

The Missionary Catechist



Volume V

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Number 11

Mission Echoes

"I AM lonesome for Lubbock, Texas!"
 "Well, Catechist L., you aren't the only one who is aching to get back to work; I believe we all are. I could scarcely wait until my vacation was over."

"You know, Catechists, I feel more like talking 'Missions' this recreation period than doing anything else."

"Why don't we? Catechist K. can tell about Holman, N. M."

"I could talk forever about Anton Chico or Los Cerrillos, and Catechist S. is most anxious to tell all she knows about Dos Palos, California."

"Let's sit down under this tree and take our turn talking 'Missions'. Catechist S., because you haven't said a word we'll let you begin."

"Alright, are you listening? I have a big surprise for all of you. Father said I am to go to one of the new Missions."

"New Missions! I didn't know we were really able to open new ones this year."

"You were away on your vacation so you haven't heard the latest. I'll tell all I know about them. You remember hearing about how we were forced, in May 1926, to close our house at Chaperito mainly on account of transportation conditions. Thanks to Jesus and Mary and the efforts of Catechist R., this Mission is to be re-opened. From there we can easily reach at least a half-dozen out-missions, so there is a splendid field of work for us. The other new Missions are Grant and Santa Rosa, N. Mex.

As soon as suitable living quarters can be obtained, the Catechists will go to open the houses and begin work. We are especially anxious to begin working as soon as possible at these respective places not only because the people are unusually poor and in need of all manner of assistance, but because the non-Catholic workers are busy among them and have already done untold harm.

"Oh, I almost forgot Indiana Harbor!"

"Yes, do tell us about Indiana Harbor, I have always longed to go there."

"Our Junior Training House is to be located there instead of at Gary. As soon as we can get the necessary furnishing for the house, at least seven Catechists will move in and begin work among these 7,000 Mexi-

cans who sorely need our aid, corporally as well as spiritually. There is even a greater field for Social Service work than at Gary. But, of course, Catechists must live, so we can do nothing until our home is fixed up."

"Dear me, isn't the house even furnished?"

"No, it is not. And besides, it is a big building which needs a lot of repairing and general rejuvenating. We must all pray that our dear friends and benefactors who have always come to the rescue in the past, will be pleased to help us in this case of dire necessity."

"I have several friends to whom I could write. What are you most in need of?"

"Ask me what we do not need and I could answer you in a few words! We can use anything and everything from bedding and furniture down to dishes and food supplies; little things and big things are alike welcomed."

"Say, what about Gary?"

"Gary will be a Mission and one of our most active ones, I assure you. For, among the 3,000 Mexicans, we have an inexhaustible field of work."

"By the way, did you know that Catechist A. made her Profession at Victory-Mount in August?"

"Did she really? I had quite forgotten that an Investiture Service was held there this fall."

"Oh, yes, six Catechists became professed members of our dear Society and many
 (Continued on page 8)



Bringing the faithful to Mass—Dos Palos, Calif.

THE SUCCESS OF OUR NEW MISSIONS DEPENDS UPON YOU!

Gates of Opportunity

Patricia Lillian Blackstone

WITHIN a few minutes Agnes, surprised and interested in this strange adventure, found herself in one of the Mexican adobe houses. It was immaculately clean but bare save for a bed in the corner, a broken chair, and a statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe. On the bed lay a baby; over it, a woman bent anxiously.

It took but a second to see that the child was suffering, and that the end was near. The mother seemed to understand this; suddenly, walking to the statue, she took from behind it a bottle of holy water. This she handed to Agnes.

"Does she want me to anoint the baby?" Agnes, puzzled, asked the boy.

"No, *Senorita*, my mother means for you to baptize it. Will you?" he asked eagerly. "Are you not a Catholic, like us? The little Antonia has not been baptized," he added sorrowfully.

And so, in the hush of approaching death, Agnes poured out the drops of holy water, making the sign of the cross, and reverently baptizing the child, "en el nombre del Padre, y del Hijo y del Espiritu Santo."

The Martinez family soon grew to be friendly neighbors with Mrs. Beecher and her household. After the grief over the death of the baby Antonia had subsided, Mrs. Martinez came daily to the house, to help with the housework and to do little acts of kindness for Mrs. Beecher who, thanks to the New Mexico sunshine, was rapidly improving in health. Jose, the twelve year old, helped Agnes with her Spanish, laughing over her mistakes but gallantly teaching her the most difficult expressions.

"Please tell me about the Mass," he said, suddenly, one day.

"The Mass. Jose, do you mean to tell me you haven't been to Mass?"

"I was there once since leaving Mexico," Mrs. Martinez interrupted eagerly. "How beautiful it was. And I went to Confession and Communion, too," she added proudly.

"But the little church at the bottom of the next hill," Agnes said. "Isn't it ever opened? Surely, there are Masses said there, sometimes. I thought that as soon as the roads became more passable this spring, that we could go to Mass there. I have been going to church at San Pedro in the Ford my aunt rented. There is a Mass there every month."

"We are too poor for a Ford, and it is too far to walk," Mrs. Martinez said sadly.

"Padre Xavier may come any time, though," Jose said, his dark eyes sparkling eagerly. "I heard last year that he was going to try to get to Soledad this summer."

"So we hear every year, Jose," Mrs. Martinez reminded her son. "But the Padre is an old man, and he has a wide territory to cover. If we only had more priests in New Mexico."

