



Volume III

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, November, 1927

Number 12

Missionary Catechists Called to the Diocese of Amarillo

Bishop of Amarillo, Texas, Asks Catechists to Establish Juniorate—Will Help Care for Poor
Mexicans Scattered Over Vast Territory.

Diocese of Amarillo

807 Taylor Street

Amarillo, Texas. October 22, 1927



Rev. J. J. Sigstein,
Victory Training Institute,
Victory-Noll,
Huntington, Ind.

Dear Reverend Father:

Having studied *The Society of Missionary Catechists* and learned of the gratifying success of their work as Catechists among the poor Mexicans, I am writing you with a view to securing the services of these splendid Catechists for my Diocese.

I have a large number of poor Mexicans scattered over a vast territory, for whom Sisters' schools and a sufficient number of Priests cannot be provided. These people are very poor and therefore contribute very little to the support of those who bring them the consolations of Our Holy Religion. Consequently your Catechists, who demand no remuneration for their services, could do a great deal to supply that which Priests and Sisters cannot give them in the way of religion. No doubt, pious young women could be secured for this splendid service in the Church, if you could establish a branch of your Catechists here in the form of a Juniorate, or Training School.

I will, therefore, kindly ask you to take this appeal under prayerful consideration and favor us with an early reply, indicating what the chances would be of obtaining these Catechists for our Diocese.

With every kind wish, I remain

Very sincerely yours in Xto,

✠ R. A. GERKEN,
Bishop of Amarillo.

Remember Your Dear Departed by Supporting the Souls in Purgatory Burse.

WHEN THE AMERICANS CAME

(By Constance Edgerton.)

"I accompany thee," repeated Manuela. "It is tonight," said Carola. "I know. I am ready. Everything is packed."

She knew that it was tonight—and she knew more: that Carola hung breathless on every word the Americano uttered; that he had her bewitched.

She had given Carola many a secret potion in her food—a potion warranted to make her forget this fair, false man who so disturbed their days. But the charm had not worked. As she saw her duty she did not shirk from it. Carola needed her and with her she would go.

There were many neighbors in that night. Donna Teresa was so rejoiced at having guests once more that she called on Carola to play while they joined their voices in song. Then, for the young people to dance, Teresa sat at the piano. Manuela brought in cakes and tea.

It was then Felipe Estevan came in, and with him Forrester Harding. He had great news for Carola. He had found the grant to his ranch. Tomorrow he would tell her. Tomorrow. The ranch house and the chapel were his, and a thousand acres of land. The rangelands—that were free—would be pasturage. His heart sang.

"You honor my grandfather's house with your presence, Mr. Harding." Then she saw Felipe. "And you also, Phil." She curtsied to them.

Grandfather claimed her for a dance and there was no time for words.

Somewhat later when slumber had spread over the ranch house two figures emerged therefrom—Manuela and Carola. Quietly they stole across the courtyard and out to the corral, near which two saddles had been placed by Manuela earlier in the evening. Carola stood at the fence while the old woman brought the horses and saddled them. They mounted—Manuela carrying the bags—and rode silently toward the hills.

In the narrow canyon they met Forrester. Manuela rode first. "Go back," he said to her. "Your job is finished when you turn her over to me."

"My work it now begins," she said. "I go with Carola."

"Go back!" he ordered.

"I accompany Carola. She has need of me."

He struck her full across the face. "That for you!" he roared. "Learn to do as you are told."

Once years before in a game, Phil Estevan accidentally struck Manuela. Carola jumped on him and fought like a tiger. She could not understand the numbness that came over her when Forrester deliberately struck her nurse. She heard her own voice and it sounded like dried ashes. "She is coming with me."

He led the way down the narrow canyon. Presently they could ride abreast and they were galloping.

"We will be married day after tomorrow in—"

"You will be married at sunrise in Santa Cruz," broke in Manuela. "Jose has ridden ahead to make arrangements. No, we will not meet him, Carolita. He returns home on the other side of the river."

And so they were married at Santa Cruz very early next morning after a hard night

in the saddle. She Carola Mary Lolito Martinez, who could have married in the home chapel amid a hundred twinkling candles, a choir, and the padre who baptized her, was married in a strange church by a strange priest, with none save Manuela her old nurse to witness.

Little did the girl know what a heart wrench it was for the old woman to leave behind all that was dear—Jose and the Donna Teresa—to take to a strange way of life and in a strange land.

She heard Carola promise: "For richer or poorer, in sickness and health, 'til death do us part." Her heart turned cold within her. "Mother of God, strengthen her—and me," prayed the old woman.

The padre wrote their names in the church registry. They went on. Only the Recording Angel could tell what was in the heart of the girl. Manuela soon saw what was in the heart of the man.

"How much money did you bring?" he asked.

"Money?"

"Yes. Didn't I tell you to bring everything you could find?"

"Manuela packed my two party dresses, my prayerbook and Rosary—"

than five thousand American dollars. He gave me my share yesterday, for you, Carolita. Tell him not. He comes now."

CHAPTER III.

On the banks of the Canon de Cochita, twelve hours' ride due west from Santa Fe, they took up their abode in a herder's abandoned cabin—Forrester, Carola, and Manuela.

