

The Missionary Catechist



Volume III

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, October, 1927

Number 11

THE MASTER'S WORKERS

By Rev. R. E. Kelly, Associate Editor of Our Sunday Visitor.

IT is interesting to note that every crisis in the Church has brought forth champions of the Faith. For every need of the Church, God, in His Divine Providence, furnishes

assistance. As we read over the history of the Church, from the earliest Apostolic days down to the present time, we are struck with the thought of God's defending and guiding hand upon the bark of Peter. When Our Divine Saviour selected His twelve Apostles and sent them forth to preach the Gospel to every creature, He warned them that the world would hate them because the world had hated Him. They met opposition from the votaries of the world and yet conversions grew apace because God guided His Church. The Apostles suffered martyrdom, but not before they had instructed others in the ways of truth that their work might go on. And so down through the centuries we find the Providence of God manifested in the various religious orders that were founded to care for some particular need that has arisen in the Church.

Today, in an age which we complacently love to call the age of efficiency, new problems, as well as old, confront Christ's Church. There are precious souls to be brought into the One, True Fold of Christ; there are precious souls that need the ministrations of Christ's anointed ones, that they may "walk worthy of the vocation to which they have been called"; there are others who need the ministrations of zealous consecrated souls that they may preserve the Faith that has been theirs and their ancestors. The latter is the God-given work of the Missionary Catechists.

One of the crying needs of the Church in the Southwest is the

preservation of the Faith among the Spanish-speaking people. It is a crisis, if you will, that confronts the Church, at least as far as the Spanish-speaking people are concerned. No people clings to the Faith for long without an appreciation of that

Faith, and no people can properly appreciate the Faith without being well instructed in the tenets of the Faith. To accomplish this end, the Missionary Catechist goes forth.

After a sufficiently long and well-directed course of training in preparation for her work, she goes forth under the banner of Our Blessed Lady of Victory to assist the overworked missionaries of the Southwest, where the harvest indeed is great, but the laborers all too few. She goes forth with a flaming zeal that prompts her, like the crusaders of old, to give her best for the cause of Christ. There may not be the same glamor, not that spirit of romanticism, perhaps, which the foreign mission field sometimes holds out to the heart of youth, but there is that consciousness that there is most precious work to be done in this neglected portion of the Master's vineyard. The Missionary Catechist goes not to the savage, not to the pagan, but to a gentle, humble people whose ancestors have been Catholics for centuries. Hers is not the suffering of the martyr, who sheds his blood for Christ, but the hard, unremitting toil amid conditions and in circumstances that would be appalling were she not sustained by the grace of Him in Whose Name she labors.

This noble work must continue if we are to be true to our Catholic heritage. More workers are needed to assist the sick, to instruct the ignorant, and to lighten the burden of the over-worked missionary priests. May the "Queen of the Harvest" obtain for many young women the grace of a vocation to this most holy life. And, may we, who stay at home while the Missionary Catechists zealously labor on the firing line, be prompted to give generous material assistance that God's work may not be hampered, but may progress until all these precious souls are safe in the haven of the Master's Sheep-fold.



Honor the Queen of the Holy Rosary by Getting New Subscriptions for T. M. C.

WHEN THE AMERICANS CAME

(By Constance Edgerton.)

CHAPTER TWO

YOU have a beautiful name," he greeted her. "Carola Martin."
"It is Carol. Carol Martinez," she said picking up her work.
"I pronounce it the English way,"

he said.
"It is not an English name," she said.
"It is Spanish."

"You have been way to school?"
"Six years in a convent," she said stitching diligently.

They talked for an hour—she forgetting Manuela should be with her. Thus her mother found her, eyes on her work, cheeks flushed and heart strangely a-flutter. "Carola," she said in a shocked voice, "you may see what Manuela has for you to do."

"Your precious New Mexico," said Forrester Harding to Carola whom he met at the cabin of Raquel, whither her mother sent her to sit with the sick woman, "is but a stretch of sand, a few scorpions, wind, heat and loneliness. Why do you stay, Carolita?"

"It is my home," she replied.
"Will you stay here always?"
"Quien sabe?"

"Would you go now if you had the chance? Or would you stay and face poverty as did Phil Estevan? You have only to say and I will give up the whole business and we——"

Rosalio Marquez, a herder from the far ranges, came to the cabin door. The sick woman slept. Forrester and Carola were sitting on a bench outside.

"For the love of God, senorita, go to your mother! She is dying! Mayhap, even to dead! The Americans are at the ranch and——"

She ran up the pathway to the house, Rosalio following. Three strange men were with papa and Grandfather. They did not notice her. She seated herself in a deep window and waited. If mamma were sick the offers of money the Americans advanced, papa and Grandfather would be with her. She listened to Grandfather's refusals to all He had his title. Yes, yes, they knew. They had seen it on record. But would he sell? No, this had been his family's home for six generations. They could force him off, they hinted.

When they arose to go Grandfather urged them to spend the night. But they must press on.

Carola sat numb in the deep window. Grandfather and papa went into the office and closed the door. Some one spoke to her from the outside. It was Forrester.

"Forrester, the Americans were here and they are trying to force us off," she said. "What will we do?"

He stepped through the open window. "Little one," he said softly, "I love you. Marry me and we will go east where men are sure of their own. Do you love me?"

Manuela stood between them. Her moccasined feet gave forth no sound. "Carolita, thy mother calls thee," she said.

On her way to her mother she stood for a moment at a window facing east. Between her and the Rio Grande was a sloping peaceful plain. Beyond the river was a bright enormous expanse bounded only by the crest of the far flung hills. "I wonder," she mused, "if it is beautiful out there, peaceful and happy."

