

The Missionary Catechist



Volume V

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Number 10

In the Vineyard of the Early Friars

Rev. M. F. Collins, Pastor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory Church, Sour Lake, Texas

HAPPY news tells me that the Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory are at work in Texas and that Sour Lake can look forward with hope for these noble women to come here and labor among the neglected children of its missions. They have come into this land dedicated by the brown-robed Padres to the Blessed Mother of God. And now after a long Protestant usurpation, is it possible that Our Lady will come into Her own? But they are in Texas these uniformed slaves of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

With joy we hail their coming. Texas can be proud of this noble band of a thoroughly American Community. Devoted exclusively to the missions of the United States, these pious women bring with them every modern method of consecrated social workers. Their knowledge of Theology, (Lay Theology), and familiarity with the principles of trained nurses will be an asset much needed in the reclamation and instruction of the poor neglected people of our missions.

Their Rule of life includes all the strict discipline of Holy Church, which is so essential to Community life. Nevertheless, they are not hampered by any rule that might prove a hindrance or prevent them from giving the highest service of efficiency to those among whom they labor. Non-Catholics will find in them a truly understanding sympathy, rare in these days of philanthropy, but an essential mark of a truly Catholic service. By history and rule and mode of life we see in them a kinship with the oldest body of women doing works of charity in the Church with the early Apostles, hence the name "Catechists."

Catholics will find them to be true servants,—yea, slaves of the Blessed Virgin. They are especially consecrated to the Blessed Mother of God. She is their Superior, the silent observer of all their works, their only patron, their Mistress and Good Mother. Their motto, "All for Jesus thru' Mary," expressed the thoroughness of their life of consecration to Jesus and Mary. And, we of Texas, are proud to have them with us.

No land in America belongs more to God's Blessed Mother. In the first days of white men, came the Franciscans with their message of Christ's Gospel. And that it might be productive of fruit, many martyrs watered this soil with their blood. Up and down through the land they searched for the souls of the natives. Thus they blazed the way for the rock-crushed highways of our day.

But today in this vineyard of the early Friars, where a feeling of tenderest reverence unconsciously associates itself with thoughts of mission bells and Our Lady's "Magnificat"; here at the very gateway of

Old Mexico, the sun-browned simple children of Spain's Christian heritage are met by a haughty and cold Protestantism. As these refugee children of strife and revolution wander past the forests where red cardinals flit across the golden sands of the Rio Grande, they recall the legends of the past and piously bless themselves, as did their fathers, when they think of "The Woman in Blue," who so the story goes, visited these lands of the Tejas.

A highway, however, is the way of modern transit which whirls past farm and village and city, destroying the peaceful leisure of country road—a show place where progress displays its wares to the passerby. And these homeless strangers with their quaint ways and humble faith, soon find the spacious buildings of the proselytizer on the public road. Broken in spirit and languishing from bodily ailment, they enter these humanitarian and sectarian institutions. Seeking temporal relief, they are fed the dry bread of a false faith. At first they are bewildered. What strange faith is this? Where is Santa Maria de Guadalupe?

Trained and well paid workers with beguiling smiles and soothing remedies, allay their fears and instruct them in the new ways. Robbed of what is rightly theirs, they become—not Protestants—unbelievers, scoffers of God and religion. Thus thousands are lost to the Church. There is not a city, town, village or ranch that has not its sad tale of a lost faith. Yearly the number is augmented.

The sheep have strayed. It is not easy to win them. Bread, however, is a powerful weapon when proffered to hungry mouths. Desire for knowledge is another source of grave temptation. Not receiving

(Continued on p. 3)



First Communion Class, Lubbock, Texas

WHY NOT JOIN THE 2500 CLUB NOW?

Gates of Opportunity

Patricia Lillian Blackstone



There was little to do on the train, the efficient Mrs. Andrews taking such excellent care of Mrs. Beecher that Agnes found she could spend her days on the observation platform on the rear car, and dream. Now, at last, she would have no excuse for laying aside her plans in favor of dances, teas, and bridge parties. She was glad that Spanish was such an universal language in the Southwest, for she was sincerely anxious to continue with the study of this soft musical language in which she had excelled at school. How interesting it would be if she should be given an opportunity to talk in Spanish with some Mexican.

"We are not going to the health resort the doctor insisted on when we first talked of New Mexico," Mrs. Andrews took time to tell Agnes, interrupting the girl's day-dreaming and sitting beside her. "So many patients would only fret Mrs. Beecher. It is to a small mountain town that we are going—a friend of the doctor's has offered his adobe home there. I believe he built it when he went there for his son's health. I am afraid, though, that you'll be bored," she added kindly, a sympathetic light flooding her friendly blue eyes. "There are only Mexicans there, but we must remember this precious life we have at stake—"

"Don't apologize," Agnes interrupted quickly. "It makes no difference to me where I am, just so Aunt Mary recovers. I'm sure there will be something interesting there."

"Yes, if you've a mind to look about and enter into the lives of those about you. Once many years ago, I lived in a New Mexican town similar to the one we are bound for. I will never forget the happy months spent there. The Mexicans are a most likable people."

