

# The Missionary Catechist



Volume V

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, March, 1929

Number 4

## How About the Preservation of the Faith?

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

THE interest which Pope Pius XI takes in the Missions is the interest which all the Bishops, Clergy and Catholic laity must take in them; and Pope Pius XI has made it clear in a dozen different ways that his predominant interest is the spread and preservation of the Faith.

Only a few weeks ago, the Pope declared the present year of his Golden Jubilee in the priesthood, a Jubilee Year 'extraordinary' throughout the world. In addition to the several visits to specified churches, which must be made as a condition for gaining the Jubilee Indulgence, the Holy Father has stipulated that people must also give an alms to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Whenever we pray for the intention of the Holy Father we are praying especially for the spread of the Faith and for the extirpation of religious error; for this intention is always first among the intentions of the Holy Father.

There are big fields in several continents whose surface has hardly been scratched by apostles of the true Faith. If you ask why this is we must answer that it is due to an insufficient number of foreign and native Christian workers, and to the lack of means even to support properly the ones who have gone to these fields to sacrifice their lives for the spread of the faith.

There are other vast fields, which contain hundreds of thousands who already have the Faith nominally. They were baptized in their infancy, some of them instructed to a certain extent in the teachings of the Faith; but economic conditions forced them to move to places where there were not regularly established parishes

and no resident priests to look after them. In many cases years passed by during which they were never able to attend Holy Mass, or even go to Confession and to receive Holy Communion. Evidently we must send Priests

and Catechists among these people, and they too must be supported from the outside while they are organizing people into parishes, where they live sufficiently close together.

The scattered ones must be visited at regular intervals by a Priest, and their children should be taught by resident Catechists, who themselves will be denied the privilege of daily or even Sunday Mass, daily or even Sunday Holy Communion, until a resident pastor can be supplied. It must seem evident on the very face of it that it is easier to preserve the Faith among those who have already had it than to make fresh converts to the Faith. We speak of this work as the "preservation of the Faith."

The Society of Missionary Catechists, whose Motherhouse is at Huntington, Indiana, and is maintained by the little paper, whose mission is to "serve the Church", was instituted for the purpose of preserving the Faith among the one million or more Mexicans who have come into the southwestern part of the United States from Old Mexico. The harvest there is great, the laborers are all too few, and anything which you can do to stimulate interest in the work of the Missionary Catechists will be much appreciated.

While the Society has grown with unusual rapidity, still Bishops of the Southwest, in the aggregate, are clamoring for a thousand of them. When we think how dear to Almighty God is the soul of even the "least of Christ's brethren", it is strange that more devotees of Jesus do not lend their lives to the furtherance of His cause. If one hesitates to make a



"Behold I Stand and Knock."

(Continued on page 8)

PASS YOUR MISSIONARY CATECHIST ALONG



# They Also Serve



By Lida Coghlan  
(PART I Cont.)

THURSDAY morning after Mass Grace went again to her father's study.

"Well, pussy, have you a plan of attack all ready?" the doctor said, with an attempt at gaiety.

"I have decided not to attack."

"Why?"

"I have thought the matter over, papa, and I have decided to stay with the best father in the world."

Dr. Hadley took her face between his hands and looked into her eyes. "Did you let what I said about missing you influence your decision, Grace? I must not be selfish in this. You have a right to your own life, dear. Had my only child been a son he would have left me long ago."

"But your only child is a daughter and she is not going to leave you. This is my new plan: We'll have Claire come, that will give mamma some one to dress up and chaperone and I can still give her all the little attentions for which she looks to me. Then you are to build the children's hospital and put Mr. Kennedy's sister in charge. I am to be head 'visitor' and the chief 'Lady Bountiful.' Then I am to take a class in sewing and economy cooking in several of the poor parishes and give singing and elocution at the girl's orphan asylum. Whatever time I have left I shall devote to Dr. Richard Hadley. What do you think of this plan?"

"I like it very much, far better than the other." He put his arm around the girl and kissed her tenderly.

"Are you sure that you will be satisfied, Grace?"

"Quite sure."

"This is your own choice? You are not doing it just to please me?"

The brave eyes were full of tears but she answered truthfully. "I think God has shown me my duty, papa. It seems so little to do but I shall try to remember that 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'"

## PART II

Grace Hadley sat in the convalescent ward of her father's hospital in Chicago. The children were gathered about her, the smallest one in her arms. She has just finished telling them the story of the Infant Jesus.

"Was He a teeny, weeny baby, like our mama's baby?"

"A teeny, weeny baby with dear little hands and feet—"

Miss Kennedy came in with three young women dressed in dark blue uniforms.

"Miss Hadley, here are the Missionary Catechists from the Settlement House in Gary and they would like very much to go through the hospital. Will you take them? Catechists Wilson, O'Gorman and Meyers," she introduced them.

Grace shook hands with each one in cordial greeting. "With pleasure. We are rather proud of our hospital and like to show it to visitors."

She led them from one department to another, explaining the latest devices for the comfort and welfare of the children, also the work they were doing among them.

The Catechists were much interested. Then Grace led them to one of the small reception rooms, where a sweet-faced nurse served some light refreshments.

"Now, tell me something of your own work," Grace said. "Every since I began reading your little magazine I have been

interested in your work and the more I read the more interested I am."

"Yes, and the longer we do the work in which we are engaged, the more fascinating it becomes to us," rejoined Catechist Wilson. "As you have already learned from reading THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST we work among the poorest of God's poor in the scattered Mission sections of our own country, especially in the Southwest. Out there we are true auxiliaries of the Missionary Priests. We gather together the little children and teach them Catechism. Really, Miss Hadley, it makes your heart ache when you see how little these poor children know of Jesus and Mary and the truths of their Holy Religion. And, oh! how eagerly they take in every word you say to them! We prepare the children for First Communion and Confirmation. In the absence of the Missionary we conduct public devotions; we do Tabernacle work, train altar boys, organize children's choirs, teach cooking and sewing, etc. And, besides all of these things, we visit the homes of the poor, ministering to the sick and needy."

"What a wonderful vocation is yours!" exclaimed Miss Hadley, as Catechist Wilson paused for breath. "But tell me how you

happen to be in Gary if your work is chiefly in the Southwest."

