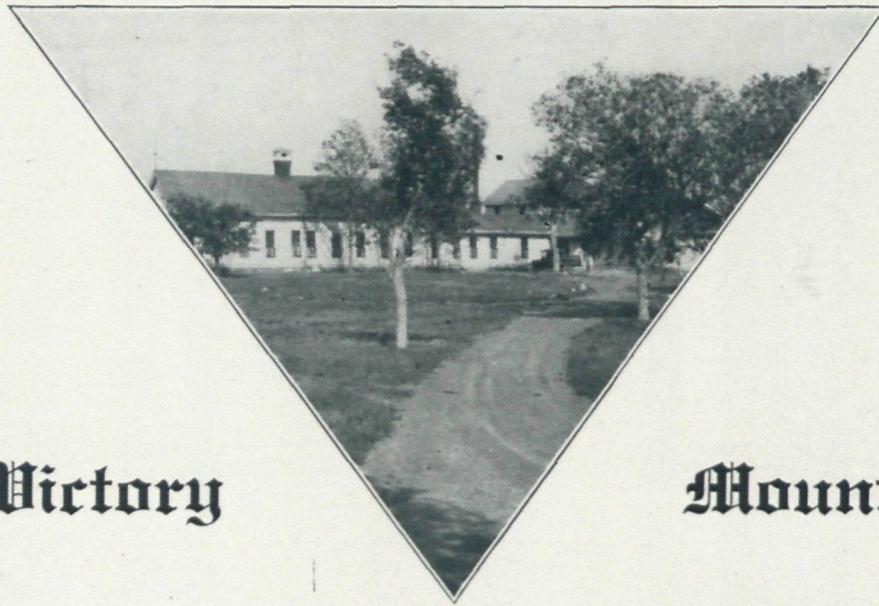


# The Missionary Catechist



YOSEMITE FALLS—CALIFORNIA



**Victory**

**Mount**

On the great scenic highway three miles from the city of Las Vegas, N. M., leading across the mountains to El Porvenir, stands The *VICTORY PREPARATORY TRAINING SCHOOL*, better known as Victory-Mount. This institute is maintained by the Society of Missionary Catechists for the purpose of giving native Spanish girls that preliminary course of spiritual and vocational training designed to fit them to become true Missionary Catechists, leaders of their people and saviors of their race. After having completed the prescribed course, these young ladies, known as Aspirants, are accepted as Candidates for membership in the Society.

That native missionaries wield a potent influence among their own people is a well known truth strikingly brought home to us in the successful work now being done by our Spanish Catechists laboring in the Mission fields of the Southwest. Our constant prayer is that we may have more of them!

Recently Victory-Mount became the home of our first clinic. It is too soon to make any definite statements relative to this most praiseworthy enterprise. Like all our other endeavors, its success or failure depends upon the circle of our loyal friends and benefactors.

Victory-Mount also serves as headquarters of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and as a center from which the Catechists attend Las Vegas and the seven surrounding out-missions. At the city of Las Vegas alone, the Catechists are instructing about 500 poor children who cannot be reached through the Parochial schools.

# The Missionary Catechist

Volume VI

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Number 7

## “--And The Greatest Of These Is Charity”

**W**HAT is the meaning of all this discussion now going the rounds of the Catholic Press about the best way of making converts to Holy Church? Some strongly advocate Missions for non-Catholics as the best means for making converts. Others insist that the distribution of Catholic literature brings the biggest results. Still others claim that radio hours and radio talks will eventually win the most converts to the Faith.

Undoubtedly these methods for convert-making are all good in their way and will serve to bring the knowledge of Jesus Christ and the doctrines of His Church to the minds of unbelievers. But while it is true that Faith may come by hearing and reading, it is nevertheless true that Faith also comes by seeing. There is one method which not only brings to the minds of our modern non-believers the teachings of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and the doctrines of His Church, but, more than this, also brings the love of Christ into their hearts and causes them to embrace the true Faith. This method, so simple and yet so efficacious, is the plan of the early Christians, the plan of St. Francis de Sales and of the great Saints and servants of God in every age and country. It is the plan of the saintly Frederick Ozanam, founder of our great international charity organization—the St. Vincent de Paul Society. This plan is none other than Charity in action, the virtue which St. Paul calls the greatest of all virtues.

Who can doubt but that in the first ages of the Church charity flourished in the hearts of all believers? In the Acts of the Apostles we read the inspiring account of the appointment of deacons to minister to the needs of the poor. No one would be rash enough to assert that the Christians were so narrow, so selfish, as to confine their works of charity to members of the Church exclusively. Their charity was poured out upon the needy, suffering pagan as well as upon the needy, suffering Christian. So universal was their charity that even the most critical pagans were so favorably impressed and so strongly influenced by it that many of them were moved to embrace the new religion.

Charity was the weapon used by God's Saints in every age to win unbelievers to the Church. Missionaries spread the knowledge and love of the true Faith by

performing charitable works as well as by preaching the Word. Witness the inspiring example of St. Vincent de Paul as a young Priest bearing the chains of the galley slave and later alleviating human misery in every form. Witness, too, the sublime example of a St. Peter Claver relieving the dire necessities of the negroes of Carthagena, the example of a St. Francis de Sales who, by his ardent zeal and charitable deeds, converted over one hundred thousand bitter Calvinists of Geneva, Switzerland, an achievement beyond the powers of Cardinal Perron, the renowned theologian and controversialist of that city, who confessed: “I may be able to convince the heretics, but Francis converts them.” The charity of these and other Saints and Missionaries, shining forth upon the unbelieving world, testified to the truth of the religion they preached. It enlightened the unbeliever, weakened error, and destroyed vice. Their charity, like the charity of Christ, was truly gentle, helpful, forbearing and self-sacrificing. Their zeal was indeed charity in action: it was the zeal of their Divine Master. If they had the Faith that moved mountains, they also had the charity that converted multitudes. Possessing charity in all its fulness, they participated in the divinity of Christ, so that their works of charity in behalf of the downtrodden, the suffering and the poor were an irrefutable

proof of the religion they preached. They struggled against and won the victory over heresy and unbelief, not with the weak words of human wisdom, but with the noble and heavenly weapons of a Christ-like charity.

