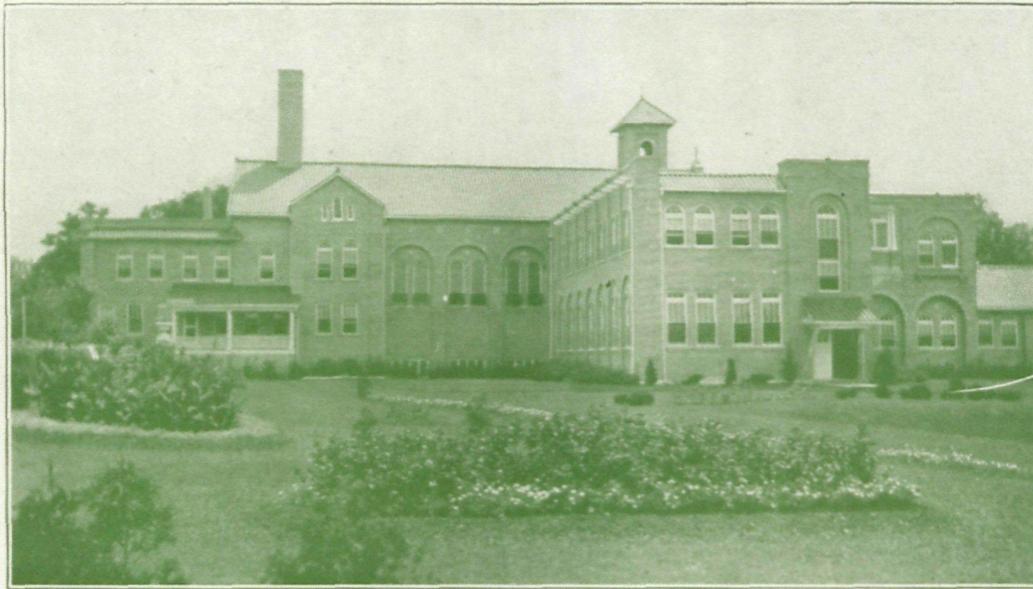


The Missionary Catechist



Preserve in him, and others like him, that priceless gift of the faith!



VICTORY-NOLL

Dear Frances :

I was happy to receive your letter. You know how intensely interested I have always been, and still am, in your welfare. You know, too, that every time I visit our chapel and kneel before the beautiful statue of Our Blessed Lady of Victory I make a special remembrance of you, begging our Immaculate Queen, the Virgin most Powerful, to get for you the grace you need to come to a decision about your vocation.

I have often written you that unless you do make the decision soon yours may be the fate of so many thousands of other young women who somehow could not make up their mind and will to come to a decision and take the step that Divine Grace pressed them to take in following the heavenly call.

You will recall, Frances, how I too hesitated for some time to make my decision. How well I recall my perplexity of mind, my vain scruples, my groundless fears and my false conception of the trials and labors associated with missionary life.

It was while I was in this state of mind that a zealous Priest came to our church and received permission from our pastor to preach at all the Masses just a few Sundays before Christmas. He was a missionary Priest from Texas; a tall, thin, saintly Missionary with the burdens and cares of missionary life traced upon his fine countenance.

I shall never forget his sermon. He had come back, he said, to our city after an absence of twenty-five years to visit his sister, the only surviving member of his family. Then he told in simple yet forceful language the story of his missionary experiences.

He spoke of the long journeys he made to the homes of his dear Mexican people and to the scattered ranches stretching for miles and miles along the Panhandle

of Texas. He spoke of the dire needs of these poor people and their still poorer children, of the lack of Priests and Sisters and of Catholic schools and religious instruction, of the misery and suffering and hardships of these people, who at best could eke out no more than a bare existence on the parched fields of a desert country. He told us of his long trips to give religious instruction to the children and of the comparative few he could reach, where thousands were to be instructed. He concluded by saying:

"Here in this parish, so well organized, you have all that any Catholic could wish for: devoted Priests, holy Nuns, a flourishing school and a beautiful church. You have religious instruction for the children of the parish so that none need be ignorant of the truths of our holy Faith. You have vocations for the needs of your Sisterhoods, but in my missions we have none of these things that are yours in abundance. Our children are hungering for the Bread of the Word of eternal life, and there is no one to break it to them. Again the pleading cry of the Sacred Heart is heard: 'The fields are white unto the harvest, but oh, the laborers are so few!' Are there not some young women here who will respond to the pleading of the Sacred Heart and make an act of renunciation and go out to our vast Texas plains to preserve the Faith of the thousands of little ones dying of spiritual starvation? Yes, the sacrifice is great, but the reward is the fullest measure of happiness for time and for eternity."

Now, Frances, that decided my vocation. I came to a decision: I made the act of renunciation; I consecrated myself to the loving service of Jesus and Mary, and that is why today I am a Catechist of Mary out here on the plains of Texas.

Catechist S. J.

The Missionary Catechist

Volume VII

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, April, 1931.

Number 5

Catechism-Teachers' Training Camps in New Mexico

CATECHIST BLANCHE RICHARDSON

Readers of missionary periodicals are aware of the fact that in India, Africa and other foreign missionary countries, the training and support of native catechists has for some time been an important feature in the missionary program of Christianizing the heathen. They know that this method of spreading the truths of Christianity has also been adopted by the Padres in charge of the Indian missions of our own country. But they may not know that the need of training native lay catechists among the Catholic born Spanish-Americans and Mexicans of our border country has long been sensed and quite recently undertaken.

While the aim of the native catechist in foreign lands is to bring the light of Christianity to the hordes of unbaptized, the aim of the native catechist in our border country is to preserve that same light of Faith in the hearts of innumerable Catholics. Living in isolated mission districts, having the opportunity of attending the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass but once or twice during the year, receiving little or no regular religious instruction, the wonder is that the Faith of these people has not been totally extinguished.

The sowers of the cockle, —unsound doctrines,—are also rampant. There exists, then, a need for an army of trained workers.

