

# The Missionary Catechist



Volume V

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, August, 1929

Number 9

## Poverty at Our Very Doors

**L**ATE one evening in early summer Senora Ochoa wended her way to the Gary Settlement House to tell us of the death of her friend, Felipe Medina, at the T. B. sanitarium at Crown Point, and to have a Mass offered for the repose of the soul of the departed. Almost unknowingly the Magnificat rose to our lips as we marvelled at the infinite goodness of God towards sinners. Here we had a repetition of the parable of the Prodigal Son, who, after almost a half century of a life of sin, returned to his Father's house, was pardoned and died in His Loving Arms.

To begin our tale we must go back to that afternoon last February, when Our Blessed Mother we are certain, guided our footsteps to a little, red restaurant on Adams Street. Always before starting out on these visits we kneel for a moment at the foot of the altar and implore Mary, "Refuge of Sinners," to lead us to whatever soul is in the greatest distress.

Senora Ortiz, the owner of the restaurant, was busy rolling out dozens and dozens of tortillas, consequently she was in no mood to hear a sermon. Moreover, she had a grievance to be redressed, and therefore, felt rather hostile to mankind in general. She had been obliged to give free board to Felipe Medina for the past three months because he was sick and had not the wherewith to pay. It was not willing charity on her part, but it would have been un-Christian to turn a countryman away.

Felipe was friendless except for Senora Ochoa, who also had a restaurant on Adams Street, and who held Felipe's insurance policy. Was it not just that she should care for Felipe's wants as she would receive something for it in the event of his death? But Senora Ochoa would do nothing of the kind for sanitary reasons, she said. Are the Catechists not peacemakers? Could we not speak to

Senora Ochoa to do her duty in this regard?

We promised to do what we could, but first, we would like to see Felipe. One of the men went in search of him and soon Felipe—tall, lanky, with a scraggly beard, entered, his body racked with a hacky cough almost every step he took. At the first glance we decided he was in the last stages of T. B. and was "dying on his feet" as they say.

As soon as we reached home we reported the case to Miss L. of the Tuberculosis Association and urged the necessity of immediate attention. The following day Felipe was removed to the Calumet Hospital, where he was to receive care until admitted to the Sanitarium. His name was added to that of eighty-five others already on the waiting list. The Calumet Hospital is located far to the south of the city, consequently, we knew that Felipe's few friends, such as they were, would little trouble themselves to go that far to see him.

After a few days we visited him. He was very much pleased for we were the only ones who could speak his tongue and understand him. After conversing a while on indifferent subjects, we gradually lead the conversation to spiritual matters, and finally asked if he would not like to have Father G. come to see him so that he might receive the Sacraments before he would be removed to the Sanitarium. Imagine our surprise when he told us that he had never

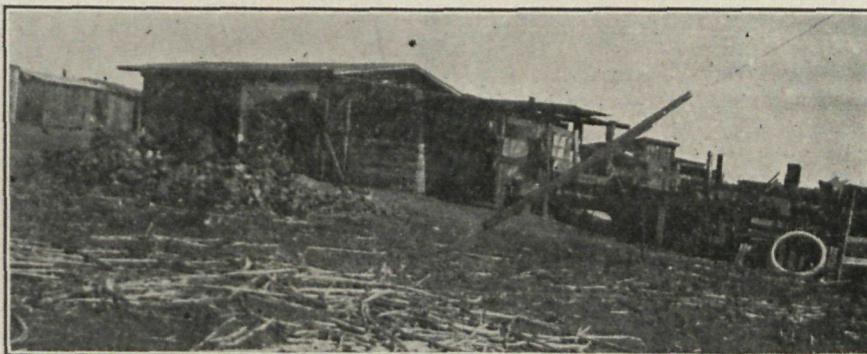
been to confession in his life, and had not received his First Holy Communion. Was he baptized Catholic? Yes, certainly. With tears in his eyes he recalled his happy childhood days when he lisped his prayers at his mother's knee. But when he was eight years old his mother had died, and as Felipe was not overly fond of his stepmother, he soon ran away from home. For forty years he had wandered, at first in all parts of his native land, Mexico, and the last twenty-two years in the United States. Yes, he had forgotten his prayers, and the gentle counsels of his mother and drifted far from God and the path of virtue. A few times in his life he had entered a Catholic Church. Why, he did not know. He did not understand the Mass, and could not join in the prayers.

Now he lay on a bed of sickness from which he would never rise. A few months more of suffering until his strength would all be consumed and that would be the end. His whole life wasted, nothing acquired of the goods of this world, nothing acquired of the goods of eternity.

Slowly, simply, we spoke to him of the Truths necessary to salvation and the wonderful efficacy of the Sacraments, especially of Penance and the Holy Eucharist. But he sadly shook his head. He could not begin now. He had never been to confession in his life, he could not tell his sins to a man. In his heart he would ask God to forgive him and trust that he had been pardoned. He was very slow in comprehending and said he could not believe that a priest had the power to forgive sins. All proofs and explanations were of no avail. We left exhorting him to make frequent simple acts of Faith in the truths God had revealed to his Holy Church. We prayed God to give him light—if light were really wanting.

After two weeks we returned and covered the

(Continued on Page 8)



Eight Mexican Families Live in These Shacks

THE "FIELD AT HOME" NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT

# Gates of Opportunity

Patricia Lillian Blackstone

**T**HE big grandfather clock guarding the spacious hallway of the Lamont home boomed out five deliberate strokes.

"Gracious, I had no idea it was so late," Agnes Birney cried, jumping up from the table at which she and three of her friends had spent the afternoon playing bridge.

"It's not so late," Margaret Lamont, the hostess, said. "It's just five o'clock."

