

# The Missionary Catechist



Volume IV

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Number 4

## Where the Harvest is Great but Laborers Few

Rt. Rev. John F. Noll, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne.

THE writer recently had an opportunity to make an extended, but careful survey of the work done by self-sacrificing Priests, Sisters, and Missionary Catechists throughout the vast states of Texas and New Mexico.

In the diocese of San Antonio and Corpus Christi, the Mexican population is more compact than in the more northern dioceses, and there are many well established, though poor, congregations comprised mostly of these people. It is not so difficult for pastors to have a contact with their people here. But in the diocese of Amarillo, established only last year by reducing slightly the areas of San Antonio, El Paso, and Dallas, 19,000 Catholics are scattered over a territory as large as the states of Ohio and Indiana, and there are fewer than twenty places which have resident Priests. It is common for the pastor to drive from sixty to seventy miles to say a second Mass on Sunday at one of his Missions, and the reader may surmise how utterly impossible it is for the Priest to scour the several thousand square miles of jurisdiction assigned to him for stray Catholics. It is in such dioceses that the Missionary Catechists are able to do vastly more than school Sisters, because the former go out from a given center to a dozen towns and villages and instruct the children, and go from house to house with their missionary and social service work. We found the few Priests in the diocese of Amarillo in the happiest mood and in love with their work; and the Bishop of this new diocese told the writer that many Priests of the north, suffering from weak lungs should be exercising the ministry in his diocese, where the altitude is 3,400 feet, the air dry, where

there is sunshine nearly every day, and where the Priest would be out in the fresh air most of the time.

In the diocese of El Paso and Santa Fe, there are fifteen Mexicans or Spanish-Americans for every white Catholic (this is also true of Corpus Christi, and several other dioceses), but in the city of El Paso, in which there are about 60,000 Mexicans out of a total population of 110,000, there are about four large, well-organized parishes for the Mexican people. Each parish has its parochial school, but in the four schools there is not sufficient room for one-half the children. To wean them away from the Church, the Baptist and other sects have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars. They conduct not only free Day Schools, but also free Boarding Schools for whatever children of Mexican parentage they can get hold of.

The State of New Mexico, larger than New York and Pennsylvania combined, has only 350,000 people, but fully one-half of these are Catholics, for the most part the descendants of the Spanish people who settled there three hundred years ago. Priests have an average of nearly 5,000 square

miles to care for, and the Missionary Catechists (so the Bishop and Clergy tell me), are doing a wonderful work, a work which could not be accomplished without them. They cover a large area from their center, and by house to house visits usually interest the grown-ups in attending Mass and the Sacraments, and succeed in getting the children for religious instruction. Such instruction is given daily after school hours in the public schools, the earlier part of the day being devoted to missionary work in the homes.

There are only twelve towns in all New Mexico, whose population exceeds one thousand persons, yet in every small community there are Catholics. Evidently it is impossible for the people themselves, mostly poorly paid Spanish-American laborers, with large families, to bear the expense of building and maintaining church and school. The churches are usually constructed of adobe bricks, and erected many years ago, in some instances two or three centuries ago. The people are fervent where they have had any sort of spiritual ministrations. The Archbishop of Santa Fe believes, with the Priests, that the Catechists will solve the problem of instructing these scattered people, and of keeping them interested in their religion. A southern Novitiate and Training School has been opened for the Catechists at Las Vegas, New Mexico, where young ladies, native to the soil, receive their first preparation for the missionary life among their own. At Albuquerque, the largest city in New Mexico, and at Santa Fe, the oldest permanently occupied city in the United States, the Baptists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians, have their so-



"Where the Harvest is Great but the Laborers are Few"

(Continued on p. 5)

GOD LOVES THE GENEROUS CONTRIBUTOR TO HIS POOR

# When The Americans Came

By Constance Edgerton

"Go to bed, Carolita. In the morning I will sit in the sun. Soon we will go home, little one. In the morning I will be well," said Manuela.

But it was not so. She was then passing down the twilight trail into eternity. In the morning Carola found her asleep, and the first glance told her there was no need to try to awaken her. There was a smile on her dear old face.

When the immediate time of consternation was passed she set about to do what she could for her old nurse. She must bury her. First she would light a candle and say the Rosary.

After a time she took Loretto and set forth in search of Juan Morardor. He sat in his doorway smoking.

"Manuela is dead," she said. "Will you come and dig her grave?"

He went back with her, he carrying Loretto. All day they dug amongst the lilies in the garden.

At nightfall she said the Rosary and Juan lay under the stars. Carola put Loretto in her basket. She would sit with Manuela, who many nights had lost her sleep for her.

Next day they dug again. Juan was old and rested frequently. But at length the grave was ready and Manuela was laid to rest.

## CHAPTER V.

"I am always asking God to spare Loretto, and why?" Carola asked herself as she sat holding the uneasy child the day after Manuela was buried. "Not my will but Thine be done."

She undressed the child and placed her in the sleeping basket. Soon the little one was asleep. Carola sat in the doorway and offered her Beads for Manuela.

Something was crawling over the rocks from the southward. It looked like a wounded sheep, slowly dragging itself. The coyotes, no doubt, had attacked it and been routed by the dogs. Idly she watched it. Presently it assumed shape. It was a man! He must be wounded. She went quickly to him. When she was very close she knew and he knew. He asked: "Carola, am I dying? Did you come to torture me?" He lapsed into unconsciousness.

She must get Juan. Returning to the cabin she blew three blasts upon the horn he had left her. Soon he came hurriedly down the trail.

