

# The Missionary Catechist



Volume IV

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Number 6

## The Calumet District -- A Fruitful Missionary Field

At the southern end of Lake Michigan lies the vast Calumet Steel District. The story of the laying-out of this district and the locating of its great steel mills is one of the civic romances of the world. Twenty years ago a handful of squatters, fishermen, and shantymen were located along the sand dunes and marshes of this region. Today, in this territory, with Gary as a center, there live more than 200,000 people of all nationalities.

Partly owing to the character of the mills, which employ thousands of unskilled laborers, and partly due to after-war conditions and present laws restricting European immigration, the Steel District looks to Old Mexico for its unskilled laborers. Hence this District, but particularly Gary and Indiana Harbor, has become the home of large numbers of Spanish-speaking people.

Ignorant of our language, unacquainted with our customs, strangers among a people whose ideals and ideas are dissimilar to theirs, they are at the mercy of those who would exploit them and rob them of the priceless heritage of their Faith. Normally and nominally Catholic, but coming from the northern border states of Old Mexico where for many decades they have been deprived of religious instruction and Christian training, they too often become the easy prey of two agencies in particular:—first, the proselytizing Missionaries, whose aim is to cut them off from the secure moorings of their Holy Faith; second, too often, too, representatives of the radical labor organizations have succeeded in destroying their faith and morality. Their spiritual needs, and to a large extent their temporal needs, also, must be taken care of by the Catholic Church.

Here in Gary and Indiana Harbor lies a fruitful missionary field. The well-organized and powerfully financed Protestant agencies have been quick to recognize and seize their opportunities for extending their proselytizing influences. They are expending unbelievably large sums of money each year to carry out their Missionary plans. They are not satisfied with misleading

the men and women, but have used all the means in their power to win over the children too. A very recent instance of this came to the attention of the Catechists when a native Spanish-American Protestant Settlement worker attempted to circumvent the good work being done for several little Mexican girls whom the Catechists had picked up and were trying to shelter and protect. This very offensive and prejudiced Settlement worker had tried to intimidate these little girls by telling them to have nothing to do with the Catechists as they were only trying to win them over in order to enslave them! Sad to relate, but too often true, this story means the spiritual death of many of these young Mexican girls. This Protestant proselytizing program is a direct challenge to the Church, in this predominantly Catholic district. If successful, it would mean the destruction of the Faith of almost 12,000 Spanish-speaking Catholics alone.

It was to safeguard the Faith of these people that the Missionary Catechists began their work in Gary, the heart of this

great steel district, four years ago. During this time untold good has been wrought through their catechetical and social welfare work and through their house to house visits to the homes of the poor and destitute families of the laborers in the steel mills.

Within the last year this Christ-like work of the Catechists has been extended to take in Indiana Harbor where approximately 6,000 Spanish-speaking people have settled. The Society has been unable to obtain a suitable house near the scene of its missionary labors, so the Catechists have been forced to make this rather long trip of seven miles from the Settlement House in Gary to Indiana Harbor.

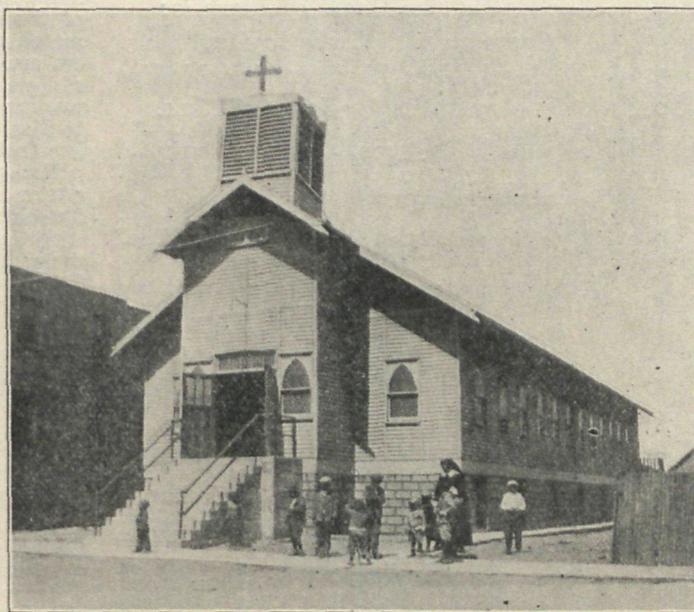
Some idea may be gained of the vast amount of good already accomplished by a simple statement of their activities.

Approximately 600 house to house visits have been made and personal attention given to both children and adults. Handicapped by the distance of the Church from the city schools it has been impossible to have Catechism classes on school days—

Saturday and Sunday of each week being the regular Catechism days. In spite of this fact, there is a present enrollment of 250 at Catechism classes, with an average attendance of 100. This enrollment could easily be increased to at least 400 with a centrally located church. A fact worthy of attention here is that these 250 children who are now enrolled in these Catechism classes, were formerly to be found at the Protestant Settlement House.

However, in immediate preparation of First Communion classes, daily instruction has been given for the three weeks preceding. From May 31, 1927, to April 22, 1928, there have been three First Communion classes including 100 children. Since February, 1928, there have been an average of 75 children making monthly Communion! After Mass these little ones have always been served with breakfast. At different intervals several adults have also made their First Holy Communion. June 1st, 1927, was significant in the annals

(Continued on Page 2)



Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Indiana Harbor

*By Supporting a Catechist you extend the Kingdom of the Sacred Heart*

# Peace Which The World Cannot Give

Constance Edgerton

**R**AQUELITA Sanchez was born in the little town of Sofia, which nestles between the Tripod Mountains and the Don Carlos Hills. Like the other Spanish-American girls she had attended the one room school when she was not herding sheep or caring for the younger children. Evenings when the moon crept over the hills and shed a magic light on the barren reaches, Raquelita sat in the doorway with her mother.

Mrs. Sanchez born Teresa Hurtado, had been for six years a student at Loretto Academy. She had married where her heart led her—a herder of her father's. Began for her the nomad life; a season as gardener in Sofia to an American who tried to make the desert bloom. Soon he tired and went back to the northland, leaving Jose out of work. Then followed a season in the mines at Blossburg; herding in inconceivably lonely places, and back once more to Sofia, for here was the gardener's tiny cottage, at the gates of the deserted ranch. House rent free, the American had written in reply to Teresa's beseeching letter, providing they looked after the house.