"Oh, it's not late," Catherine Stock, one of the other girls, exclaimed, rising from her chair and walking to the window through which she gazed up the street. "But Bill promised to call for me and he should be coming soon," she added.

Agnes Birney had also risen from the depths of her comfortable chair and was now pulling a tight velour hat over her shining mass of bobbed hair.

"Who will walk home with me?" she asked, turning to the others.

"Not I," Catherine replied, "for my brother's calling for me. You come with us," she added generously. "There's plenty of room in his roadster."

Agnes shook her head.

"Thank you, no. I must have the wanderlust—I feel as if I could walk for miles. How about you?" turning to the other guest.

Margaret Lamont put her arm around the fourth member of the afternoon party.

"Rose is staying with me all night, Agnes. It seems that you'll have only yourself for company, unless you go with Catherine and her brother. I would if I were you," she advised, "for it's rather lonesome to be out alone."

"Oh, I don't mind in the least," Agnes protested laughingly. "Well, goodbye, and thanks for the afternoon. I've had a glorious time," she called back as she left the house and walked down the broad stone steps leading to the street.

But had she had such a glorious time, she thought, as she walked with brisk boyish strides in the direction of her home. Reflecting on this afternoon's pleasure, she suddenly realized how foolishly she had wasted the precious time she could have used to better advantage than sitting over a deck of cards and indulging in idle gossip about her friends. But then, she had been wasting many afternoons. The summer was half gone, and with it had disappeared many of her good intentions for the fall. She had planned so much: she had wanted to learn typewriting, thinking she might be able to busy herself with some small office position, and she had intended seriously to brush up on her Spanish so that she would not forget entirely all that she had learned at the



## MAGNIFICAT

### Hail Mary!

What grand Magnificats are thine,  
As praise of perfect work divine  
Sways heaven's hosts with song's  
control.  
Chant what great things in thee are  
wrought;  
Chant with what love supreme was  
brought  
That masterpiece of God—thy soul.

Angels and Saints enchanted gaze—  
In rhythmic splendor round thy dais—  
At beauty, lost by Angels' fall;  
Creation's fairest ornament,  
Placed high in God's own firmament,  
To shed His mirrored light on all.

—Rev. P. J. McMahon, S. J.

fashionable finishing school from which she had been graduated the previous year. She had also thought of doing settlement work—a short course in social service at school had showed her the vast opportunities in

this field. But here, in mid-summer, she was still letting the days slip quietly by without accomplishing anything worth while.

"I'm twenty-two and soon I'll be twenty-five and then thirty," she thought ruefully as she walked along. "Practically half my active life gone and what have I done that is memorable enough to live after me? What have I accomplished? Just a round of good times and nothing else. I can play a good hand of bridge, and I know the latest dance steps; but aside from that,—why, if I should suddenly have to go to work, I'd starve.

"I could marry," I suppose," she continued, thinking of the many admirers who sought her company so persistently. "But I don't want to marry—yet. I want—oh, if I only knew."

Nor was it strange that she who had everything should be so bored, for what girl can escape this feeling who has no worries, whose every whim is gratified, and who has only a round of shallow pleasures to keep her occupied? Surely Agnes had cause to be tired of it all, for her life had not been varied or unselfish enough to make it interesting.

She came to the avenue on which she lived and soon reached her home, an imposing structure set in a large yard and guarded by friendly maple trees.

"If something doesn't happen, I'll scream," she thought as she ran lightly up the steps. "What I need is a good surprise."

"There's a special delivery letter for you from Auntie," Mrs. Birney called from the living room as she heard Agnes's footsteps in the hallway. "Do open it—I've wondered all afternoon what is in it," she added as Agnes came into the room.

"You could have opened it," Agnes reminded her mother, dropping a kiss on the older woman's cheek and at the same time tearing open the envelope. She scanned the written pages hurriedly, giving a little gasp of surprise as she did so.

"It's anything but good news," she said slowly, looking up from the letter. "Here, I'll read it to you:

"Dear Agnes:

"Do you think your mother could spare you for a few months? The doctor has ordered me west because of my health which refuses to pick up in spite of the gentle way I have been pampering it. He insists on New Mexico, a place I have never considered quite civilized nor a part of the United States. As a special favor to your Aunt and god-mother, I am asking you to go with me. Please wire your decision as I want to leave Monday."

(Continued on Page 5)

# From Father Junipero Serra's Land

II

Padre Zeferino—Old Mission, Santa Barbara, Calif.

**T**WENTY Franciscan Fathers under their commissary general and some Dominicans on December 6, 1749, landed at Vera Cruz, about one hundred Spanish leagues (275 miles) by the road, from the City of Mexico. Riding horses and supplies had been furnished for the journey by royal orders. Two friars, Fr. Serra and an Andalusian Franciscan, begged the Fr. Commissary for permission to travel the distance on foot. As there were two, the permit was granted. Fr. Palou would doubtless have joined his friend, but he had arrived ill, and was therefore compelled to mount a horse. Fr. Serra realized that his was to be an apostolic career. He accordingly determined to begin his errand as did the first missionaries, the disciples, under orders from their Divine Master, by twos and without any provisions whatever. In this manner the future apostle of California with his companion after Holy Mass on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, set out from Vera Cruz. He wore his only habit, cowl and cord or girdle, and went barefooted save for the sandals. He carried along his mantle which at night served for a bed and cover. He also went bareheaded, since the hood protected him sufficiently against the hot rays of the sun. Both wanderers made their way through the sparsely-settled lowlands of Vera Cruz and the mountain passes of Orizaba which awed the writer twenty-four years ago. On December 31st they reached the famous pilgrimage of Our Lady of Guadalupe, a league from the capital. Here they remained for the night, and next morning celebrated Holy Mass in the wonderful basilica visited every year by hundreds of thousands of Mexican clients of the Mother of God. Thereupon the two friars proceeded to present themselves at the College of San Fernando. Before announcing themselves at the door, Fr. Serra and his companion entered the open door to the spacious church of San Fernando to thank their Lord in the Blessed Sacrament for their safe arrival at their destination. The community were just then chanting the little hours of Sext and None in choir. This drew from Father Serra the joyful exclamation as they emerged from the church: "Father, we may consider our time well employed in coming from so far away and suffering the hardships encountered for the sole satisfaction of being members of a community which with such order and devotion pays the debt of the Divine Office."