Together they brought Forrester into the cabin. "Carola, I must tell thee, he is an outlaw," said Juan. "See how he bleeds. His pursuers have shot him. Madre de Dios, his leg is broken!"

"Even though he is an outlaw we must care for him," replied Carola.

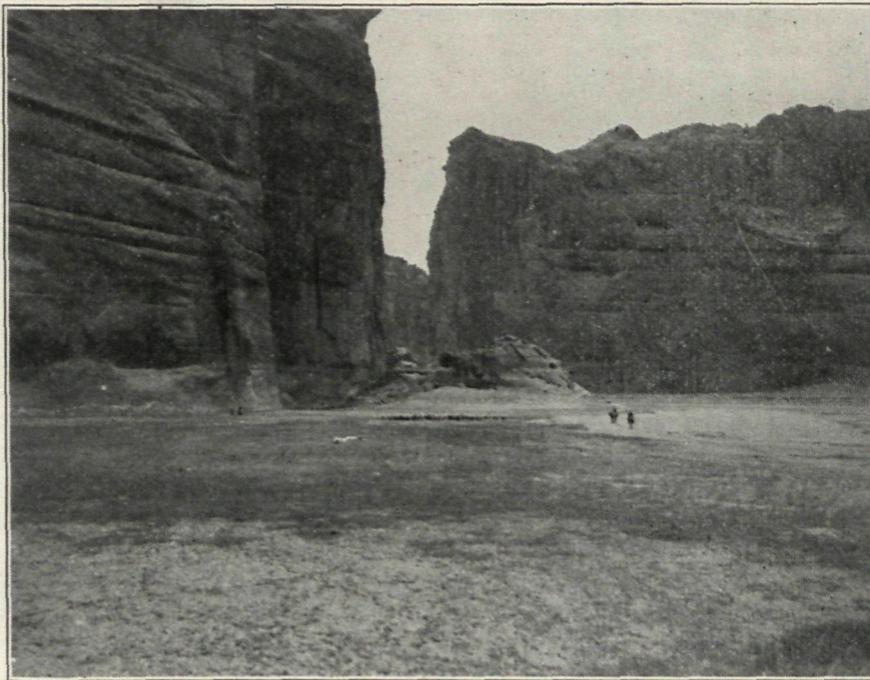
"Si, Si."

"Think you, you can set this leg?"

Juan could, with her help. It was crude surgery, but it was their best. They washed the wounds in his side and on his head, and banded them.

Time dragged by. Carola had no idea how long it was. They waited anxiously. His eyelids fluttered. He opened his eyes. "Water," he said.

She held the cup for him to drink. Juan stepped outside. When Forrester had finished drinking, she joined Juan and went a few steps from the house with him. "Juan Morardor, should you meet any of my family, would you tell them where I was?"



Navajo Sheep in Canyon de Chelley

Would you say: 'She hides with her outlaw husband in the hills?' Would you shame them?"

Juan, vehement in his friendships and primitive in his reasonings, replied: "From me they will never learn your whereabouts. To have such a son-in-law is no credit to Don Ramon."

She returned to the cabin. Loretto cried out in her sleep.

"What is that?" asked Forrester.

"Our child," she replied. She was calling in her heart to him, hoping against hope, and he failed her. "A child? What a bother," he said. Then, as an afterthought: "Are you going to turn me over to the law?"

"Are you not my husband? Did I not take you until death severed us?" she asked. Fury was blazing in her eyes.

He brushed aside her seriousness with an easy laugh. "I was only teasing, Carolita. The baby? What is its name?"

"Mary Loretto. She is named for the little house in which Mary lived with the Child Jesus."

"Where is Manuela?"

"She is dead. Juan Morardor dug her grave in the garden."

"Juan Morardor! He know me!"

"He is accounted without memory," she made answer. "Frequently he came here to visit with Manuela and she was ever confident he did not know us."

"That settles Juan," he said. "If you happen to see a flannel-shirted cowhand or two, meet them and say you live alone."

"When you take supplies to the herders, I will ride with you, Phil," said Donna Teresa.

"I am delighted," he said.

"Every little by-way and trail I will ride into. She may be ill, unable to walk, and lying in a lonely canyon," said Donna Teresa.

Felipe had three herds of sheep. They ranged in three different feeding ranges—

Cebolleta Mountains, Sierra Chivato Mountains, and San Mateo Mountains. In the latter lived Juan Morardor.

The next morning Felipe and Donna Teresa began their journey. They had two pack horses. One was laden for the herders. The other carried their supplies. They rode slowly through the Cebolleta Mountains, taking unriden trails, detouring where they saw smoke ascending, hoping they would come upon Carola. They were disappointed.

In Sierra Chivato Mountains they spent more time.

From thence they rode into the valley of the San Mateo hills, where they would leave supplies for Juan Morardor.

"Juan Morardor," said Donna Teresa, shaking the old man's hand, "have you heard aught of Manuela or my Carolita?"

But this day Juan seemed more stupid than usual. "I have no one. No one. You may search my cabin," he said.

"It is Carola Martinez we seek," explained Teresa.

"Si, Si. She is in town," said Juan. "That is where she should be. No one would live in the hills but the herders."

"We will go on and stop at every house," said Donna Teresa. "We must find her."

"Donna Teresa, welcome!" said Senora Chavez, as Teresa came into the patio. "We heard you were coming this way. And Felipe Estevan!"

Donna Teresa and Felipe had been in the saddle two months, scouring the hills and by-trails from San Mateo Mountains to the lowlands of the east. They would keep on until they reached the Rio Grande, which they would follow north. O, they must find her. Not a trace so far!