Latterly with the decline of the sheep industry it was necessary for Jose Sanchez to fare farther from home to keep his family fed. Ever it was the same, seasonal work. Through the spring and summer he worked as a farm hand in a state institution near Vegas. With the harvest he found himself out of work and would go to the beet fields of northern Colorado, where out of his wages of ten dollars a week, he must house and feed himself, his family, and save enough for carfare back to Sofia, where he spent his winters, idle.

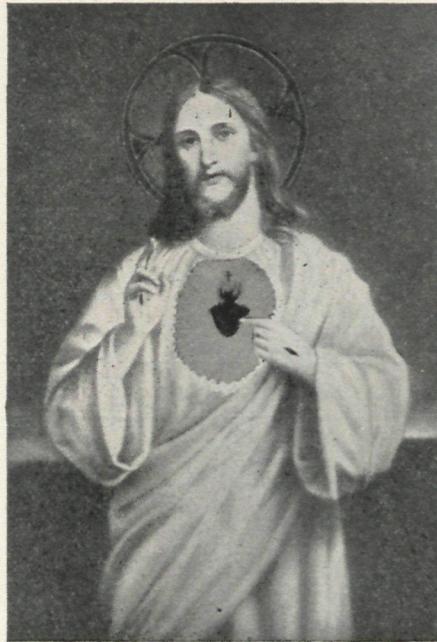
At nineteen Raquelita went out to work—clerking in the store-postoffice at Belle. She went home once a month, bringing most of her wages to her mother, and as she went over the trail with Mrs. English (the postmaster's wife, who knew that to keep Raquelita content was to allow her a few days a month at home) she soon became familiar with the little towns—inhabited with Mexicans in the majority—where there were few churches and fewer Priests.

Four years she was at Belle postoffice and the family gradually came to a better mode of living. Her wages made it possible for Maria to attend Loretto Academy for a while.

Raquelita worked and prayed. John English, the postmaster, died. Raquelita was appointed to the post. She moved her family up from Sofia—knowing full well how her mother's teaching in the Sunday School would be missed, but, Maria announced her intentions of teaching there and of carrying on her mother's work as a lay-catechist.

Raquelita now felt an inner urge for higher things. The Mexicans, her people, were spiritually starving. She heard the call to become a Missionary Catechist and labor among her own people, who longed for the Word.

But, for the present, God had other plans for her. Thomas, who was at San Miguel's School, entered the Seminary. "God, give me strength to keep on here," prayed Raquelita, as she sorted mail or weighed out sugar. "In your own good time You will open the gate for me. Help me to say with



COME TO ME!

*The Cry of the Heart of Jesus is:*

*"Come to Me! Come to Me!"*

*And we who wear His sign and seal  
Must bear that cry from sea to sea.*

*The love of the Heart of Jesus is*

*For every living thing on earth,  
And we who live but for His love,  
Must bring that love in soul to birth.*

*The Cry of the Heart of Jesus is:*

*"Come to Me! Come to Me!"*

*Oh, Lord, bless Thou our humble lips  
To eloquence, for Love of Thee.*

—Ellen Francis Gilbert.

Our Blessed Mother: 'Fiat Voluntas Tua.' (Thy Will Be Done)''

That spring her mother died and was laid at rest in the little wooden cross cemetery at Belle. The funeral cortege wended thirty miles down the trail to St. Patrick's Church in Raton, then back to the mesa burying ground.

"Dear Lord," prayed the girl, "in Your Wisdom You took Mother, but Maria, with Your help, will carry on her work. Maybe, Lord, maybe Ruth or Inez will be called to labor for our people. Give me strength, dear Lord, to keep on here."

Ever she had been quiet—unusually so even for a Mexican woman. That she was contemplative she did not know. She did her duty cheerfully, praying the while, praying that Ruth or Inez might be called.

Ruth was. She entered a teaching order in the central part of her state and with renewed hope, Raquelita kept on. It was a little convent with an old, old Chapel upon whose white-washed walls were painted Indian designs. Behind the convent walls, was a little garden and a clump of majestic pines, and in their shadows were little white crosses marking the convent graves. Here Ruth was laid in the seventh month of her Sisterhood.

The year following Ruth's death, Inez married and went to Clayton to live.

Into Raquelita's soul there came a great peace. It was at last possible for her to become a Catechist and she departed for Huntington, Indiana, to begin her two years' training.

Now, when the sheets of sand blow low with their soft silken rustle, or the red and gold of the canyon turns to deepening purple in the fading light, the sunshine of God's laughter is in her heart for here Catechist Raquelita Sanchez toils, calm and steady, among her own people who long for a deeper knowledge of their Faith.

THE CALUMET DISTRICT—A FRUITFUL MISSIONARY FIELD.

(Continued from Page 1)

of Our Lady of Guadalupe church at Indiana Harbor as the day on which its first class of 26 children received the Sacrament of Confirmation. Several adults were also confirmed. Last summer vacation classes were also held in which religious instruction was given, and the children were taught sewing, cooking and singing. In order to attract the children to classes and draw them away from the proselytizing efforts of the Katherine House, parties have been held at the various seasons of the year at which there has been an average attendance of 175. Since February, 1928, the Catechists have been taking the children to the Clinic for examination and treatment three times a week.

The church, with a seating capacity of five hundred people, is now crowded at each of the four Masses on Sunday. It is estimated that 2,000 of the Mexican parishioners are now attending Sunday Mass. Many of the men who attend the early Masses work in the mill during the night and come to Mass on Sunday morning without breaking their fast.

Both Father Santa Cruz, the zealous pastor of the Mexican parish, and the Catechists themselves are highly pleased with the spiritual progress of those under their care. At the same time that the Catechists are dealing with actual cases—visiting the sick, adjusting existing sociological problems, assisting the people in "finding themselves," teaching Catechism, instructing fallen-away Catholics and converts in the Truths of the Faith, and engaging in missionary activities, they are also successfully combating the activities of the Protestant proselytizing agencies and saving the Faith of the people amongst whom they are laboring.

