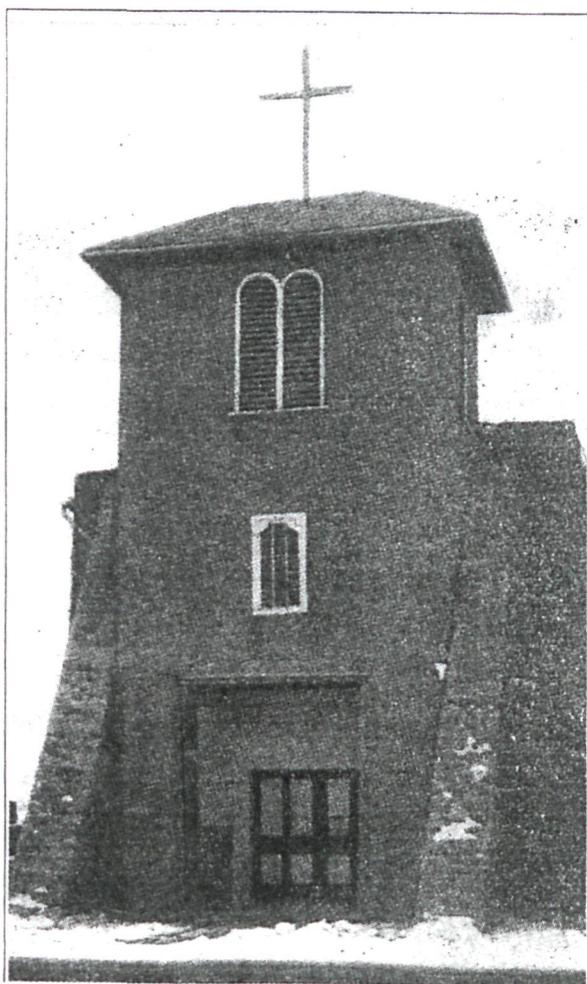


The Missionary Catechist



Church of San Miguel, Santa Fe, New Mexico
Built by Onate, 1605

At Victory-Noll



The Missionary Catechists, with the approval of Rt. Rev. Bishop Noll, have adopted the "Missa Recitata," or Dialogue Mass. In this Dialogue Mass all who are present recite the prayers usually said by the Mass server, as well as those parts usually sung by the choir at High Mass. To facilitate this recitation, the Catechists use the Latin-English Missal.

By thus taking part in the great "Liturgical Revival," the Society of Missionary Catechists hopes to instill in the hearts of its members a greater knowledge and love of ritual prayer and the liturgical services of the Church and, through them, to spread this knowledge and love among the children under their care.

Mission Needs In New Mexico

By The Most Rev. Albert T. Daeger, O. F. M., D. D., Archbishop of Santa Fe, New Mexico

How often have I been asked on my trips back East, "And, how about Mexico?" Invariably we replied: "No, we are from NEW Mexico, and are thankful to the Lord to be living in a land where there still is liberty, liberty of speech, freedom of the press, and especially free-



Most Rev. A. T. Daeger, O. F. M.

dom of conscience and worship. Yes, New Mexico borders on the so-called Republic of Mexico, to the South, that is, for about one hundred and seventy-five miles. But there is not much danger from that part of the "woods." Ours is the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, which takes in the State of New Mexico, excepting the southern part. This latter belongs to the Diocese of El Paso, Texas. So after all we are quite a distance from Old Mexico.

A GREAT COUNTRY

This is a great country of ours, our own New Mexico, for it is nearly all country, with something over three hundred thousand people scattered over some one hundred and fifty thousand square miles. It is a land of sunshine, with very little rain in summer or snow in winter. It has beautiful mountainous scenery and

we claim it is the healthiest country on earth.

PIONEER RELIGIOUS

To this country there came a little more than seventy-five years ago the first band of Sisters, the Sisters of Loretto from Nerinx, Kentucky. These Sisters traveled over the plains in prairie-schooners with ox teams. They were brought out by the Archbishop of the newly created Archdiocese of Santa Fe, Most Rev. J. B. Lamy, and were established in a small adobe convent in Santa Fe. At nearly the same time the Brothers of the Christian Schools came and founded St. Michael's College for boys. Still some years later the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul came. For many years these Sisters and Brothers were the only ones to look after the education of our boys and girls.

Later on other hospital and teaching Communities came, and have been laboring among these Spanish-speaking people.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS

For some years the Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, from Huntington, Indiana, have been very active in instructing the children, visiting the homes of their parents, and bringing them back to their duties, and even nursing the sick. All this has been

done in places where Sisters cannot go, out in the country places and ranches. But even with these we must say we need more, for the harvest is great.

PROTESTANTS ACTIVE

The Protestants also have come to know that the harvest here is great and that their opportunities are still greater, as the majority of our people are very poor and it is an easy thing to get the children of these poor people to come to their schools. These schools are, as a rule, first-class buildings, splendidly equipped, where a splendid education is given. But in these schools they teach their own religion to the children of Catholic parents, converting them to Protestantism. At the expense of giving their children some kind of an education these parents expose them to the danger of losing the Faith which their forefathers brought from Spain. There are quite a number of such Protestant boarding and industrial schools, and they are filled with Catholic children. What will become of these?

THE PARAMOUNT NEED

What is needed now more than ever, to save the Faith of our young people, is sound religious instruction.