Fr. Serra's remark about the sufferings encountered, reminds of the fact that it was on this very journey that he contracted a malady which clung to him till his death thirty-four years later. It came about in this way. While sleeping on his mantle during the night one or more mosquitoes stung his naked lower limb and foot so viciously that the itching therefrom caused the sleeper to scratch the limb vigorously without awakening. In the morning, however, leg and foot were found badly swollen and covered with blood. The journey was nevertheless resumed; nor would the sufferer ever apply any remedy or undergo any medical treatment or bandage the naked leg. In consequence a sore developed which periodically caused him the most intense pain. For all that Father Serra would journey afoot until he was occasionally compelled to travel by horseback.

Once, however, the indefatigable Father

Serra had to appeal for some relief. It was while as Superior of the California Missions he accompanied an expedition from Loreto, Lower California, to San Diego, several hundred miles distant. Though on horseback, the wound on his leg one day caused him such pain that he could not celebrate Holy Mass nor again mount his horse. The commander then ordered a stretcher to be made for the purpose of bearing the Father Superior along in this fashion. Father Serra, distressed at observing what a burden he had become to the expedition, called a muleteer, Juan Antonio Coronel by name. "My son," the helpless Father Superior said, "can you prepare a remedy for the sore on my leg and foot?" "What remedy can I have, Father? I am a muledriver, and have cured the wounds of animals only." "Well, my son, imagine that I am an animal, and that this is one of their wounds. Make for me the same remedy which you would apply to an animal."

The bystanders smiled; but Juan Antonio replied: "That I will do to please you, Father." He then took some tallow, crushed it between two stones, and mixed it with herbs he had found along the road. "God blessed the simplicity of both the priest and the muleteer," Father Palou relates, "for the sufferer fell into a sound sleep from which he did not awaken until the next morning. He then arose relieved of every pain, recited Matins, Lauds and Prime as usual, and to the amazement of the com-

mander and the soldiers, concluded his devotions by celebrating Holy Mass as though he had not been ailing at all." The wound had not been cured, indeed; but the swelling had subsided, and for a long time the Father was not subjected to a similarly violent attack.



Please ship all items intended for the needy missions direct to our mission centers. Address:

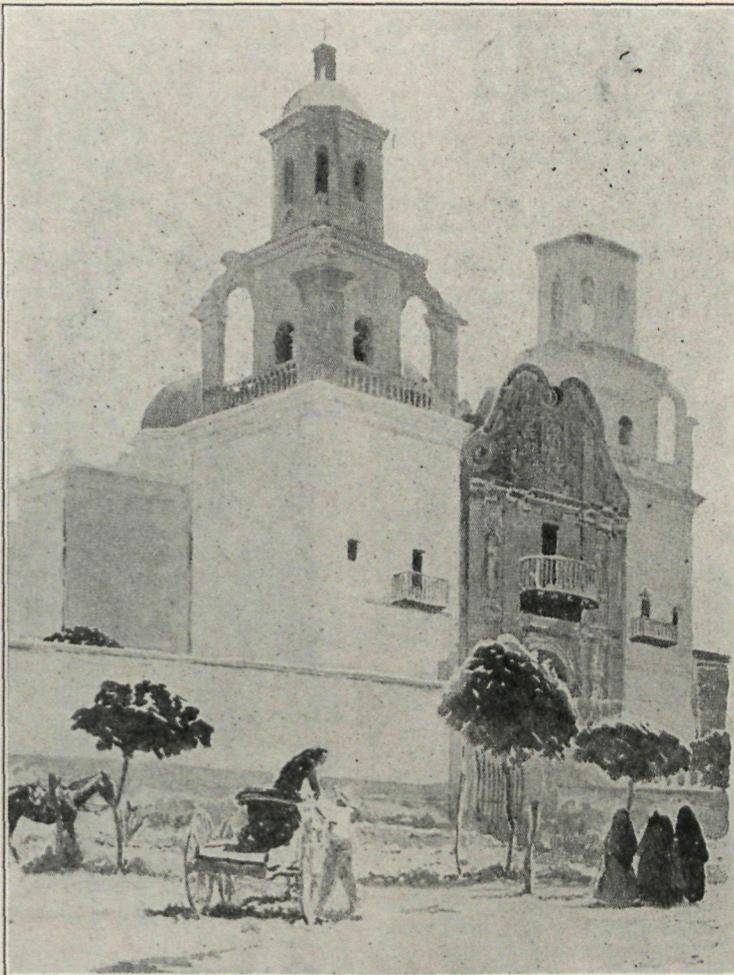
"Society of Missionary Catechists" at

1. Holman, New Mexico.
2. Anton Chico, New Mexico.
3. Los Cerrillos, New Mexico.
4. Box 30, Montezuma Route, Las Vegas.
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.

That our Annuity Plan is very popular with our subscribers is proven by the fact that a large number of those who have already signed one annuity contract, wish to make a second one.

We are glad to accept any amount on these Annuity Contracts and pay six per cent semi annually on all annuities.