After a pleasant evening spent in the great living room with its double fireplaces and wall benches, the Senora accompanied

(Continued on Page 7)

**GOD LOVES YOU FOR YOUR GENEROUS, LENTEN CONTRIBUTIONS TO HIS POOR CHILDREN**

# "Letters to Mary"

"All for Jesus thru' Mary"  
Catechists' Mission Center

My Dear Mary:

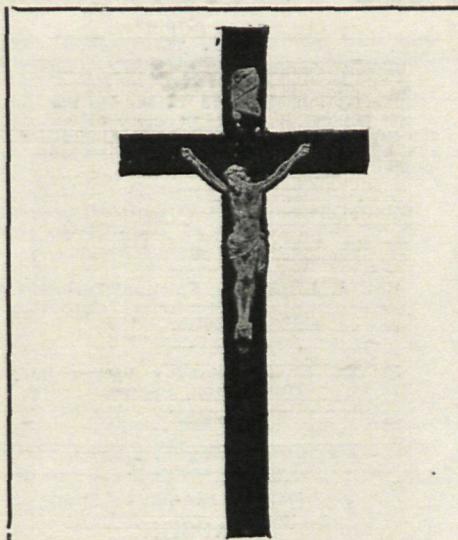
It was the Feast of Our Dear Lady of Guadalupe. Long ere the sun had peered over the Eastern pine-crowned summits, I was awake. Gazing through the small panes of the window close by my bed, I beheld the sky a wondrous dome of sapphire,—star spangled. How like the mantle which draped the shoulders of Our Sweet Lady when She spoke to the humble Indian Juan Diego!

The rising bell broke in upon my reverie. After our usual morning prayers and meditation, we hurried away in a curtained car for the little village of Guadalupita where the annual "Funcion" was to be celebrated with all the pomp and ceremony our native people could muster. A number of small pine trees had been brought from the nearby foot-hills and planted about the churchyard. Pine boughs formed an arch at the entrance. After the customary handshaking, with those who stood about the church door, we entered. A scroll of white muslin, reaching from one wall to the other across the sanctuary and just above the Communion rail, first attracted our notice. On this scroll, in gold letters, was the invocation, "Our Lady of Guadalupe, Pray for us." Masses of vari-colored roses, and slender tapers flanked the high altar and small side altars.

Since we had been requested to sing the Mass, we seated ourselves with the musicians. Our accompaniment, we quickly discovered was to be, not an organ, but two lively guitars! Three young girls and a "cantor" or chanter, assisted in the singing. With difficulty we endeavored to keep the right pitch, while our accompanists strummed some spirited chords. All went well until we reached the Agnus Dei, when someone in the choir to our deep dismay intoned the Requiem melody. Consternation reigned in our hearts and on our faces. There was nothing to do but to go ahead with it, since a complete break would have attracted more notice. Now our good simple people were none the wiser. At least, we shame-faced choristers, found consolation in the thought that our dear Lady of Guadalupe was perhaps more pleased with our humble efforts than had we rendered the Mass faultlessly, but with vanity.

A procession followed the Mass. Three distinct lines of march were formed. On the inner circle marched the women, young ladies and children. On the second circle marched the Celebrant of the Mass, the "Mayordomo" (a church functionary corresponding to a sexton), the cross and banner bearers and choir. On the outer circle marched the men and boys. As we moved slowly around the church, the Litany of Loretto was chanted, and a hymn to Our Blessed Mother sung. The singing was punctuated with the firing of rifles in salutation to Our Heavenly Queen. Benediction and a brief sermon followed this impressive ceremony.

After Mass, there was an Indian war dance in front of the Church by a young native attired in Indian suit and wearing a crown of turkey feathers. Afterwards everyone clambered into auto, wagon, or on horse and went to the home of the Mayordomo where a dinner "a la Mexican" was served. In the first house the guests were provided



THE CRUCIFIX.

Thy weary arms are all outstretched,  
Outstretched to welcome me:  
Thy thorn-crowned head is all bowed  
down,  
Bowed down in love for me.  
Thy aching heart beats slow and sad,  
Beats sad for sake of me.  
Thy nail-pierced feet are weary too,  
A-weary seeking me.  
Thy gentle eyes are dim and dark,  
All dimmed with care for me.  
Thy burning lips are parched and dry,  
All parched with thirst for me.  
Thy white, sad face is wet with tears,  
With wistful tears for me.  
Thy tired head bends lower still,  
Bends low to pardon me.  
And now there is a sob, a cry,  
A cry aloud for me.  
Thy aching heart has ceased its  
throb,—  
A God is dead for me!

with small glasses of grape juice, or pop, and sweetened biscuit. In the second, all sat down to a large table which was laden with Spanish dishes of various sorts. There were the indispensable frijoles (beans), the meat garnished with blistering hot chili, and a number of dishes such as spaghetti, macaroni, with which our American friends are familiar. Bread replaced the well-known tortillas. Perhaps these were too common to place on the festive board. A Spanish-pudding, consisting of bread and cheese, immersed in a sweetened syrup, and pie such as our Americans have never tasted, concluded the meal.

Our hostess was a very sweet lady with all the proverbial Spanish hospitality. She told us her house was indeed small, but her heart was large and full of the kindest wishes towards all.

It was with some regret that we took leave of our good friends and sped Westward towards the huge mountains covered with perpetual snow, at the base of which lay our little Mission cabin. Soft rosy clouds flanked the horizon. It was Nature's despedida (farewell) to the fairest of Queens.