Jose, Manuela's husband, was driving the carriage in which rode Carola, Manuela and Louis. Vincent and Raymond rode their horses in the rear. They were returning home from a visit to their Aunt Lolita Merendez, who was Teresa's sister. Each year it was their custom to visit her for two weeks and bring Teresita, his daughter back with them. But this year Teresita was not with them.

The visit had been dull. Other times Aunt Lolita had given a ball and a house party. This year there was so much unrest and apprehension amongst the Spanish families who heretofore had been the backbone of the territory, that Aunt Lolita gave nothing—in fact she seemed to forget her guests and left them while she went into the thick of the shearing.

O, it had been no visit at all, and Carola was disappointed. Teresita, who was Carola's age, told her all about the Americans land jockeying. "They will take our home," her thoughts ran. "Where will he go and what will Grandfather do?"

It was mid-afternoon when they arrived

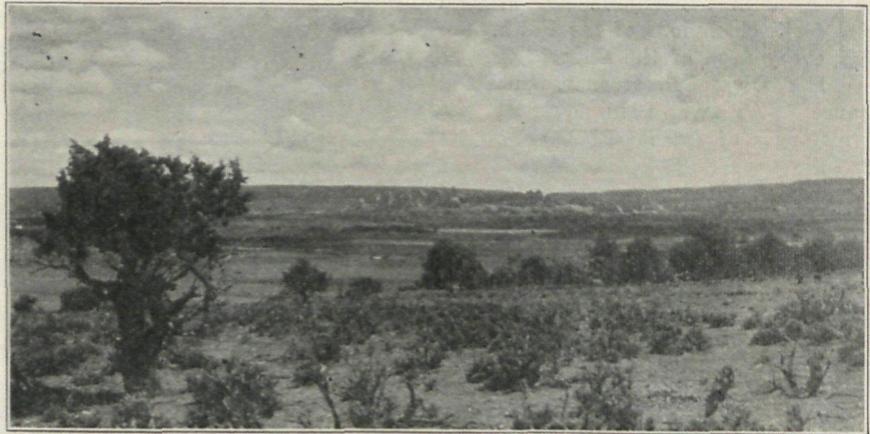
call him a spy. They call him the agent. He comes ahead of them and finds out for them. If he wants to know everything about a ranch he makes believe he is injured and they take him in. Some places he stays a week. He was here a week, wasn't he, mamma?"

During her son's recital Teresa's eyes widened. Now she was silent. The boy came to her and touched her hand. "Mamma, I tell it only to you. I know it is wicked to repeat stories, but I thought you should know."

"Yes, I should know," she agreed. "Hast more to tell?"

"They want Grandfather's ranch—this one, mamma. It is rich. There is water, grass, and they like the house. When will we move, mamma?"

"Run and play, little son," said Teresa. Long she sat looking out the window, to the westward, from when she came as Ramon Martinez's bride. She was born a Montoya. Lolita, her twin sister, and she comprised their father's family. They were married the same day—started from their childhood home at the same hour into their



"They had left behind them the cactus and the grey-green sage"

at the outskirts of the ranch. Sloping toward the Rio Grande it lay. They had left behind them the cactus and the gray-green sage for the lush grass that was waving in the hot, dust-rimmed afternoon. The air grew hotter and the silence hung like a weight. Anon they came to a row of dust brown adobes, the quarters of the servants. Farther on was the ranch house with its deep casemented windows and broad veranda.

Teresa hugged and kissed them. Had they had a good visit?

Louis waited until he found his mother alone and he told her: "We did not have a good visit. Aunt Lolita was worried all the time. She had no other guests and we often ate in the kitchen."

My poor sister," said Teresa. "May God grant she will not be forced from her home."

"There is no fear, mamma," said Louis who was ten and told what he heard—to mamma. "I was in the wool bin playing store when some Americans came in with Uncle Tomasso. They did not like his land as it has no water and no grass. Their names are Kane and Mayhew. They had great gold chains across their vests. Forrester Harding is their spy—but they do not

futures. Lolita, with Don Tomasso and the servants had gone to his ranch in the Cabezon Mountains. Baptiste Merendez, Don Tomasso's great grandfather was born on the ranch.

Teresa started out with Ramon. She brought with her Manuela, who had been her nurse, and Manuela's husband, Jose. Ramon told her of the beauty of the ranch of his fathers, which was situated not far from the ancient village of Tiguex—"place of Butterflies"—and of the chapel on Martinez Ranch with its waxy angels and painted St. John.

The chests both brides brought with them were the talk of the countryside. Don Nicolas Montoya, their father, had countless sheep.

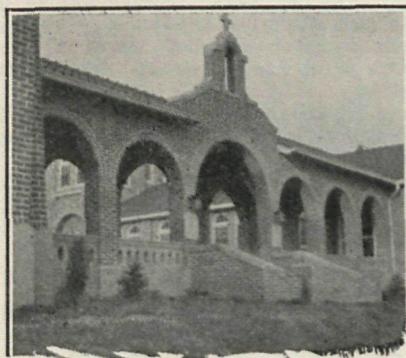
Both girls had been to a convent school. Both had been to California with their father, and with him they had spent a fortnight in Sante Fe. It was there Don Vincente met Don Nicolas and arranged for the marriage of Teresa and Ramon.

