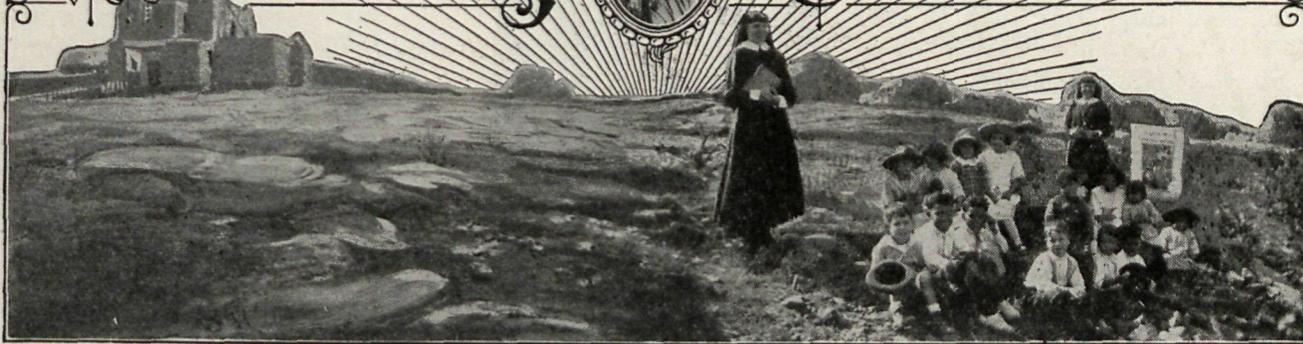


The Missionary Catechist



Volume V

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, June, 1929

Number 7

The Royal Highway

A LONG the Royal Highway of the Cross there is today marching a band of young women under the leadership of Christ the King and Our Lady of Victory. Their ideal is the highest type of Christian service, the service of Jesus Christ in the person of His poor. Their apostolate is a beautiful expression of love's secret, the perfect service of the lowly of the flock for Christ's dear sake. They are the hope of those beyond the reach of the parochial school, of those living in poor mission sections.

They are the Missionary Catechists who are now established in seven mission centers, each one of which cares for from two to ten out-missions, located at a distance of from one to forty-five miles from the Mission Center. These Mission Centers are situated in the States of Indiana, New Mexico, Texas and California.

Through their missionary labors the Catechists are reaching thousands of children who would otherwise be without religious instruction.

Those of their number who are working among the Mexicans and Spanish people of the Calumet steel districts of Gary and Indiana Harbor instruct an average of 750 children each week. Their daily visits to the homes of the thousands of Mexicans living in these cities bring them face to face with the most pitiful, poverty-stricken conditions. Working, when they are employed, near the large, open furnaces of the steel mills, living under the most unsanitary conditions, deprived of sunshine

and fresh air, it is not surprising that sickness often combines forces with inadequate wages and high living costs to keep these people in an impoverished condition.

Protestant missionaries and social workers are active among them. They are doing everything in their power to proselytize them. It is no unusual thing for the Missionary Catechists to visit homes into which these Protestant Missionaries have gained an entrance and find that entire families have been so deceived as to no longer believe in the Catholic Faith. To cite a particular case. The Catechists recently visited the Mexicans in one of the large hospitals to urge them to make their Easter duty. At the bedside of one of the patients they found a Protestant minister arguing religion. When they called again, the patient stated that he no longer believed in Confession.

There are between ten and eleven thousand Mexicans living in this district, a fer-

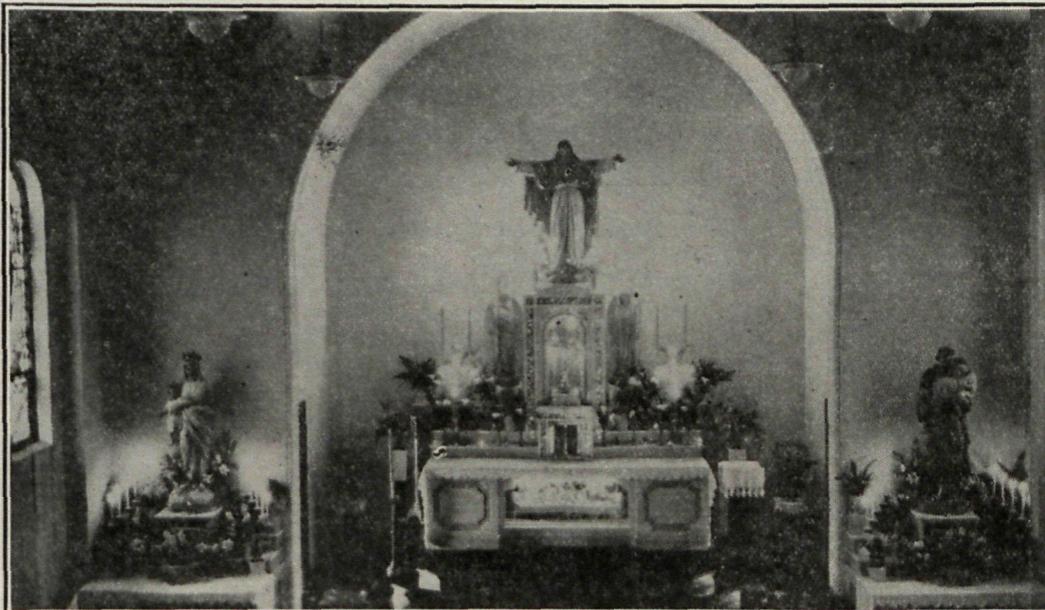
tile field for missionary activity.