"Oh! that is easily explained," said Catechist O'Gorman. "You see Gary is only a short distance from our Motherhouse near Huntington, Indiana. The theoretical part of our training is received there while we have the beginning of a Juniorate at Gary where the young Catechists will receive training of a very practical nature. At Gary they will get a real working knowledge of the Spanish language by coming in contact with the ten thousand Mexicans living in Gary and the adjoining steel city of Indiana Harbor. In both places we teach the children, see that neglected little ones are baptized, are instrumental in having the sacrament of marriage administered to those who have attempted marriage before the Judge, and a thousand and one other things that daily occur."

"My! but your work fascinates me! Do you allow visitors at the Motherhouse?" asked Miss Hadley.

"Most assuredly," said Catechist Meyers, "and right welcome they are. Why don't you write to Victory-Noll and make arrangements for a visit? Possibly first hand knowledge of our Society might add another recruit to our ranks."

\* \* \*

"My dear Mrs. Vandeventor," Mrs. Hadley confided to her intimate friend, "Grace was always a bit difficult. She was never interested in social life or pretty clothes like girls of her position and training should have been. Yes, it is true that she is going down to work among the Mexicans. I cannot understand her at all."

"She must be a 'throwback' on her father's side. Not but what the Hadleys are well-born and well-bred, or I would never have married the doctor."

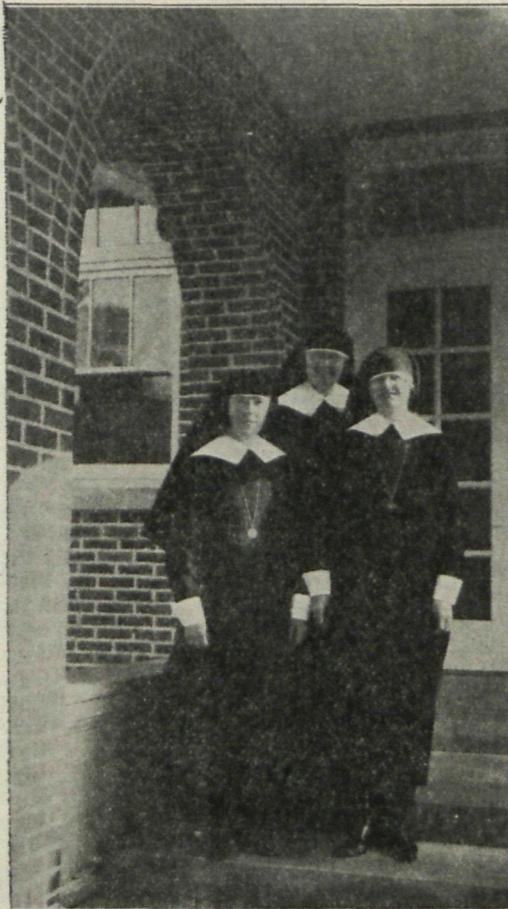
Mrs. Hadley wept a few shining tears into an expensive linen handkerchief.

"But you have Claire," sympathized her friend.

"My sweet Claire! She is such a comfort. Were it not for her I could not stand it at all. I am taking her to Europe for a long stay. Perhaps by the time I return Grace will have tired of this foolish notion and be ready to take her rightful place in the world again."

\* \* \*

Down among the Spanish-speaking people in the great Southwest Catechist Grace Hadley has found her life work. She can use her varied talents and her fine education in the service of God and she is very happy in the knowledge that she need no longer "stand and wait."



WHY THE SMILES?—'TIS PROFESSION DAY AT VICTORY-NOLL.

Upon the completion of a two-year's course of training including regular classes in Christian Perfection, Spanish, Catechetics, Christian Doctrine, Liturgy, Music, Nursing, Social Service Work, etc., a Missionary Catechist pronounces her vows for a period of one year.

Charles Sullivan is a likable lad of about thirteen years. Since last October he has been attending Catechism classes in one of our missions. His parents do not profess any religion whatsoever, and the Catechists were greatly encouraged at Charles' interest and attention. Not long ago Catechist M—his teacher, asked him if he thought he would ever become a Catholic.

Charles didn't hesitate long at all.

"No, I don't think I shall. There are some things Catholics do that I don't approve of."

"Well, what for instance, Charles? Is it confession?"

"Yes, it is. I don't want to have to tell any one how many lies I tell!"

# A Liturgical Season in New Mexico

Catechist Blanche Richardson

**W**E believe, that you, dear Readers, would be glad to know something of the Lenten religious customs in New Mexico, which differ somewhat from our own. In some cases, these customs are survivals of European ceremonies brought to our shores by Priests of foreign climes, notably Spain and France. In many, the force of circumstances has necessitated a deviation of customs observed elsewhere.

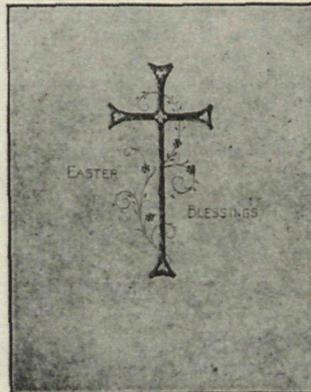
The Cuaresma, or Lenten Season, is probably the one in which the strength and endurance of the Missionary are most taxed. Although the month of the Poor Souls is a busy one for him, usually the weather is milder, and his extended travels are facilitated by fairly good roads or trails. During the months of February and March, a freezing temperature, drifting snowbanks, mud and slush all conspire to thwart, if possible, his zealous efforts to provide every parishioner with the opportunity of making his Easter duty.

Sometimes it is a poor little adobe chapel surrounded by huge pines on a mountain slope, again it is a school-house, temporarily converted into a chapel, where he must sit hours, his coat flung over his shoulders to ward off, as well as may be, the chill draft which penetrates him, every time the door opens to admit another penitent. Before him is a small altar, whose rough boards are hidden by freshly-laundered sheets. Hanging from the altar table is an antependium of black cambric, and on top of it a galaxy of red, yellow and blue roses. A set of red-colored vestments are spread out on a small antiquated chest nearby. All these furnishes one with bewildering speculations as to whether the Mass is to be a festival or Requiem Mass. The solution is simple: the little Chapel boasts but one set of vestments, which must be used on all occasions, even for Masses for the dead.

