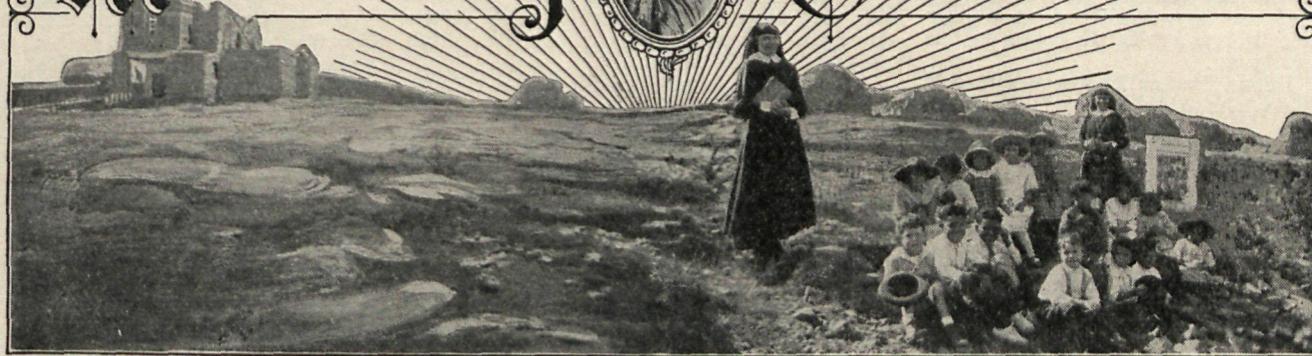


The Missionary Catechist



Volume IV

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, February, 1928

Number 3

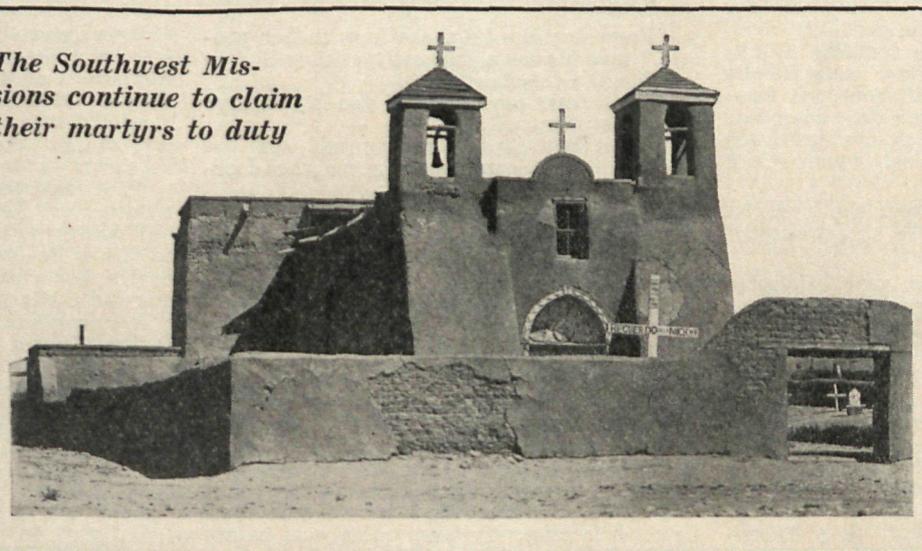
A Martyr of the Southwest

We are thrilled on reading the heroic story of the Martyrs of the Coliseum. We are edified, too, on hearing of the sufferings and martyrdom of thousands of our Catholic Brethren in the persecution that is now being waged against the Church in Mexico.

Every Catholic in our country, lay as well as clerical, cannot help but feel that the age of martyrdom has not yet passed, when he hears that one hundred and forty-seven Mexican Priests gave up their lives for the Faith during the past year. But, how few there are, even among our intelligent, well-informed Catholics, that know of the privations, sufferings, and martyrdom of the zealous, self-sacrificing Missionaries in the West and the far Southwest of our own country today?

About ten months ago there died at Amarillo, Texas, after a lingering and painful illness, an heroic missionary Priest. This Priest, the Reverend J. A. Campbell, died the death of a martyr. Having spent many years ministering to the needs of American Catholics in Texas, he was assigned, by his Bishop, to the vast mission-district in the Pan Handle, or Northwestern section, of Texas. In this extensive mission-district there were over ten thousand needy, "churchless and shepherdless" Mexicans. Undaunted by the difficulties confronting him, the zealous missionary promptly set to work to master the Spanish language, in order to care for his destitute flock. In a short time he became known as a real father to the Mexican people, whom he adopted as his own. As is ever the case with Priests, who interest themselves in the welfare of these simple, humble, religiously-inclined people, Father Campbell, in a short time, won the confidence and gained the esteem, of every member of his flock. He

The Southwest Missions continue to claim their martyrs to duty



was assiduous in providing for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his needy people. No distance too great; no sacrifice too painful; no soul too wretched, for his whole-hearted spiritual ministrations. He literally spent himself day and night in providing for the needs of his scattered flock. Wherever possible, he built mission churches and chapels in those spiritually impoverished districts, where before, no Priest had ever been seen.

Two years ago at the height of the Ku Klux Klan agitation in Texas, he was made the victim of a fierce persecution set on foot by a fanatical mob of anti-Catholic Texans. Father Campbell, having no home of his own, was compelled to get his meals as best he could in local hotels and restaurants. Returning to his home town one day from one of his missions, he stopped at the restaurant for his meal. The opportunity his enemies had long waited for came at last, and they poisoned his food. The good Priest after partaking of the poisoned food, became seriously ill. Rushed to a hospital by friends, his life was despaired of, but he was finally saved through prompt and skillful medical attention. However, he never recovered from the effects of the poison and died about a year

later in the Sisters' hospital at Amarillo, Tex. Upon his death it was found that he was practically penniless. And it was only through the charity and devotedness of his loyal friend, the Right Rev. R. A. Gerken, Bishop of Amarillo, that the martyred Priest received burial befitting a Priest of God.

In another column of this issue we are republishing a beautiful tribute to the character of the poverty-stricken Mexican Catholic written by Father Campbell, and first published in the April, 1926, number of "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST."

From the time the martyred Priest was placed in charge of his extensive Mexican missions, he had always longed and prayed for the coming of the Missionary Catechists. We received many pathetic appeals from him. The hope that he cherished most was to have the Missionary Catechists labor in his missions for the preservation of the Faith of his poor Mexican charges.