Lovingly yours in O. B. L. V.  
Catechist Blanche Richardson

# Victory Noll Notes

**A**S a fitting close to a "perfect-day"—the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes—four young ladies, bearing lighted tapers, knelt before the Shrine of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, and signified their ardent desire to consecrate their lives forever to the service of Jesus and Mary in the person of Their Beloved poor. The new subjects are: Effie McConnell of Fort Wayne, Ind., Helen Davidson of Chicago, Ill., Christine Wirtz of Crown Point, Ind., and Bertha Doorman of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Indeed, Our Blessed Mother has graciously and lovingly answered our prayers and petitions for worthy subjects to aid us in promoting the greater glory of God and in saving the souls of the poor children committed to our care. Including these latest arrivals, our number has almost reached the hundred mark. With the ever-increasing demand for Catechists in the Southwestern Dioceses of our country, may the "Queen of the Harvest" inspire many young women to answer the Master's Call to Service.

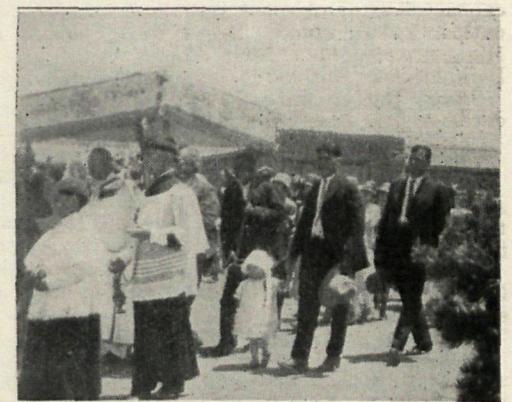
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Within the last few days, we Victory-Nollers have had to bid our Spanish Padre "adios". Father Angel Canamache, a refugee from Old Mexico, has been with us most of the time for the last year and a half, but now, has accepted a call to labor amongst the Spanish-American people in a large Californian parish. Needless to say, we regret his departure for several reasons—especially, for the many opportunities his presence afforded us for acquiring a mastery of the Spanish language, a knowledge of which is absolutely necessary to the success of our work.

\* \* \*

Daily some new feature presents itself in our training course here at Victory-Noll. A very interesting, as well as instructive, series of lectures on Bacteriology has just been completed by Dr. Bauer, who is a member of the staff of the Huntington County Hospital.

However, the medical phase is not the only one to which particular attention is given. We need not only know how to heal the sick, but also how to teach the little ones. As a result, music receives its due consideration. At the present time, Miss Hilda Apt, a very accomplished and competent young lady of Fort Wayne, is director of music.



A Mission Procession

**GOD LOVES THE GENEROUS CONTRIBUTOR TO HIS POOR**

### What can I do this Lent for Eternity?

Every good practical Catholic realizes that Almighty God will require him, at the hour of death, to give a strict account of his life, his time, his talents, his wealth, and even the Graces received from His All Bountiful Hand. Our Divine Saviour warns us to prepare for this strict accounting on Judgment Day. He counsels us "to work while it is day," and "to lay up treasures for heaven."

Now, we know, that we can merit Divine Grace through good works only during our life time, "for when night comes (that is death) no man can work," and earn Divine Grace.

It is the part of a wise and prudent Christian, therefore, to store up heavenly merits during his life time by performing works of charity. He realizes, only too well, that these acts of charity in behalf of God's poor will be his strongest advocate when he stands before the Judgment Seat of Christ. The merits he has thus gained, as well as the prayers of the poor, whose necessities he has relieved, will, in fact, precede him before he appears at the bar of judgment.

During the Blessed Season of Lent, we have many opportunities for gaining priceless merits for eternity. In addition to the ordinary means,—such as prayers, fasting, devotions,—placed in our hands by Holy Church for advancing our personal sanctification during Lent, we now have means and opportunities of meriting special Graces by assisting God's poor in the Missions.

Many Dioceses of the country have set apart what is popularly called "The Mission Sunday," during Lent. On this day Mission sermons are preached and special collections are taken up to aid struggling Missions both at home and abroad.

Thus, by assisting worthy Missionary and charitable causes, our generously disposed Catholic people, in the well established Parishes of the East and Central West, can earn for themselves many precious, heavenly merits; while at the same time they can materially assist their Catholic Brethren in their spiritual and corporal needs.

By supporting our devoted Missionary Catechists in their labors among the poor and neglected ones of the flock in the Missions of the Southwest, our charitably inclined friends can, not only, do much for the salvation of the souls of the poor in the Missions, but can, likewise, store up for themselves many priceless merits for eternity.

### Our "Annuity Plan"

Pennsylvania.

Dear Father Sigstein:

Enclosed find check for \$10.00 which I promised for your mission work.

I am now ready to turn over to your Society an insurance policy for \$2,000 on your "Annuity Plan." My intentions are to let you have it at the end, and for me to use the interest for my work here. I hope the time will never come when I will have to reclaim any part of it.

I am glad you do not intend to invest this money in million dollar buildings, etc., while others have no roof over their head.

Sincerely yours in Christ,  
REV. M.

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Huntington, Indiana

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

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### TRAINING NATIVES FOR LEADSHIP

1. The Missionary Catechists have recently undertaken the work of training native New Mexicans for leadership among their own people.
2. These Spanish-speaking men and women will be enrolled as members of the CONFRATERNITY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.
3. They will be given a thorough course of instruction to fit them to teach Catechism efficiently.
4. The Confraternity will be a valuable adjunct to the work of the MISSIONARY CATECHISTS in the Southwest.
5. It is believed that the influence of the Society of Missionary Catechists in preserving the Catholic Faith in the Southwest will be augmented through the zealous activities of these trained lay workers.