However, New Mexico at first sight was not the place of Agnes' dreams. Gazing at its bareness from the small station at which they had descended from the train, she could scarcely keep back the tears of disappointment. Everything was so barren, and the sun was so unmercifully hot as it beat down on the drab, dreary station. On the benches near the station lounged a few ragged men, half asleep yet acutely aware of the newcomers. Left alone with her aunt while Mrs. Andrews made arrangements with the baggage man, Agnes watched these men furtively. It was silly, she knew, but she was glad there were no trees for others to be hiding behind!

Beyond the station were a few adobe houses, too dilapidated to be interesting. About them played groups of children, with black hair hanging in pigtailed and thick thatches over their little brown faces. Surely, Soledad, the village of their destination, could not be as bad as this railroad town.

"Not a pretty sight," Mrs. Beecher suddenly complained, voicing her niece's thoughts. "If I thought I'd have to stay in a place like this—"

"I was able finally to rent a Ford to take us to Soledad," Mrs. Andrews interrupted.

She glanced at her patient's weary face anxiously. "Do you think we should wait till the sun goes down?" she suggested.

"No, indeed," Mrs. Beecher said, with a hint of the vitality that had been hers before her illness. "I want to get to Soledad as soon as possible—to see if it's any worse than this."

Later, the travelers were glad they had left the railroad town for the mountains. Driving up the winding hilly road the air became cool and brisk; looking about delightedly they exclaimed rapturously over the soft colorings of the mountains, the strange bits of scenery that greeted their interested gaze. Sometimes, they found they could look across the country below for miles—Agnes was sure that her gaze could reach as far as California. Often it seemed as if they could encompass the whole state of New Mexico with one glance.

Soledad, just a tiny hamlet, was an inviting village. Huddled cozily among the hills, it smiled on the newcomers most invitingly. Even the adobe house secured for their temporary residence seemed like an old friend. After inspecting its four tiny rooms, Agnes came out on the porch and stood looking ahead of her at the distant hills.

"As soon as I get settled I'm going to walk over to that tallest peak," pointing toward the highest of a group of six mountain tops facing them.

"You'll be disappointed, Agnes," laughed Mrs. Andrews. "It is always the eye that is deceived in this part of the country. Take that peak, for instance. It may be forty miles away,—"

"Never," Agnes said. "It can't be more than two."

"You win," she told Mrs. Andrews the next evening at dinner. "I started to walk to the peak and the further I walked the faster it seemed to run away from me. Even when I got so tired I could walk no more, it seemed more distant than ever."

"I've made some friends," she announced

later, coming into her aunt's room after a walk to the grocery store. "There were some children down the road, and I stopped to talk with them. They were unusually shy, but after I offered them candy they were willing enough to walk with me. The sad part is that they could understand but little of the Spanish I was so proud of. I must get to studying this very afternoon."

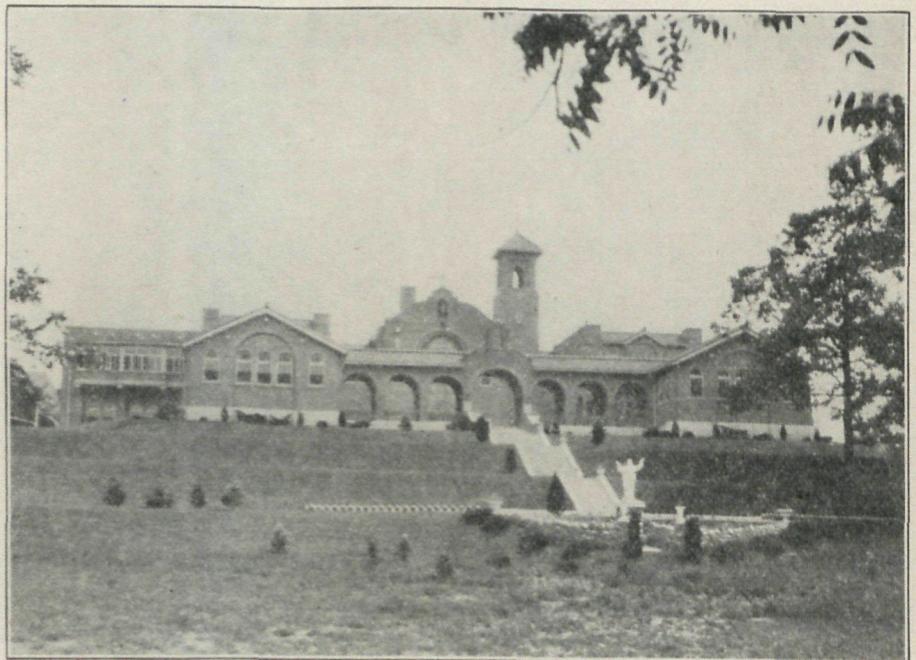
"If I only had some of your buoyancy," Mrs. Beecher sighed. "Always to have to lie in bed—"

"We'll bring the surprises of New Mexico to you, Mrs. Beecher, until you are well enough to go to them," Mrs. Andrews suggested hastily. "I am sure that each day Agnes can show us something she has found. A flower, a bit of cactus,—perhaps, when you are feeling exceptionally strong, one of these children she has taken such a fancy to. You mustn't lose heart, for your health will be mending fast. See," lifting the patient from the pillow so she could look out of the window, "See—that peak over there? And the sky above? And the shower of sunshine? That is the medicine our Lord is sending to make you well."