"I have been so happy here," she spoke to her troubled soul, "and Ramon had not changed these twenty years. Twenty years! It seems but yesteryear he brought

(Continued on Page 3)

Send in Your Petitions That They May Be Included in Our Perpetual Novena to O. B. L. V. 173

VICTORY-NOLL NOTES



NOW when the time of fruit and grain is come,
When apples hang above the orchard wall,
And from the tangle by the road-side stream,

A scent of wild grapes fills the racy air,
Comes Autumn with her sun-burnt caravan,
Like a long gypsy train with trappings gay
And tattered colors of the Orient,
Moving slow footed through the dreamy hills.

The woods of Wilton, at her coming wear
Tints of Bokhara and Samarcand,
The maples glow with their Pompeian red,
The hickories with burnt Etruscan gold,
And while the crickets fife along her march
Behind her banners burns the crimson sun."

Yes, we Victory-Nollers can well say the above with Bliss Carman as his poem accurately describes the "Noll" in Autumn. But his verse tells only one side of Autumn's story—the outside. Now, let us tell the other—the inside. These days our spacious kitchen can well be termed a miniature canning factory. Woe-be-tide the Catechist who walks with heavy tread past that open door as she is very likely to find herself enticed into the room, quickly clad in a large apron, deftly handed a paring-knife or a scrubbing brush, while a pleasing voice says: "Surely, Catechist, you will give a little of your recreation to help fill our fruit cellar? You know our goal is forty-five hundred quarts."

But, dear reader, never think that we do not enjoy Carman's part—the outside. Almost every afternoon's recreation sees several laughing groups of Catechists bound for our woods, to return laden with Fall's golden offering, which is usually placed at Our Blessed Lady of Victory's shrine.

After a month's vacation from conjugating Spanish verbs, memorizing Christian Doctrine, etc., we are once more deeply engrossed in our class work. Vacations are enjoyable but we willingly return to study.

Our Spiritual Father, Reverend J. J. Sigstein, is now making his fall visit in the Missions of the Southwest. His mission tour was preceded by his attendance at the Catholic Charities Convention held in Los Angeles the early part of September. Here, acting as representative of the Right Reverend Bishop Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne, Father Sigstein delivered an address on the activities of our Society.

During the month of October beautiful Rosary devotions will be offered in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory in all the houses of the Society. During this "month

of graces" our devoted Catechists will remember the petitions that have been recommended to them by their generous supporters friends and the subscribers to "The Missionary Catechist."

At Victory-Noll Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will be given every day, and we feel certain that Our Divine Lord will grant, through the intercession of His Most Holy Mother, special graces to those who are co-operating with the Catechists in saving the souls and healing the bodies of His lovely little ones in the Missions.

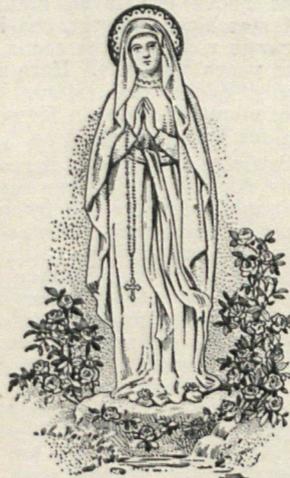
The friends and benefactors of the Missionary Catechists will undoubtedly be pleased to hear that their intentions are remembered in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory every Saturday.

The Missionary Catechists likewise recommend these intentions, both for the living and the dead, to the Missionaries laboring in the Southwest missions. No doubt it will be a source of consolation for our subscribers to know that these grateful Missionaries benefited by Mass intentions sent to them by generous friends through the Catechists, make mementoes of these intentions in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

During the past month many of our subscribers sent the names of deceased relatives and friends in whose memory contributions had been made. These were recommended to the charity of our worthy Missionaries.

Among the other intentions received were those for success in securing employment, success in business, health, and thanksgiving.

QUEEN OF THE HOLY ROSARY



*Queen of the Rosary, Mother of love!
Unite our prayers with Thine above;
Enlighten us to do God's Will,
Each day to grow more perfect still
Nor waver in our trust in God,
Or miss the path our fathers' trod
Forget not, Virgin Mother mild,
The love Thou bore Thy tender Child;
Hours Thou wast daily at His side
E'er watch'ng Him His steps to guide.*

—Child of Mary.

WHEN THE AMERICANS CAME (Continued from Page 2)

me home. How secure and sheltered I have been. It is for my Carolita I worry. Ever I thought she and Felipe Estevan would marry. She would be near us and with Felipe she would be happy. Now that is changed. Mother of God, guard my girl, watch over her."

"See him no more, little one. Must I tell thy mother?"

It was Manuela speaking to Carola.
"Manuela, did you not marry Jose?"
"Blasphemy," muttered the old woman crossing herself.

"Did not mamma marry papa?"
"That is not what I was saying. It was of the gringo I was speaking—Forrester Harding," said Manuela. "He is not for thee."

"If I love him?"
"It cannot be so. I know thee well as I knew thy mother before thee. God gave me none that I might care for Teresa and thee. Thy brothers were mine also, but not like thee whom we thought an angel from the hand of God," said Manuela.

"Manuela, idiot!" said Carola sharply. "I love him. He rode many leagues to Aunt Lolita's to see me, did he not, and you spied on us at the trysting place? He came because he loved me. I am going to marry him."

"My duty is to tell thy parents."
Carola burst into wild grief and threw herself into the old woman's arms.

Thus another day was gained. She could meet Forrester today at least. Tomorrow would care for itself.

Late afternoon she went for a walk to the house of Raquel. It was in a "draw" and could not be seen from the ranch house. Forrester would be waiting. They would have a few moments together.

He was waiting—so was Manuela. Stoically she sat beside them on the bench, her eyes on the cloud draped hills.