THE "FIELD AT HOME" NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT

## More Catechists

Archbishop's House,  
Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Dear Father Sigstein:

The important matter of getting your Catechists down in the La Joya Missions, I trust, has not been forgotten by you. In my humble opinion, we really should have the Catechists there now, or get them there as soon as possible, since there is no place where they are needed worse. The people there are not bad, but they have become indifferent in the practice of their religious duties. It is all due to the influence of the Protestant school there,—the same influence that was at work in Carmen and Holman before the Catechists came.

The Catechists have done wonders everywhere and I can see the fruits of their noble work especially in Carmen and Holman.

The above communication from the Most Reverend Archbishop of Santa Fe, New Mexico, speaks for itself. During the past year, we have received a number of letters, not only from this good Archbishop, but also from the Missionary Priest in charge of La Joya, New Mexico, begging us, in God's name, to send our Catechists to save the faith of the Catholics in these missions. It was with a heavy heart that we wrote we could not respond to these urgent appeals.

As a result of the intense Protestant proselytizing activities, practically all the children and adults in this mission parish have been lost to the Church. Now it may be asked why we did not respond to this urgent appeal for Catechists. The reason can be given in a few words: **Want of Catechists and lack of sufficient funds to support them.**

We are not so much concerned with the lack of Catechists because we feel that our Divine Lord and His Holy Mother will surely send us subjects during the coming year. We are, however, much more concerned about the lack of support for those Catechists whom we wish to send to missions such as La Joya, where the faith of the people and their children is jeopardized by the activities of Protestant missionaries.

If the truth about the tremendous leakage now going on in the Church in the Southwest were known to our Catholics in the prosperous communities of the East and Central West, many of them would be aroused to a sense of their duty in saving the faith of their Catholic brethren, menaced by the most intense proselytizing activities ever known to the Church in the Southwest. Before the powerfully financed and intensive campaign waged by the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian home mission boards in our Catholic dioceses of the Southwest, our Missionary Bishops, Priests and militant Catholics seem to be powerless.

In the Southwest, the Protestant home mission boards are maintaining forty-four trade schools and colleges with an attendance of over three thousand Catholic children. In this section the Catholic Church has not a single trade school. In the midst of a Catholic population of approximately two million souls, Protestant missionary societies maintain an active and efficient corps of medical missionaries, nurses and volunteer Sunday School workers, who labor without any remuneration whatsoever among the destitute and needy sick Catholics.

(Last column, please)

## 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.

## Brevities

"Making converts is good, but holding on to our Catholic people is better.

"This country of ours would soon be Catholic, were it not for the leakage.

"We are losing 2,000,000 each ten years who ought to be Catholic, and we are training at the most 35,000 a year by conversion."

The above striking paragraphs were taken from a letter written by the Rt. Rev. T. J. Toolen, Bishop of Mobile, Ala., and printed in the Easter number of "S. O. S."

The good Bishop attributes this tremendous leakage going on in the Church entirely to ourselves, and holds that we do not follow up our Catholic people and keep in touch with them. It is evident that we are not putting the same zeal into our missionary activities as are the Protestants; we are not backing our missionaries to the extent the Protestants are.

\* \* \*

From all over the West, South and Southwest come urgent appeals from Missionary Bishops and Priests for Catechists and more Catechists.

\* \* \*

Our devoted Catechists are in great demand especially in New Mexico, Texas, Arizona and California.

\* \* \*

Vocations are sorely needed.

\* \* \*

We now have 41 Catechists in the Southwest and we could use 1,000 in New Mexico and Arizona alone.

\* \* \*

Zealous Catholic young women have a glorious opportunity of co-operating with Jesus Christ in the salvation of souls as Missionary Catechists.

\* \* \*

Write the Reverend Spiritual Director for information.

Outside of the Society of Missionary Catechists the Catholic Church in the Southwest has not a single organization whose members give their services gratis for the love of God in nursing the sick poor in their homes and in bringing religious instruction to the uninstructed children of the poor.

Even the remotest towns and villages in certain sections of the Catholic Southwest are now being reached by Protestant mission autos, spreading Protestant propaganda against the Catholic Church. To offset all this the Society of Missionary Catechists has only one auto bus, (for the purchase of which the money was borrowed), with which to reach and save to the faith ten thousand Catholic children in the San Joaquin Valley of California.

It will not take a good practical Catholic, conscious of his duty to help preserve the faith, long to realize that if he does not contribute his share in prayers and alms to help solve this pressing problem of mission leakage in the Church in America, that in a comparatively few years there will be no problem left to solve.

The task of holding these two million souls to the Church will be impossible of realization unless our Catholics in the East come to the aid of the Bishops, Priests and laity of the Southwest. This task calls for a true Catholic spirit of co-operation, sacrifice, prayer and last but not least the financial help, without which nothing can be accomplished for God and Church.

## Safest and Surest Way of Salvation

In the last issue of "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST" we invited our friends and subscribers to enroll themselves in the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of our Hearts. We are pleased to announce that a comparatively large number of good souls have availed themselves of this happy privilege and have become members of this grand Confraternity of our Blessed Mother.

As members of the Confraternity they will practice the True Devotion—Devoting and consecrating their activities, their possessions, their lives and the end of their lives entirely to Jesus through Mary. By faithfully practicing this devotion they have the assurance of following the safest, surest, easiest way of attaining their eternal salvation. Depending not upon one's own feeble efforts to save and sanctify his immortal soul, but depending upon the all-powerful help of God's grace coming through the hands of Mary, a Child of Mary can truly rejoice in the title of "A predestinate soul"—"Mary's elect."