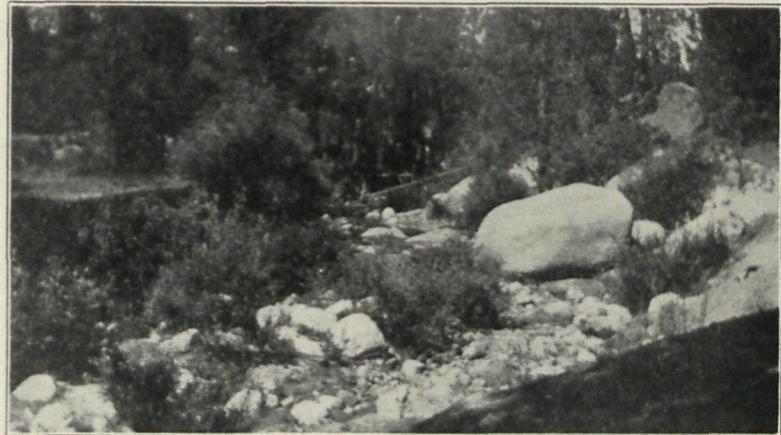
Up very early and walking along the sands by the stream was Manuela. Mayhap she saw the rose hue of the early dawn touching the mountains, changing the sands to yellow, purple, crimson—and mayhap not. Her eyes were far out to the eastward, watching, ever watching for Forrester, whose business took him often to Santa Fe.

Santa Fe! Magic name. The end of the trail where merchants unloaded their goods and started back eastward with pockets full of golden coins.

Yes. Forrester had business in Santa Fe, in the gambling rooms.

While Manuela slept he had stolen her money and lost it in less than an hour in a game. He had stolen her horse and also Carola's.

Weeks went by. Months. If Carola was sorrowful she was veiling it. Her life was



"There in a sheltered nook by the stream they took up their abode."

"I meant money!" he said savagely.

Carola had never had any money and it struck her forcibly now. Papa must have some. They did not need it at the ranch. Mama and the servants made the candles, the soap, the baskets, the blankets, the curtains and the carpets. The smoke-house was full of meats. Dried fruits and vegetables were in the store-house. But money? She recalled how papa had sent Jose to Albuquerque with dressed sheep when she was at school there. These he had delivered at the convent. That was the way papa paid. Not money. Sheep. Sheep made their life. Wool, yarn, cloth.

"We have no money," she said. "Papa has sheep."

"How will we eat?" he demanded. "I have nothing."

"I thought you were rich," said Carola.

"I thought you were rich," said Forrester.

Hours later, when he went into a ranch house to purchase a piece of meat that they might pitch camp on the roadside the nurse spoke: "Carolita, for forty years Jose and I work. He earns six dollars a month and I earn the same. We save it all for we have our food and our clothes. We have more

Manuela's life—picking bits of wood where they could get it; gathering fruit and drying it, and hoping Forrester would bring a few supplies from Santa Fe. The magical lights of the afterglow were the same here as on the home ranch when it left the old trail bathed in deepening purples. But here the flurry of hoof-beats meant but one thing—Forrester in an ugly mood.

He had never had enough money. He resented Manuela.

"What would I do without her?" she would ask.

"You have me, haven't you?"

"Your business calls you away and I would be alone," she would reply. This would be on one of his rare evenings home. It was always Manuela he blamed for their poverty.

One evening, in the sunset, they stood under the cottonwood near the stream. His horse was saddled. Soon he would be riding to Santa Fe.

"She has more money hidden somewhere," he said to Carola. "I got only two thousand dollars from her. She must have more."

"You took her money?"

(To be Continued)

Intentions Received Prior to December 15th Will Be Remembered in Our Solemn Christmas Novena.

MISSION ECHOES

LETTERS TO MARY

"All for Jesus thru' Mary."

Mission Center.

My dear Mary:

The sentry cottonwoods of the river bank are crowned with glorious tresses of gold. Ever and anon in the gentle noonday breezes a lemon-colored leaf floats softly downward like sifted gold-dust. Suspended from the vaulted arches of the sky are soft white clouds, like masses of fleece, newly washed, trailing the tops of jagged mountain cliffs.

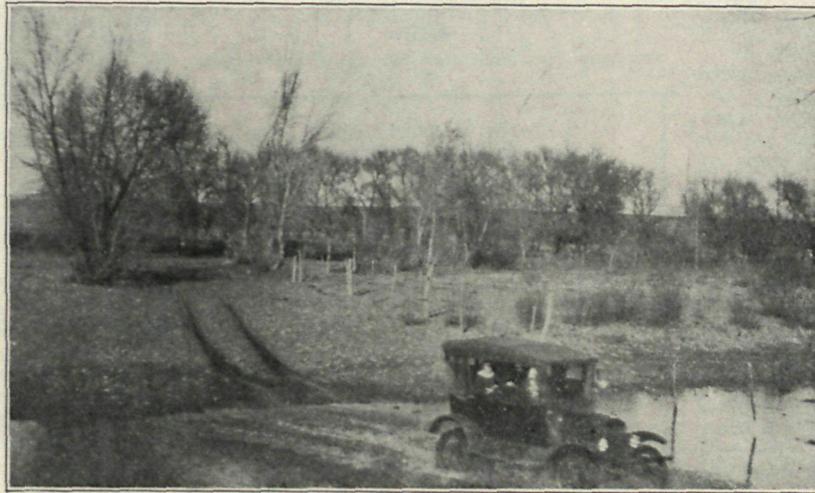
As I look out across the plaza of this sun-baked Mexican village, hidden away in the heart of the Rockies of our Southwest, I recall that somewhere way off to the East are large smoke-begrimed cities with shrill noon-day whistles, clanging street-cars and thundering trucks. And to think, Mary, that our well-fancy we have made a fancy us to have made a great sacrifice to embrace the life of a Missionary Catechist! What one of them in the mad rush for a hasty lunch in some nearby cafeteria would not exchange places with us this afternoon?