Santa Fe, The City of the "Holy Faith"

SUPPORT A MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Are Finders Keepers ?

PATRICIA LILLIAN BLACKSTONE

The bright morning sun was trying its best to dislodge from Manuel's berry-brown face the frown that seemed permanently to have settled there. In Texas, from whence he had come two years before, no one would have noticed this strange mood. Here, in one of the big American cities, it was different. His room-mate, Juan, an American lad of Mexican parentage, eyed him reflectively.

"Blue, Manuel? What's wrong?"

But Manuel said nothing as he shrugged his shoulders and settled his entire attention on carefully brushing the thick, black hair back from his forehead. Waiting breathlessly until his friend's footsteps had faded away, he hurried to the bed. Kneeling, he extricated from the hidden recesses of the mattress a handkerchief wrapped about something bulgy. There they lay—two diamond rings! How they glistened and shone! Manuel's dark eyes dilated as he stared at them.

After a sleepless night it seemed so long ago, and yet it was only yesterday that Manuel had found the rings. He worked in a laundry where his duty was to empty the laundry bags and sort the clothes. He had often found things, little trinkets and money, but never anything as beautiful as these.

It was not his fault that he had not handed the rings to the foreman immediately. He had always before given the "beeg boss" his findings, much to the amusement of his co-workers who worked on the philosophy that "finders are keepers".

"You're loco, crazy," they had jibed at him. "Handing everything to the boss! What do you think he did with that dollar you gave him the other day,—find the owner? Not much; he spent it on his girl!"

That was the reason Manuel had kept the rings. No one had seen him pick them up, and he was starved for the beauty they radiated. He did not want them to share the same fate as the dollar, and he was not educated enough to realize their value.

How strange now that he no longer wanted them. They burned his palm, made his heart heavy. With a sob he fell to his knees, making the sign of the cross as he did so.

"Oh, Madre mia, keep me from temptation", he implored, "show me what to do".

Kneeling there, a panorama of home flashed across his worried mind. He recalled the little home in Texas, where his parents lived.

He could see them now—his father, hardworking and poor; his dark-eyed little mother, whose lips were always moving in pious prayers and whose heartache had been that her children were growing up beyond the protection and teachings of the Church. She had kept her sons from pool rooms and dance halls and had enthralled them with brilliant tales of priests and missionaries and the few times the Church in the next village had been opened and Mass celebrated she had put her shawl around her head and, with husband and children, had trudged the fourteen miles that she might join the other pilgrims in publicly worshipping the King. It had been a joy to



"Oh Madre mia—"

her when Missionary Catechists had been sent into their midst to teach them, and Manuel never forgot the Catechism classes and these simply-garbed, sweet-faced religious who grew to know him well.

"You must never steal, Manuel," one of them had told him on one occasion when he and some of his friends had stolen fruit from a rich man's grove. "Our Lord forgives, but he cannot overlook those who sin deliberately and are not sorry." Manuel had remembered this simple lesson, and today it came back to him with the sting of a whip.

"Lord, forgive me, for I am sorry," he prayed, and as he got up from his knees he resolved to surrender the rings as soon as he reached work.

"Hurry, Manuel," he was greeted by his friends at the laundry. "We're invited to the superintendent's office. Looks like a party."

"Party, nothing," someone retorted. "The boss is mad."

And the boss was. Seated at his desk, he looked sternly at the men grouped in front of him.

"Two rings were stolen yesterday," he said. "None were turned in, so one of you is a thief. Go into the other room; a detective will question and search you."

Oh madre in heaven! Manuel could not confess now; if he did, he would be branded a thief. He was not afraid the rings would be discovered by the police, for he had hidden them carefully; but to be questioned! He could not lie. But wait, he would pretend he did not understand. Yes, that was it; his face would be a brown study and all the time he would be beseeching Our Lady of Guadalupe to help him. She must help him, for confession would mean iron bars and punishment.

"Whose rings are they?" he asked one of his friends as they sat in the room awaiting their turn.

"Belong to some swell named Blaine. He lives on the Avenue."

"But how does the boss know one of us has them?" Manuel persisted.

"He doesn't. The boss just thinks he can scare us. I heard one of the detectives talking and he says the maid at the Blaine home told him the rings got mixed up in the laundry. How's a fellow to know she ain't lying?"

"No use wasting time on Manuel", the foreman laughed as Manuel approached. "He gives me everything he finds, from cigar bands to money!"

The examination over, Manuel went to his work.

That evening he dressed with unusual care. "Got a date?", asked Juan, interested.

"Maybe".

"You never had one before".

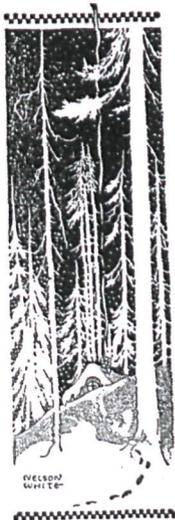
Manuel grinned and left the room. Outside the door, however, all bravado left him. His steps were slow and faltering as he walked towards the Blaine mansion.

"I want to see Mr. Blaine", he told the butler who answered the doorbell, "it's about the rings—"

"This way, sir. I'm sure Mr. Blaine

(Continued on Page Seven)

The Land of "Heart's Desire"



In the high Sierras extending along the entire coast line of California, are fifty mountain peaks, some of them towering more than 10,000 feet above sea level. Beneath these massive peaks rest fabulous riches in oil and mineral, in virgin timber and fertile soil.

With great rivers, lakes, and streams watering fields of golden grain and rice and cotton; orchards of oranges and lemons and nuts; gardens of rarest vegetables, and extensive vineyards, California is indeed a land of plenty, a land "flowing with milk and honey"—a land rich with possibilities for the future development of America.

OUR UNKNOWN SOUTHWEST

No part of the United States is so foreign as our great Southwest. The broad, lonely plains, the deserts with their mystery and color, the dry water courses, the long, low mountain chains seemingly bare of vegetation, the brilliant sunshine, the deliciousness of the pure, dry air—all this suggests northern Africa or Spain. Added to this are the remains everywhere of an old, old civilization that once lived out its life here—it may have been while the Near East was still in its infancy and Asiatic peoples began their extensive migrations. Moreover, there is the contemporary interest of Indian and Spanish life such as no other part of the country affords.

Charity covers a multitude of sins.

DON'T LET US FORGET YOU!

All the feasts of Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother are especially dear to our Catechists.

On March 25th we celebrate in all our houses the glorious feast of the Incarnation of Our Lord and the Annunciation of His Most Blessed Mother. This feast commemorates one of the greatest, if not the greatest, mystery of our Holy Faith,—the Incarnation—Our Lord becoming man for love of us. By this feast Holy Mother Church recalls to our mind in a special manner the unspeakable love of the Son of God for us in becoming man in order to save us from eternal misery.

In order to celebrate fittingly this glorious feast, preparations are made in every house of the Society by a solemn nine days' Novena. We know that all of our friends will be glad to participate in this Novena. If they will send in their names early, their intentions will be especially remembered at the altar of Our Blessed Mother.

"LOVE-GIFT"

"God," our Heavenly Father, "so loved us as to give His Only Son." Gratitude should compel us to love Him in return. Love ever expresses itself in giving. Love begets loyalty. Loyalty manifests itself in liberality. He who loves much, gives much, and love gives its best to the Giver of Every Gift. He accepts our "love-gift" and makes it efficacious when offered according to His Holy Will.

Am I satisfied with merely resolving, or shall I do His Holy Will and for love of Him help my less fortunate brother keep the Faith?

Am I praying earnestly that all may know my Saviour better and love Him more?

Am I showing my love for my Saviour by doing for the least of His little ones what He asks of me?

I shall certainly be able to answer these questions satisfactorily if I contribute toward the support of a Missionary Catechist in her labor of love among God's poor.



MOTHER DEAR



Virgin, dearest Mother mine, Let me be forever thine; Thine throughout my earthly life, Thine in sorrow, fear, and strife, Thine, when dark'ning clouds are o'er Thine, thine own, forevermore, Virgin sweet, O Mother mine, Let me be forever thine.

Mother, dear, I hope in thee! Mother, dear, to thee I flee! Help me, Mother, for I'm weak; Aid me, Mother, strength I seek! Teach me, Mother, how to pray! Help me, Mother, ev'ry way.



One of Our Probationers

"They're Talking About Us"

The new dress of "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST" is great. May it prosper! J. A. E.

* * * *

Green Bay, Wis.

Dear Catechists:

The enclosed is for a one year subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Your wonderful little magazine is worth a lot more than that. I would not want to miss one single copy for many times its price!

I remain, ever a friend of the Catechists,

Miss C. L.

* * * *

"THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST" is done up in such neat and attractive attire, it hits the right place. Marie Hughes, the artist, did splendid work on the cover design. Accept my best wishes. Rev. F. C. Y.

* * * *

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Miss C. L.

* * * *

Edited at Victory-Noll by the Catechists, "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST" is printed by OUR SUNDAY VISITOR PRESS, the finest Catholic Press in the United States.

* * * *

Rochester, New York.

Dear Father:

You will find enclosed one dollar—my last contribution for 1929. The year has just taken wings. I never missed the dollar a month I've donated as a member of the 2500 CLUB. God has blessed us wonderfully.

Very truly yours, MRS. T. H.

* * * *

In what measure you shall meet it shall be measured to you again and more shall be given to you.—Matt. Chap. IV, 24.

The Missionary Catechist

Huntington, Indiana

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

Printed by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Indiana

OUR SOCIAL PROBLEMS

In every instance of destitution due to illness or lack of employment, our first step is to secure township relief. A family, however, must reside in the township for one year and a half before it is entitled to assistance. This creates the problem of providing for newcomers who in all sincerity are seeking employment, but who, on account of industrial conditions, are reduced to extreme circumstances.

I am thinking of that grandmother with the diseased eyes who lives in a large attic room, right under the open rafters. With her lives her sixteen year old son, who is in the last stages of tuberculosis. Here also lives the married son who has three small children. This man, while well able to work, was unemployed for three months and just now had been given work for two days. Is it surprising that we found the children with not even shoes on their feet, no underwear, only a little thin dress to cover their poor little bodies, and all of them almost choking to death with the whooping cough? Their small, rickety bones tell the tale of malnutrition from earliest infancy. What is the cause of this deplorable condition? The father has been out of work for more than two months, and has been ill himself for some time. The welcome the



O'ER HILL AND PLAIN TO MASS

Our Mission Centers are located at:
 Anton Chico, N. M.;
 Chaperito, N. M.;
 Dos Palos, Calif.;
 Grants, N. M.; 620
 W. 15th St., Gary,
 Ind.; Holman, N. M.;
 3868 Block Ave., In-
 diana Harbor, Ind.;
 Box 30, Montezuma
 Route, Las Vegas, N. M.; Cerrillos, N. M.;
 Lubbock, Texas, Box 1658; Santa Rosa,
 N. M.; Catechist Blanche Richardson,
 Supervisor of Archconfraternity of Chris-
 tian Doctrine, Victory-Mount, Las Vegas,
 N. M.