A few days later, after really diligent study, Agnes believed herself to have conquered her Spanish sufficiently to speak with the children she had met. Dictionary in hand, for she would allow no difficulties to arise, she walked toward the village in search of the bright eyed tots who had wanted so badly to be friends with the fair-skinned stranger. No sooner had she turned a bend in the road than a boy came running towards her—a lad of twelve, perhaps, with a ragged red shirt and still more ragged overalls which hung in tatters over his grimy berry-brown ankles. His black hair was disheveled, and in his black eyes lurked intense fear. He cared not that she was a stranger; besides, he had heard about her from some of his little friends.

"Senorita, my little sister. She is sick. Will you not come?"

(To be continued)



Victory-Noll as Seen from the Treetops

HEED THE CALL—GIVE YOUR LIVES TO THE MASTER'S SERVICE.

In the Vineyard of the Early Friars

(Continued from Page 1)

these mundane blessings from the struggling Church of their Fathers, is it not human to seek these blessings where they may be found? Mills of gold grind out the money to convert the benighted adherents of Rome. And all this because we are too poor to supply the need. What a pity that they must learn of the priest's poverty and the Catholic laymen's apathy in these things.

They do not wish to give up their Faith, and that they niggardly give up their rosary is evident from the story of the poor Mexican woman, who, forced by hunger, joined one of the sects. The first time she went to church the minister perceived a rosary hidden in her hands. "Oh, horror," he exclaimed, "no idolatry, no superstition allowed here," and he snatched the rosary from her hands. "No se reza el rosario aqui? Adios, me voy." "Is the rosary not recited here? Good-bye, I quit," said the woman, and she returned the money she had received that day.

Lost, however, shall these poor people be unless they hear that soul-inspiring cry—Ave Maria. A saintly Oblate Father, now dead, told me how he brought his message to the poor Mexicans among whom he worked. He was wont to go out into the woods or open spaces wherever their shacks were clustered, and there under God's stars he would raise his voice and cry out, "Ave Maria." It was the shepherd's cry. Back from the huts came the answer of the sheep, "Gratia plena." And here in lower East Texas, on the marshes and lowlands that stretch out from the Galveston Bay, I have heard that cry of the sheep. Many a time when called to the bedside of one of my poor French people, I paused on the threshold of a lonely wind-beaten hut to dash away an unbidden tear when I heard the soft, sweet whisper of their endearing, *Je vous salut Maria*. It is their Death's Battle Cry—and who among us does not hope to die with that same cry upon our lips? The world may have been cruel to them, as it is wont to be to the poor and illiterate. They may not be able to give a clear explanation of their faith, but no theologian more deeply feels the love of Our Blessed Mother. She has been to them "their guide and their stay."

And is this all to be changed? Changed in:

"The land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts
of the dead. . . .
And names in the graves that shall not be
forgot."

Yes,—unless the hands of mission priests are upheld by serving women, dedicated by sacred vow to God. Unless the Slaves of Mary, (Catechists of Our Lady of Victory), are supported in their work of love. Their labor must be among the poor and they cannot expect much help from these.

Perhaps you who read this are far removed from the scene and your interest is not keen. Well, Our Lady is deeply interested in this wonderful work being carried on in this land so dear to her Heart. If then you will read this at Her Altar with love for all that is dear to Her, you will not let:

"Ancient and holy things fade like a
dream."

In that high world which lies beyond,
there must be young women, noble souls,

A Vocation Catechism

Do the Catechists wear a distinctive garb?

Yes, they are garbed in a neat blue uniform and wear a blue veil which sets them apart from the laity and distinguishes them from cloistered nuns.

Do the Catechists take vows?

Yes, they take annual vows after a probationary period of two years, renewing them each year thereafter.

Do the Catechists take certain names like Sisters?

No, they retain their family name, prefixing to it the title of "Catechist."

Do the Catechists like a community life?

Yes, during their training period and while in the Missions.

Have the Catechists a Motherhouse?

Yes, the Catechists are trained at the Victory Training Institute, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana.

May one visit there and have a personal interview with the Spiritual Director?

Yes, a cordial welcome is extended Catholic young women to visit Victory-Noll with reference to their vocation. If it is not possible to visit Victory-Noll, a letter of inquiry to the Spiritual Director will be gladly answered.

who will heed the call and give their lives to the Master's Service. And other souls, denied this privilege, but with hearts of gold, who will find a way to sustain Father Sigstein in his work. It costs money to care for and train these young women for the missions. We poor priests who know their work, realize that Father Sigstein has a hard job to meet the demands made upon his purse, and the Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory and their needs, must age him. But, the missionary's heart too aches with the load that he carries and he cannot come to his help. Our Lady of Victory must surely aid us all. I can never see a lonely grave with its solitary cross, I can never cross the Brazos river without a feeling in my soul that our victory will come and that in Heaven the saintly Father Margil prays for the conversion of this land of the Tejas.

The above Community is calling for subjects, asking American girls to devote their lives to this noble cause. Mission priests are uniting their voices with the Bishops of the Southwest begging for devoted women to aid in reclaiming this land to Holy Church. Young women, Our Blessed Mother is sweetly calling for volunteers to do this work. The world can give you little joy compared to a life of service dedicated to God's poor.

And from far o'er the Texas plains:
. . . . hear a voice that is yours to know—
"Tis Jesus, Jesus sweetly calling, "Arise,
come unto me."

And will you not say to Him:
"By all the love and rapture sweet that
swayed the Blessed Marguerite,
Let Thy cross be ours,
And Thy thorns, our flowers,
Thy blest flames, our sure retreat."

