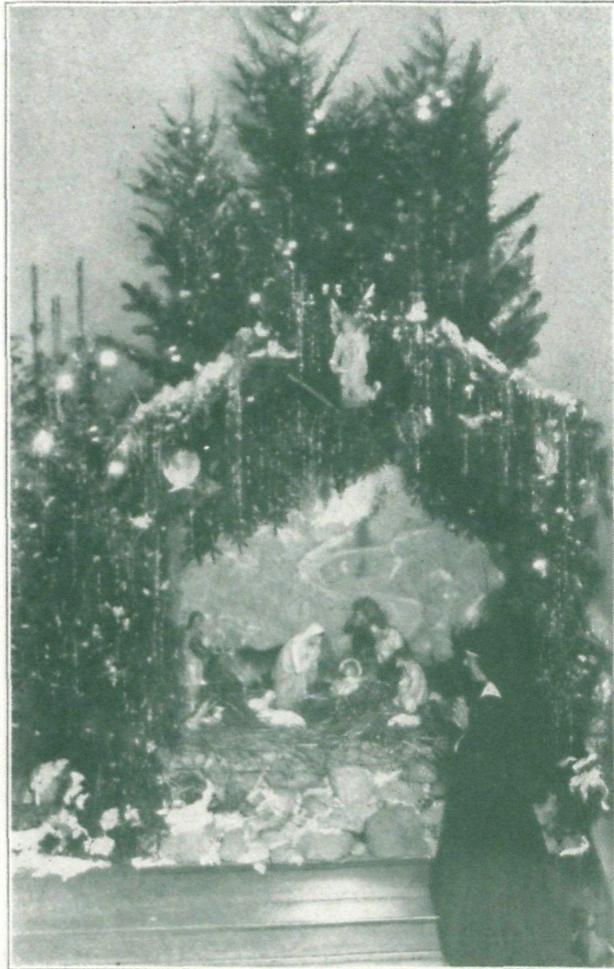


The Missionary Catechist



The Christmas Crib at Victory-Noll

Los Pastores

Catechist Dorothy Schneider



The last Christmas Mass was over. Row after row of our people had knelt at the altar rail and kissed the Infant Jesus according to the time-honored custom of the Spanish people. The snow was falling, fairly dancing to the earth, when we came out of the church. The air was filled with joyful "Feliz Navidades!" (Merry Christmas). Pausing a moment on the church steps, our attention was attracted to a large group in front of the Padre's house. The good Father was there, and motioned us to come closer. He explained to us that a scene from "Los Pastores" was being enacted, and that the entire play would soon be presented in Anton Chico.

"Los Pastores" is a precious reminiscence of the days of the early Spanish Padres. A Christmas play, celebrating the arrival of the shepherds at the poor stable in Bethlehem, it is a survival of the medieval mystery plays. When the missionaries came to this country they utilized this means of impressing the truths of Faith more vividly on the minds of the native people of the Southwest. Formerly it was the custom to present this play every Christmas, but like so many other beautiful customs, it is, alas, becoming merely a lovely memory of earlier and happier days.

We had often heard our neighbors speak of "Los Pastores" and waited eagerly for its coming. One morning there was a great deal of excitement on the road outside our mission center. It was caused by the announcement that the play would be presented that afternoon.

Our people were highly elated when we came, and hurriedly procured a special bench for "Las Hermanas." We wondered where the rest of the audience was to be seated. Before long we found out that they would stand during the performance. Stage settings? Few indeed! At one end of the room a table draped with colored cheesecloth had been placed. A little Christmas tree with a few trinkets was its only ornament. In front of it stood a chair: that was all.

We were deeply touched by the humble portrayal of Bethlehem's drama, especi-

ally since we knew that it was being given as the fulfillment of a promise made by a soldier of the late war who was slowly wasting away with tuberculosis, yet who still had the courage to direct the play,—his last offering on earth in honor of the Blessed Mother and Her Infant Child!

The play centered about the adoration of the Infant Jesus. One by one the shepherds approached the Holy Mother and Her Child, kissing the Infant Jesus as He lay in the arms of a sweet little girl, who represented "La Santa Madre," and leaving in her basket a small offering. We wondered what the offering would be used for. Can you imagine? A Mass for the intentions of all those who attended the play! How our Saviour must love these simple, humble, lovable folk of the plains with their tender, fervent Faith!

Scarcely had we reached home, when a loud knocking summoned us to the door. "Los Pastores" had come to pay us a visit and to offer their homage at our little crib; it was their way of expressing their appreciation for our attendance at the play! Grateful? They are always that! Before they left, they placed one of their gayly-decorated shepherds' staffs on each side of our little crib.

"Los Pastores" is a beautiful, tender portrayal of the shepherds' visit to the Infant Jesus, one of the charming customs of our Southwest mission country, and of its still more charming people.



AFTER THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Missionary Catechist

Volume VII

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, December, 1930

Number 1



Our Best Christmas Gift



AT CHRISTMAS time most of us are greatly concerned with the thought of giving and receiving gifts. Yet how few there are who dwell upon the thought of the most precious gift we can possibly receive,—the gift of God Himself.

“God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son.” From the very beginning it was God’s aim to win the hearts of the children of men. He strove to win the hearts of His chosen people, the Jews, by conferring upon them at one time His earthly gifts; at another time promising them His heavenly rewards. But all these gifts of God seemed ineffectual to win the hearts of a wayward people. “Then it was,” says the great St. Augustine, “that His infinite love made Him devise the plan of giving Himself entirely to His creatures through the Incarnation, in order thus to oblige us to love Him with our whole heart.”

God would possess the entire heart and the entire love of man, and so He gave His only-begotten Son as our Savior. And the Son Himself, through love, was pleased to be born as a little Child in the stable, giving Himself entirely to man so that He might be loved entirely by him. In His unspeakable love for man He gave Him the greatest gift He could possibly give: He gave Himself.

And so, when the Angels called the Shepherds from the hills of Bethlehem on that first blessed Christmas night to adore the new-born Savior upon His bed of straw, they issued the first invitation, “Venite Adoremus,” to come and learn the excess of love He bore them and all His children in descending from Heaven in order that

He might gain for Himself all the love of their hearts.

“He loved us and He delivered Himself up for us.”

This most loving and merciful God, through His love for man, chose to give him not only His goods, but even His very self. A great Saint tells us that Our Divine Redeemer for our sakes showed Himself under many different forms in order to attract our love. That God, Who is unchangeable by His nature, would appear now as a helpless little child in the stable of Bethlehem, now as a boy in the workshop, now as a condemned male-

factor nailed to a cross, and finally under the humble form of bread upon our Altars. He was thus pleased to bestow Himself and to bestow Himself in so many forms upon us, always in the character of our Divine Lover.

Faith teaches us that our Divine Savior has not only given Himself to all men in general, but that He has given Himself to each one in particular. He loved each one of us with an individual and personal love. “He loved me,” says St. Paul, “and delivered Himself up for me.” Not only has He given Himself to us, but He made this unreserved gift for us, keeping nothing for Himself.

Is it not fitting and proper that especially during this Holy Christmas season, that we should ask ourselves: what return can we make to our Infant Savior for giving Himself entirely to us? If Jesus Christ gives us Himself entirely in love, can it be truly said that we will be doing more than is required of us if we give ourselves entirely to Him in love? For the great gift which He makes of Himself all that He asks is that we give Him our hearts: “My child, give Me thy heart!”

And so, during this holiest of seasons when we are planning on making appropriate gifts, we should not fail to give the greatest and best of our gifts,—the gift of our heart,—to the Giver of every good gift, Jesus Christ, Himself. We shall then possess Him in our hearts: we shall have received the greatest gift that even God Himself could give us. Then kneeling before the crib of the Infant Jesus in the Arms of His Holy Mother we may be certain that, because of the gift we have made Him of our heart’s love, our Christmas will be a most blessed and happy one.

Christmas

Lillian A. Case

Into a world, hostile and strange,
An Infant King was born.
No room for Mary, Mother pure,
In home or inn that morn!

A stable, poor, neglected, cold,
His humble birthplace then,
But from that lowly cave there came
Salvation for all men.

The light of love was all He asked
To heat His tender form;
If hearts of men glowed with this love,
The cave for Him was warm.

Each year the Infant comes again
Renewing salvation’s grace.
Let our hearts be warm lest they turn
to ice
The tears upon His face!

TASTE THE JOY OF SPREADING JOY



A Christmas Tree For Mary Rose



(Marie Ange)

There it stood, beautiful, silvery white and cold; spangled with silver, draped in snow, the little Christmas tree he had just placed beside his baby's grave. Now, Mr. Reddington was not a sentimental man, but he was a saddened and afflicted one. Let people think what they would, his little girl should have her tree this year and mother would be pleased when they came here together on Christmas Day.

Last year, and for the past ten happy years, nothing had been spared to make the feast a joyous one. But where would the joy be now? What happiness could a sorrowing father and mother find in the Child's and children's festival of love, when the joy of their hearts was no longer with them?

"Home, Sir?" asked the polite and sympathetic chauffeur, as, without a word, the preoccupied father seated himself in his car.

"Yes, home, Robert," he answered. "Home!" he reflected. "Home—childless on Christmas Eve!" And he did not try to check the tears that came with the vision of that cold, silvery tree, so symbolic of his soul's deep grief,—spotless in its resignation but empty of life, cold, dead.

His reverie did not last long. Shouts were before him and beside him. "Hey, Mister!" "Give us a lift?" "Please stop a minute." Two young girls and a lad about sixteen were waving frantically in the middle of the road.

Robert slowed down, and, at the expected word, stopped.

"We're sorry to bother you, Mister, but we had to take a chance." The boy was spokesman. "Could you give us a lift into the city? We're delivering Christmas baskets and we have to step on it to get them down the chimneys."

"What's your car trouble?" came the natural inquiry.

"Something wrong with the gas line. It won't feed gas to the engine. If you could just take one of us as far as a garage—" The boy left the rest to be understood.

"Couldn't we help deliver those baskets meanwhile?" was the unexpected suggestion.

"Oh, would you?" one of the girls sang out. "That would be fine!"

Her companion was not less enthusiastic. "Everything is so exciting," she said. "So many things to be done at the last minute." And then the afterthought—"You must be busy yourself. Perhaps this is an imposition."

COME, LET US GO TO BETHLEHEM!

R. P. T.

Would you come with me to Bethlehem
Where Incarnate Love awaits us?
Would you worship in awe at the manger crib
Where Mary with joy will embrace us?

Then, come in the hush of midnight peace,
Or in the joy of new-born day.
A taper's golden glowing
Will show us the safe, sure way.

Lo, on our altars, in sweet condescension,
The Infant Divine ever rests!
Yes, each House of God is Bethlehem;
Each altar a manger blest.

But she was the only one who heard him say, "Not at all; I'm not busy." For Robert was already helping Bernard with the baskets, and Alice was gathering up the stray parcels.

Introductions were soon effected. The girls were from St. Agnes' Academy in Maywood; the six baskets were gifts of the sodality; Bernard was Mary's brother who had offered to drive them on their errands of charity; Alice was a boarder at the academy.

They dropped Bernard at the first garage, and went on their mission. One by one the baskets were deposited at their respective places; one by one the mothers came to the door with tearfilled eyes and touching exclamations; one by one the lessons fell upon the mind and heart of Mr. Reddington.

At last the task of love was ended; and a newer task of love began.

"We can take the street car back to the convent, Mr. Reddington. Thank you so much for your kindness."

"We'll pray for you very specially and God will give you special happiness tomorrow."

The girls, of course, knew the nice thing to do and say. So did their benefactor. In a very few words he told them of the sorrow in his heart and home. He concluded with:



"Do you think the good Sisters would suggest some way for me to spend Mary Rose's Christmas money?"

"Could they? The Sisters are always good meeting places for the helpers and the helped!" exclaimed Alice. "Do you mean you would care to see them today?"

"Right now. Why not?"

Why not, indeed? They were in the convent parlor within a short time and after a few brief explanations, the girls left their friend telling his story to the Sister Superior.

Now, Sister Superiors are used to meeting that truth which is stranger than fiction, and though she was touched, Sister Gertrude was not surprised at the story nor at the offer of five hundred dollars for some worthy cause. Indeed, she had the happy ending all ready.

"Mr. Reddington," she said, with the tranquility of those who are accustomed to these "miracles" of God's loving providence, "I cannot tell you how touched I am—, how close God is to you today. Alice White, one of the girls whom you met today, has decided to become a Missionary Catechist after her graduation in June. She is an orphan, without means, but a princess in spiritual assets. The Society will welcome her penniless but if you care to 'adopt' her, you can support her for a year for three hundred dollars, a wonderful help to the young society at Huntington."

"Very well. That would be fine," the gentleman replied. "I'll leave it to your judgment. She shall have five hundred dollars a year as long as I am able to send it to her."

And then because Sister Gertrude was a poet and a saint, she spoke with angelic sweetness a message of peace to this splendid man of good will. Alice White, she told him, would be a living monument to Mary Rose, a Christmas tree, indeed, spangled with the unfading gold and radiant brilliance of a life of prayer and sacrifice among the poor of the Kingdom.

"Let's go home now, Bob," he said, as he entered the car again. And this time the vision of another Christmas tree brought tears to his eyes—a tree aglow with living splendor, bright with the treasures of heaven, glistening with countless gems of charity, faith and hope—a living Christmas tree for Mary Rose!

Now, Phillip Reddington was not a sentimental man, but he was a happy and consoled one, and for the second time that day he wept.

MAY THE INFANT JESUS RECEIVE YOUR FIRST AND BEST GIFT

Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

MEDITATIONS OF THE LOVE OF GOD, by Father N. Grou, S. J.; Benziger Bros., Chicago.

The essence of spiritual perfection is love of God. "Love and do what you please" was the conviction of St. Augustine. Masters have stressed different means of sanctification: recollection, meditation, conscious presence of God, self-denial, mortification. Possibly the most direct road to a life of love of God is loving God. St. Francis de Sales taught souls to acquire love by loving. Every art is acquired by its diligent exercise. If the penman learns by writing, the musician by playing, the painter by spreading colors, the spiritual artist will acquire efficiency by thinking, feeling, breathing divine love.

Father Grou's meditations instruct and inflame. They sweetly compel the soul to fulfill the command of love.

These meditations, given in the form of a retreat may be used for the daily meditation by anyone who sincerely desires to serve God better. They propose nothing profound or mystifying but only the holy common sense of the Saints.

At Victory-Noll our Novena in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory is perpetual. Send in your name and intentions and join us in making this Novena.

In return for the Faith which we have received from Christ let us help communicate that treasure to others.

—Pope Pius XI.

WAYS AND MEANS

Of helping carry on the work of saving souls:

1. Pray for the Society of Missionary Catechists and the success of its work.
2. Subscribe to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST for one or more years.
3. Send \$10.00 for a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to T. M. C.
4. Join the 2500 CLUB. Its aim: 2,500 persons contributing \$1.00 or more per month toward the support of our Catechists.
5. Contribute \$25.00, thereby providing for the support of a Catechist for one month in the Mission Field.
6. Adopt a Missionary Catechist by helping build up a new or an existing Burse.
7. Send in your offerings, great or small, as often as you can.

CHAPAYO

(The Indian Santa Claus)

When nights are cold and frosty, and the wind howls through the trees, our little children back East are thinking about Santa Claus and his mysterious visit with reindeer and sleigh. His flowing, white beard, merry smile and twinkling eyes, dispel any fears they may have so that even the smallest are not afraid to approach him and confide to him their wants.

Chapayo, the Indian Santa Claus, does not inspire a like confidence. How shall I describe him? Let me tell you some of the things which the children have whispered to me about him. He lives beyond the Sand Hills. He has a black, black face, with a strange white cross between his eyes. A long black tongue leaps out of his mouth, and he carries a whip in one hand and a long rope in the other. Mounted on a swift horse, he comes, dressed in a black riding suit and wearing shiny, black riding boots. He can speak all languages. He leaps from his



horse on Christmas night and enters the church, where the people are waiting for him. He bounds forward and kneels before the altar to pray a moment and then comes back and walks to and fro among the people.

Little children know that his pockets are filled brimful of candy which will stream to the ground from tilted pockets if he can be made to bend over. When some one boldly strikes him on the leg and he bends, there is a general scramble for the sweets.

But there is something frightful about the manner in which he swings his big, long whip, and the lariat. Have the chil-

The Missionary Catechist

Huntington, Indiana

Published monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by The Missionary Catechist Publishing Co.

Subscription Rate: In U. S., 50c per year for single copies. Life subscription, \$10.00. Canada and Foreign, 75c per year. Payable in advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 30, 1924, at the postoffice at Huntington, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

Printed by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Indiana



Every day our benefactors and friends are remembered at Mass, in the prayers of our Catechists and the poor little children under their care.

It will be a source of great consolation for our generous donors to know that they have a large share in the good works of our Catechists, and that they will be abundantly blessed for enabling the Catechists to save the souls and bodies of the destitute little ones in the missions.

On Christmas Eve we search our very hearts
To find a place wherein the Babe may rest.
We bid all evil from our souls depart,
And clothe our thoughts in raiment that is best.
How great our joy is when, on Christmas Day,
Our Infant Lord receives us at His Feet.
We measure not the struggles of the way,
Which brought us there, His Innocence to greet.

—Estelle Bonner.

dren not heard that little boys who smoke will be whipped by the Chapayo? Have they not been told, when they were naughty, that the Chapayo would steal them, even from their parents? That he would throw his lariat about them and draw them to himself? Then the only way they could be ransomed would be for some one to give Chapayo something which he likes to eat.

No wonder little Indian children cling to their mother's skirts, when Chapayo is around, and tear drops stand in their eyes until he chases away their fears by throwing some sweets to them. Even then they will not venture to gather up the gift of the Chapayo until he has bounded to some other part of the church.

Catechist Blanche Richardson.



One of the Indian lads who consented to mask as "Chapayo." Not having the proper costume, he substituted the best available in order to give us some idea of how the Indian Santa really looks.

BETTER SERVICE

Our Clinic at Las Vegas has moved into a five-room adobe house. The building is very inviting. All the holes are filled up with new adobe and every inch of it is painted and calcimined. Plans are being made for the mothers to come here for little social gatherings at which we intend to give instructions on personal and home hygiene. We are especially eager to help them give proper food and care to their infants. It will be difficult for many mothers to come because they have so many children. But we hope, some day, to have a nursery in connection so they can bring the "kiddies" along.

We have many patients at present, including several cases of typhoid fever. But they are doing nicely.

About a month ago I visited a sweet old lady. She had been in bed about a year suffering with sore legs,—a bad case of eczema. With the help of Our Blessed Mother and good Catechist Dorava, I mixed a powder for her and in about two weeks she was better and able to get out of bed. Her joy, however, was short-lived. Soon after, she contracted pneumonia, died and was buried yesterday. I was deeply grieved, but I feel sure she is happy and is up in Heaven interceding for us.

God's ways are not our ways, but they are ever adorable and holy.
Catechist
Bridget
Hynes.

NOW AND THEN

Monday morning three of us went to sing a Requiem Mass at Estrellitos. Just before we reached our destination, we had to cross a river and got stuck in the mud. The men and boys came to our assistance with wagon and mules. After a half-hour of labor the car was safe on the river bank.
Catechist Bodin, Anton Chico.

LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa Claus:

I am going to church every day and I want two dolls for my sisters and I want two little cars for my brothers. Give me what you think I need.

Juanita Padia.

Dear Santa:

The Catechists teach me catechism. They are very good with us. For Christmas I want a prayer book, a fountain pen and some candy. I need a prayer book badly, so I hope you won't forget that. May the Infant Jesus help you with your bags of toys.

Bye-bye, Santa.

Catalina Hurtado.

Dear Santa:

Please bring me some beads, some shoes and a good picture of you.

Love,

Abran Cruz.

THE FAITH THAT MOVES MOUNTAINS

One day on our way to Corazon we saw two horseback riders ahead of us. We still had about ten miles to drive. Imagine our surprise when we overtook the horsemen and found them to be an aged man, eighty-seven years old, and his great-grandson. They had already traveled ten miles, though it was only 7:30 o'clock. The old man was jubilant. He was going to Mass and to receive Holy Communion. His breakfast was strapped to the side of his saddle. He greeted the Padre and us with: "Let us all go together to praise our God, in Whom we believe and hope, and Whom we love with all our hearts."

Catechist Helen Scill.

W. Ohio

Dear Father:

Enclosed find \$10 which please forward to the dispensary recently opened in the City of Las Vegas, New Mexico. I promised this in honor of the Sacred Heart for a favor received.
MRS. J. B.

True Christmas Joy is found in giving, not in receiving.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

GETTING ACQUAINTED

I suppose you have all been anxious to hear something about Santa Paula, Calif., where one of our new Mission Centers is located. It is a beautiful little town surrounded by mountains and only a half-hour's ride from the great Pacific Ocean. There are nearly 14,000 acres of lemon trees in this vicinity, besides large orange

A MOVING ALTAR

Los Palos, Calif. Father Franco's newest invention, a portable altar, is serving its purpose well. But as yet he has not had time to make a portable table on which to stand it. This morning three of us went to a camp for Mass. We managed to get a



TRUE HEROES

Poverty is making true "Spartan" heroes of our children, evident in their brave endurance of suffering without complaint.

Encarnacion, a bright, care-free lad of six, returning from school with his companions, found amusement in inspecting a grinding machine which stood in a neighbor's back yard.

Playfully Encarnacion inserted his hand in the machine; thoughtlessly one of his companions turned the wheel. A shriek of pain pierced the air! A bloody, mutilated little hand was hastily withdrawn. Like a flash Encarnacion made a "beeline" for home,—and mother!

Quickly and efficiently the mother tied a rag tightly above the elbow to stop the profuse bleeding. Gently they laid him on the bed,—the father and mother,—then sat by in mute sympathy and helpless grief because they had not the means wherewith to summon a doctor.

To care for six small children on the wages of a father working only one day a week is a problem that no expert mathematician can solve. If a member of such a family becomes ill,—well, it's just too bad!

A half-hour later two Catechists returning home the long way from an errand of mercy, passed down the street on which Encarnacion lived. An excited little boy ran up to them with the news: "Catechist, Encarnacion cut his finger real bad."

The Catechists hurried to the home of the unfortunate lad. They found him in the small dark room quietly lying on the bed where he had been placed by his parents. The blood-soaked bandage, the shifting of those great brown eyes and the pitiful sighing respiration gave evidence of the pain he was enduring.

The Catechists hastened home and soon returned in the "Chevie" to take the little patient to the city doctor. Scorning our support, he bounded up the stairs to the doctor's office. Not a murmur or groan was able to force its way out from behind those clenched teeth and firmly compressed lips! The doctor ordered him to the hospital where he was promptly cared for.

A few days later we visited Encarnacion in his little white room. He amused us by pointing out the nursery rhymes depicted in a border on the walls. He was thoroughly enjoying his new surroundings. Then he reverted to his accident and explained with relief, "Catechist, they cut off only two fingers."

Poor lad! Little does he realize what a handicap his mutilated right hand will be throughout life. The mother thanked us with tears of gratitude for coming to the rescue; and we responded with fervor: "Thanks to Our Blessed Mother who led us that way."

Catechist C. Bahl,
Indiana Harbor, Ind.

young man who plays the violin to come to church and play our Spanish hymns with the organ accompaniment. Before the services we went about the camp ringing a small hand-bell and calling out "a Misa" (to Mass).

This is one way of letting the people know we have arrived and that Mass will soon begin.

Catechist A. Kozla.