Sometimes a pile of books form a "missal stand", against which rests the Missal. Sometimes the candlesticks must support the Mass Cards. Sometimes, too, the Priest, who must bring his own altar stone, sacramental wine, linens, etc. forgets something. In such a case, he must improvise if he can. A tightly wound amice, with its long tapes, may be converted into a cincture in a pinch.

Finally, he proceeds to vest for Mass. He is interrupted a dozen times. At last the Mass is begun. A black mantled lady leads in the recitation of the Rosary and in the singing of the hymns. The Priest has already exhausted himself, and yet this is really his golden opportunity to reach the hearts of his people. Consequently, at the end of Mass, without thought of himself, he speaks long and earnestly. Nor is this all. He must give the children a few minutes, at least. He reviews with them the principal parts of the Catechism. The sun has already reached its zenith, and is declining Westwards, when the last sick call has been made and he turns his auto homewards.

In the central Mission where his parish church is located, he has things a trifle better. Here he has his permanent residence. With more time to spend among these people, he has fostered church societies, trained altar boys, and organized a choir.



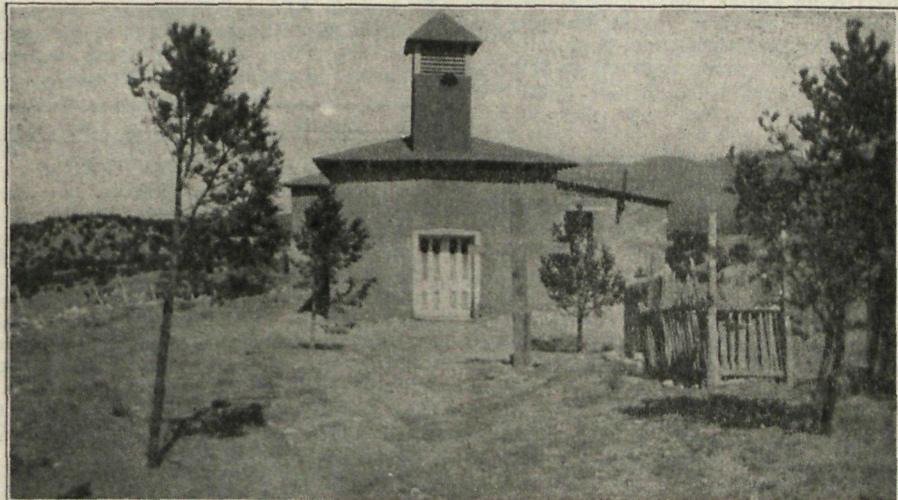
## THE CATECHISTS' OFFERING

*What greetings shall we send you  
As we think of you today?  
For the wish that we would send you  
Goes beyond what we can say.*

*We shall offer our petitions  
Before God's altar throne,  
For the best thought we can send you  
If from Him, and not our own.*

*And your name shall be remembered  
In the Blessed Presence there  
Where remembrances are sacred,  
And each memory holds a prayer.*

During the few weeks which remain before Easter, he must direct his local choir in their preparation for Holy Week Services. He must arrange with the parish societies for the all-night vigil to be kept before Our Sacramental Lord on Holy Thursday Night.



"Sometimes it is a poor adobe Chapel where he must sit for hours."

Palm Sunday in New Mexico is popularly styled, "Domingo de Ramos",—"Branch Sunday." Instead of palms, which constitute too great an expenditure in the Mission country, branches of pinon and cedar are blessed and distributed among the faithful.

On Holy Thursday Night, a public Holy Hour, which really lasts for a much longer time, is had in many places. The greater part of the entire Rosary of fifteen Decades, including the Mysteries, the Our Fathers, and Hail Mary's are sung, instead of recited. (Ours is a music-loving people). All night long the prayers and hymns continue. Now, a devout old lady sings, entirely from memory, a hymn of fifteen verses to the Blessed Sacrament. After some more vocal prayers, perhaps two Children of Mary will sing, and thus the devotions are kept up throughout the nocturnal vigil.

Perhaps the only notable difference in the Good Friday Services, is that the faithful, who attend these services, kneel at the Communion rail to kiss the Crucifix in the Priest's hands, instead of adoring it, as it lies on a purple cushion before the altar rail, as is our own custom.

Holy Saturday Services are much the same. There are instances, however, when the Missionary does not have an elaborately decorated Paschal Candle, as we are accustomed to see in the East. Again, he must "improvise." He makes a mould of stiff brown wrapping paper, pours into it the melted drippings of candle stubs he has saved during the course of the year, and thus fashions his Paschal Candle. For the five grains of Incense, he uses five pieces of rosin.

A beautiful custom, which seems to have had its birth in foreign soil, is the singing of Vespers on the eve of a Feast. Every church, of course, has its patron saint. The padre comes the evening before, and, as the first stars appear, Vespers are sung. This marks the beginning of the Feast, which is concluded on the following day with the celebration of Mass, an out-door Procession, and a public feast held at the home of the sexton.

## The Easter Message



NOT the least of Christ's Easter Messages is the Missionary Message to the Apostles and their successors to: "Go preach and teach." It is distinctively His wish that they show forth the fruits of His death and resurrection; that they seek out the souls for whom He suffered and died.

Just as throughout His public life, during His passion, and even in His last moments on the Cross, He gave frequent expression to the GREAT DESIRE OF HIS SACRED HEART, THE THIRST FOR IMMORTAL SOULS, so now He would communicate that thirst for souls to His Apostles and their successors. His own Divine energy must now energize His disciples; they must now show forth the fruits of His resurrection in their burning thirst for souls.

The Apostles, filled with the missionary spirit of their Divine Master, began to carry out His instructions, by preaching the Gospel, first in Judea, then in Samaria, and finally to the uttermost parts of the then-known world. It was not long before they found it impossible personally to teach and reach all through their Gospel message. They, like their Divine Master had to rely upon helpers to carry out their sacred commission. Necessarily limited and confined in their ministry they, and their successors as well, were obliged to delegate this commission to others. Especially has this been true, and is still true today, of those mission places beyond the reach of Christ's ordained ministers. Hence it has come to pass that all along the far-flung mission line Bishops and Priests must delegate their commission to those who will go forth in the name of Christ and His Holy Church to teach the Gospel message.