Reading Something Worth While

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

"THE SCHOOL OF SUFFERING" by the Rt. Rev. P. W. Von Keppler, trans. by Aug. F. Brockland. B. Herder Book Co., \$1.50

This companion book to "MORE JOY" by the same author cannot be recommended too highly. What is more universal than suffering? Neither Saint nor sinner is exempt from it. Therefore, no philosophy of life is complete that fails to account for "why we must suffer?" and "how we must suffer?" The Church alone gives the satisfactory answer. All other philosophies have proved failures in the test. The value of suffering is preached from every Catholic pulpit, from every Crucifix, from every pieta, and by every "life" of the Saints and still, many Christians find it hard to learn the lesson of suffering. Humanity is in throes of agonizing labor trying to cast off suffering. Blessed is the man who has learned in the school of the Crucified to embrace the cross of suffering lovingly. The reader will close the book with renewed courage to bear the burden of suffering to the end. It is a book one wishes to read again and again. The German original had a truly wonderful sale and even after thirty-five years is still in great demand. It is one of the few books that may be called "immortal." The English translation is vigorous. One quickly forgets words and phrasing when carried away by the power and thrill of sublime thought.

Dear Missionary Catechists:

Though a poor, lone, ill woman, I wish to help a little (while I have it), therefore, I send my mite to help with your noble work, and to secure a remembrance in your worthy prayers.

If only such an order as your had existed when I was young!

May God bless you and all your endeavors!

Respectfully,

C. M. B.



St. Francis receiving the Stigmata

WHY NOT JOIN THE 2500 CLUB NOW?

Archconfraternity of Mary Queen of Hearts



"All for Jesus through Mary"

We are pleased to announce that the Director of the Archconfraternity of Mary Queen of Hearts of Rome, has very kindly promised to include the intentions of the members of our Confraternity in the Masses and prayers offered in Rome. Some Wonderful Effects Which True Devotion Produces In The Soul.

Blessed De Montfort, the devoted Servant of

Mary, in speaking of the wonderful effects produced by this devotion, assures us that the generous consecration we make of ourselves to Jesus through Mary will deserve a very great reward. "Mary", he says, "will be the Mother of our soul, advancing its growth in holiness, enlightening and strengthening it, preserving its merits and associating them with her own."

1. To give ourselves in this way entirely to Jesus through Mary is to imitate God the Father, Who has given us His Son only through Mary, and Who communicated His grace to us through Mary. It is to imitate God the Son Who has come to us only through Mary and Who, having set us the example to act as He acted, has asked us to go to Him by the same means. It is to imitate God the Holy Ghost Who communicates His grace and gifts to us only through Mary.

2. To go to Jesus through Mary is truly to honor Jesus, because it shows that on account of our sins we are not worthy to approach His infinite holiness, directly by ourselves, but have need of Mary, His Most Holy Mother as our advocate and our mediator.

3. To consecrate ourselves entirely to Jesus through Mary is to place in the hands of our Most Dear and Holy Mother, all of the good actions, our good works, our good intentions. These good works and intentions, however good they may appear to us, are never the less very often tainted by selfish motives and are, therefore, unworthy of acceptance in the sight of God.

By thus presenting this offering of our intentions and good works to Our Blessed Mother, we are safe-guarding our highest spiritual interests. We make certain that the merits of our good actions and of our pure intentions will neither be spoiled nor lost. We know from sad experience that often we begin a good work with the purest supernatural intentions but before we have completed this good work perhaps vain or unworthy motives find entrance into our heart and bring about the loss of these precious heavenly merits.

Now, by offering them in advance to God's Holy Mother, there is no danger of their being lost or vitiated. "If you wish to offer anything to God" says St. Bernard, "place it in the hands of Mary, unless you wish it to be refused."

How little after all we can do in gaining heavenly merits. As servants of Mary and faithful members of her Confraternity, let us make a practice of placing all our intentions and our dispositions, as well as our good works, in Her hands, let us make an

The Missionary Catechist

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

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WHAT IS THE 2500 CLUB?

It is an association of persons who have pledged themselves to contribute \$1.00 a month toward the support of a Missionary Catechist.

WHY WAS IT ORGANIZED?

It was organized to afford an opportunity to zealous Catholics of limited means to participate in the "adoption" of a Missionary Catechist.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "ADOPTION" OF A MISSIONARY CATECHIST?

According to their Rule the Missionary Catechists may go only to the very poorest mission settlements and districts unable to support Sisters or parochial schools. Hence it is that the Society of Missionary Catechists depends entirely upon contributions of generous Catholics who realize the importance of their apostolate in these destitute sections for the support of its members. Each Catechist is supported by a Burse named in honor of Our Lord, Our Blessed Mother, the Souls in Purgatory or some Saint, and may be adopted by one person, or by large groups of persons who contribute towards her Burse. Those who thus participate in the support or adoption of a Missionary Catechist share in all her merits, prayers, sufferings and good works. They are enabled, through her, to save souls for Christ, to spread the Kingdom of God upon earth, and increase the Glory of God in Heaven.

unreserved gift of ourselves and of all that we have and go to Her and through Her to Her Divine Son and we shall certainly find Her to be more generous towards us than we can ever be towards Her. She will repay us more than a hundredfold. She will communicate Herself to us Her blessings, Her merits and Her virtues. Having at Her disposal the disposition of the graces and merits of Her Divine Son, She will bestow upon us most abundantly these precious merits and graces of Her Divine Son.

