

The Missionary Catechist



The Catechists' happy Acolytes—Gary, Ind.

My Choice

GRACE RICE

Deep in my heart of hearts
I feel the Call to go;
For I sense the gravest temptings
Which only God can know.

In the life I've built about me
Promptings sweet urge me to stay;
Though I know a life more noble—
Should I choose to take that way!

Oh, the futile, empty living
In this little world of mine!
Do I think that it can equal
All the joys of things Divine?



Are my thoughts so dulled and senseless;
Is my soul to be ignored?
Shall I scorn the very way
In which He wants to be adored?

Lo! the silent voice grows nearer,
A white light shines straight ahead
For, in blissful satisfaction,
I have chosen Him instead!

The Missionary Catechist

Volume VII

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

Number 7

"What Is It To Me?"

CATECHIST D. SCHNEIDER

What is it to me, that in a recent publication recounting the experiences of a group of sectarian welfare-workers among Mexicans in California the following story is told:

"Here we are at the little home of Pedro Soto, the sugar-beet topper, in California. Our guide having called before, we are admitted at once. At first glance we wonder if this is an out-of-door school or an orphanage. Under the spreading fig tree are ten children, the eldest but seventeen. Near the door sits a pale, listless boy. The glands of his neck are diseased and swollen. Don Pedro explains that within the senora and two more children are very sick.

"We find the poor little mother sitting on the rude, cold floor. There are no chairs, just two boxes. Her face is drawn with pain and from long suffering, but she is not too ill to brush away from the fevered little cheeks and lips of her two very sick children at her side the clouds of lazy flies bred by thousands in a pile of nearby refuse.

"We note that there are only two rooms in the casa (hut) for the family of fourteen. There are only two beds, both in the same room. WE WONDER IF THE IVORY IMAGE OF THE SAVIOR ON THE SILVER-MOUNTED EBONY CROSS ABOVE THE LARGER BED CAN SAVE THIS SITUATION. At any rate, the pain-racked face of the brave mamacita (little mother) is lifted like a Madonna to that relic of better days in her patria, Mexico!"

What is it to me that welfare workers are going into homes such as this, where Faith is still lively, and, by their kindness and service are winning the hearts of these people and diverting their Faith from the true channel of grace, the Holy Catholic Church? These workers, sincere, energetic,—ever-alert,—seem, from a material standpoint, to be achieving splendid things. But, as practical Catholics and devoted children of Holy Church, can we stand by and watch them sow cockle in the fair garden of our Lord?

CAN THE IVORY IMAGE OF THE SAVIOR ON THE SILVER-MOUNTED EBONY CROSS HANGING ON THE BARE WALLS OF THAT HUMBLE HUT SAVE THAT SITUATION?

Assuredly the IMAGE can not! No Catholic is so ignorant of the true teachings of Holy Mother the Church as to believe that a bit of wood, or ivory, or any other substance modeled into the form of Jesus Christ, the Savior of mankind, can save any situation. But Jesus Christ, in WHOSE HONOR THE IMAGE WAS MADE AND WHOM IT REPRESENTS, CAN AND WILL REMEDY SUCH A SITUATION.

What is this to me? What does it mean in my life?

Only this: that the interests of my Church are my interests. When the interests of my Church suffer, my interests suffer. When I see members



"—Why didst thou doubt, o you of little Faith."

of my Church falling by the wayside, I know the Heart of Christ bleeds anew, and my heart must bleed with His. And since has intrusted to the members of His Church the duty of preserving and spreading the doctrines He promulgated, it is my duty to do what He would do if He walked visibly in our midst today. Manifestly, it is my duty to do everything in my power to preserve the Faith of Pedro and the poor who, like Pedro, are exposed to the danger of losing this precious treasure through the activities of sectarian workers.

The welfare of the Church is in the hands of its members,—and I am one of those members. I believe that the Catholic Church exemplifies the spirit of Christ. I believe that She alone, is the spiritual and moral guide of mankind, and since I do believe this, it follows logically that there is incumbent upon me the God-given duty of preserving as well as propagating the Faith.

I cannot escape the fact that "I am my brother's keeper". I am not merely the keeper of his body but, in a greater degree, the keeper of his soul. It was this duty which was so strongly stressed by our Holy Father, Pius X. in the program of Catholic Action which he recently announced as the ideal for Catholics the world over.