### Brevities

In a short time the SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS will number 100 members.

If 2500 charitably inclined 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.

During the past ten years there has been a notable increase in devotion to "The Five Holy Wounds of Our Lord." This is highly gratifying to every soul desirous of honoring Our Dear Saviour in His Sufferings.

It is surprising how few devotional writings we have on "The Sacred Wounds of Jesus." It would seem, that, in our day, Jesus Christ is urging all devout souls to spread devotion, not only to the Five Precious Wounds of His Hands and Feet and Side, but also to ALL the Holy Wounds of His Sacred Body.

We seldom give a thought to the great number of wounds inflicted upon the Immaculate Body of Our Divine Saviour, by the cruel Jews and inhuman Roman soldiers, during His Passion. The inspired Prophet tells us that, "from the crown of His Head to the sole of His feet there was no soundness in Him"—His Body was literally one mass of open wounds.

Recently one of our devoted Catechists, who is shortly to be professed, asked as a special favor that she be given the Burse in honor of ALL the Sacred Wounds of Jesus.

During this blessed Season of Grace and Penance our Catechists will place, in the Wounds of Our Lord, the intentions of all the friends and benefactors of God's poor, and will include these intentions in their Novena in honor of the Holy Wounds.

It is the custom for our Catechists during the Holy Season of Lent to practice special devotions in honor of ALL the Sacred Wounds of Our Suffering Saviour.

### From the Mission Mailbag

ALL FOR JESUS THROUGH MARY.  
Holman, New Mexico.

Dear Father:

We had a great celebration in honor of the patron saint of this Mission. The church was over-crowded, and many stood out in the road. There was an unusually large number for Holy Communion.

There is a large enrollment of children for Catechism after the holidays. Marie Sanchez, our faithful lay-teacher, presented a large number for First Communion. She had given these children Catechism instructions after regular school hours. It is the region of perpetual ice and snow. There is very little traffic through these mountain passes, and so the people never get to Mass when the Missionary gets to Holman. We are planning to go there some time. For the present, however, the zealous lay-teacher is doing very good work, and is getting good results from her Catechism instructions.

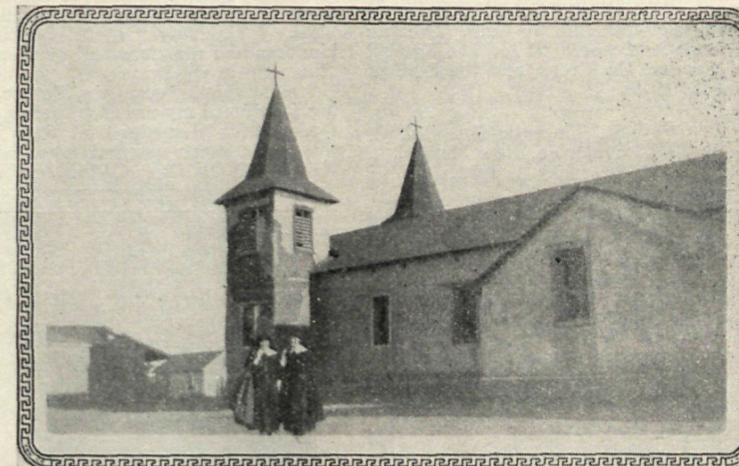
The children she presented for First Communion were nicely dressed. They are not in need of any outside help for clothes. Marie did all this work herself, and the children were certainly well trained. This shows how much good work a lay-teacher can do.

CATECHIST JULIA DOYLE.

Extract from letter of Father Oliver,  
O. F. M.:

Cerrillos, New Mexico.

I am enclosing a clipping from the Albuquerque Morning Journal. It shows how the Protestants are getting hold of our Catholic children. Our Catechists are doing their share of this kind of work here in Cerrillos. Lately the local physician, Dr. Palmer, asked the Catechists to co-operate with him on a certain case where a poor woman was confined to bed with inflammatory rheumatism. She was so helpless that for months she could not stir from the spot. The Doctor claims he can effect the cure with the help of someone who can intelligently follow out his instructions. The Catechists have been taking care of this poor woman. Thanks to Our Dear Lord and him and ask him what my plans are for



Church at Anton Chico, New Mexico

His Blessed Mother she is now getting along nicely.

This act of charity on the part of the Catechists will, in all likelihood, effect the conversion of her husband, who is an habitual drunkard. It will at the same time help to avert the children from a life of degradation. I remain

Faternally yours in Christ,  
FATHER OLIVER, O. F. M.

Diocese of Armarillo,  
Amarillo, Texas,  
Feb. 2nd, 1928.

Dear Rev. Father Sigstein:

I had the great pleasure of a visit from your good Bishop Noll of Fort Wayne. We drove practically through the entire diocese of Amarillo, going a distance of about 475 miles, visiting all the missions enroute. Thus, the Bishop got a splendid idea of actual conditions here and as soon as he returns home I will ask you to please call on

the Missionary Catechists in my diocese. He left yesterday for Santa Fe, New Mexico.

We visited the different places where the good Catechists could be situated to good advantage. My plan, endorsed by Bishop Noll, is to have a central house and two branch houses, necessitating about twelve Catechists in all for this diocese.