On account of the scarcity of subjects and lack of money, we were reluctantly compelled to refuse the oft-repeated requests of this holy Priest. Now, good Bishop Gerken, head of the diocese of Amarillo, in which the mission of Sweetwater and other missions, formerly under the care of Father Campbell, are located, is again voicing the old appeal of Father Campbell, for Catechists for these extensive and thickly-populated missions. It would be a source of the greatest happiness for the Catechists to respond immediately to the Bishop's request. But alas, it will require sufficient financial means to make a foundation in this poverty-stricken district of the Pan Handle of Texas. We can only pray to the Infant Jesus and to His Holy Mother, to raise up generous benefactors, who will, by their charity, make possible this new foundation. Upon such a Providential foundation, the salvation of thousands of immortal souls may depend.

BECOME A LIFE SUBSCRIBER ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

When The Americans Came

By Constance Edgerton

THE months went by—twelve in all—and one day Louis ran in to say that Forrester Harding was in the courtyard.

Donna Teresa hastened out and your presence," she said. "Where is Carola?" The months went by—twelve in all—and one day Louis ran in to say that Forrester Harding was in the courtyard.

"Mrs. Martinez, I came here to find her. She left our abode and I am searching for her," he replied.

She asked him about the marriage—but full well she knew it was valid if Manuela were with her, and had not papa seen the record. She asked him all the things her mother heart yearned to know. He answered her simply, so earnestly, she felt Carola had a good husband. His grief at her disappearance was so sincere and vital that Donna Teresa began to like the young man, and find in him traits that would appeal to Carola.

He guided Don Ramon and Raymond to the cabin that had been their home for eleven months. The Martinez family, driven from their ranch, were fundless. Donna Teresa kept house for Felipe. Don Ramon worked about the land. Vincent and Raymond rode for an eastern cattle company. Louis had his lessons each day with his mother. There was no money to send him to school.

Donna Teresa could stand the poverty. She could stand death. The uncertainty of Carola's fate was what cut.

One day a month for a year Forrester rode into the ranch to inquire after Carola. He told them he was riding for a cattle company and had one day off a month. After a year he, too, dropped from their lives.

"He is also dead," mourned Jose. "Manuela is dead. Carolita is dead. For the Americano to die would be well. He brought to us our sorrow. Donna Teresa, you are blind."

"Speak charitably, Jose," said Donna Teresa.

Jose sat in the corner looking sadly at her. He arose to the clatter of hoofs in the courtyard. It was Felipe. The old man led the horse to the stable.

"Any news, Phil?" asked the Donna Teresa.

"None."

"Come to the kitchen," she said, "and eat while you tell me." She led the way into the large, clean kitchen that had fed the notables of the commonweal and set before him a tempting meal of sweetened atole, wild pear sauce, roast meet and black coffee.

She sat by him and drank in his words. A sick old sheep tender? A woman? Could it have been Manuela?

Then it was the real clutched the unreal with Felipe. "The old woman on the bed," he said slowly, "was Manuela."

A shadow fell across the doorway. Manuela, on her sick bed, opened her eyes. "Why are you here?" she asked.

"To get the truth from you. Where is my wife?"

"Forrester Harding, she is with her people," said Manuela, inwardly asking God to pardon the falsehood.

"I will come back and kill you if you have lied," he promised.

She stared at the ceiling and did not answer him. Soon she went to the door—

* * *

way and watched him riding eastward. She dressed hastily, made a bundle of food and clothes, strapped Loretto's sleeping basket across her back, and started down the canyon to Carola who was with the sheep.

In her pocket she had the one hundred and fifty dollars. It would feed them until she found other sheep to tend.

Obedient as a child Carola followed her, carrying Loretto on her back. Manuela walked ahead. After an hour they came into a sheltered canyon where showed a weather-beaten abode. Two cedars stood sentinel at the door. In the soft wind they seemed to sing. The one room was habitable.

"We stop here," said Manuela.

At the same hour four horses drove to the doorway of the cabin they had recently deserted. Donna Teresa was first to dismount and enter. For a moment she stood in the center of the little room, alone. On the floor lay a home-made doll. She picked it up and secreted it in her mantilla. Jose, Don Ramon and Felipe joined her.

"They are not here. They are dead," said Jose.

With the doll hidden against her heart Donna Teresa's hope mounted high. Carola was a mother!

From that day forth Donna Teresa was changed. She sang as she worked. She smiled frequently. "Too gay. Too gay," mourned Jose. "This should be a house of sadness."

"This should be a house of gladness," she said. And she tried to make it so. Carola was alive. Carola's baby lived. They had Manuela to care for them. Some day, some day, God willing, they would be united.

— Chapter Four —

It was now Jose brought forth his savings—more than two thousand dollars. "I did not give it all to Manuela, as you supposed. She would take but half. This is for you, Donna Teresa, best of mistresses."

"I cannot take it," she said. "It would not be right."

"You must take it," he said. "If you have no other use for it, send Louis to school."

Thus it was that Don Ramon took the boy to Sante Fe—to St. Michael's. He did not return home at once but rode over unfrequented trails inquiring for Carola.

A month later he came back to the ranch. Donna Teresa came into the courtyard to meet him.

"No news," he said.

She smiled up at him. "Ramon, would you be willing for me to go forth and search for her? Something tells me she is not dead."

"God go with you, Teresita," he said. "You have my consent."