### PRAYER TO JESUS LIVING IN MARY

O Incarnate Wisdom, Sweetest Jesus, Who didst love Thy most dear Mother more than all the Angels and Saints of Heaven, Who didst bestow upon Her, privileges, dignities and honors without number, and Who, whilst on earth, didst depend on her always in all things, Thou Who didst desire to see Her known and loved throughout the world and Who in Heaven art so intimately united to Her, grant us we beseech Thee from this moment, the grace of union with our Blessed Mother, to which we so ardently aspire.

Here is an opportunity for every Catholic of good will to co-operate in saving the souls and the bodies of our poor in the missions.

If we could only get 2500 of such Catholics to give one hundred Catechists for that period of time.

Why not join the 2500 Club now?

THE "FIELD AT HOME" NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT

## Our Catechist

## Summer School



Rt. Rev. Jos. Chartrand, D. D.,  
Indianapolis, Ind.

DePauw, Indiana,  
June 2, 1929.

Rt. Rev. and Dear Bishop:

Our Catechist school closed today with the reception of First Holy Communion by eleven First Communicants; and twenty made their Solemn Communion. Yesterday I had the happiness of baptizing five converts in one family; and the parents are going to receive instructions. This was the direct result of the Catechist school. Second, the Altar boys who did not know how to serve before, now know their prayers and can serve with grace and correctness. Third, the girls were taught the liturgy of the care of the Sanctuary and Sacristy and to sing. Young men, seventeen to twenty-one, are now serving and zealous to serve. Fourth, there will probably be several vocations from the Parish to the Priesthood and also several to the Religious life. Fifth, fifty-six children attended daily for three weeks,—three of these Protestants whom I baptized yesterday, and two of them, old enough, made their First Communion today. Sixth, the effect on the parish has been wonderful:—we now have 105 young people between the ages of five and thirty and they attended evening instructions where I instructed them as well as questioned them; the Catechists leading in the singing and organ playing. A new spiritual life has been promoted in the Parish. I thank you for giving me permission to have the Catechists. I cannot speak too highly of their untiring zeal and indefatigable labors.

This afternoon we had a solemn Corpus Christi Procession at which Rev. Fathers McLaughlin, Riedford, and Lindeman assisted. Many Protestants attended services today. I feel I cannot adequately estimate in words the good done by the Catechists from Victory-Noll.

Asking your continued blessing and fatherly interest in our work,

Yours sincerely,

REV. JAMES L. CARRICO.

## Gates of Opportunity

(Continued from Page 2)

Agnes looked at her mother, her brown eyes wide-opened with astonishment.

"New Mexico! Why, I never could be ready by Monday."

"Poor Mary. She must be very ill, or the doctor would never have insisted on such a quick change," Mrs. Birney said, wiping away the tears which had come to her eyes during the reading of the letter. "It will be lonely for me, Agnes, but you must go—"

"I was wishing for something to happen," Agnes mused, "but now that it has come I'm sorry. I hate to leave you, mother, but like you I feel that it is my duty. But Monday,—why, today is Thursday. I'll never be ready."

Monday came all too soon. Agnes had been busy every minute, getting her dresses in order, packing, and reassuring her friends that she was in no immediate danger by going to such an out-of-way place.

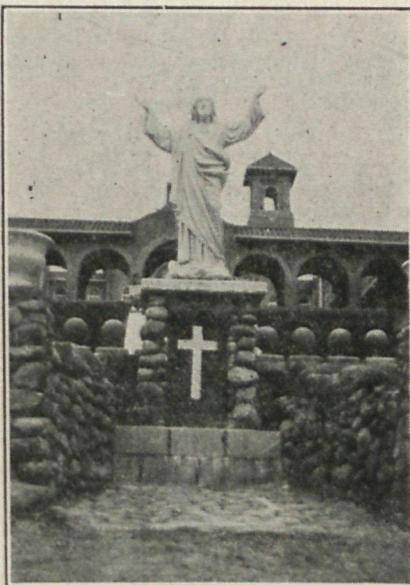
"Mexicans will be all you'll see," one friend informed her. "And Mexicans hide behind trees, and in dark places—and shoot at you!"

"But we're going to an American tourist colony," Agnes laughed. "We won't see many Mexicans, if any."

At the depot on the memorable following Monday Agnes could not believe that she was about to leave for this "jumping off" place of the world. While her aunt and mother talked together, the former's physician, an old friend of the family, paused for a few words with Agnes.

"Mrs. Beecher is a very sick woman," he told her, "and her illness has reached such a crisis that I can do nothing more for her than give her over to Dame Nature in whom

Our Catechists are making a Perpetual Novena in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory in all of our houses. Our friends and benefactors always have a large share in this Novena. In preparation for the beautiful Feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Mother on August 15th, we shall have a Solemn Novena at Victory Noll and will ask our Heavenly Mother to grant, according to the Divine Will, the petitions sent in by our friends and subscribers. If you wish to have your intentions included in this Novena please send in your petitions without delay.



I have great confidence, especially in New Mexico, which is noted for its powerful, health-building sunshine. Mrs. Andrews," mentioning a woman standing near them, "is a most capable nurse and I am sure will do all she can for your aunt's comfort. Write me often, telling me how your aunt is, and in the meantime try to get a little more color into your own cheeks. You've been indulging in too many late hours," he scolded.

Agnes smiled into the kindly face of this doctor whom she had known from early childhood.

"I'm bored, that's all, but I'm sure New Mexico will smooth out the wrinkles. By the way," she added, "are there Mexicans there and do they hide behind trees,—and shoot?"

The doctor laughed.

