

# The Missionary Catechist



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## Diocese of Monterey-Fresno California

September, 1929

Dear Father Sigstein:

Allow me again to thank you for the Catechists. Their return to Dos Palos was hailed with joy, not only by the people, but by the pastor and, above all, by myself.

Since their coming here a year ago we have beheld a transformation in Dos Palos. Where these poor Mexicans, Italians and Portuguese whose Religious Instruction had been neglected did not come to Mass or the Sacraments, we have seen a rebirth of faith so that the little church there is filled every Sunday. Moreover, the Catechists have under instruction literally hundreds of children and adults in Christian Doctrine classes in Dos Palos and the various fruit and cotton camps in that extensive parish. Truly their work has been a revelation to us all; and I can only pray that God will speed the day when we will have several foundations of the Catechists in this diocese. We need them for the poor Italians and Portuguese, whose children are growing up without the Faith of their fathers for lack of instruction, and we need them especially among the Mexicans who are crowding into California. Generally, these poor people do not maintain a residence anywhere more than a few months at a time, but migrate from place to place being mostly employed in picking cotton and fruit in the vast ranches of the San Joaquin Valley. They live in temporary "camps" far removed from any church or school. When the work is completed in one ranch, the whole colony moves to another often miles away. Thus the poor people cannot be instructed in the regular way in permanent churches and schools. Nor can they be reached by the existing Religious Communities who are already overburdened by their duties to the fixed population. If the faith is to be saved in the poor Mexicans we must have heroic, self-sacrificing Catechists such as yours, who will follow the nomads to their "camps" and perform for them both corporal and spiritual works of mercy,—serving them as trained nurses and expert social service workers, the while they impart to their charges what they need above all, solid Religious Instructions. Only thus can the Mexicans be safeguarded from the wiles of the Protestant proselytizers who, by alleviating their bodily ills, seek to win them from the Catholic Faith.

I earnestly hope that your excellent Society, by its very nature national or even international and not merely diocesan, will soon secure the recognition and approval of the Holy See, of which I consider it eminently worthy. The seal of approval of Christ's Vicar once stamped on it and God's own blessing thus secured for it, the Society would, I am confident, achieve wonderful victories for the Faith and reap a plentiful harvest of souls.

Wishing you every blessing,

Faithfully yours in Christ,

*John B. MacFarley*

Bishop of Monterey-Fresno

## Mother Comes for Don Juan

Manuel E. Chavez

**A** solitary horseman stood on a little elevation upon the dry, rolling plains of northern New Mexico. The sun stood in mid-heaven, and the air all around the wanderer trembled with the heat. He carefully scanned the horizon with arched hands, then scratched the streaming brown locks under his broad sombrero;—he was lost. Near him crawled the dusty road that he had followed for two days, emerging from a low, blue range of mountains to the south and vanishing in the opposite direction toward a group of barren, wagon-shaped hills miles and miles away. All else was a trembling sea of short, yellow, half-dead grass.

"Dios mio, que no tiene fin? My God, has it no end?" he sighed, viewing the endless expanse around him. His voice was soft, and his Spanish accent smooth. It was neither the harsh, twangy drawl of the Mexican nor the careless, though sweeter, dialect of the native Castilian of New Mexico. His damp hair clung to his temples and a face, handsome and young, but touched with longing and anxiety. In spite of the dust and sweat, everything about him betrayed something noble, proud, elegant. Patting the two saddle-bags behind him caressingly, he turned to go, but dropped his reins, and his eyes opened wide in mingled joy and surprise.

Along the road he had been trudging, came a trotting team, pulling a small buggy in a cloud of dust. By the time he had spurred his mount to the road, the snorting horses pranced nearer and finally drew up before him.

"Buenas tardes le de Dios!" two voices greeted him from the carriage, and the young man perceived two priests in soiled suits and dusty Roman collars.

"God give you a good afternoon, your Reverences," he answered. "Why one of you is a bishop!" he added, as he noticed the purple cloth beneath one of the collars.

"I am the local missionary Padre," the priest answered kindly, "and this is His Grace, the Archbishop of Santa Fe."

The two stepped out of the carriage, and the youth dismounted and kissed the prelate's ring. "It pleases me much to meet a human being at last, and, what is more, a priest—an archbishop. Tell me, Fathers, has this road no end?"

"You speak excellent Spanish," the archbishop replied. "Yes, this road leads to those barren mountains far away. Among them lies the little town of Santa Clara—"

"Santa Clara! Truly, a Franciscan name!" the youth exclaimed.

"Oh," the priest joined in, "it is only the native Spanish who call it that. Since the railroad and the American rancher came, they call it Wagon Mound,—mark well those hills; They truly resemble a caravan of covered wagons. Think you not so?"

In answer to the young stranger's questions, the priest told him all, and more than he wished to know; namely, that they were French Missionaries, just returning from an episcopal visit to Las Ciruelas, a thriving little community in a canyon not



Courtesy of "The Earth", Santa Fe R. Ry.

far distant. He also mentioned the people's poverty and the worse scarcity of priests, adding that His Grace was raising money to pay for the Cathedral built by his predecessor.

"But where, your Reverence, are the Frailes?"

"The friars?" exclaimed the priest. "There are no Franciscans in New Mexico. The good Spanish Fathers died away a century ago! And the Bon Dieu alone knows when more will come."

The young man bowed his head as though in despair. Perceiving this, the archbishop began to tell him of a budding Franciscan Province in Ohio, to which he had applied for help, seeing that his immense Archdiocese was the "Kingdom of St. Francis." But they themselves were not yet sufficiently established in numbers to send missionaries; still, they had promised to send some in years to come.