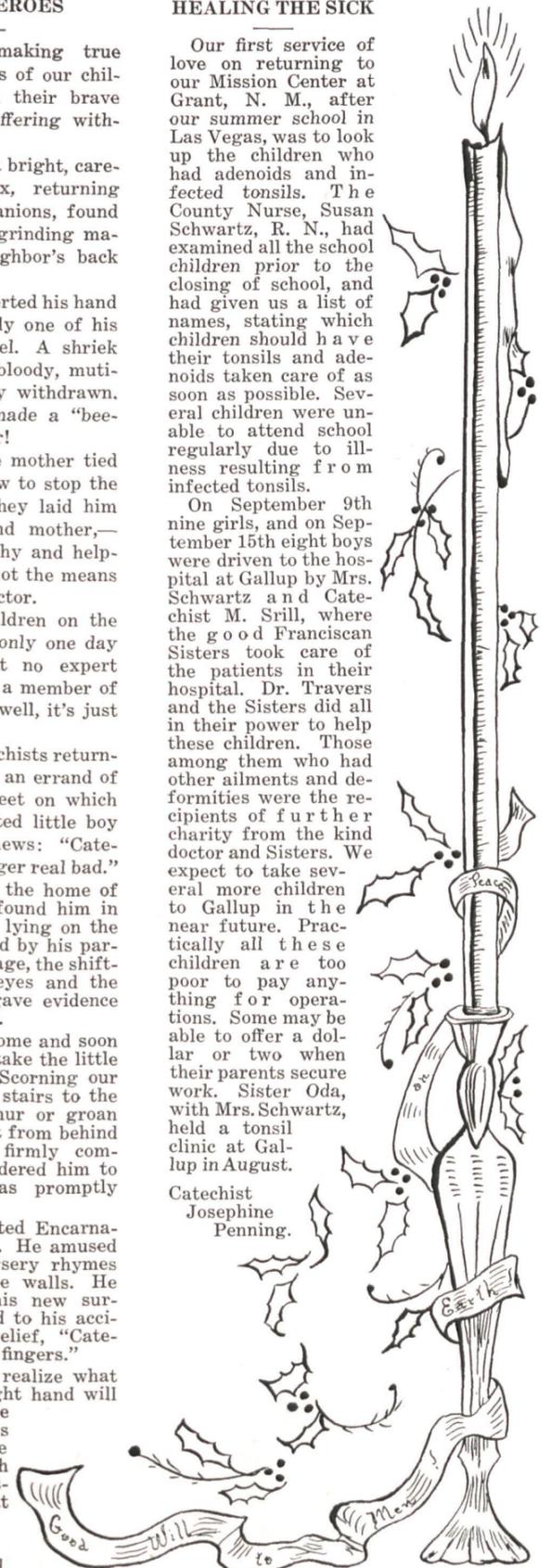
HEALING THE SICK

Our first service of love on returning to our Mission Center at Grant, N. M., after our summer school in Las Vegas, was to look up the children who had adenoids and infected tonsils. The County Nurse, Susan Schwartz, R. N., had examined all the school children prior to the closing of school, and had given us a list of names, stating which children should have their tonsils and adenoids taken care of as soon as possible. Several children were unable to attend school regularly due to illness resulting from infected tonsils.

On September 9th nine girls, and on September 15th eight boys were driven to the hospital at Gallup by Mrs. Schwartz and Catechist M. Scill, where the good Franciscan Sisters took care of the patients in their hospital. Dr. Travers and the Sisters did all in their power to help these children. Those among them who had other ailments and deformities were the recipients of further charity from the kind doctor and Sisters. We expect to take several more children to Gallup in the near future. Practically all these children are too poor to pay anything for operations. Some may be able to offer a dollar or two when their parents secure work. Sister Oda, with Mrs. Schwartz, held a tonsil clinic at Gallup in August.

Catechist
Josephine
Penning.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR



Mary's Little Helpers

Dear Little Helpers:

Merry Christmas to you! I know you would like to know how the boys and girls spend Christmas in New Mexico, so that is what I am going to tell you this time. They have many beautiful customs out there and it would take too long to tell you about all of them, so I will just tell you about a few. Most of the people out there are, of course, too poor to have Christmas like we do,—Christmas trees, nice toys and presents. In place of the Christmas trees that we find in nearly all of our homes, they have a crib with the Infant Jesus. Sometimes it is just a little tiny one, sometimes it is made out of paper, but they all must have a crib and then they all gather around it and pray. If they are fortunate enough to have a priest then they all go to Midnight Mass and before Mass the children walk around the streets singing Christmas hymns. After Midnight Mass, the children go from house to house, knock on each door and say, "Mi-Christmas," which means, "My Christmas." Then, whoever opens the door gives them a cookie, a piece of candy or some other little thing. If, however, the person who opens the door says, "Mi Christmas" first, then the boy or girl must give this person a piece of candy or something. You see, it is the one who says it first that gets the present. It's lots of fun to see all the children walking around with bags for their presents. Then another custom is the Pinata. The Pinata is a big pot filled with candy, nuts and little presents. The pot is usually painted in beautiful colors, although sometimes it has funny faces painted on it instead. This pot is hung in one of the rooms or outside. The children are blindfolded and each with a long stick gets a turn to hit the pot and try to break it. When some one finally breaks it, all the nuts and presents fall to the ground and you should see the children make a rush to get as much as they can as it falls to the ground.

These little boys and girls are very



grateful for everything they get. I think that must be because they get so little. I know the Catechists told me that when they have a Christmas party and give them little presents, each child as soon as he receives his gift, will go up to the crib, kneel down and thank the Infant Jesus.

Well, Little Helpers, I hope you will have a nice Christmas, but don't eat too much candy and get sick. And don't have such a good time that you forget about the Mission boys and girls.

—Wee Willie Winkles.

John Francis and Mary Magdalen Sexton are two of our new Little Helpers. They send their toys to the Missions and make money by selling papers, rags, running errands, and even save their gift money for the poor children.

Here's another new suggestion. How would you like to sell our magazine to your friends? There are many, many people who do not know anything at all about the Catechists. If the Little Helpers would sell our magazine for five cents a copy, they would make money and besides this, many people would get to know about the Catechists. We will send you some magazines if you want to sell them.

Who will be the first Little Helper to send for some magazines?

Of course every Little Helper knows what a shower is. Often you have been caught in a rain shower, but there is another kind of shower, a "gift shower."

People are invited to a party and each one brings a present of some kind and these are supposed to be showered upon the poor. Wouldn't it be nice if we could have a toy shower for the poor children? There are many Little Helpers I know who have lots of toys they would like to send to the Missions, but don't know how to go about it. I am sure you could send at least one little toy, and if all the Little Helpers would send one, we would have a nice big box of toys to send to the Missions. It doesn't have to be a new one. Maybe you have something from last Christmas,—a book, a doll, blocks,—something that you don't play with any more. Send your "shower present" to me here at Victory-Noll and I will send it to the Missions for you.

—The Catechist Supervisor.

Our Deland, Florida, Band is hard at work getting their Christmas box ready. The girls are sewing, making quilts, towels, etc., and the boys are making toy furniture. They always send their box away at Thanksgiving so that it will reach the Missions they are working for in time for Christmas.