The situation in the mission districts of the Southwest is also a very difficult one. There, Missionary Priests are faced with the problem of caring for a vast mission parish extending over a large territory and often including as many as from ten to twenty missions and stations. In the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, comprising a territory of 104,168 square miles, there are a total of 360 mission churches. Of this number only 54 have resident Priests. In the larger out-missions, the parishioners hear Mass on an average of once a month. In the more remote, smaller stations they have this opportunity but two or three times during the year. To complicate the situation, there are many days during the year when snow and rain make the mountain roads impassible, and the mission cannot be reached under any circumstances. Hence it has come to pass that many people living in these remote regions are Catholic principally in name. Unless

such conditions be remedied, loss of Faith is inevitable. If a great leakage in the Faith is to be stemmed, the children must receive a thorough Christian training.

Records from Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, New Mexico, indicate that the average number of children attending Catechism classes each week during the month of April was 548. From Victory-Mount the Catechists take care of six out-missions, in addition to teaching Catechism to the Catholic children attending public schools in Las Vegas.

(Cont'd on p. 8)



Victory-Noll's Chapel on Easter Morn—Altar decorations by generous friends.

JOIN THE CONFRATERNITY OF MARY, QUEEN OF OUR HEARTS!



Month of Roses -- and Decisions



Mary Marr

JUNE time. Month of roses, graduations, weddings. June time in Chicago in the year of Our Lord, 1929.

Mary Lee Harris, who lived in St. Ambrose parish, on Ellis Avenue, near Fiftieth street, wondered what one did after graduation.

Rosemary Allan, her life-long friend—they made St. Ambrose parochial together and then went on to St. Xavier's—was entering the convent, and Rachel Burns was getting married.

Mary Lee wanted to do something. She had loved the nuns at St. Xavier's. After eight years' association with them she knew she did not care to teach. To teach? Not reading, spelling, nor Latin? Father said there was no call for her to worry about work. He had plenty.

Came graduation night. She received her A. B., and then she wondered what she would do. Finally she was sitting with her classmates. How she walked upon the stage and took her diploma she did not know, for she was in a daze.

She saw her life stretching ahead of her—helping her mother with the younger children. Like Aunt Ellen, father's sister, who lived with them.

"I wanted to join the Dominicans," Aunt Ellen told her only yesterday, "but pa and ma needed me at home. When ma died I could not leave pa. And when he died, John, your father, asked me to come here because Mary, your mother, was ill and Johnny was teething. I stayed on, thinking that I was needed. But had I gone then—it is nineteen years—I would have been answering His Call."

Mary Lee had never thought of Aunt Ellen having a vocation. She was so quiet and housewifely. She tried to visualize her at twenty. Did she go to parties? Help her mother cook and clean? Dream her golden dreams? Did she have flowers, friends, honor at her graduation? It was from a smaller school, for Chicago was smaller thirty-two years ago.

Thirty-two years! Aunt Ellen was eighteen. Mary Lee was twenty-two. Aunt Ellen was far smarter, Mary Lee told herself. "What can I do?" her thoughts ran on. "Sing in the choir, play the organ, drive the car, make my own clothes, cook a meal. I have been sensibly trained. Majored in languages. What —"

The girl next on the left—Clara Rogers—handed her a slip of paper. On it was written: "Dear Mary Lee—I am going to be a medical lay-missionary and go to China."

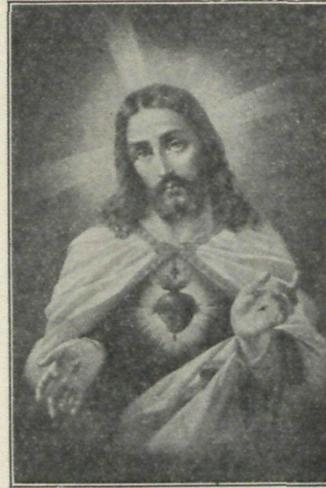
Mary Lee wondered when Clara wrote the notes she was passing out, here on her graduation night.

Clara's sweetheart was a doctor—or rather he would be after a few more years of study. They would go together. Two doctors of medicine.

It was over. Neighbors were crowding around. Congratulations.

Home. The house quiet. Every one asleep but Mary Lee. At last she arose and tip-toed into Aunt Ellen's room. Aunt Ellen knelt before the little shrine of Our Lady. "What are you praying for?" asked Mary Lee.

"That you may not stumble along life's road as I did—that you may find your niche and fill it well. I will stay on here with your mother and the children. You can fare forth to follow your heart's desire."



"O SACRED HEART! WHAT SHALL I RENDER THEE?"

O Sacred Heart! what shall I render Thee

For all the gifts Thou hast bestowed on me?

O Heart of God; Thou seem'st but to implore

That I should love Thee daily more and more.

O Heart, Whose reign began upon the Tree,

Where Thou didst triumph by humility;

O grant I may Thy hidden ways adore

And know and love Thee daily more and more.

O Sacred Heart, I long to love E'en as the saints with Thee in Heaven above;

O dearest Heart, this grace I then implore,

That I may love Thee daily, hourly more.

O Heart of Jesus! come and live in me

That with Thy love my heart consumed may be;

O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I implore That I may love Thee daily more and more.

O Sacred Heart, be this our life's one aim;

To labor for the glory of Thy Name. O dearest Heart, this grace we Thee implore:

That all the world may know and love Thee more.

—"Voice of the Sacred Heart."