"We Easterners believe the worst of anything strange, don't we? Yes, Agnes, there are Mexicans—copper-skinned people, with big brown eyes and flashes of strong white teeth when they laugh. But as for hiding behind trees and shooting people, that's all tommyrot. There aren't many trees, in the first place, but if there were I'm sure the Mexicans wouldn't bother to park there unless it was very shady and he needed a siesta. For the most part, the Mexican is a good natured fellow and as peace-loving as the original Quakers of Philadelphia, though, of course, there are exceptions to any rule."

Agnes smiled.

"You've not only taken away my fears, doctor, but some of my hopes as well. I did want at least one big adventure."

"And I'm not promising you you won't have any," the doctor replied, leaving her and going to Mrs. Beecher, for by this time the train had clanged up to the depot and was noisily awaiting its passengers.

(To be Continued)

# The Associate Catechists of Mary

**M**Y dear Associate Catechists: This month let us consider that all-important subject, club-spirit. President Wilson said that the winning of the World War depended on team work: every man, woman and child was to join hands in the great cause of democracy. The success of the Associate Catechists of Mary depends no less upon the Club-Spirit of every one of its members as the winning of the World War depended upon team work. If each member of the Band realizes that the duty of serving the poor in the missions is incumbent upon her, then she will be grateful for the opportunity afforded her by the Associate Catechists of Mary to perform that duty; and she will love the noble purpose for which it was instituted and will co-operate with it in all its activities.

This co-operation of every member is essential, for without the whole-hearted, and enthusiastic support of each individual member, the club or band will not reach the full fruition of which it is capable. Its plans will not be carried out with that zest and vigor which is indispensable to all allied efforts. The burden of the work will fall on the shoulders of a faithful few, and indifference will creep in and gradually all interest in the club will die and finally the club will have to disband.

But how is a vigorous, enthusiastic, ardent club-spirit to be developed and retained?

I. Inspiring each prospective member with a deep sympathy for the mission poor and a sincere desire to assist them by help-



ing the circle adopt a Missionary Catechist. If each individual member could but feel the inspiration of the self-sacrificing labors of their Catechist in the Field, to what lengths would they not go to further her efforts!

II. Adopting business methods in reference to all Club affairs. Frequent short business sessions are advisable, and no matter how brief, they tend to arouse a sense of obligation in each member as well as to encourage co-operation. It is recommended that each club adopt this policy from the very beginning.

III. Adopting a definite system of self-government by (a) electing officers, (b) submitting all decisions to the rule of majority. In this respect the following safeguards for the good of the band may well be adopted by each member: First, think of the good

of the club, not your own. Second, express your opinion in open meeting. Third, if you are voted down, yield gracefully to the desire of the majority.

IV. Planning the club program for the season. Since relying on the inspiration of the moment often results in the same inter-ludes and waning interest in the club, it is advisable that each circle should have a well planned program for the season's activities. Definitely planned schedules attract and hold the attention of even the most lax of members and lead toward the accomplishment of the Society's purpose.

It is our sincere desire that all Bands who have not already adopted these methods will do so, as we feel assured that these means will do much to increase the club-spirit of each Band.

May Mary, Queen of Heaven, shower many blessings upon you on Her glorious feast of the Assumption!

A zealous Missionary in New Mexico writing of the success of the Catechists in his difficult mission during the past year, says: "During the past year there has not been a single crime committed in my mission. This is all due to the efforts of the good Catechists. Now, all my people, with few exceptions, go to the Sacraments, and the children come regularly for Catechism."

Since do we not have a sufficient number of Catechists to take care of this mission, we would like to send some of our newly Professed Catechists there during the coming year, but this will not be possible unless we get support for them.



## A. C. M. Club Emblem

We strongly urge all Bands to supply each individual member with this attractive pin. By wearing it you will thereby interest others in the work of the Catechists.

Only members of the Associate Catechists of Mary are entitled to wear this pin, which may be purchased for the small offering of fifty cents.

## M. L. H. Club Emblem

All of Mary's Little Helpers can get this pin by writing the Catechist Supervisor and by enclosing twenty-five cents with their letter.

You will all be proud to wear this little pin, for it is truly very pretty.



**D**EAR Little Helpers: I am sure that you will be delighted when I tell you that your pin is now ready and you may write to me at any time for one.

After many suggestions from Mary's Little Helpers and their friends we decided upon a pin like the sketch above, in blue and white enamel. You will all be interested in knowing why we selected the lighted torch as your emblem. It is to represent the light of Faith which you are aiding the Catechists to bring to the poor in the Southwest who would otherwise be left in the darkness of ignorance of their religion which was brought to their forefathers by the Franciscans and the Jesuits hundreds of years ago. From the help you have given the Catechists in the past we know that you do not wish the poor in the Southwest to lose this precious heritage and I am sure that by wearing this pin you will be reminded more than ever of the help you can give the Catechists in bringing the light of Faith among the ignorant and poor and will work harder than ever to help the Catechists.

Gertrude Schmitt, one of Mary's Little Helpers from Wisconsin, wrote us a nice letter not long ago and told us how anxious she was to have a pin as soon as they were

## Mary's Little Helpers

ready. Gertrude also told us that she was saving her pennies in her mite box—this is the second time that she is filling her mite box for the Catechists. Another letter from a mother of three children told us that her children were saving their pennies for the poor babies in the missions. Her three children were enrolled as members of Mary's Little Helpers. Remember that we will send you as many Mite Boxes as you wish.



Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band recently held an election of officers. The members are busy filling a box for the poor in the missions. These Helpers surely have the right club-spirit for as soon as one box is sent to the missions they immediately start on another. The DeLand Band is also increasing in their work for the Catechists, and hold very interesting meetings and social gatherings.

May our dear Queen of Heaven bless you and love you always for assisting her poor!

Missionarily yours,  
CATECHIST SUPERVISOR,

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

Strawn, Texas.