"That is all very well," I can hear you retort. "But you cannot make me believe that a Missionary's life is all Romance. However pretty the scenery may be, you can't eat it." It is true, Mary, we don't have roast turkey or Neapolitan ice cream every day, which is fortunate for us, for we shall not be apt to fall heir to dyspepsia in our early forties. I am sure that no one eats her simple fare with more relish than we Catechists, after an afternoon's trip, through pine-scented forests on a distant sick-call.

"That's just it, you wear yourselves out with ceaseless activity. It must, indeed, be a very hard life." Surely walking through sandy fields do not improve the appearance of one's shoes, but are not nearly so hard on the feet as the cement pavements, or tile floors of the cities. Then, there is our little Ford for the longer trips, not very handsome but her wheezings and sighings are drowned in the hymns we often sing en route, or lost in the sweet melody of our hearts as we thank Our Dear Lord for having called us to a life so completely dedicated to His glory and service.

Is it any harder to clean a lamp-chimney than climb up a ladder to wash a dusty chandelier? Or is it any harder to mop a small simple living room than polish hardwood floors and clean draperies? It is precisely because we are not burdened with all that extra work which modern luxuries entail that we find so much time to minister to Our Dear Lord in the person of His poor, and who would not serve Him in preference to our vanities?

"Granted," you say, "but do you not run great risks going into the homes of the sick poor? Who knows what you will run into, in those miserable hovels, pictures of which I have seen in THE MISSIONARY CATE-



CHIST?" My dear Mary, you run far greater risks in the great city with its germ-laden air, its much-handled door knobs, its ill-ventilated offices and stores. Truly we have scored a complete victory in this argument. Out here in God's country we have an abundance of sunshine and fresh air, and live in the open the greater part of the time. When visiting persons who have contagious diseases, we take those precautionary measures taught us in our first-aid nursing course at Victory-Noll. We use large white coverall aprons and antiseptic solutions so that the danger of contracting their diseases is practically nil.

We are living and working in a country where yearly hundreds of people come, broken down with disease, seeking a new lease on life.

(Continued on page 7)

FROM THE GARY MAIL

"All for Jesus thru' Mary."

October, 1927.

My dear Spiritual Sisters:

May our Glorious Queen of the Rosary grant you every grace you need!

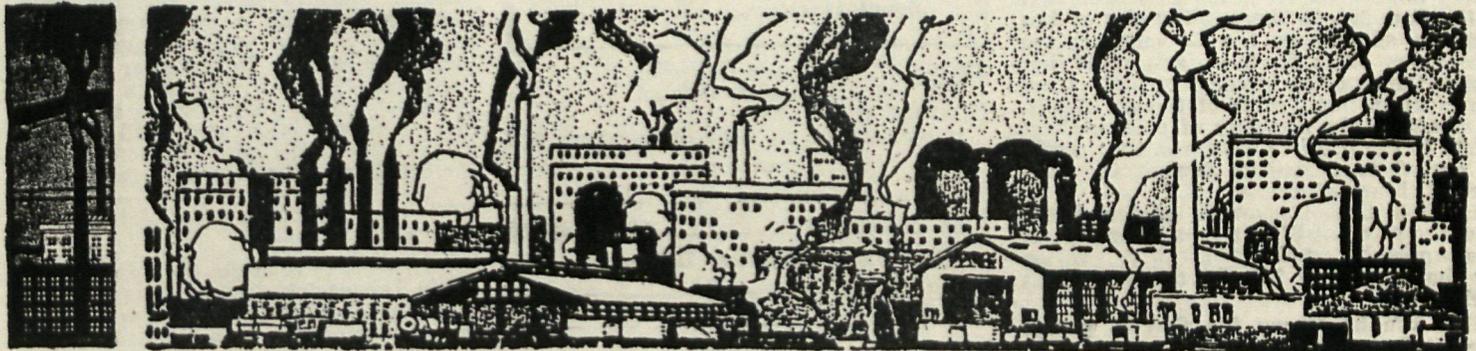
Time seems to pass so fast; it is again my turn to broadcast the news.

During the past two weeks we have been having a "treat"—I mean in a Spiritual sense, for all of us were down with a sore throat and cold. Are we not told that crosses are gifts from God? I know this was a cross for us all. Thanks to Jesus and Mary, however, we are feeling better and are able to look after the great amount of work which is ours to do.

Two of our Catechists went to Crown Point one day last week. They visited the poor Mexicans in jail there. They were so happy to report that all of these prisoners say their morning and night prayers together. I wonder where we could find a group of American prisoners who would do this? It was Catechist B's first visit to the jail. At first she said she felt a bit uneasy, but who wouldn't be uneasy going to jail?