Now the longing in the gray eyes died. The young shoulders drooped feebly. With trembling hands, he removed the saddle-bags from his horse and placed them at the prelate's feet. "Here is a present for your Cathedral, your Grace," he said, softly. "It is not much, but it is the fruit of honest toil. Your blessing, Fathers."

Having received their blessing, the stranger mounted his horse and, asking the way to Las Ciruelas, galloped away. Neither Missionary said a word or moved, until the wanderer, growing smaller and smaller, less and less distinct, finally was but a speck of dust far away on the yellow, dismal prairie.

\* \* \*

"I tell you, Monica, this old man is dangerous. Do not deceive yourself. Your Eva should keep away from his hut. I am just warning you, dear Senora."

Dona Monica stood up, solemn and angry. "Do not talk like that about Don Juan Ochoa again. Whoever accepts my hospitality must also accept everything and everyone under my care." In this way, she silenced anybody who broached the subject concerning Don Juan.

Don Monica, the wife of Don Romualdo Roybal, was a very devout Catholic lady, and at her spacious house priests, relatives and strangers were always welcomed; though some of the relatives seemed to have taken undue advantage of her indulgent nature. Her husband was a wealthy sheep-raiser with a large homestead at the ranch in La Canada, running at the same time a saloon in Wagon Mound. Into this

remote ranch and to the lady's charity, the shepherds had brought a head lead man fifteen years previously. After weeks of continued nursing and prayer, he recovered, though he had no recollection of his identity. From the name carved on the saddle of his horse, they called him Juan Ochoa, this little, wrinkled, white-haired old man they believed him similar to, for his eyes were dull and lifeless. At refusing to work in the saloon, he labored as shepherd and hired man all these years, but had demanded no pay. He

knew not who he was, but at the same time refused to live in the large house, or even in the large patio, or inner courtyard. With his own hands he built a little hut under the locust trees near by, and, whether at the ranch or later bed-ridden in his hovel, he never ceased from sliding his rosary through his fingers. And this is why the Senora did not fear him. Even her pretty, fifteen-year old Eva had said to her, "Mother, do not fear Don Juanito. He likes me and is happy when I'm with him. An old man who measures his life in rosaries is not to be feared!"

The Senora Roybal looked at the clock. "Maria Purisima! Eve has been with him these three hours." Throwing her shoulders about her matronly shoulders, she hurried to the sick man's hut. Hearing a low murmur within, she tip-toed to the only window. There on his bed lay the old man, a smile upon his lips, while Eve sat on a box beside him, holding his white, bony hand. Hot tears burst from the mother's eyes, and she hurried away from the hut, murmuring; "Bless his soul, I believe he won't last long. I will call the Padre tomorrow."

"My little Eve," whispered Don Juan, "you have always wondered why I loved you so all your life. I will tell you, but you must promise not to say to anyone until I am gone. Promise."

"I promise," answered the girl. "I always knew you meant well."

"God bless you, vida," he replied, fervently. "Even as I gaze upon your lovely face, a vision comes to me, and you look more and more like my mother. During the last eight years, since I first noticed this likeness, my memory has come back to me. Years ago, I lay in bed, a dying boy. It was in Alcala, in dear old Spain. We were noble people; my father was the Count Ochoa. My young mother sat weeping by my side, and I heard her beg God not to let me die. She asked me to make a vow for my recovery, to promise a sum of money for the Cathedral of Alcala. But in my heart I also promised become a Franciscan."

"What is a Franciscan?"

"They are the followers of St. Francis, Eve. You know St. Anthony—he was one."

"Oh," she whispered, satisfied. "Don Juanito, tell me more."

"My Alcala is really a Franciscan city. San Diego was born there. Cardinal Ximenes, the Franciscan, founded his great University there. San Pascual Baylon—oh, you will not understand, dear Eve."

(Continued on Page 8)

## Our Mexican Problem

**T**HE observations made during a recent survey of the Mexican population in the United States by the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and clearly set forth by Linna E. Bresette in the September issue of the N. C. W. C. Bulletin, once more bring before the public eye the social, civic, economic and religious problems of the Mexicans and Spanish-speaking people in the U. S. and particularly in the Southwest.

No one group of individuals understands the situation and realizes the need of social and religious action better than the Society of Missionary Catechists, which was organized for the express purpose of rendering spiritual and corporal aid to these, as well as others, in the needy Missions of our country. Again and again, in various ways, the Society of Missionary Catechists strives to awaken in the mind and heart of Catholic America a mutual understanding and sympathy. Like every other Missionary endeavor, its success depends largely upon the co-operation and support of outside agencies or individuals. And this task of arousing a productive interest is a difficult one.

To the average American, who is blest with an income that insures a reasonably comfortable mode of living, the sorry state of these unfortunate individuals, appears, not untrue, but perhaps somewhat exaggerated. Truly, it is difficult, if not altogether impossible, to picture these deplorable conditions under which these people live. One must see and live among them to understand, as the Missionary Catechists do, the needs and dangers which beset their souls and bodies. Often we have heard this statement made, "Is it possible that people can live under such conditions?" We venture to say that they do not live; they merely, —barely exist!

Below are a few of the interesting facts presented by L. E. Bresette in the N. C. W. C. Bulletin:

"Mexican labor is becoming an increasingly basic factor in certain industries. The Mexican travels with the crops and the jobs. Whole families go from crop to crop. Women are numbered among the workers and child labor is not uncommon. It is used to a great extent in the beet fields. The labor of the Mexican is seasonal and when his job

is finished he is out of employment. The wages are insufficient to carry him and his family over this period of unemployment and he becomes a public charge."