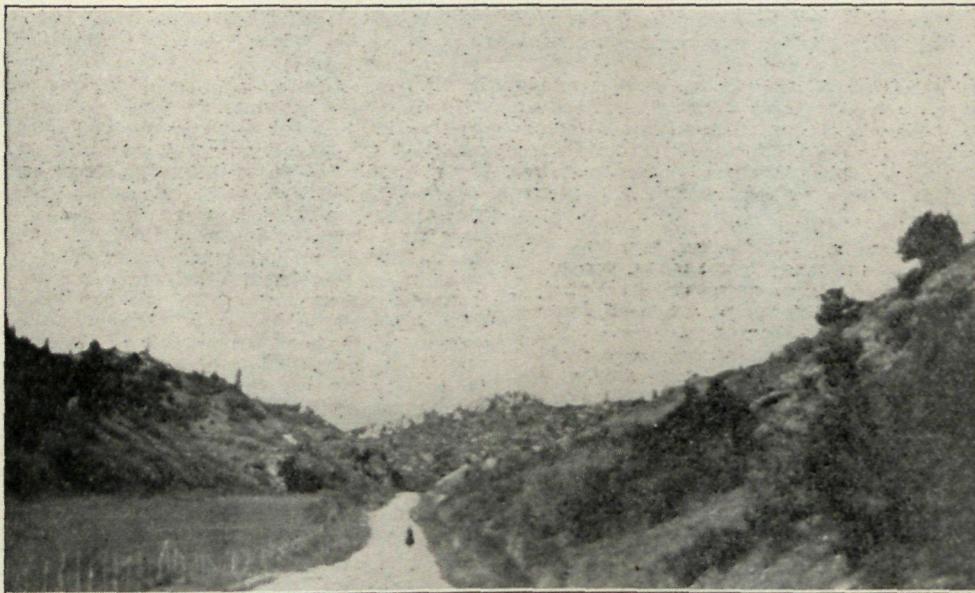
Manuela, Carola and Loretto—who was walking now—were living in the little abode beneath the two cedars, an hour's walk from the cabin they had lived in when herding Felipe's sheep. Singing Cedars, Carola called their abode. The soft wind sang a song in their branches.

While Loretto and Manuela slept the afternoon away Carola would sit engulfed in silence, her eyes on the vast expanse of sand.

Sitting thus of a drowsy afternoon her convent days would come back to her. She would visualize herself at the morning Mass, following the celebrant step by step. Who was the chaplain now? Was it dear old Padre Augustin? And was Mother Mary Mercedes still lecturing the girls to modulate their voices, and rather be seen than heard?

Juan Morador, the shearer—he who was called locoed—had come to tend the sheep and lived in the cabin they moved from. Carola had met him on the mesa and he had spoken to her. She told him where she lived and he came of an evening to sit in the doorway and smoke. If he recollected Manuela or Carola, he concealed it well. Their talk would be of sheep, Americans, wool, snow and wind. Impersonal all. He mentioned no names.

(Continued on Page 7)



"On he rode ever inquiring for Carola."

\$1.00 DOWN, \$1.00 FOR NINE MONTHS PAYS LIFE SUBSCRIPTION.

“No One Knows”

Mary Stephen

“NO ONE knows.”

How often one gets that reply to his question when he is asking about the mysterious, sun-shot, sage-scented desert country of the American Southwest. And most often of all is it the answer to his questions about the great ruinous towers which spring suddenly out of the gray-green earth to confront the traveler in this fascinating land.

It is strange about these towers. You never see them until they rise before you. So much a part of the sand and the sage are they, so protected from view by the peculiar desert coloration, that you may hunt all day in the area where they are located without finding them. It is usually when the sun falls lowest, and the shadows lie longest, that they come most plainly into view.

That was the way we found the towers of Hovenweep, and Holly Canyon, the twin structures of Square Tower Canyon, and many others up and down our unmarked desert trail. Many were the miles we covered, running west from Dolores, over the Utah line, across the great plain with its countless small ruin mounds, and down past the ancient reservoir of this forgotten upland cultural center,—now walled off by cowmen for the benefit of range cattle,—before we found a certain magnificent ruin we sought. Not at any time were we so very far from it. No one knew exactly where it stood, for it had been many years since our old guide had first come upon it by chance in his wanderings over the uncharted sea of land.

More than once we must have looked out across it without seeing it, for when we did find it, we remembered the great dim mountain beyond it, and knew that we had gazed in that direction and almost toward that very spot time after time. “Sleeping Ute,” the prone mountain monster was called, because it looked very much like a weary Indian taking his repose flat on his back, with his toes and chin making a sharp upward angle. It was eighty miles or so away, we were told, though in that moistureless air it seemed less than one-fourth of any such distance.

We looked in vain while the sun was high and the desert shadowless. But at last, as the afternoon waned and here and there dark patches appeared upon the sage and sand, we saw all at once the lovely symmetry of Hovenweep rising from the shadow-outlined ground, a thing of beauty as perfect as any land can offer.

Perfect because of its flawless circle; because of the regularity of workmanship in the pecked sandstone walls; because of the adroit tapering of the sturdy base as it seemed still to uphold its fallen pinnacles; because of the enigmatic insistence of those ruined walls that here was the stronghold of a race about which all our modern prying could bring us little news. This last appealing mystery made the perfect magnetism which belongs to all the secrets of the past, and which will draw men back to the Ruins Land in their hopeless quest until the last of the curved stones is gone back again to its primitive dust.

Though it is probably the most beautiful, Hovenweep is only one of almost countless desert towers scattered about over the Ruins Country. One may go up and down a canyon twenty times without seeing anything but bare walls and the trail at his feet; and on the twenty-first trip suddenly become aware of a high-hanging ruin, or a crumbling watch-tower, or a low, long line of sandstone wall. No man has ever counted these strange structures, and it may be well that no man ever will know the original extent of this prehistoric American civilization.

Diverse though they are in form, oblong, cubical, circular, oval or irregular, as best fitted them to the places they were to stand, the material and workmanship in these towers are very similar. Most of them are of gray sandstone, pecked into shape with small instruments of harder rock, or with little hammers of quartz or flint. In the circular towers, the sandstone slabs, which are sometimes a foot thick, and three or four in length, are so cleverly shaped that the arc of a perfect circle is preserved both inside and outside the wall. The courses are carefully broken at the joints, after the best manner of bricklaying in our day. There is no mortar between them now, in many cases no indication that there ever has been. In a few instances there may be seen traces of adobe filling, but these are in the less workmanlike walls, evidently those more carelessly flung together. The real builders wrought with such skill that the mere laying-up was enough, the balance being so well kept that even now one would feel he was taking no risks in replacing the towering tops that may have been crumbled by something else than natural forces.

For the purposes of these great towers is a part of the intriguing mystery of the desert. If they were fortresses, as some believe, the fallen walls may have been overthrown by invading enemies. If they were storehouses for food supplies, as the position of some of these structures seems to prove, the trembling earth itself may have toppled them over; for the great upheavals that brought these high plateaus out of the primeval sea were not likely to have stopped all of a sudden when the serrated ranges were lifted. In fact, to this day an occasional tremor, like the fringe of an

earthquake, is not unknown in the Ruins Country.