According to this practical program of Christian life, every Catholic is bound to labor, not only for his salvation, but for the salvation of his neighbor; and this not by prayers alone but by social action. When there is question of saving the Faith of those jeopardized by sectarian influence it behooves every Catholic worthy of the name, to do his part to fulfill the obligations, Jesus Christ has placed upon him. If there is need of saving the bodies of the poor, there is infinitely greater need of saving their souls.

I am in very truth the keeper of my brother's soul if I save him to Jesus Christ and His Church. Then will THE IVORY IMAGE OF THE SAVIOR OF MANKIND SAVE THE SITUATION.

PLEASE RENEW PROMPTLY

A Picnic Breakfast

CATECHIST BLANCHE RICHARDSON

"LET'S have a picnic supper!" How often some enthusiastic member of the family made such a proposal: and it didn't take much encouragement on our part to consent,—not with the temperature registering somewhere around ninety in the shade. It was more fun than work to spread a tablecloth on the green grass-carpet in the city park, beneath some giant elm, or sit beside some mountain stream with the music of rushing waters in our ears, and the sweet fragrance of pine-scented air about us. Oh yes, we are familiar with picnic dinners and picnic suppers. But how many of us have participated in a picnic breakfast! And yet, it was just such an affair which we attended some weeks ago in New Mexico. At least it was breakfast for the many who received Holy Communion at the ten o'clock Mass in the small Mission chapel at Hayden, where the parishioners assemble on the second Sunday of every month to assist at the Holy Sacrifice.

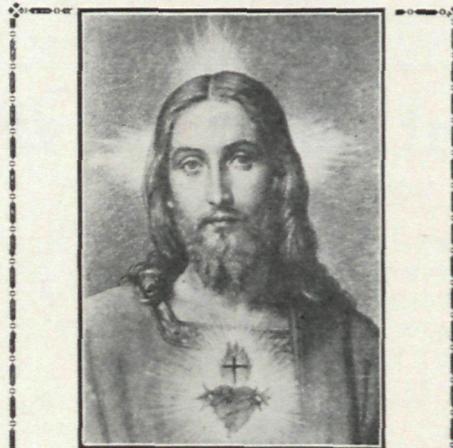
We enjoyed our trip to Hayden. It was rather unusual to find a community composed entirely of English-speaking people, in a land where Spanish is almost the only language spoken. Oh, yes, they were Americans all right! One smiled a bit at hearing American slang:

"Where shall I put our junk?" asked a stout gentleman of his sister. Of course, it wasn't exactly junk, for wasn't there some delicious fried chicken in the box? It was just his careless way of speaking,—the way with most of us Yankees.

And, so, the parishioners arrived. Each one carried mysterious looking parcels, boxes, thermo-jugs, etc. But these were quickly stowed away in an unused portion of the church while everyone turned his attention to the serious obligation of assisting devoutly at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The little chapel was crowded. Some men were even obliged to stand. We learned afterwards that a few Baptists were in the crowd. They, too, it seemed, were hungry for the Word of God. Let us hope that they profited by hearing it from the source of Truth, Holy Mother Church!

The hymns sung during Mass were English, of course. There was the old familiar hymn, "To Jesus' Heart All Burning," and the even better known, "O Lord I Am Not Worthy."

The Mass and Sermon over, everyone's attention turned, even if reluctantly, to the "eats." With pardonable haste the good mothers and wives proceeded to



O SACRED HEART OF JESUS
I PLACE MY TRUST IN THEE

"Oh, Sacred Heart of Jesus,
I place my trust in Thee."
Whatever may befall me, Lord,
Though dark the hour may be.

In all my joys, in all my woes,
Though naught but grief I see.
"Oh, Sacred Heart of Jesus,
I place my trust in Thee."

When those I love have passed away
And I am sore distressed,
Oh, Sacred Heart of Jesus,
I fly to Thee for rest.

In all my trials, great or small,
My confidence shall be,
Unshaken, as I cry, dear Lord,
"I place my trust in Thee."

This is my one sweet prayer, dear
Lord!
My faith, my trust, my love;
But, most of all, in that last hour,
When death points up above.

Ah! then, sweet Savior, may Thy Face
Smile on my soul set free.
Oh, may I cry with rapturous love,
"I've placed my trust in Thee."

empty the contents of the boxes they brought with them. There were several dozen bright shining tin cups, which the parishioners had bought jointly some months before, and these were soon filled with steaming coffee for those who had undertaken a long fast in order to be able to receive the Body and Blood of Christ. Paper plates were passed around. The food was placed on one common table and, at sight of it, one wondered if the good ladies had vied with one another to exhibit their culinary skill. There were baked meats and fried meats; light cakes and dark cakes; several kinds of salads, and fruits of all kinds. Everyone helped himself, cafeteria style. If anyone went home hungry, it was truly his own fault!