Thanking you and your good Catechists for a remembrance in your prayers and assuring you a memento in my prayers, asking God to bless you and all the Catechists, I remain,

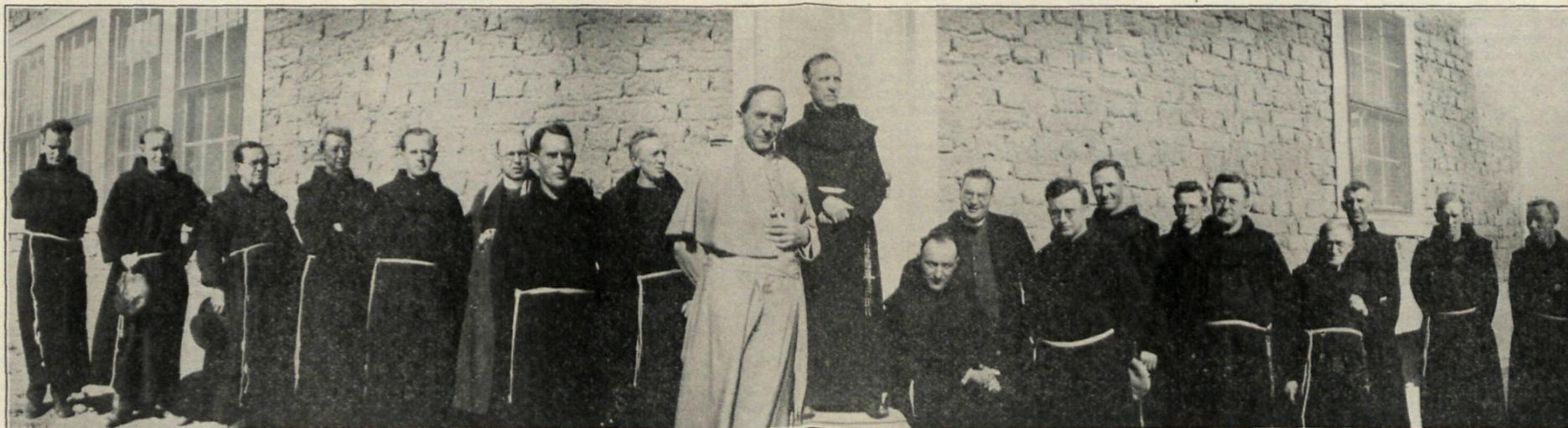
Very sincerely in XTO.,  
R. A. GERKEN,  
Bishop of Amarillo, Texas.

### Where the Harvest Is Great But Laborers Few.

(Continued from Page One)

called "Mission Schools," whither they bring from all over the Southwest boys and girls of poor families, but eager for an education, give them free board and lodging, and a liberal education, for which missionary service in the interest of these denominations is expected as a recompense. When these youths do not become Protestant Missionaries they become lost to the Church, and because of a good education will be dominant factors in civil life. It is unfortunate that the Catholic Church is not able to render this service herself, because the parents of these children would, of course, prefer that they have their education under Catholic auspices.

The Franciscan Fathers deserve a great deal of credit for sending so many of their able-bodied Priests to New Mexico where they must not only work hard, but must spend most of their allowance on gasoline. Priests, Sisters, and Catechists are the need of the Southwest Field, where it is certainly easier to reclaim to the Faith those who should be Catholics, than to make direct conversions from among people who have no sympathy for the Church.



Franciscan Missionaries in New Mexico

GOD LOVES YOU FOR YOUR GENEROUS, LENTEN CONTRIBUTIONS TO HIS POOR CHILDREN

GOD LOVES THE GENEROUS CONTRIBUTOR TO HIS POOR

## The Associate Catechists of Mary

### A THOUGHT

THE keynote of Life is Love. Lacking it, naught is worth while; The Symbol of Service, the Cross, and the Sign of Courage, a Smile.

St. Vincent's Hospital,  
Santa Fe, New Mexico,  
February 1, 1928.

Dear Father Sigstein:

The Mass intentions for the departed which you sent me arrived safely and the Masses will be said as soon as possible. I thank you very much, dear Father, for remembering me so kindly. My intentions were to write you during January to tell you that I received some very nice presents from your friends in Chicago and Huntington. I cannot tell you how much I appre-

Chicago, Ill.

Dear friend and Catechist:

I received your most welcome letter some time ago, but have been unable to answer sooner.

Our Alpha Omega club just sent a few linens. We do not sew at any of our meetings, as it is really more of a social than a sewing club, but we intend to send a box of linens every once in a while.

We have twelve members in our club, and go from one house to another. Each member may entertain as she pleases. The prayer for the success of the Catechists is always said before refreshments are served. We each pay fifty cents a month, which makes six dollars every month. We give this money to Rev. Father, who is a personal friend and helper of Father Sigstein. We intend to run another affair some time in May so perhaps we will have a nice little check to send you then.

Wishing you success in your noble work, we are

Your friends as always,  
THE ALPHA OMEGA CLUB.

ciated the great kindness of these generous souls in remembering me here in the hospital. I am truly grateful for their great kindness and remember all of them at Holy Mass and in my prayers.

I must thank you again, Father, for having mentioned my name to these good souls. I also received the booklet from the Catechists and every month I receive a copy of the MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Please

thank the Catechists for me. Be assured that I often pray for them that they may receive many good young ladies for their work.

I am getting along well now, and trust that, God willing, I may be laboring in the Missions before long.

Please, dear Father, pray for me. I remain

Yours in Christ,  
REV. JAMES BRADY.

Jefferson, Mass.

Dear Catechist Supervisor:

I believe it would be a good idea to teach my little eighteen-months-old daughter to give half her pennies to the Missions, although she will not realize for some time what it is all about. Please send me a mite box.