Our Catechists took with them cards on which were printed a short form of how to go to Confession, the prayers, and a picture of Our Blessed Mother. On the way home they stopped at the big T. B. County Sanitarium and visited the poor patients there. Here they also gave out the printed cards. As they were leaving they heard a voice calling: "Falta uno, falta uno." Then the owner of the voice, a sun-browned, khaki-clad lad appeared before them. With this plea he succeeded in getting the rest of the cards. We certainly have to admire the Mexicans when we see how they honor the picture of Our Blessed Mother. Even if they are living in a dug-out, or a box car with no bed, or stove, or furniture of any kind in the room, there is always sure to be a picture of Our Blessed Mother hanging on the wall. If they can succeed in finding a flower blooming in the sand dunes about Gary they are sure to pluck it and place it before the holy picture. Failing to find a natural flower, they ornament their pictures with a bouquet of paper flowers.

(Continued on page 7)



Remember Your Dear Departed by Supporting the Souls in Purgatory Burse.

IS THIS A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION?

Los Angeles, Calif., Sept. 12, 1927

Rev. dear Father:

Mr. W. was delighted to meet you. He considered it a great privilege to learn what wonderful work the good Catechists are doing among the poor. Mr. W. stated that as soon as he had taken care of a certain charitable obligation he had contracted some time ago, he was going to arrange to support one of the Catechists in the field by contributing \$25 every month.

When I informed Mr. W. of the small number of patrons who had guaranteed support to the Catechists now in the field he said that he felt quite certain Los Angeles could furnish at least 100 charitably disposed persons, each one of whom would be willing to support a Catechist.

I feel sure that if this matter were brought to the attention of our generously disposed Catholic people in the East, they too would help in this great work, which has to do with the saving of the souls of our neglected Catholics in the Southwest.

Sincerely yours,

A.

The above letter from a very charitably disposed Catholic gentleman of Los Angeles is another evidence of the generous missionary spirit of our friends in California. Southern Californians are accustomed to thinking in big terms. They are accustomed to planning big things, not only in a temporal, but in a spiritual way.

Through the generosity of one of these noble-minded Californians it was possible for good Bishop Noll to erect Victory-Noll for the training of the Missionary Catechists. Now, another generously disposed Catholic of Los Angeles whose heart is centered in the Missions and who is today supporting a Catechist in the field, wrote the above letter in which he outlines a plan for the support of one hundred additional Catechists. This thoroughly Catholic business man has been interesting some wealthy friends in Los Angeles in the work of the Society of Missionary Catechists and is hopeful of winning them over to this Mission cause so dear to his heart.

During the recent Charity Convention held in Los Angeles he learned that in a short time the Society of Missionary Catechists will number one hundred members. As a practical, successful business man he at once perceived the necessity of supporting these Catechists both during the period of their training and while engaged in their work among the poor in the Mission Fields of the Southwest. It is his conviction that if the Catholics in the wealthy city of Los Angeles, as well as the Catholics in the prosperous cities in the East, could but realize the condition of the poor natives and the Mexican immigrants of the far Southwest, and of the necessity of placing Catechists in the Field to aid them, they would be moved to contribute toward the support of these Catechists.

If 2500 Catholics would pledge themselves to give but \$1.00 a month for a year, this would be amply sufficient to provide for the support of 100 Catechists for that period.

Will you be among the first to pledge this small amount?

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.



Let's be practical about our Investments — Interest? Of course.

But why not utilize an opportunity to gain heavenly interest also?

Besides the advantages of a financially sound investment, our Annuity Plan has the added feature of winning Heavenly merits.

According to this plan Catholics may invest sums of money as low as Fifty Dollars with the Society of Missionary Catechists. During the course of their life, they will receive interest semi-annually. Immediately upon their death the principal sum of their investment will be devoted to charity.

Our Annuity Plan offers you the assurance that your charitable intentions will be implicitly carried out. It obviates the possibility of legal complications. Its dependability relieves you of financial worries.

Catholics investing in this Plan are considered benefactors of the Society of Missionary Catechists. Their intentions are remembered in the perpetual Novena offered to Our Blessed Lady of Victory, as well as in all the Masses offered for the intentions of benefactors of the Society.

Why not utilize this opportunity of gaining heavenly merits?

Write Today And We Will Gladly Send You Full Particulars of Our Annuity Plan for Small Investors.

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 _____

HOW SHALL WE HELP THE POOR SOULS?

Let us not forget the dead "who sleep in the Lord." There are many ways that we can remember them, just as the little Catechism teaches. First, by offering up prayers, indulgenced aspirations, alms and other good works, but especially by hearing and having Masses offered for them.

Why do so many people spend themselves in a sort of hopeless lamentation over their dear, departed ones? If it were possible for the poor souls to become impatient, I am sure they would become so with this impractical demonstration of love. Others, think they have quitted their obligations by erecting a costly monument of stone. What good does this cold bit of marble do the departed ones? Not a particle. It is good for little else except to feed the complacent vanity of the one who erects it. Why not build a monument of prayers and good works for them instead? This monument is so tall that it pierces the skies and is of real benefit to poor souls. Then, too, we must not lose sight of the fact if we have no immediate deceased relatives, we can build such a monument for ourselves during our lifetime.