It is the nature of true charity always to tend to action, to good works instead of spending itself in futile words or bitter controversy. The truly charitable Catholic occupies himself in relieving the necessities of his less fortunate brethren regardless of race or religion, thereby showing forth most convincingly that the religion he professes is of Divine origin and that the Church of which he is a member is a Divine institution. Unbelievers who require proof that the religion we preach is a Divine religion and that the Church is the true Church of Christ, will have ample proof in the example of a truly charitable Catholic who brings his religion into his daily life and is ever ready in the name and for the love of His Divine Master to do good to all men.

Human nature is essentially the same today as in the days of the early Christians, and in these latter ages non-Catholics will be more easily influenced by good example than by mere words. The unbelievers of today reason very much like the deists and atheists of Paris in the early part of the last century, who challenged the zealous Ozanam and his companions in the Sorbonne of Paris to prove the truth of the Catholic Faith they preached by works of charity. All the arguments marshalled by Ozanam to support the divinity of the Christian religion were met with the invariable answer: “You are right when you speak of the past. In former times it is true that Christianity worked wonders: but what is the Church doing for humanity today? You pride yourself on your Catholicity, but what are you doing to show the vitality and efficacy: to prove the truth, of your religion?”

Ozanam was so much affected by that challenge that he resolved no longer to engage in controversy and debate, but to form a Society devoted to the practice of charitable works. “After working and struggling, after sacrificing my legal studies and earning the just reproaches of my family,” he said, “I have in return for all my controversial efforts not made a single conquest for Jesus Christ. If our

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St. Vincent de Paul

BE NOT WEARY IN WELL-DOING. (2 THESS. III, 13)

## The Funcion At Corazon

"All For Jesus Through Mary"

Chaperito, New Mexico

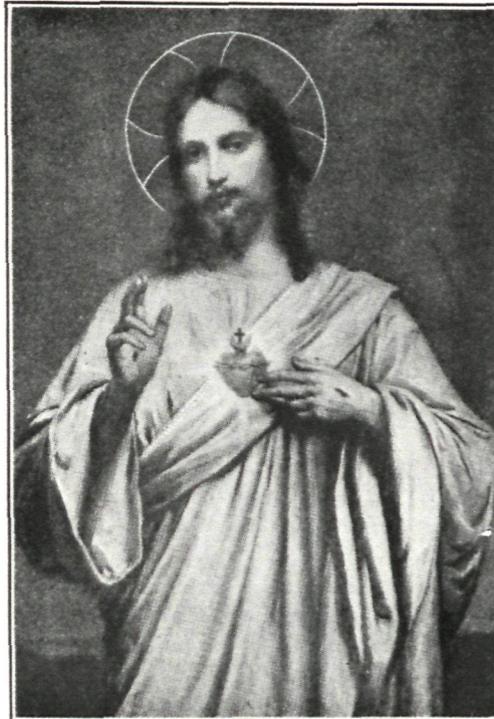
My dear Mary,

June time in New Mexico! It is said that the homeliest of women are beautiful in the bloom of youth. Yes, and even the arid parts of New Mexico can be beautiful in June. The desert's ablaze with color. The spiny cactus has covered its prickly arms with silken blossoms. Now, doesn't that remind one of how the saints of royal birth, in bygone times, hid their cruel hair shirts studded with iron nails beneath purple velvets and heavy satins? Incidentally, it seems the cactus would teach us to hide our little heartaches from the world, and smile and smile!

But I must tell you about the Funcion at Corazon. You wrote, in your last letter, "The sketches of your Funciones and Fiestas are most interesting, but goodness me, why haven't you ever explained when and why these are held!" Strange, I never thought of that! The words, "fiesta" and "funcion" are almost traditional in New Mexico. At any rate, I'm glad you asked, and I'll try to explain. To begin with "fiesta" is the Spanish word for feast, and throughout the church year we have many, of course. The greater feasts are called Holy Days of Obligation. By "Funcion" is meant the patronal feast of a parish, or local church or chapel. Ordinarily, the "Funcion" takes place but once a year, and that on the day of the Feast proper, if possible. However, if the Feast occurs at a time of the year when the weather is bad, or when it is necessary for the men of the parish to be engaged in work far away from the village, it is usually postponed until such time as is convenient for all people belonging to the church, to take part in the celebration.

It was on the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart that we were wending our way to the little Mission chapel of Corazon. (Corazon means "Heart" and the Sacred Heart is the patron of the Church.)

My sister-Catechist and I were riding in the rear seat of an open Ford. The Missionary was at the wheel. Strapped to the running board was a portable organ which was soon to fill the wee chapel with its melodious (?) sounds. We had never gone to Corazon before. Hence our interest in the journey was heightened. Two solid walls of rock shut off all view for awhile, save far ahead where the two walls seemed almost to meet. There, completely blocking the road, was the blue form of the distant Corazon Mountain toward which we were traveling.



### TO OUR DEPARTED CATECHIST

Dear Jesus, when I heard Your call  
To come save souls for Thee,  
I visioned far flung mission fields  
Where countless hearts had need of me,—  
Where starry skies smiled down at sight  
Of thousands kneeling at Your feet;  
And I, the humble conqueror,  
Knelt too, to taste of victory sweet.  
But all my dreams were vain!

You chose for my great mission field  
This narrow, lonely room.  
You fashioned this hard bed of pain  
Whereon I lay, enwrapped in Calvary's  
gloom.  
Each silent hour of day and night  
That sped into eternity,  
Challenged that I save Thee souls  
The while it mocked my misery!  
I offered Thee each pain.