"If she sees me kiss you?" asked Forrester.

"She is my nurse," said Carola.
He took her in his arms. The old woman crossed herself. "Tomorrow," he said at parting.

It went from day to day until two weeks were spent and their plans were made for their marriage—which was to be secretly. Manuela was ever with them and to her they paid not even the compliment of seeing. She was old and Carola could not escape her—not even when she rode, for Manuela also rode.

"Think again, Carolita mia," said the old woman softly. "Go not with the Americano. He will forget his promises as heretics ever do. He will be unkind and cruel. Stay here and await the time Felipe Estevan comes into his own."

"Silence! I am my own mistress! Am I not nineteen? What is there here for me? And out there"—beyond the Rio Grande—"is life, love, adventure."

"I accompany thee."
"You cannot."

"Then it is my duty to tell thy parents."
"You are a good cook, Manuela."
"Si."

"You are a good rider and a very good nurse. You can sew and wash."
"Si, nina de mia."

"I have never been without you and it would seem strange to begin now," said the girl.

(To be continued.)

Honor the Queen of the Holy Rosary by Getting New Subscriptions for T. M. C.

ARE YOU WAITING FOR YOUR OPPORTUNITY?

How often have we not heard that "Opportunity knocks at the door but once?" Very often it happens that an opportunity comes into one's life which largely determines its future success or failure. Life is, as a rule, measured by its opportunities.

Has the thought ever come to you that the greatest opportunity in your life is the life that God has given you to live? Your Divine Lord and Master may give you a great grace which for you will be life's golden opportunity. He may give you the grace of a vocation for a missionary life.

In His inscrutable Wisdom He singles out certain of His children for carrying out His providential designs for the salvation of souls. Called to consecrate their lives to the service of God and His Church, such privileged souls will be blessed in their one great opportunity.

At this time the great Southwest needs not only self-sacrificing Missionary Priests, but self-sacrificing Missionary Catechists. To a large number of privileged souls the opportunity for such service came. Their ready and generous acceptance of this priceless opportunity brought holiness and happiness into their lives.

To you also this blessed opportunity may come and you, too, may follow them, as Missionaries, into the field at home to spend yourself in the service of Him Who, from the treasures of His Sacred Heart, has bestowed upon you this most blessed of opportunities.

The Spiritual Director of the Society of Missionary Catechists will be pleased to answer inquiries relative to a missionary vocation to the Society of Missionary Catechists. Letters may be addressed to him at Victory Noll, Huntington, Ind.

SOULS IN PURGATORY BURSE

A year ago last November, at the request of some of our friends, we established a Souls in Purgatory Burse in memory of their very dear departed relatives. For some time prior to this we had prayed fervently for some one to establish this Burse. It began in a small way, but we were not discouraged since only a few of our Burse funds have had big beginnings. Gradually this Burse grew, for many had relatives and friends among the departed whom they wished to remember in this really worthwhile way, and so we began a second Burse in memory of the souls departed. We felt, as all our friends must feel, that none are so grateful as the Holy Souls, and among these none more appreciative of our good works in their behalf than our friends and relatives in Purgatory. They are united to us by a bond stricter even than Charity for we may, in Justice, be constrained to secure their release from the purging flames of Purgatory.

Society of Missionary Catechists
Box 109, Huntington, Indiana
Reverend dear Father:

In memory of my departed relatives and friends

I am enclosing \$ _____ to be applied to the Souls in Purgatory Burse.

Name _____
Address _____

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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THE MOST INTERESTING ROCK IN THE WORLD

The Southwest has been aptly called "The Land of the Standing Rocks." A large portion of the northern parts of New Mexico and Arizona is covered with enormous sheets of sandstone of varying color and thickness.

There are many interesting rocks in this scenic wonderland, but the most interesting rock of all is Acoma. It is in a class by itself; there is only one Acoma.

Acoma is a great stone island rising in the center of an enchanted valley whose cliffs have been carved by the elements into a very labyrinth of gulleys, towers and caves. Upon the bare table top of this strange stone island of the desert, fully seven thousand feet above sea level, stands a town of matchless interest, the home of a strange red race, the scene of a thousand years' romance. Here stand the quaint adobe and stone block homes of a quaint people. Here, too, stands their huge church.

No other city in the world is reached as is this sky-city, which was reached by the Spanish pioneers only by means of ladders of solid rock. It was only by means of such perilous trails that the patient Indians carried upon their backs every timber, every stone, every bit of adobe mud that went into the building of this strange city and its still stranger church. Timbers forty feet in length were carried by "human pack horses" from mountains twenty miles away. The walls of the church, sixty feet high and ten feet deep, cover more ground than any modern Cathedral in our country.—El Palacio.

Guthrie, Okla., Sept. 19, 1927.

Dear Catechists:

To make amends for my tardiness in renewing my own subscription—now long past due—I am sending the Catechist to a good friend whom I hope to interest in your work. Enclosed check for \$1.00. May God bless and prosper your noble work.

Sincerely,

J. H.

September 9, 1927.

Reverend dear Father:

I should like to invest five hundred dollars in your Annuity Plan. Please advise me how to make this check payable.

I am sorry I did not know of your plan two years ago. I would have invested in it then.

I feel I shall never need this money, so that it will surely go to your Society at my death.

If the Little Flower grants my request, I shall be able to send you five hundred dollars more within a short time.

Please pray for me.

Yours sincerely

M. C.

September 6, 1927.