Dear Catechists:  
Please carry on the good work—the work of spreading good clean reading material. I only wish more would read your little magazine and profit thereby. Please renew my subscription for I do not wish to miss a single copy.

May God bless you! B. E. B.

# Mission Echoes

## JUST BAPTIZED

**D**EAR Readers, let us tell you the story of the "Just Baptized" group which appears on this page.

Two years ago the oldest boy started coming to our instructions at Cerrillos. When we learned that he was not a Catholic we visited his home, finding that his father was an Italian,—a fallen-away Catholic,—and his mother, a Protestant.

We readily obtained permission to keep him in our Catechism class; we were so glad, too, for the little lad seemed deeply interested in our Holy Religion and often asked questions surprising in a child of eight.

When the little fellow was almost ready to be baptized he suddenly stopped coming to class, and, upon inquiring the reason, his mother told us that her boy was not going to be baptized in the Catholic Church; finally she said he could come to instructions for she wanted him to love and fear God.

Last year the two little girls, aged six and seven, started coming to Catechism and the father promised to have all baptized. He, however, failed to keep his promise. Nevertheless, the children were unconsciously winning over their parents by saying their prayers and telling their mother what they learned in class.

Then, in the spring, the mother said that she would have all the children baptized and would send the girls to a Catholic school. She even went so far as to tell us that the children learned much more in Catechism than at school, consequently she wanted them to be Catholics.

Well, to make a long story short, the children were as happy as we were and surprised their godparents by saying the Creed and other prayers for Baptism devoutly and distinctly. The baptism was a great joy to us and we said a fervent Magnificat, giving thanks to Jesus and Mary for bringing these little ones into the True Fold.

## LATEST ACHIEVEMENT.

Yes, Dos Palos had a Corpus Christi celebration—the first one on record, too. It

must have been quite a shock to some of our Protestant friends when they heard the strains of the Mass of the Angels coming from the Portuguese picnic park at the edge of town.

The original plans called for four altars; however, the high winds which were sweeping the San Joaquin Valley made this very impracticable. Consequently, we had to content ourselves with two. On the morning of Corpus Christi we could only have Benediction at the main altar because it was more protected.

Knowing our parishioners as well as we did, we prepared for the celebration in honor of Our Eucharistic Lord with feelings of apprehension as to the attendance. But, thanks to Jesus and Mary, the people came in far greater numbers than we ever dared hope for; we felt that, without exception, it was the first Solemn High Mass ever witnessed by them.

The main altar was erected on the dance pavilion, thus giving ample room to place benches for the people. Father S., a very holy priest, was the celebrant; Father L. was deacon; and our own pastor was the sub-deacon. Father Hammerstein gave a very beautiful sermon on the Blessed Sacrament,—first in Portuguese and then in English. Since our Right Reverend Bishop, in compliance with the wishes of the Holy Father, had asked that Gregorian music be used in all parishes of the Monterey-Fresno Diocese, we Catechists practiced the Mass of the Angels and sang it for the first time. The Offertory and all the hymns used during the procession and Benediction were Gregorian.

At the Postcommunion the procession formed. First came the little boys, followed by the girls, and then all the grownups. We had forty little girls, dressed in white carrying flowers, march just in front of the Blessed Sacrament. The procession wound its way through the park and back again to the main altar where solemn Benediction was given. What an achievement for Dos Palos! Solemn High Mass in the open and the Blessed Sacrament carried publicly! Surely, this must have brought consolation to the Sacred Heart of Our Eucharistic King.

## Reading Something Worth While

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

"THE REIGN OF CHRIST," by Jos. Husslein, S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.00.

The inspiration to write this book came to Father Husslein from the two encyclicals of the Holy Father, "CHRIST THE KING," and the one that followed shortly after and supplemented it, "REPARATION DUE TO THE SACRED HEART." The Catholic world received these encyclicals enthusiastically, and with joyful heart keeps the beautiful, new feast of "Jesus Christ, King." Even out of the Catholic Church unusual acclaim was heard. The truth is freely admitted that the days are evil because Christ does not reign. The individual, the family, industries, the nation, the Church, will prosper, will be blessed and happy only if Christ is accepted and all bow to His rule. The reign of Jesus Christ is a reign of love and mercy, therefore, it is a reign of His Sacred Heart. Justice cannot be done to the King without paying homage to Mary, our Queen, and to St. Joseph, our Patron. An Appendix offers not only the above two encyclicals, but also the Acts of Consecration and Reparation to the Sacred Heart prescribed by the Holy Father. This book presents splendid material to all who wish to meditate or preach on "Jesus Christ, King."

Bengal, India.

My dear Catechists:

Here in far-off Bengal your greetings and beautiful Spiritual Bouquet smiled in upon me. May God bless you and dear Father Sigstein! How dear you and your work are to the Hearts of Jesus, Mary and Joseph! Be sure that your Institute is of divine origin. It will bring many, many souls to the knowledge and love of our Dear Lord. Be not surprised therefore by crosses, trials, and contradictions. Put all in Mary's hands—"She is terrible as an army in battle array" against Our Lord's enemies.

With no less than a father's love, I am,  
Yours devotedly in Christ,  
REV. JAMES W. DONAHUE, C.S.C.



Converts from Catechist Summer School

Gary Picnic

Just Baptized

THE "FIELD AT HOME" NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT

## Poverty at Our Very Doors

(Continued from Page 1)

ground, but he persistently refused to see a priest. We pinned a Sacred Heart badge on him and implored God to have mercy on his soul. In two weeks we went again, this time accompanied by Father G.,—Felipe unaware of his coming. We left the priest alone in the room with the sick man, certain that Felipe would be won by the simplicity and kindness of his fellow-countryman. A long time they talked; finally the door opened and Father G. was prepared to leave. What a sight for the angels must have been this soul that had been cleansed in the Precious Blood through the Holy Sacrament of Penance from all the dust that had gathered on it in a lifetime!

