

# The Missionary Catechist



Volume IV

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, October, 1928

Number 10

## Texas, The New Missionary Field Of The Catechists

Rev. A. Filling, O. M. I., San Antonio, Texas

**U**ST as the news was spreading: "The Catechists are coming to Texas," the writer of these lines received from the editor of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST a letter which contained the following question: "Father, what about writing an article for 'The Missionary Catechist' about Texas, that wonderful state of yours?"

It is quite flattering for a Texan to hear an editor from proud Indiana apply the epithet "wonderful" to a state which has always been the target of much crude humor, from the time of General Sheridan who said: "If I owned Texas and Hades, I'd rent Texas and move to the other place," to that sarcasm of more recent date: "Texas is so dry that her rivers have to be watered in the summer to keep them from getting dusty." There are fish stories, sea yarns and war tales, but there are no jokes about Texas. Of her, we can say: "Truth seems at times stranger than fiction," and the lover of statistics, and fantastic contrasts and comparisons finds in Texas rich material for his imagination. He will find that Texas has one-twelfth of the total area of the United States; that she exceeds New England in area, with New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and the two Virginias thrown into the bargain; that from El Paso in the West to Texarcana in the East it is farther than from New York to Chicago; and that made into a square, Texas would have sides over five hundred miles in length. She is certainly entitled to half a dozen stars in the union flag.

Where is the state whose history is more replete with knightly romance and of almost leg-

endary bravery than the history of Texas under the six flags? She alone of all the states can boast of having been at one time a free, independent nation.

Let us take an airplane view of this colossal state. In the center its capital, Austin, with a capitol dome of native rosy granite, second in size only to the National Capitol at Washington. The present day estimate of the value of land paid the Austin capital builders is sixty million dollars. And this, in sight of the hills, where, within the memory of men still living, dwelt the Red Man in his wigwam and hunting lodge.

Southward, beyond prairies, dotted with prosperous towns, you see San Antonio, that old town filled with the memory of heroic deeds. There still stands the Alamo, which more glorious than the Thermopylae, had not even a messenger of its defeat. There, the old missions bear mute but eloquent testimony of the heroic sons of the gentle

Saint of Assisi, whilst over all proudly wave the Stars and Stripes of the old army post.

To the East, beyond the river La Vaca, which LaSalle and his men sailed, there lies at the edge of immense rice fields, and surrounded by rich oil fields with their liquid gold, Houston, of Democratic Convention fame, Houston, the coming Chicago of the South, with its one thousand-room hotel, its network of railroads, that connect it with Mexico, the West and the Mississippi Valley. It is in touch even with far-away Wyoming, through pipe lines that bring the oil to the hundreds of boats and tankers, which bind Houston to South America and Europe. Then Galveston, the largest cotton shipping port of America, which has conquered the fury of the ocean with its world-famous sea wall.

Northward, on hundreds of miles of black soil, Texas grows one-third of the cotton raised in the world. Farther north lies the newer Texas with Dallas, and its "cloud scrapers." Fort Worth that kills every year a million cattle and over a million calves, sheep and hogs, is the gate city of West Texas. West Texas is an empire in itself. The snorting, fighting Texas longhorn lives only in history now, and the names of the famous cowpunchers are found only in cowboy ballads and on the screen, but that immense territory, which lies between the Brazos River and the Rio Grande, still deserves in many respects the name of "Wild and Woolly West."

Great is Texas. Moody, her governor, rules more territory than the King of Italy or Spain. Great is Texas. Tell a hundred apparently contradictory

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Immaculate Conception Mission, San Antonio, Built in 1713.

EVERY NEW MISSION IS A NEW OUTPOST OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

# An Audience With The Queen

Lida Coghlan

"THERE is always a way out of trouble in books," Myra sighed as she laid down the book she had been reading.

"What is it, dear?" Aunt Hilda looked up from her knitting, keeping the needles nicely poised, lest she drop a stitch.

"I said that writers can always get their characters out of trouble."

"Tell me about it; the story you have been reading." Aunt Hilda ran all the stitches on to the left hand needle and folded her hands over the work in her lap.

"The story is about a young man who was convicted of a crime of which he was innocent. He was," with a little catch in her voice, "sentenced to death. His devoted sister applied to the king, but was refused. She was in despair when an old soldier—who had been her father's friend—advised her to seek an audience with the queen, who was very tender-hearted. The king had married late in life, and was devotedly attached to his young wife and could refuse her nothing.

"Through the influence of the soldier the young man's sister became acquainted with one of the queen's maids of honor, who brought her—by a secret door—to the queen's boudoir. When her majesty was quite alone the man's sister threw herself at the feet of the queen, told her story and besought the queen to make intercession for her. The queen was moved to pity, and secured the young man's pardon by asking it as a personal favor of the king."

"A very pretty story," Aunt Hilda sighed and again took up her knitting.

"In real life the devoted sister is not so fortunate and," bitterly, "there is no beautiful, tender-hearted queen."

Myra walked to the window and stood for a moment looking into the street. Why was the world so beautiful? Why should the birds sing so joyously and the sun shine so gloriously when Daniel, her beautiful, talented brother, was languishing in prison?

"Aunt Hilda, I am going out; don't ask me where, for I have no idea where I am going. I'll just walk, walk, walk; I only wish it could be to the end of the world, to the end of all things."

"Myra, Myra, child; put your trust in God."

"In God! Is there a God?" with sudden vehemence. "I will not believe in God unless something happens to prove Daniel's innocence." She looked like some tragedy queen as she raised her hands to Heaven. "O, God Almighty! if you are almighty, help us now when all earthly help is vain!" Myra caught sight of Aunt Hilda's distressed face; with a stifled sob she stooped and kissed her, then rushed from the room.