They were not dwelling-places; that is the only thing about them one can be sure of. They are for the most part doorless except for one narrow entrance; and windowless except for an occasional high loophole that served more probably to look out of than to let in light or air. Watchtowers, more than likely, were the small structures placed at the canyon-curves, where a keen-sighted person could detect strange comers for long distances in both directions. Refuges from sudden storms, to harbor the field-workers of those ancient days, to whom thunder was the voice of an angry spirit, and the lightning his flashing weapon, others may have been, lower down the canyon walls, and in easier access from the cultivated areas. Lonely places, all of them, devoid of the cheerful homeliness of smoke-blackened walls such as one finds in the community houses among the cliff caves.

Fortress, storage house, watch-tower—

The questions come, but there is no one to answer.

But that there was a race here, that it was an intelligent population, that it had at least the elements of mathematics, especially of geometry, that it was industrious and self-supporting and peaceful, there is abundant evidence in this Land of Towers to prove. Like the afternoon shadows at the bases of the towers themselves, these structures throw the bygone centuries up before our sight, dimly, it is true, but none the less surely. There are secrets, however, that the desert never gives up, so loyal it is to those who have loved it, and lived upon its breast; so it may be that to the end of time all mankind's questions about this strangely lovely land will be met with the same bewildered answer:

“No one knows.”

During the two weeks preceding Christmas our Catechists at Victory-Noll were literally deluged with packages, boxes, and even trunks, containing clothes, toys, etc., for the poor children in our missions in the Southwest. Each one of these boxes and packages entailed additional labor and expense for reshipment to the missions.

We would, therefore, again urge our good benefactors to please ship all items intended for the needy missions direct to our mission centers. Address “Society of Missionary Catechists” at:

1. Holman, New Mexico.
2. Anton Chico, New Mexico.
3. Los Cerrillos, New Mexico.
4. Box 30, Montezuma Route, East Las Vegas, New Mexico.
5. 620 W. Fifteenth Street, Gary, Indiana.

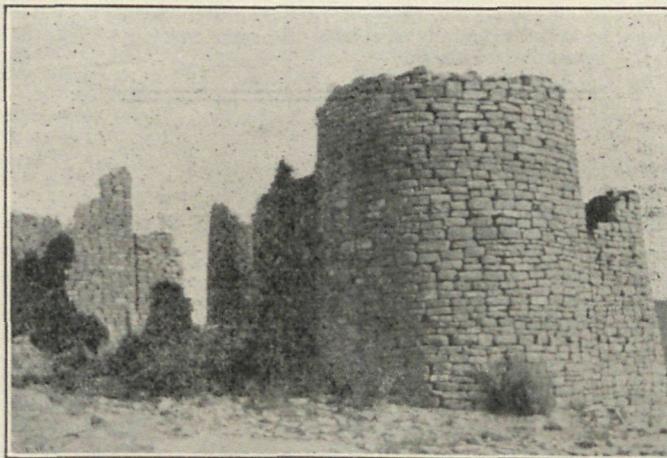
Express and freight shipments for Holman and Anton Chico are sent via Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Dear Father Sigstein:

I received a part of my request just after I wrote to you and I was very happy. I enclose just a little gift for you to remember me in your good works and prayers. May God bless you and the Catechists.

Sincerely yours,

C. C.



Hovenweep Towers—The Most Mysterious in N. A.

BECOME A LIFE SUBSCRIBER ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

Working Perpetually for Your Soul

During the past year we received approximately one hundred new Life Subscriptions for THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

In accordance with the policy announced when we began our publication, we put out on interest all money received for Life Subscriptions. The interest-money thus received is used to pay the annual subscriptions of those persons, who are too poor to pay for themselves. The principal (\$10.00), of course, always remains intact.

Now, we feel quite certain, that every "LIFE SUBSCRIBER" would like to see his Ten Dollar Subscription continue to do much good for the souls of the poor, as well as for his own soul, even after he has passed into Eternity. We have, therefore, decided that immediately after we have been advised of the death of a "LIFE SUBSCRIBER" we shall commemorate his memory by crediting his subscription to THE SOULS IN PURGATORY BURSE.

He will, thus, have the consolation of knowing, that even after death, his subscription will be used for the benefit of God's poor, while, at the same time his own soul will be directly benefited by the Masses offered, and by the daily prayers of the SOULS IN PURGATORY Catechist, and the children under her care.

Many of our Annual Subscribers will, no doubt, wish to avail themselves of this practical plan of paying \$10.00 for a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

LIFE SUBSCRIPTIONS may be paid for on the INSTALLMENT PLAN—\$1.00 down, \$1.00 a month until paid.

LENT IN THE MISSIONS.

The Spanish-speaking people are decidedly a penitential people. They have great devotion for the sufferings of Our Savior, and the sorrows of His Blessed Mother. They take great delight in performing the severest works of penance. It is not unusual to find many of them spending the greater part of Good Friday fasting in their adobe chapels. They have special prayers, long and fervent, for their Lenten devotions.

During the Lenten season every missionary makes a special effort to "cover" all his out-missions so that every man, woman, and child in his missions may receive the Sacraments before Easter.

It is during this holy season that our devoted Catechists prepare a large number of children for the reception of their First Holy Communion. This is a source of much consolation to them. Having turned their backs on home, relatives and friends and made the supreme sacrifice of saving these Catholic people to the Faith, the Catechists are heartened in their labors by the support and co-operation given them by their "friends back home." The success of their missionary labors depends,—next to the grace of God,—upon the prayers and financial support they receive from their generous friends in the East. Called by Jesus Christ as His co-laborers among the poor and forlorn, the Catechists must be furnished with material means: with money, food and clothing, in order to succeed in their work.