Reverend dear Father:

In August, 1926, I sent you a check for two hundred dollars which I wished to invest in your Annuity Plan. Enclosed with this letter you will find check for one hundred and one dollars. Please add the one hundred dollars to my Annuity, making the total sum three hundred dollars. The one dollar is my September contribution toward the support of a Catechist.

I am enclosing a list of my intentions. Will you please remember them in your Novena to Our Blessed Lady of Victory?

Yours sincerely,

Z. H.

J. C.

Bradford, Ill., Sept. 14, 1927.

Rev. J. J. Sigstein.

Dear Father:

I am sending you a few names as requested hoping they will help the great work of the Missionary Catechists.

I will try to send a little donation for the work next month.

Respectfully

M. F.

Danbury, Conn.

Rev. and dear Father:

I am enclosing \$1.00, my monthly offering to the Missionary Catechist, and I am offering it in thanksgiving for my great improvement in health.

I am very grateful to you and the good Catechists for your prayers, because I know it is prayers that helped me.

With best wishes

MRS. N. A. D.

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 19, 1927.

Society of Missionary Catechists,
Huntington, Indiana.

Dear Reverend Father:

The enclosed offering is for the support of a Catechist.

Seven weeks ago, I had to undergo a serious operation and I promised Our Lord and His Blessed Mother to help support in some charitable way the Missionary Catechists if my operation was successful. Thank God and His Blessed Mother it was. I owe so much to them.

The offering is small but it is my intention to give the same every month. May God bless your wonderful work.

Sincerely,

C. R. T.

St. Louis, Ill., Sept. 20, 1927.

Dear Father:

I am sending you the names of as many as I know to be good charitable Catholics. I hope they will help you in your worthy cause.

I would like to be able to help you more but we are in debt. I have promised a donation to the Catechists, if my request is granted. I am asking your prayers for myself and husband.

Respectfully yours,

M. T. D.

Send in Your Petitions That They May Be Included in Our Perpetual Novena to O. B. L. V.

TELLING THE STORY



Chaperito, New Mexico,
October, 1924

We are very happy to report that there is a much better attendance at Mass now; we are so thankful to Our Lord that His grace is working in the hearts of these people. Twenty were at the Holy Table to receive their Eucharistic Lord last Sunday.

We are going to organize a Rosary Society for the ladies. By organizing such Societies we shall have regular Communion Days for the various groups of men, women and children in the parish.

We were agreeably surprised to receive a visit from Miss "C." She is the representative in New Mexico of an Eastern concern. Having read much about our work in "OUR SUNDAY VISITOR," she made inquiries about us immediately on her arrival in Las Vegas. It took her a long time, however, to locate us. As there is no regular means of conveyance to Chaperito from Las Vegas, a distance of twenty-seven miles, she hired a yellow cab. It certainly cost her a "fortune" to make the trip.

Like all Eastern people, it was difficult for her to understand that we are almost entirely cut off from communication with the outside world. We have no telephone, no telegraph, no wireless. There is nothing in this village but a post office and a general store. None of the children have ever seen a moving picture theatre, railroad, or electric car. Our nearest town is Las Vegas. It is from there that the mailman comes twice each week with our mail.

Very providentially our Spiritual Father was able to interest a man with some money in buying a team of horses and a wagon for our good Padre here. He did not have so much as a single horse or buggy and consequently could not attend sick calls unless the people were fortunate enough to possess a horse and buggy or an old, broken-down "flivver" in which to take him to administer the last rites to the sick and dying.

I am sure it would be quite a shock for our friends in the East to hear that many of these poor people die without the Sacraments. It seems such a pity to think that with a little money we could get a car for this poverty-stricken Priest and then we could accompany him to his missions, instructing the children while he offered Mass and administered the Sacraments to these "spiritually starving" people.

"I have sought for happiness in the brilliant haunts of society, in sumptuous banquets, in the glare of theatres. I have sought it again in the possession of gold, in the excitement of the gaming-table, in the illusions of romance; but all in vain—whilst an hour passed in visiting a sick person, or in consoling some afflicted one, has been enough to give me enjoyment more delightful than all delights."—Anon.

September 12, 1927

Rev. J. J. Sigstein,
Huntington, Ind.

Rev. Father:

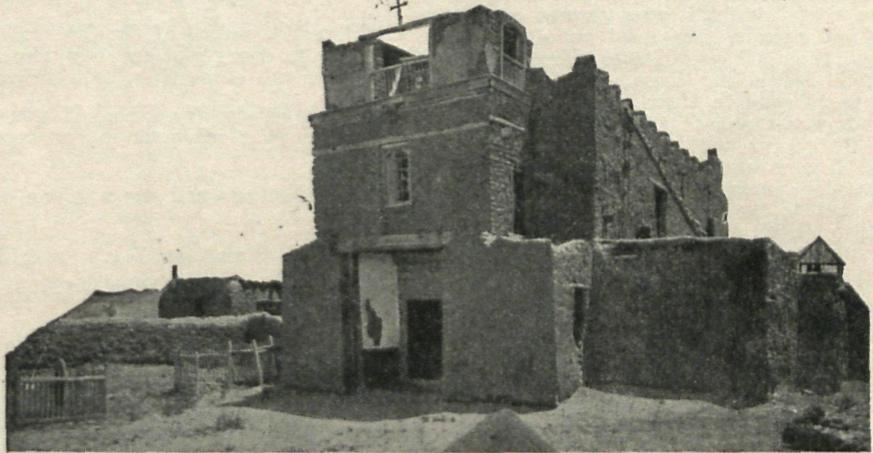
Received your letter some days ago and I am glad to be able to subscribe for your little paper. I wish I could send ten times as much as it would make me happy to help you.