The old lady listened until she heard the street door close. "Poor child!" she sighed, "poor, poor child!"

Myra walked rapidly along, heedless of where she was going, her mind one chaotic protest. She was roused from her bitter thoughts by the sound of childish voices.

Stopping to listen she found herself at St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum. A procession of little boys carrying banners was marching through the grounds singing a hymn to Our Lady. How perfectly the childish voices mingled in the chorus:

"Hail, heavenly queen; hail, foamy ocean's star!



## MEMORARE.

Rev. Paul B. Smith, Ph. D.

Remember, O Mary, thou Virgin most gracious,

No suppliant ever besought thy protection, Invoked Thee for help, or implored intercession,

And failed to receive Thy omnipotent aid. Inspired with this faith, and with fervor audacious,

We come with our sins and our purposed contrition;

To Thee, Virgin Mother, our humble confession

Of weakness and need is confidently made. O Mother of God's Word Incarnate, be heeding

The cries of Thy children; despise not our prayer,

But in Thy great mercy give ear to our pleading,

And grant us the boon of Thy Motherly care.

O be our guide; diffuse they beams afar; Hail, Mother of God, above all virgins blest!

Hail, foamy ocean's star! hail, heavenly queen!

O be our guide to endless joys unseen."

Myra was interested. She entered the grounds to get a better view of the children. When the procession reached the chapel the people filed in after the children. Moved by a sudden impulse, Myra followed the crowd into the church. A feeling of peace stole over her. She felt lighter, as though she had laid aside some heavy garment as she came into the chapel.

After the recitation of the Office Father Conway spoke, eloquently and earnestly, on devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

"Remember that there is no circumstance or condition in life in which we do not need Her help, Her loving care. While Mary is our Mother; the best, the most tender; the most loving of mothers; she is also our Queen. As Queen of Heaven She is most powerful; Her Divine Son can refuse Her

nothing. As an earthly king will grant favors to his subjects through the intercession of his mother, so our Divine Lord will look with most favor upon the petitions which reach Him through His Mother.

"O, my friends! if you need help—and who does not? if you are in trouble—and who is free from it?—go to Mary, your Queen and your Mother; tell Her all about it; speak to Her with the same confidence with which you would speak to your own mother. Remember that Mary is Queen of Heaven; that our dear Lord, Who is the King, has all power in heaven and on earth, and that He can refuse her nothing. With such an advocate, why should we fear?"

Mary listened with growing interest to the sermon. She would like to seek help of this powerful Queen—but how? This thought occupied her mind during Benediction. When the congregation left the chapel Myra lingered hoping to see one of the Sisters.

Sister Mary Rose came in to extinguish the lights on the altar. Myra watched her eagerly, hoping she would come out through the chapel, which she did. Myra waited at the door, taking a timid step forward as the Sister came down the aisle.

"Did you wish to see anyone?" Sister Mary Rose saw the girl's agitation.

"Yes," Myra hesitated. "I know not how to address you,—what to call you."

"I am Sister Mary Rose," smiling; "call me Sister. Whom do you wish to see?"

"Anyone who can answer my question, who can tell me what to do."

"Come to the parlor." The gentle nun was attracted by the tragic grief in the girl's eyes. She led the way to a small parlor. "Sit down, my child, and tell me how I can help you."

Myra told the pitiful story. "Your preacher spoke of the Mother of Jesus as your Queen and your Advocate. If what he says is true, will you go to your Queen and ask Her to intercede with Her Son for my brother, that some proof of his innocence may come to light before"—with a sob—"he is sentenced?"

Sister Mary Rose was deeply touched. "I will; and I will ask the other Sisters to pray for him, and the children. But you must pray also, my child."

"But She is not my Queen; I have no claim upon Her."

"Your claim is the same as mine, dear child." The nun spoke gently; "for Her Divine Son died for you as well as for me. St. John represented you, too, when Our Dear Lord said to him: 'Behold thy Mother.' You may not acknowledge Her as such, but Mary is your Queen and your Mother, because your soul was ransomed by Her Son. Our Blessed Mother loves you and longs to help you even though you think you have no claim upon Her." Myra was crying softly. "In my despair I even doubted the existence of a God."

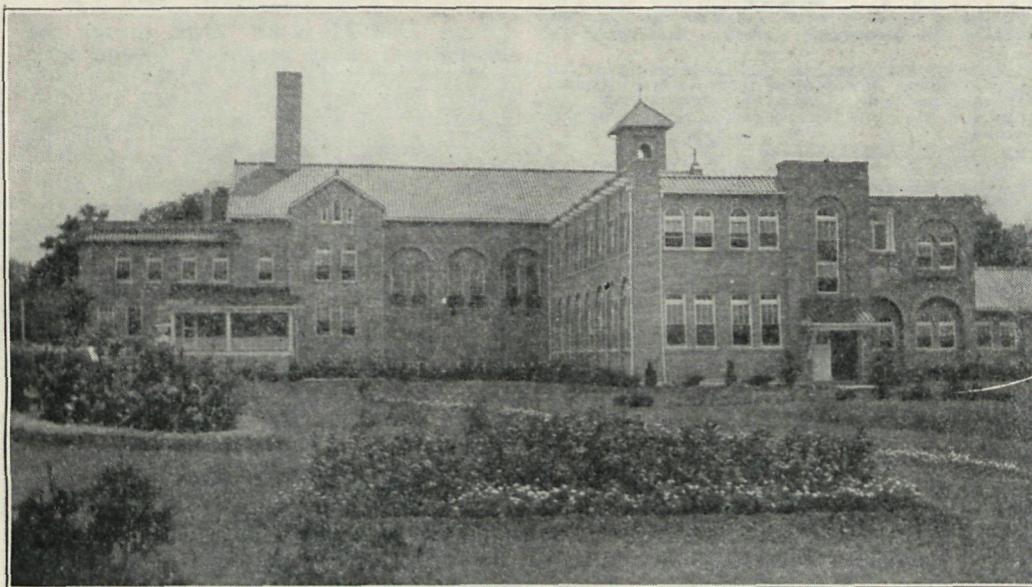
"That was the madness of grief, my child; you did not really doubt it." Sister Mary Rose answered a knock at the door. Returning, she took Myra's hand and spoke impressively. "Now listen. Go to the chapel, kneel at Our Lady's altar, tell Her your trouble, speak to Her even as the young girl of your story spoke to the queen. Pray with confidence, my child. When you are through with your prayers, return and