The Lenten offerings you make are devoted by the Catechists exclusively to the poor. In sending your contributions to them you do not have to consider the deduc-

The Missionary Catechist Huntington, Indiana

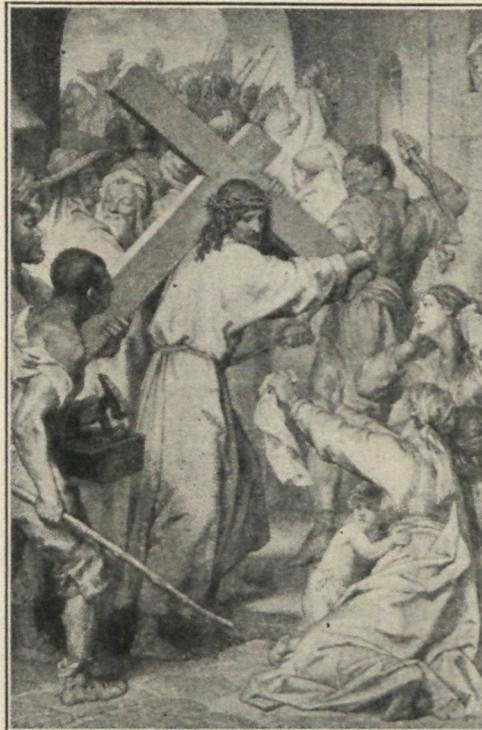
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Rev. J. J. Sigstein, Spiritual Director of
The Society of Missionary Catechists
Editor

Printed by Our Sunday Visitor Press,
Huntington, Indiana.



tion of a certain amount for "overhead" expenses, or for the payment of accumulated debts on buildings, or the diversion even of a part for the erection of costly institutions or buildings.

Washington, Dec. 19, 1927.

Dear Father Sigstein:

Enclosed please find fifty cents in stamps to renew my subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

Dear Father, will you please have me remembered in the prayers and novenas of the good Priests and Catechists, that I may have a complete cure of paralysis in my lower limbs. I have been unable to walk or to find any work for the past three years. I have a wife and four children and we are very poor.

Thanking you, dear Father, I remain,

G. F.

Brevities

By contributing towards the support of the burse dedicated to the Five Wounds of Our Blessed Lord you will honor your Suffering Saviour during the holy season of Lent.

During the holy season of Lent the Catechists, together with their children, will offer special prayers and sacrifices for the spiritual and temporal needs of their friends.

Generous-hearted young women who feel they are called to embrace a missionary state of life need not feel that they are disbarred from the Society of Missionary Catechists because of lack of sufficient funds. The Catechists require no dowry, or fixed amount as a requisite condition for entrance. Even those worthy applicants who have not sufficient means for purchasing complete outfit for entrance will be pleased to hear that exceptions will be made in their favor.

Write the Reverend Spiritual Director for information concerning entrance into the Society of Missionary Catechists.

There is no such a thing as "An Unbreakable Will."

In nine out of every ten cases, money left to charity by will is contested.

If you really want the money you leave for charity actually to go to charity, invest in our ANNUITY PLAN.

By the terms of our ANNUITY contract, the Society of Missionary Catechists agrees to pay you a high rate of interest, semi-annually, as long as you live. After your death, it agrees to devote your hard-earned savings in feeding, clothing, and nursing God's neglected poor. Could you find a better investment anywhere?

Write us about our ANNUITY plan. Any amount from \$50.00 upward, is accepted in installment payments on our annuity contract. Money returned by us upon due notice.

Appleton, Wis., Jan. 7, 1928.

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

Dear Father:

Enclosed please find a check for \$100.00 to be invested in your "Annuity Plan" for the support of your Missionary Catechists. This is only a small amount, but it is what I promised to invest, if I obtained a certain favor. All the interest due this investment you may also turn over to your Missionary needs, until further notice is given.

May God bless your noble work is my wish and prayer!

A. C. S.

611 Second Street, Pa.

Rev. dear Father:

Enclosed find check for \$500.00—my second investment in your wonderful "Annuity Plan." The check is dated January 12 as the money will be on deposit then. Your Annuity Plan is most wonderful, for, if ever I need part or all, I can get the same on sixty days' notice. I feel sure I shall never have to call on you for any of it.

May God bless you and the good Catechists!

Most sincerely,

MISS M. G.

\$1.00 DOWN, \$1.00 FOR NINE MONTHS PAYS LIFE SUBSCRIPTION.

Only A Mexican

By the late Rev. J. A. Campbell.

THE HECTIC flush is on his cheek; his eyes, one would think, had sunk deep into their sockets; he can walk only with the help of two faithful companions; his very appearance indicates that for him the end is near.

He had alighted from a heavy dray drawn by two emaciated looking mules and now he directs his tottering steps toward the entrance of our humble parochial rectory. The usual greetings over, he tells us directly the reason for his coming: "I am sick, Padre, and have come to make my peace with God."

Thirty odd miles had he traveled that day, in a rough, springless wagon, jolting over a broken road, at times spurting blood in the heat of this Southern clime. So exhausted is he that he can hardly support his tottering body. "Why did you not telephone to me? I would gladly have gone to attend you." "I heard you were sick, Padre, so I came to you." Quickly they carried him into the church, there he confessed, was absolved, anointed, and given the Holy Viaticum. Then, kind friends carried him on willing shoulders to a nearby Mexican home that he might there die a happy, Christian Death.

Only A Mexican!

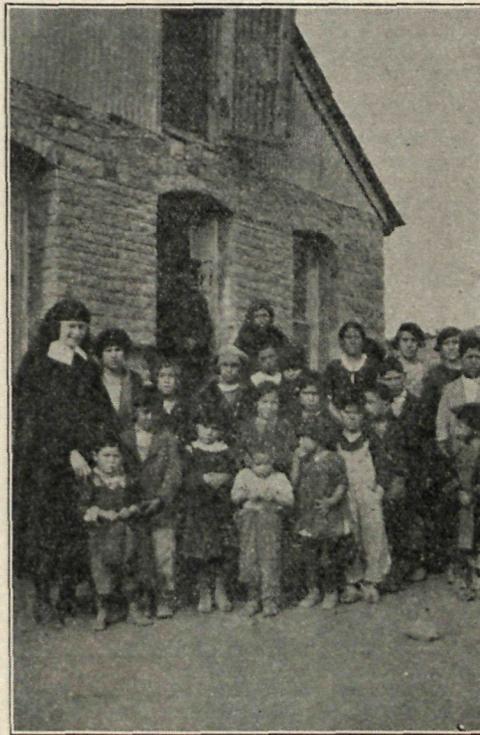
He has not even made his First Communion. There was no Padre to unite him in the bond of Christian marriage with the young woman of his choice. He knows practically nothing of the Faith in which he was born and yet he clings to it when he might have sold his birthright for a mess of Protestant pottage offered him by the nearby Mexican Methodist Minister.

Only A Mexican Girl!