"The wages paid Mexican workers are very low. In the beet fields, twenty-five dollars an acre is paid. The whole family works. The contract provides about twenty-three acres, which would make the actual earnings of the Mexican family in the beet fields \$575."

"The Mexicans are found in many places living in the most crowded, unsanitary and unlivable quarters. In the beet fields many live in board shacks, unplastered and unpapered. 'The general housing practice for the workers on the railroads,' says a prominent labor official, 'is to put old box cars out for Mexican workers to use. Sometimes there are as many as two or three families in one car.' Little has been done to improve their living conditions. The poverty of the people, poor housing and bad sanitation result in lowered vitality and they easily fall victims to disease."

"The greatest danger to the faith of the Mexicans and Spanish-American Catholics has come from the well-organized, well-staffed and well-financed Protestant mission schools. These Protestant mission schools give a practical education to thousands of boys and girls at a small cost if they can pay, or for nothing if they cannot. These schools have much in a material way to offer and they present many inducements to the parents to send their children to them to be educated. But their catalogues show, that hand in hand with the education goes a well-organized program of proselytizing."

"THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST" is the one means we have for supporting us in our missionary labors among the destitute in the Missions. Without your help we cannot feed and clothe and nurse the poor and sick who look to us daily for help.

When you begin to plan Christmas gifts for your friends and relatives, don't forget that a Subscription to The Missionary Catechist would be appreciated by many.

## Reading Something Worth While

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

"PRACTICAL ASCETICS" by Rev. M. J. W. Smith, Herder Book Co. \$1.75. In publishing this book the Reverend author proposes to give devout Priests, Religious and laypeople a treatise on Spiritual Perfection in compact form. It was no easy task to compress so much matter into so small a compendium. We believe, no doubt, that good souls are scared away from asceticism not only by the formidable sound of the word but also by the size and number of the tomes that treat of Christian Perfection. Here we have the whole of it in less than two hundred pages, divided into thirty-one chapters. Even the busy pastor and hard-working laymen need no longer hesitate to acquaint himself with the science of the Saints. Possibly the careful perusal of this little book will arouse an appetite for a study of one or other of the spiritual classics to whom the author refers.

"THE RED VINEYARD" by Rev. B. J. Murdoch. The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Price, \$2.00.

"The story of a Catholic Chaplain in the Great War." The war is over more than a decade of years. Both during it and after it we were so fed up on "war books" that we hesitated even to cut the pages of "The Red Vineyard" when it came to our reviewing desk. But a pleasant surprise was in store for us. War is terrible, war is thrilling, and war is "hell," but it is also the open season for the gathering of souls. Throughout this book there vibrates the pulse of an apostolic heart. The story is so simple, so natural, so humorous at times, and again so sad, but more noticeable than all else, there pulsates through it holy love of the Good Shepherd for His sheep, the love of the Shepherd who goes after His sheep in trench and quagmire, over the top, into shell-holes and into "no-man's land," who is every day laying down His life for His sheep. If thousands of soldier boys are gathered around the Great White Throne, must they not thank their courageous chaplains for it, who, for love of them, braved hunger and thirst, a shot and shell?



A BAPTIST CONVENTION—The result of Protestant activity among Catholic Mexicans in the Southwest.  
TO HELP COUNTERACT PROTESTANT PROSELYTIZING ACTIVITIES

## Mary, Mother of the Souls in Purgatory



"All for Jesus through Mary"

We must not be astonished that in the "revelations of St. Bridget" the Queen of Heaven gives Herself the beautiful name of "Mother of the Souls in Purgatory." "I am," she said to that saint, the Mother of all those who are in the place of expiation. My prayers mitigate the chastisements which are inflicted upon them for their faults."

If by the practice of the True Devotion we deliver but one soul in our life from Purgatory or convert but one sinner, would not that be enough to induce a truly charitable man to embrace it? To understand the excellence of this motive we must understand also what a good it is to convert a sinner or to deliver a soul from Purgatory. It is an infinite good which is greater than to create heaven and earth, because we give to a soul the possession of God.

But we must remark, inasmuch as our good works pass through the hands of Mary, they receive an augmentation of purity, and consequently of merit, and of satisfactory value. On this account they become more capable of solacing the souls in Purgatory and of converting sinners than if they did not pass through the virginal and liberal hands of Mary. It may be little that we give by our Lady; but, in truth, if it is given with a disinterested charity, that little becomes very mighty to turn the wrath of God and to attract His mercy. It would be no wonder if, at the hour of death, it should be found that a person faithful to this practice shall, by the means of it, have delivered many souls from Purgatory, and converted many sinners, though he shall have done nothing more than the ordinary actions of his state of life. What joy at his judgment! What glory in his eternity!

May our dear Lord grant us grace to realize the wonderful aid He has given us for our soul, in devotion to our Heavenly mother! Then we may confidently rely on our Lord's promise to a privileged soul: "To be in the hands of Mary and under her protection means that your salvation is assured!"

Those wishing to be enrolled in the Confraternity will have their names recorded and receive certificate of membership by applying to the Society of Missionary Catechists and remitting a membership fee of \$1.00.

I wish to be enrolled as a member of the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

We wish to thank most heartily our friends who contributed during the past year to the Souls in Purgatory Burse. Among the contributions received were some from very poor widows who gave their "mite" in charity for the good of the souls of their departed. Surely such offerings could not have been consecrated to a more sublime cause, or a cause dearer to Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother, the Queen of the Souls in Purgatory.