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# Victory-Noll Notes

## TEXAS, THE NEW MISSIONARY FIELD OF THE CATECHISTS.

(Continued from Page 1)



The "Noll" in its Fall Glory

THE renowned artist, Jack Frost, visited the "Noll" in late September adding his touch to the Autumn landscape. In the cool Autumn atmosphere Nature's lovers revel in her beauty, while Bluejays and Blackbirds hold their noisy consultations.

With renewed fervor and interest classes have been resumed. Appeals from Archbishops, Bishops and Priests, as well as from our zealous sister-Catechists in the Missions, fire us with ardor to master all requirements in preparation for the great work awaiting us. Father Basil, O. M. Cap., is our new instructor in Christian Doctrine.

During the last month the "Noll" was visited by many relatives and friends of the Catechists.

Mrs. Scheur, a very successful A. C. M. Band Promoter of Chicago, with her mother and little son, spent several days with us.

The Very Rev. Benedict Mueller, O. M. Cap., Provincial, and the Rev. Father Srill, O. S. M., were our esteemed guests.

Our monthly ceremony and Procession in honor of the Incarnation of Our Lord and the Annunciation of His Blessed Mother was the beautiful event of September 25th. We earnestly pray that the Incarnate Word may call many worthy young women to consecrate their lives to His service through Mary.

Our Publicity Agents, Mr. Roeder and Mr. Zieverick, report that "IN THE SERVICE OF THE QUEEN" is being met with enthusiastic applause wherever it is being shown.

At present our vocational film is booked solid until the 30th of November. From then until after the holidays it will probably be shown nearer home.

The following excerpt from a letter is worth quoting: "I am enclosing the entire proceeds from your picture, 'In the Service of the Queen.' I only wish that it were more. The picture brings home a wonderful lesson. I liked it very much and I hope it will bear fruit in many ways. May God bless you all.

"REV. M. PROCK, Merrill, Wis."

Rev. and dear Father:

I extend the greatest welcome to your good Catechists. I had the pleasure of their visit last Monday. They expect to be settled in the work by the end of the week.

I feel that the work of your Society is precisely what has long been needed out here. My heart is filled with gratitude to you and to our good Bishop for their coming, and, I trust I shall be able to unite my humble efforts with the apostolic labors of the Catechists.

Very sincerely in Domno.,  
REV. THEO. LANCTOT,  
Pastor of Sacred Heart Church,  
Dos Palos.



At Victory-Noll—Feast of the Assumption

things about Texas and you have told only a part of the truth.

The population of Texas is as varied as her products, her geography and her climate. It is as cosmopolitan as the population of New York. Are there any Mexicans in Texas? One might as well ask if there is any water in the ocean. The Mexican is ubiquitous. He is not the Hispano-American of New Mexico and Colorado,—he is the child of the land of Montezuma, with his large percentage of Indian blood. It is not easy to estimate the Mexican population of Texas; but if the Mexicans are numerous in other states, then in Texas they are legion. When you go west from San Fernando Cathedral in San Antonio you do not know whether you are in Mexico or in the U. S. A. San Antonio has 70,000; El Paso, 50,000,—just one-half of its entire population; Laredo is almost exclusively Mexican, and the rural districts swarm with Mexicans. Texas needs them. They pick her cotton, work her oil fields, her mills, her railway shops, gather her crops, and cultivate her innumerable farms.

I will not afflict the reader's mind with what has so often been said in these pages (although not often enough to arouse the attention of the Catholics in the North and East); that the Mexican is Catholic, but often in name only; that, were the Mexicans all practical Catholics, we would have to build, not churches, but coliseums to make room for them; that they are not immune against proselytism, and that large numbers do lose their Faith. If the Mexican question is for other Bishops a knotty one, it is infinitely so for the Bishops of the five dioceses of Texas. The Oblate Fathers have been laboring among the Mexican of Texas for almost eighty years; the Claretian Fathers for over a quarter of a century, and many, many secular Padres. The trials and hardships undergone by these Apostles of the ranchos form one of the most glorious chapters of the Church in America. Great and flourishing religious centers have been here and there established for the Mexicans in cities and towns,—but what of the thousands scattered over those immense areas mentioned above? This question has been asked a thousand times, but the answer is still the same today as fifty years ago. But meanwhile, the mighty river of time flows on, carrying souls into the ocean of eternity.

The news of the coming of the Missionary Catechists to Texas sounds like sweet, heavenly music in the ears of the Bishops and Priests of Texas.

The Society of Missionary Catechists is no longer in the trial and experimental stage. By the Grace of God, it has passed that stage and has passed it successfully. The work of the Missionary Catechists has stood the test in New Mexico.

The cry at the present hour is for more Catechists in our great Southwest. May the Lord of the Harvest rapidly increase their number; may the great Ruler of the hearts of men inspire our wealthy Catholics with the noble resolve to back up with their superfluous wealth the beautiful and deserving work of the good Catechists.