For well I knew the world was saved  
By Thy death on Calvary;  
And the surest way to win Thee souls  
Is to welcome pain for love of Thee.  
To do Thy will—is gain!

We passed through a few dog-towns. No, I'm not ridiculing rural settlements. I mean real dog towns. The little fat prairie dogs are very social animals and are never to be found except living in settlements, with their houses—which consist of small mounds of earth topped with holes from eight to ten inches in diameter in the center of the mound,—very close together. They scolded us furiously for breaking in upon their solitude, and then, with a spiteful thrust of their sharp-pointed tails, disappeared into the underground passage-way.

The walls of rock parted presently, and we travelled over rolling plains, whose dull monotony was broken only by scattered cedars of dwarf stature.

As we pressed southward, the vegetation changed a little. We began to see clumps of mesquites which waved their soft green branches gracefully in the hot breezes which swept the rounded lomas.

Five miles out of Corazon black thunder clouds hung over the distant mountains and flashes of lightning played about their summits. The Corazon mountain came again into full relief. This time I could plainly see why the natives named it thus. The upper portion of the mountain, for all the world, resembled the human heart even to the pulmonary artery protruding at the top, as we are accustomed to seeing the heart pictured in physiology. But what was most striking of all was the unbroken circle of white rock, which formed a very vivid likeness to the crown of thorns which encircles the Sacred Heart of Our Divine Lord.

What appeared to be an approaching thunder-storm kept many people from attending Vespers. Vesper singing consisted of a duet by the Missionary and myself! and you know what a wretched singer I have always been. However, at least there could be no self-complacency in this regard.

But I must tell you about the neat little altar in this wee chapel at the base of the huge heart mountain. It is one of the Extension altars, of a rich ivory finish, and a decided improvement over the ones fashioned of rough boards which one usually sees in this part of the country. Above the altar was a small, but tasteful image of the Sacred Heart. You have no idea how small are these little mountain chapels. Of course, the congregations are small, but they completely fill the chapel.

After Vespers we drove over to the home of Senora Gonzales where we were to stop for the night.

The next day the little chapel was crowded with people. Every person in the village was present. Our faithful little lay-catechist came, proudly wearing her blue and silver badge with medal of Our Blessed Lady of Victory suspended from top plate.

Under her arm she carried the manual of prayers which we had recited in community when the lay-catechists from different villages were in training together. Theresa and I sang the Mass of the Angels, accompanied by the little organ which did creditably considering its

(Continued on Page 10)

FOLLOW ME. (LUKE V, 27)

THE PATH OF MARY



The persevering practice of True Devotion to Mary is, indeed, a path. It is not an open plain from which all the beauties of the surrounding landscape can be seen, but it is rightly called a path, and it is one that is constantly disclosing fresh grandeurs, hidden splendors, that delight and surprise

the traveler. Of another thing those who practice this True Devotion to Mary may be sure: it is that if they walk faithfully in this path, they will not look back with regret upon the past. They will prefer the present. They may hardly know why, but so it will be. Year after year will go by, and if they persevere in this sweet way of Mary, each year will be for them happier than the last; though they may have passed through great trials and sufferings, they will be more satisfied with their present state. They will enjoy a delightful, holy liberty, and carry a wonderfully light heart, which it is the effect of this holy liberty to produce. A devout servant of God, who from the age of seven had walked in this path, was vouchsafed a vision in which St. Cecilia, appearing to her, spoke of the happiness of these favored ones of Mary, and gave but one reason for it, and that was that they enjoyed "true liberty."

Wheeling, W. Va.

Dear Father:

For the enclosed dollar please enroll me in the 2500 CLUB. Its aim is great!

With prayers and good wishes for the success of your noble work, I am,  
Sincerely yours, G. N.

Let your love for the Sacred Heart manifest itself in a contribution toward the BURSE of the Catechist laboring under its patronage. The Heart of Jesus cannot be out-done in generosity and it is ever mindful of those who remember the poor for His sake.

The SACRED HEART BURSE, No. 4  
—\$54.43.

Pray for our departed friends: George Pendarvis, Michael Banett, William Patrick Kearney, Margaret S. Murphy and John Daleiden.

You who invest in our ANNUITY PLAN are considered benefactors of the Society of Missionary Catechists. Your intentions are remembered in the perpetual Novena offered to Our Blessed Lady of Victory as well as in the Masses offered for the intentions of all our benefactors.

Write for particulars relative to our ANNUITY PLAN.

AN "IF" FOR GIRLS

- IF you have a desire to do something worth while in life for God,
  - IF you desire to be of real service to Jesus Christ and His Holy Church,
  - IF you desire to become a partner with Jesus Christ in the greatest of all good works, the saving of souls of the poor,
  - IF you desire to live for the good of others instead of living selfishly for your own good,
  - IF future prospects look most unpromising and you look forward to nothing but old age, loneliness and cheerlessness,
  - IF you want to make your life really count for something before God and to leave behind you the record of good deeds,
  - IF you want to heap up a big store of heavenly merits and graces and blessings,
  - IF, in short, you wish to be holy, happy, and contented in this life and forever happy in the life to come,
- THEN PRAY FOR THE VOCATION TO BE A MISSIONARY CATECHIST OF JESUS AND MARY.

THE GUADALUPANA VINE.

A Legend from "Folk-Lore of the Texas-Mexican Vaquero"

By Jovita Gonzales

One time, long ago, two vaqueros were going to town for provisions. One of them rode a very spirited bronco. On coming to a creek the horse was frightened and threw its rider upon the rocky bank. The other rider, rushing to the assistance of his companion, was terrified to find him seriously wounded and slowly bleeding to death. As he sat beside his wounded companion a beautiful lady appeared to him. She was dressed in blue and her gorgeous mantle was sprinkled with stars. The astonished vaquero saw that the beautiful lady seemed to float in the air and as she approached him she held a small red fruit,—the Guadalupeana,—in her hand.