Only a Mexican girl! For three years she had not met a priest. Her means did not allow her to go in search of the Padre, perhaps a hundred miles distant from her home. She was isolated even amongst her own people, for she had consecrated her virginity to God. Bright offers of marriage had been made but even her parents could not force her in her determination to become a spouse of Christ. The temptations of youth found in her no response. Finally, she met the Padre of the Missions. Today she is a model nun, supremely happy in that life of consecrated sacrifice which gains the Heavenly Crown.

Only A Mexican Family!

Only a Mexican family! One of a number discovered by the Missionary in an isolated corner of his vast, scattered mission territory. For years they had lived there without the consolations of religion. The reception accorded the visiting Missionary was one inspired by Faith, and they shed tears of joy, for a long cherished hope had been fulfilled. The Padre had come at last, and deep down into the ancient family trunk the mother quickly delves to bring out candles and veils for the baptisms about to be administered to her large family of children. Just a Mexican family for whom nobody cares!



Only Some Mexican Families!

Only some Mexican families! The Missionary's life had been threatened by the insolent members of the Ku Klux Klan. And then at the cost of time and at the risk of their lives, the fathers and sons of these Mexican families organized themselves into a corps of Vigilantes to protect the Missionary and to bring him safely home. Only some Mexican families! Only a few of the eight thousand scattered over seven Texas counties. In poverty and suffering they fight off the temptation and refuse the tempting offers of food and clothing made by apostate members of their own race. Only a Mexican! How forcibly does this not remind us of the old verse—"He is a pauper whom nobody owns." Yes, but God owns them all—the Mexicans, and I doubt if one would find more fidelity to God and Holy Church among races and people more favorably situated, more highly blessed with the good things of life. And who can save the Faith of this race? There is but one answer: The Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

These noble, self-sacrificing young women have consecrated their lives to the salvation of the Spanish-speaking Catholics of our country, who number more than two million souls. They are true auxiliaries to the Missionaries laboring along the Mexican border from Alveston, Texas, to Los Angeles, California. Engaged primarily in the Christ-like task of giving religious instruction to these spiritually destitute people, they also serve them as medical missionaries and trained social welfare workers. For these needy people, too poor to support priests or sisters, they provide not only the things conducive to the life of the spirit, but the material necessities of the body,—food and clothing and medical care, and thus they become the "Saviours" of him, whom Americans look upon as "ONLY a MEXICAN."

Victory-Mount Echoes

The Victory Preparatory Training School in Las Vegas is the scene of frequent arrivals and departures.

Recently Catechists Keller and Cogan came from Chicago—one to resume, the other to enter upon her labors in the great harvest field of souls in New Mexico and neighboring states.

Miss Catherine McNamara of Chicago, on an extended trip through the Southwest to Los Angeles, stopped with us at Victory-Mount for a few days. Having taught Catechism to poor Mexican children in Chicago, she was deeply interested in our work. An auto trip to our Mission Centers where our Catechists are continuously engaged in ministering to the spiritual and temporal needs of the destitute Spanish-speaking people, gave her much pleasure. Miss McNamara told us of her experience as a lay catechist in Chicago. Every Sunday afternoon she regularly visited the poor Mexicans living in box cars along the railroad tracks. She gathered the little ones about her from each place. When the last box car had been reached, she had quite a flock. Catechism classes were then conducted in an unused Pullman coach, the front portion having been converted into a small altar.

For two years Miss McNamara and a companion lay-catechist had been unable to procure a separate car but had to conduct classes in one used by Protestants for their services. Happily now they have their own car.

Father Balland of Las Vegas came to bid us farewell. He will spend at least two years in France to recover his failing health. He will be greatly missed. Father Dumarest, a warm friend and officer in our Society, succeeds him as pastor of Our Lady of Sorrows Church, Las Vegas.

Lent is a season of prayer and penance. It is comparatively easy for most of us to pray. The average Catholic likes to pray, especially during Lent. It is not so easy, however, to do penance, yet penance is necessary. It is as much a part of our holy religion as prayer. Now every good, practical Catholic can easily perform some penance during the holy season of Lent.

Holy Mother, the Church, makes it easy for us by substituting for us the rigorous penances of old easier forms of penance. She even grants rich indulgences to these acts of penance. Now one can perform an act of penance by denying himself not only food, but his money. These monetary self-denial offerings can be made very profitable not only to our souls, but also to the souls and even the bodies of others. By denying ourselves certain amusements or the purchase of certain luxuries during Lent, and applying the self-denial money thus saved in relieving the necessities of God's poor, we can perform a meritorious act of penance during Lent.

If our Catechists but had sufficient funds from such self-denial offerings they could purchase much food and medicine for the needy poor under their care in the Missions of the Southwest.

BECOME A LIFE SUBSCRIBER ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

The Associate Catechist's of Mary

IT MAY be a little late to talk about Christmas, and yet, should not the very essence of Christmas, that is, the beautiful spirit of Christian charity, extend throughout the year, and be a powerful factor in our every day life? We know you will be interested in this letter, received after the January issue had gone to press.

My dear Mrs. Service:

I am sure that Our Dear Infant Savior granted to you and all the generous, self-sacrificing members of your bands His choicest Christmas blessings in return for the cheer your Christmas boxes brought to the poor in New Mexico. I feel quite certain that there is no missionary auxiliary in this country that can equal the splendid Christmas charity record made by your devoted workers.

Personally, I have only one regret: that you and all the good ladies of your Bands could not have been on hand to see the pleasure in the faces of our poor Mexicans on that eventful week which preceded Christmas and on Christmas day itself when the contents were distributed. We had five different Christmas parties in as many different places for the poor.

Some of our Catechists asked the children to write a letter to Santa Claus thanking him for the many presents. But the children protested that it wasn't "Santa Claus," but the good Catechists and their friends who treated them so well. They finally compromised by writing short letters, or rather, prayers of thanksgiving to the Child Jesus. How I wish you could have read some of them! Although I have worked among this lovable people for nearly five years, these letters were a revelation to me. It is a common mistake to attribute to all Latin peoples a "surface devotion" only, that is, that they delight in externals, and do not have deep interior devotion. What a gross error! At least where Spanish-Americans are concerned. I could never have composed such beautiful prayers as these poor, ignorant children, aided by their unlettered parents. First they thanked the Child Jesus for having given them health and many blessings during the past year, they thanked Him for the many nice Christmas presents (which they all unworthily had received!) and begged blessings and graces for themselves, their parents, and their benefactors during the

coming year. Different mysteries and stages of the life of Our Dear Savior were introduced, which showed them well informed on points of Bible History. For instance, one writer begged Our Dear Lord by His lonely sojourn in Egypt to conduct him safely through this valley of exile until he could arrive at his true home in heaven. Others looked forward to singing "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" with the angels. Surrounded as they are by squalid poverty, it is not surprising that they look forward to something brighter and better in Eternity.