So today we have Missionary Catechists, willing instruments, beloved messengers of Christ, preaching the joys of the glorious resurrection to souls languishing in darkness. Just as the Apostles communicated their missionary spirit to Deacons and then to the various missionaries of the Church, so today the Missionary Catechists, inspired by Our Divine Lord's missionary spirit, are directing their energies to the training of lay-Catechists that thru them they may incorporate whole mission districts in the union of souls loyal to God and His Holy Church.

Techny, Ill.

Rev. dear Father:

I fear you will be disappointed, but not more than I was on finding that I can only spare six hundred instead of seven hundred dollars on the Annuity. The day I received the contract I also received a plea for help from a friend and thus I had to enlarge my checking account.

Later on, if possible, I want to send you at least a little for the material relief of the poor Mexicans.

Most respectfully,

M. J. B.

## The Missionary Catechist Huntington, Indiana

Published monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by The Missionary Catechist Publishing Co.

Subscription Rate: In U. S., 50c per year for single copies; 10 copies or more to one address, 40c each per year. Life subscription \$10.00. Canada and Foreign, 75c per year. Payable in advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 30, 1924, at the postoffice at Huntington, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

Printed by Our Sunday Visitor Press,  
Huntington, Indiana.

### THE CHURCH IN MEXICO

"Very much has been said by writers on Mexico about the power and tyranny of the Roman Catholic Church in its influence with the Mexican masses. As far as my observation goes, the Catholic Church in Mexico has, since the time of Juarez, been more sinned against than sinning. Its political power from the overthrow of Maximilian down to the brief rule of Huerta was a myth. The Roman Catholic Church as a political organization does not exist in Mexico, but it is to be doubted whether its loss of influence and the persecution of its Priesthood had a beneficial effect on the Mexican people.

The Roman Catholic Church founded and reared splendid medieval churches, established charitable organizations, places of refuge, and gave to the impoverished Indian population a primary education which it could not obtain from any other source. The Church was stripped of its power, property, and influence by the governments of Juarez and Diaz, but neither these presidents nor their successors had the courage—or shall we say a sufficient lack of patriotism?—to attempt to impose by military force a godless and heathen regime, having its origin in bolshevik propaganda. Not all Christians are concerned with the fate of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico, but the matter of a complete overthrow of the Christian religion is of as much concern to any Protestant demonination as to those who pay obedience to the Pope."—Henry Lane Wilson, former Ambassador to Mexico.

### CAPUCHIN FATHERS Mt. Calvary, Wisc.

Rev. dear Father:

Thanks for the bundle of "MISSIONARY CATECHISTS." You must be curious to know how I disposed of them. This week I had a meeting of the Young Ladies' Sodality. Each received a copy after a lecture on the contents, the great work and vocation for this blessed work. All will pray for your success. The remainder of the children of the Eighth Grade received with a similar exhortation.

May God bless your great work, and promising you a daily memento, I remain, in Xto,

FR. MATHIAS, O. M. Cap.

## Brevities

At a recent meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, \$5,000,000.00 was appropriated for foreign mission work during the year 1929.

Of this vast sum \$235,000.00 is to be expended in weaning away Catholics from their Faith in Mexico, South and Central America. It is estimated that the average contribution of each member of the Methodist Church in this country is \$1.33 a year for the support of his home and foreign missions.

The average contribution, however, of each Catholic in the United States for home and foreign missions is less than 25c. The Methodist Church has a membership of only 1-3 of that of the Catholic Church in this country. Are we to assume that the Methodists are better supporters of their home and foreign missions?

It has long been our ambition to raise the circulation of our little Magazine to 50,000. If every subscriber will promptly renew his subscription and get at least one friend to subscribe, our ambition will be fully realized.

We were highly gratified that during the past ten months a large number of our readers paid a life subscription of \$10.44 by sending \$1.00 a month for ten months.

Twenty-five dollars a month or Three Hundred Dollars a year, paid in installments, will make your dear departed mother, father, or relative a sharer in the souls of Purgatory Burse.

We are starting a new Burse in honor of St. Joseph, the glorious foster-father of our Lord and the chaste spouse of His Blessed Mother. We feel quite certain that many of our subscribers who have devotion to this great Saint will honor him during this month by contributing towards this Burse. By so doing they will enable the Catechist laboring under the strong patronage of St. Joseph to spread devotion in his honor.

Sit down today and write a letter to the Catechist Directress of Victory-Noll, asking for particulars concerning our Annuity Plan. By investing your hard-earned money in this annuity plan you will be making the best provision for having your charitable bequests carried out after death.

Hardwick, Vt.

Dear Father:

The enclosed check for five dollars is only "a drop in the bucket," but every drop counts. Use it as seems best to you in your work among the poor Mexicans. This is my Lenten offering.

Most sincerely, H. B. S.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Father Sigstein:

I hereby send one dollar towards the Five Wounds Burse as I surely want to honor our Suffering Saviour during Lent. I pray that He will have mercy on me and mine and in the hour of death He will be a tender Judge.

May He shower upon you His choicest blessings.

Sincerely yours,  
M. S.

# Easter With Christ and His Friends

Rev. Joseph P. McMahon, S. J., St. Louis University

**"PEACE!"** peace to all who have suffered with Me. To you, Mary My sorrowful Mother, peace! Peace to you, faithful women, who have ministered to Me unto death. To you, My ardent Apostles and disciples, peace! In the measure that you have sorrowed with Me, now rejoice and be glad. Fear ye not—it is I. So Our Lord consoled His few faithful followers on Easter morning.