For some time I was without work but now that I have obtained a position in Los Angeles I am able to assist you.

Will you kindly remember me in your prayers? May God bless your noble work and also your co-workers in the field.

Sincerely yours,

L. B.



September 3, 1927

Dear Father:

It was not until six months ago that I realized the true meaning of a religious vocation. I had the impression that those who were called by Our Lord to a higher state of life in the cloister or as missionaries had to be perfect.

But since I have read several books and listened to sermons on religious vocations it has been made quite clear to me that Our Lord's invitation to follow Him and become perfect is extended to all Christians. Although God does extend special and personal invitations to certain souls, the vast majority of those who are called upon to follow Our Lord in a higher state of life, receive no such extraordinary calls.

Father, what I have read about the Missionary Catechist is very appealing. I work in an office; but that kind of work does not bring the satisfaction that I feel would come from laboring for God's poor.

Hoping for an answer, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

M. J.

Midlothian, Ill., Sept. 13, 1927.

Rev. dear Father:

I am enclosing a dollar for subscription to your Missionary Catechist as I wish to keep in closer touch with the work you are doing.

If I were twenty years younger I would surely enter your Society, but as it is, I must be satisfied with the work of a public health nurse.

Sincerely yours,
E. G.

SNAPPY DEVOTIONS

Grade Three was making up a Spiritual Bouquet for the Pastor. Tommy proudly presented 225 litanies recited during a fifteen minute recess period. How did he do it? We'll let him tell.

"Teacher, I took my prayer book and I made the sign of the cross and I said:

All the saints on this page,

Pray for us.

All the saints on the next page,

Hear our prayers.

All the saints on the next page,

Have mercy on us.

And from all the things on the last page,

Oh, Lord, deliver us."

Honor the Queen of the Holy Rosary by Getting New Subscriptions for T. M. C.

The Associate Catechists of Mary

JOIN, THAT'S THE IDEA!

Become a Member of Victory-Noll Mission Circle of the Associate Catechists of Mary.

Pledge Yourself to Contribute Regularly toward the Support of a Missionary Catechist.

It doesn't take much to keep a Catechist in the Mission Field—a dollar a day, that's all,—yet consider what a vast amount of good she can do in even one day in relieving the necessities of the poor and saving the neglected little ones from spiritual starvation.

ENLIST IN OUR "DOLLAR SQUADRON":

- A dollar a day
- A dollar a week
- A dollar a month, or

Just a dollar when you can spare it.

WHAT ARE THE BENEFITS?

1. Members share in the spiritual benefits of the Society of Missionary Catechists, in the missionary labors, merits and good works of the Catechist they help support, and in the prayers of the poor "mission" children under her care.
2. Their intentions are included in the Masses offered every day for the Society.
3. A special Mass in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory is offered for their intentions every Saturday.
4. Their intentions are likewise remembered in a daily perpetual Novena to Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

As a Member of Victory--Noll Mission Circle you will be instrumental in saving souls.

NOMINAL MEMBERSHIP DUES ARE \$1.00 A YEAR.

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

I herewith apply for membership in VICTORY--NOLL MISSION CIRCLE. Please enroll me in your "DOLLAR SQUADRON." I pledge myself to contribute:

- A dollar a day.....
- A dollar a day.....
- A dollar a month.....
- A dollar when I can spare it.....

I am enclosing \$1.00 to cover my membership dues for one year.

Name

Address

WEAR OUR PIN!

We are pleased to announce that our Associate Catechist of Mary Pin is in the process of manufacture. Before the end of the month we hope to receive the first consignment.

Fashioned of sterling silver in the shape of a shield, stamped with the letters A. C. M. surmounted with the Crown of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, the pin will be an unusually attractive club emblem.

A. C. M. members will undoubtedly find the wearing of this pin a splendid means for making known the work of the Missionary Catechists and attracting their friends and associates, who may, through their instrumentality, become deeply interested in the missionary activities of our Society.

These pins may be purchased for the small offering of fifty cents apiece.

FROM THE MORNING'S MAIL.

Dear Catechist:

I enclose check for two dollars, my monthly offering as a member of Victory-Noll Mission Circle. The amount is not great, but it is a real pleasure for me to send it. It makes me feel that I am taking part in the great work you are doing. And I need your prayers. I am sure my intentions are included in them.

Very truly yours, J. A. E.

Dear Catechist:

I think an A. C. M. pin will be an inducement for greater membership. If all the old members wear it, it certainly ought to attract many new members.

Respectfully yours, P. C. C. New Orleans, La.

Dear Catechist:

At the last meeting of our Mission Circle we voted to use the money we raise to support a Burse. We should like to have our donations applied on the new Burse in honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. I am enclosing our first check for this purpose.

I think a series of Mission Sermons such as the Protestants have here would be of inestimable value in arousing our Catholic people to the necessity of supporting missionary work. Our Priests very seldom mention the missions, and when they do it is just en passant, as it were. No stress is laid on giving money to the missions. The Protestants, on the other hand, have regular mission meetings and mission Sundays when each one gives whatever he can towards the missions.

Wishing you every success in your great work, I am

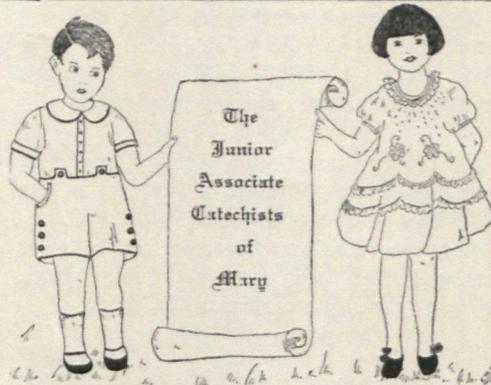
Yours respectfully, MRS. S. S. OGDEN.