We bespeak for the Oblate Fathers and the Bishops of Texas a most hearty welcome for the Missionary Catechists to the great Mission Field where the destiny of hundreds of thousands of souls is at stake.

EVERY NEW MISSION IS A NEW OUTPOST OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

## "Behold Your King"

Fr. Salesius Schneweis, O. M. Cap.



IT is now close to three years that our Holy Father Pius XI introduced the feast of Christ the King. New feasts do not imply the promulgation of a new point of doctrine. They are rather the effect of doctrine and belief, although they may be introduced to bring out in bolder relief a certain point of doctrine which hitherto has been accepted implicitly by the faithful.

The doctrinal basis of this feast is nothing new.

It is already found in the oldest document of Christian belief, in the Apostolic Creed, where we acknowledge Christ as our Lord. He is our Lord not only as the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, but also in His humanity as the Godman Jesus Christ. Just as man is conceived the natural head of the visible creation, so is Christ in turn rightly viewed as the crown, as the ideal of humanity itself. It is in this sense that St. Paul writes (Hebr. 2, 10) that for Jesus all things were-made. Christ is the center of the universe that controls everything, around whom are grouped the angels as well as the sons of men. He is in truth the "Lord of the World." He was therefore King of the world even before the fall of man.

But the fall of man added a new title to the kingship of Christ. Sin is a rebellion and a denial of this kingship of Christ. It remained in the most abject slavery of mankind. It secured for man a tyrannical master, the "Prince of Darkness." "They could sell themselves into slavery, but redeem themselves they could not." It is the redemption of sinful mankind which gave a new foundation to the kingship of Christ. "The Lord shall give unto him the throne of David his father. Of his kingdom there shall be no end and he shall save his people from their sins." The rebellion of man had indeed not deprived the Son of God of his right over us, but there can be no doubt that after he has bought us back he has confirmed his claim on our loyalty and service. He has become again in a new way the fountain of life, the object of their service and the reward exceedingly great for all them who are called to be the children of God.

These are the truths on which this new feast in honor of our Lord rests. To remind the world of these important truths was precisely the aim that guided the Supreme Pontiff in the establishment of the feast. This feast should be a public profession of faith that there is no salvation, not even in the political and social spheres, if Christ be eliminated. Because he is the cornerstone not only of the Church, but also of the social and political fabric. Every institution therefore that does not reckon with Him is an anomaly and must therefore also antagonize the order established by God. If that be true, we must also conclude that every effort to spread the true faith in Christ is also an attempt to spread his kingdom. When therefore St. Francis came forth to preach penance he very appropriately called himself the herald of the Great King, because he came to establish the kingdom of God in the hearts of his hearers. This same principle may be also applied to the Missionary work of the Catechists.

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Rev. J. J. Sigstein, Spiritual Director of  
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Editor

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## Brevities

Pope Pius XI says: "Even though the missionaries labor zealously, though they work and toil and even lay down their lives; though they employ all industry and diligence and all human means, still all this shall be of no avail, all their efforts shall go to naught, unless God touches the hearts to soften them and to draw them to Him. Now, it is easy to see that everyone has the opportunity to pray, and so this help, the very nourishment of the missions, is within the power of all to supply."

Dear Readers, will you take to heart our Holy Father's advise and daily say at least one "Hail Mary" for the success of all missionary work?

Since God in His goodness has permitted you to enjoy temporal prosperity, should you not in appreciation put some of your earnings to work for Him? By means of our "Annuity Plan," practicable for both large and small amounts, you enjoy an assured income during life and the certainty that after death your money will still be working for the Mission Cause. The Society of Missionary Catechists will be pleased to send you details relative to its "Annuity Plan."

Have you joined the "2500 Club?" 'Tis the little things that count. A dollar a month is a small amount, but if 2500 people give this sum, it means the support of a Missionary Catechist for one month in the field. And, if 2500 charitably-disposed Catholics promise a dollar a month for a year, it means 100 times as many laborers in the vineyard and the saving of countless souls to the Kingdom of Christ!

Blessed is he whose privilege it is to encourage or help some chosen soul in the realization of his or her vocation!

Pray every day for vocations; pray for vocations to the Priesthood, to the Sisterhood, to the Society of Missionary Catechists!

Since October is the month set aside for special devotion to Our Lady of the Rosary, why not show Her your appreciation for past favors and assure yourself of future ones by establishing a second Burse in honor of Our Lady, Queen of the Rosary?

You may be certain that anything given in the name of Our Blessed Mother under this title will bring a hundred fold reward to its giver.

St. Louis.

Dear Rev. Father:

In honor of the Poor Souls Burse I am sending you my monthly dollar donation.

I received the September "Missionary Catechist" and enjoyed it very much. May God bless the young women who have given their lives to this noble work of saving the souls of these poor little children in New Mexico.

I only wish I could do such work myself, but, of course, I am getting up in years and my health is not good. But, if I can help save a soul by sending a little money towards the work of these young women, I am only too happy to do so for the Sacred Heart.

Wishing you every success and God's blessing, I remain,

Your friend to the Mission work,

J. W.

### REMEMBERS FOR OCTOBER.

Lida L. Coghlan.

REMEMBER that October is "Rosary Month," a time set apart for especial and particular devotion to Our Lady under the title of Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.

REMEMBER that the daily recitation of the Rosary is most pleasing to Our Lady and brings us many graces and many blessings.

REMEMBER that the Rosary is typical of life. The Joyful, Sorrowful and Glorious Mysteries being typical of youth, maturity and old age. In youth life is joyful and full of promise. In maturity we feel all the cares and burdens of life. We have not lost the ambitions of youth nor have we reached the serenity of age. Sorrows press heavily upon us. Life is a continual struggle and we follow our Divine Master from Gethsemane to Calvary. When old age comes we realize how little worth while are the things of this world and how glorious is the reward which awaits our Resurrection.