"Aunt Ellen, you know the little magazine you take—THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST? I love it—I mean that life. I can do the practical things, and to live in a house with two or three other Catechists appeals to me. Their uniform is beautiful, and I could come home to visit. Some day, mayhap, Auntie, I will be less of a baby. Can leave home without a tear."

"When you have been away several years, and leave us at the end of your vacation, you will leave us laughing," said Aunt Ellen.

"Why did you make the novenas to Our Lady so often?" asked the girl.

"For you to find yourself—to ask God to take the cross from your path, little lady, for you are so young, so young, and you will ever be that way in your heart. Run to bed. Goodnight—and God bless you, Mary Lee."

"Catechist Mary Lee Harris," said the girl softly.

Dear Margaret:

May is just about over, isn't it, and June is beckoning to us. Though May is delightful, June, it seems to me, is even more so: it is the fruition of May's promises, the month of roses, the month of the Sacred Heart. As I write, all the ideas group themselves together, and with them are associated a series of pictures: Margaret Mary kneeling in humble prayer, and the sudden, startling, glorious apparition of the Sacred Heart with its message of her life work; the second, the Saint of our hopes, the dear Little Flower of Jesus, ardently praying for Missionaries; and, last of all, a never-to-be-forgotten day at Anton Chico, the Feast of Corpus Christi with its outdoor altars and devotional procession.

It is not my privilege to be there this year. In its stead I have another one, that of praying for the completion of the Burses in honor of the Sacred Heart and Corpus Christi. To contribute toward the support of these Burses during June is a wonderful way of giving proof of one's love for the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Sacrament; it is to enable a Missionary Catechist to carry on the work most dear to the Sacred Heart, the going into neglected mission places to win souls—roses of love for Heaven.

Shall not you also join with me in praying the Little Flower to shower June roses upon us in the form of contributions toward these Burses?

Affectionately in O. B. L. V.,
CATECHIST L. M.

Glendale, Calif.

Dear Father, I am very much interested in the great work being done by the noble band of women, the dear Catechists. I wish most sincerely that it were in my power to render aid to this worthy cause. Unfortunately, ill health and want of finances prevent me from doing any such thing as I would like. But I pray daily that God may bless the efforts of the brave Catechists, and I trust that He will hear my prayer.

I am sending one dollar and fifty cents to express my gratitude for a favor obtained through the prayers to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Our Blessed Mother and St. Rita. Please publish my thanks in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

Yours sincerely, B. B. R.

For the Preservation of the Faith

Excerpts from an address given by the Right Reverend John F. Noll, D.D., Bishop of Ft. Wayne on the occasion of Solemn Departure Ceremonies.

"A few centuries ago the two American continents were evangelized and civilized by Missionaries who came from Spain. Many of our western cities by their very names, still bear testimony to those pioneer missionaries who preached the Gospel in the Spanish tongue, yet strangely, the people of Spanish descent, the descendants of those who were the first to preach the Gospel in our country, are the most neglected today. There are a million or more of them along the southern borderline of the United States. They have a disposition to be Catholic. Mothers carry their babes for miles and miles for Baptism. Whenever services are held they come from far and near to attend Mass out in the open or in some shack, but sadly the Church has not a sufficient number of Priests to minister to them.

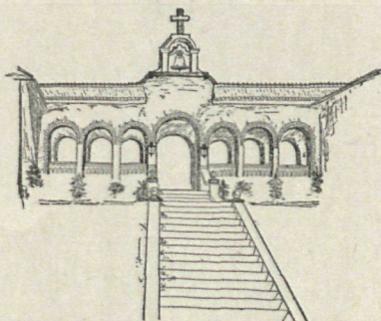
"Now, one of the prime purposes of the foundation of the Society of Missionary Catechists is to precede the Priest and to establish and conserve the Faith among the descendants of the people who came from Mexico or far-off Spain years ago. The Catechists do not teach school; they are called Catechists because their principal work is Religious Instruction. They visit the homes and reclaim the parents to the Church as well as teach the children. They serve in a charitable way, dispensing clothing and caring for the sick. They are real Missionaries. Their lives are spent as Christ's life was spent—in going about doing good.

"We are told by Christ that one soul is



IN THE SACRISTY

At Victory-Noll, where the Catechists receive their training as sacristans, which prepares them to care for poor neglected Mission Chapels.



AN INVITATION

At the close of every school year the Master of the Vineyard seeks new recruits to His service. How many young women are undecided as to their life work! How many will be generous, self-sacrificing enough, to answer the good Saviour's call and follow their divinely given vocation?

The Society of Missionary Catechists extends to all young women who feel that they have a missionary vocation, an invitation to visit Victory-Noll, where they may see for themselves the possibilities of the work they may do as Missionary Catechists for the glory of God and the salvation of neglected souls.

Once they have seen unfolded before them the vision of the unbelievably great needs of the native Spanish people of the Southwest; once they realize the pathetic poverty of a mission people living in ignorance of the sanitary measures that make for health and well-being; once they understand that babies, children, and even adults are dying for lack of a little care; once they appreciate that souls are being lost to the Sacred Heart and the Church for lack of instruction, surely their hearts will respond to the invitation. Surely then they will enroll themselves as Missionary Catechists under the banner of Christ the King, and Our Lady, Queen of the Missions.

So, to the Catholic young woman of high ideals and higher aspirations we extend an invitation to visit Victory-Noll.

James J. Hill once said: "It isn't lack of opportunities that keeps men from advancing; it's failure to use the ones at hand." And isn't it?