How are we to do this? The duties of our state of life so overwhelm us we have little time for spending hours in prayer nor do we have the bill-fold of a rich philanthropist. Indeed, if we get in our hurried morning prayers, the Morning Offering and our sleepy night prayers, and have given a dollar to some form of charity during the day, we feel we have done well. Perhaps we have, and merit "feeling good" about our day's work. Yes, we think we have done well until we hear of others who have consecrated their lives to a life of prayer, who spend their waking hours in instructing little ones in the love of God, in ministering to the sick, in giving food to the hungry, and clothing to the needy, and sometimes a portion of their sleep to these works too, and then we are confronted with the truth that we are not doing so much but that we could do more. We regret that we cannot accomplish some of these things too.

But it is very possible to continue our every-day life and still be a partaker and a sharer in all these Missionary works. This can be done by building up a Burse for the support of a Missionary Catechist, who has consecrated herself to a life of service for God's poor, sick and neglected ones. All these good works she is willing to share with you, if, by providing for her support, you make it possible for her to dedicate her life to so noble an end.

"But the cost is beyond my means," you may say. Do you know what it really costs to support a Missionary Catechist for one month? Only twenty-five dollars! This is less than a dollar a day—less than you spend for a show which brings only momentary pleasure! Ponder over these facts well, then resolve to support a Missionary Catechist and thereby become a sharer in her missionary labors and avail yourselves of the opportunity of doing something for the benefit of your dear departed.

Cedarville, Ohio., Sept. 28, 1927

Rev. dear Father:

Enclosed find \$5.00 for the Burse in honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Hoping there will be many more contributors toward this good work, I remain,

Yours sincerely, J. P. P.

Intentions Received Prior to December 15th Will Be Remembered in Our Solemn Christmas Novena.

"The Victory Catechist"

By Peter O'Donnell

She was once a lady of honor and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the
roses of health.
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every
fold,
Joy revelled around her, love shone at her
side,
And gay was her smile as the glance of a
bride.
And light was her step in the mirth-sound-
ing hall,
When she heard of the Catechists of
Victory-Noll.

She felt in her spirit the summons of
Grace,
That called her to live for the suffering
race,
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of
home,
Rose quickly like Mary and answered "I
come."
She put from her bosom the trappings of
pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of
a bride;
Nor wept on the threshold as onward she
moved,
For her heart was on fire, in the cause she
approved.

Lost ever to fashion, to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the
boast,
No more in the ballroom that figure we
meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's re-
treat,
Forgot in the halls is the high-sounding
name,
For the Victory Catechist blushes at fame.
Forgot are the claims of her riches and
birth,
For she barter for Heaven the glories of
earth.



Those feet that to music could gracefully
move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love.
Those hands that once dangled the per-
fume and gem,
Are tending the helpless or lifted for them.
That voice that once echoed the song of
the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain.
And the hair that was shining with diamond
and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down bed a pallet; her trinkets a bead;
Her luster one taper that serves her to
read;
Her sculpture the crucifix nailed near her
bed;
Her paintings the print of the thorn-
crowned Head.
Her cushion the pavement that wearies her
knees;
Her music the psalm or the sigh of disease.
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and
prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of
mind,
Are the cares of that Heaven-minded Virgin
confined,
Like Him whom she loves, to the dwellings
of grief,
She passes with the tidings of joy and
relief.
She strengthens the weary, she comforts
the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the
sick.
Where want and affliction on mortals at-
tend
The Victory Catechist there is a friend.

Unshrinking, where pestilence scatters his
breath,
Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapor
of death.
Where poverty and sickness have brought
sorrow and pain,
She sweetly consoles all in her dear Mas-
ter's Name.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-
tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest
Grace!
How gently she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of
Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! Behold her, ye
vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue
and pain.
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and
your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men,
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the
pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence
weighed
With the life and the deeds of this high-
born maid?

—Adapted from

"The Sisters of Charity".

"Where the Ways Divide"

October 19, 1927

Reverend and dear Father Sigstein,

Your letter reached me last Saturday. It was very kind of you, Father, to retain your interest in me even to this late date—and I must confess, hard though it may be, that I am most unworthy.

Now, Father, I just don't know where to begin, nor how to tell you after I do begin, my story. When I made inquiries regarding the work of the Catechists I had fully intended consecrating my life, through the medium of some religious society, to the Sacred Heart—I loved the Sacred Heart so fervently! At that time I was undecided what society I should choose. I was merely seeking for the information which you so graciously gave me. I had not, however, finished high school and my mother, sisters and friends urged me to wait. So I waited, and each time the question of my vocation arose, it was the same story—wait. Finally I grew weary of this endless waiting and with one gesture threw everything to the winds, saying: "If I have a vocation and

cannot follow it now, at least I shall not let them know it is bothering me." And so I went to the other extreme. O that abominable pride that has worked such destruction in my life!

Then I went ahead, not blindly either, for I was aware of what I was doing. I "played the game" hard and furiously and—lost, as is ever the case.

I am only nineteen years of age, and what have I before me? Even my health has been ruined. Unless I regain my strength I have simply a life of remorse before me. If I ever get back to normal health again, nothing shall deter me from following the Voice I still hear so keenly calling me to my true vocation.