Thus a great work is being done, not only for individual souls, but for the Church as well, and not least for our Nation, for the activities of the Catechists are carefully calculated to make these strangers within our gates not only good Catholics, but good, law-abiding American citizens.

*The Sacred Heart thirsts for the souls of the neglected children of the Missions—Are you doing your "bit?"*

## Letters To Mary

"All for Jesus thru' Mary."

Mission Center.

My dear Mary:

It is glorious to be living on the top of the world! In the language of Brisbane, this is a country "where the stars come down to meet the mountains." And such stars! They appear as sparkling jewels gleaming in their dark case,—the velvety sky.

May with its verdant foliage, its gentle breezes, and its fragrant odors has passed like a dream. Yes, we can even claim these things in dry, sun-baked New Mexico. Although there are vast stretches of drab wasteland, there are also bright splashes of green along the riverbanks and irrigation ditches. Even the Sahara Desert has its oases.

Large clusters of lilac from Senora Montoya's front yard were the first flowers to pay homage to Our Sweet Queen of May, wafting upwards their sweetest perfumes from the tall vases on Her Altar. Then there were the boughs of apple blossoms which covered Her feet with their snowflake petals and caresses. Occasionally, the children brought us a few violets from the Padre's garden (they do not grow wild here as in our woods back east), and these modest bouquets with a few sprigs of mountain fern must have delighted Her, for below Her downcast eyes a sweet smile played on Her lips.

All during the month of May we had public devotions every evening followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. There was something about these devotions which touched our hearts such as no previous May devotions had done. Perhaps it was because we were in the midst of a simple people noted for their deep devotion to Our Blessed Mother. Again it might have been that the unique lighting system was responsible. As in the ages of Faith, our church was illuminated entirely with candles. Even the organist in the choir loft had a lighted taper on either side to read the notes.

Out of the fantastic shadows of the rear of the church, every evening there glided the slender figures of two Children of Mary. Over their heads and shoulders, net veils hung in graceful folds, while each carried a bouquet of fresh flowers to the May altar, to replace those placed there yesterday by two other Children of Mary, during the Recitation of the Litany of Loretto. In former days, when every New Mexican had his large herd of sheep, it was the custom to offer candles, too. Poverty has forced the natives to discontinue the latter offering.

So the devotions continued until we found ourselves on the threshold of June. But I must tell you of the closing devotions on May thirty-first.

On a miniature flower-covered float, a small image of Our Blessed Mother was triumphantly borne in procession by loving hands. The order of the procession was as follows. First came the Cross Bearer, with a smaller altar-boy on either side, bearing a lighted candle. Then came the Children of Mary in light dresses, with their white net veils, and wearing Medals of Our Blessed Mother pinned over their hearts with a bit of blue ribbon. Lastly the four largest girls with their precious burden. Never did Our Lady look so queenly, so radiant. Behind the miniature float and its bearers walked the Priest with two altar boys, while behind him were the members

### THE MIND OF THE HOLY SEE CONCERNING CO-ORDINATION OF MISSIONARY EFFORTS IN THE U.S.

The attitude of the Holy See towards ways and means of missionary development and assistance in the United States is clearly defined in a letter from Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda, dated March 27th and addressed to the Very Rev. E. J. McCarthy, Superior of the Chinese Mission Society, St. Columbans, Nebr. His Eminence points out that the missions need "missionaries most of all—well educated missionaries from every country." He says that since missionary magazines "highly idealistic in spirit contribute so considerably in stimulating and conserving vocations to the missionary life, it is our earnest desire that they should be supported by all American Catholics." The Cardinal urges particularly the need of "daily trustful prayer as the most important factor in this entirely supernatural work," pointing out, at the same time, that in addition to prayers the alms of the faithful are necessary for the maintenance and extension of the missionary institutions. "For this reason," he adds, "although the general mission aid organizations are to be promoted in the first place, yet the efforts of particular societies must not on that account be discouraged. The general organizations ask but little from each individual, so that there will always remain, not only ample possibilities, but even duties of assisting particular missionary societies. This is the true mind of the Holy See."

of the choir and the entire congregation. It was starlight when the procession reached the doors of the church. The choir carried lighted tapers with which to read their notes and words. Several songs were intoned, but the last was so touching that it must have moistened the eyes of many. It was our Despedida to Our Sweet Queen of May—"Adios Dulce Maria" (Farewell, Sweet Mary). Of great consolation was the reflection that the month of the Sacred Heart follows closely upon the month of Our Sweet Mother.

The image of the Sacred Heart now occupies the place of honor, and it is Our Loving Savior who receives our homage. Through Mary we draw near to Jesus. Our native Mexicans long accustomed to want and the pinch of poverty know how to seek their consolation, above material things, in the Heart of their loving, understanding Savior.

Senora Tafoya brought a cluster of red rambler roses to us this morning, interspersed with bits of green asparagus. "For the Sacred Heart," she whispered, and then went over to the church to recite an Act of Consecration.

Senora Romero also brought flowers yesterday, and a bucket of eggs (she didn't forget that Missionaries get hungry sometimes!) Each egg was carefully wrapped in a square of paper lest the jolting of the wagon might crush them.

Most of the men and the older boys have gone to the beet-fields or to faraway ranches. Oftentimes the mothers and daughters must cultivate the small garden plots. They are always happy to share the first fruits with the "hermanas."

It is easy to stray from one's subject. Moreover, the lamp is sputtering for lack of oil, so I must bid you Goodnight.

May Jesus and Mary reign in our hearts and in the hearts of all,

CATECHIST BLANCHE RICHARDSON.



A Catechism Class at Vigiles, New Mexico

By Supporting a Catechist you extend the Kingdom of the Sacred Heart

THE SACRED HEART FOR THE MISSIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST: THE MISSIONS FOR THE SACRED HEART.

ALL over the world Spanish Catholics and their descendants are noted for three characteristic devotions: they are intensely devoted to the Blessed Sacrament; they are affectionately devoted to the Sacred Heart, and more than any other Catholic people (the Irish alone excepted) they have a truly filial devotion to God's Most Holy Mother.