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

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## Brevities

### SOMETHING FOR CATHOLICS TO THINK ABOUT

In his recently published work on the progress of Baptist Missions in "Missions for Mexicans in the United States," Edwin R. Brown, Director of Mexican Missions in the Southwest says:

"If the news came that through some terrible catastrophe in Mexico, thousands of Mexicans were dying for lack of food, we Americans would contribute generously for their relief. We have always been most ready and willing to help the unfortunate. Baptists would most gladly do their share giving of their abundance that others less fortunate might live.

"But right here in our own country three million Mexicans are starving to death spiritually for want of the Bread of Life. They are scattered from San Diego to Detroit, and are to be seen eagerly snatching at the crumbs of the gospel that fall occasionally from the rich spiritual banquets spread in the pulpits of our American churches.

### Our Present Work

"Our Home Mission Societies, which are your relief agencies for just such a situation as this, have been able to set aside in their budgets certain amounts every year for giving the Bread of Life to the Mexicans in our midst. But the best they can do totals about one dollar a year for every one hundred Mexicans. (\$30,000.00!)

"Just as the agents of the Near East Relief come home and report how many lives have been saved by doles of food and clothing, so we report to you how many souls we have been able to save with the scanty dole you have given us to rescue the perishing Mexicans at our very doors.

"Six years ago we had nine pastors at work, now we have thirty-two. Six years ago we had 250 Mexican Baptists, now we have 2,500, or a tenfold increase in six years. Then we were working in only two State Conventions, now we work in eight."

Remember God's poor at Christmas time.

### WHY KEEP PUTTING IT OFF??

Join the 2500 Club today and co-operate with the Society of Missionary Catechists in the great work of saving the souls and bodies of our poor in the Missions.

Our aim is to get 2,500 persons to contribute \$1.00 each per month. This will provide for the support of 100 Catechists for one year.

We feel certain that during the month of November our subscribers will not forget their dear departed, but will cheerfully and generously contribute towards the Souls in Purgatory Burse and thus make the Souls in Purgatory rejoice in the many prayers and Holy Communion that will be offered for them by our Missionary Catechists and the children under their care.

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

There are no legal complications involved in our Annuity Plan. During the lifetime of the donor a high rate of interest is regularly paid. After death, the amount invested is immediately made available for the charitable and missionary purposes designated.

Every true child of Mary desires to see her Blessed Mother better known and better loved. Her aim in life is to bring others within the sphere of Her influence and intercession. The best way of doing this is to join the CONFRATERNITY OF MARY, QUEEN OF HEARTS, and get others to enroll as members.

### NOVENAS.

We are very happy to announce to all our friends, benefactors and subscribers that their petitions for spiritual and temporal favors will be included in the intentions of Masses and prayers offered at the altars of four of the most famous Shrines of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. These are the Shrines of the Sacred Heart and of Our Blessed Lady of Victory at Paris, France; of Our Lady of Lourdes, Lourdes, France; and the Basilica of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, Lackawanna, N. Y.

Our solemn Novena in honor of the birth of Our Dear Savior will begin December 15th. Our Infant Savior in the Arms of His Blessed Mother is always most generous to the friends and benefactors of our Catechists and the poor under their care. We feel quite certain that our friends and subscribers will be pleased to know that they may send in their names and the intentions they wish included in this solemn Novena.

During this Novena Masses will be offered daily for all the intentions included in it. The innocent little children under the care of our Catechists in the Missions will not fail to lift up their hearts in prayer to obtain the favors asked for by our friends in this novena.



Saint Cecilia pray for us

WE NEED YOU

## Mission Echoes

### GOD ASKS YOUR AID C. R. T.

Another Outpost of God's Kingdom grand,  
We've planted here, at Grant, New Mex.  
And forth, to labor in its sunny fields,  
With cross in hand, we bravely go!

The fields are white with souls; the need is  
great;  
Alone we work in vain, 'tis true;  
Turning to God we beg His Mighty aid,  
And He, in turn, calls out to YOU:—

"My bounteous hand has guided thee,  
And showered thee with gifts of love;  
Remember:—hast thou much or little,  
It came to thee from heaven above.

"The Catechists who reap for Me,  
Like I, they seek no earthly gain;  
But for the sake of starving souls,  
Beg thy help in MY own Name!

'Give now, as generously and glad,  
As I give each blessed day to thee;  
And then, if NEED besets thy way,  
Fear not to call in Faith on Me!"

### VICTORY MOUNT CATECHISTS GO CALLING

Today was our weekly visiting day in the Plaza Vieja de Las Vegas. After a brief visit with Our Dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and with Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph in the Church of Nuestra Senora de Los Siete Dolores (Our Lady of Sorrows), we left the main street and journeyed down a humble side street to the home of Senora Gonzales. This little home, (if one might call it a home) was of adobe with a roof which no longer served its purpose of protecting its occupants from the inclemencies of the weather. It consisted of one small room and is furnished only with a bed, a stove, and an old trunk. Five small children played happily around the mother as she bent over the washtub, all unconscious of the burden placed upon her by the untimely death of their beloved father. Depositing our bundle of warm clothing for these little ones, we visited several other homes in the neighborhood and found similar conditions existing. Arriving at the end of this street, we glimpsed a solitary house upon a hill a short distance from the town and decided to visit it. After a climb of ten minutes, we reached the summit and our destination. On entering the home, we found a very old lady living alone and depending upon the frugal charity of kind neighbors for her daily needs. Words could not picture for you, dear reader, her delight in having us remain with her for a short while. We found that she had not received the Sacraments for more than two years, and before we departed, she promised to have the Padre come the following day as she is unable to leave her home because of her infirmities. Here again was the need for good warm clothing evident!

With the opening of the schools, visiting must be limited to provide time for the work of catechization. Classes are unusually large this year and all of us spend many interesting hours imparting a knowledge of Christian Doctrine to fifty or sixty vivacious children, who delight in singing hymns in lusty voices and learn the truths of Holy Religion with amazing rapidity.