You have my permission, Father, to use this story of a broken life. It may sound a warning to those who are hesitating about following their vocation, should you have occasion to deal with such.

Pray earnestly for me, Father, for I need God's grace more than you can realize.

Sincerely and repentently.

L. J.

Respectfully.

M. K.

NOVENAS

We are again approaching the feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Mother and we are reminding our friends that they may participate in our annual novena in preparation for this feast. This Novena begins November 30th and closes December 8th.

Our Solemn Christmas Novena will begin December 15th. May we suggest that you send in your intentions several days prior to the commencement of each Novena?

Atlantic City, N. J., October 7, 1927

Dear Father:

You have not heard from me since I sent in my monthly dollar in May. After that time I was obliged to assist a relative who had five to provide for.

I am now enclosing the amount that I am in arrears and I hope to contribute hereafter. This is some of my birthday money. I was seventy-five years old on October 5, 1927.

Remember Your Dear Departed by Supporting the Souls in Purgatory Burse.

The Associate Catechists of Mary

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is Life worth living? Yes, so long
As I may sing a cheering song
To content some aching heart;
As long as I may ease the way
Another plods 'neath skies of grey;
As long as I may glory in a smile
And answer back with mine;
As long as I may help the lowly,
And mark my path with Charity—
So long is Life worth living.

IF YOU THOUGHT—

You could relieve suffering,
You could mitigate want,
You could bring consolation,
You could spread the knowledge of your
Faith,

You could save souls
WOULD YOU NOT DO IT?

But you can do these things,
You can relieve the suffering of the poor
in the missions,

You can mitigate their need and supply
them with the very necessities of life,

You can console them in their sorrows,
You can strengthen their Faith and for-
tify them against the attacks of Prosely-
tizing missionaries,

You can prepare their children for the
reception of the Sacraments,

You can save souls,
By joining Victory-Noll Mission
Circle

Of the Associate Catechists of Mary
And pledging yourself to contri-
bute regularly

Toward the support of a Missionary
Catechist.

The Junior Associate

Dear Juniors and those who *will*
be:

A long, long time ago, when Jesus
lived on earth, He chose twelve men
to be His Apostles. They followed
Him everywhere. Wherever Jesus
was, there were His Apostles. Before
His death He told them to preach the
Gospel to all nations. Jesus was the
first great Missionary, and they were
His followers. But the Apostles and their
successors were not to be the only mis-
sionaries. No, indeed! Every Catholic is, or
ought to be, a missionary, first of all to
the people around him, and then to those
who do not have the same opportunities he
has for practicing his Holy Faith. Jesus
meant that every boy and girl should be a
missionary. He wants YOU to help Him
win souls.

What can you do? The first thing to do
is to learn more about the missions. Read
"The Missionary Catechist", or ask your
good Sister in school to read it to you.
Learn what the Missionary Catechists are
doing in the Southwest, where there are
thousands of children, who do not know
about Jesus and His Blessed Mother, and
who do not have anyone to teach them their
religion.

Then, after you have learned about these
poor children and what the Missionary
Catechists are doing to help them learn
about Jesus and Mary, you will want to
help too.

RECRUITING STATION A. C. M.

On the Lookout for New Bands of
Associate Catechists of Mary.

A band of Associate Catechists of
Mary is a group of Catholics whose
desire to help spread their Holy Faith
finds expression in co-operating with
the Society of Missionary Catechists
in its Missionary and Charitable
labors.

Help the Catechists save His little
ones in neglected missions and settle-
ments by organizing a Mission Circle
or affiliating your Social Club with
the Associate Catechists of Mary.

Membership Applications may be
had upon request.

NOTES FROM PROMOTERS

"We have had two very successful par-
ties and are to have another next week.
We have already sent two boxes of clothing
to Victory-Mount, and have begun work on
our Christmas boxes."

Mrs. W. T. Wainwright,
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band,



Florida's First Junior A. C. M. Band.

There are two ways in which you may
help. First, you may pray for the missions
and the Missionary Catechists. Everything
depends upon prayer. And Jesus and Mary
will listen to your prayers because they
love little children, especially children who
are trying to help their poorer brothers and
sisters. Secondly, you can give something.
Perhaps you cannot give much, but your
pennies and nickels, given because you want
to help little children learn to love Jesus
and Mary, will count more than dollars
given by those who have many times more
than you have to give. There are all sorts
of other things you can do, too. You can
mount holy pictures and make toys for the
tiny tots who are just learning the A. B.
C.'s of their religion. If you are a boy,
perhaps you have more balls than you can
play with. If you are a girl, perhaps you
have more dolls than you can mother. Try
sending them to the missions! The thought
that you are making some one else happier
will make you the happiest boy or girl in
the world. Try it!

Missionarily yours,

The Junior Auxiliary Catechist.

"I received the box containing 300 A. C.
M. pins. They are certainly very attrac-
tive. We are proud to wear them."

Mrs. T. Ankenbruck,

"I am enclosing membership list for the
Tuesday Night Club. We have just finished
packing five boxes for the Missions. We
have resumed our social activities. Please
pray that we may be successful in our ef-
forts to help God's poor."

Mrs. Catherine Service,

Welcome Alpha Omega Club! We're ex-
pecting great things from you!

Have you renewed your membership in
Victory-Noll Mission Circle?