"Take this, my son," she said, "and dip it in mescal and place it on the wound."

"But will it not burn?" stammered the bewildered vaquero.

"Oh, no," the lovely lady smiled as she shook her head. "No arde, no arde." ("It will not burn.")

The vaquero obeyed instructions and as soon as he applied the fruit to the wound his companion was cured.

The vaqueros considered this a miracle of the Blessed Virgin and to verify their story point to the fact that the seed of the Guadalupeana Vine has a red covering which, being removed, shows the image of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

To this day all along the border the Mexican housewife puts up jars of the Guadalupeana fruit in mescal. The people use no other remedy for cuts and wounds.

Show your gratitude for the great gift of faith by helping preserve it among the poor living in the scattered missions of the Southwest. This you can do by supporting a Catechist. \$25 will support one Catechist in the field for one month.

We shall be glad to send sample copies of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST to your friends if you send in their names.

—"AND THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY"  
(Continued from Page 1)

efforts have failed," he added, "is it not that something is lacking to the supernatural efficacy of our speech? Yes, one thing is wanting that our apostolate may be blessed by God—works of charity. Therefore, we must do what Our Lord Jesus Christ did when preaching the Gospel. Let us go to the poor, for the blessing of the poor is the blessing of God."

This militant Catholic acted at once. That very evening himself and one of his zealous companions carried to a poor family the remaining supply of wood which they had stored up for the last months of winter. Thus was laid the foundation of the greatest lay charity Society of the Church, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Catholics of our country may well follow the example of Ozanam. We must be convinced, first of all, that great virtues, especially the virtue of charity, are the best refutation of the religious errors and unbelief of the day. We must be convinced that the best weapon in our hands for spreading the truth of our holy religion and converting our unbelieving neighbors is charity in action. The doctrines we profess will be accepted if our works of charity recommend them. Where we cannot get a hearing for the exposition of the doctrines of Faith, we can at least make our love for the poor and our charity and our sympathy for the unbeliever gain an entrance into the hearts of our non-Catholic neighbors.

When the Catholics of our country follow the injunction of St. Paul "to love all in deed and in truth," and of St. James "to be merely doers of the word and not hearers only, then, and only then, may we hope to effect the conversion of the non-Catholic world. If every Catholic faithfully carries into his daily life the practice of the Seven Spiritual and Corporal Works of Mercy, we shall have love in action, and the conversion of non-Catholic America will inevitably follow.

In the first ages of Christianity, the miracles of Faith were manifested to the world, and the pagan world was conquered and converted: in later times Hope was manifested to Society and by it Society was elevated. Today, when hatred arms the classes one against the other and materialism and atheism are rampant, the self-sacrifice and devotion of charity in action will be the infallible redemption of society.

—"AND THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY!"



At Anton Chico

# IN THE HOME FIELD

OUR "MOUNTAIN BOYS"

EVERYBODY'S HAPPY



A Sanctuary of the Desert

### ANOTHER "LITTLE FLOWER"

In late spring after the cotton picking season is over, our people working in the camps near Dos Palos pack up and leave for various parts of the state and country seeking other employment. The children, especially those interested in our classes, grieve over leaving. I received a touching letter from a little Mexican girl who was all but heart-broken because she had to leave the Catechists and Dos Palos. I know it will interest our readers.

In one part of the letter she says: "I am one of St. Teresa's followers." She means she is trying to imitate the Little Flower and refers to the resolutions she made in one of my classes when I gave the girls five minutes to write a few lines on how they could imitate the Saints. She wrote:

"I would like to take the Little Flower for a model in trying to suffer pain without saying anything and being helpful to other people, to do good around the house, to go to church every Sunday and to obey the Church rules."

Stockton, Calif.

My dear Catechist:

How are you feeling this morning? Catechist, I wanted to write sooner but couldn't because I couldn't find the address but I been thinking all the time of many questions I wanted to ask you about Catechism.

Catechist, over there in Dos Palos what I liked best was coming to Catechism on Fridays and going to church on Sundays. But over here where we are now it looks like a prison. We are fourteen miles away from Stockton but we are in a lonely village. Only we and another family that went with us are in this lonely place. Boats pass by on the other side of the road but that is no fun. We can't go to Stockton because the road leading to the highway is so muddy and cars get stuck. Not a car passes by. Who ever wished us good luck was a bad wisher because Monday we left Dos Palos and at night we had the worst of nights. We lost our partners in the town of Stockton. We didn't have our little money with us and couldn't rent a room, so we went out in the country and slept sitting in our car alongside of the road. And without blankets, just think! But as I said, I am one of St. Teresa's followers and did my best in not minding it.

I miss you very much in many ways for I'm not even going to school. And I

hope some day to come to Dos Palos to see you again.

Well, good-bye, Catechist, and answer soon.

JOVITA.

Who would not offer a heartfelt prayer for children as poor and lonely as these? CATECHIST JOSEPHINE PENNING.



MANY THANKS

The Catechists at Santa Rosa extend their sincere thanks to the members of the "Martha's Mission Circle," Joliet, Ill., and the "Maria Mission Circle," Erie, Pa.

The good ladies of "Martha's Mission Circle" are very much interested in our work and are proving it in various ways. They sent several boxes of clothing, smoked meats, groceries, etc.; clothed one of our boys for First Communion and furnished the breakfast for our First Communion class.

To the "Maria Mission Circle" we owe the success of the first picnic we were able to have at Santa Rosa. They raised sufficient funds to enable us to buy everything necessary for an "honest-to-goodness" out-door celebration.

CATECHIST C. MEISTER.

Talk about being practical! My sewing class darned stockings an entire afternoon last week. A few weren't exactly in love with the idea but after they got started they admitted it wasn't half bad. All agreed that it is good to know how to darn properly.—Catechist E. Like, Chaperito, N. M.

Catechist—"How many Gods are there?" Little Julian—"I don't know, Catechist, I can't count yet."

Holman.—At Chacon, one of our out-missions, we outfitted all but two children with the first-communication clothes sent us by kind friends. (excepting shoes).

On the morning of that blessed day, two little brothers, our mountain boys, as we call them because they live way back in the mountains, came carrying their suits and blouses in a clean flour sack. They feared they might get dirty walking all that distance over the hills. After they were dressed, little Juan looked down ruefully at the brown toes shamelessly peeping out from his best and only shoes. Certainly the shoes didn't match the rest of his clothing. Poor Catechist felt almost as badly as he did for evidently she had forgotten shoes when listing Juan's needs.

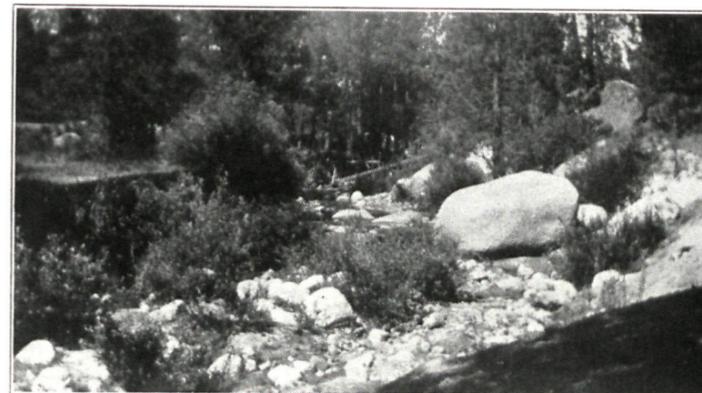
Naturally we followed the simplest suggestion of reason—to go buy a pair. We went to three stores but not a pair could be found which would fit Juan. The people usually order from mail order houses so these small stores do not carry much stock.

At last a kind mother came to our rescue. She would lend us her son's shoes for the occasion. They were old and a little too large but at least they were not torn. A little polish transformed them surprisingly. And our dear little mountain boy was happy. Tomorrow he could wear his torn ones again. Tomorrow? Why think of tomorrow? Nothing would matter tomorrow for Jesus would be in his heart! Catechist Leutenegger.

Our classes at Las Vegas, N. M., are continually growing. We have about five hundred children now attending Catechism instructions twice a week.—Catechist Bertha Dorrman.



A Beauty Spot



SONGSTERS

OUR JUNIOR HOLY NAME BOYS

Thanks to Jesus and Mary our missions at Madrid and Cerrillos were a big success. The grace of God was wonderfully manifested during these days.



Yes, you like Cracker Jack. So do our youngsters, only they seldom, if ever, get any. Holman is planning its annual picnic for the poor kiddies. Won't some one send them a carton of these goodies and help them enjoy a real American celebration.

Mrs. P. F. McKenna, Superior, Colo., sent us an organ. She wrote, "May the organ long serve to sound the praises of God."

We were indeed happy to get it and the people too were very grateful to good Mrs. McKenna. Father Olier had a choir loft made in the chapel and now all the children are eager to sing during services. The first Sunday we had only the girls sing. After Mass a group of boys surprised and delighted me by announcing, "Catechist, we would like to sing too." So the next time we had Mass, the boys were the first to come to the choir—and they sang too!

Catechist Leutenegger.

Many people who had not received the Sacraments for years approached the Holy Table and were once more united to their Beloved Saviour.

The Missionary was a great lover of children and had special services for them every afternoon. In the morning after Mass he also gave them a short instruction, dismissing them in time for school. He also taught the children several new Spanish hymns and now when we visit the homes of our people at Cerrillos and Madrid we hear even the tiniest youngsters singing them.

CATECHIST M. JAVAUX.

Father Bickhaus has two new Missions added to his parish. They are located about sixty miles from Chaperito. We expect to go to them soon and are very anxious to learn all about them. We already know that we shall have over a hundred children to teach in these two Missions.

Some of our children here at Cerrillos, New Mex., are beginning to distribute Protestant literature. Of course, they really do not know what they are doing. The funny pictures on the leaflets attract their attention and they want every one to see them.—Catechist L. Bergerie.

It is not unusual for our poor people who live fifteen or twenty miles away to come to us for help. Not long ago an anxious parent drove all the way from Buena Vista—fifteen miles—in a wagon, bringing with him two sick babies.—Catechist R. Mendoza, Holman, N. Mex.

The frequenting of the Sacraments is the making of good Catholic young men. That's just what we are trying to make of our boys at Anton Chico! For this reason we have organized the Junior Holy Name Society. It's motive is to honor the Holy Name of Jesus and to have its members receive the Sacraments regularly. We have set aside the second Sunday of every month for the occasion. All the boys go to Holy Communion in a body.

Yes, like all other boys they have to be reminded of their Sunday Confession and Communion. But, so far, thanks to Jesus and Mary, we have been having almost 100 per cent attendance and we are very proud of our boys.

Last Sunday as I was standing on the church door-step waiting for the boys who were still absent, Domingo came along with his head bowed and eyes cast down. Stepping forward to meet him I said, "Domingo, come in for confession. Father has nearly finished." With a sad, disappointed look on his face he answered, "No, I cannot go to Communion. I forgot and drank water."

"Unfortunately, you cannot go to Communion," I replied, "but you can come in and receive at least one of the Sacraments. Go to confession."

In the afternoon of these Sundays, the boys conduct a meeting and we give them some wholesome recreation. Some times we have a jolly house party. Now that the weather is warm everyone is interested in baseball. A kind friend at Fort Wayne sent us two dandy baseballs. We could hardly wait to try them out. And what sport we did have until our bats broke! The shock of the real baseball was just too much for the frail bats. So now we are praying for new ones!

All boys dream of camping excursions up in the mountains when weiners are roasted around a camp fire, potatoes baked in the hot coals and marshmallows toasted above them.