Thank you so much for the kindergarten material sent to me. Much of this material, especially the silhouette paper, will be very useful in my work. The kind lady who sent me back-numbers of "The Normal Instructor and Primary Plans" will oblige me very much if she will continue to send me copies of this excellent school paper from time to time.

Praying Jesus and Mary to grant you and the noble workers associated with you a very great recompense for your charity towards a poor, forgotten people, I am

Ever your devoted friend in Jesus and Mary

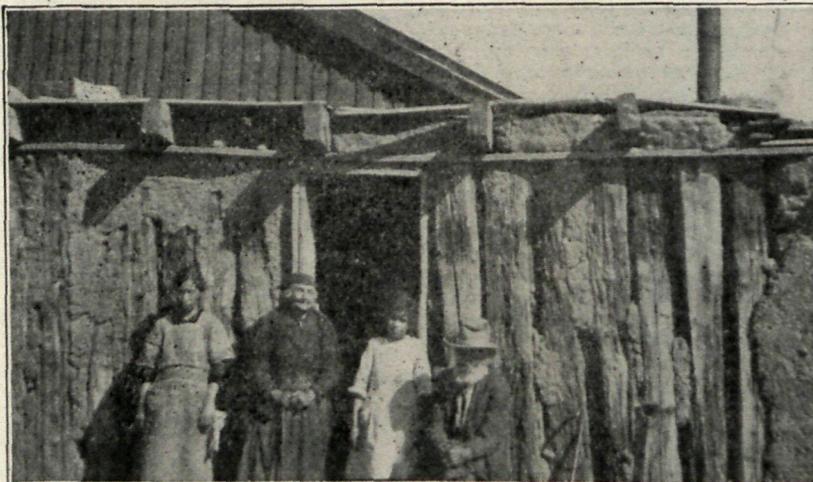
Catechist Blanche Richardson,
Supervisor of Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine.

LENT BEGINS FEB. 22!
DO YOU HAVE YOUR MITE BOX?

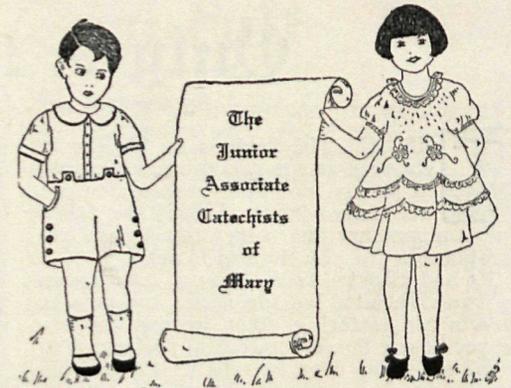
"And there came a certain poor widow, and she cast in two mites, which make about half a cent. And calling His disciples together, He saith to them: Amen I say to you, this poor widow hast cast in more than all they who have cast into the treasury.

For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want cast in all she had, even her whole living."

Address all A. C. M. communications to:
CATECHIST SUPERVISOR,
Associate Catechists of Mary
Victory-Noll
Huntington, Ind.



Only A Mexican Family!



Dear Catechist:

The Sophomores in our room have formed a club to help the Missionary Catechists. If you have any device for making your charges happier, we will be glad to assist you, both financially and spiritually.

We admire your courage and hope you will attain great success.

We hope God will bless you, and make your New Year a very prosperous one.

Yours in the Sacred Heart
"We Missioners"

Dear Juniors:

Let us join in thanking Our Dear Lord and His Blessed Mother for our new band, "We Missioners," and in giving them a warm welcome. This band of forty-three members is the largest so far.

You all know there is real work for the Junior Associate Catechists of Mary to do. Perhaps most of you cannot do so very much by yourself, but if each one does his best, then I know that all together, you will be able to do a lot of good.

You have all seen big rivers, and you know that they are made up of countless millions of tiny drops of water. For miles and miles around, there are smaller rivers and creeks, and little bits of streams flowing towards this big river. It is their tiny drops which make the river so big. It is just the same way with your pennies. Many little streams of pennies, coming from all over the country and flowing into Victory-Noll, ALL PUT TOGETHER, will swell into a river of dollars, that will go out to New Mexico, and bring clothes, food, medicine and fuel to the poor Mexicans.

It is the same way with your prayers for the Catechists. If every member prays for this intention every day, then your prayers, ALL PUT TOGETHER, will be like a wonderful orchestra, that is always sending us sweet music to the thrones of Jesus and Mary. They will be so pleased with this sweet music that they will not fail to pour down streams of blessings upon the Catechists, upon the Mexican children, and upon each and every one of you.

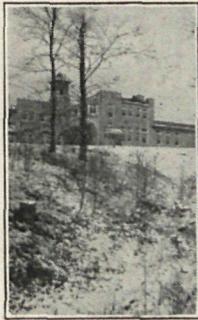
The season of Lent begins this month. This is the time when we are supposed to be especially generous, and to give up many things. Of course all of you give up candy as a penance, so there will be more pennies saved than ever before. If you make all the little sacrifices you can, you may be sure that Jesus and Mary will be very well pleased with you. When Lent is over, you will be nearer to Their Sacred Hearts than ever before. Have you received your mite box yet? If not, I will gladly send you one.

And so, "We Missioners" and all my other Juniors, remember during Lent to work and pray for the Missions.

Catechist Supervisor
Junior Associate Catechists of Mary

\$1.00 DOWN, \$1.00 FOR NINE MONTHS PAYS LIFE SUBSCRIPTION.

Victory-Noll Notes



A winter scene at Victory-Noll from the brush of the well known artist, —John,—alias, "Jack" Frost.

"Forward she goes to sow the Gospel truth;

Upon her lips and cheek the flush of youth,

The Mesa spreads new beauty at her feet.

The mountains bow in homage and repeat An echo of that song divinely old—

"The love of Christ for men can ne'er grow cold."