Some years ago the whole Catholic world was edified when Alphonus, King of Spain, dedicated his entire kingdom and his people to the Sacred Heart. It was on the occasion of a certain Feast of Our Lord's Adorable Heart that this truly Catholic ruler caused a colossal statue of the Sacred Heart, which he had erected on a lofty eminence overlooking the capital city of Madrid, to be solemnly blessed in the presence of the whole hierarchy of Spain, the highest officials of the kingdom and over a million of his faithful subjects.

Both in Old Mexico and in New Mexico the people have a wonderful devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. In New Mexico our Catechists have, during the past seven years, been endeavoring to instill a deep, practical devotion to the Most Holy Heart of Jesus in the souls of the children under their care, as well as their parents.

Shortly after their Reception into the Society, all the Catechists are enrolled as members of the League of the Sacred Heart. Certain Catechists are then selected to act as promoters of the League so that they may, after they are sent to the missions, spread this beautiful devotion.

Thus far two Catechists are laboring under the patronage of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Sacred Heart Parish of Baileyville, Kansas, has adopted and is supporting the Head Catechist of the Society, whose family belong to this parish. A number of our newly Professed Catechists have begged for the privilege of laboring under the patronage of the Sacred Heart. Unfortunately, however, because of lack of funds we have not been able thus far to establish new Burses in honor of Our Dear Lord's Adorable Heart.

During this blessed month of the Sacred Heart, nothing will make both ourselves and these newly Professed Catechists happier than to be able to establish two new Sacred Heart Burses. These new Sacred Heart Catechists we could then send to the poorest and most neglected mission districts of the Southwest, there to extend the Kingdom of the Sacred Heart in the souls of the spiritually starving little ones of the Faith, so dear to the Heart of the Good Shepherd.

Who will be the first to honor the Sacred Heart by establishing one of these new burses? For the small sum of \$25.00 a month we could support a Sacred Heart Catechist.

Sam, a well-known colored character about town, was watching a Salvation Army rally. After the usual hymn had been sung, one of the Salvation lassies approached Sam, holding out her tambourine for some of his loose change. Sam had no money. Moreover he owed everybody in town. When he failed to contribute, the Army worker reminded him: "You owe it to the Lord."

"Yes'm," said Sam, "Ah knows it. But the Lawd ain't pushin' me like the rest."

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

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? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
? What do you want done with your ?
? money after your death? ?
? What will your relatives and bene- ?
? factors do with your money after ?
? your death? ?
? Have you considered investing in ?
? our Annuity Plan whereby you not ?
? only insure yourself of a regular in- ?
? come during your lifetime and the ?
? charitable use of your money after ?
? your death, but also of a continual ?
? remembrance in the prayers and ?
? good works of the Missionary Cate- ?
? chists laboring among the neglected ?
? poor in the mission districts? ?
? LIFE—Wealth—Ease—Honors ?
? DEATH—? - ? - ? ?
? These six things have made our ?
? "Annuity Plan" appeal to Practical ?
? Catholics: ?
? 1—Absolute security of invest- ?
? ment. ?
? 2—Good rate of interest. ?
? 3—Freedom from legal complica- ?
? tions. ?
? 4—Return of money in cases of ?
? of necessity, upon 60 days' notice. ?
? 5—Acceptance of sums as small as ?
? \$50.00. ?
? 6—Certainty that after death the ?
? principal will be applied for charit- ?
? able purposes. ?
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Chicago, Ill., May 21, 1928.

Rev and Dear Father:

Enclosed please find a check for one thousand (\$1000) dollars, which is given to your Society on the basis of the Annuity Plan.

This money was given to me by a friend. Considering how the donation could produce the greatest spiritual returns for the soul of the donor, I finally resolved to give the money to your great work of charity among the neglected poor so that he will often be remembered in the prayers of the Catechists. Moreover, you will please give me 5 per cent semi-annual interest, for which money I will offer Masses for this generous donor.

May God bless you and your most noble work!

Sincerely in Xto.,

REV. V. T. N.

Brevities

May the names of all our good benefactors be engraved forever in the adorable Heart of Jesus!

Every day in June our friends and benefactors will be remembered in our Sacred Heart Devotions just as they shared in our May Devotions in honor of Our Blessed Mother.

Earnest, devout young women should pray for a vocation as a Missionary Catechist.

At the present time, Holland sets a remarkable example to the world for mission zeal. For every 630 Catholics in the country, there is one actually laboring as a Missionary.

The Catholics of Holland form only one per cent of the Church's total membership, but the country supplies ten per cent of the Church's Missionaries.

There are approximately 26,000,000 Protestants in our country. These Protestants give more for the propagation and maintenance of their home and foreign missions, than do the 325,000,000 Catholics living in the world.

In Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, the Presbyterians are building a \$75,000 church. Santa Fe is a Catholic city. This evidences the strength of the Presbyterians' drive to make Northern New Mexico Protestant.

Franciscan Fathers, Cerrillos, New Mexico

May 21, 1928.

Dear Rev. Father:

I hope and pray that Almighty God may grant you complete recovery from your recent illness. Surely, Our Blessed Lady of Victory will not overlook our petitions as Her Feast-Day draws near.

We have just finished with the First Holy Communion classes both here and at Madrid. The children were wonderfully instructed. We had a class of thirty-five at Cerrillos and thirty-six at Madrid. A few days before two little lads whose parents were leaving for the beet-fields of Colorado received privately, and a short time before that four of the older children received, really making a class of forty-two.

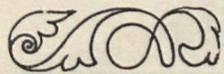
The Catechists have done splendid work during the past year and have had wonderful success. Our May devotions are well attended every day. We have had over fifteen hundred Holy Communions at Cerrillos and Madrid since January—formerly we had only seventy-five yearly Communions from these two Missions. I know and feel certain that God has granted this initial success to the Catechists in order to encourage them in the difficult work ahead.

May God bless you, dear Father, for having sent us these good Catechists. This is the constant prayer of myself and of all those Friars associated with me.