REMEMBER that battles have been won, plagues arrested, death averted and souls saved by the devout recitation of the Rosary.

REMEMBER that the faithful all over the world will recite the Rosary daily during this month. Let us participate in this festival of prayer.

Every lesson in Catechism which they explain is a lesson of loyalty, of supernatural patriotism which they would instill in the social work—or let us rather call it by its hearts of their charges. And every act of right name, Christian charity—is not only a work of service performed for this King, but pre-eminently a manifestation of the public spirit that reigns in the kingdom of Christ. And every new establishment of the Catechists is a new outpost of Christ's Kingdom.

Such outposts have been organized recently in Texas and southern California. The reader can readily convince himself of the necessity of multiplying these outposts in those quarters by the hundreds, if he will but read the articles on Texas in the present issue and on California in the July number of the Missionary Catechist. If circumstances do not permit us to be personal heralds of the Great King at these outposts, we can at least help to man and maintain these posts by our prayers and by material contributions. Remember it is for Christ our King!

# Mission Echoes

**Junior Training House, Gary, Ind.**—"Perros calientes!" (Hot dogs!). The exultant shouts burst from the hungry little Mexicans crowding into our little apartment in the Gary-Alerding Settlement House. Seeing and smelling hot weiners, fresh rolls, and steaming cocoa caused that spontaneous utterance from the poorly-dressed, cold and hungry children.

It was the first Sunday of the month. This crowd of boys and girls had just attended Mass in the basement Chapel and received Holy Communion. We were going to give them breakfast.

Words can but inadequately picture the scene that followed. It was pathetic to see these hungry youngsters forcefully restraining their desire to reach and grab the appetizing food so rare to them, however, they thanked us for everything we gave them. When the "feast" was over and final grace said, even the boys begged to wash the dishes.

While two of us were serving this breakfast in Gary four of our sister-Catechists were feeding a greater number of little Mexicans in the basement of Our Lady of Guadalupe Church in Indiana Harbor.

By tact and labor we are able to reduce the cost of these breakfasts to the minimum, at the same time making them nutritively valuable. During a few spare moments on Saturday this meal is prepared. For the last breakfast we made almost four hundred Parker House rolls at an average cost of only six cents per dozen.

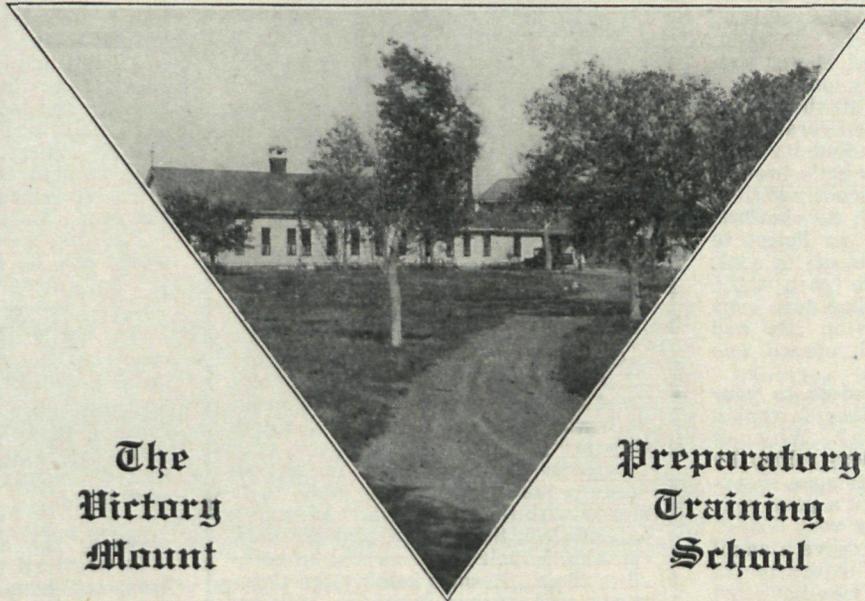
While rejoicing that the number of our little Mexican Communicants is continually increasing we earnestly pray that some benevolent persons will come to our rescue with a little "Breakfast Fund."

Every day brings to light new cases of suffering humanity. In the early hours of the morning before we have set out to visit our various districts the poor are at our door appealing for work, for medical aid, etc.

Just recently we had a knock at our door before breakfast. When the portress answered it she found a little boy standing there with a crumpled, greasy paper in his hand which he said his sick mother had written, evidently with much difficulty. This is the message which the note contained: "dear Friend Will you please help me and my children. Please give me some bed things I havn got a sheet on my bed. Please give me some and give my children something to ware so I can send them to school and I think you very much."

Needless to say we investigated the matter and answered the appeal.

**Anton Chico Mission Center, Anton Chico, New Mex.**, These are betwixt and between days in our little mission-center—days when we are getting ready for the winter's program, preparing our class work for the new term—planning and studying, and, last,



The Victory Mount

Preparatory Training School

but not least of all, days when we are filling our shelves with cans of delicious-looking things.

Those who do not know conditions in these mission sections usually gasp when we tell them that we have to go thirty-five miles to the nearest meat market. That means, of course, that we have to depend for the most part on canned goods during the winter months. We are trying now to put up a good supply of things so that this winter we will not need to depend quite so much on "tin cans."

Our fruit crop was ruined, therefore, there are no cherries, peaches or pears. Even the apple crop is small. Notwithstanding this the people in the out-missions have been very good to us. A number of families have sent us vegetables. Yesterday we went to Llano in response to an invitation from one of our poor families. From their garden they gave us a nice sack containing several cabbages, some cucumbers and corn, as well as a basket of small plums which make excellent jelly. However poor our people may be, they are never too poor to give a share of their meagre crops to the "Hermanas."