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.

worth more than the whole world. Too many of us act as though we were not our brother's keeper at all. We act as though all we had to do was to look after our own soul, and we are not doing that with any kind of sedulous effort. But, what would have become of you, what would have become of me, if unselfish Missionaries of the past had not come to our land and planted the Faith here?

"The best way to repay Almighty God for the inheritance of the Faith is to go out ourselves and try to bring in others. Almighty God has made it possible for everyone to share in this work. If we cannot go personally, we can at least go in prayer. We can pray day after day that the fullness of God's benediction may follow the efforts of every Catechist. We can assist them with alms, carrying on a little charity in the out of the way places where the people are desperately poor.

"We hope that many of our young ladies will feel inspired to enter the Society of Missionary Catechists. The field is large, the number of apostles needed is great, and therefore the appeal is most timely for more recruits. . . . Therefore, let us pray not only for the individual Catechists who are going out into the field but also for the organization to which they belong; let us pray that their efforts may be crowned with success and that they may have in their dying moments the consolation that must come to the Missionary, and after death that they may have a great Missionary's reward."



OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL DOOR

This very attractive statue of St. Anthony occupies a prominent place in the main corridor at the Chapel entrance. The donor, Mr. John Nothacker, of LaFayette, Indiana, can be well satisfied with the appropriateness of his gift.

JOIN THE CONFRATERNITY OF MARY, QUEEN OF OUR HEARTS!

Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts

DEVOTION to Our Blessed Mother is as old as the Church itself. This devotion began at the Foot of the Cross when Our Blessed Redeemer gave us, in the person of St. John, His Most Dear Mother to be our own Blessed Mother. St. John and all the Apostles were devoted to Her; all the Disciples of Our Lord were devoted to Her; all the Fathers of the Church were devoted to Her. Christians of every age have deemed it their highest privilege and their greatest happiness to be numbered among her devoted clients.

It has ever been a most distinguished mark of the greatest saints from the earliest ages of the Church to be numbered among the most devoted clients and the loyal slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. These saintly lovers of Mary had but one ambition: to have all Catholics of good will consecrate themselves entirely to Jesus through Mary.

But it was reserved for these latter times to give to the world one of the most Saintly servants of Mary who would be the providential instrument for propagating special devotion to the Most Blessed Mother of God. Blessed Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort may truly be called the "Apostle of Mary" since it was his special mission and the object of all his priestly labors to impel all Christians to consecrate themselves to Jesus as slaves of love through the Hands of Mary. This doctrine and practice of the holy slavery of Jesus through Mary he set forth in his beautiful treatise on "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin."

So great was the desire of Blessed de Montfort to see all the children of the Church consecrate themselves entirely and forever to Jesus through Mary that he founded a religious community, the Missionaries of the Company of Mary, for the spreading of this most admirable devotion. It was the dearest wish of Blessed de Montfort to see his beloved devotion erected into a great Archconfraternity. This desire received its full realization after his death in the establishment in Rome of the Archconfraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts.

Since the Society of Missionary Catechists is consecrated in a special manner to Our Blessed Lady of Victory, it is but fitting that its members should, as one of the first acts of their religious life, make a solemn act consecrating themselves entirely and forever to Jesus through Mary in the quality of slaves of love devoting themselves not only to the personal practice of this devotion, but to its propagation.

Now, it has been the desire of the Society of Missionary Catechists to spread through its devoted daughters this true devotion among all Catholics of good will. This has been made possible through the gracious permission of the Rt. Rev. John F. Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne, who himself petitioned that our Society have a Confraternity affiliated with the Archconfraternity of Rome.

This affiliation was happily effected on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception last December.

It is the object of the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, to establish within us the reign of Mary as a means of establishing more perfectly the reign of Jesus Christ in our souls. Its members make an Act of Consecration and practice



The following Plenary Indulgences may be gained:

- 1 On the day of the admission.
 - 2 On the Feast of the Annunciation.
 - 3 On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, on condition of renewing the Act of Consecration.
 - 4 On the feast of Bl. de Montfort (April 28th) on condition of renewing the Act of Consecration.
 - 5 On Christmas Day
 - 6 On the Feast of the Purification.
 - 7 On both Feasts of Our Lady of Seven Sorrows, i.e., on the Friday following Passion Sunday and September 15th.
 - 8 On the Feast of the Visitation
 - 9 On the Feast of the Assumption
- All the above named indulgences are applicable to the souls in purgatory, and may be gained on the ordinary conditions of confession and communion, and prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father.

10. At the hour of death. This indulgence is personal and is gained on the following conditions: That the sick person make an act of contrition and charity; that he be resigned to the will of God and offer His sufferings and death in atonement for his sins; and that he piously invoke the holy name of Jesus, at least interiorly.

the "True Devotion" by consecration and practice the "True Devotion" by consecrating their lives, the powers of their soul and body, all their good works and even the merits of their good works, entirely and forever to Jesus through Mary in the quality of slaves of love. Thenceforth they belong entirely to Jesus through Mary in the quality of slaves of love.

Conditions necessary for membership are that the devout client of Mary make the Act of Consecration to Jesus through Mary on some Feastday of Our Blessed Mother. The

proper form for this act of Consecration will be printed from time to time in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Those wishing to be enrolled in the Confraternity will have their names recorded and receive certificate of membership by applying for membership to the Society of Missionary Catechists and remitting a membership fee of \$1.00. (See Plenary Indulgences in Box).

In addition to these plenary indulgences many partial indulgences may be gained every time the member repeats the act of consecration: "All for Jesus through Mary," or performs a good work in union with our Blessed Mother.