Dear Little Helpers:

I know that you will all have a happy and beautiful Christmas. You have been such faithful little missionaries and have worked so hard for Our Dear Lord's poor little boys and girls! Surely the Holy Infant Jesus loves you for your charity. And when you visit the Infant in His crib on Christmas, don't forget to ask Him to bless the poor little children that you have been working so hard for during the year. And pray for all the Catechists. The Catechists will pray for you, too, and will ask the Good Infant Jesus to reward you and to make you very happy. The little children you have made so happy will not forget you when they kneel at the little crib which the Catechists have erected in their little Mission Church.

—The Catechist Supervisor.



MERRY CHRISTMAS

The Associate Catechists of Mary

Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

I am proud of asking Santa Claus to bring me a pair of warm gloves to keep my hands from the cold. No more.

Yours Always,

JOSE MARTINEZ.

Dear A. C. M. Friends:

I sincerely pray that the Infant Jesus may grant you a happy, holy, beautiful Christmas. You, who have worked so faithfully to bring happiness to God's poor, will surely receive an abundant share of the joys of Christmas. We ask you to remember the Catechists and their poor when you visit the Infant in the Manger. We cannot repay you, dear friends, with material things, but we can repay you in an infinitely better way—by offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, our Holy Communion and prayers for you and your dear ones. As usual on Christmas, there will be a Mass offered specially for you who have done so much for God's poor.

Sincerely in Jesus and Mary,

The Catechist Supervisor.

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house (a little two-room adobe hut) not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. But yes, some one was stirring,—little Juan. He crept up very quietly to his mother and whispered, "Mama, does Santa Claus come to poor people like us?" "Well," answered Mama, "that depends. If you will pray to the Santo Nino (the Infant Jesus) maybe Santa will come to see us." Mother was hoping and praying that the good Catechists who helped them might come again and bring a new pair of shoes for little Juan and a sweater for Maria. She knew, however, that the Catechists had many Missions to visit, and she was afraid that they would not be able to come such a great distance. After Juan and Maria had been put to bed, Mrs. Tomaz knelt down to whisper a prayer to the Santo Nino. Just then somebody knocked, and there, as if in answer to her prayer, stood two Catechists with a large bundle. In the bundle were Juan's pair of shoes,

Dear Old Santa Claus:

I just came to think that Christmas time was near. So I thought to ask Santa Claus to bring a warm sweater for a Christmas present for me. I have been so pleased with you always when I ask you to bring something so I am going to remain,

Yours Always,

MANUELITA DURAN.



Faith, like light upon the way,
Leads us to the Child Divine,
Hope fans its brilliant ray
Charity within doth shine.

Maria's sweater, two dresses for Maria, a nice warm coat for Mrs. Tomaz, and besides the clothes, a doll for Maria, a baseball and bat for Juan and some candy and nuts, all of which had been received from our kind benefactors. This, dear friends, is the happiness which you carry into the homes of our poor by your charity. You make your Christmas happy by making God's poor happy.



The members of St. Joseph's Band, of which Mrs. Service is the promoter, bring joy to the Infant Jesus, not only on Christmas, but during the entire year by their faithful and untiring efforts. Theirs is indeed a record to be proud of because they send on an average of \$100.00 cash every month for the support of a Catechist. And besides this, at Christmas time many boxes containing clothing, hams, fruit and other good things find their way to the Catechists in the Missions and to the poor Missionary priests. Surely these good and generous friends will have an abundant share in the joys of Christmas. What they have done for the Infant Jesus in the person of His poor little ones will be repaid a hundred-fold in blessings and graces.



HAPPY NEW YEAR

Dear Santa Claus:

I am going to tell you to bring me some presents. I want one pair of shoes No. 3½ and stockings and one box of marbles and good hat, size five.

PABLO ROMERO.

PENNIES SAVE SOULS

Juanita Club's Penny Social cleared \$367.00 on November 11th for our poor abandoned children. Thus by pennies, souls will be saved.

Special thanks are due to all twelve members of this Club, because all worked with superabundant zeal and enthusiasm. Many members of Our Lady of Lourdes, Little Flower, St. Luke's, Stella Maris Clubs, attended as well as club members of Miss Mary Zins, Mrs. Anders and Etten. The entire successful social was due greatly to the kindness and co-operation of the Rev. Pastor of St. Anthony's, Father Lieser, P. R.

Special features of the evening were the altar linen display of the Stella Maris Club, an adobe village made by Mr. Kanthack, First Communion outfits and hundreds of pounds of clothes gathered for the poor in our Missions.

NEW A. C. M. BANDS

Miss Mary Sarsfield is the promoter of our first band in San Francisco, Calif. This Band has fifteen members and is working to support a Catechist. Each month its members send us \$15.00.

Mrs. Gates of Lafayette, Ind., organized the Precious Blood Band to work for the Missions.

O. B. L. V. No. 3 has been organized in Fowler, Mich., by Miss Mae Motz. This industrious Band pieces a quilt at each meeting besides furnishing clothes for Missions.

The Sacred Heart Band has added \$50.00 to their Burse.

Dear Catechist:

I haven't yet forgotten the nice party we have last year for Christmas and the nice tree we have with the nice gifts for boys and girls. And I hope this year will be the same. I wish Santa to bring me this year for Christmas a prayer-book and a rosary and some candy. Pray for me, Your child,

TIREZA PECHO.



HOPE THROUGH MARY

It should ever be remembered that hope is one of the theological virtues, and must be cultivated as carefully as faith and love. God desires that we should hope in Him. "He will have mercy on us, according to our trust in Him";

The essence of the True Devotion to Mary is that we give our service to God because it is honest and just to do so, whether we are promised reward or not, because by right He deserves it from us, and because by offering our service by Mary makes it more pleasing to Him.

Still Mary's own look forward to a reward; they look and long for their home in Heaven, but with the truthfulness engendered by this devotion they look forward to it and long for it as a pure mercy of God, which no service of theirs could have deserved or earned. Mary's own walk more confidently, more hopefully, from this very knowledge, and their humble hope is well pleasing to God, and according to their hope it will be done to them. Oh, then come, hasten to Mary and be filled with Her spirit, renew upon this earth Her virtues, supply for your own weak hope, faith and love, by Her ardent hope, Her firm faith, Her burning love. Ask Mary to give you Her Heart, Her Immaculate Heart, that It may supply for your own sinful hearts. Love that Heart; consecrate yourself to It; make your home in It, and make It your constant endeavor to be actuated by all the holy desires, wishes, and prayers that emanated from It.

Vaughn, N. Mex.

Dear Father:

I am enclosing \$10.00 for a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

I sure wish we had some of the Catechists here; this would be a fine field for them to work in.

Kindest regards and best wishes to yourself and all the Catechists. J. S.

TRUE FRIENDS

Our Blessed Mother smiled on Mt. Carmel Mission the day I met Mrs. Emma Wall, the Supreme Regent of the Ladies of Isabella of Chicago, at the Charities Convention in New Orleans a year ago.

The extent of the charity of Mrs. Wall and of the noble, self-sacrificing Ladies of St. Augustine and Perez Councils, towards our poor cannot be estimated in dollars and cents.

It was last year on the night before the big Christmas party for our five hundred Mexican children that the generosity of the heart of Mrs. Wall first displayed itself. Santa Claus feared he would have to disappoint many of the children, and it was with a heavy heart that he was preparing to close up shop, when to his great joy and surprise the sound of footsteps came up the stairs. Mrs. Wall had come to the rescue with boxes and boxes of dolls, walking toys, games, etc. Mr. Zieve-rink had kindly offered to wade through the deep snow to bring out the packages that evening,—late though it was.

This was only the beginning of the favors we were to receive from the Ladies of Isabella in the months that followed. To sum them up briefly: St. Augustine's Council—gave a donation for the final equipment of our chapel which enabled us to have Mass celebrated here for the first time on Christmas morning; donated \$50.00 for laundry equipment for Mt. Carmel Mission; assumed complete charge of the Easter party for our Mexican children, supplied the entertainment with remarkable child talent from Chicago. Also gave 200 filled boxes of candy; had a "pound party" for the benefit of our mission,—each lady brought a pound of groceries. An individual member, Mrs. M. Schmitz, held a bunco party and raised \$35.00 to help send a sick boy and his mother to Mexico.

Perez Council gave a donation of \$50.00 for our work among the poor, and also had a "pound party" for our mission.

At the suggestion of Mr. Wm. Roeder of Evanston, Mrs. A. J. Klein of Chicago

held a "Hard Times" party. Each guest was invited to bring a basket of groceries. The result, about \$95.00 worth of groceries, delivered by Mr. Roeder, gave us a lot of nourishing food to meet the pressing needs of our starving families.

May God in His Goodness reward the charity of all these truly Christian people who have a heart for the unfortunate. Catechist Mary McConville.

In return for the treasures of graces with which God has blessed us, let us contribute with all our strength to carry those treasures as far as possible and to as many as possible of God's creatures.

—Pope Pius XI.



THEY DEPEND ON YOU FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS HER CONSTANT PRAYER

"O Mary, tenderest Mother of the afflicted and neglected, give us a great love for the poor so dear to Your Sacred Heart," is the appeal sent up by each Catechist several times a day to Our Blessed Lady of Victory under whose protecting mantle she does her work. It is the appeal that springs to the Catechist's lips when she goes into an overcrowded, unsanitary, ill-lighted tenement to teach a Mexican child his Catechism; it falls from her lips when she goes into a desolate hut in the Missions to change the bed linen and wash the aged patient so that she may rest easier on her sick bed; she breathes it when she goes to feed and clothe some motherless Mexican children, deserted on earth by all save the Catechists; and it is the pleading of her sorrowing heart when she holds the Crucifix to the lips of the dying.

—MISS MARIE SHEAHAN.

Our ANNUITY PLAN is safe and sound. You will never regret investing in it. Start your investment today. Amounts as low as \$50.00 are accepted. Interest: 6% payable semi-annually. We send full particulars free upon request.

PRAY FOR

Mrs. Frances Highberger, Josephine Shafer, John McCarthy, John Brewer, Kathryn McNamara.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Society of Missionary Catechists, Huntington, Indiana, Box 109

Dear Catechists:

I enjoy THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST very much and desire to renew my own subscription and subscribe for a friend whose name and address are:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Enclosed please find \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Laguna, New Mexico.
My Dear Mary:

You know, of course, that I and my Sister Catechist are here at Laguna to assist Padre by preparing some of the older Indian girls to teach Catechism to the little ones of their race. Incidentally, we are preparing a goodly-sized First Communion class.

In the shadow of an ancient Mission Church I pen these lines to you. Somehow, when I pass through the hingeless doors, which noisily creak on their wooden pegs, it seems I ought to hear the soft tread of sandalled feet, and see an old Spanish padre celebrating the Holy Sacrifice on the quaint old altar, fashioned of adobe. The facade of the church crowned with two Mission bells—the gift of a one-time reigning monarch of Spain—faces the East, and is bathed each morning in a flood of golden sunlight. The tourist notes something odd about the bells: one bears a crown, the other is plain. This, we are told, is a proof of their genuineness.

During our brief stay at this Indian pueblo, our living quarters are next to the old church. The rooms have been secured for us by the good Franciscan Father who has charge of this pueblo. We are situated at the top of a rocky hill, but the magnificent view afforded us, offers no small compensation for the laborious descents and ascents in quest of provisions and water.

The shifting sands of the Laguna hills captivate the eyes. A strange tale, too, have we heard from the Indians about these numerous yel-

low mounds. For long the Hopi Indians had cast an envious eye upon the goodly crops of the Lagunas. One night the Hopi medicine man came stealthily creeping over the Eastern mesas, bearing on his back a bag of sand. A wicked gleam was in his eye. Upon the fair garden plots, he dumped his bag of sand. It grew and grew, throughout the long, dark hours of night. When next the sun looked down upon those verdant gardens, behold them changed into a mass of weary, yellow sand-hills! Still do they stand—a perpetual monument to the mighty magic and ugly malice of the Hopi medicine man.

If you wish to delight the heart of a little Indian maid or lad just propose a trip to the sand-hills. The mystery which envelops them, and the fun to be had in tumbling about on the bright, shining sands make them ideal playgrounds.

The Laguna Indian children are very affectionate and animated. They learn well, and do not easily forget those things which have a strong appeal to them. Deeply religious by nature, they seem never to weary of listening to the beautiful and consoling truths of our Holy Religion. Once, after having told the children of the Story of Creation, I asked a little boy to name one thing God had made. "The rainbow," he answered promptly. Now it seems to me that only a little Indian boy could have given such an answer. The rainbow has always figured largely in the hieroglyphics of the Indians. It is the symbol of happiness to them. In the old Mission Church about which I write one sees rainbows a-plenty all over the walls. There are suns and moons, too, with faces, and birds and fowls and I know not what else!

But this letter is becoming quite lengthy so I shall postpone further observations for another time.

Praying Our Blessed Mother to pray to the Infant God for us, I remain,

Ever yours for the Reign of Jesus and Mary,

Catechist Blanche Richardson.

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE PARTY

Last year we gave a Christmas surprise party. It was the cause of so much joy that we are praying for the means with which to do something similar this year. Here is what we did: The evening before Christmas we wrote a note to one of our poorest families asking the whole family to come to our Mission Center without fail at 6:30 o'clock. They came, thinking we were going to have rosary devotions. We let them pray in the chapel until we had the candles on the tree lit and the gifts placed beneath it. When everything was ready we called them. The youngsters stared in speechless surprise for a moment and then made themselves at home with the toys. We had gifts for every member of the family. The evening was indeed a happy one not only for the children and their parents, but also for the Catechists. If only our dear friends who made it all possible could have been here with us!

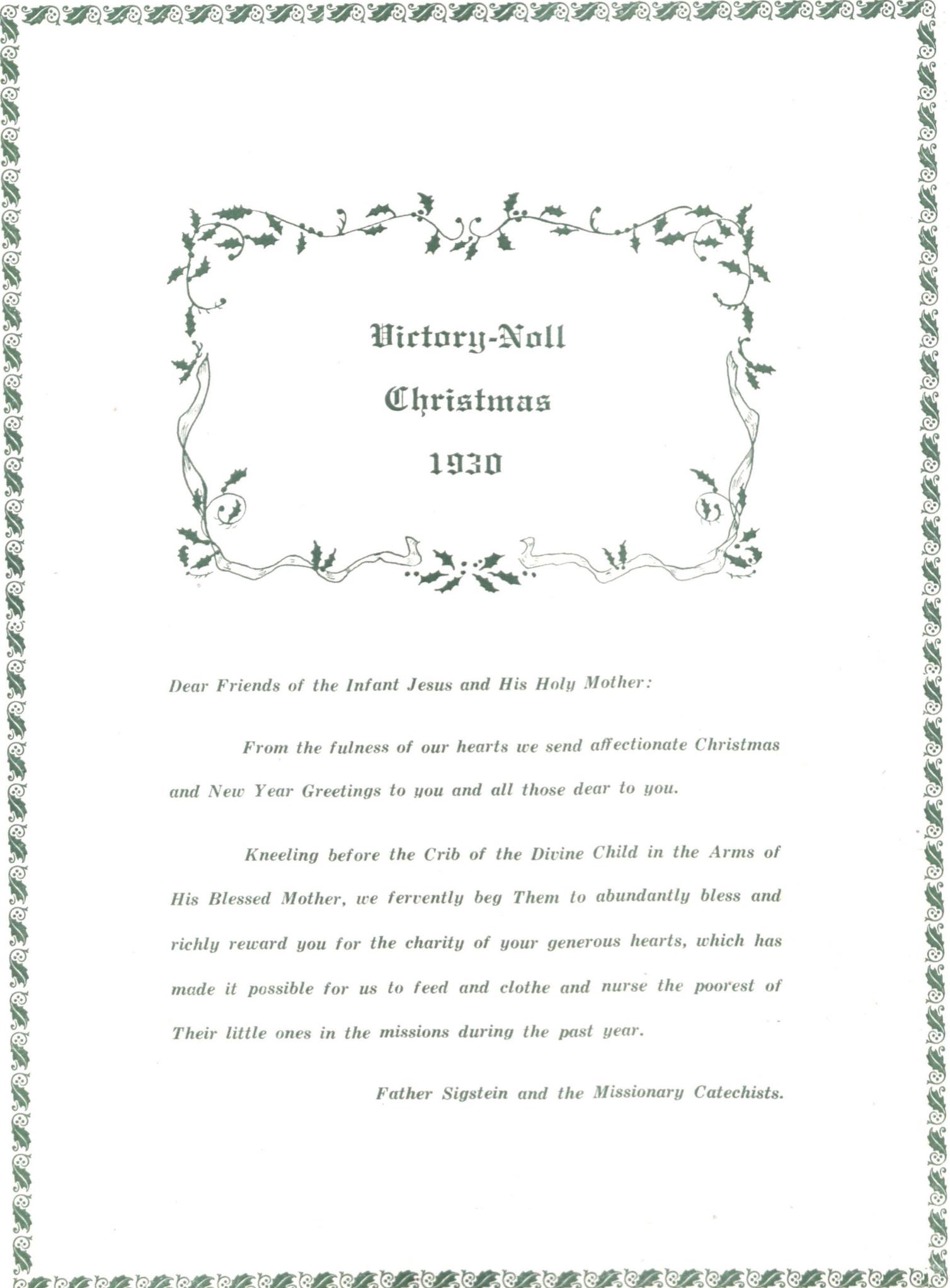
After some time the mother told the children to put away the toys for it was time to go home. Imagine her gratitude when she was told that the gifts were really meant for them to keep. "God repay them," has been her constant prayer throughout the year for all those who make Christmas happy for the poor.

Catechist C. Leutenegger.



READ
HOME MISSIONS OF THE
SOUTHWEST by Catechist Blanche
Richardson; published by Catholic
Students' Mission Crusade. May be
ordered from Victory-Noll. Price,
50c plus postage (3c).





Victory-Noll

Christmas

1930

Dear Friends of the Infant Jesus and His Holy Mother:

From the fulness of our hearts we send affectionate Christmas and New Year Greetings to you and all those dear to you.

Kneeling before the Crib of the Divine Child in the Arms of His Blessed Mother, we fervently beg Them to abundantly bless and richly reward you for the charity of your generous hearts, which has made it possible for us to feed and clothe and nurse the poorest of Their little ones in the missions during the past year.

Father Sigstein and the Missionary Catechists.