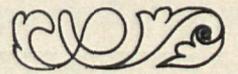
Sincerely yours in Christ,

FATHER OLIVER, O. F. M.

The Sacred Heart thirsts for the souls of the neglected children of the Missions—Are you doing your "bit"?



## A Case for the Exhibit



Mary Stephen

**T**HE telephone intruded upon a busy hour at my office.

"Could you possibly spare us an hour this afternoon?" asked a voice.

"Not unless it is something very important," I replied, taking a rapid and dismayed survey of the things which simply had to be done in the next half day.

"It is important," the voice insisted. "We want you to bring some of those things you gathered up in the Southwest and fill a case at our exhibit."

It was a temptation to refuse curtly, and hang up the phone. What did a casual museum case amount to, when one already had more to do than she could possibly get through with? Then I thought of my own joy in my treasured relics from the Ruins Country, and hesitated. After all, somebody else might be able to see in them a little of the story that was as plain as print to me in every ancient jar, and bone needle, and pottery shard.

"I'll see what I can do," I replied.

Once at home, on a low stool before the open door of my cabinet, trying to choose which of my small store of relics of an ancient race would be of most interest to bored exhibit visitors, the old spell came over me. Crowded offices and hurried days gave way to the unhindered sunlight and leisurely trails of the deserted country. A dry sprig of sage-brush tumbled out of a dusty Chiricahua basket as I lifted it down, and the smell of it, pungent still in its decadent later days, brought back vivid memories. Once more we drove our lean little flivver up-grade to glory on a New Mexican mountain-side, scattering a flock of sheep herded by a young Mexican and his great brown dog, the hooves of the "woollies" pounding up a cloud of acrid sage-dust to settle grayly upon us. We turned after we had passed to see the shepherd calmly gathering them up, his dog working with him intelligently, to follow again the lead of the venerable, long-bearded billy-goat which acted as pilot.

How blue the skies were, and how limitless seemed the distances. Northward, no one could tell how many miles, a misty dark patch against the sky told of the passing of a far-away shower. To the Southward, bending easterly through the canyons, we caught here and there a gleam of the tumbling Rio Grandé as it made its first venture out of the mountains. Blots of dark lava were streaked with occasional bright outcropping rocks, for this is the land of strong color and contrast.

Automatically my hand sought a red jar on the top shelf as I mused. I had found it the day we passed the shepherd and scattered his sheep on the sage-grown trail. A beautiful jar it is, mellow with centuries, graceful as a Grecian urn, and marked with the mysterious sign of the swastika in sure black lines. Tired and hot, we had come to the end of our climb, and thrown ourselves down to rest in the shade of a shelving rock while our guide made the never-failing noon coffee. A depression in the tumbled debris

attracted us as we rested, and when, once more refreshed, we attacked the work we had come to do, we began digging carefully at the outer edge of this hollow.

It was a kiva, we soon discovered, the roof fallen many centuries ago; the tribe to which it had belonged scattered or exterminated and the low fragments of ruined pueblo wall the only sign that this had ever been a human habitation. As we worked we could reconstruct the whole mournful story of the brown men and women, the lithe lads and girls and bright-eyed children who had worked and played under this cave's friendly ledge and been sheltered from storms—and worse—by its protection. Gone forever—no one knows when or where or how!

We dug carefully, for we had learned how

costly the careless thrust of a pick might be. So when my small metal-tipped probe struck a solid substance in the kiva-dust, I worked about with the utmost caution until the light debris had been thrown back, and the curving handle of a jar appeared. How excited I was! No one could ever tell what treasure might be coming to light, when such signs were found.

Thus, by slow degrees, fearful that it might prove only a fragment after all, I brought my lovely jar back to the light of day. I lifted it out of its gray bed, turned it over to shake out the age-old roots and sand, and tapped it cautiously to see if it was whole. To my joy not a crack appeared in it. The slender handles stood unchipped, and the sturdy bowl shone like polished

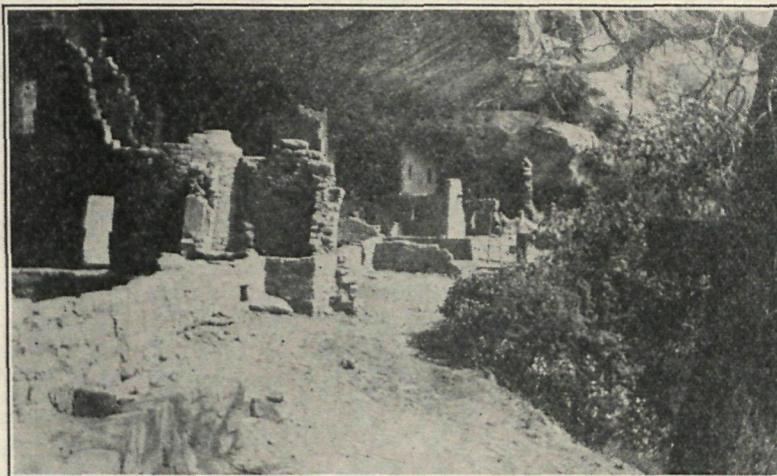
Pompeian clay through its dusty coating. Once this coating was off, the black, elongated swastika symbol appeared, circling the shoulder of the bowl and emerging into slim lines of decoration such as no one but an artist could have applied.

I lifted it down now from the top shelf in my cabinet, brushing a little dust off thoughtfully, and wondering if anyone else would ever see what I saw in this unobtrusive little object. Somehow it seemed almost sacrilege to put it into a glass case to be stared at by folks who did not understand. Away back there, no one knows how long ago, it must have been some small

brown woman's household treasure, for it is carefully and skillfully made, and could have been meant for no ordinary use. The swastika to this day does not ornament the jars in which red beans are cooked or rabbits stewed—and the Hopis keep their old customs jealously! And to this day, among the tribes at Walpi, are red jars of similar form and decoration—heirlooms of the generations who have wandered for a thousand years over the face of the gold desert.

Beside them I laid a mano, or grinding stone, smooth as glass from its ancient use. This little gray stone might have lain in a civilized path unnoticed; but where I found it, high in a cliff-cave, beside a blackened fire-hollow, with a fallen slab from the side of the meal bin near by, it told a significant story of life, and love, and happiness—of rain in the valleys, corn growing slim and green, and "bread to eat."