"Americans All!"

basket of food and clothing we brought received in this home can readily be imagined.

Going up another flight of stairs we find ourselves in the two small rooms of Salvador Garcia. This man has one day of work every two weeks. Do you wonder why the rent is unpaid? And there has not been a fire in the small heating stove all day because they have no fuel, and not the wherewithal to procure any. We brought them a bushel of our own coal to keep the children from suffering until a more substantial supply can be provided.

On Deodar street going up many flights and twists of steps we stop at a door without shades or curtain which gives us an open view of a room with a small laundry stove, and an old broom set up against the wall. For a moment we hesitate and just as we decide that no one lives here and are turning away, an inner door opens and a man comes out to greet us. We are ushered into the second room, which contains a bed, a small table and three chairs. Here lives a family of eight who have come from Nebraska only two weeks ago. The father and two sons are able and very willing to work and go daily to all the steel mills, but

IN THE HOME FIELD

everywhere they meet with refusal and they return home discouraged. Here is an exceptionally fine and industrious family, which had never before been forced to beg. As we are preparing to leave the father hesitates; he says a few words in a low murmur to one of the sons. For a moment the boy hangs his head, but says nothing. Seeing the family is apparently embarrassed I question him, and he refers me to his mother.

"Madre", the words come haltingly, "we have nothing to eat, and we do not know where to turn for help. We have never had to beg before. Oh, if the men could only get work even for a few days, all would be well. And then, when the rent is due will we be put out on the street?" she asked anxiously.

Yes, some of them are put out on the street, which reminds me of an incident that happened a few weeks ago when the thermometer registered five below.

The rent was due and as yet the father had not found work even for one day. The landlord turned the family out of doors, and for several hours the mother and her three small children walked the streets in that bitterly cold weather until they were almost frozen. A woman seeing them weeping and wandering the streets aimlessly asked them the reason. Although she had only one bed and very little to eat, (she has to provide for her own living), she took them in and shared with them the little she had until she herself was in almost the same circumstances as this family had been. Then she came to us for help.

CATECHIST CORDELIA BAHL,
 Indiana Harbor, Ind.

A "RECOMMENDATION"

Gary, Indiana

Dear Catechist,

I am sending this boy to you for help. His parents are very poor. His feet are very cold. His brother also you told us to bring to you for you to give him some shoes. So here he is.

I can't come out to come to Catechism because my sister is very sick from scarlet fever.

Sincerely yours,
 F. SOLIZ.

NO THRILLS? TRY THIS!

Mountain passes and bridges; I see them in my dreams, and they are not always pleasant dreams either.

The roads to many of our ten out-missions are almost impassable and very dangerous. The small bridges swung over the innumerable gullies and arroyos are usually constructed of saplings over which a few planks are laid. These planks overturn in a most troublesome way!

Before daring to attempt the crossing, we re-arrange the planks, say a "Hail Mary" and then coax our "Old Faithful," the Chev., to carefully and safely pick her way to the opposite side.

After three or four similar experiences in one day with perhaps an added snow-storm to make traveling even more precarious, is it any wonder that our humble little Mission home, in spite of the fact that it is always cold and cheerless when we return at the close of our day's labor, is a paradise to us?

CATECHIST CLARA LEUTENEGGER,
 Holman, New Mexico.

GOD DID NOT FORGET

"Catechist, I hope you have a coat for this poor lad. You know Lorenzo! He comes to class faithfully, but almost sits on the stove. One day I told him he would become overheated and he said, 'but, Catechist, I am always cold! We haven't much heat in our house, and I have such a cough!' I asked him why he didn't wear his coat. He opened his eyes in surprise and answered that he never owned a coat in his life.

I told him to pray for one.

"A few days ago he came to me and said, 'Catechist, every night and morning I have prayed for a coat, but didn't get it.'

"Perhaps," I said, 'God is so pleased with the way you continue to pray that He is keeping back the coat just to try your Faith. He surely loves you, Lorenzo, and won't forget you.'

"He clasped his hands, saying, 'O, I never looked at it that way! Now, isn't it lucky I didn't stop when I thought He wasn't listening to me? Gee, Catechist, I will always pray to Him since He loves me that much!'

Catechist saw to it that Lorenzo received a nice warm coat!

We have many more Lorenzos here and

From each of these Mission Centers the Catechists reach from two to eleven out-missions. You will enjoy reading these interesting accounts of their missionary labors.

If you wish, you may also write to them. They will be pleased to tell you more about their personal experiences among the poor and needy in the missions.

could use a lot of good, warm clothing to cover their poor bodies.

CATECHIST SOPHIE RENIER,
 Las Vegas, New Mexico.

BLESSINGS

We are so happy to be numbered among the Catechists in dear New Mexico, without a doubt the most beautiful state God has made.

Thanks to Jesus and Mary, the attendance at Mass is steadily increasing, especially at Madrid. The number of children for Catechism is also increasing: in Madrid we have had an increase of almost 70 per cent.

CATECHIST MARGARET JAVAUX,
 Corrilles, New Mexico.



Speeding an Angel-soul Heavenward

BARGAINS IN PRAYERS

The other day one of our Catechists was teaching "The Our Father" to a group of children. After painstakingly explaining the meaning of each apparently difficult word and passage, she asked:

"Who can tell me what we mean by 'trespasses?'"

One bright lad promptly answered: "three dollars."

"Three dollars" translated into Spanish is "tres pesos."



"... THE CATECHISTS TAUGHT US"

ARE FINDERS KEEPERS?

(Continued from Page Four)

will see you", the butler said hurriedly, forgetting his dignity.

"You have news of the rings?" Mr. Blaine asked without ceremony.

"Y-yes," stammered Manuel, and in a mixture of Spanish and English blurted out his story.

"My Blaine, I didn't steal the rings. I found them, and I was going to return them to the foreman, but—well, the superintendent said one of us was a thief and would be punished, and—but here they are," handing the jewels to the man.

"Come, now," Mr. Blaine said kindly, "tell us all about it."

"Yesterday the rings fell out of one of the laundry bags I was emptying. I didn't know they were worth so much; I only knew they were beautiful and I wanted to look at them. But they worried me. I knew it was wrong to keep them. You see, in Texas where I came from, the Missionary Catechists taught me never to steal. But it was too late to return them this morning—oh, please, sir, you believe me, don't you?"

"Of course we believe you," Mr. Blaine interrupted. "You were right in coming to our home this evening."

Meanwhile, Mr. Blaine had been studying Manuel carefully. After questioning him as to his age, he said, "I have factories with branches in Mexico and South America. Would you be willing to start at the bottom and work days and go to night school? The position I have in mind for you demands an education."

Manuel's eyes sparkled.

"You can live with our chauffeur and his family," Mr. Blaine continued. "Study and work hard and in the spring you can drive Mrs. Blaine and me to Mexico, where I want to study the conditions of the country. Will you report at my factory tomorrow?"

Manuel was eager and excited. "I'll be there," he promised happily, "And thank you," he added boyishly, "for believing me."

Mary's Little Helpers



Dear Little Helpers:

I'm Wee Willie Winkles and I'm going to tell you about New Mexico. New Mexico is a wonderful place and there are many things to tell you about. There are many beautiful mountains there, great deserts, Spaniards, Indians, burros and lots of other things that we don't have in this part of our country.

I think first of all you would like to have a story. So I am going to tell you about a little Spanish boy, who lived in Cebolleta, New Mexico. His name was Lucario Montoya. He was one of the bravest boys in that part of the country. He had won many a pony and gay blanket with his bow and arrow. He could also throw the knife. You see, in those days, they did not have pistols or guns in New Mexico, so that is the way they had to fight. This was a long, long time ago when the Indians were always roaming around the desert, killing the Spanish people. When Lucario was a little boy, the Utes Indians were doing their cruelest work. They stole the peoples' sheep. They killed all the people in some of the smaller villages. At last it was getting so bad the people had to do something, so they gathered together a thousand Spanish volunteers. These volunteers were led by Lucario's only

uncle, Manuel Chavez. Although Lucario was only a boy, he was allowed to go with them to fight. They marched forward until they could see a large force of Indians in the distance. The Indians came to meet them on their horses. Then one big Indian chief came forward, leaping from saddle to ground and back again to dodge the arrows. He dared one of the Spaniards to come out and fight him alone, and said: "If you have any great warrior, let him come. If I kill him, you shall go back to your homes, and follow us no more. If he kills me, then my people will go back to the country of the Utes and end the war."

There were lots of brave men, but before any of them had a chance to say anything, Lucario ran to his uncle and said: "Uncle, I am only a boy and am the last of my family. If I die, no one will be sad. But if I kill the Indian, then we will have no more war." His uncle said: "Go, my boy, and fight bravely." Lucario ran to his pony, and started toward the Indian. When the Indians saw the lad coming, they laughed and mocked him. They felt sure he would be killed easily. While the big Indian chief laughed at him, Lucario shot an arrow at him so suddenly that the Indian hardly had time to dodge. Now the battle began in earnest, while both sides watched closely. The Indian began circling around Lucario, all the time getting closer to his people. Suddenly one of them dashed out from the line and tossed the Indian a long, sharp lance. He caught the lance and aimed it at the boy's head. Poor Lucario had not expected such treachery. With his arrows gone, what could he do? Then, quick as

a flash, he thought of his knife, whipped it from its sheath and started toward the Indian. Closer and closer the riders came, and just as the Indian hurled his spear, Lucario rising in his stirrups, threw the knife. The Indian swayed and fell heavily to the ground. The New Mexicans rushed forward and caught the fainting Lucario, for the Indian's lance had passed through the boy's arm. When they reached the Indian, he was dead. Lucario's knife had hit him right between the eyes. And the Indians, of course, fled. So, Lucario had made peace with the Indians, and after he got well, became a brave captain of many wars.

And, Little Helpers, that's the end of the story. I hope you like it. Don't forget to wait for next month's magazine and my letter.

Yours until next time,
WEE WILLIE WINKLES.