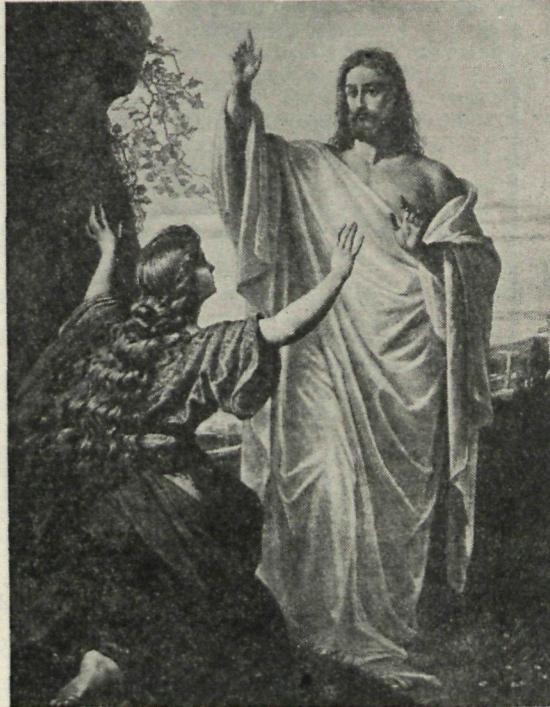
Truly to appreciate the joy and security that this greeting imparted, one must realize the violence and darkness of the storm that preceded this deep calm of soul. "And rising, He commanded the winds and the waves, and there came a great calm." Tossed on a veritable sea of bitterness, lashed by doubt, and quaking with fear, the hearts of Christ's friends had need of their Master. Judas alone had succumbed to the terror of this spiritual tempest; the others still labored and strained to survive their shattered hopes. And all the while, the Master slept the deep sleep of death.

Was there faith that could survive the tragedy of Good Friday? Was there hope that could endure the Sabbath waiting? Was there a voice, that with faith and hope could stir the inert form of the Master: "Lord, save us; we perish?" One lonely heart, the heart of a mother, a heart that had kept all His words, pondering over them, kept faithful, hopeful vigil. One voice, the voice of Mary, Mediatrix of all graces, entreated her Son to hasten the hour of His awakening. And behold! Is it in answer to her pleading, that with the first glimmer of day, as it were, with divine unrest, He—Eternal Light—should dawn?

With the speed and subtlety of light, the soul of Christ, now instinct with divine energy, sweeps across the borders of death, revivifies, and emancipates the sacred prisoner of the tomb. All Nature yields dominion, nor opposes the speed of His triumphant progress from Calvary to the Coenacle, where He would keep sacred tryst with His glorious Mother. Mary, His natural Mother, who had identified His sufferings as her own, must be identified with Him in the glory of His risen Humanity. Mary, the Co-redemptrix of man, must needs be first to share the joy of His victory over sin. Mary, the Queen in His newly established Kingdom, must receive His first kingly audience and enjoy the intimacy of His counsels.

Who can picture the delicate intimacy of that reunion. Was this a vision—a dream that pervaded her every sense? No, the divine reality, the human reality of Christ's presence was unmistakable. Like light that beams upon the face and gladdens the heart; like soft music that overflows the sense of hearing and harmonizes one's whole being; like the fragrance of incense at Benediction that gently raises the soul to sense the sweetness of Christ's Eucharistic presence—so did Christ's glorified presence, with power that overflowed His human nature, transfuse the ecstatic soul of Mary. Nor did Mary's human nature put limits to her participation in her Son's glory. Her soul, so tempered by nearness to God, so full of sanctifying grace, exulted in the free, full exercise of its every power. Her Son, her All, is here—now to die no more.

Christ's Easter mission of peace had be-



"Rabboni—Master!"

gun. The heart of His Mother that had been pierced with sorrow, He had divinely healed. Still, many another bleeding heart, that had trailed the way of Calvary, awaited the healing unction of this peace. Already the grief-stricken Magdalene and her faithful, fearless companions had neared the sepulchre, bringing ointments and spices to prepare the Body of Jesus for final burial, worthy of One they so revered. But what is their consternation to realize that they have been too late! They hasten forward to the open mouth of the tomb, and with that sickness and sinking of heart that comes with the realization that the last trace of one's love has vanished, peer into the blank emptiness. In their hearts there was love, but love unenlightened by faith, unsupported by hope.

To the angels that guarded the tomb in Christ's absence, was it given to restore Christ to these lonely, lonely souls—at least, as the object of their faith and hope. "He is not here," said an Angel, "He is risen. Behold the place where they laid Him." Yet the women gazed fixedly before them, as if their dazed senses still demanded sight of that which was not. Again the Angel sought to stir their minds by appealing to Christ's own words: "Remember how He Himself foretold that He would rise on the third day." Slowly their stunned senses and overcharged imaginations relaxed, and the first faltering ray of Easter peace pierced the dark veil of realities that enshrouded their minds. But where is He? Where shall we find Him? Their overwrought minds and hearts still demanded the assurance of sense.

Then with authority that bespoke a messenger of God, the Angel bade them go. "Go, tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before them into Galilee; there you shall see Him, as He told you." Let not your senses brood on the past; believe, hope, continue your service of love. Go forth, faithful

women, preach the Gospel of Easter, the Gospel of peace, the Gospel of suffering human love requited with a divine return of love. You shall again see the Master. Prepare the way by faith and hope.

Instinctively, as if their will were that of the Angel, the women retreated from the sepulchre. Some in haste sought the disciples, anxious to hear their judgment of these strange events. Some still fearful and sad and silent, returned to the city. Mary alone lingered in the Garden. Doubt preyed upon her mind. If Christ were risen, would He not reveal Himself to His friends? to her, His special friend, His captive of love? He had raised her from the spiritual death of sin; her brother, Lazarus, He had called back to life. If He had raised Himself to life, why did He not come? And her mind preferred to doubt the word of the Angel, rather than mistrust the personal love of the Master. She would search until she found Him.