Of course, each family might have eaten lunch in the family car or wagon. (Almost everyone came from ranches five to twenty-five miles distant). We therefore admired the community spirit which prompted this modern "agape."

The empty boxes were quickly stowed away in the cars; the tin cups placed in the corner of the church for future service, and the floor swept. Soon autos purred, horses neighed and, amid cheerful "good-byes" and "see you next month," the parishioners disappeared over the plains,—homeward bound.

—Catechist Blanche Richardson.

After the publication of the May issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, we received a letter from one of our good friends calling our attention to the article concerning a poor lady who died in one of our out-missions without a funeral Mass. We are glad this was called to our attention as we feel there may be more readers who would be glad to have an explanation of this case. To begin with, the lady in question lived and died in a little village miles away from a church, or a priest. Perhaps some of our readers are unaware of the fact that a missionary in New Mexico, and other states of the Southwest, frequently must cover from three to five thousand square miles of territory in order to reach his distant outmissions. At best, the zealous missionary can only hope to reach some of his far-flung missions twice or three times a year. Under such circumstances it is manifestly impossible for the missionary, no matter how active he may be, to always reach his people in time to administer the Last Sacraments. He is constantly traveling from one mission to another to give his people the benefit of Mass and Holy Communion. Even though the people in these distant missions should have the means of transportation to summon the priest (and they usually do not) they might not be able to reach him. In many cases the chapel is so far distant from these poor people, who live in the heart of a canyon, or along the mountain side, that it would be extremely difficult for them to defray the expenses of the funeral to the chapel. Accustomed as we are in the East, to "auto funerals," it is hard to visualize a funeral in which poor people, having neither cars, chapel, nor even a plain wooden coffin, must content themselves with consigning to the grave the body of their dear deceased, laid out on a plain board or plank. It, therefore, is not merely a question of affording an offering for the Mass, but the expenses in connection with the funeral Mass,—embalming the body, transportation to the church, etc. Therefore, it is no unusual thing for these people to be buried without any services other than the prayers of relatives and friends at the house and at the grave. No blame can be attached to the zealous missionary, who in New Mexico ministers to his flock under the most difficult circumstances—crossing snow-covered mountains, rocky gorges and desert wastes to reach and care for his flock. It is only another instance of the pressing need of more missionaries to take care of the spiritual needs of thousands of souls—needs of which so many of our Catholic people in the East have not the slightest conception.

HE THAT SOWETH IN BLESSINGS SHALL ALSO REAP BLESSINGS. (2 cor. IV, 6.)



Inside Sun Temple Walls

THAT IDEAL OF SERVICE

I was just a child when I first made friends with the kind old schoolmaster at the village school. He was my hero; I was his "Angel" and a strong bond of understanding sympathy grew up secretly between us. One night, lonely and broken hearted, I poured a tale of woe into his ear and complained, childlike, that "I had no one to love me." In silence his trembling, wrinkled hand dried my tears until I regained self-control. Then slowly he quoted words that fell like burning coals from his lips upon my heart: "Child, dear, the glory of life is to love—not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served."

That was all. At first thought, this seemed a cruel bit of comfort for a child, but my hero knew that life had taught his Angel and had imbued her with wisdom beyond her years.

I never saw him after that night. Some said he died suddenly;—I never knew. But it did not matter, for his spirit walked beside he ever repeating his last beautiful lesson. Loyally I pondered it and sought to comprehend its full significance. And as I understood better, I sought more diligently the best means to realize this, my ideal of life, as revealed to me by one who loved me and read my soul aright.

Bitter experience taught me the coldness, the selfish materialism of a greedy world. A world which demands fiendish slavery and worship and cares naught for loving devotion.

When about to give up, fearing that my friend had given me a legacy, untimely and unpractical, I felt a call,—a call to a life of service. I beheld a vision of an ideal reached and realized.

"Never to grow weary; never to grow cold; to be ever patient, sympathetic, cheerful, hopeful; to serve always, to love forevermore; to give all and ask nothing!" In this, the simple creed of the Missionary Catechists, I found what I sought and heartily embraced it, knowing that the hand of God would direct all things toward the realization of this, my sublime ideal, for His greater Glory and the salvation of souls. R. P. T.

YOU AND OUR POOR

By God's grace and the help of Our Blessed Mother, together with your prayers and financial aid, we are endeavoring to carry on our labors in spite of the economic depression throughout the country. Many of the poor among whom we work are at the present time enduring greater suffering than any other group of people in the U. S. At best their life is one great struggle to earn the bare means of subsistence. But now they have been brought to the very point of starvation and come to us as their only hope. Their hungering and suffering children stretch out their hands piteously for help. We, in turn, call upon you, who, we sincerely trust, will do all in your power to prevent these thousands of Our Blessed Mother's dear poor from perishing in their need, or from turning away from the Church to accept the corporal aid of non-Catholic sects backed by unlimited resources.

Now, during this beautiful month of the Sacred Heart, we shall offer many special prayers for all our benefactors who stand nobly by us in this great crisis, ready to aid us in relieving the pressing needs of the poor entrusted to our care. Unite with us in imploring that Heart of Love to shower upon us all His choicest gifts and graces through the hands of Our Blessed Mother. Mark your intentions and send them to us.

- Thanksgivings
- Restoration of Health
- Employment
- Conversions
- Peace in Families
- Parents and Relatives
- Vocations
- Poor Souls
- Happy Death
- Successful Operations
- Spiritual and Temporal Favors
- Other intentions

Name _____
 Address _____

Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

CONFERENCES OF THE INTERIOR LIFE FOR SISTERHOODS with an Appendix for priests. 2 vols. by Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P. Pub. by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. \$2.50.

These conferences are clear and solid. There is no beating about the bush; no waste of time in getting to the meat of the nut. Father Skelly has the Dominican love for St. Thomas Aquinas. There he is in good company. The traditional division of the Interior Life into the Purgative, Illuminative and Unitive way is followed. Treating of the higher degrees of prayer, Father Skelly dips close to the master-mystics, St. Theresa, St. Francis de Sales and St. John of the Cross. It is as complete and thorough as seven hundred pages of large, clear type permit; a handiwork for the busy pastor and the, perhaps, busier Sister; a work one can safely place into the hands of the layman who has spiritual interests beyond the Sunday prayerbook and rosary.

Your LIFE SUBSCRIPTION—\$10.00—will help to support a Catechist in her labors among the neglected little ones of the Missions. It is payable in installments of \$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

The Child of Mary

For earthly joys I do not pine,
 Nor sigh that poverty is mine;
 For I have gained a matchless prize,
 And thus I stand beneath the skies
 The Child of Mary.

The star upon the warrior's breast,
 By which the hero is confest;
 Was never prized with such sweet care
 As is the simple badge I wear
 As Child of Mary.

No monarch's crown, though gemmed
 and bright,
 Dazzling the awed beholder's sight,
 Was ever worn with loftier grace
 Than is the band whereon you trace
 The Child of Mary.

Bright Queen of Heaven, I'll daily prove
 To Thee my fealty and love,
 By the pure heart and spotless name
 Which ever in the world proclaim
 The Child of Mary.

And when death's hour has come for me
 When I shall wing my flight to Thee,
 The angels will in concert sweet
 With strains of heavenly music greet
 The Child of Mary.

SUBSCRIBE FOR A FRIEND

THE WOES OF THE POOR

Just this week a public school teacher from a small mountain town brought to us the mother of seven children. This family had had nothing to eat for three days! The woman desired to work and earn money for food but no one in town could afford to have washing done, so she went from door to door begging to be permitted to wash dishes. The only pay she asked was some food for her little ones.

Most of the children under our care are under-nourished. Many suffer from want of medical attention. An examination made in December showed that only four out of a group of forty children had sound tonsils. This month we succeeded in having twenty cases of three plus tonsils cared for. There are only a hundred more pairs of tonsils to come out! As for teeth, nowhere could the condition be worse. Little boys and girls in the first or second grade with thirteen and even sixteen bad teeth. The doctors and den-



Poverty's Toll

tists are willing to help us, but we must rely on other generous friends for the funds with which to pay the hospital charges and pay for the materials used, especially by the dentist.

Our Dear Lord surely must love these poor people. In the midst of all their suffering and poverty, they never fail to put all their confidence in Jesus and Mary from Whom alone they expect aid. One of our dear, old ladies who has no one but a six-year-old grandchild, said the other day: "I told Jesus and Mary that They were obliged to send me help since They have taken from me all my children."

This poor woman used to do bits of work here and there, thus earning enough to keep herself and the child from starving. But a few months ago she was injured in a fall and most probably will never be able to work again.