If all of Mary's Little Helpers keep up the good work they have been doing the past year, they will surely have a record to be proud of. Many of them worked very hard before Christmas, getting Christmas boxes ready for the Missions. The Victory Band at Lafayette, Indiana, as well as the DeLand, Florida, Band, sent a large box of clothing, toys, etc., to the Missions. You can just imagine the happy Christmas they had, knowing that they had been able to make some of God's poor little children happy.



SOME OF OUR BEST LITTLE HELPERS

This is a picture of our DeLand, Florida, Band, with the quilts, clothing, etc., that they made and collected for the Missions. They have the honor of being the first Mary's Little Helpers' Band to organize. Since they started they have worked very faithfully and have sent many, many boxes to our Missions.

Little Gertrude Schmidt is the first Little Helper to send in a dollar for Wee Willie Winkles' First Communion Outfit Fund. Gertrude lives in Hortonville, Wisconsin, and has been a Little Helper for a long time. Gertrude was also the first one to send in for her pin, so she is a real little Helper.

HELP WEE WILLIE WINKLES

The Associate Catechists of Mary

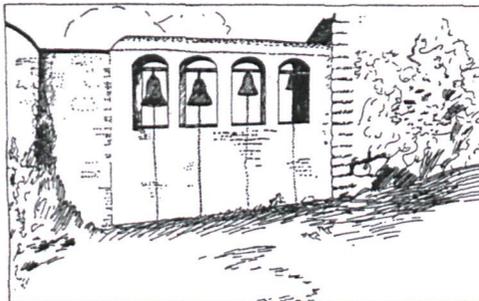
In Our Own U. S. A.

Does it seem possible in a country as prosperous as our United States that children are kept out of school for lack of clothing? Yet it is true. Our Catechists find many such cases in their Missions. Not long ago they found a family of nine living in one room of an adobe house. Imagine nine people in one room, with an adobe floor and one tiny window! And they must pay \$8.00 a month for such quarters. The father works in the mines, but is sick and can work only part time. The seven children could not go to school because they had no shoes, stockings, sweaters or coats.

You can help by joining the A. C. M. Send in your dues today, and see if you can't interest your friends. Ask them to send their old clothing, or ask those who can sew and have the time, to make something for the Missions. What you do for God's poor certainly will be rewarded. You will furthermore have the satisfaction of knowing that you are doing your share to help your less fortunate fellow-beings.

A NOBLE MOTHER

A few weeks ago, a little girl, eleven years ago, died unexpectedly. The broken hearted mother instead of weeping and mourning because Our Dear Lord had placed a heavy cross on her shoulder, wondered how she could best devote her life in honor of the little soul that had been taken away. While she was packing a way little Mary's clothes, the inspiration came to her. She would work for God's poor. Her little girl had been taken from her, but there were many, many poor little girls in the world, who perhaps had no mother to work for them. Immediately she sent all of Mary's clothes to the Missions. Now she is devoting her time to working and sewing for the poor children in our Missions. Can we not almost see little Mary smiling down on her Mother and asking God, to Whom she is now so close, to bless her dear Mother?



Mission Bells Ring Out for Mission Workers.

A FEW OF THE WAYS IN WHICH YOU CAN HELP

Join the Associate Catechists of Mary. It only costs 50c a year. Read the A. C. M. page each month, then tell your friends about it.

Try to get them interested in helping the Home Missions. Form an A. C. M. Band. It requires only ten members.

Have a card party for the Catechists' benefit.

Start a Sewing Circle to make clothes especially for the children and for the babies. Make altar linens for the poor Mission chapels. Have a shower and ask each friend to bring some small article: a couple of handkerchiefs, a pair of stockings, a pair of gloves, towels, wash cloths, soap, tooth brushes, tooth paste, pillow slips, sheets, a blanket, shoes, sweaters, etc.

Or make it a food shower. Have each friend bring a pound of beans, a pound of coffee, tea, dried peas, sugar, rice, barley or any kind of dried food that will keep.

Start in now and do your share ALL FOR JESUS THROUGH MARY—for Their poor.



In this picture is a collection of just about everything that is used in everyday life. It includes hams and dried foods for the poor Mission padres, vestments, altar linens, altar supplies for poor Mission chapels, food and clothing for the poor, toys and candy, as well as over three thousand stockings for the children. This wonderful collection was made by Mrs. Service with the assistance of her faithful co-workers.

Band Activities

The following Chicago Bands, of whom Mrs. C. Service is chief promoter, have ended a very successful year, and we pray that Our Dear Lord and His Holy Mother may richly reward all the zealous promoters and the faithful members of their Bands:

St. Joseph's Band, besides all the vestments, food, clothing, etc. sent to the Missions, contributed approximately \$800 toward the support of our Catechists during the year 1929.

The Sacred Heart Band, under the direction of Mrs. Scheuer, accomplished very wonderful work by contributing \$404.00 during the year.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Club, of which Mrs. Wainwright is the promoter, has worked very faithfully and has sent in \$379.60.

Our Lady's Club, under the guidance of Mrs. Kennedy, also did great work. The result for the year is \$270.00.

St. Mary's Band with Mrs. Hansen as its leader has achieved good results, realizing \$179.00.

These noble workers have also made Christmas happy for the poor in the Missions by their wonderful Christmas boxes.

We also acknowledge and wish to thank the following:

Sacred Heart Band No. 2 and Immaculate Conception Band of Chicago, under the direction of Miss Anna Heaney, \$25.00; St. Gregory's Band, Marysville, Kas. (Mrs. James Cooper) \$35.00; St. Joseph's Mission Society, South Bend, Ind. Mrs. P. (Perley), \$50.00; St. Joseph's Club, Chicago, Ill. (M. Golobic) \$25.00.