I am hoping that one, or two, or three, perhaps, of those who see these things in the exhibit, may get some such glimpse of our common humanity, and feel for the minute a closer tie between time that has been and time that is, and between our own land and the beautiful, mysterious, beckoning desert regions where a scattered, gentle, home-loving people still dwells. Something of their fine integrity and simplicity must have come down to them in these modern days from those long-dead generations who made such jars as these of mine, and wove sandals of yucca fiber over stone lasts such as the one I took down from my shelf last of all to put into the case of "curios" for the exhibit at the City Library.



### TO A VANISHED RACE.

Mary Stephen

Here are the homes that you made, and the tools you used in the making,  
Hammer and axe of stone, left just as you laid them down;  
And here your maidens worked, as the sunrise world was waking,  
Sifting the yellow meal through slender fingers of brown.

We know that you loved and hated, for here are hearthstone and arrow,  
That you worked and were glad, by the print of a baby's hand on the wall;  
We walk in your old-time ways, through canyons deep and narrow,  
And hear at the edge of the night the same wild voices call.

Almost we listen and wait, to catch the sound of your voices,  
A laugh or the babble of children, in the deep, cool dusk of the caves;  
But only the lone fox barks, or the mimicking wren rejoices,  
And your age-old secrets are safe, down under these dusty waves.

Here are the homes that you built, O, mystical, vanished nation,  
Each intimate thing in its place, rafter, and window, and wall;  
But where is the power that was You—the hope, and the aspiration,  
And the wonderful, sunlit joy that was over and under it all?

*By Supporting a Catechist you extend the Kingdom of the Sacred Heart*

## The Associate Catechists of Mary

A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN DAY

**V**ICTORY-MOUNT was the scene of feverish activity. At least on the part of those in charge of the children's Catechism classes. Busy hands plied needles, fashioning scapulars of brown cloth and binding them in a button-hole stitch of blue. Others hemmed net veils, or counted the white dresses and suits to make sure there were enough for the entire group. Truly, these Catechists could now sympathize with the old Lady who lived in the shoe who had so many children she didn't know what to do. Here was a pair of white stockings which would fit Antonita, but there remained a hole in the heel to be darned. The dress which looked quite well on Teresita needed a deeper hem, and had to be pressed because of its crushed appearance. The tightly packed box in which it came, bore the postscript, "Chicago." Oh, yes, these were busy days.

The Missionary Catechists on the Mount assist the Missionary Priests in three adjoining parishes in the teaching of Catechism. Six months are spent in intensive interior preparation for First Communion days. The children are taught the necessary prayers and as much doctrine as little eight-year old heads can retain. Our Mexican children are backward. Consequently, the general of an army, after a successful battle, cannot feel as exultant as ourselves when the Pablos and Marias in our classes are able to say the Act of Contrition, or repeat the Ten Commandments, without hesitation.

Six days are spent in getting them ready exteriorly. Through the kind generosity of the readers of our pages, and especially of the Associate Catechists of Mary, we have never yet failed to provide each child with a white dress or suit. Sometimes these are not new and must be laundered or mended

A  
Mission  
First  
Communion  
Class



a bit, but always they are neat and respectable, and far better than the poor parents could afford to buy their children. There have been occasions when we could give the girls their First Communion Veils. Usually, however, these are only lent for the day, and then packed away for next year's Class.

Never did countenances appear quite so glowing as on this day of days. Felipe's mother must have scoured him with Gold Dust. His face was of a deep ruddy hue, and so shiny that he looked as if he had been peeled. Mateo flourished an exceedingly large handkerchief, evidently his papa's, until he was relieved of it by the Catechist who knelt behind him during Mass. Juanito reached into his pocket a dozen times to make sure that his scapular was there, only to discover he had left it at his seat when he was ready to be enrolled at the Altar. Of course, the watchful Catechist knew where he had left it, and straightway set his anxious heart at ease by getting it for him.

At the Communion of the Mass, the little folks entered the small sanctuary, boys first, girls afterwards, to receive the God of their hearts from the hands of their pastor. At the conclusion of the Mass, brief sermons were given to both the parishioners attending, and the children making their First Holy Communion.

At Senora Montoya's house, breakfast was served to the First Communicants after Mass. This good lady's house was a trifle larger than her neighbor's, and it pleased her to do honor on this great day of the children's lives. She provided the hot coffee, therefore, while we provided the muffins and milk. At each child's plate was also a small basket of hard candy. At first, the children were a wee bit bashful at the sight of so many ministering ladies, but presently they proved themselves to be as hungry as we had imagined they would be.

The First Communion Day at San Antonio was over. It was a never-to-be-forgotten day for both the children and their Catechists.



Dear Juniors:

Here at Victory-Noll, we have a Priest who came from Mexico. You know how Catholics in that country are being treated, so you will understand why Father had to leave his own people, and come to a strange land. Father told me the other day how the little Mexican children honor Our Eucharistic Lord during the beautiful month of June, which is the month devoted to the Sacred Heart.

The children, both boys and girls, are all dressed in white. The girls wear red ribbon bows on their breasts, and the boys wear a band of red ribbon on their arms. They march up to their special places in the front of the church, each one carrying a bouquet of pretty flowers, a lighted candle, or perfume. After the devotions there is a procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament.

We do not have ceremonies just like that

in this country, but there are many other ways in which you can show your love for the Sacred Heart of Jesus as It beats in the Blessed Sacrament. You can beg your dear Mother Mary to make you pure and sweet in the eyes of Jesus, Who loves little children so much.

You can pray and help the Catechists by sending little ribbons, medals, Sacred Heart Badges, netting for veils and similar articles for the poor little Mexican children who have none of these things. And above all, you can receive your dearest Jesus every morning in Holy Communion. It is by receiving Him often with a heart full of love that you please Him best.

Catechist Supervisor  
Jr. Associate Catechists of Mary.

Sacred Heart School  
Dubuque, Ia.