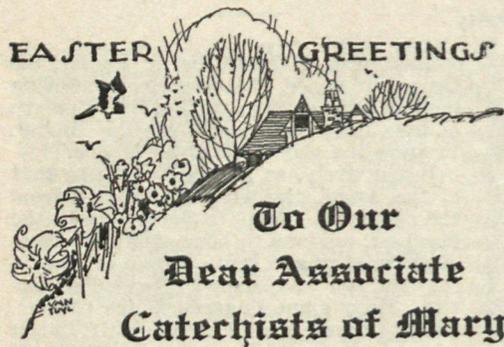
"Sir, if you have taken Him hence, where have you laid Him, and I will take Him away." Mary's tear-blinded eyes looked upon the Master. Surely this must be a stranger to ask: "Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" Did not all the world know that Mary Magdalene, the penitent sinner, sought none but the company of Jesus of Nazareth! With some of that sweetness and familiarity with which He was wont to call His mother's name, Jesus spoke the one word: "Mary!" And she, as if recalled from an evil dream, awoke to the reality of Christ's all-sufficient presence. "Rabboni—Master!" Another crushed and aching heart was made whole.

The hesitant step of the other women had not taken them far in the direction of the city, when they were overtaken by Christ. From a distance He greets them: "All hail!" Reverently they approached Him, and "took hold of His feet and adored Him." The sunlight of His grace enlightened their minds and thrilled their hearts. But as He had told Mary Magdalene, "He had not ascended to His Father."—The time was not come for them to enjoy His presence uninterruptedly, nor must they restrain Him further in His mission of peace.—"Go," He bids them, "tell My disciples that they go into Galilee; there they shall see Me." And they, their eyes filled with seeing, their ears filled with hearing, and their hearts filled with loving, sped on their way to do the Master's bidding.

Poor disciples! What compassion and solicitude they aroused in the heart of Christ! Even now He realized with what little credence they received the message of the Angel. Perhaps, He would listen to these, His personal messengers. But who could believe these strange unnatural stories of excited women? Surely not these Galilean fishermen. Peter must investigate for himself, and with the beloved disciple, hurried forth in the direction of Calvary, little mindful of propriety or personal risk. Even at this early hour, Jerusalem was astir with other startling rumors. "The friends of Christ had taken His Body during the night." The unfaithful guards themselves, who "had slept" as they said, were busy publishing their guilt to the world.

(Continued on page 8)

# The Associate Catechists of Mary



WE are anxious to increase the number of members of our Auxiliary,—The Associate Catechists of Mary. This Auxiliary is composed of Bands of ten or more persons whose object is to co-operate with the Society of Missionary Catechists by partially or wholly adopting a Catechist, or by sending them donations of Clothing (both old and new), devotional articles, or anything else that may be used by the Catechists in their work among the poor in the missions.

By supporting a Catechist they are enabling her to save many souls for the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary, thereby sharing in her good works, participating in the numerous spiritual benefits attached to membership in the Associate Catechists of Mary, and meriting for themselves a very great reward.

No stipulation is made as to the amount to be contributed by any Band. This will depend in a large measure upon the zeal and energy of the members, as well as the financial resources of their community.

As each Catechist is supported by means of a Burse a Band may undertake to support a Catechist for a given number of days, or months each year as their funds permit.



Dear Little Helpers:

May Our Risen Saviour grant each and every one of you a happy and holy Easter!

I do hope that all of Mary's Little Helpers have been faithful in making their daily offering to Our Suffering Saviour during this Holy Season of Lent, because not only will the pen-

nies saved in your mite-boxes bring joy and happiness to the poor, but you will also be much happier in giving Our Dear Lord who loves you so much some proofs of the love you have for Him by making some little sacrifices for love of Him.

Easter is the most glorious feast that the Church celebrates because by His Resurrection Our Lord has proved to the world that He is truly God. It was to make us love Him more than He was born as a poor little babe in the cold stable of Bethlehem, but it was His love for us that made Him suffer so much for us, and it was His death that redeemed us, and merited for us the Kingdom of Heaven, and by His glorious Resurrection He proved to the whole world that He is

## "LISTENING IN" ON BAND ACTIVITIES.

Fort Wayne.

With the encouragement of Father Hasser, the zealous Pastor of St. Mary's parish in Fort Wayne, the Bands under the supervision of Mrs. Ankenbruck have continued the good work begun by the former Pastor, Msgr. Oechtering. By Father Hasser's interest the members are greatly encouraged to continue the good work which they began three years ago,—to support the Catechists and assist the poor in the needy missions.

During the past year these Bands have donated \$150 to the support of a Catechist, 16 boxes of clothing were sent to the missions. Besides this they have interested themselves in many other charitable works, both in their parish and outside. Besides giving three hundred dollars to their parish they gave many donations to the Sisters, Mass Fund, and Florida mission.

This is indeed a wonderful report, the success of which the Chief Promoter, Mrs. Ankenbruck, attributes to the Little Flower. The Fort Wayne Bands have placed a statue of the Little Flower in their parish church before which vigil lights are kept burning by the public and the proceeds of which are the chief resource of their treasury. Mrs. Ankenbruck not only highly recommends this means as a sure way of success for A. C. M. Bands, but is sure that the Little Flower will bring many blessings upon those who spread devotion to her.

Persons who do not feel able to organize a band or go to regular meetings and are willing to help may be enrolled in the Home Band.

Any subscriber may become a member of Our Lady of Victory Band, the Home Band of Associates, and participate in the numerous graces and blessings that will come to the members as a result of the great number of Masses, Holy Communion and prayers of our Catechists and the poor children under their care. We would be very grateful to any subscriber who would aid us by sending in the name of some friend to join the Associate Catechists of Mary.

Dear Catechist:

We realize that you will need our help in future months. For that reason, we are sending you this box. It contains clothing and toys that will help make some poor children happy. We know how we would feel if we were neglected, and did not have things we needed. Our happiness is great to think that we are fortunate enough to be able to give.

We have the opportunity to receive Sacraments and Christian instruction every day.

We hope this box will bring comfort and joy to many of your poor little charges.

Closing our letter, we wish you a very happy New Year. The only thing we ask of you is to remember us in your prayers.

Your Loving Mission Workers  
The Seventh Grade Girls.

Mansfield, Ohio.

Dear Catechist:

I am forwarding another two dollars which I saved in my mite-box together with my good wishes for your success.

Yours sincerely,  
Mrs. G. B.

## Mary's Little Helpers

truly God for only God can rise from the dead by His own power.