Soon after Felipe Medina was removed to the Sanitarium and after two months more when he felt death approaching he asked for a priest that he might again make his confession. The following morning he received Holy Viaticum which was also his First Holy Communion. Three days later his soul returned to its Creator Whom it had learned to know and love at the eleventh hour. "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for sinners, now, and at the hour of our death," was the only prayer he knew and sometimes whispered when he felt the need of a mother's love. Mary had heard his prayer, and also that of his mother as she watched from her heavenly height her erring child on earth.

Not all cases have such a happy ending as did Felipe Medina's. By making frequent visits to the T. B. Sanitarium at Crown Point we manage to keep in touch with the Mexican patients there; thus, we succeed in reconciling many of them with their God before it is too late.

On this particular day we found the Rev. G., a Mexican Baptist minister, there as a patient. After talking with him we moved on to the bedside of Senor Martinez, one of our oldest friends. But we did not go alone, for unasked the Rev. G. had followed us! Since a moment alone with Martinez was out of the question, we simply stated that the Mexican priest, Fr. L., would be out within a few days to see all the Mexican patients. Nothing was said that Father L.'s trip was for the purpose of giving the Mexicans an opportunity to make their Easter duty. Yet, we felt that Rev. G. suspected as much.

Nor were we mistaken. Within the promised time Father L. called on Martinez to discover that the Rev. G. had not been idle. There at Martinez' bedside the two, Rev. G. and Martinez, were in a heated discussion over a Protestant and Catholic Bible! Poor Martinez had already absorbed enough poison. He gently, but firmly, informed Father L. that he did not believe in Confession. Yes, he went the year before, the first time in sixteen years, but, merely out of courtesy to the priest and the Catechists.



Box Car Tenants

Almost 10,000 Mexicans under our care! How it makes our hearts weep over the religious ignorance of by far the majority of them. True, there are exceptions, and these exceptions are saints. Perhaps God will spare the rest of them in reward for the fidelity of the few.

It was the eve of the Feast of the Annunciation when Senor Rivera brought his family to our house. His was not a new story. Daily had he joined the long line of applicants waiting in front of the employment window at the Steel Mill office and daily had he returned home disheartened, knowing that he had to face his ragged, hungry little ones with the same answer: "No work." Finally the day had come when there was no more food in the house and no more money for fuel and clothing. Could the Hermanas help him and his family?

The Catechist listened patiently and understandingly while the poor father in broken English told this pitiful story. How fortunate that the old clothes room had been recently replenished by thoughtful friends! How grateful she was the Catechist Directress had received a small donation from a friend with the injunction that "it was to be used exclusively to buy coal or food for a needy family."

"Well, let's go down to the clothes room and see if we can find some warm things for each one to wear." In less time than it takes to tell it, Catechist had completely outfitted the four children, even the forty-day-old baby, the father, and the mother, and had prepared a bundle for seven-year-old Maria, whom the father explained was at home sick with a severe cold.

"Now, with the help of this," said the Catechist, smilingly, as she handed Senor Rivera the timely donation, "you may be able to get along until you find work." The father's eyes filled with tears of gratitude.

"Mil gracias, mil gracias, Catequista!"

Nothing more was heard of the Rivera family until the following Thursday. Then Father G. came in to tell us that the father had called to see him. Maria's cold had taken a turn for the worse and during the night pneumonia had developed. The doctor had been called, but he had left leaving behind small hopes for the child's recovery.

We went to the house at once. To the two-room shack, devoid of every convenience. This was home! There, lay Maria on a cot indeed seriously ill. Judging from her labored and noisy breathing death within a few hours was inevitable. The family was helpless, not knowing what to do. It was cruel to do nothing to halt the hand of Death if something could be done. With a prayer on our lips we resorted to the old home remedy—sheep tallow and mustard plaster, and the red flannel. It was quite a cold day and the child wore many little dresses to keep her warm as she had not sufficient bed covers.

The next morning we were gratified that the noise in her breathing had subsided. We replaced the numerous dresses by a warm, flannel gown and brought some blankets and a comforter which had come in a box of clothing for the poor. Her pillow, which was stuffed with old matted cotton, was so hard you could not make a dent in it, but we could find nothing better. Twice each day we visited Maria in order to continue the treatment, and within a week we were rewarded by seeing her temperature drop from 105 to almost normal.

The doctor had not called since the first morning because there was no money to pay him. Not hearing of the child's death, and half out of curiosity or interest, he returned in four days and was greatly surprised to see the improvement. He said that Maria was quite out of danger. Little by little Maria began to eat the nourishing food which we brought each visit. How appreciative the little child was for the sponge baths and the alcohol rubs which eased her sore, aching little back from the hard bed!

Thanks to our Heavenly Father, Maria soon recovered, Senor Rivera was given work, and so we left our friends to the loving care of Him Who is called the Father of the Poor.

At the close of day as we kneel before Our Lord in the Silent Tabernacle we thank Him thru' His Blessed Mother for having guided our footsteps to those homes where the distress was greatest. We need not tell Him of the many human tragedies encountered during the day. He knows all. Instead, we pray for renewed strength to meet the morrow's battles bravely; we pray for our beloved charges; we pray that many will respond to Our Dearest Savior's cry, "I thirst," and enlist in our ranks for the saving of souls; we pray that those noble persons who cannot become our co-workers will respond to the cry in a material way and lend us their financial support. Will you, dear reader, be one to respond?

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

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THE "FIELD AT HOME" NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT