

The Missionary Catechist



Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Indiana Harbor, Ind.

Mt. Carmel Mission

INDIANA HARBOR, INDIANA

Along the sandy shores of Lake Michigan, at the very back door of Chicago, is the great Industrial Steel Center of Indiana Harbor, Indiana. Attention lately has been drawn to the independent steel mills located there because of their giant merger involving them and the vast Bethlehem Steel Company, the only rival of the mighty U. S. Steel Corporation of Gary, Indiana. This great milling district gives irregular employment to thousands of Mexican unskilled laborers. Working over the open blast furnaces and scorched by the intense heat of the molten metal, the lot of these toilers is a hard and unenviable one. Intermittently employed and paid but a small wage, these men must provide as best they can for their big families.

It was to bring the consolations of religion and much needed material succor that the Missionary Catechists made Indiana Harbor their field of labor some two years ago. Upon the completion of the humble edifice used as a church, the Catechists organized Catechetical classes and began to make visits to the homes of the poor laboring and barely existing Mexicans in this industrial center. For two years bands of Catechists went almost daily from Gary, seven miles distant, to attend to the needs of the poor people and their still poorer children. During all this time, they prayed and labored for one object—thesecuring of a suitable house which would serve as a center for their mission activities. It was not, however, until August of last year that the Catechists were able to secure such a home. Since that time, by the grace of God and the powerful help of His



AT INDIANA HARBOR

Blessed Mother, they have been able to reach a large number of the 7,000 Mexicans in this district.

From a mere handful of children they now have an average weekly attendance of 650 at Catechism classes. The weekly attendance during special classes for First Communion exceeded 1,000. This year 383 children made their first communion.

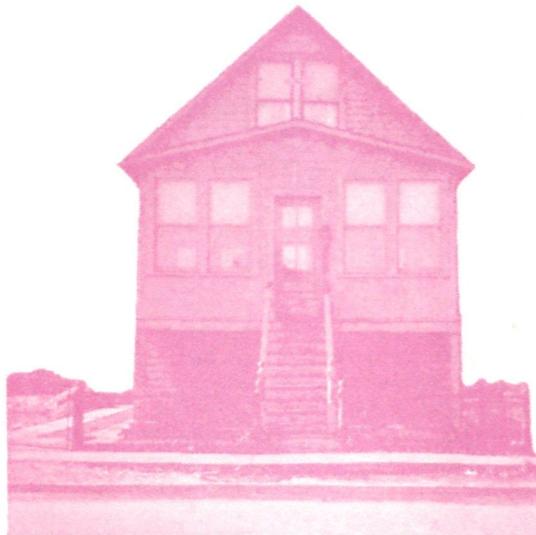
During the past year much relief work has been done. Through the Mt. Carmel Aid, milk is sent daily to a number of families who are unable to provide proper food for their undernourished children.

Forty-four families were supplied with food and coal. Relief was obtained for twenty-eight cases of destitution which were referred to the Township Trustee and Community Chest. Assistance in various forms was secured in many other cases through the splendid co-operation of the Chief Probation Officer of Lake County, the City Health Nurse, the Visiting Nurses and the Nurse of Infant Welfare.

Through the kindness of individuals and other organizations interested in social welfare work sufficient funds

were raised to deport a young man in an advance stage of tuberculosis, with his foster mother, to their home in Cuahuila, Mexico. The Catechists found them abandoned on a back porch with no shelter from the rain and cold except a tent improvised of old rugs and blankets.

From these few facts it is evident that the Catechists at Indiana Harbor are doing a great work not only for individual souls but for the Church and Nation as well.



CATECHISTS' HOME AT INDIANA HARBOR

The Missionary Catechist

Volume VI

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Number 8

The Miracle

Fray Angelico Chavez

IT was storming in the Sierras. People who live close to the Truchas Mountains know what a good rain means in that section of the Sangre de Cristo range. It seems as though the sky were mad at the mountains.

The midnight sky hung very low, dark-blue, even purplish; it hugged the rugged peaks with its heaviness and drenched their steep forested slopes with its incessant, slanting fusillade of rain. At intervals, a flash lit the scene for a moment,—the crags a bright orange or scarlet, the pines a deep green, almost black, save for the scattered emerald patches of lighter-hued aspens. A moment after, and a clap of thunder would shake the mountain and resound from peak to peak in diminishing reports, until the next flash brought on a repeated cannonade. Sometimes an unusually bright flash would penetrate the very hallows and canyons and, for a bare instant, sweep like a searchlight over a little house at the foot of the mountains. Very small it looked, especially when it was swallowed back by the low, purplish darkness.

But there was a fiercer storm within that little house. In her intense agony, Maria Gallegos gave no heed to the rumbling elements without. Her own heart thundered louder still within her breast, brighter flashes of pain stunned her feverish mind, and a veritable cloudburst of tears poured impotently from her eyes. She was alone, it was midnight and her baby was dying!

"Oh, my God," she cried, "if only Jose had not gone away!"

Jose, Maria's young brother, who lived with her, had taken the car early in the afternoon and drove away to Chimayo, a hamlet some fifteen miles to the west. He wouldn't be back until the following day, and the poor mother knew that her child needed a doctor's immediate attention. The little thing's body was already blue in parts. Had Maria known that her baby would suddenly become ill, she would not have let Jose go. As it was, there was not a doctor within thirty or more miles from the house; but, with the car, she could easily rush the child to Espanola, or even to Santa Fe,

just so that a doctor would be found. Without the car she was utterly helpless. She thought of the farm wagon behind the barn. That, too, was useless, as the horses had not been used for weeks and were now running loose in the forest, frightened further away, most likely, by the storm.

As a last resort, Maria began to implore God to heal her baby. It was more a demand than it was a prayer; but she asked Him to cure the infant at all costs. The only answer was a loud clap of thunder from the mountain and an in-

ed in her precious baby's favor as well?