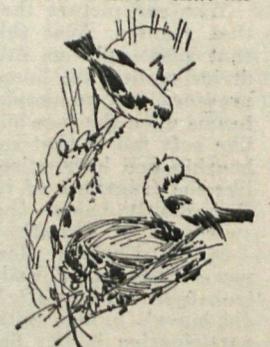
Besides Easter we have several other very nice feast days in the month of March. First comes great St. Patrick whom every one loves whether he is Irish or not, then on the nineteenth we celebrate the feast of St. Joseph to whom the whole month of March is dedicated. We should not only pray in a particular manner during this month to St. Joseph to obtain for us and our families a happy death but we should ask St. Joseph also to obtain for the poor abandoned Catholics in the missions the grace to die like Him in the arms of Jesus and Mary.

Friday during Passion week we honor the Seven Dolours of Our Blessed Mother, next to Our Lord she has suffered more than any one else, and so in all our cares and troubles we should go to Mary for she can better console and aid us in our sorrow than any other as She Herself has suffered so much during Her life. A few days later on the twenty-fifth the Church again celebrates one of Her great feast days, that of the Annunciation, the day on which the Angel Gabriel came down from Heaven and told Our Blessed Mother that God had chosen Her to be His Mother.

I almost forgot to mention a very important matter to you. It is this—some time ago

our Promoter of the DeLand Band of Little Helpers suggested that we get a pin for you. We thought this a grand idea but first we want you to write and tell us what you think of this and if you would like to have a pin and to give us your idea of what kind of pin you would like to have because you can best tell what you would like to have yourselves. I am sure that you will all like to have a pin to wear as a sign to other little boys and girls that you are one of Mary's own Little Helpers. Don't you? Now I know that all of you will write to me just as soon as you can telling me how much you really like having a pin, and then just as soon as we can we will have some pins made for you. Again wishing you a Joyful Easter, I am

Missionarily yours  
Catechist Supervisor  
Mary's Little Helpers.



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

WIN ONE MORE FRIEND FOR THE SOUTHWEST MISSIONS

# Mission Echoes

## SEPARATED BY HUNDREDS OF MILES

A little surprise awaited the Catechists at Victory Noll the other day as the 5:00 p. m. Wabash pulled into Huntington. Two of our Gary Catechists arrived with Lupe Romero, a little Mexican girl from Gary, whom they were taking to the Orphanage at Fort Wayne. The Catechists had left Gary early that morning, going first to Lafayette, where they placed Modesto—the two-year-old brother, in St. Joseph's Orphan Home. From there they continued their journey with the sister but decided to spend the night at Victory Noll after a long day of weary travel.

Poor Mrs. Romero has been one of our daily cares ever since the family came from Michigan last September. Little less than one year ago the family crossed the border with only these two children. They were forced to return the other two children to their grandparents in Mexico as they had not the wherewith to pay the head-tax when they reached the border. They arrived in Michigan in the Spring of last year and at once started to work in the beet fields there. However, the dampness of this northern climate soon took its toll. Mrs. Romero became ill with tuberculosis, that disease so fatal to those of a sunny clime. When work in the beet fields was over the Romeros made their way to the Great Steel City, and it was when Mr. Romero came to us for a letter of recommendation to enable him to procure employment in the Steel Mills, that we first made the acquaintance of the family. Having placed the mother in the hospital for care and the baby in a day nursery we outfitted Lupe and enrolled her in the public school.

For a few months after Mrs. Romero's discharge from the hospital the family functioned normally, but soon after Christmas there came a relapse. The home conditions became suddenly so bad that it was imperative to break up the home. It was with a heavy heart that Mr. Romero asked us to send the children away. We outfitted the children completely and took them to the Orphanages ourselves.

Mrs. Romero was again placed in the hospital. There is little hope of recovery, but as she is slowly awaiting the end her greatest consolation is to know that two of her children are under the care of Catholic Sisters and shall want for nothing. Her two children in Mexico she will probably never see again. God only knows!



"We Need a Playground"

## CAN YOU SOLVE THIS PROBLEM?

Out-Missions from Cerrillos are on the increase. We now have Catechism at San Pedro and Golden on Saturday mornings. These out-missions are mining camps eighteen and twenty-one miles distant, respectively. The children attend classes regularly and are very interested.

Our many First Communicants are working hard at their Catechism in all the missions. Many of these children are extremely poor so we are facing our annual problem: how will we be able to clothe our children for this eventful day?

However, Our Blessed Mother has always looked after these unfortunate ones, and we feel confident that even now good souls are plying their needles in order to keep our dear little ones from being shabbily dressed when they receive Our Dearest Saviour for the first time.

## YES, WE NEED A PLAYGROUND

The past two weeks we have been having springlike weather at Holman. Last Sunday was such a beautiful day that quite a large number came for Rosary. (Since we have Mass only once a month we have devotions in our own little chapel every Sunday afternoon.) After the Rosary we had choir practice and then games. How these children look forward to these games!

The Protestants have a dandy playground for their children (who are supposed to be Catholics) and we hope soon to have a place as equally attractive which will draw and hold our children. We have a splendid place for an ideal playground.—all we need is the equipment and the money to finance it.

The larger boys are very fond of the great American game: Baseball. So far we have good balls and bats, but no gloves. And what is a ball game to a boy without "real" gloves? Last Sunday we found that there were not enough present for a real game of ball, so, in order not to disappoint them we tried to play tennis with the following equipment: a board for a racquet, a wash line for a net, and one real tennis ball! It can be done! What's more, the boys even enjoyed it.

The Echoes from Holman are rather "snorty" in tone,—no doubt due to these balmy spring days which call one to the great outdoors. However, means to attract these children to Catechism, Mass and devotions must be realized, otherwise they will be won over by the enticements offered by proselytizing agencies. We are hoping and praying that some good friends will come to our assistance and make a playground possible.

## NO REST HOURS FOR A MISSIONARY

A Missionary's life contains few, if any hours of rest. One evening last week just after supper a little girl came to our house at Anton Chico to tell us that her mother was very sick, and that her father would like us to come right away. We found the woman in a pitiable condition. She had just received a severe shock and was lying on the bed, moaning and wringing her hands. It was clearly a case of hysteria. Neither the spirits of ammonia we gave her, nor bathing her with cold water had any noticeable effect. So we were obliged to resort to other means. After carefully placing towels and other cover-

ings on the bed and around the patient we dashed some cold water in her face. The result was astonishing! Within a few moments she had entirely regained consciousness.