When snows are here or when the Summer gone

Trails past the Autumn fields the hues of dawn."

Four more of our Catechists have gone forth to labor in the Master's Vineyard. Catechists Keller and Archuleta have left for the Las Vegas Mission; Catechist Cogan for Los Cerrillos; and Catechist McConville for Gary.

Departures from Victory-Noll are far from being gloom, in fact, joy prevails—a joy which springs from the reflection, "Perhaps I shall be the next." Will our many friends remember to pray for these Catechists that each one of them may labor zealously to extend the Kingdom of Christ in the hearts of His poor?

February 11th, the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, was Reception Day for new Candidates into our Society. May Our Blessed Mother continue to send us worthy subjects to take the places of out-going missionaries.

Lately Victory-Noll was made the recipient of a very beautiful statue of the Little Flower. This statue is life size and carved of Carrara marble. The workmanship, which is exquisite, truly portrays the skill and art of the Italian sculptor. The "Little Flower" is the family gift made by Mr. F. A. Meyer, father of Catechist Frances Meyer of St. Bernard's, Ohio. Eventually, this statue is to be placed outdoors, but at present, it stands in our main corridor as an object of admiration as well as inspiration to all who pass by.

Denton, Tex., Dec. 29, 1927.

Readers of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST must have been surprised when they read the December issue to see so many young women from different states of the Union joining this new Missionary Society. May their number be doubled in the year 1928!

Could they undertake any nobler work than to lead poor little children to the Arms of Christ? The Sacred Scripture says that those who devote their lives in instructing the poor and ignorant will shine as stars in the Kingdom of Heaven.

This new Society of Missionary Catechists is very promising. May the Catholic Press throughout the country publish the good its members are doing. It might be well if our preachers would speak of it from their pulpits from time to time. It would have the effect of inspiring zealous young women with zeal for the mission fields.

REV. RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

At the present time, Catechist Catherine Olberding, Head Catechist of the Society, is making an extended trip to our Missions in the Southwest. It is her intention to visit several places from whence have come urgent requests for the services of the Missionary Catechists. —o—

Miss Elizabeth Springer, Superintendent of the Huntington County Hospital, assisted by Miss Ina Regan, has begun a series of Nursing lectures at the Noll. In addition to this course, Miss Cline, Supervisor of Home Economics in the Huntington High School, is conducting a class in Dietetics.

We, indeed, consider ourselves very fortunate in securing the services of these women who are authorities in their work.

WHEN THE AMERICANS CAME (Continued From Page 2)

"He knows us not," said Manuela. Of late Manuela was inactive. She slept the entire afternoons away and ate but little. She complained of a sore throat.

Night came on serene and starry. Manuela was in a high fever. Loretto whimpered and kept her hand at her throat. Finally she slept and Carola sat in the doorway.

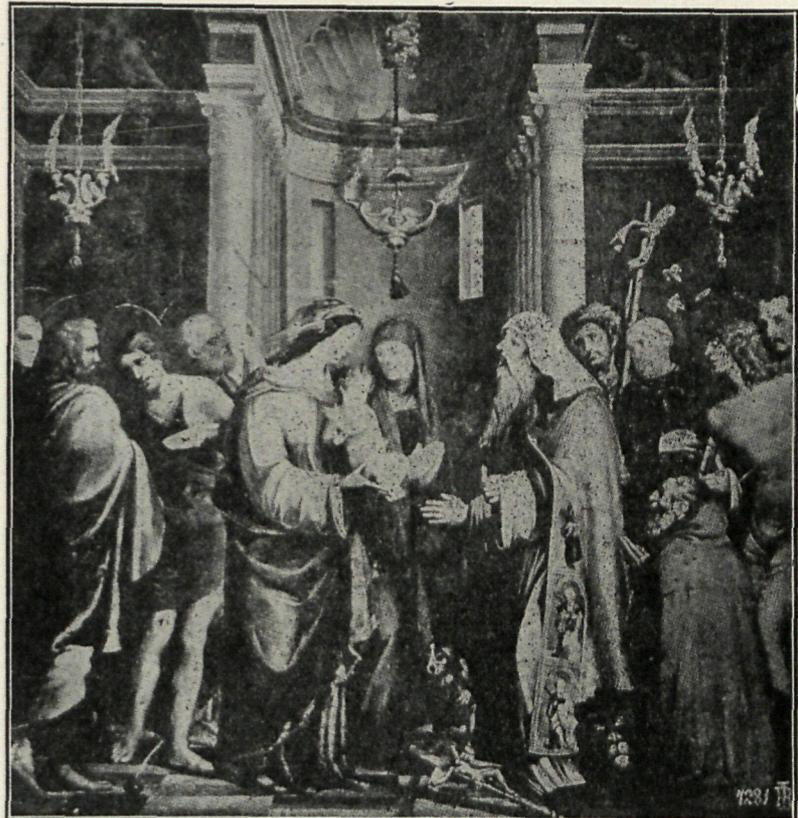
Manuela mumbled feebly in Spanish. Carola went to her and asked: "Que es, Manuelita mia?"

The cracked old voice came to her: "El garrotillo."

The strangler? What did she mean? Diphtheria! She dropped on her knees at Manuela's bed and prayed aloud: "Mother of God, help me."

"Help is near," came the voice from the bed, "nearer than thou thinkest."

(To Be Continued)



THE PRESENTATION

Joy! joy! The Mother comes,
And in her arms she brings,
The Light of all the world,—
The Christ, the King of kings;
And in her heart the while,
All silently she sings.

Saint Joseph follows near,
In rapture lost and love,
While angels round about,—
In glowing circles move;
And o'er the Mother broods
The Everlasting dove.

O Infant God! O Christ!
O Light most beautiful!
Thou comest, Joy of joys!—
All darkness to annul;—
And brightest lights of earth,—
Beside Thy Light are dull.

—A. CULL.

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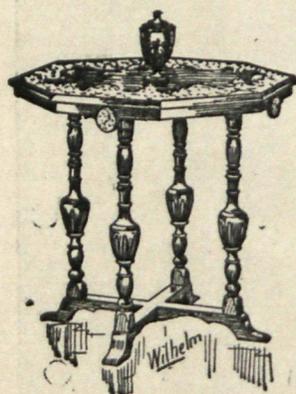
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