Dear Children:

Last week I received a letter from a little boy. He wanted to know if he could join the Junior Associate Catechists of Mary. Of course he can! Boys and girls who cannot get their little friends to form a club of Junior Associate Catechists of Mary may join the home club. All you need to do is to write to me and tell me you want to help the Missionary Catechists take care of the poor boys and girls in the missions. Then I will send you a membership card and you may begin saying the little prayer of the Juniors, "Our Blessed Lady of Victory, pray for us and the poor neglected children in the Missions." You may also offer some of your Holy Communion for these children, who cannot go to Church and receive Our Lord as often as you can. Wouldn't you like to collect holy cards and medals for them, and to make little toys to send to them that will chase the clouds right out of their lives? Don't forget, Christmas will be here in two months. Sometimes Santa passes right by the poor adobe houses in the Southwest. So, if you want to, you may pretend you are Santa Claus' little helper and begin to work now to make these poor children happy on Christmas Day.

Every Club has a name. What do you think would be a good name for the home club of the Associate Catechists of Mary?

Every Club has a slogan, too. If you do not know what a slogan is, ask your teacher. She will tell you. Why don't you try to think of a good slogan for the Junior Associate Catechists of Mary?



I will send a medal of Our Blessed Lady of Victory to every girl and boy who sends a name for the home club, or a slogan.

This is a Missionary Club. If you want to help the poor missions in our country, join it!

Don't forget to send me a name and a slogan!

The Junior Auxiliary Catechist, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Ind.

Dear Catechist:

We are delighted to have the honor of being the first Junior Mission Band of the Associate Catechists of Mary. I am enclosing

our membership list. All the members pledged themselves to say the Prayer "Our Blessed Lady of Victory, pray for us and the poor, neglected children in the mission," and signed their names with that intention. We have arranged a list of prayers which we shall say at our meetings.

We have sent our first box to the missions.

We hope to complete another box for Christmas.

Sincerely yours, EMILY O. BRADY.

June 7, 1927.

Dear Catechist:

The talk given us on the poor Mexicans when Catechists Like and Penning visited us impressed all of us very much. You should have seen the bottoms move up on our elevators after that!

We shall receive Holy Communion on Trinity Sunday, and wish the children in New Mexico could receive Our Lord as frequently as we do. We also wish they could go to Holy Mass as often as we have the opportunity. Perhaps the sixteen dollars we are sending you today will help bring them closer to Our Dear Lord. We will try to save for the missions during our vacation and send you another donation in the fall.

Your zealous helpers of Sacred Heart School,

Per CHARLOTTE GERTSKAMP.

Send in Your Petitions That They May Be Included in Our Perpetual Novena to O. B. L. V.

MISSION ECHOES

ON August 4, 1927, the Missionary Catechists stationed at Gary held their first Annual Picnic for the children attending Summer Catechism classes.

The day's program began at 8:30 o'clock with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The great number of children attending, as well as the large percentage receiving Holy Communion, presented a most edifying sight.

After Mass, the children accompanied by the Catechists, Father F. Garcia and Father A. Canamache, left for Lake Park Front. Games were in order until noon. During dinner Father Garcia entertained the children by relating to them how Our Lord fed a vast multitude with only a few loaves of bread and two fishes.

The children attracted much attention on the beach with their demonstrations of fun and frolic, which included swimming, wading, water ball, and playing in the sand. Possibly no part of the program provided more enjoyment than the races.

More than one person stopped to look again at their shining countenances as late in the afternoon the tired, but happy group of youngsters returned to Gary.

* * *

On October 2, 1927, following the celebration of a Solemn Pontifical High Mass, His Grace, Most Reverend Albert F. Daeger, D. D., O.

F. M., Archbishop of Santa Fe, will solemnly bless the Mission Center of the Missionary Catechists at Cerrillos, New Mexico.

Since the founding of the Center on the Feast of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, May 24, 1927, the Missionary Catechists have occupied a house generously placed at their disposal by a Protestant resident of Cerrillos. Under the direction of Father Oliver of Pena Blanca, the Missionary in charge of this region, the house to be blessed by the Archbishop has been erected to serve as a Center for the Catechists at Cerrillos.

In the midst of one of the mining districts of New Mexico, Cerrillos affords a splendid field for missionary and charitable labors. From their Mission Center the Catechists take care of several other mission settlements, the largest of which is Madrid where there are many miners. Mexicans, Italians, Hungarians, and Slavs, are employed in the coal mines.

* * *

The Anton Chico Catechists, after enduring the hardships of remodeling their house, are at last happily settled and are again ready to do a great deal of mission work. As one of these Catechists so aptly says: "The more souls we find to enlighten in our Holy Religion the happier we are. Our field is large but our zeal is even greater."

The early part of September these Catechists opened a new outmission at Colonias, a distance of approximately twenty-five miles from Anton Chico. Already they have registered forty-six children for instruction and have a large First Communion Class.

At this season of the year the scenery in northern New Mexico is exquisite as the mountains are all tinged with Autumn's most gorgeous colors. In this beautiful setting nestles Holman Mission Center. Winter has already descended upon this Mission, but in spite of the bitterly cold weather, the Catechists regularly attend the outmissions, conduct classes, and visit homes.