"You shall go to San Pedro with me," Agnes generously suggested. "And to Confession and Communion, Jose."

"He hasn't made his First Communion," Mrs. Martinez explained.

"How many tragedies there are in just this little part of the country," Agnes said to her aunt that evening. "Take the Martinez family, for instance. Mrs. Martinez has been to Mass just once since she left Mexico, Jose has never been. I suppose there are many similar cases right here in Soledad. I never want to hear of foreign missions again, Aunt Mary. There is too much to do at home."

"There is much to be done all over the world," Mrs. Beecher said. "Catholics suffer not only here, but everywhere. Even I have my share of troubles. I shudder to think how long it is since I received Communion. I had no idea that we should be so far from church and priest when we came here."

"And yet we have no right to complain," Agnes mused. "I don't believe I realized how much my Faith means to me until I talked with these poor people."

It was while thinking of this that Agnes later conceived a plan. Calling Jose to her, she plied him with questions. When would Padre Xavier reach Soledad, did he think? How many in the village had never made their First Communion? Would not some of them like to be prepared?

Jose listened eagerly.

"*Senorita*, we Mexicans want to be good Catholics. We want to learn. Could we not surprise the Padre? I am sure he will be here right after the spring rains."

"Picture me teaching forty Mexicans their Catechism," Agnes wrote her friends. "And instructing as many more in Church and Bible history. All in Spanish, too. Would not my Spanish teacher at school be impressed! Even though I am ungrammatical at times, at least I can make these poor eager people understand. You have no idea how much could be done for the Mexicans here, as well as in other parts of New Mexico. If only I could do more, and had the means of securing priests

and Sisters. I think I shall stay here and continue with this wonderful work even after Aunt Mary, who is much better, can return to Chicago."

It was but a few weeks after the spring rains had ceased that the church was opened, the floors scrubbed, and the statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe festooned with flowers. Padre Xavier was coming! He would be in Soledad any time now. Of that, everyone was sure.

"You are sure you know your Catechism?" Agnes asked an old man whose white hair heightened, rather than diminished, the glowing black of his eyes.

"Si, *Senora*," he smiled, as pleased as a child. "And I can say my beads, too," he added.

"We, too," others cried.

It was a glorious moment for Padre Xavier, when he distributed Communion to so many first communicants. The church was filled to overflowing; the air was intense with prayer. Agnes let the tears stream down her cheeks as she bowed her head in a happy thanksgiving.

That evening, in Mrs. Beecher's home, Padre Xavier continued to express the astonishment, surprise, and pride he was unable to suppress. Joy was written on his wrinkled, weather-beaten face.

"It was Our Lord who brought you among these poor people," he told Agnes. "Never have I met with such a surprise. You work like the Catechists, child."

"The Catechists?" Agnes was interested. "I have never heard of them before."

(Continued on page 7)



Exhibit—Crusader's Convention, Washington, D. C. June 20-23.

REMEMBER YOUR DEPARTED—CONTRIBUTE TOWARD THE POOR SOUL'S BURSE

Enlargement of the Kingdom of St. Francis

Rev. Edgar B. Casey, O. F. M., Editor of St. Anthony's Messenger

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI preached before the Sultan. St. Anthony of Padua sought martyrdom in Morocco. John of Plano went to China.

In the succeeding centuries, spurred on by the example of their illustrious founder and their famous confreres, the Franciscans of every age have been among the first to enter each new mission field. Therefore we are not surprised to find them the apostles of the aborigines on the American continent. We are all familiar with the, to us, miraculous accomplishments of the pioneers who accompanied the conquistadores of the far-flung plains and all but impenetrable mountain fastnesses of the southwestern part of what is now the United States.

In 1530, Benevides wrote that the New Mexico Indians were learning in trade schools, founded by the Friars, "all the crafts and trades for human use—such as tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and the rest, in which they are already dexterous." In our day, every one who sees the ruins of the beautiful chapels—at Pecos, at Zuni, at Jemes, at other places, and even at the sky city of Acoma—and realizes that they were built by the Friars with the help of the, before-their-coming, pagan and uncivilized people, stands in awe of these gigantic monuments to the heroic zeal and apostolic courage of the men that braved all for Christ.

One may not be able to fathom such deep-rooted, self-sacrificing devotion to an ideal. One may not be able to understand how the Friars could convert the war-mad savages and build so many large churches in a few short years. But one is not surprised. Such things are expected of the followers of the Poverello. Instead of expressing astonishment, the tourist as well as the student of history is rather inclined to ask, "How did it happen that such a large and influential tribe as that of the Navajo Indians was not evangelized?"

We believe that the early missionaries ought to be praised for the things that they did rather than questioned about those they left undone. However, be that as it may, their brethren of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are trying to complete the work they began in the sixteenth.

In 1898, three Franciscans from the Cincinnati Province were granted permission to undertake the evangelization and civilization of the Navajo Indians. Rev. Juvenal Schnorbus, Rev. Anselm Weber and Ven. Placid Buerger arrived at Gallup, New Mexico, November 7, 1898, and, a few days later, the two priests offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on the Navajo reservation. Thus began the enlargement of the Kingdom of St. Francis in the Southwest.

To understand what manner of a beginning that was, it is necessary to consult our geographies. Although the trip from Cincinnati to Arizona is not as long as the trip from United States to China, still the difficulties that the Friars met on their arrival at the end of their short journey were even more baffling than those that greet the missionary to the far distant land. The reservation covers a territory equal in size to the states of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont and Rhode Island combined. And such a territory!