Since 1922 the Missionary Catechists have been laboring in this field. To aid them in reaching out of the way Mission places and settlements which could not ordinarily be reached by the Catechists themselves, it was deemed advisable to train lay catechists chosen from among the native people. Two Missionary Catechists were assigned the work of organizing a Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. A survey of the situation was not very encouraging. It was concluded, however, that the work had best be undertaken on a parish basis. As soon as one pastor had been provided with a sufficient number of trained workers, the training of

lay catechists in an adjoining parish would be begun. It is almost superfluous to remark that pastors, who have long recognized the needs of their people, have given their fullest co-operation to this project.

It was foreseen that these future leaders, if they were to be a continual help to the pastor, must be chosen from among those who would probably be permanent residents of his parish. The nucleus of these future leaders, then, was to be found chiefly in home girls, ranging in age from sixteen to twenty years.

In the summer of 1929 the first "Catechism-Teachers' Training Camp" was opened at Chaperito, New Mexico, with thirteen "recruits" in attendance. The girls came from as many as seven mis-

and other essential school-room equipment. The girls themselves partly bore the burden of the grocery bill by bringing with them bags of beans, strings of chili, eggs, and strips of dried meat.

The various studies pursued were christian doctrine, bible history, liturgy, the principles of christian pedagogy, hymn-singing and sewing. Sewing classes included instructions in the making of smaller altar linens. In addition, organ lessons were given. For this purpose four organs were brought in from mission chapels fifteen and twenty miles distant.

Miracles were not performed during those eight weeks of training. Nevertheless, a certain "spirit" was imbibed by the girls and a cordial relationship established between Missionary Catechist

and lay auxiliary worker which could not possibly have been effected except by such close and prolonged companionship. It produced more dependable workers than a special meeting with a call for volunteer teachers could ever have done. Moreover, those conversant with the New Mexican situation are well aware that, by reason of the scattered rural population, meetings are rendered impossible. The parishioners, having their own village chapels where Mass is celebrated but three or four times a year, are unacquainted with persons residing at a distant village in the same parish. The pastor himself has never seen all, nor even half, of his people together

at one place at one time. Hence no organizer or Christian Doctrine teachers could ever hope to reach interested and future lay workers by calling a general meeting at one point of the parish.

The Chaperito school was an experiment from which gratifying results were and still are being obtained. The majority of the girls are still teaching Catechism weekly in their remote villages.

Sixteen young ladies were enrolled at
(Continued on page 7)



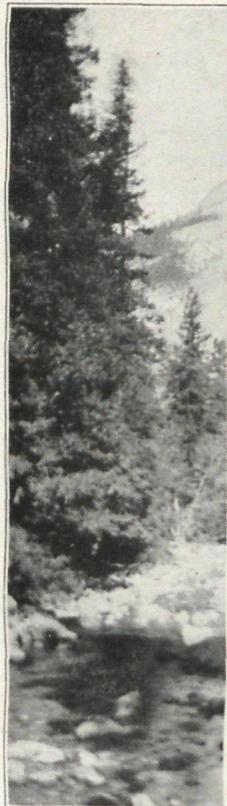
The class of lay Catechists at La Joya

sion villages, all within the confines of the Chaperito parish, yet varying in distances of from forty to sixty-five miles from each other. Needless to say, accommodations for eating and sleeping during the eight weeks of this intensive training were indispensable. A four-room adobe house was provided by the pastor. Generous friends in the East provided the camp furnishings, which consisted of cots, camp-chairs, folding card tables to be used as school desks,

From Father Junipero Serra's Land

(The Missionary Catechists in Father Serra's Land)

Padre Zeferino—Old Mission, Santa Barbara, California



Readers of "The Missionary Catechist" will have learned that the State of California has placed in the Hall of Fame, at Washington, D. C., a large bronze statue of the Rev. Fr. Junipero Serra, O. F. M., and that it was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on March 1st. The solemn act proclaims Fr. Junipero Serra the first and foremost son and citizen of the Golden State, "a man of whom California is proud," as Senator Hiram W. Johnson declared on that memorable event.

The zealous Catechists have already entered the

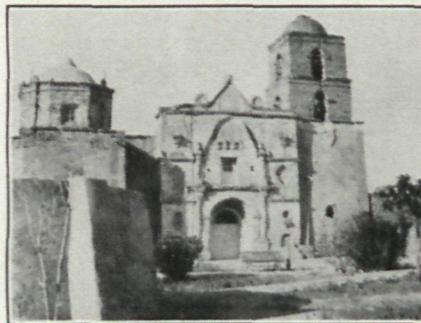
State some time ago, but not until lately have they reached the scenes of Fr. Serra's activities, the coast region from San Diego to San Francisco, along the famous Camino Real.

At the urgent request of Rt. Rev. J. J. Cantwell, D. D., Bishop of Los Angeles and San Diego, Rev. J. J. Sigstein, founder and spiritual director of the Society of Missionary Catechists, sent four Catechists to save the Mexican children around Santa Paula, only forty miles from the hillside habitation of the writer; and they are now treading the soil walked by the founder of the early Indian Missions. It is hallowed ground for a better reason: One higher than Fr. Serra preceded,—The Lord of all the Missions from the time of the Apostles till now.

It came about in this way:—On July 14, 1769, an exploring expedition in search of San Francisco Bay set out from San Diego Bay. On August 2nd the party of sixty-four men and two Franciscans headed by Captain Gaspar de Portola camped on a spot within the limits of the City of Los Angeles. Thereupon the explorers continued and made their way through a mountain pass to

the north, and emerged on an extensive plain traversed by a river which Fr. Juan Crespi on August 9th named Santa Clara for the glorious Saint Clare, whose feast would occur on the 12th of August. Valley and stream still bear that name.