Deceased relatives and friends of mem-
bers of the Associate Catechists of Mary
will be remembered in our special
November Devotions.

Address all A. C. M. communica-
tions to: Catechist Supervisor, Asso-
ciate Catechists of Mary, Victory-
Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

Catechists of Mary

HOW TO JOIN

Any boy or girl may become a
member of the Junior Associate Cate-
chists of Mary. All that one needs
to do to become a member is to write
me of your wish to join and to make
the Promise of the Junior Associate
Catechists. Then I will enroll you as
a member and send a membership card.
There aren't any dues to pay for belonging
to the Club.

THE PROMISE

I, a Junior Associate Catechist of Mary,
promise, in honor of the Infant Jesus and
His Holy Mother, to help the Missionary
Catechists feed, clothe and nurse the poor
little children in the Missions.

AT NIGHT

Dear Boy Jesus, it is night, and I must
go to bed,
But before I sail to Dreamland, I mustn't
forget
To pray for the children in the Missions.
Bless them, Jesus dear, and help the Cate-
chists
Teach them to love You, just like Sister
teaches me.

There was once a boy named Joe
Who loved the Missions so.
When Christmas came he made a box
And filled it full right to the top
Of Christmas toys
For mission boys—
He loved the Missions so!

Intentions Received Prior to December 15th Will Be Remembered in Our Solemn Christmas Novena.

TELLING THE STORY.

Chaperito, New Mexico,
November, 1927.

WE had the Blessed Sacrament reserved in our house for five days this month. The Missionary Priests have the privilege of reserving the Blessed Sacrament in Chapels or Oratories when they are not able to come to say Mass regularly. Even in Mission Parishes like Chaperito where we have a resident Priest for the greater part of the year, it means so much to us to have the consolation of the Blessed Sacrament when the Padre goes away on his extended trips to his out-missions. Usually the Missionaries begin the visitation of their Missions the first Sunday in Advent, and do not return until Christmas. Shortly after the beginning of Lent they again start out on a tour to visit their out-missions. Sometimes they are gone during all of Lent, returning only to their Parish for Easter Sunday. During such times we have ample opportunity of preparing the children, and even the adults, for the reception of the Sacraments on his return.

LETTERS TO MARY.

(Continued from page 3)

"Well, there is one more objection. You are a talented young woman. You cannot be blind to your striking accomplishments. Think how useful you could be in the world. How the world needs just such a cheery, magnetic personality as is yours. You were cut out for something great and should not bury yourself, nor your talents, in the hills of New Mexico." Can it be that Catholic Christians, who from their early youth are taught that our one purpose on earth is to "know God, love Him and serve Him in this life in order to be happy with Him forever in the next," can advance such reasonings? Is it not rather the dictum of the worldling, who knows no master but his own ambitions and passions? If useful to the world, how much more useful to God and His Church, and if the world offers a reward to such a person (which is always somewhat speculative) how much more so will God reward those talented people who generously devote themselves to His Service? Do you not recall those remorseful words of Cardinal Wolsey: "Had I but served my God, with half the zeal I served my king, He would not now in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies." The World is a fickle Mistress and her votaries find her hard to please. She places the laurels on one today, only to snatch them from him tomorrow and crown another with them, leaving the fated one of yesterday unnoticed and unsung.

Truly, Mary, let others serve whom they will. For my part, the Unchangeable One is the only One whom I could ever serve with all my heart, consecrating to Him, my life, my strength and whatever talents He has given me to use for Him.

Praying, dear Mary, that you will remember "the Marthas" in the Southwest that their labors may be fruitful for souls, I am always your affectionate friend in
O. B. L. V.,

Catechist Blanche Richardson.

ATTENTION!

Please send all clothing and other articles direct Parcel Post to the following: Catechist Julia Doyle, Holman, New Mex., or, Catechist Caroline Meister, Anton Chico, New Mex.

From the Gary Mail.

(Continued from page 3)

At Indiana Harbor we are now teaching Catechism on Saturdays as well as Sundays. In order to get all the children started, we gave a party last Saturday. During the previous week we took down the old decorations in the hall and put up new ones. A good lady from Chicago sent us candy and cookies, and a charitably disposed gentleman from Indiana Harbor bought the ice cream. We had one hundred twenty children at the party. They thought the colored baskets we had made for the candy were the grandest they had ever seen. If only you could have seen them! They made enough noise for a million!

I wish you could all visit my class of big boys and girls. They are the dearest and sweetest children God ever created. They are going to try to receive Holy Communion four Sundays in succession. Last Sunday my class went to Holy Communion. Only two of them missed Mass, and all of them attended the afternoon instruction. I am wondering whether I shall have prizes enough for the children with the best records. If I have not, where can I get more? May Jesus and Mary bless you always!

Your sister-Catechist,

Catechist C. Olberding.

A Jew and an Irishman were fishing in separate boats some distance apart. The Irishman got a bite, but, in pulling in, tripped and fell backwards out of the boat.

He sank twice, and as he came up the second time, Isaac rowed over and called out:

"Mister, can I have your boat if you don't come up again?"

In Catechism class the Priest asked:

"Why did God create Heaven and earth?"

Little Marie: "God created Heaven and earth for His own glory and for the benefit of His preachers" (creatures).



Father Jose on His Mission Tour.