That portion of Arizona occupied by the Navajos was as unlike the Friars' native states—Kentucky and Michigan—in its scarcity of water, and its development as two regions in the same country could be.

Vast stretches of arid prairies,—not to say deserts,—filled the spaces between the virgin forests that covered the few mountains. What roads had been marked were nothing but unimproved trails. Steam and electricity were unknown except where the railroad came close to the land of the Navajos. Charles F. Lummis gives a good description of the country when he says that a horned toad can eke out an existence on a square mile of the reservation if he stays single but that he is doomed to starvation if he is led into matrimony.

Twenty-three thousand or more nomadic Indians considered this vast and unimproved land their home. Truly, the whole territory is each Indian's home. Even if there are more than 23,000 Indians on the reservation, it is seldom indeed that two huts are within sight of each other. The Navajos may be known throughout the country as the makers of blankets and the hammerers of silver jewelry; yet their principal occupation is sheep raising. The scarcity of water and grass keeps them constantly on the move. In the winter, they cover a few logs with mud, and in the summer they set up a few poles over which they spread small branches and call it a hogan—a house.

When the Padres arrived in this strange land among these strange people they found them still sitting in the shadow of darkness. Not only were they suspicious of the AE'nishodis—Those-who-drag-their-gowns—but they were steeped in ancient pantheism and could not speak any language but their own—a language that had been little studied and never written. In spite of their suspicions, their superstitions, and their deep-rooted customs, the Friars, by kindness and hospitality, soon gained their good will. The language was a far more formidable obstacle, but Fathers Juvenal and Anselm and, later on, Fathers Leopold, Berard, Marcellus and the others who took up the work, succeeded in mastering it, too.

Since 1898, the Friars have baptized over 5,000 Navajos. They have built, besides St. Michael's, the mission center, chapels at Chin Lee, Arizona, 55 miles North, Lukachukai, Arizona, 75 miles North, Tohatchi, New Mexico, 30 miles East, Houck, Arizona,

40 miles Southwest, Hunter's Point, Arizona, 5 miles South, Greasewood, Arizona, 60 miles Southwest, Keams Canyon, Arizona, 80 miles West, Manuelito, New Mexico, 45 miles Southwest. They were instrumental in quelling a general uprising of the Navajos in 1913. They helped the Indians protect their land rights. They succeeded in getting permission to give religious instructions in the Government schools. They are, this year, instructing over 1,500 Navajo children in the Catholic and Government schools on and off the reservation and endeavoring to keep in touch with some 3,500 Catholics scattered over the extensive country they call home. Last but not least, the Friars composed, edited and published a 500-page Ethnologic Dictionary, a 72-page Navajo Catechism, a 220-page Navajo-English and English-Navajo Dictionary and a Grammar of the Navajo Language.

During the past 31 years the Franciscans of the Cincinnati Province have made great sacrifices in men and money to carry on this work. Although 53 of their 195 priests and many lay-brothers are dedicating their lives to the care of the poor Mexicans, Indians, and Negroes in districts where they receive little or none of what the Mexicans term the "con que," meaning the wherewith to feed and cloth themselves; although nine priests who must be supported and given means to work with, have charge of the Hupeh Province of China; although 20 men are entirely occupied in preparing young men to take the place of those who succumb to the hardships of mission work, the Cincinnati Friars have persevered in their efforts to save the Navajos for Christ. Only the blessing of God and the generous support of good Catholics have made this possible.

As we write, ten priests and two lay-brothers are laboring among the Navajos. Perhaps the work done and the chapels built does not compare favorably with those built by the Friars at Acoma, Pecos, Jemes and the other old missions, still the things accomplished appear monumental when one considers the circumstances under which they were wrought. And, God willing, the end is not yet!



Two Franciscan Friars with a group of Navajo Indians

THE SUCCESS OF OUR NEW MISSIONS DEPENDS UPON YOU!

Charity in Its Highest Degree



"All for Jesus through Mary"

When we consecrate ourselves to Our Blessed Mother we practice charity to our neighbor in the highest degree, for it is to give to Mary all that we hold most dear, in order that She may dispose of it at Her good pleasure in favor of the living and the dead.

By this devotion we place our graces and merits in safe keeping, for Mary is their guardian. We may say to Her with confidence: "See, my dear Mother, here is the good which by the grace of thy Dear Son I have been enabled to do; I am not able to keep it because of my weakness and inconstancy, and because of the number and malice of my enemies who ceaselessly attack me. Hold me, lest I fall; keep in trust all that belongs to me lest I be robbed of it. I entrust all to thee."

Were there but this one motive to incite me to this devotion, namely, that it is a sure means of keeping me in the grace of God, and even of augmenting it in me, I ought to ardently desire it.

This devotion bestows upon us truly the liberty of the children of God. As for the love of Mary, we have of our own free will reduced ourselves to slavery, so this dear Mistress, out of gratitude, enlarges and dilates our hearts and causes us to walk with giant steps in the way of God's commandments. Ordinarily, She frees the soul from weariness, sadness, and scruples. It was this devotion that Our Lord taught to the Venerable Mother Agnes of Jesus as a sure means of deliverance from the sufferings and perplexities with which she was afflicted. "Make thyself," said He, "My Mother's slave." She did so, and her troubles ceased at once.

How is the CONFRATERNITY OF MARY, QUEEN of our HEARTS, being received by our readers? The letters printed below express glowing approval of its institution.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Friends:

In word and deed I will try to be a true daughter of Mary, so enroll me in the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of our Hearts.