Our Holy Name boys are "dreaming out loud" about just such a celebration. We have to rely upon our friends for the goodies or the means with which to purchase them, so we are making no promises. Nevertheless, we know you agree with us that all children must play—at least now and then—and you will not think it amiss to help us provide good wholesome sport.—Catechist Seewaldt.

Catechist—"Where will our souls go after we die?" Maria—"God only knows that!"

# Mary's Little Helpers

The month of June is dedicated especially to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Dear Little Helpers, I hope that every time you pass by a church, you will stop in if it is just long enough to whisper "Dear Sacred Heart, I love You. Bless me and all the poor children in the Missions." If you do, you may be sure that Jesus will bless you. He loves you very dearly and you will bring joy to His Sacred Heart with each visit.

## SOME VACATION HINTS

Don't forget that each penny helps the Missions.

Don't forget that each penny helps to fill your mite box.

Don't forget to tell your little friends about Mary's Little Helpers.



Mary McHugh is one of our new Little Helpers, and is eleven years old. She was one of the first ones to send a dollar for Wee Willie Winkles' fund and also saved \$1.30 for the poor children.

## WEE WILLIE WINKLES

Dear Little Helpers:

How would you like to have a petrified forest in your own back yard? Do you know what petrified means? It means something that has turned into stone. Can you imagine what a tree would look like that has turned into stone? Well, out near Cerrillos, New Mexico, where the Catechists work among the poor, there are lots of them. Of course, these petrified trees aren't standing up any more. The trees that turn into stone are the ones that have fallen and are lying in the sand or mud. One day while I was at Cerrillos we went out to a place called Sweet's Ranch. I had heard about petrified forests but had never seen one. So, when the Catechists said they were going to the Petrified Forest, I was tickled to death. The forest belongs to the man who owns the ranch. A good many years ago this man went out to New Mexico from Kansas and bought a ranch near Cerrillos. On this ranch he found a whole petrified forest. There they lay—hundreds of stone trees, right in his own back yard. Perhaps more than a million years ago this forest was like any of our forests, just a lot of beautiful big trees. No one can explain how long ago these trees turned into stone. Those who study these things say that very likely great big rushing rivers or ice uprooted these



mighty trees and swept them away. Now in place of the trees you see nothing but stone and sand. There are great big rocks all around this forest. These big rocks were hills of sand at one time, but like the trees, have all turned into stone, too. The man's house is built almost against one of these rocky hills and this hill is about as high as a two-story house. It was great fun going around looking at these stone trees and climbing the rocks. We found one piece of wood or sand that looked exactly like a great big frog ready to leap. There are lots of things buried in the sand in the forest, too. You see, this was an Indian Pueblo or village many, many years ago. But now the Indians are all gone. On some of the rocks we found pictures and signs scratched on the sides by the Indians. The man who owns the ranch has studied the Indian language and he told us these signs most likely tell where the Indians came from and where they were going. When we went back to the ranch house we saw lots of dishes and different things which the Indians had used and all of these had been dug out of the ground.

Before I say adios this time, I want to thank all the Little Helpers who have either sent a dollar or First Communion clothes for the poor children. And I hope you will keep up the good work because there are still many who have not made their First Communion.

As ever, **WEE WILLIE WINKLES.**



## WHAT A PENNY CAN DO!

One little penny isn't much, is it Little Helpers? And yet how they do count up! Just think, ten pennies make a dime, and ten dimes make one dollar—a whole dollar means a great deal to Wee Willie Winkles' First Communion Outfit Fund. How long will it take you to save one hundred pennies if you start right now?

The Little Flower Club of Chicago is up on its toes working hard for the Missions. Although this little Band was started just a short time ago, it already has \$17.00 to its credit and many new subscriptions. The members are also providing First Communion Outfits for the poor children.

Lillian Staab, of Topeka, Kan., says she is glad she can help the poor Mission children. Two years ago Lillian's mother and father took her to visit the Catechists in the Missions. Since then she has won a statue and secured many subscriptions.



Dear Little Helpers:

Vacation time is here again! No more pencils, no more books, no more school for three long months. And during that time, what will you be doing? Fishing and swimming—helping Mother and all the things that boys and girls do in vacation, I suppose. Just because vacation is here, you won't forget that you are Mary's Little Helpers, will you? And that the poor little children in the Missions need food and clothing just as badly in the summer as in the winter? You have been such wonderful Little Helpers all winter that I am sure you will keep up your good work, won't you? Remember, Little Helpers, there is never any vacation from doing charity. Now that there isn't any school, every Little Helper ought to be able to get at least ten subscriptions and win a statue. And I am sure that many of you will have extra pennies to fill your mite box. Don't forget to pray for the Missions, and don't forget to write to me.

Lovingly in O. B. L. V.,

**THE CATECHIST SUPERVISOR.**

P. S. Be sure not to forget **WEE WILLIE WINKLES.**

Betty Ann Trotter of St. Louis, Mo., is another Little Helper who is proud of her statue of Our Blessed Lady of Victory which she won.

**DON'T FORGET THE MISSIONS DURING YOUR VACATION.**

# The Associate Catechists of Mary

Our Gary, Indiana, Mission conducts two sewing classes for girls, but even sewing seems to have its drawback especially when you have nothing to sew. There are twenty-five girls in these classes eager and ready to learn to sew, but we lack material. Perhaps some of our kind friends will help these poor girls. If anyone would like to help keep this sewing class going, our Catechists at Gary will be very grateful for inexpensive material for dresses, slips, aprons, nightgowns, thread, etc.

## BAND ACTIVITIES

We are very happy to have an A. C. M. Band in Green Bay, Wisconsin. This Band is working under the beautiful title of "Our Blessed Lady of Victory" and was organized by Miss Catherine Larsen. There are twenty members in the band, and each member saves a penny a day. With this fund they buy materials and once a week they meet and make clothes for the Missions. They also clean, repair and make over old clothing, mount holy cards and medals, and make toys for the children. We feel sure that Our Blessed Mother will bless the efforts of these charitable friends and that they will do much good for our poor.