Next week our Missionary Father expects to go to Santa Fe for a retreat. He has not had a vacation for twenty-four years, so we are hoping that he will be able to get away at least for the retreat. Of course, it will mean we will be without Mass and Holy Communion for a week—but that is part of the Sacrifice, and who can say but what Our Dear Lord will bless our Spiritual Communions as richly as He would have the Sacramental Communions? The very yearning for Mass and Communion cannot help but make one's fervor and desire grow.

**Lubbock Mission Center, Lubbock, Texas.** Well, we have been here in Lubbock for about two months and nothing ferocious has shown up to chase us away. And to think of all the rattlesnake stories we heard before coming out here! As for the heat, don't let that keep you away. The nights are cool or cold and so are the mornings and evenings,—only the afternoon sun is kind

of—well, to speak truthfully, it sort of takes the starch out of one. There is, however, a strong wind blowing all the time and that makes the heat bearable.

To say a little more about the country,—this is the place of windmills. Texas is surely different from New Mexico. Why! the burros run in Texas; the sun sets in the East about nine o'clock; and our mountains are in the clouds. Really, if you want to see the "country different," come out to Texas.

Possibly a little should be said of the location of our new Mission-Center. Lubbock is the county seat of Lubbock County, is the distributing and market center of the South Plains area in Northwest Texas, is on the Gulf-Pacific trunk line of the Santa Fe, and has an elevation of about 3,300 feet. The population of Lubbock is approximately 5,000.

Of this 5,000 population we have discovered that about 1,400 are Mexicans. You see we have plenty of work ahead of us since we have strong Protestant forces with which to compete.

So far the attendance at Catechism isn't record-breaking; nevertheless, we had fifty children this week whereas we had thirty-five last week. We soon expect to raise the number to one hundred. The pastor here is giving us wonderful co-operation and is going to build us a little place where we can have Catechism and other classes. Will our benefactors and friends say a little prayer for the success of our mission here?

**Holman Mission-Center, Holman, New Mex.** Again Holman Mission is a center of activity. With five Catechists and our new car we will be able to accomplish a vast amount of work amongst our poor people here in Holman where proselytizing influences are robbing many of their Faith and in the far-distant places back in the mountains where the people have had no opportunity to learn the truths of their Holy Religion.

Just an instance or two to show you how much that new car has already meant to us here at Holman. We have visited our five out-missions and opened a new one at Guadalupita twenty-two miles distant. We expect to stay at Guadalupita over the week ends. Classes will not begin until after October first, as school does not start until then. Then again, just a few days ago we took a very sick man and little girl to the doctor in Mora. This is certainly a pitiful case. The man, whose case is hopeless unless he can have a specialist's attention, is the father of eight children and from indications is very poor, for when we mentioned seeing the doctor he hesitated until we assured him that we would arrange the matter for him. He told us that he lived back in the mountains about fourteen miles. As sick as he was he had come all that distance in a wagon! We left Holman about

(Continued on Page 7)

## The Associate Catechists of Mary



**Y**OUR child has sufficient nourishing food, good clothes, a comfortable home; it has, likewise, a devoted Priest to minister to the needs of its soul; a competent Religious Teacher to train its mind; in short, your child has devoted parents, a good home, a parish church and school, and all the advantages—spiritual as well as temporal—that are offered in a prosperous community. But what of the Mexican child, its little brother or sister in the Faith? It has not sufficient food; it has not good clothes; no comfortable house in which to live; no Priest to minister to the pressing needs of its soul; no Catholic school or Sister to teach it the Truths of Faith. In short, it has none even of the ordinary good things in life and needs to be fed and clothed, nursed and sheltered.

Why not urge the child so dear to your heart to compassionate its less fortunate brother or sister in the Faith? Why not teach it to be generous and less selfish by giving a little part of its superfluous spending money to the cause of God's poor neglected little ones living at your very doors? Surely your child can afford to give a small part of what it so abundantly enjoys to the destitute suffering little ones who have not even the barest necessities of life. By giving its self-denial offerings your child may save the life of its less fortunate brothers in the Missions.

### THINK IT OVER!

The photo-play of the Catechists, "In the Service of the Queen," was recently shown to the children of one of Chicago's schools, and Our Blessed Lady was again victorious. The thunder of applause that so often threatened to "raise the roof" was sufficient evidence that the 600 children were thoroughly enjoying the wonderful picture.

In the evening the play was again shown to the members of one of the young ladies' Sodalitys, in place of the regular confer-



### ATTENTION!

Associate Catechists of Mary and Little Helpers of the Missionary Catechists!

Our Blessed Lady of Victory's Band of Little Helpers have a beautiful sheet and pair of pillow cases trimmed with exquisite crocheted lace, which they are going to raffle off.

Chances are five cents. Those who wish to take chances may send their money with their names and addresses to Catechist Supervisor, and the card containing their numbers will be mailed to them. Besides helping the Catechists and encouraging the children who are working so hard, every one who takes chances may hope to be the lucky one who wins this really worthwhile prize.

Our Associate Catechists of Mary as well as all the other readers of these pages have an opportunity to encourage the little folks to devote their time and energy to charitable purposes, thus forming early in life the habit of thinking of others.

Our other Little Helpers can also assist a great deal by asking their relatives and friends to take chances.

So all our friends, both great and small, let's join hands and make this raffle something to remember!

Dear Little Helpers:

How do you like your new name? Write and let me know as I am anxious to know if all our former Juniors like it as much as we do. Among the names sent in we chose this as the most fitting. For you truly are "Little Helpers of the Missionary Catechists," as you help the Catechists very much by your prayers and many other generous contributions.