Finally, members share in all the prayers, merits and good works of the religious congregations of Blessed de Montfort,—the Company of Mary and the Daughters of Wisdom, as well as in the prayers and good works of the Missionary Catechists.

Every Saturday a Mass will be offered for the members at the shrine of the Archconfraternity in Rome, and special High Masses for the intentions of the members and for their dear departed will be offered on the high feasts of Our Blessed Mother.

In these days when our salvation is threatened on every side and we have need of an effective remedy for our spiritual ills, there is a pressing need for the spread of greater devotion to Our Most Dear and Blessed Mother. "If we rely on the disclosures of the Saints," says Father Faber, "the greatest need of our time is an immense increase of devotion to Our Blessed Lady. Devotion to Mary," he goes on to say, "is low and thin and poor. It is always invoking human respect and is not the prominent characteristic of our religion which it ought to be. Hence it is that Jesus is not loved, that souls which might be saints wither and dwindle. Jesus is obscured because Mary is kept in the background. God is pressing for a greater, a wider, a stronger, quite another devotion to His Blessed Mother. I cannot think of a higher work nor a broader vocation for any one than the spreading of this True Devotion to Blessed deMontfort. Let one but try it for himself and his surprise at the grace it brings with it and the transformation it causes in his soul will soon convince him of its otherwise incredible efficacy as a means of salvation and for the coming of the Kingdom of Christ."

Devoted friends of the Missionary Catechists, here indeed you have a wonderful opportunity for showing that you really wish to love Jesus and Mary more and more, and, by practicing the True Devotion to them, to become their devoted clients and their most beloved children. By becoming a member of this Confraternity you will be taking the surest, safest, and easiest means not only for insuring your eternal salvation, but for securing the highest measure of holiness and happiness both here and hereafter.

Join the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Hearts, now!

Henry Van Dyke says: "Though I am poor, send me to carry some gifts to those who are poorer, some cheer to those who are lonelier and light Thou my Candle at the gladness of an innocent and grateful heart."

JOIN THE CONFRATERNITY OF MARY, QUEEN OF OUR HEARTS!

On Top of a Misty Mountain

Mary Stephen

AS you travel among the Ozark Valleys, westward from Russellville, Arkansas, and into the Fort Smith Region, you come to Altus. The word means "high", as no one needs to be told; and marks the loftiest point on the highway that crosses the State from Memphis to Fort Smith. The village huddles against a sheer rise of ground, tree-clad, and edging a lovely valley. Looking almost straight upward, you see a red roof and a bell-tower looming from among the trees. It is a long roof, and when I first saw it, shone with falling rain, brightening as an occasional twisted sunbeam broke through the clouds. The tower rose at one end of the building, and at the other extremity I could see a glistening Cross.

"Everyone around here calls that hill Catholic Mountain," said the lady who served me a bountiful breakfast at the soggy little hotel in the village; for I had come fifty miles without coffee, starting long before dawn to make the most of the short late-autumn day. "Nobody but Catholics lives up there; they built that big church, and raise grapes. Father Placidus lives by the church."

I had heard of Father Placidus all over Arkansas. Also, I had heard much of the Altus vineyards. That was why I had come; for the things told me were unusual and interesting; and there is nothing like seeing for yourself.

Breakfast over, I set out for the top of the mountain. Rain was still falling and Arkansas mud is proverbial, so I outfitted myself at a small general store with an umbrella and a pair of enormous rubber overshoes—men's shoes, they were, and approximating my needs too generously by about three sizes—and began the climb.

There is a great stone stairway, laid carefully step by step along the natural contour of the steep slope, that takes you by leisurely landings to the top. From the frequent broadened landings, of which I was glad to take breathless advantage, I looked backward and downward over a panorama of increasing loveliness. Here rose Magazine Mountain, like a great wave petrified on edge, with a froth of cotton fields at its foot, and a crest of dark forest; and beyond it the Boston Range, far away and misty in the rain. Guarded by these great walls lies Altus Valley; and some day I am going back for the express purpose of seeing how it looks when the sun is shining. Even in the rain it had a peculiar beauty about it.

At the end of the stairway, which seemed endless before it was done, there led forth a narrow path, and at the end of that, a broad plaza around which were grouped the unmistakable units of a Catholic parish—the surpassingly beautiful church, the roof of which I had seen; a modern stone schoolhouse, with a small frame adjunct which I guessed to have been nothing other than the original church; a comfortable cottage on the porch of which I found a smiling Benedictine Sister, ready to give me the information I sought; and on the farther side of the plaza the roomy, pleasant house where Father Placidus lives, and which, I was to discover, holds a welcoming kindness for every wayfarer—myself being only one of the interminable line.

But it was the great church that interested me most. I could hardly look away

from it long enough to receive Father's courteous welcome. It was a surprising sort of thing, even in a State where the unexpected is the rule, to find such a building on the top of a rather isolated Ozark height. Even from the outside it had an unique fitness; as if it had somehow sprung from the mountain, and was part and parcel of its quiet grandeur. Seeing my interest, Father said:

"You would perhaps like to see our Church?"

"Oh," I replied, "more than anything else I can think of. I had not expected to find one like this."

Father Placidus smiled. He had heard chance visitors say that so many times that my surprise was no surprise to him. We went slowly across the plaza in the forgotten rain, unmindful of the soft footing in the path, or the swish of the wet, long grass about our ankles. Pausing long enough in the pillared porch to shake off the worst of the dripping moisture, we opened the door and went in.