"Christmas has lost its one-time fun; the children are grown and gone; Dad and I find only memories around our Yuletide tree."

I have heard this spoken year after year until I grow to expect it at Christmas; this year I am anticipating it.

Even though there are no children around one's own fireside, there are always children,—thousands of them who are poor and scarcely know what Christmas joy is. It doesn't take much to make them happy; and really, the joy of Christmas isn't so much in the size or worth of the gift as it is in the gladness of the giver and the grateful appreciation of the receiver.

Everywhere in this wide, wide world of ours there are children whom your gifts will cheer, and Missionaries too, whose hearts you may make sing to the sound of Christmas chimes. Japan and China, India, African jungles, Alaskan icelands, all, all turn to you. And Missionaries at home rely on your first gift to the Infant Jesus.

The ache in many a Missioner's heart is stilled in the blessedness of bringing happiness and relief to the poor under his care. Christmas time is a time of memories! and memories,—miles from home and home-folk, are ever shadowed by loneliness.

I know we Missionary Catechists find it so. December has become to us one of the happiest and busiest months of the year. The first weeks are filled with preparations; a package for Juan and another for Serita, until the long lists are filled and each child's gift-package contains some needed garment, a toy, book or game, pencils or marbles; maybe a necklace or bracelet long since cast off for some more timely bit of jewelry. And then the family packages call our attention, until Christmas Eve is at our heels. Would that the world could know the joy and happiness and comfort mission boxes contain: they are the source of untold Christmas cheer and the means of supplying many a mission want. Twice blessed they are, blessing those who give and those who receive, and in between, blessing the Mis-

sionary through whose medium they are distributed.

To those who crave the fullness of Christmas joy and happiness, this comes not as an appeal, but as a timely suggestion. Happy shall you be if your list of Christmas gifts be headed by a gift to the Infant Jesus in the form of a Mission Box for His poor!

### DOINGS AT HOLMAN

Back again to our dear Mission at Holman! There is an epidemic of typhoid fever here, so we lost no time in coming back after our retreat at Victory-Mount. We have had very heavy rains and as a result the roads are terrible. We cannot use the Chev. so we hitch up the horse to the buggy and away we go. Going through the deep mud holes we get dreadfully splashed,—the horse does not seem to care how much mud he throws back at us.

Almost every family is afflicted and in some homes, three or more persons are sick. We made twenty-two visits one day; there were more calls to be made but the horse refused to turn off the main road, no doubt he was tired and wanted to go home.

A Mission box arrived yesterday. Its contents will be distributed among the poor in our various Missions; everything in it is so very useful! The boys overalls are great; we do not receive many good clothes for boys, and children's shoes are a scarcity here. The poor will be most grateful for the clothing.

We thank the donors of the box for their kindness and interest in our Missions and beg our dear Lord to bless them abundantly for their charity towards His poor.

Our Lady of Sorrows Church,  
Bernalillo, New Mexico.

Dear Father Sigstein:

I thank you very much for the Mass intentions. These Masses will be promptly taken care of.

Once again the Autumn is here and the schools will once more be filled with happy children. Some say that Autumn is the saddest time of the year. For me it is indeed a sad season when I see so many poor Mexican children being brought to Protestant boarding schools in and around Albuquerque and Santa Fe. These poor Catholic children are truly innocent victims since their attendance at these Protestant Mission Schools will result in the loss of their most precious treasure, their Holy Faith. How long must we remain without means for counteracting this terrible Protestant propaganda? You may well realize how it cuts a Missionary Priest to the heart to see the lambs of the flock torn from the bosom of the Church.

May I recommend our poor missions and our poor children to the prayers of the devoted Catechists who will surely aid us to stem the tide of Protestant proselytizing that surrounds us.

Very sincerely in Christ,

REV. JAMES BRADY.

My dear Catechist:

You are most likely busy fixing up your new home in Indiana Harbor and I have been thinking a great deal, ever since I left you, of the wonderful graces you have received enabling you to give so much of yourself to those who are so needy. I am enclosing a bank draft for \$100.00 for you to use in fixing up your new home.

Sincerely,

MRS. E. N. H.

TO HELP COUNTERACT PROTESTANT PROSELYTIZING ACTIVITIES

# The Associate Catechists of Mary

**T**HE accompanying picture, dear readers, is really self-explanatory. These nine barrels (each containing one hundred pounds of clothing and toys) are the result of the generous and noble efforts of one of our good A. C. M. workers of Chicago, Mr. Kanthag. Mr. Kanthag made a visit to the Missions under the care of our Catechists in the Southwest during the summer and seeing for himself the deplorable conditions as they really exist, returned home with the determination to do all in his power to help remedy the sad situation. He immediately got in touch with his friends, and the result of their combined efforts are the nine barrels, as pictured.



Nine barrels of joy for the poor

The successful result of these good workers will be recorded not only in Heaven, but in the hearts of the poor children as they leave the Mission Center with warm clothes and toys. What joy it should bring to these good friends to know that they are able to bring gladness to the poor little hearts so starved for the Christmas joy denied them!

We are also deeply grateful to the Anchor Mills Flour Company of Chicago, who so generously loaned their truck for the transportation of these nine barrels to the freight depot. May God bless them for their kindness!

## LISTENING IN ON BAND ACTIVITIES.

Our good friends of the Chicago Sacred Heart Club, under the direction of Mrs. Scheuer, have added the sum of \$60.00 to their Burse.

Mrs. Wainwright's band, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, has increased the Souls in Purgatory Burse by adding \$38.60.