You have heard the story at school of how St. Dominic received the Rosary from Our Blessed Mother, and how many favors and conversions have been obtained through saying it. Why not recite the Rosary or at least a part of it every day? It is a good way to honor our Blessed Mother and to show her that you love her. Besides, by saying the Rosary you can help the Catechists very much in their work. Pray that many of our poor little Mexican children may learn to know and love Mary and her dear Son. Surely our Blessed Mother will not refuse your requests during this her own month devoted to the Holy Rosary. So ask with confidence for all that you want for yourself and others.

Lately we had a nice visit with Agnes Gates and Marie Reifernath, two of our Little Helpers. They brought us a pretty linen lunch cloth, a big box of pictures and some vigil lights for our New Missions.

## Little Helpers



Angel of God, my guardian dear,  
To whom His love commits me here,  
Ever this day be at my side,  
To light and guard, to rule and guide.  
Amen.

ence. The children had enjoyed the play so much that they had "broadcasted" it to their families so successfully that every member attended the meeting, primarily to see the picture.

All felt amply repaid as "The End" faded slowly from the screen. So interested were these young ladies that immediately thirty-one subscribed to "The Missionary Catechist," wishing to learn more about the great Mission field in our own Southwest. This great vocational picture also set some of the young ladies to thinking seriously.

Perhaps the members of Your Sodality would also be happy and eager to see this picture. Write us for information.

### "LISTENING IN" ON BAND ACTIVITIES.

#### A Splendid Record

has been made by the Seven Dolores Club of Buffalo, New York, under the able supervision of Dr. Margaret Grotz. Since the first of the year these ardent workers have sent in \$135.

#### The Parties

given by the Alpha Omega Club have not only provided entertainment for its members, but have also enabled them to contribute generously towards the support of a Missionary Catechist. Assisted by the "Les Petites Fleurs Club," Alpha Omega is making great strides towards their goal of \$6,000.

#### A Good Idea

to keep members interested and enthusiastic is being worked out successfully by Miss Katherine Hennigan. Her plan is to have each member entertain in turn, and to send in her own party receipts and report.

A number of our subscribers have taken advantage of our partial payment plan for life subscription. Some sent \$1.00, others \$2.00 and \$3.00 as initial payments with the promise of sending us \$1.00 a month until they have paid the required \$10.00 for a full life subscription.

Virginia Rauchenbach also visited us and brought her mite box. She had \$3.40 in her box and as she had it only a few months we knew she had been thinking very much of the little Mexicans or she would not have saved so much for them.

Our Little Helpers in DeLand, Fla., have also been working hard during their vacation. They sent a big box to the Missions containing 175 articles, and that's not all, they are beginning a Christmas Box already. Among many other nice things they are making a warm quilt to keep some little Mexican cosy while the snow is piling up under the window. I know that they had a nice vacation, for one can never be so happy as when one is doing good for others. If you don't believe that, try it and see!

Missionarily yours,

CATECHIST SUPERVISOR.

Address all A. C. M., or Little Helpers communications to:

CATECHIST SUPERVISOR,

Associate Catechists of Mary,

Victory-Noll

Huntington, Ind.

FOR "CHRIST OUR KING" HELP MAN AND MAINTAIN THESE POSTS BY YOUR PRAYER AND ALMS

# Letters To Mary

## MISSION ECHOES

(Continued from Page 5)



Before leaving for their respective Mission-Centers—Victory-Mount.

"All for Jesus thru Mary."  
Mission Center.

My dear Mary:  
YESTERDAY the wind blew and blew. It sent the dried tumble-weeds bounding across the fields, and piled them high along the road, against the barbed wire fences. Heavy clouds, like drab-colored curtains suspended from the higher sky, obscured the mountains by their ragged lower corners. Today, all is calm and peaceful. The sky is a deep azure. A soft white cloud rests in its rocky cradle on yonder mountain top.

It is Sunday, or "Tecolote Day," according to our own peculiar designation. Monday is "San Antonio Day," Tuesday is "Vigiles Day," and so on, since we have a different Mission to make each day. Our thoughts have far out-distanced the car in which we are traveling towards this Mission. Juanito came down with the Diphtheria last week. Fortunately for him, the prompt administration of antitoxin by a doctor who happened to be in the neighborhood, staved off the dread results of this frightful disease. But how about the other children who were exposed? Miles from a doctor, to contract this disease meant almost certain death. Great was our relief, on making inquiry at the mayordomo's house, to learn that no more children have developed symptoms.

The churchyard is filled with people when we arrive there. It is truly edifying to see so many big men among them. They have come for the public recitation of the Rosary. It is a silent testimony of the love and veneration in which the Blessed Mother of God is held by these simple country-folk, and another very strong reason why the Catholic Faith has continued to be the Faith of New Mexico.

The church bell has sent forth its final summons and all crowd into the church door. Felipe is held tightly by his mother's right hand, while her left supports the baby.

All are now on their knees. Manual and Francisco are too close together. They nudge each other with their shoulders until a vigilant grandmother puts a stop to their antics.

Senora Mascarenas performs her ceremony of lighting the tapers on Our Blessed

Mother's Altar with exceeding grace. Then one of our Band strikes a few chords on an ancient but fair-sounding organ in the choir loft. The older girls sing "O Maria, Madre Mia," or some similar hymn. Another Missionary Catechist, one who came to us from south of the Rio Grande, leads in the recitation of the Rosary, and announces the Mysteries. Another hymn and then catechism classes are begun. Many of the grown persons, in a spirit of child-like simplicity and in the desire to learn more about their Holy Religion, stay for these classes in Religion.

Next we visit the homes of the sick, and make inquiries concerning the children who were absent from class. We find that Serafina's father is confined to bed with a severe cold. He is pleased at our brief visit.