Dear Catechist:

We are sending back your banks, filled

### Junior Associate Catechists of Mary

with dimes, as a gift to your poor Mission children.

Perhaps you would like to know how we filled them. One day Sister said she had some news for us. We could not wait until we heard what it was. Sister read your letter to the class, and told us about the banks. Then we were determined to send them back filled. Sister thought it was better to put our dimes in the banks than in ourselves.

We have five Mission groups in our room, and each group has named itself after a Saint. Our group is called, "The Little Gems of the Blessed Virgin." Each group received a bank, and then we ran a race to see which group would have theirs filled first.

Every week, we have a Mission meeting. Sometimes we take in as much as a dollar and a half. Then each group reports on what it has done that week. Sometimes we have grab bags and cake sales.

Praying that your work in the Missions will be successful, we remain

The Little Gems of the Blessed Virgin.

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

CATECHIST SUPERVISOR,  
Associate Catechists of Mary,

Victory-Noll

Huntington, Ind.

*The Sacred Heart thirsts for the souls of the neglected children of the Missions—Are you doing your "bit?"*

# Victory-Noll Notes

# Victory-Mount Echoes

Gary-Indiana  
Harbor  
Catechists



**T**IS June on the "Noll." Long before we Victory-Nollers have assembled in Our Lady's Chapel to lift our ardent hearts in adoration and praise to the Giver of all good gifts, God's winged choristers have wafted their thanksgivings aloft on the wings of song.

\* \* \*

Ceremonies of Investiture and Profession took place May 24, the Patronal Feast-Day of our dear Society. The Rev. Father Hammes of Crown Point, Ind., assisted by the Retreat Master, Rev. Father A. Filling, O. M. I., of San Antonio, Texas, officiated and celebrated the Investiture Mass.

Among the visiting clergy were Father E. J. Luke of Chicago, Ill., and Father F. A. Pudlowski of St. Louis, Mo.

In his address of felicitation to the newly invested Catechists and their assembled relatives and friends, Father Hammes spoke with deep conviction of the happiness of the Missionary Call and of the great harvest waiting "out there." In closing he said: "Today the Angels and Saints in Heaven are whispering amongst themselves and their whisperings in gradual cadence are rising until the majesty of their song approaches the Throne of Almighty God who is well pleased. Go forth, then, bringing hope and consolation to those who are utterly forgotten; become one with them, bringing a little more happiness, a little more love to these forsaken souls."

Those making their Profession were: Catechists Eleanor Clements of Okechobee, Fla., and Mary Whitfield of Dubuque, Iowa.

Catechists Dorothy Trapp of Peru, Ind., Dorothy Wilke of Chicago, Ill., and Mabel Denzig of Elkhart, Ind., were received into the Juniorate of the Society.

Those admitted as Probationers were: Catechists Effie McConnell of Fort Wayne, Ind., Christine Wirtz of Crown Point, Ind., and Bertha Dorman of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Catechists Gertrude Zenner of Schenectady, N. Y., and Catherine Leven of Danville, Ill., received the White Veil and Mary-blue uniform of the Consecrates.

\* \* \*

Among the many guests who attended the investiture ceremonies on May 24, the Catechists were delighted to number three Promoters of our Auxiliary, the Associate Catechists of Mary. Mrs. Catherine Service, Chief-Promoter, Mrs. Nellie Wainwright and Mrs. J. S. Scheur, all of Chicago, arrived at Victory-Noll the preceding evening.

They were delighted with the simple dignity of the ceremonies, with the charming home of the Catechists, and with the opportunity of a more intimate glimpse into the lives, ideals and work of our Society.

We have much, indeed, for which to thank these good ladies and the members of their bands, as they have not spared themselves in making the Auxiliary a real power for good. Our heartfelt gratitude to them, and to all our other zealous Promoters!

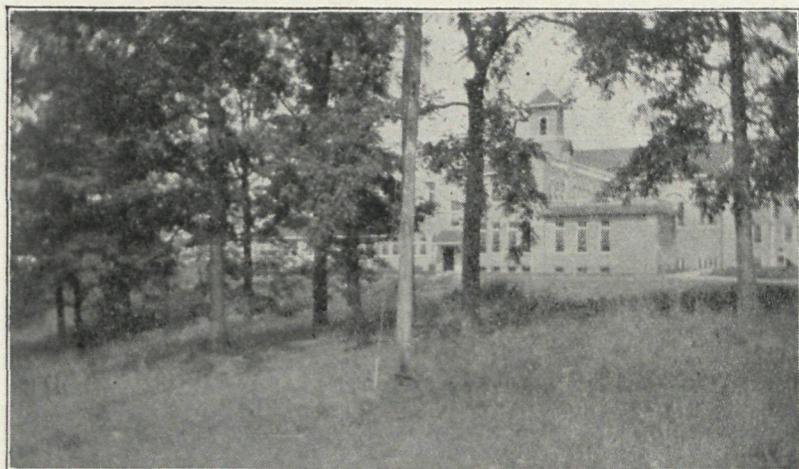
\* \* \*

Amongst recent happenings near the Noll was the laying of the cornerstone of the new Capuchin Novitiate which is located about a mile away. Undaunted by the numerous "April showers" the Capuchins carried out the ceremonies as planned.

Victory Noll had as guests Father Benedict Mueller, Provincial, Father Fabian Fetha, Missionary, and Father Clement Neubauer, Master of Novices. For several months we have had with us Father Salesius Schneiweis, who is supervising the erection of the building.

\* \* \*

These are strenuous days. Even when ambition lags, duty calls "to be up and doing." With the expenditure of much time and labor, we are succeeding in making the barren places veritable spots of beauty. Those Catechists who are engaged in the accomplishment of this difficult task can truthfully say: "Yes, these are strenuous days!"



'Tis  
June  
the  
"Noll!"

**T**HE Missionary in the "Sunny Southwest" may not have to contend with the snowdrifts and blizzards of Alaska, nor the jungles of Africa, but, nevertheless, his trail is not the paved highway. Let me tell you what hapened to a Padre from Vegas.