Sincerely, MRS. F. S.

Chicago, Ill.

Reverend and Dear Father:

I am most thankful to you for having enrolled me amongst the first in the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts. Its practice is as a guide along the road toward enriching ourselves to the Heart of Our Blessed Savior through the Queen of Our Hearts, His Blessed Mother.

Enclosed is the offering. Also please enroll the remaining members of our family.

Your devoted disciple, J. M.

Notre Dame College,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Missionary Catechists:

May the Sacred Heart prosper the good work that He has inspired you to undertake for His love!

Enclosed is a money order for two dollars to help a little the spread of the True Devotion to Mary. Yours in Jesus and Mary,
SISTER S. of St. J.

The Missionary Catechist

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

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Brevities

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

More than fifty million people in the United States attend the moving picture theatres every week and sit there for two hours or more at each visit. This means that a hundred million hours of their time is taken up watching the silver screen or enjoying the entertainments of singing, dancing and dramatics which in some theatres accompany the pictures. Multiply this by the fifty-two weeks of the year and we have fifty-two hundred million hours. Assuming that the average human life lasts about fifty years and that there are some sixteen hours of waking time in each human day, this would mean that twenty thousand human lifetimes are spent each year at the movies. Our Catholic people form at least one-fifth of the patrons of these theatres. Thus each year our own people spend the equal of some four thousand lifetimes at the movies!

It takes time to get close to the souls of men: yet think how many souls could be saved were these four thousand lifetimes spent in the service of our Crucified Savior; think how much want, how much misery, how much suffering could be relieved if only one-tenth of the money so spent were available for missionary purposes!

They also serve who pray for the Missions and the success of Missionary endeavors.

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

"Come to our church, we give you fifty cents; bring someone else and get a dollar." So are our poor Mexican children enticed into Protestant churches.

Mexican women were reported saying the Rosary in one Protestant church. When the action was commented on, the minister said: "We can't take everything away from them at once!"

Let us exert every effort to counteract such audacious proselytizing programs!

"IN THE SERVICE OF THE QUEEN" will be shown in Dayton, Springfield, Columbus, Lancaster, Cambridge, Canton, Cleveland, Kent and Youngstown, Ohio, during October. November bookings include showings at Rochester, Braddock, Homestead and Pittsburgh, Pa., and Wheeling, W. Va.

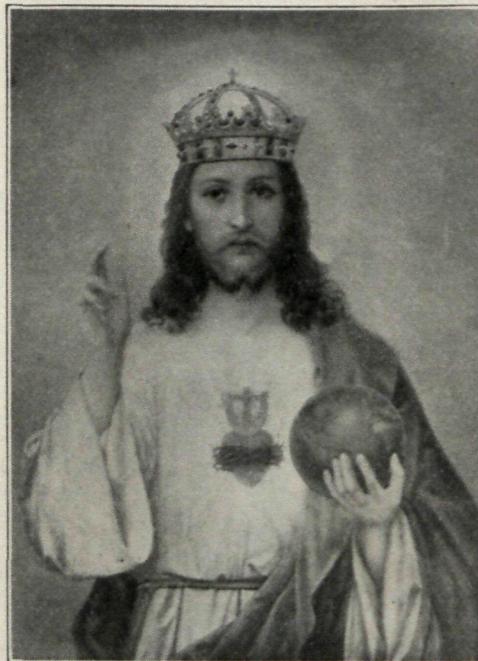
Advance notices of the showing of this picture will be mailed to all our subscribers. Bookings may be made by writing to THE MIDWEST CATHOLIC THEATRE MOVEMENT, 1026 Union Trust Building, Chicago, Ill.

St. Louis University,
St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. and dear Father:

I enclose a dollar I happen to have at my disposal and ask you to kindly enroll me in your new Confraternity of Mary.

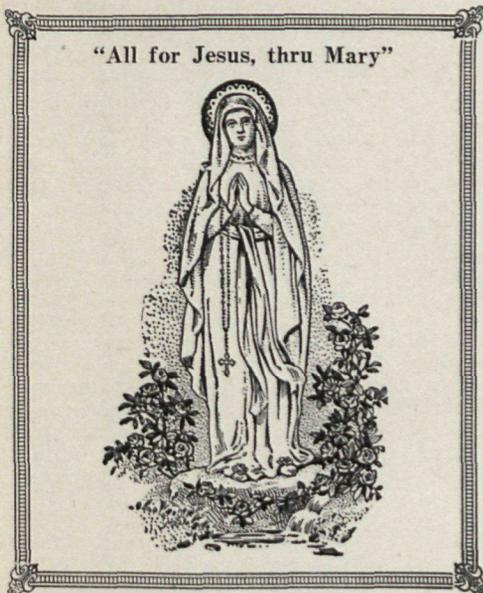
Sincerely in Christ,
T. S. B.



May Christ, The King, reign supreme o'er every heart.

REMEMBER YOUR DEPARTED—CONTRIBUTE TOWARD THE POOR SOUL'S BURSE

The Associate Catechists of Mary



OCTOBER to many people means only the most beautiful month of the year because of its gorgeous array of many-colored leaves; but to us it means Rosary Month—Our Blessed Mother's own especial month, when each day thousands of her chosen children offer to Her, Her favorite nosegay—the Rosary.