On the evening of August 12th, a Saturday, the party camped not far from the river in the vicinity of what is now Santa Paula. Next day the two Franciscans, Fr. Juan Crespi and Fr. Francisco Gomez, who came with the expedition as chaplains and chroniclers, both celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Thus the land there was hallowed by the very Lord of Hosts Himself. The exact spot, after one hundred and sixty-two years, will be difficult to locate. However, from that date on, the Camino Real, or King's Highway, passed the locality, and the old Fathers would go back and forth from the camp of San Hipolito and San Casiano, which name Fr. Crespi applied to the place for the



SANTA BARBARA MISSION

saints of the day,—Sunday, August 13th, 1769. Fr. Serra himself, always on foot, passed by here several times on his way from San Gabriel to San Buenaventura; for the last time on November 12th or 13th, 1783.

I, therefore, take the liberty to congratulate the Catechists singled out to work in this district among the numerous Mexicans, and Father John Conlon for securing such efficient aids. I dare say the Catechists will themselves describe their activities for the enjoyment and edification of the benefactors in the East. Would to God that both Catechists and benefactors multiplied, for the eyes of the Lord rest fondly upon those who will lead to Him the children sectarians endeavored to pervert.

"EL CAMINO REAL",—the King's Highway—is the Spanish name for the historic road that connected the twenty-one Franciscan Missions in the early days of California. Each one of these Missions was located in such a manner that it would be but one day's journey on foot to the adjoining Mission. Many of these historic Missions have been restored.

Today the King's Highway is a magnificent concrete road leading from San Diego on the south 700 miles to San Francisco on the north.

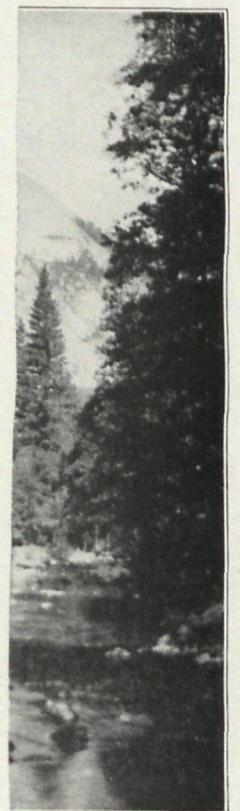
This great highway is marked by picturesque Mission Bell guide-posts giving the distances between the principal towns and Missions.

These Missions Bells serve not only as landmarks and guides to travelers but are likewise testimonials to the missionary labors of the good old Franciscan Padres who came to California in 1767.

Today the Missionary Catechists follow in the footsteps of the Padres, journeying along the King's Highway to seek out and save the souls of the neglected poor.

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, N. M.
- 5 620 W. 15th St., Gary, Ind.
- 7 3868 Block Ave., East Chicago, (Indiana Harbor,) Ind.
- 8 Box 30, Montezuma Route, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- 9 Cerrillos, New Mexico.
- 10 Lubbock, Texas, Box 1658.
- 11 Santa Rosa, N. Mexico.
- 12 Catechist Blanche Richardson, Supervisor of Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, N. Mex.
- 13 Calipatria, California. Box 533.
- 14 Santa Paula California, 222 8th St.





We were very happy to have our dear Bishop spend the afternoon of March 3rd informally with us at Victory-Noll. During his visit he favored us with a detailed account of his interview with Theresa Neumann, the stigmatic of Konnersreuth.

Dr. Anne Dengel, foundress and superior of the Society of Medical Missioners whose center is at Brookland, Washington, D. C., was a most welcomed guest at Victory-Noll recently. Dr. Dengel gave us a very interesting and entertaining, as well as instructive, talk on the work of the Medical Missioners among the people of India where they are laboring at the present time. Though the Society is still very young, its members are doing splendid work and we pray that God may increase their number and bless their noble efforts.

What are the benefits of membership in the 2500 Club?

- 1 Members share in the spiritual share in the spiritual benefits of the Society of Missionary Catechists, in the labors, merits and good works of the Catechists they help to support, and in the prayers of the poor children under their care.
- 2 Their intentions are included in the Masses offered for the Society and its benefactors.
- 3 A special Mass in honor of Our Lady of Victory is offered for their intentions every Saturday.
- 4 Their intentions are remembered in the Perpetual Novena to Our Blessed Lady of Victory made by the Catechists as well as at the famous shrines of Our Lady of Lourdes, Lourdes, France, Our Lady of Victory, Paris, France, and the Sacred Heart, Paris, France.

Dear Catechist:

Please enroll me in The 2500 Club. I am enclosing \$ _____, dues for _____ months.

Name _____

Address _____

Membership dues—\$1.00 per month.

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

"THAT'S ALL!"

Anne hurried along the dusty, country road. A dark frown clouded her pretty face. Though the whole world seemed bubbling over with the joy of spring her heart was heavy.

"I'll find a quiet spot where I can think and I'll settle this affair once and for all!"

Anne was not an impulsive creature, but on this particular morning she arose in a peculiar frame of mind, dressed hurriedly and took the trolley to the end of the line. Leaving the noisy city behind her, she walked rapidly down the dirt road which lead to—she knew not where. At last a small slump of elm trees appeared at her right and here she settled herself, face in hand and elbow on knee, to decide a weighty matter.

"After all, my destiny is in my own hands. God will not force me to do His Will. It is up to me and I am a weakling for permitting others to interfere with what I know to be His design. But—that's the trouble. I lack courage; I need strength!"

"Lady, if you need strength and courage this ain't the way to git 'em."

Anne looked up with a start and her eyes met the solemn, steady stare of red-headed, freckled-faced, twelve-year-old Billy. For a moment they gazed fixedly at each other. A pleased sensation crept over Anne; the frown left her brow and a soft laugh broke from her lips. There was no need for preliminaries.

"What would you suggest?" Anne asked quietly.

Billy rested his old stick carefully against the trunk of a nearby tree, rubbed one muddy, bare foot against the ankle of the other, scratched his bright head and pondered. Then with almost stern deliberation he pulled up the trouser legs of his patched and faded overalls and seated himself opposite his questioner. Anne felt like hugging him. Who was he? Where did he live? Was he acting the Solomon or was he one of those rare, grave children, brought up intimately with nature, who can utter more wisdom in one sentence than many mature folks do in a year? These and other questions crowded her mind but she waited, suppressing a smile.

"It ain't often pretty ladies need strength and courage." This was a mere statement, not a compliment. "Sounds like you are wantin' to join an army."

"That's just it! I want to join an army:—the army of Christ's Religious!"

Billy expressed no surprise. "A-hum—. Then you got a easy job. All you got-a do is pray. An' if you need more prayers git somebody else to pray."

"A silence followed. Billy rose, took up his stick and prepared to walk off,

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

—Father Faber.

apparently considering the interview successfully closed. Anne, who had been speechless with surprise at the answer, cried out:

"Wait a minute! Please don't go. Are you sure that is all I must do?"

"Yes, lady, that's all."

"But whom shall I ask to pray? No one wants me to go."

"Lady, there is lots of folks who'll be glad to do the prayin' if you jist ask 'em."

"I believe you are right. But who are you, anyway? Come, tell me about yourself."

"'Taint important." The small shoulder shrugged noticeably.

"But who teaches you all these things? Do you go to school?" Anne questioned, hoping to detain him.

"Yes, I does, but there ain't no need for it. I got Gran'ma. Good-bye, lady."

In another minute the solemn, freckled-faced, red-headed, twelve-year-old Billy, dressed in faded, patched overalls and with a stick in one hand, was gone, leaving a supremely happy young lady behind him.

NOVENA

Our Blessed Mother is ever attentive to the pleas of Her loving children and never fails to obtain the graces we seek for the greater glory of God and the salvation of our souls. Include your intentions in the perpetual Novena in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory which the Catechists are making at Victory-Noll.



BOOST THE 2500 CLUB

A TRIBUTE FROM A SECULAR PRESS

The following is an excerpt from an article written by Miss Bear which appeared some time ago in the LUBBOCK AVALANCHE.

"A rocky wind-swept mesa on the northern outskirts of Lubbock holds an asylum for troubled inhabitants of "Little Juarez," the Mexican colony. A cottage there houses five Missionary Catechist Sisters, whose lives are devoted day after day to moving quietly among the Spanish-speaking peoples, offering their services as practical nurses, giving clothing and food and spiritual help to those who are of their faith.

"They have been trained in social service and to do practical nursing as well as to teach catechism.

"The work of the Sisters here is not confined to the Mexican colony in Lubbock but extends to ranches and small



ALONG THE LOVELY PECOS RIVER, Santa Rosa, New Mexico

towns in this vicinity, and, although their work is among the Spanish-speaking races particularly, they do not limit their activities exclusively to these people. Neither do they do all of their work among those of the Catholic faith.

"Our business is to help those who need help," one of the Catechists explained last week.

"Most of their work is within the Mexican colony which lies north of the Santa Fe tracks, however. They go into the homes where there is squalor and illness and nurse those who need their care. They take clean clothing and bedding to Mexicans who need these things. They

Ojitos Frios is one of our pet Out-Missions from Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, N. M. The people there are humble and God-loving. Their little church is quaint and well-cared for, but they have the Holy Sacrifice offered in it very seldom. One night Father placed the Blessed Sacrament in the Tabernacle where it would stay until he celebrated Mass the next morning. When they heard that Our Sacramental King would remain in their midst throughout the night, a great joy filled the hearts of those dear people. They are very poor and have no cars to bring them to church, but they came in wagons, on horse-back and on foot; "For," they said, "Jesus must not regret this visit or be lonely during His stay!" The whole long night they watched and prayed before the Tabernacle. There are no pews in the church so they knelt or sat on the floor. Such ardent love and devotion must indeed make Our Dear Lord happy during His brief visits to Ojitos Frios.

Catechist Laura Franken.

give advice to Mexican women, who are living in a strange country and who know nothing of American customs, and teach them sanitation, as well as doctrines.

"Children are gathered into classes for regular doctrinal instruction.

"Since the Catechist house has been in Lubbock, the morale of the Mexican community has shown improvement and the Catechists co-operate with the public school in keeping the Mexican children in attendance, according to Mrs. George Duval, who teaches over there.

"Many of these Mexican families have problems which are brought to me as the teacher in their midst, and I find that I can refer them to these Catechists who are trained to offer help," she explained. "The Catechists are loved throughout the colony by the Mexicans who have homes there and who are striving to raise the standards of living in that section," Mrs. Duval said.

"And the Catechists love their work among the Mexicans. 'We could learn so much from them in gallantry,' one said last week. 'We find in Mexicans the utmost loyalty and devotion and we receive truly courteous treatment from them.' There is an inborn chivalry among these people, she believes."

Each Catechist is supported by means of a Burse. This Burse, when completed, amounts to \$6,000.00 and is usually made up of small contributions. Burses are named in honor of Our Lord, Our Blessed Mother, the Saints or the Souls in Purgatory.

Back the Catechists financially by contributing regularly toward their support:
 Bl. De Montfort Burse \$ 15.00
 Jesus, the Great High Priest, Burse 41.00
 Our Lady, Help of the Sick, Burse 12.00

IN THE HOME FIELD

BREAKING CAMP

The cotton picking season is over at Dos Palos, Calif., and our Mexicans are leaving the camps. They are off in search of work in the orange groves or anywhere else where work is to be found, but there is little hope of their securing employment until the fruit picking season which is months away as yet. Where will they go and what will they do until that time?—I wonder!

To watch one car after another leave the camp site is like watching a parade not lacking in humor. Each family has its own conception of how the household goods should be packed for the journey. Sometimes a mattress graces the top of an old, old Ford. Then again several wash tubs keep noisy company with the spare tire. And again a wash board boldly rests on one fender while on the other a worn broom stands erect among kitchen utensils.

CATECHIST EMMA DIETZ

The feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph was celebrated in our mission with great devotion. A procession took place after Mass with San Jose's picture in the place of honor. The procession was very orderly and inspiring. I am sure dear St. Joseph was greatly pleased with his faithful clients at Lubbock, Texas.



"Our children are eager to learn and faithful in attending instructions."—Holman, N. M.

A CHURCH BUT NO STATUES

A fire in our church some time ago, destroyed the statues of the Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. On account of frequent earthquakes, it is necessary to tie or fasten all statues to the walls of the church. Consequently, it was impossible for the men to remove and carry them to safety when the fire broke out.

The poverty of the people, both American and Mexican, makes it impossible for them to refurnish the church. They are praying daily that Our Blessed Mother may inspire some of our good friends to send them a statue of Our Lord, Our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph or St. Patrick who is the patron of this church. Perhaps some generous Catholic will desire to give one of these statues in memory of his departed mother and father.

CATECHIST ESTHER FURST.

It takes only \$25.00 to keep a Catechist at work in the field for one month.

Secure for yourself a lifelong share in the merits of the prayers and good works performed by the Catechists by becoming a Life Subscriber to "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST." \$10.00, the price of a life subscription, is payable in installments of \$1.00 per month.



Joe Encinias is a fifteen-year-old boy from Hot Springs, one of our Out-Missions. For seven successive Sundays Joe walked fourteen miles to hear Mass. The last few Sundays others

have followed his example, among them was Flora Benevides. Last Sunday, shortly after our rising bell at five o'clock, the door-bell rang. On answering the call, we found Flora, ready for Mass. Neither the deep snow, which covered the ground, nor the cold could keep her away. Needless to say, we took her to a cozy room and after Mass gave her a warm breakfast before permitting her to start on her long tramp home.

May the zeal of these good children stir the hearts of those Catholics who are indifferent to the practices of our Holy Religion, especially to the regular attendance at Mass.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them!"
 Catechist Laura Franken.

CATECHISM TEACHERS' TRAINING CAMPS IN N. M.

(Continued from page 3)

a second "camp" opened at La Joya on June 8th, 1930. They were given a course of study similar to that followed by the Chaperito girls. At the end of their training course, they received certificates indicating the completion of the course together with a badge of membership in the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe.

These young ladies have done splendid work during the past six months. They have devoted themselves weekly, and in some cases, daily, to the Religious Instruction of the poor children in their villages. Indeed, they have not limited themselves to their respective villages but also go out to neighboring villages to take care of children in need of Christian Instruction. One village in particular, now cared for by these lay catechists, was notorious for its neglect of religious duties. It was an unusual thing for anyone to make his First Holy Communion until the occasion of his seeking a partner in matrimony when, of course, it was obligatory first to be prepared properly to receive this Sacrament of the Living.

As an evidence of the zeal of these trained lay catechists, there comes to mind the story of two of these young Spanish girls who on returning to their homes from the Training Institute found one of the villagers lying at the point of death. This man had not been to the Sacraments for twenty years and had obstinately refused to see the Padre



A LAY CATECHIST WITH HER CLASS

and receive the Sacraments. Time and time again these lay missionaries went to the home of the dying fallen-away Catholic only to be repulsed by him at every call. Finally, however, after much prayer, they obtained his consent to see the Padre. Then at their own expense, they hired a man to bring Father from Chaperito. Father came, heard the man's confession and administered the Last Sacraments. Both he and the lay catechists had the happiness of seeing another "prodigal son" die a happy death.

For months one lay catechist conducted devotions daily in the little mission chapel in the absence of the Missionary. She led the congregation in the recitation of the Rosary, parts of which were sung, and in the morning and evening prayers recited in community. The cold weather and small supply of fuel for heating the church obliged this little missionary of fourteen (she was our youngest pupil) to abandon her efforts temporarily; but she intends to resume them when the weather is warmer.

The Missionary Catechists encourage these youthful and zealous workers by frequent visits. Although the lay catechists are almost without exception very poor, they have never asked for anything for themselves, only for the children under their care. They are very happy to get holy pictures, medals, etc., to distribute among their little charges. As zealous and efficient auxiliaries of the Missionary Catechists, these splendid young lay workers are rendering heroic service in preserving the Faith of their own poor people living in the scattered out-Missions of New Mexico.

Anyone especially interested in the training of lay catechists and desiring to promote the good work may make a contribution directly to Catechist Blanche Richardson, Supervisor of the Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, Victory-Mount, Vas Vegas, New Mexico.

"BE NOT WEARY IN WELL-DOING." (2 Thess. iii, 13)

"DO GOOD," SAYS THE PSALMIST

Mary's Little Helpers



JACKIE BECKER, A HAPPY LITTLE HELPER

Dear Little Helpers:

Did you ever hear of a mountain that looked like a watermelon? I did, a long time ago, but I thought somebody was just teasing me. Anyhow, when I went to New Mexico, I thought about this mountain and I asked the people if there was such a mountain. Sure, there was, they agreed, and it was called the Sandia Mountain, which means "The Watermelon Mountain." Well, I still didn't believe it, so the people we were staying with told me they would take me there and show me—and they did. We rode for miles and miles over hills and deserts, and I kept looking for this funny mountain. Finally the driver stopped, and he pointed to a mountain—"there," he said, "is the Sandia mountain." I looked, and didn't see any watermelons, or anything that looked like a watermelon. Then as I stood there looking, I noticed something pink and I discovered that the mountain was red clay. Scattered all over this red clay were little bushes that looked like small black patches. Later I discovered these were pinion bushes. Pinions, you know, are little nuts, and very good to eat. The top of this mountain is rounded like a watermelon and the whole edge is covered with beautiful little green pine trees. Then, I knew where it got its name. I thought the mountain would look like a green mound or something like that, but what it really looks like is a slice of melon. Do you see what I mean? The red clay at the bottom looks like the red part of the melon; the black trees or bushes look like seeds and the green trees the skin or rind. Any-

how, I was satisfied after I saw it because I really had been curious. But I still think that the Indians, or whoever named this mountain would have done better if they had named it "Rebanada de sandia" which means "Slice of watermelon" instead of just "Watermelon," don't you? At least it would have saved me a lot of guessing.