And from Catherine Hennigan's band, as the result of a card party held at Mary Conroy's home, a check was received for \$11.00.

Pittsburgh has organized its first A. C. M. Band, under the beautiful title of "The Immaculate Heart of Mary," and will support The Immaculate Heart of Mary Burse. Genevieve Renkey is the promoter of the new Band, and we feel sure that under the sweet patronage of Our Blessed Mother, the Band is destined from the very start to be a big success.

We also have a new band in Hamilton, Ohio, and this band is dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi.



The members of Mary's Little Helpers Band at Lafayette, Indiana, have been true missionaries during the entire summer and are to be congratulated upon their splendid work. During the month of August they sent a box to the Missions containing 341 articles and which included: Finger dressings and other medical supplies, six dozen vigil lights, stockings, gloves, sweaters, children's clothing, baby clothes, hats, holy cards, etc.

All of us have dear ones who have passed from this life,—it may be a mother, a father, a sister or brother, or perhaps a friend,—but someone there is who has a claim upon us and our prayers. This is the month to show how much we love them, because November is the month when the Poor Souls in Purgatory are silently and yearningly beseeching us to do what they no longer can—pray that God may take them to Himself—"Have pity on me, at least you, my friend."

Of course the most effectual means by which we can best aid them is by hearing Mass as often as we can, and by offering up our Holy Communions for their intentions, also our Rosaries and many indulgenced ejaculations. There is one thing that we should always keep in mind—some day, and that day may not be far off—we, too, are going to yearn and beg for prayers when we can no longer pray. Then, just as we have meted out to others, it will be meted out to us, so dear friends, during this month of November, Oh, I beg of you, remember the poor suffering souls in Purgatory.

Many people claim that they cannot find the time to say more than their daily prayers. We will be only too glad to receive your intentions for your dear departed and any contributions you care to make in their behalf will be applied to the Poor Souls' Burse, thus you will be fulfilling a two-fold purpose, assisting your dear ones by your prayers and becoming a partaker of the spiritual benefits of the prayers and good works of the Catechists.

## Mary's Little Helpers

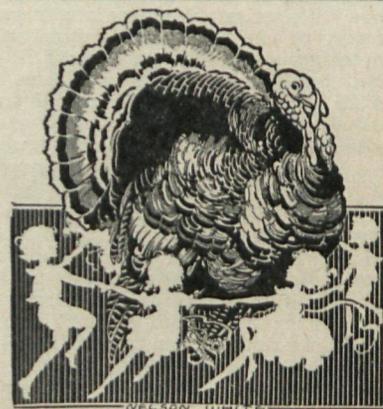
In September they sent a box of household articles to our new Mission at Indiana Harbor and this box included dishes, towels, a sick-call outfit, pots and pans, etc. They also sent ten dollars which was the result of a card party.

This little Band has also been very active in securing new subscribers for The Missionary Catechist Magazine and in one month secured nine subscriptions.

If only we had more zealous Bands like this how much good we could do! In Las Vegas, New Mexico, our Catechists have over seven hundred little children to look after and many of them are so poor they have not even clothes enough to enable them to come to church and school. A few more good working Bands could do so much to help these needy little ones.

**T**HE number of letters coming in from our friends telling us that they are preparing their Christmas boxes for the Missions, brings home the fact to us that Christmas is creeping on, and is only one month away. It also shows us that our good and loyal lay-missionaries are "up on their toes" working hard in order that the less fortunate in the Missions may have a share also in the joys of Christmas. And what a happy thought it is to number among our friends, those people who while they are busily engaged in their various daily duties endeavor to do their bit by bringing a ray of sunshine and Christmas cheer to God's poor.

Many of us who have never known what a "cheerless and empty" Christmas means would perhaps realize how abundantly our good Lord has blessed us if only we might be present at any one of our poor Missions and see for ourselves the barren and desolate emptiness of their lives and then see what joy and happiness can be given by distributing perhaps a few articles of clothing, food, or some of the bare necessities of life which they do not have. There are so many good people in the world who would not hesitate a minute to contribute a Christmas box, if only they would think and realize that there are places in the United States under the care of our Catechists where people are actually in want and are reached only by our Catechists through the generous assistance of friends.



Dear Little Helpers:

Are you getting your Christmas box ready for the Missions? Christmas will soon be here and I know you want to share your happiness with the poor children, don't you? Your Christmas will be much happier if you can make somebody else happy, too, so right away to pack at least one box, and that be your present to the Dear Little Infant in the Crib. He will certainly bless you, and love you very much because "a cheerful giver" is very dear to Him.

Missionarily yours,  
CATECHIST SUPERVISOR,  
MARY'S LITTLE HELPERS

Have you all sent in for your pin, Little Helpers? I am sure when you see it you will be very proud of it and will want all of your little friends to be Little Helpers, too, so they can also wear one of our pins.

# Victory Noll Notes

"O Mary, conceived without sin,  
Pray for us who have recourse  
to Thee."

**A**s this beautiful hymn resounded through the chapel at Victory-Noll, five young ladies marched down the aisle with lighted candles in their hands. They proceeded to Our Blessed Mother's altar, where, with holy simplicity, they begged Her to accept them as Candidates into this, Her own dear Society of Missionary Catechists; and to obtain for them the grace to persevere in their Holy Vocation that they might become apostles and save, for Her Divine Son, souls—the souls of the poor—so dear to Their Sacred Hearts.

After the act of Consecration was read, Father Clement, the Celebrant, blessed the white net veils which the Candidates wear in chapel, and also the pins which they wear as an insignia in the service of Jesus and Mary.