It would be useless to describe the interior of the Church as I saw it. Imagine the lifelong devotion of a rarely cultured and artistic spirit translated into stone and polished wood and masterly color; into high windows of stained glass, and delicate, tall columns; into the balance and freedom of lofty arches and dusky spaces. It looked exactly what it turned out to be, an ideal worked out at the hands of a practical dreamer, whose assets for his labor of love lay more in a vision than in a bank account, and whose years counted through the slow processes of the exact builder.

After a few moments in which the colorful dusk, at first indistinct after the outside light, burned up in glowing beauty, the details of the interior started forth more plainly. There was first of all the marvelous high altar of polished woods; thirteen varieties, grown upon the mountain, so Father told me; and skilfully patterned together by one of his parishioners who had a flair for cabinet work; and matching it, the equally lovely, if smaller side altars, of similar construction. The long rows of pews, too, were of native walnut, polished to dark brilliance by years of use; and priceless in these days of flimsy veneering.

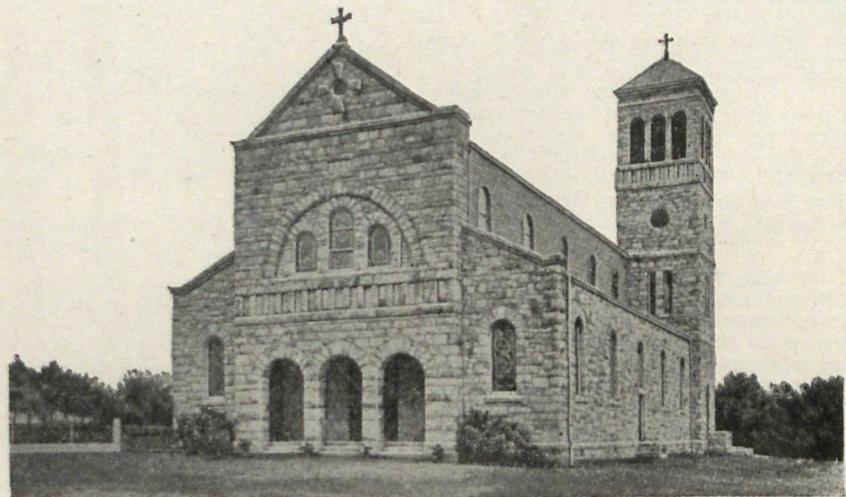
The dome over the high altar looked at first like a shaded flowerbell, without any particular design; but as one gazed, our dear Lady seemed to step forth from it, like a star rising from a bright sea, radiant in Her delicately tinted robes against a background of shimmering gold. How that elusive fragility was achieved is the artist's secret.

It was an hour or more before we had finished, and then there was still much left to see. But the day was going fast, and there was a great deal to be done; so, regretfully, we closed the door behind us and came back into the misty out-of-doors. When the dinner was over, and I must finally say goodbye to the high plateau, and its home-like comfort and fine courtesy, a young son of one of the families took me down the mountain in his Ford, winding about among the farms so that I might see more of them in passing.

"We have something no one else in the world has got," he said, looking across the narrow levels towards the red-roofed Church with its chime-filled tower. "We must stay together and keep things as they are. I don't see what more we could want. We have plenty, and we are very happy—"

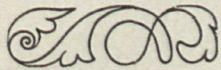
There was a look in his eyes that was like a promise, as he spoke, a pledge of loyalty to his place and his people, to his Faith and this noble expression of it. It was something Father Placidus must have seen often in the faces of his younger parishioners, or he would not have spoken so confidently of the future. I thought of it as I rode away down the Valley from Altus at dusk; and I wondered if, after all, there is not a kinship that we know little about between the soil and those who live upon it, and from it; who build temples from its enduring granite, and steal color for their walls from its lights and shadows. But, most of all, I thought, could this kinship be traced in a certain spiritual sureness and dignity that could have not words except those written in stone, and no appeals more poignant than those of the sublime majesty of the Passion of the Galilean, who, too, loved the silence of rain-swept hills, and the flash of bright waters.

Courtesy of The Cresset



Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Altus, Ark.

JOIN THE CONFRATERNITY OF MARY, QUEEN OF OUR HEARTS!



Mission Echoes



A STEP FORWARD.

THE second Sunday of the month we had a wonderful "turn out" of the Anton Chico Junior Holy Name Society. Twenty-five boys between the ages of ten and sixteen received Holy Communion; some of them had to walk from the little isolated village of Llano four miles distant. (Four miles at any time without breakfast is quite an undertaking, but, out here where four miles are easily equivalent to five or six ordinary ones, the undertaking is almost heroic). It is, therefore, almost unnecessary to say that after Mass and the usual prayers, twenty-five hungry lads filed in rank and two by two marched with a hearty good will to our dining room where breakfast was served.

The table was beautifully decorated in paschal colors, a huge nest of vari-colored eggs served as center-piece while streamers of crepe paper draped the side and corners. On entering the room, each boy received a Sacred Heart badge. Breakfast consisted of coffee, cocoa, two kinds of coffee cake, crackers, jelly and hard-boiled eggs. 'Tis needless to say that they all enjoyed themselves. After grace each one promised to return for the meeting in the afternoon.

True to their word, almost every boy showed up in the afternoon. Prior to the meeting a group picture was taken; after the meeting games were played. When leaving the boys all declared that they would attend the Sacraments and meeting next month.