We visited her again this morning. The shock was a very severe one; though a week has passed, she is still suffering from painful headaches.

We had scarcely returned home when the doorbell rang again. This time it was a little boy to tell us his sister had had an accident and his mother wanted us immediately. So, again out came the medicine kit.

Upon reaching their home, we found that Maria had been running toward home when she ran into a wire and cut her lip. It was a mean cut and we feared it would have to be stitched. We bathed it carefully in an antiseptic solution, applied a healing salve, and advised the mother to take Maria to the doctor.

The next morning we again called on Maria. Her mother had taken her to the nearest doctor (who lives thirty-five miles from here). She was more than ever pleased with our first-aid ministrations, for the doctor had repeated our program. He thought that given careful attention the cut would heal of itself.

Yes, 'tis true a missionary's life is a busy one but how glad we are to devote ourselves to the service of Jesus and Mary and to bring relief to Their suffering and sorrowing ones.

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, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
5. 620 W. Fifteenth Ave., Gary, Indiana.
6. Dos Palos, Calif.
7. Lubbock, Texas. Box 1658.
8. Catechist Blanche Richardson, Supervisor of Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

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



Back in the Mountains

## Reading Something Worth While

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

"FATHER SCOTT'S RADIO TALKS", 1927-1928; P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$2.00.

The great audience to which Fr. Scott broadcasted last year over the Paulist Radio Station will welcome these 15 minute talks in book form. Fr. Scott is deservedly called "our foremost living apologist." He is alive for his epitaph has not been written, but he is alive in the better sense that he grapples like a skilled wrestler with living issues, with burning problems and real difficulties. Atheistical science and cynic modernism are tearing up the foundations of belief; divorce, birth control, companionate marriage, have made the unmentionable sins common knowledge and, worse, common practice; that Church and State should be peaceable bed-fellows some cannot get under the skin. There are thousands outside the Fold who look to the Church that speaks "as one having authority" for an answer to these questions. Therefore not only those who had the pleasure of listening in when these talks were broadcasted but all seekers after truth thank Fr. Scott for publishing this book.

## Easter With Christ and His Friends

(Continued from page 5)

John outran the heavy-hearted, penitent Peter; yet out of deference for the chief of the Apostles, waited for him outside the sepulchre without entering. Even a superficial glance told him that the report of the guards, at least, was not true. Why should the linen cloths be lying there in view, if Christ had been stealthily removed. Closer examination by the two Apostles gave further evidence that the Body had not been hurriedly taken away. What was the true explanation? "For they did not understand the scripture that He must rise again from the dead." John, however, accepted the story of the women, and "having seen, believed," and believing returned with joy to confirm the report of the women.

Peter was still troubled. Briefly is the account of this meeting narrated in the Gospel, but significant is its effect upon the Apostles. "The Lord is risen and hath appeared to Simon (Peter)." They who had refused to believe the report of the women, yielded ready assent to Peter's enthusiastic profession of faith. Only Christ could wipe away the bitter tears of a sorrow such as Peter's, and convert them into joy.

Easter nears its close. With the patient care and tender solicitude of a Good Shepherd, Christ had sought out His scattered sheep and regathered them into His fold. Even now with secure confidence, "the eleven were gathered together and those who were with them"; even the disciples of Emmaus had returned.

Now that His disciples were reunited in faith and hope and love, Christ directs their new-born energy to others, who were not of the fold. Christ's missionary spirit would incorporate the whole world into just such a happy union of souls as this. "Go ye into the whole world," He bids them, "and preach the Gospel to every creature, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. They, who (like you) believe, shall be saved; those, who believe not, shall be condemned." Then, as a last Easter gift to His Apostles and to us, He breathes upon them the spirit of peace, saying: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." You, My disciples, who are to continue My risen life in the world, continue also my mission of peace. As I have ministered to your peace today, so do you minister to the peace of souls to the end of time. Preach, teach, baptize, forgive—show forth the fruit of My resurrection in you in eager quest for souls. "And I shall be with all days even to the consummation of the world."

Happy community! the Bond of your unity has again formed you into one body, a body resurrect with Christ, and instinct with the same divine life. As in spring, the branches show forth the life of the vine, so now Christ's divine energy courses through you, His disciples, and flowers forth in fruits of peace and joy. But Christ did not live His human life for Himself; neither must His mystical body live for itself. The branch must communicate the life that it receives; the missionary spirit—the urge to increase and multiply—must stimulate every least member. "Go, tell. . . Go, preach. . . Go,

teach. . ." is distinctive of all Christ's Easter messages. No longer does He Himself preach to the world; His public mission has ceased with His death. Henceforth, He will require faith in His messengers, and identifies Himself with them: "He that heareth you heareth Me. He that despiseth you, despiseth Me." Indeed, then, is the missionary spirit characteristic of Easter; characteristic of all who have risen with Christ to a new life of grace; characteristic, of those, especially, who daily drink deep draughts of love from the open side of Christ—His chosen disciples, His "missionary catechists" and Apostles of every age. This spirit is the very fruit of Easter; peace, its fair foliage; joy its blossom.

## How About the Preservation of the Faith?

(Continued from page 1)

life's profession of religious work in one of the Sisterhoods, she may not hesitate to offer herself for the work of the Missionary Catechists. After her first profession she will renew the offering of herself for one more year; then, if happy in the work, for still another year and so on—with the likelihood that she will remain in the Community. The work is fascinating, consoling and so meritorious. Workers are the first essential, and their support, which Divine Providence will always furnish, is the second essential. Think over it, parents, and talk to your daughter; think over it prayerfully, young lady, and after your decision, write to the Society of Missionary Catechists, Huntington, Indiana.

Come, Sweet Jesus! Come!  
Strengthen my heart and its desires.  
Come, Sweet Jesus! Come!  
That I may stronger grow, and stronger  
still in Thy love.  
Come, Sweet Jesus! Come!  
That I may follow Thy Call of Love,  
Thy Call to Service.

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