Father Clement then gave a brief talk in which he showed how great the love is that God bears for those whom He calls from the world to serve Him and His Blessed Mother in the person of Their poor. Also, while pointing out the wonderful work the Catechists are doing, Father stressed the necessity for the best of training in order to fit them for the great work of saving souls.

The following young ladies were received Candidates: the Misses Modesta Nichter, Wayne, Ind.; Agnes Lange, Jean Craddock, Chicago, Ill.; Ardella Heintz, Hewitt, Wis., and Elizabeth Clifford, Chillicothe, O.



Our Candidates

"How futile," writes one of the Catechists from New Mexico, "how pathetically futile is our attempt to introduce good health habits and hygienic practices into our Missions of the Southwest when many of these poverty-stricken people have no means wherewith to carry out the teachings! Their co-operation with the Catechists is splendid; they are eager to learn whatsoever we have to present to them, but—'How can I wash my face without soap?' and 'I would gladly brush my teeth but where can I get a toothbrush?' These are the questions which we ourselves can seldom answer; needs we cannot supply because we are but poor Missionaries laboring among the poorest of God's people.

"Our benefactors have been wonderfully generous, but, after all, we have comparatively few of them and there is almost an infinity of needs.

"If only some generously-disposed Catholic, who realizes the importance of health in relation to spiritual development, would begin a fund for toothbrushes, toothpaste and soap! The children of the Missions would be definitely benefited and the Catechists would perpetually remember him in their prayers and praises."



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 Grants, New Mexico.
- 5 620 W. Fifteenth St., Gary, Indiana.
- 6 Holman, New Mexico.
- 7 3868 Block Ave., Indiana Harbor, Ind.
- 8 Box 30, Montezuma Route, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- 9 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.

## SISTERS OF SERVICE

The Catechists at Victory-Noll were happily privileged in recently receiving as their most welcome guests Sister Margaret Guest and Sister Florence Regan, Sister-General, of the Sisters of Service whose Headquarters are at Toronto, Canada.

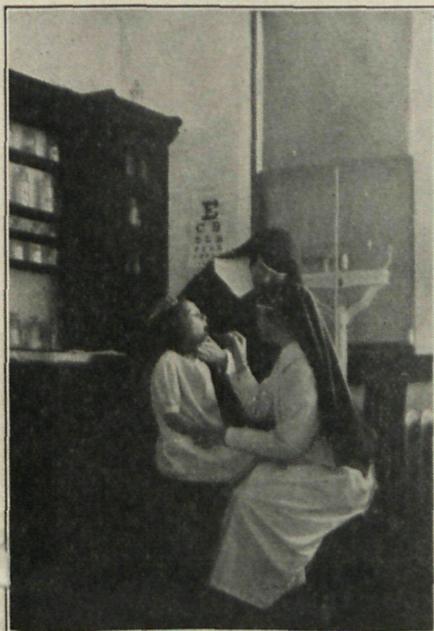
This Order was founded in 1922. In spite of its being so very new, the members are doing splendid work especially among the Catholic immigrants to Canada.

Our Subscribers will be interested to know in what light our dear Canadian friends regard The Missionary Catechist. In an address given to the Catechists at Victory-Noll, Sister Margaret

Guest, Mistress of Novices, said: "Every Sunday and Thursday the Catholic magazines—and we get many and many of them—are put on our tables in the recreation room. Whenever I enter the room I am sure to find your wonderful little magazine, The Missionary Catechist, on the top of the stack. Evidently our novices find it the most interesting."

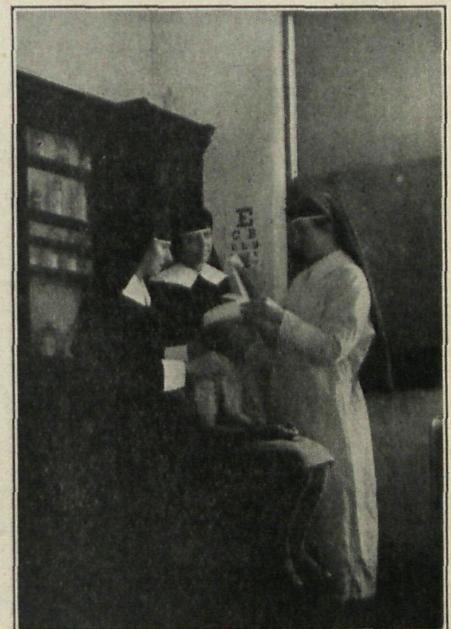
## NOVENAS.

We are again approaching the feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Mother and are reminding our friends that they may participate in our annual Novena in preparation for this feast. This Novena begins November 29th and closes December 7th.



A DEMONSTRATED LESSON

Infected teeth and tonsils are often causes of under-weight in children and adults. Periodic physical examinations by Catechists who are graduate nurses reveal defects which can be remedied by medical attention. Every effort is made by the Society to secure the best professional service for the children of our Missions who are thus given a chance to develop good health. By attention to the corporal needs, spiritual aid is more easily applied.



FIRST AID

Classes in First Aid, Home Hygiene and the Care of the Sick are conducted at Victory-Noll under the direction of graduate nurses qualified to teach these subjects. The Catechists who go out into the mission fields to teach religion and to do social work, must also be "health Missionaries" and must complete courses in the above-mentioned subjects as prescribed by the American Red Cross Association.