What Our Friends Say.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 29, 1927

Rev. dear Father:

I kindly ask you to present to your faithful Catechists my right sincere felicitations upon the completion and dedication of their new home at Los Cerrillos.

They have my best wishes and the promise of my fervent prayers for success in their noble missionary work.

Faternally yours,

Prov. St. Francis Monastery.

FR. URBAN, O.F.M.

Wayzata, Minn.

Rev. Father Sigstein:

I enclose \$1.00 which I wish sent to the girl who wants to become a Missionary Catechist whose letter was printed on page four of the Missionary Catechist, June 1927.

I was in Las Vegas some years ago. I own 160 acres of land between Wagon Mound and Shoemaker which brings in nothing but taxes, but I like the Mexicans and New Mexico.

Yours truly,

A. E. H.

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 29, 1927

Dear Reverend Father:

I am very much interested in the Missionary Catechists and I enjoy reading your little magazine.

I am sending this donation to help in your excellent cause.

Very sincerely yours,

M. W.

Pittsburg, Pa.

Dear Friends:

Having read in the Sunday Visitor about the Burse founded in honor of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. I am enclosing an offering of one dollar towards the same and am asking two special favors from Our Blessed Mother; one of which I desire this month.

If they are granted I promise another offering in thanksgiving for each.

Sincerely yours,

G. A. M.

Redwood, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1927

Rev. J. J. Sigstein:

I am enclosing \$1.00 for a renewal of my subscription to the Missionary Catechist.

I have long neglected to thank you for the prayers I am sure were offered in my behalf over a year ago.

At present my means are limited, but God willing, some day we hope to be more prosperous and then we can remember your Society in a substantial way.

Thanking you for past favors and assuring you of my interest in your wonderful work, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

MRS. N. G. B.

LaPorte, Ind., Oct. 3, 1927

Rev. dear Father:

Please find enclosed \$1.00 as my monthly contribution toward the Babe of Bethlehem Burse.

Last Sunday in company with my people from Fort Wayne, I drove out to Victory-Noll. We are surely full of admiration for the place. It is a beautiful spot.

May Our Dearest Lord keep showering His blessings on this spot and on all of you there, is my daily prayer.

Sincerely,

M. R. P.

Remember Your Dear Departed by Supporting the Souls in Purgatory Burse.

A penny here, a penny there,
 Saved from this and saver from that,
 Dropped in a mite box now and again,
 Wins souls for Christ and graces for me.
 Have you received one of our new "Catechism Mite Offering" Boxes? Surely you want one! Upon receipt of your name and address we shall be pleased to mail one to you.

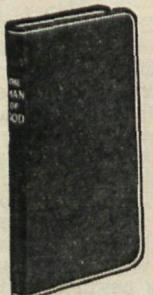
The Stained Glass Windows
 In the Chapel of
Victory-Training Institute
 VICTORY-NOLL
 Executed In Our Munich Studio
EMIL FREI ART GLASS COMPANY
 3934 South Grand St. Louis, Mo.

MORE PEOPLE USING PRAYER BOOKS



Hundreds of thousands of Catholics who are anxious to occupy themselves devoutly and intelligently during Mass have found their wants so well provided for in the new prayer books that they cannot think of attending Mass without their prayer book which gives them so much satisfaction.

The New Prayer Books
 BY
 Charles J. Callan, O.P. and John A. McHugh, O.P.



Blessed Be God

A new modern prayer book unanimously held to be superior to any manual of devotion in contents, as well as printing, paper and binding. Besides the usual prayer book contents, there are special prayers, including those of St. Thérèse; nine favorite novenas; popular devotions; new Indulgences; meditations from Scripture and the Imitation; Mass prayers from the Missal; Requiem Mass, Nuptial Mass, Marriage Rites, Epistles and Gospels, Vespers, Stations of the Cross according to St. Alphonsus, etc. Indexed, simple in arrangement, large type, beautifully printed on fine paper, illustrated, 780 pages. Gilt edges. Size, 6 1/4" x 4".

Each copy boxed. Priced according to binding. \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$5.75, \$6.00, \$6.50.

The Man of God

A new prayer book that men will admire, fashioned as it is for men alone, embracing all the prayers that men require, in a simple, plain and straightforward style. Prayers for the Husband and Father; special Counsels and Maxims for young, married, single and older men; Rule of Life for men; Ordinary of the Mass (Latin-English); prayers at Mass; devotional prayers to the Holy Name, Blessed Sacrament, Virgin Mary, Holy Ghost, St. Joseph, "Christ the King"; prayers for morning, night, Confession and Communion; general prayers; and valuable explanatory matter. 242 pages, size, 2 3/4" x 4 1/4"; 3/8" thick. Black imitation leather, rough grain, \$1.00; Rutland grain leather \$1.25; black leather, yapp edges, \$1.50; maroon calfskin, \$1.75; black leather, leather lined, \$2.00; black morocco, yapp edges, \$3.00; blue morocco, gold lined, \$3.50. Each copy boxed.

Send Orders to **Delivery Guaranteed**

SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS
 Box 109 Huntington, Indiana

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

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.

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. **ONLY \$10.00 for a Life Subscription.**

Name _____ Address _____

Intentions Received Prior to December 15th Will Be Remembered in Our Solemn Christmas Novena.