May God bless the Catechists and all they are doing for the poor.

Very truly yours,  
MRS. B. F.

If only all Catholic parents realized, as this mother does, the value of real Christian training for their children, what a difference it would make. Instead of our Missionaries being hampered in their work by lack of funds and by the activities of highly salaried Protestant missionaries, they would be enabled to go ahead much faster through the charitable assistance that would then be given almost without limit.

If love for God and the things of God were early instilled into the tender hearts of every Catholic child, there would be less of the lukewarmness and indifference towards religion in general, which is so distressingly prevalent in the world today. There would be more eagerness to receive the Sacraments, more appreciation of the inestimable gift of the Holy Catholic Faith, and more zeal to spread the Kingdom of Christ in the hearts of men to the uttermost bounds of the earth.



## The Junior Associate Catechists of Mary

Dear Juniors:

Lent is passing quickly, and soon we will be singing hymns of praise and thanksgiving to Our Risen Savior. Be sure that you do not let a single day of Lent pass without trying hard to be obedient and unselfish. Then Easter morning will be a bright and happy one for you. When Jesus comes into your heart in Holy Communion, He will be very well pleased with you. Don't forget to ask Him then to bless the Catechists and the poor little Mexican children, especially those who may not be able to receive Him.

There are three big feast days this month: St. Joseph's, St. Patrick's and the Feast of the Annunciation. If your name is Joseph, Josephine, Patrick or Patricia, you may feel especially honored this month, as you have wonderful Saints to imitate. Be sure you try to imitate them!

On the 25th of March, we celebrate the Feast of the Annunciation of the Angel Gabriel to Our Blessed Mother. We like to imagine that it was in the evening when Mary was praying, just as the sun was setting and the sky was glowing with every soft, beautiful color you could think of. It

was very still and the perfume of the flowers that Mary loved was filling the quiet air. She was kneeling and her soul was talking lovingly to God. Suddenly an angel, more beautiful than we can imagine, stands in the doorway of her plain little room. The brightness of Heaven shines from his face, and Mary is frightened at seeing Him, but he tells Her not to be afraid because God is pleased with Her, and has chosen Her to be the Mother of His Own Son. Mary bows Her head and says, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done unto me according to Thy word." Then the angel goes back to Heaven, but he leaves Jesus with Mary.

We read in the Bible of other times when God sent angels to the earth to carry messages for Him. But usually He uses ordinary creatures for messengers: Priests, Sisters, Catechists, and Junior Associate Catechists of Mary. Yes, you are a messenger of God every time you say a prayer or do something to help the Catechists in their work of teaching the poor Mission children about Jesus.

Catechist Supervisor,  
JUNIOR A. C. M.

Not long ago, we received a letter from Miss Agnes Gates, of Lafayette, Ind. Agnes is busy organizing a new band, and I know you will be interested in her success, so I am going to let you read part of her letter.

"Mother is going to have the first meeting of the Junior A. C. M., at our house next Wednesday. We will choose the name of our band, our Patron Saint, the President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. Then we will begin to help the Catechists."

Congratulations, Agnes. You are making a good beginning, and I am sure that you will be able to do a great deal of good.

Catechist: "Why should you obey Priests, Sisters and Catechists?"

Johnny: "Because they are all Saints."

Catechist: "What is the state of grace?"

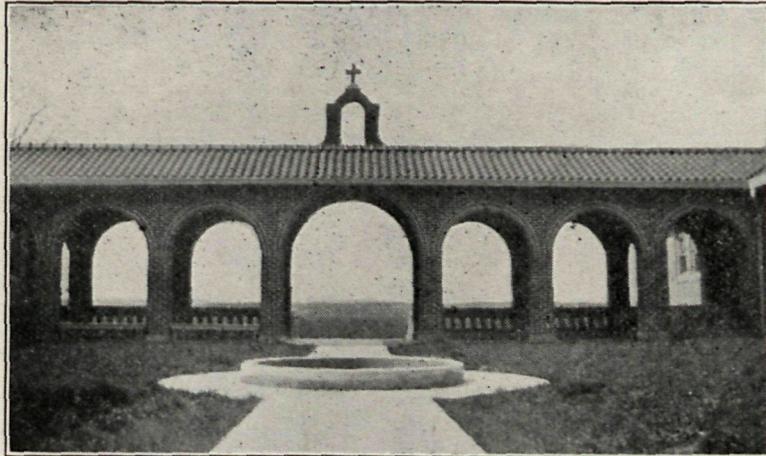
Tommy: "It's just like you, Catechist. You can go to Communion every day because you haven't any big sins."

Address all A. C. M. or Jr. A. C. M. communications to:

CATECHIST SUPERVISOR,  
Associate Catechists of Mary  
Victory-Noll                      Huntingdon, Ind.

**GOD LOVES YOU FOR YOUR GENEROUS, LENTEN CONTRIBUTIONS TO HIS POOR CHILDREN**

## "In the Service of the Queen"



New Orleans, La.,  
1026 Napoleon Ave.,  
Feb. 12, 1928.

Mrs. S. S. Ogden,  
917 S. Carrollton Ave.

Dear Madam:

In introducing to our southern audiences the new photo-play "In the Service of the Queen" (said to be better than "The White Sister"), yourself and Mr. David Smith are rendering a distinct service to the cause of religious vocations.

I am sending you herewith my endorsement of this wonderful picture which so vividly portrays the self-sacrificing labors of the Missionary Catechists.

This fascinating story, with its many thrills, its deep pathos, and its bubbling humor, shows the struggles of an American girl to realize her ideal of service and to find her vocation.