Adios,

WEE WILLIE WINKLES.

Many, many thanks Little Helpers for the good work you have done for our poor little first Communicants. We were happy to get so many nice first Communion outfits, and the children were far happier than we were.

Two of our new bands in Logansport, Indiana, are surely living up to their title of "Mary's Little Helpers." The one little band made twenty-three dresses for little girls in about a month. One day all the children of St. Joseph's School had what they called a "Catechist Shower." They brought baby dresses, dresses for older girls, baby booties, children's stockings, pajamas and many other things. Don't you think this was a good idea?

Dear Catechists:

Enclosed find \$1.00 for the Missions. will eat no candy till Easter. Here is my money for the poor children.

Yours truly,

JOAN REICHARD.

Dear Catechists:

I think The Little Angels' Burse would be nice because mama said we are all little angels. I will send ten cents a month and \$1.20 a year. I hope all the poor boys and girls have a happy Easter.

I got all A's in everything but I missed one word in spelling.

Your little Helper,

WILLIAM BREWER.

Baby Theresa Casey is one of our newest Little Helpers, and is already the proud possessor of one of our Little Flower statues. Baby Theresa doesn't want to miss a copy of our little magazine so she has subscribed for life.

I am sure there are many more Little Helpers who like our magazine very much, and who would also like to have a Little Flower statue. So, Little Helpers, why not ask Mother and Dad to send in a life subscription, which costs only ten dollars? Then you will not only get the magazine all the time, but you will also receive a statue.

Dear Catechists:

I haven't forgotten you or my promise to be a Little Helper. I am saving my pennies and also in the near future will send some books and games I don't play with anymore.

I remain your Little Helper,

THOMAS REED.



TWO LITTLE WORKERS FROM CHICAGO

ARE YOU SELLING ANY MAGAZINES

The Associate Catechists of Mary



Many of us could learn a lesson in Faith from our little Mexican children, as the following incident will show. Salud, a lad about eight years old, was a faithful attendant at Catechism classes

and Mass. One day, however, after his father had been listening to propaganda against our holy Faith, he decided that Salud also should become a Baptist. Salud, although only eight years old, felt that he had something to say about this when it came to a question of giving up his Faith. So, one day he came to Catechist, and said, "Catechist, do I make a sin when I come to Mass when my papa tell me not to? This morning he say to me, 'If you go to Mass again, I whip you.' I start, he catch me, and he whip me. Then he lock me up inside and I crawl out window and I come. Grandma say I kin come. Because I am Catholic I can't go to Bapstick church, kin i Catechist?"

Mrs. Helen Hynes of Chicago, has organized a club to help our Clinic at Las Vegas. The club is called "The Little Flower Clinic for the Poor." There are sixteen members and meetings are held every two weeks at which time they play cards and bunco. An interesting feature of this new club is that the members vie with each other to see who can secure the largest number of guests for each meeting. With this friendly competition the club surely will be a splendid success.

BAND ACTIVITIES

We wish to acknowledge and thank our good friends for the following:

- St. Mary's Mission Band, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Ankenbruck, promoter, \$300.00.
- St. Joseph's Band, Chicago, Mrs. Service, promoter, \$300.00
- Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Chicago, Mrs. Wainwright, \$64.50.
- St. Joseph's Band, No. 2, Chicago (Father Lescher), \$65.00.
- The Gaspar Mission Society, Carthage, Ohio, \$25.00.



The Immaculate Heart of Mary Band, Pittsburgh, Genevieve Renkey, promoter, \$45.00.
 Mary Sarsfield's Band, San Francisco, Calif., \$15.00.

One hundred and seventy-two dollars has been added to St. Paschal's Burse.

PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW?

- 1 What does it mean to be an ASSOCIATE CATECHIST OF MARY?
- 2 What does it cost to be an ASSOCIATE CATECHIST OF MARY?
- 3 What are the obligations of an ASSOCIATE CATECHIST OF MARY?
- 4 How much does an ASSOCIATE CATECHIST OF MARY HELP?
- 5 What does an ASSOCIATE CATECHIST OF MARY receive in exchange?
- 6 What does it mean to be a member of the VICTORY-NOLL BAND?
- 7 What is necessary to form a BAND?
- 8 How many A. C. M. MEMBERS are there?
- How many BANDS are there?
- 10 May DECEASED MEMBERS be enrolled?

- 1 An ASSOCIATE CATECHIST OF MARY is one who is interested in our HOME Missions and is willing to do his or her share by helping one way or another,—by contributing a certain amount each month,—Ten cents, fifty cents, a dollar, or more—every little bit helps. Or by making clothes for our poor; or collecting old clothes; or praying for our Missions.
- 2 It costs only FIFTY CENTS a year to be an ASSOCIATE CATECHIST OF MARY.
- 3 There are NO OBLIGATIONS. If you wish to discontinue your membership, and your Mission work, you simply drop out.
- 4 A member helps to support a Catechist, if he does nothing more than pay his dues, because the A. C. M. dues support a Burse. Then, too, many members make a contribution each month. Just think, by contributing only fifty cents a month for one year, this amounts to \$6.00, and by adding twenty-five cents more, this sum is sufficient to support a Catechist for one week. If you stop to realize the amount of good a Catechist can do in one week—teaching Catechism, visiting the sick, distributing food, medicine and clothing, and perhaps even sending a little soul to Heaven by administering the saving waters of Baptism—This is what an ASSOCIATE CATECHIST OF MARY makes possible.
- 5 An ASSOCIATE CATECHIST OF MARY receives in exchange for his charity—a share in all the Masses, Holy Communions and prayers of the Catechists; in the Mass offered on Saturday in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, and the special Mass offered on the first Friday of each month for the A. C. M. members. In addition to this a Mass is offered at the death of each member.
- 6 To be a member of the VICTORY-NOLL HOME BAND, nothing more is required than the payment of dues. If you wish you may help by sending old clothes to the Missions.
- 7 To form a BAND you ask eight or more of your friends if they would like to help the Missions. You choose a name for your band, and decide what you will do, such as—make clothes, altar linens, First Communion outfits, or sponsor "First Aid" or "Miscellaneous Showers." Or have a card or bunco party and help to support a Catechist.
- 8 We have approximately 1500 members, but we need YOUR HELP too, because each year we are opening new Missions, and therefore need more friends.
- 9 At the present time we have 62 Bands, but are always willing to help start new ones.
- 10 DECEASED MEMBERS may be enrolled and share in the same benefits. They also share in the good works and benefits of the Catechists laboring in the Missions under the Poor Souls Burse. The dues are fifty cents a year, or \$10.00 for perpetual membership.

How many Catholics feel the same as little Lupe feels about sin. Lupe was one of the few boys in Catechism class who refused to go to confession. When Catechist asked him why he would not go, he always had the same answer: "I can't, Catechist. My sin is too big to tell and I'm 'fraid to go." In spite of all the talking Catechist did to change his mind, he just couldn't god. Then all of a sudden Lupe changed his mind. One day during Lent the Altar boys

failed to appear in time for public stations. Father looked around and spied Lupe in the back of the church. He called and asked him if he would carry the cross for him. Oh, surely, Lupe would, because that is considered quite an honor among the Mexican boys. Lupe carried the cross very proudly, but as soon as Stations were finished, he hurried back to Catechist and said, "Catechist, I go to confession right away quick. That cross was so heavy and I know that my big sin made it so heavy, so I go to confession right away quick and get the sin off my soul." And Lupe went to confession and immediately got rid of the big cross.

HELP SUPPORT A CATECHIST BY JOINING THE A. C. M.

Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE IN THE RELIGIOUS STATE from the original of Rev. S. M. Giraud, revised by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, \$3.00.

This splendid work is dedicated to Religious men and women in the words of St. Francis de Sales to a nun at her profession: "Courage, dearest daughter! You are now laid in spirit on the altar, there to be offered in sacrifice and slain; nay, more, to be consumed as a holocaust in the sight of the living God."

The term "Religious" must ever be identical with "Sacrificial Victim." The Religious is immolated, consecrated and consumed as a living sacrifice unto God, otherwise, profession becomes a most unfortunate deception. There is not another body of men or women so wholly consecrated to unselfish service of God as that of the Religious, yet, even among them will be found an occasional Ophni or Phinees who pilfers from the holocaust. It is to prevent such sacrilegious thefts that this book has been written.

Love of sacrifice is love at high tide; love of sacrifice is heroic love; love of sacrifice is perfect service. "Greater love than this no man hath, that he should give his life for his friends." Sacrificial love nailed the Saviour to the cross of Calvary. In turn it stretches the Religious on the cross of duty and moulds for him a crown like unto that of martyrdom. Happy the Religious who has been cradled and nursed in the spirit of sacrifice. Father Giraud with a masterhand trains the Religious from her novitiate to her final "consummation est" in this spirit of sacrifice.

Minot, N. D.

Dear Catechists:

I am enclosing a one dollar offering in honor of the Five Wounds of Our Blessed Lord in thanksgiving for a favor received. Please pray for my intentions. May Our Blessed Lord bless you all.

Mr. A. R.

PLEASE PRAY FOR

Mrs. Agnes Koenig, Wm. T. Twomey, El Paso, Texas, Michael Farrell, A. C. M.; Mrs. Mary Jauch, A. C. M.; Mrs. Catherine Marks, A. C. M.; Mr. Niedhardt; Catherine McKeogh, A. C. M.

May their souls and all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.

MARY, OUR REFUGE AND OUR HOPE

"In all perils, doubts and troubles, think of Mary, call on Mary. Let Her name be ever on your lips and in your heart."
—St. Francis of Assisi.

"O Mary, we have not yet praised, exalted, honored, loved and served You as we ought to do, You deserve still more praise, still more respect, still more honor, and far more service."
—Blessed De Montfort.

"O, if we would throw ourselves more upon Mary than we do, with the whole weight of love, with the whole weight of our necessities! She is loving each one of us this moment with a surprising love. No friend, no parent, no saint, no angel, has ever been to us what She has been. It is wonderful what She has done for us without asking, but most wonderful of all is what She can do and will do if we will ask more and trust more."
—Father Faber.

When you follow Mary you will not go astray;

Under Her favor you will arrive at your journey's end in the harbor of safety.

She restrains the Son that He strike not

She keeps back the devil that he harms not

She holds fast the virtues, that they vanish not,

She holds fast the merits, that they are not lost,

She holds fast the graces, that they do not disappear.—St. Bernard.

At Victory-Noll

On the Feast of the Annunciation, March 25th, our beloved Bishop, the Right Reverend John F. Noll, officiated at Investiture Ceremonies at Victory-Noll. The ceremonies were preceded by the usual four-day retreat, which was given by Rev. Father Salesius, O. M. Cap., of Detroit, Mich.

About two years ago, during the illness of our dear Spiritual Father, Father Salesius acted as our chaplain and instructor. Throughout that entire period he did not spare himself in giving the Catechists solid and edifying spiritual instructions. By means of spiritual conferences and his fatherly solicitude and direction, but especially by means of good example, he constantly drew the young Catechists along the difficult paths of Christian Perfection.

It was, then, with a sense of deep spiritual joy that everyone welcomed good Father Salesius as retreat master for the semi-annual retreat at Victory-Noll. The Catechists at Victory-Noll and also the Catechists from Gary and Indiana Harbor who were home for the occasion, were fittingly prepared by his inspiring conferences for the making or renewal of their consecration or the renewal of their Holy Vows.