He was called to visit a sick man living in a poor hut up in the mountains. Padre S. started out in his little Ford at two o'clock in the afternoon. Making his way over the rugged and dangerous mountain roads, he was caught in a terrific wind and snowstorm before nightfall. Determined to carry the Blessed Sacrament to the dying penitent, the good Padre kept up his battle with the elements. All night he fought and searched for the trail that led to the hut of the dying man.

In the morning he was far from the rectory and farther still from his goal. At that high altitude, cold, fatigued, and blinded by the storm, he could only continue at the risk of his life. This he did. But that evening found him back at the rectory without having reached his destination.

\* \* \*

There is time even in busy mission life for an occasional picnic.

When the bright southern sun was high in the azure skies last Sunday, we locked our cottage doors and left our Mission cares therein. Then we rode off to the conifer-dotted mountain beyond the mesa. On the mesa we passed the playgrounds of man and of nature side by side:—the golf links where Las Vegas' citizens find recreation; the tunnelled earth where saucy sable prairie dogs scamper from hole to hole.

Taking the narrow road through the arroyo, we arrived at the foot of the mountain. After depositing our supplies under several pine trees, we started to climb.

Shortly before noon we re-assembled to prepare dinner. The sweet scent of pine and cedar boughs mingled with the appetizing aroma of coffee and roasted weiners when we knelt upon Nature's carpet amid whispering pines to beg the Blessing of the Giver of all gifts.

From a Pullman window, New Mexico may appear a barren waste, but, those who haunt the wide open spaces find in it an uniuie and fascinating beauty.

*By Supporting a Catechist you extend the Kingdom of the Sacred Heart*

## The Saddest Of All Sad Stories--The Story Of A Lost Vocation

"Come in," cheerily called Father Jerome, the genial chaplain of Mercy Hospital,—in response to a timid knock on the door of his study.

As the door opened, and Sister Agatha, the Superintendent of Nurses, entered, the quick eyes of the Chaplain immediately detected that the good Sister was evidently much disturbed over some serious matter.

"Why Sister!" exclaimed Father Jerome, after the customary greetings, "you look as if you were in trouble about something. I hope nothing serious has happened in the Nurses' Home?"

"Oh, no, Father. Thank God! Everything is all right with our pupil nurses," she replied, "but something terrible has happened to one of our graduates. It is that poison case in 445, brought in by the police last night—a young woman who attempted to commit suicide by taking bichloride of mercury."

"I heard about this case from Sister Bernadine this morning. Sister said, however, that the woman was registered as a non-Catholic and so I have not as yet been to see her," said Father Jerome.

"But she is a Catholic, Father, and I am sure when you have heard the story of her life you will agree that it is another one of those saddest of stories—the story of a lost vocation."

"Tell me all about it, Sister," urged the good Priest.

"Well Father," began Sister Agatha, as she seated herself, "this case goes back to a time when dear Father Maurice, your predecessor, was chaplain of our hospital.

"This young woman whose name is Mrs. Rosemary Thorndale is the wife of a doctor, formerly one of our internes.

"Rosemary, whose maiden name was Bell, entered our Training School eight years ago. She came to us from a splendid Catholic family down in the southern part of the State.

"From the very first day she entered as a Probationer, Rosemary was easily the favorite of our Training School. Everybody loved her. She was one of those wholesome, modest, cheerful, industrious country girls,—one of a type but too quickly passing away.

"Long before she graduated in 1905 she told Father Maurice, as well as myself, that she felt that she had a vocation to be a Religious and a Missionary. She wanted to become a Medical Missionary and go out to nurse the sick poor in the Missions. Of course, we encouraged her and urged her to pray to the Sacred Heart for the grace to persevere in following her vocation.

"In her Junior year, however, she had the misfortune of meeting a graduate nurse, who was anything but a practical Catholic. This nurse had a winning personality and it was not long before she filled poor Rosemary's head with her worldly ideas.

"As soon as I heard that Rosemary was running around late hours with this woman, I forbade her keeping company with her any longer.

"Sincerely repentant for her faults, she promised to do so. But it seems that the older woman had gotten the simple-minded country girl completely under her influence, so that during the last part of her Senior year, Rosemary never once mentioned a word about her vocation.

"Then one day she got a wire that her mother had died. Heartbroken, she came to me and I gave her permission to go home for the funeral and to remain for some weeks.

"The death of her mother seemed to have a chastening affect upon Rosemary, but soon she again fell under the spell of the graduate nurse's power. It was through her that Rosemary got to going around with this Dr. Thorndale, and a year after graduation she was married to him outside the Church.

"From the story Rosemary told me I really believe, Father, that the poor child intended getting married in the Church, but was deceived by this man who professes to be an atheist. She said he promised that after the civil marriage they would be married by the Priest. But after she had gone through the "court marriage he not only refused to be married by the Priest, but after a time even forbade her to practice her religion. After her child was born things went from bad to worse. Her man became very abusive and cruel to her. There were frequent quarrels, so that after a time Rosemary left him and with her child went to live with her parents. During the time she was at home with her parents, Rosemary's baby was baptized and shortly afterwards the little one took sick and died.

"After they lived apart for six or eight months, the doctor went down to Rosemary's home and by his flatteries and promises induced her to come back to live with him again. After she returned, it seemed that matters were no better than before. They had frequent quarrels and finally in a fit of despondency Rosemary attempted to commit suicide and, as you know, was brought to the hospital in a dying condition last night. You will readily understand the character of this man, Father, when I tell you that he had the poor girl registered here as a non-Catholic for fear that if she did recover, she might go back to her Church and the Sacraments. This then is the sad history, Father, in the life of a girl who really lost her vocation."

"Well, I agree with you, Sister, that it is really a very pathetic story and from all that you have told me I am convinced that it is another one of the cases we so frequently meet with in those upon whom Our Lord has showered His graces and set apart for His chosen spouses, but unfortunately these graces are lost, with the consequent danger of the loss of the soul of those who have been so highly privileged. Now that I have the history of this case, Sister, I will go up and speak to this poor girl. Meanwhile let us pray to the Sacred Heart to grant her the grace of repentance and the saving grace of a happy death."

SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS,

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

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*The Sacred Heart thirsts for the souls of the neglected children of the Missions—Are you doing your "bit"?*