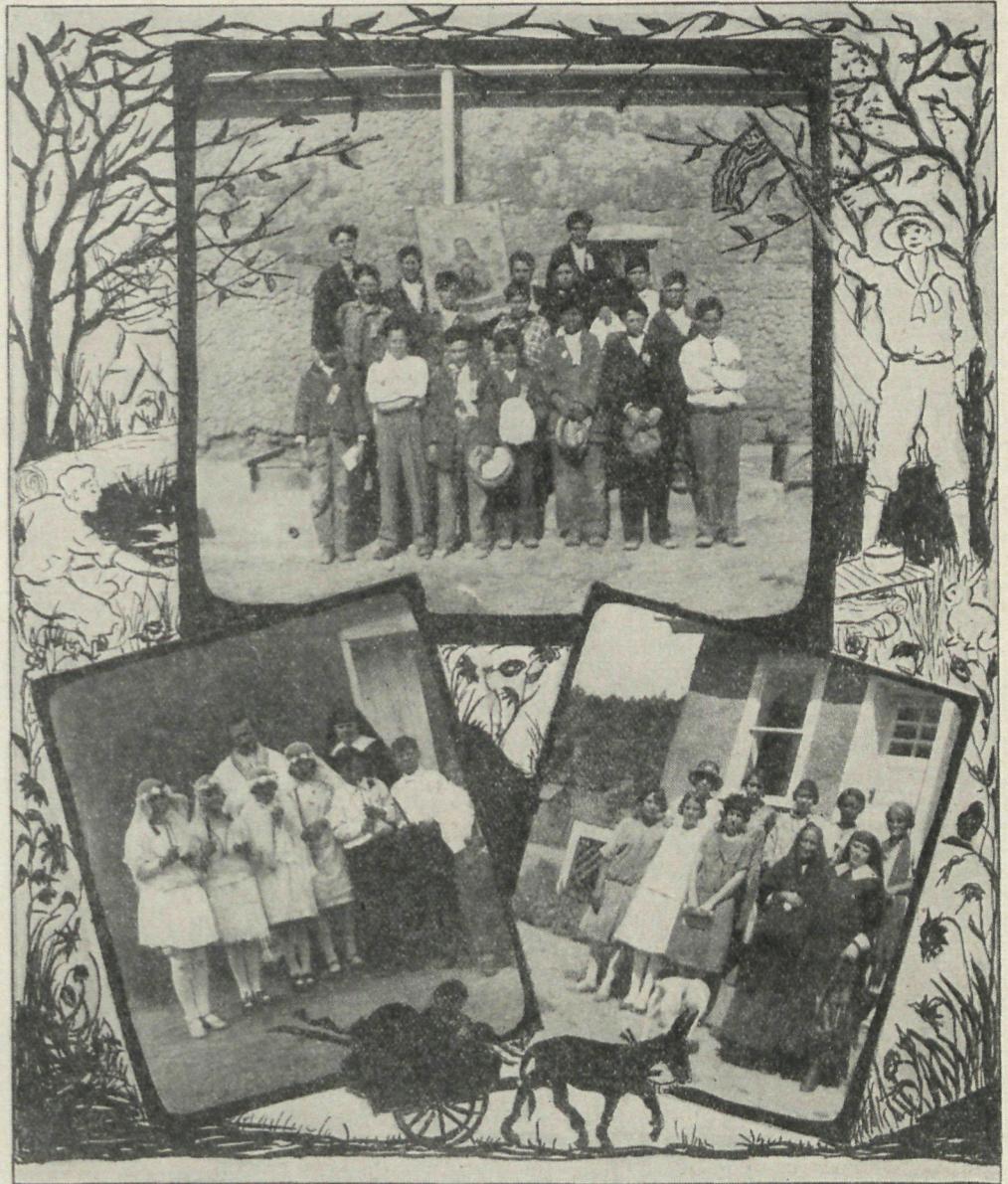
To our friends back East twenty-five boys in the Junior Holy Name Society will seem very small. Yet, when you consider that this Society has been in existence only a little over a year, when you consider the remoteness of our little Mission, and lastly, when you consider the lack of Religious Instruction which these boys, especially the larger ones, are somewhat ashamed to admit, then, and then only, will our Eastern friends understand what this Society really means: the saving of these boys to our Holy Faith and the making of good American citizens. Will our Eastern friends, after fully understanding the situation, in their charity pray for the success of this young Society and also assist us in a material way so that we may be able to continue these monthly breakfasts and provide the other needed attractions which will keep our boys on the right track?

CLASS "TALK."

Victory-Mount has just finished one of the most strenuous seasons of its career. What with caring for six out-missions, catechizing an average of six hundred children weekly, visiting the poor and sick, to say nothing of performing our own Community duties, we sixteen Catechists have had no spare moments.

Our out-missions can certainly lay claim to instructing all ages for in some places even the grandmothers seventy and eighty years old attend classes and are quite interesting as well as amusing. They enjoy coming, think it quite a joke, and pretend they are just learning to lisp the prayers.

In three places, Wagon Mound, Las Vegas and Gallinas, First Communion Day is over; there were approximately one hundred chil-



Top:—Junior Holy Name Society at Anton Chico, New Mexico.
Right:—After Catechism. Left:—First Communion Group.

dren ranging from eleven to fourteen years who received Our Dear Savior for the first time.

Let us reproduce some of the little letters which children in the different out-missions wrote us:

"I am so happy when Catechist comes. Sometimes we have a party with our Catechist and we play ball and have a good time.

"Dear Catechist, I like the coat that you gave me; it keeps me nice and warm. I did not forget to pray for you and the good lady that gave me that coat. Dear Catechist, it is five more weeks to close of school. But please don't forget me and I will pray for you, Catechist. Won't you pray for us? I am glad to give the Lord my prayers!"

Your girl, ROSA ARAGON.

"I have been studying my Catechism very hard because I want to receive the best of

all gifts. I want to make my First Communion because I want to have Jesus in my heart. I hope God will help me and bless me by fulfilling my wish.

"Thanking you for your efforts in helping me, I am,

"Most obediently yours,"

JULIA SANCHEZ.

To be sure each letter contains its humorous element. Yet, each also contains a note of longing for more knowledge of Our Jesus and His Blessed Mother as well as a deep appreciation for the instructions they are receiving. Nor does each one fail to express gratitude for all material assistance. Surely, these words coming "from the heart of a child" will bring much satisfaction to our generous friends (without whom we could have done nothing), and will urge them to perform even greater deeds of love for our mission children.

JOIN THE CONFRATERNITY OF MARY, QUEEN OF OUR HEARTS!

The Royal Highway

(Continued from Page 1)

From the Mission Center located at Anton Chico, New Mexico, the Missionary Catechists reach the children living in eight out-missions. The Holman Mission Center includes six out-missions with a registration of over 800 children. Since its opening in May, 1927, the Los Cerrillos Mission Center has extended its work to take in five out-missions.

Last September two new Mission Centers were opened, one in the Diocese of Amarillo, at Lubbock, Texas, the other in the Diocese of Monterey-Fresno, at Dos Palos, Calif.

During the week of April 12th the Missionary Catechists at Lubbock conducted eleven Catechism classes, as well as sewing and cooking classes, gave an instruction in community singing, conducted choir practice for the girls' choir, and visited ranches fifteen miles distant where they found a couple who had not been married. They were successful in bringing them back for the marriage. During this same week, they adjusted another marriage of eight years' standing, the result of ten visits and four instructions (it was the woman's First Communion), sang and played a Requiem High Mass, and visited fourteen homes. To crown the week's work, they interviewed City Health Officials relative to sanitary conditions.

Records from the Dos Palos Mission Center, California, are no less interesting. During the first week of its foundation, the Missionary Catechists gathered together 73 children for Catechetical instruction. Their records for the week ending April 6th indicate a total number of 842 children attending instructions. The children under their care are not only of Spanish and Mexican extraction, but also of Portuguese and Italian. A recent letter from this mission gives an excellent idea of the work being accomplished.

Commenting on his experiences in visiting the Missionary Catechists in New Mexico, the Rev. M. Sheehan, Pastor of Nuestra Senora de la Solidaridad Church of Los Angeles, California, stated:

"While visiting Victory-Mount I went with the Catechists to Tecolote one Sunday afternoon. Had the Catechists not come, the Church would not have been opened that day. On their arrival the Church was opened and there was conducted a regular little evening service. One of the Catechists

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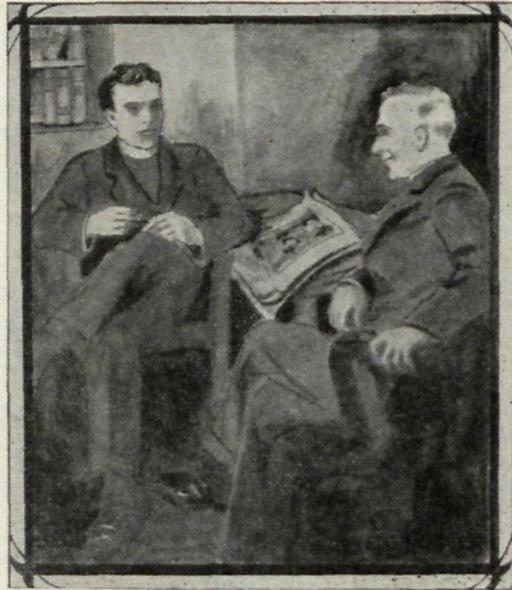
played the organ. The girls' choir sang Spanish hymns. Another Catechist lead the Rosary. Then there was Catechism. Supposing the Catechists were not going to this Mission. What would become of these children? They would grow up in practical ignorance of their religion.

"When I visited the Mission Center at Holman, two of the Catechists were pre-

paring to go to Chacon, one of their out-missions. There they have a single room in an adobe hut where they literally camp out for several days twice each month in order to instruct the children living in this mountain village.

"There is not another Community in the United States that would do this work. That is why all the Priests I spoke to in New Mexico were enthusiastic about the Society of Missionary Catechists. The Catechists are going to places where no other community would go. There are others that teach Catechism, but they would not teach it under these circumstances. They must have Mass and Communion every day. They will not open a house unless they are guaranteed it. If a community demands this, the Pastor must say 'We can't have your community,' because he can't be in seventeen places at the same time.

Missionary Catechists and more Missionary Catechists are needed to meet this great home mission problem. June has been called a month of decisions. Well may we pray, and pray earnestly, that Catholic young women standing at the parting of the ways may give earnest consideration to this missionary vocation.



Father, I've just made one of the best investments of my life! Signed an **ANNUITY CONTRACT** with the Society of Missionary Catechists.

It's a growing Society, and I'm happy to help along the wonderful work it is doing among the poor.

SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Ind.

I desire to have a share in the noble work of "THE SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS" in saving the Faith of our poor Catholic children in the scattered Missions of the Southwest.

As my initial offering towards this work, I enclose - - - - - \$ _____

I also promise to pay a total of \$ _____

payable in _____ Monthly _____ Quarterly _____ Semi-Annual _____ Annual installments of \$ _____

You may apply these donations for my special intentions, and in memory of my dear departed _____

Name _____

Address _____

Date _____