We may count ourselves supremely happy when, as Her privileged servants, we despoil ourselves of everything in Her honor and receive in return the assurance of graces that will make of us true Saints of Jesus and Mary.

All intentions received at Victory-Noll are included in the perpetual Novena to Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

Brevities

CATHOLIC ACTION

As Defined by Pope Pius XI, the Pope of Catholic Action and Missions

"Catholic Action consists not merely of the pursuit of personal Christian perfection, which is, however, before all others its first and greatest end, but it also consists of a true apostolate in which Catholics of every social class participate, coming thus to be united in thought and action around these centers of sound doctrine and multiple social activity, legitimately constitute, and, as a result, aided and sustained by the authority of the Bishops.

"A noble end which Catholic Action can and ought to attain is pointing out the obedience due the laws of God and the Church, and keeping itself outside of and above all political parties. Animated and sustained by such a spirit, Catholics who participate in the apostolate of the hierarchy cannot fail to promote, as an ultimate end, the union of all the faithful of all nations in religious and moral order, and as its supreme end, the diffusion, the defense and the practice of Christian faith and doctrine in individual, family and civil life.

"Catholic Action does not constitute a special and exclusive form of action. To the contrary, it evaluates and directs towards the social apostolate every work or association—above all religious—that can be particularly directed towards the formation of youth and the progress of Christian piety, or which has ends of a civil and economic nature."

DON'T LET IT DIE!

Inspirations that are neglected or put off, more often than not, fail to see the light of day and the blessing of God's good pleasure. Now, while your heart is so moved with compassion for the poor in the Southwest Missions; now, while you are so filled with zeal to save to the faith the thousands of souls looking so longingly to you; now, for the love of Jesus and Mary and Their poor, carry out your good intentions and give the Society of Missionary Catechists your financial support and encouragement in the work it is doing to keep the Southwest Catholic for the Sacred Heart.

Diocese of Amarillo,
Amarillo, Texas.

My Dear Catechists:

I am indeed pleased to know that you are doing efficient work at Lubbock and that the mission is becoming more and more interesting to you. I am very glad to see that you are helping with the instructions of the American children, and thus we may hope to have them all well prepared for their First Holy Communion and for Confirmation.

I am looking forward to the Confirmation, and I pray God that He may continue to bless you all with continued perseverance of zeal and success in your work. In asking a little memento in your prayers, especially during this month, and with all kind wishes, I remain,

Most sincerely yours in Xto.,
R. A. GERKE,
Bishop of Amarillo.

An investment worth while—our Annuity Plan. Details will be furnished upon request.

HEED THE CALL—GIVE YOUR LIVES TO THE MASTER'S SERVICE.

What of the Next Generation?

Rev. J. A. Campbell

Editor's Note:—This article which appeared in Our Sunday Visitor in 1925 clearly shows the conditions surrounding the spiritual status of the Mexican people and voices the great need for Catechists. After finishing this article, turn to page 7 and read a few of the spiritual achievements amongst these people since the opening of the Lubbock Mission in Sept., 1928.

Sacred Heart Church,
Sweetwater, Texas.

April 6, 1925.

Dear Father Sigstein:

Every week lately, I have been checking the slow, very slow, advance of the hand of the clock on the first page of the Sunday Visitor and have been saying to myself then if the readers of that esteemed periodical **ONLY KNEW CONDITIONS** in one week they would wipe out the indebtedness on your Institution, and the next week would provide adequate means to carry on the good work of which you are the chief promoter.

I do not blame the readers of **OUR SUNDAY VISITOR**, as myself, it took me several years to wake up to a realization of conditions surrounding the Spiritual status of our Mexican brethren! The first obstacle in the way: I did not understand Spanish; then it seemed that all efforts made were of no avail; and so I'd let it go at that, as they say, until one day the report was brought me that fifteen Mexicans had given up the Faith and had been dipped in a local pool—as Baptists—the elite of the Baptist community looking on and applauding their success in wrenching away from "Romanism" fifteen souls. That same night the Baptists gave a pageant and as all those who took part in it were led to enjoy the joys of a moving picture seance, the attendance was large. The next day the local paper featured the Baptist success, and I struck my breast demanding of myself: "What hast thou done to prevent these souls from following the error of their way? Has not Christ shed His Blood for these as well as for thyself? Are they not a part of thy ministerial responsibilities?" And repentant, forthwith, I emptied my purse of its last penny and engaged my responsibility heavily to buy me a language phonograph to learn Spanish, so as the minister to those souls for whose sake Christ has shed the last drop of His Heart's Blood.

I imagined then that I might have only a few souls to look after and in my newly found zeal, I began to distribute amongst the poor Mexicans "The Propagandista Catolica", published by the Jesuit Fathers of El Paso, Texas. I held conversations with the Mexicans the best I could—which meant very little passed in conversation between them and myself, but my showing an interest in these poor people began to revolutionize matters. Then, began the sick calls—not for all the dying—but some of them. This led me to inspect the Mexican burying grounds and in one place—Colorado, Texas—not to speak of many other points, I found to my great sorrow that in the one year **FORTY PERSONS, BAPTIZED CATHOLICS**, had died and were buried without the ministration of the Sacraments! How my heart bled at the realization of what had taken place! But, what could I do? I was only a humble Missionary! My American people numbered not ten families, and in the other main Mission I could not hope to accomplish anything. My revenue from there was fifteen dollars a month, and



YOU

The world is waiting for somebody,
Waiting and watching today;
Somebody to lift up and strengthen,
Somebody to shield and stay.
Do you thoughtlessly question, "Who?"
'Tis you, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,
And has been for years on years;
Somebody to soften its sorrows,
Somebody to heed its tears.
Then doubting question no longer, "Who?"
For, oh, my friend, 'tis you!