The picturing of the buildings and beautiful surroundings of Victory-Noll, the Home of the Missionary Catechists, on an eminence overlooking the Wabash River, in Huntington, Indiana, is well brought out, reminding me of my visit there in October, 1926, when I was entertained by the same Catechists shown in the photo-play.

As Director of the Sisters of this Diocese, I know the crying need of more sisters to meet the demands of our Parochial schools, Convents and outside Missions.

If we cannot multiply Priests, let us multiply Sisters and Catechists.

Being interested in getting more Sisters, I rejoice in this first photo-play appeal for religious vocations, and hope it may be shown in every Parish Hall in the Diocese.

It is calculated to arouse in the hearts and minds of good Catholic girls and young women a desire to serve God and neighbor, especially in saving children from proselytizing sects.

Now, the special work of our Missionary Catechists is to head off these sects and save our children to the Church.

Yes, we need Catechists and Sisters for the various wants of Holy Church, and this photo-play will help us to get them; hence, I heartily endorse this picture and urge every Pastor and the Superiors of our Convents to have it shown to their children and Sodalities in the hope of developing vocations.

I was delighted with the play as shown in the Jesuits' Hall, when Father Biever spoke so approvingly of it,

Praying for the success of this vocational film, I am,

Most sincerely,

REV. THOS. J. WELDON, C. M.

Vicar-General for Religious of the Archdiocese of New Orleans.

### "In the Service of the Queen"

An Epic in Feature Motion Pictures

the first film offering of the Midwest Catholic Theatre Movement, is pronounced by critics as a picture worthy of place among the best of the superscreen productions. The clergy, the press, and large audiences recently confirmed this general approval at showings in Boston, Chicago, Denver and New Orleans.

The picture presents one of America's foremost Catholic dramatic guilds, the Joyce Kilmer Players. It depicts the struggles of a modern American girl to realize her ideal of service. The fascinating story, with its deep pathos and effervescent humor, has as its setting the scenic beauty of the great Southwest, where a quaint background is found for a gripping tale with many thrills.

The scenes in picturesque Santa Fe, with its old mission houses and narrow streets, are intensely interesting, furnishing, as they do, an atmosphere of Old Spain.

The picture should do much to foster vocations to the various Catholic Mission Fields.

William Roeder and Lucille Wolfe, supported by a very competent cast, play the leading roles.

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.
6. Catechist Blanche Richardson, Supervisor of Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, Victory Mount, East Las Vegas, New Mexico.

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

### WHEN THE AMERICANS CAME. (Continued from Page Two)

Donna Teresa replied that Carola might be ill and needing her.

After breakfast the groom brought their horses and amid good wishes and Godspeeds they rode away.

#### CHAPTER VI.

They loosed the bridles that their horses might drink at the foot of Gigante Mesa.

"Not once have I been tired on this journey, Phil. Each morning I awake strong and refreshed, thinking this may be the day we will come upon Carola," said Donna Teresa.

Toward nightfall they sighted a cabin somewhat off the trail and rode toward it. In the doorway stood a woman, lithe and vibrant. She came forward and said: "Teresa, how pleased I am to see you, and Felipe Estevan."

It was Patrocina, wife of Jose Garcia. Four months ago they had been driven from their ranch by Americans who now used it for a hotel. "We have a roof over our heads," she finished, "and we are thankful."

Patrocina Garcia, daughter of Don Roberto Vera, had slept next to Teresa in the dormitory in the convent school, and as they confided in each other there, so now Teresa opened her heart. When she had ended Patrocina said: "Juan Morador was here a week ago."

"Are you sure it was Juan?" asked Felipe. "He was with my sheep in the San Mateo Hills."

"It was Juan and he knew me," she replied. "He did nothing but talk of you and pray that he might find you."

"He heard nothing of Carola?" asked Donna Teresa.

"No." But as Patrocina spoke it her heart misgave her—not that Juan had mentioned Carola. It was from another source, a Mr. and Mrs. Lowell, who had passed three weeks ago she had heard of a young couple living in the hills—the husband an American, the wife Spanish. They had a child and an old man with them. Would she speak of it? Or would she wait? Surely, the story these Americans told her of the beautiful Spanish girl and the paralyzed husband had no bearing upon Teresa. Carola had married an able-bodied man. If she told Teresa it would be like following a will-o-the-wisp. She kept her own fears locked in her heart.

(To be continued)

#### BOOK REVIEW

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

"THE WAYS OF COURAGE"—By Humphrey J. Desmond. B. Herder Book Co., Pub. Price \$1.50.

A delightful book—what men have thought but never so well expressed;—highly epigrammatic—many little sentences one wishes to remember always. This book is written by a layman who evidently rubbed elbows with his fellows and believes in giving a friendly pat instead of dealing him a blow. That fortune is written not in the stars, but in ourselves; that courage, solidifies the rainbow and makes dreams come true; that even in this autocratic age man is his own self-starter and that ninety-nine percent of luck is spelled with a "p"—pluck, is very cleverly brought out by this gifted author, who has directed his product at a general reading public, but all those with higher interests than those of this earth, will receive from it ample spiritual stimulus.

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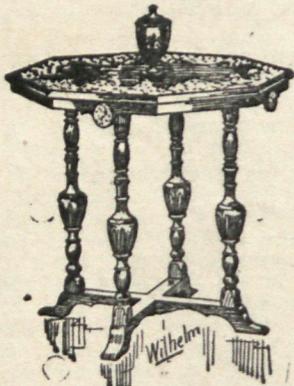
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Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

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

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