Katherine Hennigan's Band of Chicago has a new name. It is now the "Charitina Club" and the members are doing splendid work. Besides the card parties they have, they are also supplying First Aid supplies for the Missions. At each meeting the members bring some article, such as bandages, cotton, etc. Miss Helen Ford entertained at the last party and \$11.00 was the result.

Mrs. M. Gallagher of Chicago recently entertained the members of the Sacred Heart Club No. 1.

Have you an extra crucifix, a rosary, a statue or a medal that you are not using? If you have, would you like to let it carry a little ray of happiness to some poor soul? Our Catechists visit the poor in the hospital, tuberculosis sanatorium, jail and poor farm at Gary, Indiana, and they are often asked for these articles but must refuse because they have none. They are also asked for books and magazines in Polish, Hungarian, Italian and many other languages. It will indeed be an act of mercy on your part to provide some of these articles because a great many of these poor people will never leave the hospital.

At a party held at the home of Mrs. Scheuer, the members of the Sacred Heart Club had fifty First Communion outfits on display which they had just completed. They also added \$45.00 to the Sacred Heart Burse.

Mrs. Service's St. Joseph Club recently sent fifty First Communion Outfits to our New Mexico Missions.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help Club, Chicago, (Mrs. Wainwright, promotor), has increased the amount of its burse by the splendid sum of \$95.00 due to several very successful parties. They also sent twenty-five Communion Outfits to the Missions.



THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY BAND, PITTSBURGH, PA.

This Band has been doing splendid work ever since it was organized. They recently added \$25.00 more to their Burse. Besides this, they also send clothing to the Missions.

St. Valentine's Bond, Chicago, recently raffled a beautiful quilt which the members made. The result of this raffle was \$115.00. Mrs. S. Rauwolf is the promotor of this industrious club.

The Little Flower Band of Keokuk, Iowa, is as usual working very hard for the Missions. They recently sent a large box of clothing to Holman, New Mexico. They also have furnished a large number of altar cloths and linens for this Mission.

ORGANIZE AN A. C. M. BAND.

Not everyone in the world is called to be a Missionary. But that doesn't mean that everyone may not have a share in the great work of the Missionaries. Help the Missions by your financial aid and by your prayers and thereby share in the benefits and fruits of those laboring for God's poor.

"He who gives quickly gives twice."

## WHAT OUR CATECHISTS IN THE MISSIONS SAY

Today, just as we were getting ready to start for our Out-Missions, a wagon-load of people came and after they had left we found that our medicine cabinet was just about empty. Everyone of them had some ailment and two babies had high fever. These poor people came from Buena Vista, fifteen miles from here."

We took one little girl four years old to the doctor, as her teeth were all breaking off at the gums. As soon as he looked at her, he said she was not getting enough to eat, or not getting the proper food. The child's mother had no money in the house, and just three weeks before one of her children had died. The mother did not have any money to pay for the burial.

"Thank you, Catechist, for all the little saints you gave me," little David whispered to Catechist after class.

The children love holy pictures, medals, etc.

St. Mary's Band, Chicago, of which Mrs. Hansen is promotor, had a successful party and realized \$35.00.

By making a small donation—only fifty cents—you become an ASSOCIATE CATECHIST OF MARY. You share in all the Masses, Holy Communions, prayers and good works of the Catechists, and also in the prayers of the children under their care. At death, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered for the repose of your soul. Is this not a wonderful return? Do your bit. Sign your name below and return the blank to me today. Do not put it off—and remember—that each offering, no matter how small, helps to keep a Catechist in the field doing Our Dear Lord's Work.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City .....

## A CARDINAL'S GIFT

Fr. Robert Kalt, O. F. M.

Thanks to the generosity of Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, Mass., the Catechists of Grant, N. Mex., now can visit some of the missions, so widely scattered, of the San Fidel parish, to give instruction to the children, visit the sick, help the needy and perform so many other works of mercy.

His Eminence generously donated \$500.00! A thousand thanks to him! This liberal gift with a necessary loan for the rest of the money needed enabled the Catechists to buy a small auto. And now, thanks be to God! they are giving instruction regularly not only to the poor children at Grant, but also to those of San Rafael, four miles distant; to those at Bluewater, twelve miles away and to those at San Mateo, twenty-six miles from Grant.

How do they manage it? On Mondays and Thursdays all four Catechists teach at the public school in Grant after school-hours. On Tuesday two of them give instruction during the noon-hour at Bluewater and upon their return all four go to San Rafael. On Fridays, however, it is a little more complicated. Early in the morning they all start out for San Rafael. Here two remain to attend to all those they can possibly reach. The other two leave immediately for San Mateo, thirty miles distant. The following day they return home. The two Catechists from San Rafael, however, go home the same evening, "a caballo de San Francisco," as the Spaniard says, (on the horse to St. Francis, i. e., on foot) to prepare a well-earned meal.

The Catechists would like to visit the other places of our good-sized parish—some five thousand square miles—such as Seboyeta, Moquino and Marquez (this one is some seventy miles from Grant)

at least to prepare the children for their First Holy Communion. But to do this regularly would mean another car and more Catechists. And the first car is not fully paid for as yet! And Catechists are needed at so many other places! May the Good Lord inspire good Catholic girls to dedicate themselves to Him as Catechists or Sisters! The harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few!

You too can help the Missions. Read Page 9.

## Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

**GREATER PERFECTION** by Sister Miriam Theresa, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, Publishers, New York. \$2.00.

