. Happily a neighbor came to their assistance and they were able to depart shortly after the scheduled time. When they arrived at their Mission, behold the bell in the tower was missing and they could not summon the children. On their way home, they were caught in a dust-storm and were obliged to seek shelter at a nearby "ranchero". Nevertheless, trifles like these did not dishearten them, for on the way home they practised singing Spanish hymns. They laughingly called it, "the end of a Perfect Day."

\* \* \*

Rains are so rare at Cerrillos that the natives are never prepared for them. Five leaks developed in the roof of the church and the tin pans and kettles placed beneath the five streams of water produced a unique symphony.

Catechist Josephine Penning has charge of the various choirs in this Mission Center and although she has not discovered anyone who can sing by note, she is nevertheless very hopeful. In concluding a Community Letter to the Missionary Catechists in training at Victory-Noll, she says, "Study hard, pray harder; there's a tremendous amount of work out here for all of us."

"When one sheds his blood on a distant shore hundreds awake to the fact that they have a mission at their very door."



WIN NEW FRIENDS FOR THE MISSIONS: PASS YOUR T. M. C. ALONG

## West of the Colorado

(Continued from page 1)

the last ten years many, many churches have been built to care for these people. Priests were brought from Mexico and missionary fields developed. The Rt. Rev. Bishop has always given particular attention to the work of volunteer teachers in instructing the children attending the public schools. At present there are 600 teachers enrolled in the city of Los Angeles who assist in teaching over 10,000 children in churches, chapels and doctrinal centers. The Sisters of the Holy Family devote all their time to the work of instructing the public school children. In spite of difficulties the future seems to hold forth promises of greater effort and accomplishment.

### Obstacles.

However, there are obstacles to be overcome which cannot be disregarded. In the first place, the migration of many Mexicans from place to place is a difficulty. Where work is to be found, they go. In the case of fruit crops, this seasonal labor may take a family from one end of California to the other during the year. They move from one place to another so rapidly that frequently the school authorities cannot grade the children in a satisfactory manner.

Also, on account of real estate developments they frequently buy lots and build homes far from church and school. The slogan—"Own your own home" goes well with the Mexicans. It is impossible to supply every small colony with Mass on Sunday.

Again, the rural problem exists here as well as in other places. Workers on the ranches and along the railroad tracks are overlooked in the work of caring for our many needs.

### The Logical Solution.

For this type of work, the trained Catechist is the local person to overcome many of these obstacles. This is evident to those who have worked among the Mexicans. Social and religious problems are here closely allied. In caring for the soul, one must also give attention to the body.

### The Hope of the Church—The New Generation.

Can we hope for results? Emphatically, yes. One cannot expect the old generation to change their manner of living to any great extent but our hope lies with the children. Before it is too late we must concentrate our efforts on this new generation of Americans. Their condition will be different and as far as we contribute to their well-being, we may expect a reward in the future. Let the new wine be put in new bottles that it may be of use when tested by time.

Alameda, Calif.

June 7, 1927.

Rev. Sigstein,

Dear Father:

Kindly accept \$30 to help the Missionary Catechists; they are doing fine work, and ought to be encouraged financially by all Catholics.

The Catechist Magazine is interesting and well worth the price.

Father, please remember me in your prayers.

Many blessings to you and all the Catechists is the sincere desire of your friend.

J. T. S.

Dear Father Sigstein:

Enclosed please find \$1.50. Fifty cents of this is for my renewal subscription to The Missionary Catechist; the balance you may use in your work. I enjoy The Missionary Catechist very much. I hope to be able to send you a check for a life subscription in the near future. H. D.

A colored preacher inserted the following notice in the local newspaper: "In the promulgation of the gospel three things are necessary: the Bible, the hymn book and the pocketbook. Come tomorrow and bring all three."

THE DEAREST AND SWEETEST PLACE ON EARTH

**"Home, home, sweet home."**

*"BUILD A HOME FIRST"*

**Allman Coal & Builders' Supply**

HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

**The Stained Glass Windows**

In the Chapel of

**Victory-Training Institute**

VICTORY-NOLL

Executed In Our Munich Studio

**EMIL FREI ART GLASS COMPANY**

3934 South Grand

ST. LOUIS, MO.

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

Please enter my name on your subscription list for The Missionary Catechist. I am enclosing  
50c for one year's subscription. \$10.00 for a Life subscription.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

**PLEDGE YOURSELF TO GIVE \$1 A MONTH TOWARD THE SUPPORT OF A MISSIONARY CATECHIST**