Eight Catechists renewed their Vows, seven were invested as Probationers, and eleven as Consecrates. Those invested as Probationers were Catechist Josephine Jim, Catechist Gabriella Smith, Catechist Clara Keiffer, Catechist Catherine Goodner, Catechist Marie Murphy, Catechist Emma Siegfried and Catechist Rose Hornby.

The following were invested as Consecrates: Catechists Mary Navratil, Ellen Walsh, Mary Stech, Mercedes Perez, Marguerite Fournie, Adele Mauzer, Catherine Larson, Helen Beall, Francis Lott, Mary Cihak, and Otilia Mendoza.

On the same day twenty-two Catechists renewed their Vows at Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, New Mexico, and eight at Santa Paula, California.

Every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children or lands for My Name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall possess Life Everlasting. —(Matt. xix, 29)



OUR NEW CANDIDATES

BECOME A LIFE SUBSCRIBER TO T. M. C.

An Indian Girl's Funeral

A SOUTHWESTERN SKETCH BY LEONARD M. COWLEY

Soft-chiming bells suddenly struck jarringly upon the desert air, stripping away the cloak of silence which engulfed the ancient Mission of San Xavier del Bac. A rumble of wagon wheels disturbed the peacefulness of the siesta hour. The desert sprang to life. Doors opened. From the low, dun-grey adobe huts poured women,—black-shawled, dark-visaged, slow-moving Papago squaws.

My afternoon of sight-seeing at the old Arizona Mission, located near Tucson, had been well-chosen. Something unusual was afoot.

The groaning of iron on desert gravel introduced a new tone to the variety of noises which had suddenly been awakened. A scream of wooden brake-blocks against rusted metal wheel rims, and an ancient farm wagon halted before the Mission. Six sturdy Papago men slipped silently from the vehicle, disclosing a burden which the wagon carried,—a long, grey, wooden casket. Lifting the box the men carried it between the two rows of silent, dark-faced women and aged men, in through the waiting door of the church.

I followed. On two saw-horses lay the casket. Close to the altar it rested, open to the lofty ceiling which centuries had scarce disfigured. Crude pine benches lining the walls of the building were filled with solemn, quiet Indian spectators.

A priest entered, emerging from the dark door at the right where an old organ, relic of more than three decades, pealed a wailing note. Voices uplifted in an unknown tongue sang dolorously. The singing stopped; the priest stepped to the side of the casket and read briefly in Latin. The choir and the weird organ once more broke the quiet.

Then the priest spoke. His voice, subdued to harmonize with the occasion, seemed to blend with the surroundings:—the two carved Lions of Aragon visible just beyond the speaker, the pastoral murals, half lost in the lap of time, the sweet tones of the bells which seemed yet to vibrate on the quiet desert atmosphere.

He spoke of the death of Maria, the Indian girl, who, reared at the Mission, had died at Yuma. She had been brought back to find her last resting place among the departed of her people. Quietly, patiently, fatherly, the Priest gave his flock a lesson in life, in religion, painting a picture so sweet, so beautiful, so simple that all could understand.

"The springtime comes and the flowers have buds. These buds become blossoms as summer nears. The blossoms fade with the coming of the cold winds in the fall and, when winter comes, the blossoms go away. The young bird we watch as it learns to fly, enjoys a short time with us, learning to sing, to be happy but he, too, like the flower, is soon gone.

"Flowers and birds, when they go, can never return. They can never enjoy life again. Unlike us, they have no souls, no hope of a new life after this one.

"Our Maria, like the flower, grew to beautiful young womanhood in our midst; like the bird she sang and was happy while with us. But the Giver of Life saw fit to take our Maria from us; to take her to that other world where we should all hope some day to have life again. And so we bury what is left to us of Maria, remembering her as a flower which bloomed in our midst, a bird which sang to our hearts."

Once more the bells pealed. The six Indians lifted the casket and carried it from the church. The Priest following, they marched silently up the hill to the west of the great white Mission.

So long as I live I shall remember that funeral procession; dogs rushing from the huts of the village, hurling up fine dust in the wake of the marchers, barking irreverently at one another; the slow tread of the pall-bearers, the patient Priest and the Papago people—up, over the desert rise, walking slowly into the sunset, going to bury what was left to them of Mario, "the flower which bloomed in our midst, the bird which sang to our hearts."

A DESERT VIEW IN THE SOUTHWEST



Help The Catechists

Bring

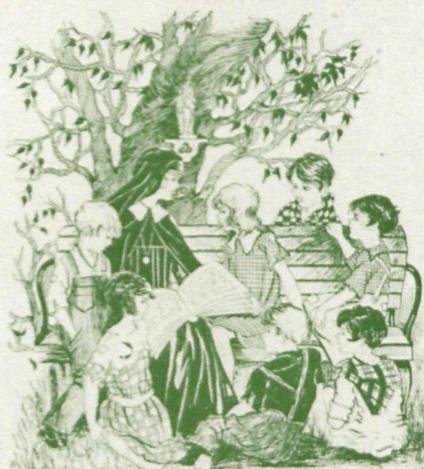
Christian Education

to thousands of Poor Catholic children
in scattered home Missions

BY DEPOSITING YOUR DAILY SELF-DENIAL
OFFERINGS IN A MITE BANK AND
FORWARDING THEM TO

Society of Missionary Catechists
Victory-Noll
Huntington, Indiana

SEND FOR ONE OF OUR MITE BANKS TODAY!



“All for Jesus thru Mary”

Members of the Society of Missionary Catechists devote their lives to the religious instruction of poor children in scattered Mission places. They prepare these destitute and neglected little ones for the reception of the Sacraments and teach them to lead good, practical, Catholic lives.

As practical nurses, they visit and care for the sick poor in their homes. As Social Service Workers they engage in welfare work. In the various Mission Chapels they look after the Altar and Vestments and lead public devotion in the absence of the Missionary.