Oh, if we could but know the untold blessings bestowed and the countless miracles wrought through the fervent and faithful recital of the Rosary, surely not one of us would let a single day pass without showing our love and devotion to Our Heavenly Queen by reciting our Rosary. And really, it is such a little bit—we don't mind waiting fifteen minutes or more to get into a movie, to stop and chat with our neighbor, to play cards, not counting the many, many minutes we spend in our various amusements each day,—but it seems to be so hard to find fifteen minutes to say our Rosary; and do we not get infinitely more reward and consolation from the recital of our Rosary than from the fleeting enjoyments of the day?

Our Mother in Heaven loves us—how much, no one will know or understand until that some day when Our Blessed Lord will say "Come ye blessed of My Father, possess you the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Then, when we see that all those graces and blessings which seemed to come to us by mere chance were really the workings of Our Mother's great love for us, we will realize how little we have done for the One who loves us so much and we will wish that we had made ourselves more worthy of that great love and protection which sheltered us during the whole course of our life. Our Heavenly Mother doesn't expect a great deal from us,—She wants us only to love Her and to prove our love to Her, and what better means can we employ than by recommending ourselves every day to Her care, by reciting the Rosary, or at least a part of it, especially every day during October?

During this month of October we are asking each A. C. M. member and each Little Helper to offer one Rosary, or at least a part of a Rosary each day for our Catechists, for as you know—

A Rosary a day
Will keep all troubles away.

"LISTENING IN" ON BAND ACTIVITIES

The extreme hot weather of the summer months did not succeed in "slowing up" the activities of our A. C. M. bands, and in fact, some of the checks we received during that time would imply that the hot weather spurred our good and loyal members on to even greater efforts, as evidenced by the following:

BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Seven Dolors Club sent us a check for \$100.00.

PARIS, MICH.

St. Ann's Band, which is a newly-organized band, sent a box containing many useful articles to our Mission at Gary, Ind.

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Les Petite Fleurs Club—\$30.00.

St. Mary's Band—\$30.00.

Our Lady's Club—\$35.00.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Club—\$80.00, the proceeds of several of their successful parties.

St. Joseph's Band and the Tuesday Night Club—\$150.00.

The Sacred Heart Club under the direction of Mrs. J. Scheuer forwarded twenty-five First Communion outfits for the poor children of our Mission at Cerrillos, New Mexico.

The Immaculate Conception Club and Sacred Heart Club No. 2, of whom Miss Anna Heaney is Promotor, are continuing to do their share by sending us \$25.00 each month.

We were also very happy to receive a \$95.00 check which was the result of a bridge party given by Misses Alice O'Day, Mercedes Morrissey, Ruth Reickert, Ruth LeVoie, Helen Coolahan, Louise Cocks and Mary Traut. Although these young ladies are not A. C. M. members, they believe in doing their bit to help our worthy cause along.

May Our Dear Heavenly Queen of the Holy Rosary shower down Heaven's choicest blessings on each and every one of our faithful helpers.

Mary's Little Helpers

WHAT BOBBY LEARNED FROM HIS ROSARY.

Bobby and Betty had been neighbors ever since they were babies. And ever since they were able to talk they had quarreled with each other at least once a day, but they always made up before they parted. Now, as usual, they were quarrelling again, or rather, arguing.

It was the beginning of October, and Betty had just told Bobby that she was going to say the Rosary every day during the month of October because it was Rosary Month and because the Rosary was Our Blessed Mother's favorite prayer. Bobby thought he was quite a man, in spite of his seven years of age, and he was trying to tell Betty that prayers were alright for girls, but boys just didn't have time for them. Betty too was seven years old, but she was a very wise little girl and only said: "Well, I guess that is right, and anyhow boys don't know how to pray, and Our Blessed Mother loves little girls the best, so I don't suppose it would do you any good to pray." At that Bobby pricked up his ears. That didn't sound quite right to him that girls could do anything better than boys, so he said to Betty: "Huh, is that so? Well, I'll just bet you I can pray better than you. I'll tell you what we'll do. We will both say our Rosary every day during October and see who prays the best."

So, on the first day of October, they both started to say their Rosary every day, and each day Betty would ask Bobby: "Did you say your Rosary yesterday?" and Bobby would answer: "Of course I did."

Finally the month of October was almost over and one day Betty said: "Bobby, how are we going to find out whose prayers please the Blessed Virgin the most, yours or mine?" Bobby, who had grown to love the Rosary very much, said: "Oh, the Blessed Virgin will take care of that."

The last night of October, Bobby had a dream. He dreamed that a most beautiful lady dressed all in white with a bright light shining all around her stood beside his bed and said: "Bobby, you have made me very happy." Bobby was not afraid of the beautiful lady, and he asked her why. "Because," answered the lady, "you have prayed the

Rosary every day, and it is the prayer I love the best." Then she disappeared. Bobby knew it must be Our Blessed Mother and the next day he was very anxious to see Betty and tell her about the beautiful lady. He went out to call her and when she came running out she was very happy. "Oh, Bobby," she cried, "last night Our Blessed Mother came to see me and She told me how happy She was and how much she loved all those good children who pray their Rosary every day." Then Bobby told her about his dream and they both agreed that boys could pray as well as girls, and that it was just as important for boys to pray as it was for girls because Our Blessed Mother had shown them that She loved them all the same.

After that Bobby said his Rosary, not only during October, but every day and he never forgot his beautiful dream. He grew to love Our Blessed Mother more and more, and finally after many years had passed, he devoted his entire life to Jesus and Mary by becoming a priest.