THEY DESERVE OUR SYMPATHY AND HELP.

"There are so many sickly babies, and small children. We have found the mothers very willing and anxious to do what is right for their sick ones; the only trouble is that they do not know what to do, As soon as they are shown, they gladly carry out all our orders." (From a mission letter.)

ARE YOU A MEMBER?

To Jesus Through Mary

WHAT IS THE PRINCIPLE END OF THE TRUE DEVOTION?

The principle end of this devotion is to establish the absolute dominion of the Blessed Virgin over all hearts, in order that Jesus Christ, the Eternal Wisdom, may reign more entirely in all. "If we establish solid devotion to the Blessed Virgin", exclaims Blessed Grignon de Montfort, "it is only to establish more perfectly devotion to Jesus Christ; it is only to give an easy and sure means of finding Him. If devotion to the Blessed Virgin led us away from Jesus Christ, it would have to be rejected as a delusion of the devil; but so much the reverse is the case, that the reason why this devotion exists is that we may be enabled by it to find Jesus Christ more perfectly, to love Him more tenderly, and to serve Him more faithfully.

IN WHAT DOES THIS DEVOTION CONSIST?

It consists, firstly, in giving ourselves to the Blessed Virgin, to belong entirely to Jesus Christ through Her; and, secondly, in living habitually in a full, entire, and perfect dependence on Her Will, after the example of the Son of God at Nazareth.

Religion, pure and undefiled, consists in this—to visit the widows and the fatherless, and to keep oneself unspotted in this world.—St. James.

Memoriam

- Mrs. Josephine Ohnesorge
- Mrs. Anna Burki
- Katherine Green
- Marty J. McGuire
- Katherine Ballance
- Departed relatives of Mrs. Agnes Pinne
- Departed relatives of Mrs. Charles Wright.
- Mother of Mary Wogenstahl
- Mother of Mrs. F. J. Huber
- Ambrose Kley
- Mary Hereen
- Frank Keller
- Mr. Snyder, of Madelia, Minn.
- Mr. O'Laughlin, Indianapolis, Ind.
- Mr. Daniel Joseph Deegan

"May the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace."

We are the heirs of the ages of our Faith. What has been planned and achieved by our fore-fathers belongs to us. What a priceless heritage! Our fathers, when they came to this country from foreign shores, realized the necessity of keeping and extending the Faith. It is our duty to help preserve this precious heritage of Faith in our country, by assisting Missionary Priests and Missionary Catechists who are striving desperately to preserve the Faith of the Spanish-speaking Catholics in this country.



Happy Days!

BLESSED REMEMBRANCES

Besides the Masses offered for their intentions and the prayers of the thousands of innocent little children under the care of our Catechists who join with them in offering their petitioners to Our Blessed Lady of Victory, our friends are especially remembered every day at the famous 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.

Enclosed find membership fee of \$1.00. I wish to be enrolled as a member of the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts:

Name

Address

Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

"THUS SHALT THOU PRAY, by Elred Laur, O. Cist., B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo., \$2.00.

This little volume of nearly 300 pages is an explanation of the "Our Father." The subject matter was first conceived by the author in the form of sermons. As these must necessarily be limited as to their length, many beautiful thoughts, which could be but barely suggested in the sermon, have found more liberal treatment in this book. Preachers have made the Lord's Prayer their favorite theme, and, as it is the distinctive Christian prayer, it can neither be explained too well nor too often. They will find this book a veritable treasure-trove. It is written in such a simple and fascinating manner that not only Priests, but also Religious and lay people who desire to pray better will offer this book a glad welcome.

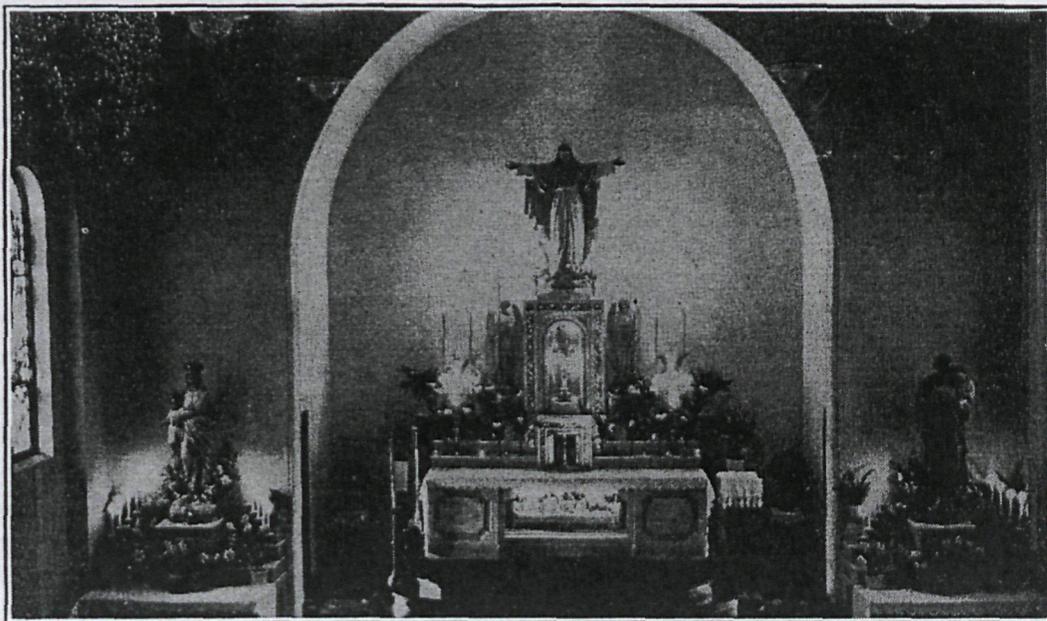
"COME HOLY SPIRIT" by Father Lasance, Benzinger Bros., Chicago, \$1.50. We extend a hearty welcome to this little Holy Ghost manual. Father Lasance deserves the gratitude of English-speaking Catholics for making them acquainted with the Holy Ghost. After the devotion to the Divine Guest in the tabernacle.