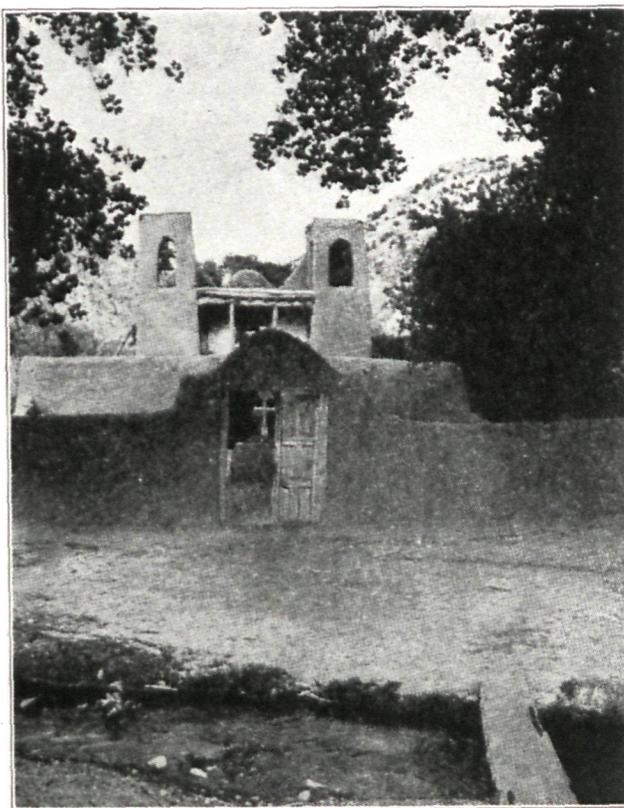
To Chimayo Maria decided to take the infant. She would walk. Fifteen miles over rocky hills and scraggy cedars was nothing to her now, and she was unafraid of the dark. Besides, the rain had stopped, and, true to New Mexico's weather, the clouds were disappearing, while the stars began to twinkle in the sky. This gave her courage. Wrapping the tiny form comfortably, she pressed it protectively against her breast, threw a "Chimayo" woolen blanket around herself and her precious burden, and rushed out of the house and into the darkness.

Young women who read modern novels and frequent the current movies might act as dramatically as did Maria Gallegos. But Maria, though well-educated, did not read such stories. As for a movie, she had not seen one since she was at the orphanage in Santa Fe; and these shows were not exactly like today's. There were neither books nor theatres in the Sierras, and Maria had led a secluded, contented life since her marriage to Felipe Gallegos. The thought of Felipe brought a heavy feeling into Maria's heart, as she made her painful way over the hills. But it was also this thought of Felipe that urged her on through the dark. Little Felipe, her baby, was the very image of his father. Therefore, she could not let him die. To lose the child would mean to lose her dear Felipe altogether, and, thus determined, she pushed on toward the expected miracle.

Felipe Gallegos, a son of the mountains, loved his country with a fervor that was a passion. His aim was to make his fellow Spanish-

Americans partakers in his own ambitions and progressive ideas. He had gone to France with the famous New Mexico Battery A and was among those who fired the opening guns at Chateau-Thierry. He had returned, not only with honors, but with new dreams and new ideas which he had acquired abroad and in America's big cities. He had risen above the level of the ordinary mountaineer, and yet, unlike some New Mexicans who get somewhere up in the world, he did not look down with disdainful

(Continued on next page)



"SANTUARIO"

creased patter of rain against the window-pane. This only served to make her the more desperate. At last she thought of the miraculous "Santuario" at Chimayo. People, it was believed by the mountain folk, were cured there of all ailments by the sacred dust from the sanctuary of "Our Lord of Esquipula." Even incurable diseases, it was reported, vanished before this all-powerful dust. Maria recalled an old woman who claimed that the dust had removed her goiter. Why, then, should not a miracle be work-

PRAY FOR OUR MISSIONS

THE MIRACLE

(Continued from page 3)

superiority upon his fellow kinsmen. Instead, he devoted himself unselfishly to his Spanish-American brothers.

Not only did Gallegos try to introduce American principles, he worked for the preservation and culture of all that was good and beautiful in Spanish-Colonial traditions. Back among his own people he came to live. When Maria came to live with him, he had built a dainty cottage for her on the mountain side, and it stood where the scenery was most charming. The little ranch, on the whole, was a little paradise. Felipe and Maria called it "Eden." Though they owned a good car, they seldom left their Eden for a long time. The happy husband, true, often went away in the interests of his patriotic aims. If it was politics, Felipe was there to see that his own district voted. If it was church matters, he was there to rouse his own to their religious duties as descendants of the valiant old colonists from Catholic Spain. His efforts at times, in both fields, were rather discouraging; but he hoped that others with views like his own would in time join hands with him. He had confidence in a latent energy among his countrymen.

Then, as much as Felipe loved his people and his Faith, so did he show his spirit of patriotism in various manners. He wanted to show that his people were no less "Americans" than were any naturalized nationalities. The war had left this impression on him. Hence, the American Legion had hardly a more active member in the length and breadth of the State. Whenever there happened to be a rally or convention of doughboys in the larger towns of the State, he was one of the leading spirits. His kinsmen were beginning to wake up by his example; and one, his Maria, shared all his dreams. Sometimes she went to these meetings with him.

One day Gallegos returned from a State Convention of the American Legion at Santa Fe. Instead of his usual brightness, Maria noticed a sad and even bitter expression upon his face. Felipe could not hide his feelings, though he tried.

"No, Maria dear," he replied, after she had questioned him about it, "it's not the election results that make me feel sad—disgusted! It's something worse."

"I was sitting in the park with Cal Allison,—Cal belonged to my regiment in France. Well, a young priest passed by us, and I told Cal that he looked like a nice chap,—ambitious young fellow. 'Oh, yes,' Allison said, 'he's stationed in some little mission around here. Good chap; but kinda gabby. I heard him say that he'd trust an Indian anytime, but never a d— Mexican!'"

"Maria, that cut me. Cal's a good friend of mine and he wouldn't fool me. He did me more than one good turn in the trenches. Listen! Whom could he mean by 'Mexican' but us, our people? God, if our own missionaries think that much about us, what good can we expect from godless politicians? It's no use—"

"But, Felipe," his wife tried to argue, "maybe it's a mistake."

"Maybe. Let us hope so," and he put on a big smile, took her by the shoulders, and kissed her playfully. But, much though he tried, Felipe could not brighten up. Maria could not help but share his melancholy in turn, and, consequently,

OLD, VERY OLD, IS CHIMAYO!
Constance Edgerton

A blue haze hanging over the hills,
Showing green as the sun goes
higher.

Wilderness. Chaotic landscape.
Burnt yellow and saffron wastes
Merging into lavender shadows.
Green waters of the Nambé River—
Giant cottonwoods marking the
course.

Sands of cinnamon, naive, crimson.
Endless silence:—Chimayo!

Felipe, to expel the thought out of their minds, began to plan new things for the little ranch.

It was a few days later that Maria's brother, Jose, brought Felipe home in the wagon, dead. Felipe had decided on building a pergola for Maria like one he had seen in Santa Fe. He and Jose had taken the team and wagon early in the morning and had gone up the mountains, to get suitable beams for the proposed pergola. A big pine fell on him, Jose said, and it killed him immediately. But he was sure he heard Felipe shout above the crashing noise of the falling tree: "Jesus, piedad!" (My Jesus, mercy!)

Maria, however, did not know this. She only saw her husband stretched out stiffly in a pool of his own blood behind the wagon-seat. But he was already buried two weeks when she came to her senses and found herself a widow and also a mother.

From that time on, Jose had stayed with his widowed sister, ably running the little paradise. Maria tried at least to keep it something like a paradise for her baby, though it was very hard with Felipe gone. The baby, her little Felipe, was the only link that bound her soul to the beloved past, and, were Maria to lose him—? Were she to lose him, too,—what then? Maria did not know. But this sole thought had been her only source of energy and courage, as she pushed on through the starlit darkness across hills, over rocks, over arroyos, her precious burden clasped tightly to her heart. It was daylight when she at last came upon the highway, her clothes torn and muddy, herself dried-eyed and weary, but her baby breathing softly in the safe refuge beneath her woolen blanket. It was a bright day in spring, altogether different from the night that was just past, and the anxious pilgrim gathered new courage and a new hope, especially when the picturesque earthen towers of

the Santuario appeared in the distance, fresh with the night's rain and beaming in the morning sun, as though washed up to receive company, to receive Maria and her child.

The hoarse horn of an automobile suddenly broke upon Maria's ears, and she veered to the side of the road. "Para donde?" she heard a voice above the humming engine beside her, and, without turning her head, she motioned toward Chimayo with her free arm. The car stopped a few paces ahead, and the door flew open, while the driver offered the empty seat beside him. With a word of thanks she accepted the offer, and the machine moved on.

Maria then noticed the Roman collar and she sensed something familiar about her benefactor. Though she did not show it, the woman was surprised at beholding the old, gray-haired priest whom she had known so well at the orphanage. No less astonished, and he showed it, was Father Picquer, the friend of little orphan girls, when he recognized Maria.

"Ave Maria Purisima!" he said below his breath, exclaiming, "If this isn't my little Maria grown up into a big and pretty lady!" He had not heard of her since her departure from the orphanage, and, in consequence, he wanted to know everything about herself and how she was getting along, and so on. She told him all, from her wedding to Felipe's tragic death.

"Poor Maria," the Padre said kindly, and then became silent for a while. "Who is your pastor now?" he suddenly asked her.

Maria shook her head and confessed that she did not know. She told him that she had not seen a priest or a church for more than a year. She gave her reasons. The chief one was the incident between her husband and Cal Allison prior to Felipe's death.

"Ave Maria Purisima!" the old priest breathed, somewhat louder. "I understand, child, how that incident, so close to your husband's departure and your baby's birth, worked that way upon your mind. But you have made a very grave mistake. There was no reason for you to deprive yourself of the consolations of Mother Church. As to what that young priest is reported to have said about our native people, I don't believe it. Of course, it could be true. But such a priest would be no true missionary,—no true Christian, for that matter, since he would be lacking much in charity! Still, even if there were such a priest working in these missions, there are scores of others who are unselfishly devoting themselves entirely to them!"

Father Picquer stopped talking. The name of Cal Allison sounded familiar to him. He had seen it printed on various pamphlets of Protestant propaganda. The priest now saw the matter in its true light, but he decided not to speak about it for the present; for he saw tears on his companion's cheeks.

"What brings you to Chimayo in this manner?" he asked at last, as they drew ever closer to the place.

"My baby," she replied, "he is very sick, and I could not take him to the doctor. So I brought him to be cured by the holy dust of the Santuario. I think our good Lord of Esquipula will heal my child!"

The Padre shook his head in doubt.
(Continued on Page 10)



READ ABOUT OUR MISSIONS

PURCHASED AT A GREAT PRICE.



The farther you advance in the "Path of Mary," the more you will see what a reasonable thing you have done by entering it, and by consecrating to God by Mary all that you are and all that you possess. You will see that you owe to God your entire service, without even

thought of reward for what you do, because He created you, and because you belong to Him. You will see that you owe Him still more, your entire service, because He redeemed you, because He laid down His life for you. You will more and more realize the words of the Apostle, that you are not your own, "you are purchased at a great price." Yes, you are purchased at the price of the Precious Blood of Jesus, and you belong to Jesus by right of that dear price He paid for you; however, because He loves the free offering of His creatures he allows, nay, He desires that you should come and make the offering, of your own free will, of what in reality already belongs to Him.

This devotion therefore puts you in a truthful position with God. You will realize that all you do is but what you ought to do, is but what you owe God as His creature. This was our Blessed Mother's constant thought.

Please send your names and petitions for inclusion in our Novena in honor of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother, prior to August fifth. These petitions will be included in the Masses and Intentions which will be offered at the world-famous shrines of Our Lady of Lourdes, Lourdes, France; the great shrine of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, Paris, France; and the well-known shrine of the Sacred Heart, Paris, France.

O Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, accept this prayer with that surpassing love with which thou didst endure all the Wounds of thy most holy Body, and have mercy on me and on all sinners, and on all the faithful living and departed. Grant unto them grace and mercy, remission of sins and everlasting life. Amen.

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 _____

The Diocese of Tucson, Arizona, is directly north of Old Mexico. It is bordered on the east by the Diocese of Santa Fe, New Mexico, and the Diocese of El Paso, Texas; on the west by the Diocese of Los Angeles and San Diego. It is in the very heart of the Southwestern melting pot.

Its first Bishop was the renowned Most Rev. J. B. Salpoint, D. D., who was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Arizona in 1868.

Its present Bishop is Rt. Rev. Daniel J. Gercke, who was installed in the Cathedral of St. Augustine, December 5, 1923.

Comprising the entire state of Arizona, the Diocese takes in a territory of 133,058 square miles.

Of the one hundred and fifteen churches in the Diocese, only thirty-nine have resident Pastors.

There are eight Parochial Schools in the Diocese.

The Catholic population (Indians included) is 95,472.

The Diocese presents a large mission problem. In it the Catholic Church is truly the Church of the poor. With the exception of the small number living in mining camps and towns, the Spanish-speaking people are too poor to build or support parochial schools, too poor to provide means for the Catholic training of their children. There is, therefore, the greatest need for religious teachers in this poor diocese. Rt. Rev. Bishop Gercke has, as have the other Missionary Bishops and Priests of the Southwest, sent in urgent appeals for the Missionary Catechists to establish Mission and Catechetical Centers in his diocese for the preservation of the Faith of his people.



R E P A R A T I O N
By Myrtle Conger

I am a bird of lowly wing;
Within a red-rose tree, I sing
Beside the Sanctuary door.
There, thrilled with love and ecstasy,
Unto the Sacred Heart, I pour
My daily song of love and praise;
And in each joyous note I raise
Give back to God, His gift to me.

While each rose flower, a petaled cup,
A swaying censor lifted up,
Offers its incense at His Shrine;
His gift to each, gives back again.
Oh may each rose flower's gift, and mine,
Some little joy and love impart,
Some consolation to that Heart
Neglected by the hearts of men!

Can I show my Divine Lord and Master that I appreciate the true Faith He has given me in any better way than by my contributions toward the support of His Missionary Catechists? Such contributions make me His "partner" in the salvation of souls.

Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

CHURCH ETIQUETTE by R. Rev. Msgr. J. H. Schuetz; B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo., Publishers. \$1.00.

A booklet reminding the reader of many things he had learned in the Catechism hour. In simple words the author tells the Catholic what is the proper thing to do when he attends Mass, prays in church, receives the Sacraments or makes use of the sacramentals. A practical little volume.

The adobe building and adobe hut, common in New Mexico, is the easiest made and most habitable of dwellings. It is cool in heat and warm against utter cold. It is a box, boarded of sods two feet long, eight inches wide, and four inches thick. These sods are cut, turned over, and left to dry out in the sun; then laid upon one another in a mortar of their own mud; floored with clay, roofed with peeled pine trunks, crossed with branches. These are in turn thatched with hay, and the whole buried under a foot of gravel. In other words, you simply cut your lawn in squares, stand it on edge, and roof it. There is the house—as for the lawn, a bare one is as good as one with grass!—The Re-discovered Country.

Read THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST and then give it to a friend.

One human soul is more valuable than a whole world. Therefore, it is more important for me to save a soul than to gain the whole world.

BE ONE OF THOSE WHO HELP

2,500 charitably disposed Catholics pledging themselves to give but \$1.00 a month for a year can amply provide for the maintenance of 100 Catechists for that period of time. JOIN THE 2500 CLUB.

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

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Huntington, Indiana

GOOD NEWS—BUT LATE

"All For Jesus Thru Mary"

Holy Family Mission,
Lubbock, Texas.

Dear Sister Catechists:

May our Risen Saviour shower upon you His choicest blessings!

I am confident that our people here at Lubbock, Texas, received an abundance of Graces during this holy season. They attended Holy Week services very well, especially Holy Thursday. The women and children kept the hours of adoration during the day and the men throughout the night. It was indeed inspiring to see the men keep the night watch after a day of hard labor. They must all have been very weary but you would never have guessed it from their devotional attitude.

Easter Sunday we had a party for the "kiddies." They enjoyed the games very much especially those played with the paper whistles we gave them. It is pathetic to note how these poor children, deprived of the ordinary pleasures of childhood, are delighted with even the smallest gift. Thanks to kind friends, we were able to give each one present a small bag of candy and thus fittingly closed an afternoon which we enjoyed as much as the youngsters did.

Every month, on the "dia doce" (twelfth day), our "Senoras de Guadalupe," (Ladies of Guadalupe) receive Communion at the Mass Father offers for their intentions. In the afternoon they meet at our house, and have a pleasant visit. Catechist LoRang gives them a short, interesting and very practical instruction on the care of babies, simple home remedies, cleanliness, etc. We then serve some light refreshment, though it be only a cheap cookie. This informal meeting is always closed with a hymn to Our Lady of Guadalupe. The ladies thoroughly enjoy their "dia doce" and Our Blessed Mother must be pleased with their spirit and devotion to Her. It is clearly explained to all that paying dues is not requisite for membership in this society. If it were, the poor women who are most in need of our help could



GARY CHILDREN ENJOY COUNTRY OUTINGS

not belong to it. This also applies to our Girls' Sodality and the San Louis Society for the boys.

The volley ball outfit donated by Father Wonderly provides our big girls and boys with a great deal of fun and invigorating sport. Some day, perhaps, we shall get cheap material out of which the girls can make gymnasium suits in our sewing class. They would be a good thing to practice stitching on and added interest in health promoting recreation. It is not always an easy matter to keep children away from undesirable pleasures unless we can offer something better.

"GRINGO"

The word "Gringo," as you know, is the appellation given by the Mexican of former days to the Americans who first came to the west. It is told that the Americans would look out upon the wearisome expanse of burnt-up vegetation found in certain sections of the western states, and lament the absence of green grass. Hence they earned the name of "Gringos" for, to the Mexican ear, "green grass" sounded as if pronounced thus.

Begging our Blessed Mother to obtain many graces for all our dear relatives and friends at home, I remain,

CATECHIST CHRISTINE WIRTZ.

SUPPORT A CATECHIST

It costs only \$25.00 a month to support a Missionary Catechist. Your contribution will feed, clothe and house a Catechist while she carries on her Christ-like work among the poor and neglected children in the destitute Missions of the Southwest.

AN UNEXPECTED CROSS

Grant, New Mexico.

Sunday night, May 18, our church at San Rafael burned to the ground. This church had a more beautiful altar and statues than any of our other churches in the missions around here.

The organ too was an exceptionally good one. But there is nothing left of the building except the bare walls. Years ago a sacristy was added to the church proper. This annex was saved with all its contents. The cause of

IN THE HOME FIELD

the fire is unknown, but it is generally believed that the church was set on fire. The loss is a terrible one—about \$7,000.

Yesterday morning when Father was informed of the disaster, all he said was "sea por Dios" which is the Spanish expression for "may God's holy will be done."

Every evening the older girls at San Rafael conduct the May Devotions there. Last evening they put a small statue of

Our Blessed Mother on a box near an old cross that had been placed in front of the church at the time of a mission, years ago, and the whole town gathered around it beside the remains of their beautiful house of prayer. Here they prayed and sang with apparently more devotion than ever.

Catechist M. Srill.

"GIT IT"

During class last week I noticed that one of my latest pupils, a small boy, wore a bright pin on the lapel of his coat. It was a beautiful blue thing with a white cross on it. Looking more closely I detected the word "Episcopal." The boy was a son of a very good Catholic family, though unlettered, so I was puzzled.

When I asked who gave him the pin, he answered, "It came with the coat."

"Yes, it was on the coat when father bought it for him in Fresno." The older sister explained.

I told him it was a Protestant pin and the little fellow became so alarmed that he startled me for a moment. "Git it," he cried and pushed his left shoulder toward me as though he feared to touch the offending object. Even after I removed it he would not be pacified until I assured him several times that I would throw it into the fire as soon as I reached home after class.

CATECHIST RATHNAW,

PARENTS ARE SHIRKERS

Last Saturday afternoon, while I was conducting a Catechism class, a little boy rushed into the room to ask if Father would hear his confession.

"I missed Mass two Sundays," he explained sadly, "'cause I was playing and forgot all about going to church until it was too late."

"But why didn't you come when you thought of it, even though it was late?" I asked.



FLOWERS FOR THE QUEEN

"Catechist, I did that last Sunday but when I got there Mass was over and everybody was going home."

Poor child! my heart ached for him. Of course Father would be glad to hear his confession! This lad's case is typical of many here in Dos Palos, California. Most of the parents are positively indifferent toward their religious obligations. We consider it a special manifestation of God's tender goodness and the watchful care of Our Blessed Mother that the children attend Catechism classes and Mass as well as they do. It is really remarkable considering the home conditions. It rests entirely with the child whether or not he attends. He gets no encouragement and not even a bit of co-operation from his parents. Often the frank excuses given for absence or tardiness is: "Mother wouldn't wake me," or "Father made me work during Mass time."

CATECHIST J. PENNING.

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CHURCH AND CATECHISTS' HOME AT GRANT, NEW MEXICO

OUR FIESTA

Souls in Purgatory Mission.
Cerrillos, N. M.

I gave one of my little boys in Firebaugh, California, a picture of Our Lord talking to the rich young man. The picture was new to him so I told the story it illustrated. A few minutes later he brought it back, begging me to exchange it for another. "Because," he explained, "I don't want to keep the picture of anybody who didn't give everything to the poor after our Lord told him to."

I can't quite decide whether this young member of my class is going to be a Saint or a peddler after that transaction. Catechist J. Penning.

Excitement runs high at Anton Chico. A tent show is in town. You who know anything about circuses and tent shows know how impossible it is to keep the boys away. Our youngsters seem to think missing the show would be an unpardonable offence. When they heard we were not going several of them held a solemn consultation. They feared we were missing the "joy of life" because we had no money to spend on tickets. Women don't know about getting free admittance—that's a boys great secret! After counting his pennies, one of the little fellows spoke up generously, "Catechist, let me take you."

CATECHIST J. WATHEN.

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

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

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

A few days before the feast of St. Joseph, I was ready to retract all the favorable things I had ever said about New Mexico weather, and especially about the sunshine. For three days we had seen an almost unceasing downpour of rain. What with the approaching fiesta—to which the priests from all the neighboring parishes had been invited—only three days off, and with New Mexico roads what they are—do you wonder we were beginning to think St. Joseph had forgotten us? Be it understood that "neighboring parishes" in New Mexico may be a hundred miles or more apart.

To the simple Spanish people the Fiesta is a solemn religious event—the most important in the year. The ceremonies last all day and a criterion of their success, in the opinion of our people, is the number of Priests assisting. The Franciscans, ever loyal to one another and willing to make every effort to honor their Divine Master and to please His people, will brave even the wildest weather to help a neighboring parish celebrate its Fiesta,—but it seemed this time that the roads would be absolutely impassable.

You can imagine how fervently we prayed and how earnestly we exhorted our children to pray for our sunshiny weather. It seemed for a while that our prayers were answered only with more rain. By Tuesday morning, however, just the day before the fiesta,— it stopped raining, and in the afternoon the sun came out smiling and promising fair weather and better roads for the morrow. Six very happy Catechists made their way to the chapel to offer thanks to Our Dear Lord and Our Blessed Mother, who never forget the good of even Their poorest petitioners.

The day of the Fiesta dawned bright and warm—as only New Mexico days can be. Eight Franciscan Fathers assisted in making our Fiesta the most successful, and surely, the largest attended Fiesta we have ever had.

Our altars were beautifully decorated with fresh flowers. The choir outdid itself in making Vespers, the Solemn High Mass and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament the most beautiful ever witnessed here. But best of all, was the large number of persons who received Our Dear Lord in Holy Communion on this beautiful feast of the Patron of the Universal Church.

CATECHIST HELEN SRILL.

Mary's Little Helpers



I wonder how many of the Little Helpers go to Mass every morning during vacation? I am sure most of you do, and I hope that when you are there, that you offer up your Mass and Holy Communion for the poor Missions sometimes. If every Little Helper would offer up one Mass and Holy Communion each week for this intention, you may be sure that Our Dear Lord and His Blessed Mother would be very pleased with your offerings.

Our first Little Helpers Band in Missouri has been organized by Marjorie Wengeng, and it is called the Margaret Mary Club. Marjorie has saved \$1.09 already for the poor little children.

The Little Helpers of Mary, Hamilton, Ohio, sent a large box of clothing for the poor. They are all wearing their pins, and they have enrolled several new members.

Some of our Little Helpers are sending us good suggestions for vacation time. Mary Halfpenny of Highland Park, Pa., is earning her pennies by hunting lost golf balls, and I'll bet she has a good time while she is doing it. She also saves the money she gets for ice cream. Isn't Mary a real Little Helper?



Dear Little Helpers, I think I will tell you the story of the big fight two Indian tribes had over a holy picture.

The Acoma Indians owned a picture of St. Joseph which was given to them by a king of Spain many, many years ago. These Indians all loved this picture; they said it was a miraculous picture. The funny thing is that ever since they owned this picture their Pueblo, that is, their village, was prosperous. They had good crops, they had no wars, no diseases nor any other misfortunes. Everything, in short, went along just fine with them. Now, while the Acoma Indians were having good luck with their Pueblo, the neighboring Laguna Indians were having all kinds of trouble. Many of the children got sick and died; cloud-bursts and storms almost destroyed the little Pueblo, and the Indians didn't know what to do anymore. One day, some of them thought of St. Joseph at Acoma and the Chiefs of the Pueblo decided they would ask the Laguna Indians to lend them the picture for awhile to see if they would have better luck. The Acoma Indians did not want to lend their precious picture even for a short while to another Pueblo. But they decided that since St. Joseph had been so good to them, they ought to let the other Indians have it for awhile. They did, and the Laguna Pueblo became a different place. They had good crops; there were no more storms and the sick were all cured. But, now they didn't want to give the picture back to Acoma. Of course, the Acoma Indians became very angry, and why shouldn't they? They had done the other Indians a favor and now they wanted to keep the miraculous picture. There would have been a fierce fight between the two Pueblos if it hadn't been for the missionary—the padre. He made them all get together and pray. After this they drew lots to see who should get it. A little Indian girl from each village drew a number and the Acoma Indians won the picture. They were so happy to have their beloved picture again and they had a big party to celebrate. But just think, that night some of the Indians crept into the village and stole the picture again. Then the Acoma Indians decided to have the matter settled in Court, and of course, the Court gave the picture back to the rightful owners—the Acoma Indians. They started to Laguna after the picture and when they were half-way there, they found their precious picture standing against a tree. They said St. Joseph was so glad to get

back to his old home that he started out before the Acoma Indians came after him. And that's the story.

I am sure that you are having a good time now that school is over, but don't forget us—the Catechists, the poor little Mission children and ME.

Ever your faithful friend,

WEE WILLIE WINKLES.

The Little Helpers Band at Lafayette, Indiana, have composed a little song for their meetings, and we thought maybe the other Little Helpers would like to know about it, so here is the chorus:

Save, children save,
Clothing, food and money too,
To help these poor little children
Who send their thanks to you.



BURROS HAULING WOOD

We are happy to find that many of our grown friends besides the Little Helpers are helping Wee Willie Winkles' First Communion Fund, and we are very grateful. I am sure that will encourage the little folks to work that much harder.

Hamilton, Ohio.

Dear Catechist:

I am sending you my First Communion outfit for some poor little girl who has no papa or mama to buy any for her. I am also filling my little mite box and I hope I will be able to send it to you very soon, so it can make some little children happy. I will send my picture as soon as I have it taken.

With love,

HELEN ANN BAUMANN.

The Little Helpers at DeLand, Florida, surely have been working overtime lately. They raffled off a set of books which Miss Susan Murphy of Decatur, Indiana, donated to them, and as a result we received a check for \$7.00. They also have many new members, and are making lots of plans for the coming months.

GIVE LITTLE OR — — —

The Associate Catechists of Mary



TWO MEXICAN LADS

We need more A. C. M. Bands. With every new Mission that we open, our needs increase, and we cannot ask our faithful workers to do more than they are doing. To do this would be ungrateful and unfair, for never once have they flagged in their untiring efforts to assist us when we called upon them. Therefore, the only thing we can do is to enlarge our circle of voluntary workers and donors and get new Bands started. Now, even if God has not called you to be a Missionary, you may share in the works of His apostles by helping to keep them in the field of duty.

BAND ACTIVITIES

The Dolorosa Club of Buffalo, N. Y., recently sponsored a very successful card party and added \$100.00 to the Seven Dolours Burse. They also sent a large supply of medicines to our Lubbock Mission. Dr. Margaret Grotz is the promoter of this Band.

St. George's Burse is being supported by the faithful clubs under the leadership of Father Lescher of Chicago. The members of these clubs deserve much credit for the successful dance they held recently. The sum realized was \$130.00.

The Alpha Omega Club held another successful card party at The Bank Hall, and the proceeds which amounted to \$176.00 have been added to St. Paschal's Burse.

Mrs. Ankenbruck and her faithful co-workers of Fort Wayne, sent the necessary funds to Chaperito, New Mexico, for supplying the children with First Communion Outfits.

\$20.00 has been added to the Immaculate Heart of Mary Burse by the Pittsburgh Band.

The Charitina Club of Chicago sent us a large supply of stockings for our children in the Missions. We also received \$13.00 from another one of their parties.

The band of Marysville, Kansas, of which Mrs. Cooper is promoter, sent \$30.00 which is the result of their Mission efforts.

Father Joseph Gehrig accompanied thirty young men and women to Indiana Harbor and Gary, Ind. These charitable souls were surprised to see there such dire need and poverty. When Mr. J. Rockelman, who was with Father Gehrig, learned that the Catechists at Indiana Harbor had no washing machine and that they had to take all of their wash to Gary, he generously donated a Maytag wash machine to the Indiana Harbor Catechists. May Jesus and Mary bless him abundantly for his noble charity!

St. Anthony's Mission Sewers, under the leadership of Miss Mame Schmit, prepared and sent two wonderful boxes of altar linens to Chaperito and Vequita, New Mexico. Each box was valued at \$100.00.

Again we have received from St. Luke's Club a check for \$100.00. This is the result of their private twice-a-month Bunco parties. Mrs. Maxwell is promoter of this hard-working club.

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to all our kind A. C. M. friends who responded so generously to our appeal for First Communion Outfits. Our Catechists in the Missions report that the children were happy beyond measure because they had nice new clothes on the happy day that they received Our Divine Lord for the first time.

CHARITY NEVER GROWS OLD

Even old age does not prevent a zealous soul from doing her bit for the poor Missions. The following story shows what can be done even by those who consider themselves unfit or unable to work for the Missions. One day the members of a certain Missionary Aid Society went to visit an old Protestant lady who had been sick for some time in a hospital. This good soul had always been a faithful worker for the cause of neglected

missions. Now, however, that she was old, sick and crippled and constantly confined to her bed, she was bemoaning the fact, not that she had to suffer, but because she was no longer able to work for the poor Missions. On hearing this, the ladies who were visiting her said: "but you can still sew. If you like, we will bring you some patches and you can piece a quilt. After you finish it, we will raffle it and devote the proceeds to the needy children in the Missions." Grandma was delighted and quite happy to find that she could still do her bit. As soon as she received her patches she immediately set to work. Each day she put a couple of pieces together and finally the quilt was finished. It was a beautiful piece of work and it did not take long before the quilt was sold and the money given to the Missions. From that time on until she died, she devoted her time to her quilt-making. She begged patches from all the people who came to see her and although she lived just a few years longer, she made enough quilts to earn \$1500.00 for the Missions.

If this little old lady, who was sick and practically helpless could still work for the Missions, is it not up to us who are young and healthy, and very often blessed with more of the world's goods than we need, to at least do our share?



GOOD ST. ANNE, PRAY FOR US

We are much edified at the number of friends who are enrolling their dear departed in the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY, thus insuring them of a remembrance in our prayers. It is indeed a holy and wholesome thought to remember our dead, an every offering that we make in their behalf is a beautiful act of charity and will be rewarded by Our Dear Lord and His Blessed Mother.

GIVE MUCH, ACCORDING TO YOUR MEANS

The Miracle

(Continued from Page 4)

"Not by dust, child, but with living water does God give His children life and health!" Living Water! A timely thought struck the priest, and he turned to Maria. "Is the infant baptized?"

The mother hung her head in shame.

"Ave Maria Purissima!" he exclaimed in supreme surprise; he had done away with whispers now. The car stopped close to the acequia, or irrigation ditch, that ran in front of the Santuario, and the priest jumped out and made for the water. Maria, too, descended with the child and followed the priest over the plank that served for a bridge across the ditch. The old Padre knelt down at the water's edge and dipped his palm into the clear stream, while the young mother knelt down beside him and tenderly bared the infant's head. It was a picture most fair to see: the beautiful spring day; the birds warbling joyously in the overhanging canopies of giant, old cottonwoods; the old adobe wall; the white wooden cross in the patio shining through the wall's half-open gate; the venerable and ancient chapel itself,—its earthen towers bathed in the morning sunlight; the turquoise sky above;—all these looked upon the spectacle with wonder and benediction.



AT VICTORY-NOLL—OUR CANDIDATES

The miracle! Hardly had Father Picquet pronounced the solemn words of baptism, when he noticed the change that came upon Maria. A tremor, which she tried to stifle, ran through her frame as she rose to her feet and stood before the good priest, smiling, weeping, smiling, weeping . . . only a woman—a mother—can do this: smile a real smile, while at the same time shed real tears! The Padre did not need to be told that Maria had awakened into a new life, into a new happiness. He read it in her mysterious smile.

But the old missionary, much though he knew of life and human nature, did not catch that smile's significance. It was a miracle; but only Maria knew what

kind of miracle. Bidding the young woman enter the old chapel with her child, while he himself went to the village in search of Jose and other kind friends, the kind Father blessed her and drove away. Mother and child entered the dark mystic interior of the ancient mission. How dreary and old the Santuario was! She knelt down on the dirt floor and rocked slowly to and fro, as though she were rocking her babe to sleep.

But that mysterious smile remained. It was the imprint of the miracle which God had worked for her. She had sinned by holding a little soul away from the living waters of grace. But God had worked the miracle, she was sorry, and she was forgiven. She now accepted her penance with the fortitude of that mysterious smile, and this penance—how heavy it was to bear!—she pressed tightly to her breast. Her baby was dead.

Maria had known it all the while. Hardly had the priest baptized the child, when she felt, with a mother's instinct, that precious little form give forth its spotless soul to God. That tremor that had shaken her was nothing else than the agony of a mother's love parting with her own. But she was now resigned. Still swaying to and fro, her baby clasped to her heart, Maria recalled the holy words that the old priest had spoken to her and, like another Mother Mary in the long ago, "she kept all these words, pondering them in her heart."

ESTABLISH A BURSE

Each Catechist is supported by means of a Burse. A completed Burse amounts to six thousand dollars. Donations, no matter how small, will be gratefully accepted and applied towards whichever Burse the donor may designate.

PRECIOUS BLOOD BURSE, No. 2—\$5.00

One of the best means of preserving the Faith in our home Missions is to provide for the support of a catechist.

Whatever you give to God's poor, you give to Christ Himself.

Strangers often ask if Indians believe in a life after death. It would be nearer the mark to say that they do not believe in death. Life, they say, "cannot die, it can but change its house." Thus when an animal is slain for food, its life goes on to assume another "house" so that the people may be fed. Before setting out on a hunt, the Indian placates the spirits of the animals he expects to kill, and after the killing offers sacred tobacco smoke to their departing spirits. It is because of this belief in the indestructibility of life that Indians never hunt for sport, but only for necessity.

CHAS. LUMMIS.



Recently there passed to his reward one of God's true noblemen. In the death of John P. Daleiden, of Chicago, the Church lost one of her most devoted sons, and the sweet cause of Charity one of her greatest benefactors.

Coming from Germany as a poor boy more than half a century ago, he succeeded by dint of unremitting labor, in building up a great church goods business known throughout the country. Devoted in a particular manner to St. Joseph, the Patron of Workmen, this fervent young Catholic pledged himself that if Providence blessed his efforts, he would never fail, in the day of his success, to give to charitable causes in honor of his patron. In these days when rich business enterprises are built up and controlled, to a large extent, by men who are so absorbed in their business that they have little or no time for the interests of religion, it is refreshing to find a Catholic who in all the years of his prosperity made his influence felt by noble and charitable deeds.

During the closing years of Mr. Daleiden's life he became particularly interested in the poor missions of the Southwest. No poor missionary Priest ever appealed to him in vain. His wide and unostentatious charity was the means of relieving the necessities of God's needy ministers and of the flocks committed to their care. Such men as John Daleiden play a much larger and much more important part in the affairs of the Church than the majority of Catholics realize. Not only as a devoted husband and father who made his home a real nursery of virtue for his children, not only by his honest, straightforward business dealings, but also in his relation with his fellowmen whose lives he touched most helpfully, will his memory be cherished as a type of the ideal Catholic business man whose life and virtues reflect so much glory upon the Church in America. May his good soul rest in the sweet peace of the Lord!

Pray also for: Miss Sarah Hartle, Clarion, Pa.; Wm. L. O'Neil, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Elizabeth No'an, Patrick No'an, Sister M. Clarita, St. Patrick's Convent, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary McCleary, Chicago, Ill.; Charles G. McCarthy, Mrs. Elizabeth Frieberthauser, Daniel Broderick, Huntington, Ind.; Mrs. Philip Veith, Peekskill, N. Y.; C. A. Devol, Menlo Park, Calif.; Miss Marie Kennedy, Pittsburgh, Pa., A. C. M.

Be generous. Tell your friends about the work our devoted Catechists are doing among the abandoned poor so dear to the Immaculate Heart of our Heavenly Queen. They may be glad to know that in assisting our work they receive priceless graces through the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass which is offered for the benefit of our friends and benefactors in the chapel at Victory-Noll every Saturday.

Dear Catechists:—

Enclosed please find draft for \$15.00. I would like to have this money placed to the credit of Souls in Purgatory Burse Number Three.

I am giving this as a thanksgiving offering in honor of Our Blessed Mother of Perpetual Help, the Sacred Heart, and the Poor Souls.

Wishing you all success, I remain,
Very sincerely,
R.

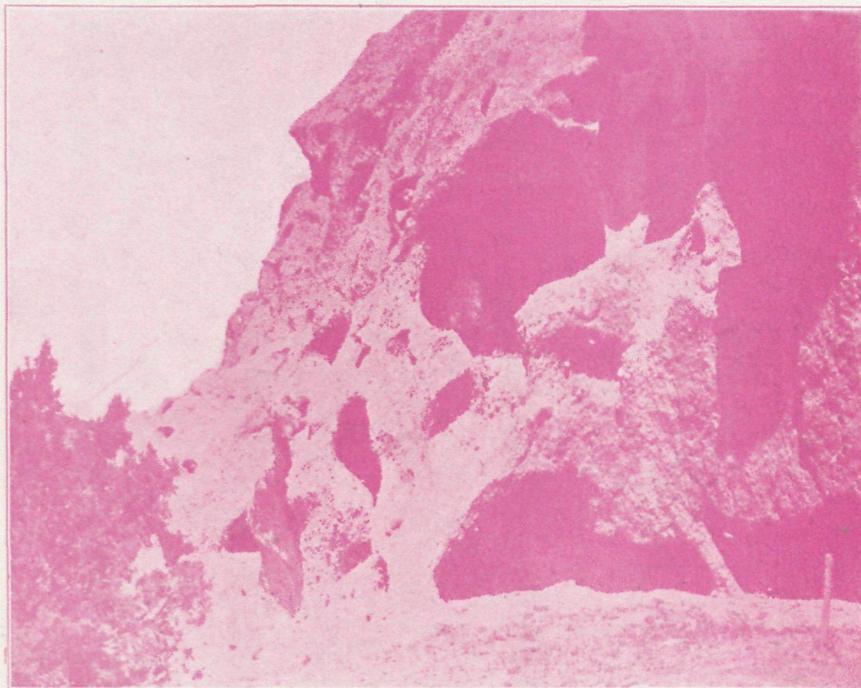
WE ARE GRATEFUL AND GOD WILL REPAY YOU

UNDISCOVERED GOLD

Catechist J. Murphy.

It was a holiday,—one of those rare occasions when we enjoy a breathless climb to the summit of the mountain overlooking Victory Mount. After much merriment, we reached the huge rock upon which we rested and viewed the superb panorama spread before us. The day was clear and bright as only New Mexico days can be. To the north, beyond the Mora Valley, rose the snow-capped mountains of Holman. To the east stretched a limitless prairie whose black surface was unbroken save for a solitary blue lake in the distance. Southward a parade-like formation of flat mesas obscured from our view the placita of Chaperito. In the canyon directly below us lay the city of Las Vegas through which the railroad wended its way toward the city of Santa Fe. In the West, range upon range of the Sierras vied with one another for majestic supremacy.

Distance lends enchantment to a scene even though it be only a lone adobe cabin nestling among the pine trees. Yonder stands one which was built in by-gone days by a prospector in search of gold and other metals and precious minerals. The mining industry dates its origin previous to the conquest of New Mexico by the Spaniards. The first deposit of precious ore was discovered in 1581 by Don Francisco Chamuscado. The following year other deposits were discovered by Espejo. Tales of fabulous riches hidden in this new unexplored land furnished the necessary impetus for the valiant Spaniards to risk their lives in search of alluring treasure. This rich field, however, remained dormant during the Spanish and Mexican eras because of the savage incursions of the Navajo and Pueblo Indians upon the settlers.



Co-incident with the discovery of rich mining ore by Chamuscado is the fact that he was accompanied on this journey by eight Franciscan Friars. These saintly Fathers came not with the intention of finding riches buried in the earth, but to plant the Banner of the Cross. They discovered a wealth of untold value in the souls of thousands of Indians who were to be converted by their missions and the labors of those to follow in their footsteps.

There is a wealth of undiscovered gold in New Mexico for the Missionary Catechist. Hers is not the task of digging for the ore as did the prospector of old, but to her it is given to refine the precious ore of the immortal soul in the bosom of Our Holy Mother Church until it becomes a nugget of purest gold worthy of a place in the Heavenly Kingdom.



Are you one of those charitably disposed Catholics who wishes to help God's poor:—who wants to do something to help feed, clothe and provide religious instruction for the needy, neglected children in the Missions?

Have you not often thought that you would like to contribute regularly to the sweet cause of charity, but, at the same time, felt that you should provide for your needs in old age or sickness?

Now, OUR ANNUITY PLAN WILL DO THIS FOR YOU

You invest a certain sum of money.

We pay you or your dependent 6% interest regularly every six months. After death, the principal is devoted to the care of God's poor in the Missions.

By means of this plan your money will with certainty, be used according to your intentions. You take no chances of your intentions not being fulfilled.

Besides insuring a life income, you make certain of the greatest Spiritual Blessings in the Masses, Holy Communions and prayers which will be offered for the repose of your soul.

Full details of our Annuity Plan cheerfully given, or sample copy mailed on request. Fill in the blank and send it to us today.

SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS

Victory-Noll

Please send me details of your ANNUITY PLAN.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____