Dear Guardian Angel protect me.

THE SUCCESS OF OUR NEW MISSIONS DEPENDS UPON YOU!

Letters To Mother

"ALL FOR JESUS THRU MARY"

Dearest Mother:

Sweet vacation days are over. In a few more hours we shall forget the world and its cares to rest for a while amid the solitude of the Garden, of the Lord in Holy Retreat. May we all gain renewed spiritual strength and plentiful graces for the work of the coming year!

Ours was the "vacation different" and filled to overflowing with happy incidents, some of which

I must share with the dearest of mothers. It was the second day of our vacation school. Little Adelino slowly repeated the question Catechist had asked him: "Why did God make me?" The mischievous dark eyes were serious now and after reflecting for some time he hesitatingly replied: "I think He made me to carry wood." Most of his brief career had been spent in this occupation and he was for the first time becoming acquainted with things of a higher nature than the surrounding beauty of the mountains near his home. Many days followed in which Catechist explained that God created us for a purpose, namely, to love and serve Him with all our hearts and to share in His eternal happiness. During examination at the close of the session, Catechist once again repeated her query: "Why did God make you?" To which Adelino responded promptly: "He made me for Himself, of course."

Approximately two hundred of Adelino's companions, whose ages ranged from five to fifteen years, attended the Religious Vocation School taught by the Catechists in the Meadow City, best known by its Spanish title of "Las Vegas." It was one of many such schools conducted under the auspices of the Catholic Rural Life Bureau, directed by Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara. The principal motive of these schools is to give Religious Instruction and training to children who have not had the opportunity of

attending parochial schools. In striving to instill in these youthful hearts a greater love for Holy Mother, the Church, Her doctrines and Her ceremonies, it strengthens their Faith and promotes a religious atmosphere in districts which would otherwise be neglected. Attendance at Mass and frequent reception of the Sacraments are encouraged, and whenever possible, children are urged to affiliate with Catholic Societies, thus uniting them more closely in a bond of fraternal union and love.

The daily session began with Holy Mass or Rosary and the singing of Spanish hymns. The first class consisted of a short instruction on prayer followed by Liturgy. This subject was most popular with the children who delighted in the explanations and illustrative charts describing the Mass, the altar and its furnishings. Fifteen minutes were then spent in physical exercises and a brief health lecture. The recess bell never loses charm, even in a vacation school, and soon lively games were in progress on the large playground. Handwork and Altar Linen classes were next on the program after which Christian Doctrine, Bible stories, Lives of the Saints and Singing completed the day's session. We have yet to discover anything quite as appealing to the heart and the imagination of our children as stories of the Lives of the Saints.

The final, but not the least important event, was the school picnic which took place in a lovely canyon near Las Vegas. After many exciting games, the sound of the dinner gong soon formed a circle of happy, hungry youngsters who awaited the coming of the beloved Padre to say grace. This ceremony over, several Catechists were kept busy serving sandwiches, pickles, cookies, fruit and ice cream, which rapidly disappeared. Donations of kind friends had provided this generous repast without which no picnic is complete. A "pinata" swinging gracefully from the branch of a large pine tree was the source of much merriment. You are wondering, dear mother, just what a pinata is. And rightly so, since you have never visited sunny New Mexico, the home

of the pinata. Its basis is formed of a large receptacle containing candy or fruit, covered with a frame of brightly colored crepe paper petals and resembles a huge pineapple, from whence it derives its name. Each one in turn is blindfolded and endeavors to break the pinata with a pointed stick and when someone succeeds in performing this feat, every one tries to obtain as much as possible of its contents.

At the close of a perfect day all the children voted to continue school indefinitely. All good things must come to an end, yet we must pray that with the All-powerful assistance of Our Dear Lord and His Blessed Mother, the fruits of this work will be preserved in the hearts of these little ones and that their Faith may grow each day until it blossoms in that Land where all good things are eternal.

Lovingly your child in O. B. L. V.,

CATECHIST MARY.

Message from the Sisters of Loretto:

You are surely doing wonderful work with the children and we wish you every success. Our only regret is that you do not have the attendance of all the children.

Dear Catechists:

My boys, Ambrosio and Adelino, come to your school and I want to see that they behave well. When they are not in school they are running the streets and I cannot take care of them.

May the Blessed Virgin bless you and your work!

MRS. G. L.

"I have been very happy, dear Catechist, because you have come to teach us. Dear Catechist, I don't know much English, but I do all I can. And I am sorry that school is closing and hope that you will teach us again next fall. It is a very long time to wait. And I always pray for you and everybody."

Your boy,

ARTURO G.



Group of regular attendants at the Vacation School classes—Las Vegas, N. M.

REMEMBER YOUR DEPARTED—CONTRIBUTE TOWARD THE POOR SOUL'S BURSE

Victory Noll Notes



RENEWED in spirit by the splendid four day retreat conducted by the Rev. Fr. Romauld Mollaun, O. F. M., August 10-15, and strengthened in body by the summer vacation season, the Catechists at Victory-Noll have cheerfully and wholeheartedly resumed their regular work. They are back in the class rooms once more pursuing the usual course of studies, and, to all appearances our Training Institute presents the same scene it did in the early summer. But many things have happened and changes have taken place within the last two months. First of all there was the Investiture service held Aug. 15th, following and concluding a most successful retreat. This ceremony of Investiture, which always is impressive, was especially so at this time due to the fact that seventy of the one hundred and four members of our dear Society were present.