TO HELP COUNTERACT PROTESTANT PROSELYTIZING ACTIVITIES

# Mother Comes for Don Juan

(Continued from Page 2)

The poor man continued his life's story, interrupted here and there by the girl's questions. He never forgot his vows, even though his mother died soon after. His proud father tenaciously held him back from the friars, until he incurred a heavy debt, when a ship was lost at sea. Then Juan applied for permission at the convent to become a Franciscan, but was sadly refused on account of his father's debt, for such was their rule. Hearing of the treasures in the New World, he fled to Mexico. Everything was strange, the customs, the country, and even his own Spanish tongue. After a few years of patient toil in the silver mines, he amassed a small fortune, which he later turned to safe American dollars. Now he was ready to return to old Alcala, pay his promise to the Cathedral, and enter the Franciscan Order. But one night he heard an old Mexican crony relate wonderful accounts of the Spanish friars to the north in a country called New Mexico. Stirring were the tales she recounted of their heroism, of their hardships, and finally of their martyrdom at the hands of Indians more savage than the Aztecs. Then and there he turned his back to home and country and set out on his quest for this new country. For months he wandered through the mountains and deserts, finding little villages whose inhabitants knew nothing of the Padres. With supernatural hope and faith he pushed on northward, until one day, while on the plains, he met the Archbishop of Santa Fe. When told by him that no friars lived in New Mexico, he gave his savings to His Grace as a present for his Cathedral.

"But, Don Juanito," cried the maiden, "you promised that money to the one in Spain!"

"A cathedral is a cathedral," he replied, "and the one in Santa Fe needed my money more than that in Alcala."

"But what did you do then, Senor?"

"After His Grace showed me the road to Las Cirhuelas, I resolved to go there and spend the rest of my days, for my heart was broken, Eva. I rode all that afternoon, and all that night long until dawn, but saw no human habitation—I had lost my way. By this time, I was terribly hungry, but I had no food. I spied a water-hole near by

and dismounted. There was an abundance of green grass, and here and there I found a light-green, glossy plant with creamy, glossy blossoms. I pulled some out and boiled their roots in a tin cup I had with me. It did not taste bad. After my meal, I lay down on the green to rest. Suddenly, my stomach seemed to burn within me. The same feeling arose to my throat, then to my head. My head and my eyes seemed to burn with live coals—and I knew no more."

"Ave Marie Purisima, Don Juan. It is a wonder you did not die. That weed is a deadly poison. Why, not even the sheep will touch it. Mother says that they brought you in one morning, the day before I was born. She says you were almost dead."

She told him how he had been nursed back to health, but how they still thought him mentally deranged. Yes, even some who took advantage of her mother's hospitality thought him a wicked and dangerous old man.

"I am not an old man, Eva, though my hair be white and my face wrinkled. The day I met the Archbishop, my hair was brown, and my skin was smooth. I was then only twenty-six.

"All right, Little Mother, bring me my broth early tomorrow morning, for my Mother comes tonight."

The next morning, Eve ran to the little hut under the locusts with a bowl of steaming broth. Softly knocking at the door, she began the morning hymn:

"Ya viene el Alba, rompiendo, el dia,  
Digamos todos, Ave Maria."

But no usual response came from within.

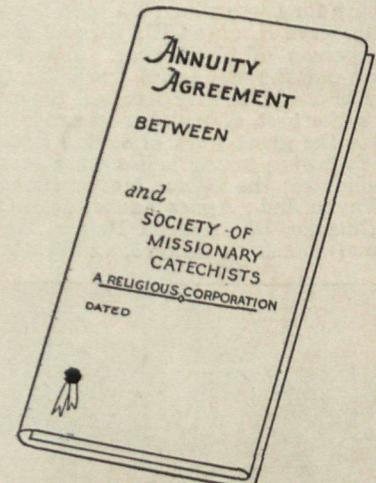
"Don Juanito," she called, knocking louder. No answer. With trembling steps she glided to the window. Gazing heavenward, the man lay on his cot, a smile upon his lips. The morning shone its full glory upon his face, and he looked young and beautiful. His palid hands held the rosary upon his breast, as if somebody had carefully placed them there; and Eva understood his words of the evening before. Mother had come for Don Juan.

The Padre came, and they buried Don Juan amid the tears and lamentations of the few who cared for him. But no tears were more bitter than those of Eva, who told the

story of the lonely man. Many cried, indeed, but none, save the Senora Roybal, and her husband, believed it.

To this day, no trace is left of the grave and memory of Don Juan Ochoa. Don Romualdo and Dona Monica are long gone, pretty Eva grew to full womanhood and died; but her little sister heard from her the story of the sacrifice of Don Juan, remembered it, and later told it to her son.

The Catechists at the Holman Mission wish to express their heartfelt thanks to all who have so generously donated clothing during the month of September. Boxes were received from the following: Miss Abbie F. Clote, Tulsa, Okla.; T. M. Daly, Chicago, Ill.; B. Goeddepe, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. L. Hewitt, Pueblo, Colo.; Miss M. Garde, New York City; Mrs. W. R. Clarke, Lamont, N. Y.; Miss Julia England, Malvern, Iowa; W. Ferriter, Pueblo, Colo.; Mrs. E. and Mary Frances Thompson, Kalispell, Montana; J. Busald, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Mary Garttmann, Cincinnati, O.; J. M. Nanez, Chandler, Ariz.; Mrs. C. Mueller, Oshkosh, Wis.; Mrs. A. M. Kelch, St. Bernard, Ohio; Miss Matilda Bach, Charleston, W. Va.; Anna Quinn, Cheyenne Wells, Colo.; Miss J. Jacoby, Atascadero, Calif.; Mary R. Welch, Charles City, Ia.; Anna Schweinfuth, Union City, N. J.; Miss Elizabeth Koch, Baileyville, Kans.; Mrs. B. Olsson, Chestnut Hill, Pa.



A fitting memorial to your Charity. Have YOU considered it??

**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 \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_

**WE NEED YOU—WE NEED YOUR HELP**