The world is waiting for somebody,
A deed of love to do;
Then up and hasten, everybody,
For every body is you!
For everybody is you, my friend,
For every body is you!

—Author Unknown.

in Sweetwater not much more at that time. I was living in a little room back of the church of Sweetwater—"like a rat in a hole". The church was dilapidated and nowhere in the perspective were there indications of a possible betterment of conditions. Assailed by poverty, the enemies of the Church trying to get my life—I was shot at, given a dose of poison, held up on the road, etc.—how could I then manage to do anything for the poor Mexicans when I could hardly scrape enough together to minister to the Americans?

Persecution of my humble person for Christ's sake brought about the necessary money for a home for myself and a Mexican church on the other side of the City, right amongst the bulk of them. It was a stroke of Providence and I felt so thankful both to God and the kind donors. But this was only one little fraction to the solution of my newly discovered and pressing problems. An investigation had revealed to me that whatever the number of Mexicans I had seen or met, that these were only a few compared to the multitude of those who had never been approached. Do the sick, the invalids, the dying, come to you for the help of your charity? This was exactly the condition of my Mexicans! They were baptized Catholics, but knew very little of their Religion. A few candles and pictures and medals covered the bulk of their knowledge of religion for the great many. To instance: I had called a Redemptorist Father from San Antonio to help me start the Mexicans again on their way to church. On account of threats of death made against him in a certain Mission, I took his place, the best way I could, to close the Mission given them. Out of twenty-two confessions heard that Sunday morning—confessions of men of from 25 to 70—only two had been to confession before! Two of these did not know about Heaven or Hell, and most of them did not know how many persons there are in God. Yet only one of those present who had not made the mission objected. He was living in sin with a woman and he said he did not care to marry her—when he would find one he would love then he'd come to the Little Father and confess and live right.

Now pause an instant and think of 8,000 persons scattered over seven counties, with hardly any religious instruction, or none, the majority of the grownups not even hav-

(Continued on Page 8)



Children of Mary, Lubbock, Texas

WHY NOT JOIN THE 2500 CLUB NOW?

The Associate Catechists of Mary

An Invitation To All

DO you want an interest in life, or a new interest in something different? Then affiliate yourself with the A.C.M. Are you tired and without anything to interest you? Have all your children grown up and left you for homes of their own? Then enroll yourself as an A.C.M., and see if you have not found that for which you have been searching—if it will not give a new aspect to life for you. Are you alone in the world? Have all of your dear ones been called to their Heavenly Home? If so, your life of loneliness can be converted into a life overflowing with happiness and peace. How? By doing for others what you would have done for your own had God spared them to you.

Are you young with a large circle of friends? Do you belong to some club? Then why not have your Club enrolled as an A.C.M. Band? Or start another Band among your friends? Surely, in whatever walk of life you may be, the A.C.M. will hold a fascinating interest for you if only you have the right Club-Spirit we spoke of last month.

Not only will you find much happiness in this life in aiding the Catechists in their work, where the harvest is so plentiful and the laborers so few, but at the hour of death you will gladly go to meet your Redeemer for you will not have to appear before Him empty-handed. The many souls you have been instrumental in saving will be around



the Throne of Our Saviour to remind Him of your charity to them. That your life has not been spent for yourself alone but for others will give you much consolation in your last hour, and an assurance that our dear Jesus will immediately receive you after death into His Heavenly Mansion.

In the next numbers of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST we will tell you about the meaning of membership and ways to organize and methods of assisting.

"Listening In" on Band Activities

CHICAGO—While Mrs. Service is aiding the Catechists by her sufferings, the noble work of charity goes on due to her zealous band of workers. The Promoters of these A. C. M. Bands are: the Mesdames Wainwright, Murphy, Scheuer, Kenedy, Hanson, Hennigan and Robinson. These South and Westside Bands have in fact redoubled their wonderful activities to show loyalty to their noble leader. The Northside Bands, too, have already achieved more results this year than in the entire past year, owing to the dance at the Edgewater from which \$240,000 were realized, the Card and Bunco parties at the Edgewater, The Bank, Independence Park and St. Luke's Club House. The Alpha Omega cleared \$114.00 on their Bunco,

Our Lady of Lourdes made \$137.00 on theirs and equally large sums were sent to the Catechists by the other Bands.

Extracts From Letters

"We had a very successful party Tuesday at Mrs. O'Malley's and hope to have another a week from Tuesday at Mrs. Rademachers. We entertain alphabetically now, and find it makes it easier for all to remember. Will send you a check after the next party."

A Week Later

"I am enclosing a check for \$45.00 proceeds of our four last parties. One of the ladies at our party Tuesday offered to give a party for us next time. Having strangers at our parties helps to increase our members and promotes the work of the Catechists in the Southwest."

MRS. WAINWRIGHT.