Six of our Catechists pronounced their first Vows, and thirteen renewed them. It was an impressive sight to see them all kneeling with lighted candles within the Sanctuary, and then, one by one, pronouncing their Vows as the Priest stood with The Sacred Host lifted above the Chalice. When the last words of their promise to consecrate themselves to the work of imparting Religious Instruction and of giving a Christian training to the poor children in needy, scattered missions had been said, and their simple vows pronounced, each received Our Divine Saviour in Holy Communion.

Three of our Catechists were invested as Juniors and received the Crucifix which they will ever carry with them and place in the hands of the dying poor to comfort them before they begin their "Great Journey" into the Land Unknown to human eye; our six Consecrate Catechists were invested as Probationers and our four new Candidates were invested in the beautiful uniform of Mary's Consecrates.

More touching even than the Investiture Service was the ceremonial of departure for the various mission houses. Farewells are always pathetic, and though the Catechists joyfully go forth to labor in The Master's fields, yet, their joy is not untinged

with pathos, for who can tell what the future holds for these youthful missionaries who willingly go out to meet and lovingly embrace their cross?

Everyone lives very near to Jesus at Victory-Noll. This is not only a Training Institute but a happy home to all the Catechists. Now that the time had come for them to leave its shelter, they gathered two by two in the Sanctuary at the foot of the altar begging the blessing of our Sacramental King and offering themselves anew unreservedly to His service and the service of His Blessed Mother.

Father Frances Scheper, the Rev. Brother of Catechist Scheper, presided at the ceremonies and gave the parting blessing to the Catechists who were so soon to leave for the Missions. Father Sebastian, O. M. Cap., preached the Departure Sermon.

"Forward She goes to sow the Gospel seed!" The many happy hearts then raised their voices in this noble Hymn and the beautiful little chapel rang with the courageous declaration of fidelity to the Service of our King.

After this sweet farewell and Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, came the individual and informal "good-byes." There isn't much one can say in describing these parting scenes. Perhaps the lines below will best present the picture:

"Tenderly they clasp each hand,
Tear bright eye meets tear bright eye;
But smiling lips breathe forth the prayer,
'God Bless you!—and Good-bye!'"

You can imagine how excited we all were when the assignments were given for the coming year. We held our breaths until we discovered where we were to be sent ourselves, and then found it necessary to gather in great groups outside the Chapel doors to inquire where every one else was going!

Dear Rev. Father:

Enclosed is \$2.00 for subscription for four years. I wish to do all I can, however, you may know that we have a big problem in this Diocese of Los Angeles and San Diego with 100,000 Mexicans and a new parish.

Wishing you success, I remain,
Yours sincerely, E. R.

Gates of Opportunity

Continued from page two)

"Can that be possible," the old priest said. "I thought, perhaps, you knew of them and their work and had put their teachings in practice. The Catechists are trained young women who work among the Mexicans throughout the Southwest. There are many of them around Las Vegas, a place far distant from here, and they are accomplishing wonders for the Faith. They have a Mother house in Indiana—"

"Indiana!" Agnes exclaimed. "That sounds like home. Indiana is a next door neighbor to us. Do you know where in Indiana?"

"Yes, Huntington."

"Huntington! Why, I had a friend at school from there. I haven't heard from her for years, though."

"Then you'd better renew her acquaintance upon your return East," the Padre advised, "and meet the Catechists. I'm sure they would be interested in hearing your experiences here, and I feel confident you would be delighted to know more about their work."

Several weeks later, Agnes opened a letter which had come to her postmarked, Huntington.

"It's from an old school friend of mine, Aunt Mary—gracious," reading the "All for Jesus through Mary" at the top of the page—"I had no idea Veronica was as religious as all that. I'm sure that at school the Sisters—Aunt Mary, look! Read this!—Veronica is a Missionary Catechist!"

"I have never heard of such a wonderful experience as yours has been in New Mexico," Catechist Veronica Norris told Agnes Birney, upon the latter's visit to Huntington the following fall. "Surely Our Lord showered you with innumerable graces."

"It is you who has been showered," Agnes said shyly to this sombre-clad friend. "How fortunate that our lives have crossed again. And what a beautiful home you have,—what an ideal environment awaits you in the Southwest."

The two friends had been walking about the spacious ground of Victory Noll, the Mother-house of the Society of Missionary Catechists. Pausing before the front portico, Agnes gazed from its height across the opposite fields and beyond the Wabash river which, like a narrow ribbon, was threading its way across the horizon.

"How like a link this is, bridging so closely together the east and southwest," Agnes said. "If we could but keep on looking and see all the Mexicans this Order has helped and is helping. Oh, Veronica, be sure that you thank Our Lord each moment for allowing you to be a part of His designs on these needy people. How fortunate you must feel—"

"We aren't selfish," Veronica, smiling, teased. "We want—we need, many more. There can never be too many." Her fine face became serious. "Agnes, if only you—"

"You don't think I'm not here to stay, do you, Veronica?" Agnes asked, surprised. "No indeed, for as I look across those fields I can see my Jose and above, in heaven, I see my baby angel, Antonia. Such experiences as I have had this past year can never be forgotten, and thanks to my sojourn in the Southwest, I have at last found something worthwhile to live for."

THE SUCCESS OF OUR NEW MISSIONS DEPENDS UPON YOU!