Moreover, we make a discovery. Who could believe that the Mexican, whom we see laboring along the railroad tracks, or swelling the ranks of unskilled labor back East, has an archaeologist's relish and zest for antiquities? Senor Baros asks us to examine a huge flat rock he discovered while on a recent trip to the mountains for wood. On it were distinctly carved some characters which might have been the queer-shaped letters of the ancient Spanish conquistadores, such as are found in the present date at "El Morro" near Zuni, legible still, although carved three hundred years ago on that colossal stone autograph album. Both the Senor and his wife are hopeful that some one may be able to decipher the ancient carving so that the mystery contained in it may be brought to light.

The sun had dropped behind the Western lomas and the rosettes of juniper and pinon which flanked their sides took on a more somber tone when we finally turned homeward. It was the hour for reflection, and each one was busy with her own thoughts. One of mine was, I hope you will one day have the happiness of becoming acquainted with our little known and greatly despised natives, and, learning to know them, you will love them and consecrate your life to Jesus and Mary in saving Their abandoned poor.

With much love and prayers,  
Catechist Blanche Richardson.

nine in the morning and by the time we arrived home at two we found that our errand of mercy had taken us forty-three miles.

Our home here has been remodeled. The people re-adobed it while we were at Victory Mount and we now have a private chapel. The Missionary Priest comes here once a week and says Mass and gives us Holy Communion. In the Holman Mission Church they have Mass once a month.

We are hoping and praying that our many friends from back East will not forget to send us old clothes, shoes, etc., as we need such articles badly.

Cerrillos Mission-Center, Los Cerrillos, New Mex. Here at Cerrillos we are all glad to be back at work. Our new Catechists have entered the field like "old-timers." Classes have been resumed here and we soon will re-open work at Madrid and Waldo.

In visiting the homes of late we have run across some very sad cases. The little boy whose picture appears on page six is one of the saddest. This lad, judging from the picture, you might take for seven or eight years old; however, he is thirteen, and, as far as we can find out, has been absolutely helpless from infancy,—unable to walk and unable to talk distinctly. His mother, a delicate, patient little woman with three younger children to tend, cares for him untiringly. The family is very poor, the husband has been sick, and, even when well, he was unemployed the greater part of the time, since work in the mines has been very unsteady. Their home, although showing the pinch of poverty, is kept immaculate. Felipe, for such is the crippled lad's name, sits at the window most of his time, watching the other children playing on the vacant lot across the way. His mother tells us that when he sees us a block or so away, by means of gestures, he asks her if she thinks the "hermanas" will stop to visit him. Needless to say, we always stop to give him a holy card, a medal, sometimes a toy. His thanks he cannot express, but his actions prove what he fain would say.

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 Ave., Gary, Indiana.
6. Dos Palos, Calif.
7. Lubbock, Texas. Box.
8. 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.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE QUEEN.

(Continued from Page Two)

wait for me here. Some one else wishes to see me now."

She walked with Myra to the chapel, then went on to the other parlor. A young man rose to greet her.

"Why, Wilfred!" in pleased surprise, "I have not seen you in such a long time; what good wind blew you here today?"

"Begging, as usual, Sister. I want your prayers. I have a peculiarly difficult case on hand. A young man who is accused of murder is being convicted on purely circumstantial evidence. I am sure the man is innocent, but everything goes against him. I want you Sisters and the children to pray for him and for me."

"Who is the man?"

"Daniel Graves."

"I have just left his sister in the chapel."

"In the chapel! Why, they are not Catholics; what is she doing there?"

"Seeking an audience with the Queen," solemnly. Then she told the lawyer what Myra had told her.

"Sister Mary Rose," Sister Julia called from the door, "you are wanted on the phone."

"Father Conway is at the phone, Wilfred," Sister Mary Rose was gone but a moment; "he wants you to take the deposition of a dying man. He was run down by the cars, and is at Glennon's drug store."

Myra was waiting for Sister Mary Rose. "I feel much better, Sister. I am sure that Our Queen will grant my request."

The Sister's eyes shone with a holy light. "I am confident, too, my child." Then she told of the lawyer's visit to ask their prayers for the case. "Wilfred seems just as positive of your brother's innocence as you are."

Sister Julia called, with a low bow of apology to Myra, "Sister Mary Rose they want you at the phone again."

Myra stood at the window looking out on the asylum grounds. A sense of peace and security swept over the girl's troubled spirit and her eyes filled with tears.

"My child! my child!" Sister Mary Rose hurried to her with outstretched hands. Her eyes were shining like stars and her voice trembled with excitement. "You know that I told you that your lawyer had been called to take the deposition of a dying man. Wilfred bids me tell you that the man has confessed to the murder of which your brother is accused, and—" Sister Mary Rose caught the girl in her arms and helped her to a chair beside the open window.

Three little boys came across the lawn, singing:

"Hail, heavenly Queen!  
Hail, foamy ocean's star!  
O, be our guide,  
Diffuse thy beams afar."

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Two of our Catechists recently returned from a little town here in Indiana where they had been preparing a class of First Communicants. One of them had about exhausted her repertoire on the "State of Grace" necessary for a worthy reception of Holy Communion.

As a last resort she decided to interrogate her youthful audience. Something like the following took place:

Catechist: "Now, class, you must not

have any big sins and as few little sins on your soul as possible in order to receive Our Dearest Jesus right. In other words, you must be in the State of Grace. Now, children, what state must you be in to receive Holy Communion? Well, Johnny," to a little six-year-old lad who was frantically trying to attract her attention, "you may tell us."

Johnny (proudly and guilelessly): "Catechist, you must be in the State of Indiana!"

SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS,

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

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