Another Writes

"One of Mrs. Scheuer's member's daughter had a party last night for the Catechists. I gave them the doll which you dressed like a Catechist because there would be a number of people at the party that knew nothing about the Society of Missionary Catechists, or had never seen a Catechist, and this was a good opportunity to give publicity to the good work. The doll was raffled and \$25.00 was realized for same."

MRS SERVICE.



Dear Little Helpers:

Well, vacation time is over and I suppose you are all ready to start back to school, which means you have to pack away your fishing tackle, roller skates, swimming

suits, and hunt up your school books. I wonder how you would like to write and tell me about your vacation? Some of you I suppose have gone camping, some visiting in big cities, others have had parties, and there are just lots of things I know you have done; and I think it would be lots of fun if each one would write and tell me all about it and then I could put your letters in the Magazine. In that way all of our Little Helpers would get to know each other.

I would also like to have some pictures of you. Surely, you have some that you could send in, and if they are nice and clear I would like to put them in "The Missionary Catechist". So let's get busy and each one write at least one letter telling about something he or she did during vacation time and don't forget the picture.

And another thing, when Mother starts packing away your summer clothes and getting out all the winter togs, don't forget to remind her to save all that you can't wear anymore. Because you see out in the Missions the poor little children will have to

Mary's Little Helpers

go to school again, too, and many of them don't even have shoes and stockings to wear. Isn't that too bad? We ought to thank our Dear Lord that we have always had good kind parents who could afford to give us all the clothes we need.

Whenever you do anything to help the poor little children in the Southwest, you make our Dearest Lord very happy, because He loves all children very much and especially those who make little sacrifices to help the poor. Could not each and every one of Mary's Little Helpers save at least one penny a week in their little mite box? Every little penny helps to buy food, medicine and clothing. The other day we heard about a little girl who fell and broke her arm and her mother carried her thirty-five miles to a doctor, and after she got there the doctor wouldn't fix it because this poor woman had no money. Wouldn't it make you happy to know that your pennies might buy medicine for some poor little sick boy or girl? Not only that, but you would also be helping Jesus and Mary, because when Jesus was on earth don't you remember He said "Whatever you have done to My poor you have done to Me."

GIVE A LITTLE

Give a little, live a little, try a little mirth; Sing a little, bring a little happiness to earth;

Smile a little, while a little idleness away, Care a little, share a little of your holiday.

Play a little, pray a little, be a little glad; Rest a little, jest a little if a heart is sad; Spend a little, send a little to another's door Give a little, live a little, love a little more.

—Douglas Malloch.

Also remember to pray for our Catechists and for the poor little children that they also learn to know about our Sweet Jesus and His Blessed Mother. Your prayers will help.

There are still some of our Little Helpers who haven't sent in for their pins and I know that you all want one. When you start wearing your pin every boy and girl who sees it will want one just like it and then you can tell them that they too can wear one by becoming a Helper.

Missionarily Yours,
Catechist Supervisor,
Mary's Little Helpers.

Millerton, N. Y.

Dear Catechist Supervisor:

By all means enroll me in the Associate Catechists of Mary.

God willing, I may call at the Noll some day in the near future. I have been interested in your Society from the beginning and have often hoped to at least visit your Motherhouse.

If I were only a younger woman my desire would be to join you good women.

I beg to remain,

C. M. S.

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

CATECHIST
SUPERVISOR,
Associate Catechists of Mary,
Victory-Noll,
Huntington, Ind.



HEED THE CALL—GIVE YOUR LIVES TO THE MASTER'S SERVICE.

Corpus Christi Mission--Lubbock, Texas



Corpus Christi Mission and St. Joseph's Church

To all of you who were interested in the story we told you of the Mexican lady, who, having lived on ranches some distance from a Catholic Church, had never had the opportunity of learning her holy Religion and yet seemed so eager to learn, we would like to tell the concluding facts of this true story.

The Catechists faithfully continued visiting this dear soul. In each of our visits we aimed to speak of some truth of our Holy Religion. Our pupil became more and more anxious to receive the Sacraments. Soon we learned that others had tried to misinform her, for she asked us several questions like the following: "Is it true that Protestant ministers surely go to heaven? Is it just as well to confess our sins to God or must we confess them to a priest?"

Upon making some close inquiries we discovered the source of these question—some Baptist workers had tried to get them to join their church. Besides, the mother-in-law with whom she lives is what we call a hard case,—she has sort of a religion all her own. Yet, we hope she too will come back some day.

One day we timed our visit so as to meet the husband. Upon our suggestion that he should bring his wife to be married by the priest he replied: "No, because I don't want to go to confession!" Well, here was where we had to start all over again to explain what a wonderful Sacrament Penance really was. We left with a half-hearted promise that they would come to see the priest. Of course, they never came. Just the same we continued our trips to the home realizing that the husband needed instruction as badly as his wife.

One day our Mexican priest came to stay over night. Our first thought was to get these marriages adjusted. We went to the houses of these people, explained the situation to them and urged them to come at once. It seemed like a case of now or never. Thanks be to God, they came. On our way back we picked up two young people to act as witnesses. Our good lady went to confession,—her very first,—and afterwards she told us with all the simplicity of a child:—"Madrecitas, never in my life have I ever felt so good and happy." Yes, and her husband went to confession and was just as eager to have everything fixed up. He even

took the next morning off to assist at Holy Mass and receive Holy Communion.