"WHEN MARY WALKED THE EARTH" by Daniel A. Lord, S. J. The Queens Work Press, St. Louis.

A pamphlet of imaginary episodes, tender and beautiful in the life of our Blessed Mother.



The Pride of Our Missionaries



The Soul of Victory-Noll

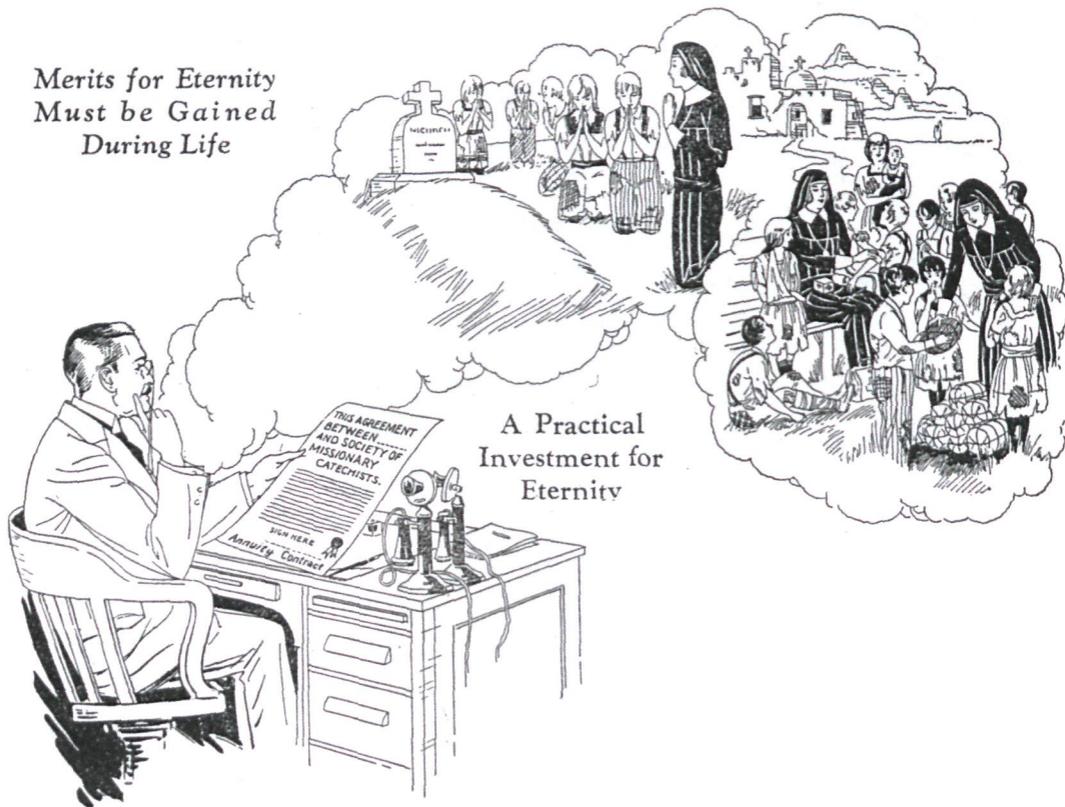
WE wish to congratulate you on the good that is being accomplished by the Society of Missionary Catechists, whose purpose is so admirable, so noble and so practical. The beautiful picture, "In the Service of the Queen," was shown in our auditorium last Thursday evening, affording our Sisters and pupils a real spiritual treat. In making use of the screen for portraying the work of the Society, you have manifested the truth of the words so often quoted: "All things work together unto good to those who serve God."

The young woman who may be seeking for some sphere of usefulness will surely find in this representation all the inspiration she needs for a "career," since it must needs be, in these progressive days, that the girls as well as the boys, have a distinct line of work marked out for them. Vocations for the Society of Missionary Catechists should multiply a hundred-fold if our young women take to heart the lesson which "Mary Garvey" so nobly followed.

The picture has given a new impetus to our mission unit which, for more than ten years, has been actively employed in mission work in co-operation with the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

—*Mount de Chantal*
Wheeling W. Va.

Merits for Eternity
Must be Gained
During Life



LOST!!!

He played the stock market—and lost. Bought “Particular Motors” on short margins. Then prices crashed. He lost all the savings of a lifetime. Now he faces a dreary and hopeless future. Had he invested in a SAFE Annuity Plan like ours this would not have happened. Our Annuity Funds are invested in Catholic institution bonds. Always safe and 100% par value. Interest paid semi-annually. Write today for particulars.