A treatise on the Interior Life presupposes mental and spiritual maturity in the author. When, therefore, a young novice comes out with a large tome of instructions for her brothers and sisters in Religion a little hesitation on the part of the reviewer is excusable. However, all prejudice against **GREATER PERFECTION** disappears with the reading of a few of these conferences to make room for distinct pleasure and enthusiasm. God has a way of "perfecting praise from the mouths of infants" for thus the glory of the work will not fall upon the instrument but upon the Supreme Artist. There seems to have been a spiritual bond between Sister Miriam Theresa and her name sake the "Little Flower" on whose day of canonization she was clothed in the habit of a Religious of the Sisters of Charity, Convent Station, N. Y. In her humility she felt she was nothing and could write nothing but no sooner had obedience imposed a task upon her than "He took care of everything."



May Altar at Victory-Noll

At Victory-Noll the Novena in Honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory is perpetual. Any one desiring a share in it or wishing to include his intentions is requested to send us name and intentions.

Twice a day the intentions of our benefactors and friends are offered to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary by the Catechists at Victory-Noll

## THE FUNCION AT CORAZON

(Continued From Page 4)

condition. My sister-Catechist answered the Mass prayers for the priest.

At the end of the Mass, there was a procession around the Church in which the image of the Sacred Heart was borne in triumph.

Except for three or four tire punctures, which are scarcely to be reckoned as unusual in a country abounding in sharp rocks, our journey home was entirely uneventful.

Begging God's blessings upon you and all my friends, I remain,

Ever yours for the Reign of Jesus and Mary,

Catechist Blanche Richardson.

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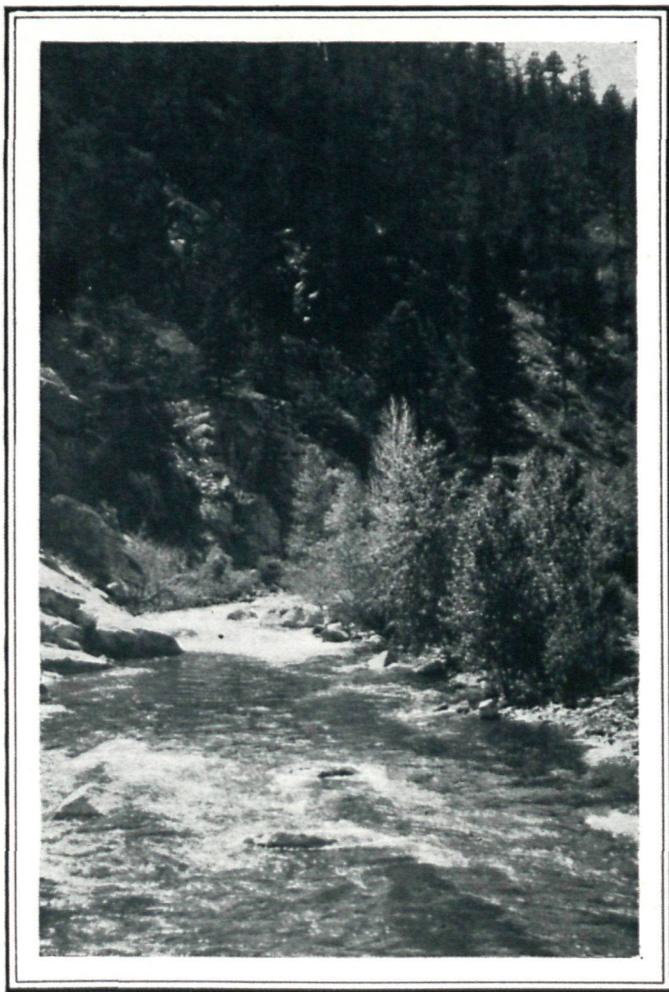
Rev. J. J. Sigstein, Spiritual Director of The Society of Missionary Catechists  
Editor

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Huntington, Indiana



Spring Pleasures at Victory-Noll—They Plant and Pray

BE NOT WEARY IN WELL-DOING. (2 THESS. III, 13)



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

## The Land of Fabled Romance

*George Wharton James*

With the advent of the expedition of Portola and the Franciscans in 1769, California's real history of romance began. Portola with his soldiers wrested the land from the Indians, and Serra and his self-sacrificing band of Franciscans began to write real history, more romantic and fascinating than the created stories of the past. In slower or swifter succession came the hunt for the missing Bay of Monterey, the unexpected discovery of the Bay of San Francisco, the journey across the wild deserts of Arizona and California of Juan Bautista de Anza, the building up of mission after mission, the martyrdom of the good padre Jayme at San Diego, and the

establishment of the first pueblos or towns. Then the coming of Russian, English and French explorers and traders, the arrival of trappers from across the plains, and the pastoral life of the Spanish and Mexican Californians. Finally came the sudden shock of American invasion, the raising of the Stars and Stripes at Monterey, the coming of Fremont, and the establishment of civil government. Who shall deny the romance of the land!

And its beauty is equally insistent. Its Yosemite, its Sierran peaks, its Islands of Summer, its Big Trees, its floral beauties,—in a word, its climatic and scenic perfections,—it was not until these began to sing its praises that the world really awoke to what California meant.

There are, doubtless, other lands as beautiful, that contain scenery equally alluring and attractive; that have wonderful climates, but I know of none that are so diversified in their beauty and that have so much of all these as California.

For the romance of its climatic cosmos is not one whit behind that of its topography. Do you want fierce, scorching, dry heat? Death Valley, the Mohave and Colorado deserts can satisfy you. Is it the bracing cold of glaciers and snow-fields you long for? In the high Sierras you may toboggan on glaciers, ride after horses wearing snow-shoes over ravines two hundred feet deep in snow, and see railway snow-ploughs pushed through snowdrifts thirty or forty feet deep. Is it variety you want? You may tumble in the snow, toboggan and sleigh-ride on Mount Lowe on New Year's Day and within an hour stand and see a Carnival of Flowers in the streets of Pasadena, and in another hour be sporting in the not-too-cold waters of the semi-tropical Pacific, enjoying the surf of Redondo, the roll of Long Beach, or the placid waters of Santa Monica.

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