Mission Echoes

(Continued from page 1)

others renewed their Vows. Thirty-four of us were gathered there for the retreat; wasn't that wonderful? But did you hear about how quickly the crowd broke up right after the Services?"

"A message came from Holman saying that a typhoid epidemic was breaking out, and would the Catechists please come as soon as possible? Of course, we knew that there was no chance of getting a doctor's aid, so several of the Catechists packed up at once and rushed back to Holman. The people were overjoyed at our speedy return; for they were certain that everything would be alright now that we were home. It is wonderfully encouraging to note the confidence they have in us. Thanks to Jesus and Mary, and our excellent nurse's training, we were able to successfully combat the epidemic, which was really very slight."

"Such is mission life; one thrill after another."

"Stop talking 'Thrills' and tell us about your vacation class."

"I thought everyone knew all about that; but I'll repeat it if you say so. We were asked to conduct a summer school at Las Vegas for about four weeks, to give training to children who were not attending the Sister's schools there. Not expecting a large enrollment, you can imagine our surprise when the number reached the three-hundred mark. We taught the children all morning, following a regular, well-planned program. Really, the course was a huge success. We were even obliged to lengthen the term from four to six weeks on account of the large attendance. The work was very pleasant to us, and the children also enjoyed the classes; but most of all, they enjoyed the picnic we gave them the last day of school,—and so did we."

"How about the parents; were you able to get their co-operation?"

"The parents and most of the business people were splendid. In fact we owe much of our success in conducting this vacation school to their wonderful co-operation."

"Are we going to teach at Las Vegas every summer?"

"Yes. A census is being taken of the children who are not attending Catholic schools so that next year we will know exactly how many to expect at our classes."

"Dear me, there goes the bell! I had forgotten that we were at Victory-Noll and not at New Mexico or Texas. A Missionary Catechist's heart is never where she is unless she happens to be out in the Mission field."

"You speak truly, but soon we all will be where our hearts are; so let us go to the Chapel now and pray that the day of our departure may be hastened."

Omaha, Neb.

Dear Father:

Enclosed you will find the dollar which I promised each month. The other dollar is a thanksgiving Mass to be said in honor of the Blessed Virgin for the benefit of the Missionary Catechists.

Wishing you and all the Catechists much success and God's blessing on your work, I am,

Sincerely yours, M. R.

Message from Mrs. D., Teacher at the State Normal:

I want to tell you how much I admire the work you are doing with the children in your Catechism classes and the order you are keeping. We have never seen the children so well behaved in church.



Please ship all items intended for the needy missions direct to our mission centers. Address: "Society of Missionary Catechists" at

- 1—Anton Chico, New Mexico.
- 2—Chaperito, New Mexico.
- 3—Dos Palos, California.
- 4—Grant, New Mexico.
- 5—620 W. Fifteenth Ave., Gary, Indiana.
- 6—Holman, New Mexico.
- 7—3868 Block Ave., Indiana Harbor, Ind.
- 8—Box 30, Montezuma Route, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- 9—Los Cerrillos, New Mexico.
- 10—Lubbock, Texas, Box 1658.
- 11—Santa Rosa, New Mexico.
- 12—Catechist Blanche Richardson, Supervisor of Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

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

RECENT DONATIONS RECEIVED AT VICTORY-NOLL

- 1 Alb and Surplice—Lafayette, Ind.
- 2 Chalice, Cinctures, Toothpaste, Biretta, 2 Missals and complete set of Vestments—Pittsburgh, Pa.
- 3 Institutional Washing Machine—Milwaukee, Wis.
- 4 Shoes—Huntington, Ind.
- 5 Old Clothes—Fond du Lac, Wis., Nashville, Tenn., Steubenville, Ohio, St. Louis, Mo., Rochester, N. Y.
- 6 Trunk containing bedding, towels, silverware, etc.—Chicago, Ill.
- 7 Clothing—Lincoln, N. H.
- 8 Needlework and Clothing—Decatur, Ind.
- 9 Used Music—Atlantic, Iowa.

The Society of Missionary Catechists wishes to thank the kind friends for the above donations. All articles will be used as designated—for the Training School at Victory-Noll, for the meagerly-furnished chapels in our Missions, or for our poor people, etc.

At this time of the year we are indeed most grateful, for, with the opening of four new Missions, the demands upon our charity will be greatly increased.

Glendale, Calif.

Rev. and dear Father:

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is a most welcome little visitor to me, therefore, I am sending in the amount of one year's subscription.

I am also including an offering in gratitude for a favor obtained through prayers to the Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Mother, and St. Rita. Please publish my thanks.

Dear Father, I am much interested in the work being done by the Catechists, and I wish most sincerely that it were in my power to render aid in this worthy cause. Unfortunately, ill health and want of finances prevent me from doing as I like. Nevertheless, I pray daily that God may bless the efforts of the brave Catechists, and I trust that He will hear my prayers.

Yours most respectfully and sincerely,
MRS. B. B. R.

Denver, Colo.

Dear Father:

The enclosed one dollar and fifty cents is for a year's subscription to your little magazine and for enrollment in the "2500" Club.

Sincerely, S. R. N.

SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS,

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana

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

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

I also promise to pay a total of \$ _____ payable in

_____ Monthly _____ Quarterly _____ Semi-Annual _____ Annual Installments of \$ _____

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

Name _____

Address _____

Date _____

REMEMBER YOUR DEPARTED—CONTRIBUTE TOWARD THE POOR SOUL'S BURSE