* * *

Among recent happenings at Victory-Mount was the re-opening of the Mission at Watrous, New Mexico. It is especially interesting because it was there that our Society began its missionary labors in the Southwest. Watrous is a very picturesque



Mission Centre at Holman, N. M.

place with its rocky background. One day each week two Catechists may be seen leaving the "Mount" on the seven o'clock train to spend the entire day at this Mission. You can well imagine what a busy day it is as each minute of the time has its allotted task.

October 3, 1927.

Dear Father Sigstein,

I am sorry that I have been so remiss in answering your appeal. I am a Latin teacher in a big public school of seventeen hundred students, have a club for Catholic H. S. girls, a Catechism class of sixty, and a home and mother to look after. There never seems to be any time to do the things I want to do.

The enclosed check for \$10.00 will pay my subscription, however, for some time, and so avoid future delays. I am sending this particularly as a thank offering to the Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Mother, and St. Anne for favors received.

I hope to be able to do more for the Catechists in the future.

Do you have an annuity or investment system? If so, I should like to know its terms. I make my investments in bonds chiefly. Since I shall be alone in the world when Mother goes, I must look out for my old age, but when I am gone, I want anything that is left to go to Catholic charities.

May God bless you and your work!

Sincerely yours,

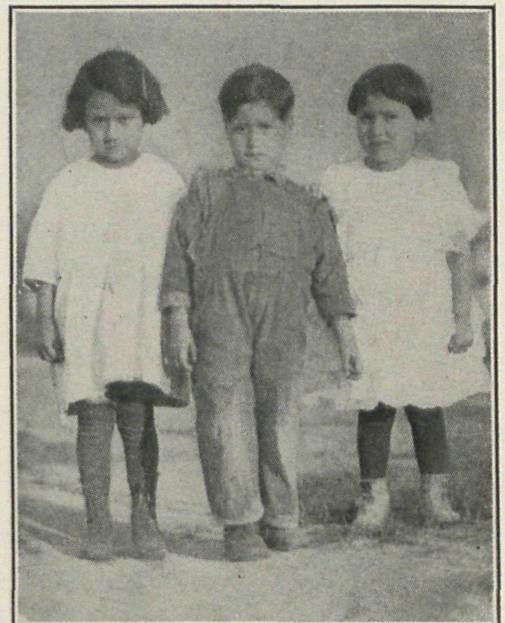
J. A. R.

ASPIRATION.

Lord, enlighten me to know Your will,
And strengthen me to do it;
Prepare my heart to meet Your love,
And cling forever to it.

For some time our Catechists at the Mount have been preparing to take up work at Tecollote. This new mission is a large settlement fifteen miles from Las Vegas. So anxious are the parents in this town to have their children receive Religious instruction from the Catechists that they have made up a list of the children of school age whom they will send regularly to the Catechism classes. After making the list of the names of the children they came to see the Padre at Las Vegas and begged him to send the Catechists without fail the first part of October. Much good can be done there for the people have Mass only once a month and have little or no opportunities for the instruction of their children.

On the thirteenth of last month some of the Catechists had a rather amusing experience in our out-mission, San Antonio. The roads having been made impassable by the heavy rains the Catechists decided to walk to the village, taking a short cut through the soggy fields. Bridges are rare over the rivers in New Mexico, and the Gallinas River, which skirts the little village of San Antonio, is no exception. So the Catechists had to cross the river as best they could on stepping stones. Thoroughly drenched and much bespattered with adobe they entered the little Church prepared to sing the High Mass. The saying that "it never rains but it pours," was literally verified on that day. When the Catechist sat down to play the organ she found to her utter dismay that two notes, one a very deep bass and the other a high treble, insisted upon sounding simultaneously producing a wild discord. She kept bravely to her task until after the "Kyrie" when she decided the Choir would have to sing the rest of the Mass without an organ accompaniment.



Honor the Queen of the Holy Rosary by Getting New Subscriptions for T. M. C.

A colored parson once asked the members of his congregation to read the twenty-ninth chapter of Matthew. The following Sunday he asked who had read it, and when quite a number held up their hands, he said: "You're just the kind of people I want to talk to. You're all liars, for there are only twenty-eight chapters in Matthew."

A farmer in Arkansas, hearing that the candidates for the ministry of his Church were given a course in Latin and Greek, wrote to the authorities protesting against this new-fangled method of making preachers. "I understand," he wrote, "that you are making our students for the ministry study Latin and Greek. Now I want to say that if English was good enough for Jesus, it is good enough for me."

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HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

Dedication of St. Joseph's Health Resort, Wedron, Ill.

St. Joseph's Health Resort, formerly well known under the name "Sulphur Lick Springs Hotel," is situated near Wedron, Ill., about eighty miles from Chicago and nine miles north of Ottawa on the Sommonauk-Ottawa trail. This picturesque spot has recently been purchased by an Order of Catholic Sisters, the Mission Workers of the Sacred Heart. It is their intention to conduct here an all-year health resort. Patients will be admitted from the first of September.

The complete absence of the health-destroying influences of a big city, the sylvan surroundings, the pure air and above all the healing qualities of the sulphur springs make it an ideal place for rest and relaxation.

The water is recommended by eminent physicians as an excellent remedy for diabetes, kidney trouble, liver complaint, rheumatism, nervousness, indigestion and all diseases caused by impurities of the blood.

The building itself is provided with all the modern conveniences of a city hotel. Rooms may be had in any desired arrangements. Special care will be taken to provide the patients with wholesome, nourishing food.

For further information write to:

ST. JOSEPH'S HEALTH RESORT, SULPHUR LICK SPRINGS, WEDRON, ILL.

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"Home, home, sweet home."

"BUILD A HOME FIRST"

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