We've made several more visits to the home giving them a few more instructions. Each time we receive a royal welcome. Yes, and like fiction, our true story can also end—"and they lived happily ever afterward"—true to God and their Holy Faith, another foundation reconstructed, which will, we know, prove a good Catholic home.

And our lady who lives in the little shack in the center of a large cotton field? Well, she has come to Church several times since making her Easter duty. True to her promise, she brought her sixteen-year-old boy in to receive the Sacraments for the first time during Holy Week. After Mass, she and her sons came and asked us to offer Holy Communion for them. What they wanted us to do was pray some thanksgiving prayers as they cannot read and they felt that God required something special of them. We consented and re-entered the church. We knelt down in a rear pew,—the two grown-up men and three women grouped themselves near us, kneeling in the aisle. With the greatest devotion they repeated word for word the prayers we said. These dear people

surely practice with ease what so many of us find so difficult: "Unless you become as little children you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." How many lessons we learn from those we teach and each episode makes us appreciate more and more the wonderful privilege of working among our Dear Lord's poor.

Sunday, May 19th, was a happy day in Lubbock, Texas. Fifteen little boys and girls received Holy Communion for the first time. During the same Holy Mass twenty-four of our young ladies received Holy Communion in preparation for their reception into the Sodality of Hijas de Maria.

These girls had proven themselves worthy of being made Children of Mary by their faithful attendance at their Sunday meetings and at all their classes. For the past three months these girls have been attending sewing classes in our home. Each girl made a pretty, neat uniform for herself. It is made of white Indian Head linen with a blue girdle. The girls made them so it has been a source of real practical knowledge to them.

After Holy Mass the First Communicants and the Children of Mary did justice to a delicious dinner served to them by the Catechists. At two o'clock all went to the chapel where the girls recited the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception,—this was followed by enrollment in the Scapular and then the reception into the Sodality. Each girl was given a beautiful medal of Our Lady. They looked so nice in their white and blue uniforms and their white veils—real Children of Mary.

These young ladies meet every Sunday afternoon to recite the Little Office together, then they have a short meeting followed by their class in cooking. In each cooking class they are taught the correct way of preparing wholesome dishes—also how to cook for the sick. Every Friday afternoon they have sewing class. In this class they will also learn how to care for altar linens and do work around the chapel.

Our girls have responded wonderfully to our efforts in training them in these different branches and we hope that they will be the big means of establishing good Catholic homes in the future. We also try to plan diversions for them such as hikes and games. How we wish we might obtain a Volley Ball outfit for them!



Visiting Day at a Texan Ranch

WHY NOT JOIN THE 2500 CLUB NOW?

What of the Next Generation?

(Continued from Page 5)

ing made their First Communion, or if they have been to Communion, they have been there once or twice during life. It is a common saying among them when confessing: "This is my first or second confession." They do not tell how long since they confessed in years and months, but by the number of confessions made—this as a rule. Now, pause and ask yourself the question: Can mortal man, be he a Francis Xavier, penetrate that ocean of ignorance, alone and unaided? Can he? Could you? Do you then see the necessity of the Missionary being helped by the Catechists like those you are now training?

Now, Father, I am sure that the readers of Our Sunday Visitor do not realize conditions, otherwise that clock would mark not only a mere few thousands, but hundreds of thousands for the training of Catechists for the Mexican field! I know that in some places, like El Paso, for instance, or San Antonio, where the Jesuit Fathers, The Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and the Oblate Fathers have been working for years past, that conditions are better than around this district, but I happen to know that out of the 750,000 Mexicans in Texas, that by far the majority are in the condition of ignorance described above.

Now, unless our American Catholics come to the rescue, what will be the next generation of Mexicans? Protestants? No! Infidels? Yes! Absolutely so. The Mexican people in Texas, in very many of the places are, from the point of view of Faith, very very sick. Many are entering into their Spiritual agony. The Priest is altogether insufficient for the work. Why, I get as many as five or six calls some days and I have driven as many as 350 miles on sick calls from early morning till before daylight the next morning. As it is, I can reach but a part of them. Quite a few die without the Priest! How sad! All the more sad because I have approached many a hardened Mexican sinner at the hour of death and have never been denied a hearing or the consolation of a conversion, and a sincere one too!

Now, I have given you a description of the work in hand here. It will prosper some day. The sweet charity of a person unknown to me, but known to you, is putting

up a Church here in Colorado, Texas. We had Holy Mass in it yesterday. Two years ago we could hardly muster fifty Mass-goers! Yesterday the new Church, though far from completed, was full. We had the procession of the Palms and the crowd covered the two sides of a city block.

What a change from the past. It is hardly over two years since my Catechist in Colorado was killed for being a Catechist—our first martyr—and now we are having processions in the streets!

God bless your work, Father.
In Christ Jesus,
REV. J. A. CAMPBELL.

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Catechist L:

In looking over "Our Sunday Visitor" I saw your interesting Texas letter, and just wondered why some one on the outside could not co-operate with you who are doing so much on the battlefield. I haven't much, but I can get to Holy Communion every morning and for this privilege I ought to do something for those who are not so fortunate.

As I said before, I haven't much but I could send my "mite" each month either in little booklets, pamphlets, medals, Sacred Heart Badges, Rosaries, etc.—in other words, any thing you think best. Possibly I can find some other people disposed to do their bit.

Sincerely, P. T. C.



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.

SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS,

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana

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