I could tell you about many, many cases which cause us much concern, for we are able to do very little at the present time to relieve the intense suffer-

THE ZEAL THAT WINS

At Corazon, an out-Mission from Chaperito, N. M., three young men, all over seventeen years of age, received their First Holy Communion this year. The public school teacher there had instructed them. On the appointed day the four of them came on horseback. "I came along," the school teacher explained, "because they are so bashful I was afraid they would not go alone!"
CATECHIST EDNA LIKE.



THE HAPPIEST DAY OF THEIR LIVES—GRANTS, N. M.

DEATH-BED CONVERSIONS MOST CONSOLING

This evening we again had the happiness of seeing a soul reconciled with God before it took its flight into eternity. A few days ago a woman of this vicinity was brought from Las Vegas where she had been receiving treatment for T. B. We visited her and found that she was dying. But sadder by far was our discovery that she had been living outside of the Church for several years and, to all appearances, would die as she had lived. Determined, however, to do all in our power to save this misguided soul, we and our children had recourse to fervent prayer. She was reconciled to the Church and died peacefully and happily.

May Jesus and Mary be praised for Their goodness to this poor soul!

CATECHIST EDNA LIKE,
Chaperito, N. M.



A Victim of Malnutrition

ing of our beloved poor. Knowing that you, dear friends, have so often come to our aid in the past, we do not doubt that you will again do all in your power to succor our needy and draw down upon yourselves the choicest blessing of Our Dear Lord and Our Blessed Mother.

CATECHIST BRIDGET HYNES,
Victory Mount.

IN THE HOME FIELD

TAKING JESUS WITH THEM

When leaving for your vacations or summer outings it would be well to follow the example of the girls' club at Santa Paula, California. In a letter from that Mission, Catechist Eleanor Cogan wrote: "Our Lady of Victory Club girls had a pleasant outing at Steckle Park, a beautiful picnic ground at the foot of one of Santa Paula's Mountain Ranges. All the girls attended Mass



HOME IS "SWEET HOME" EVEN THOUGH IT BE OF HUMBLE ADOBE

FAITH THAT TOUCHES THE HEART OF GOD

The other day while visiting we stopped to see an old man who had been sick in bed for some time. Upon entering his home his daughter, a young mother with her two-week-old baby in her arms, came forward to meet us.

"O Madres!" she exclaimed, "I have so been wanting to see you. I have been very sick and they took me to the hospital. The doctor operated on me and I was afraid I would die with the operation. But then I thought of you so I promised to God that if I did not die, I would ask you to pray the rosary in thanksgiving. So now I beg you to please pray the rosary I promised!"

You may be sure we gladly prayed the rosary thanking Our Dear Lord for this woman's wonderful faith in our poor prayers. To win the absolute confidence of our people is to accomplish half of our work.

CATECHIST GERTRUDE MONNOT.

The Alley—by no means an ideal playground.



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 Las Vegas, New Mexico.

The Mission Carmel is the resting place of Junipero Serra's bones.



Awaiting the Words of Truth

that morning; many of them received Holy Communion. After Mass and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, we started happily on our way in the big truck secured for the occasion."

Tortillas are cakes of unleavened dough cooked on a hot, flat surface. They are a favorite food with the Mexican.

PRACTICING AN IMPORTANT PRECEPT

We had First Communion for our children at Milagro, one of our out-Missions. We were pleased to see that each First Communicant brought a small donation for the Mass. This donation they gave to Father himself. Thus we are teaching the children that important precept of supporting the Church.

The Catechists in charge of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine find much happiness in the fervent zeal which characterizes the labors of the young lay-Catechists whom they have trained. The following is an excerpt from a letter by an active lay-worker:
Dear Catechist:

I can't express how happy I was when I opened the box full of religious articles that you sent me. The rosaries in their pretty cases are darling; the medals and the many holy pictures are beautiful!

Believe me to be sincerely thankful to you and the kind friends who sent them for our own use. They will be a great help in inducing other children to attend our classes.

I enjoy teaching more and more. My children seem to like me and are very interested in the class work. We have a late of fun, too, especially playing games outside while we wait for everybody to get here.

Laurita is a young girl whom we have instructed to teach the prayer class of nine or ten children. She teaches in the church, Raquel teaches in a small room back of the church and I teach in the sacristy. We get along very well and are happy in our work for Jesus and Mary. In my next letter I'll send the reports of our classes.

I am enclosing a little bookmark that I made for you. Please pray for us.

With love in Jesus and Mary,

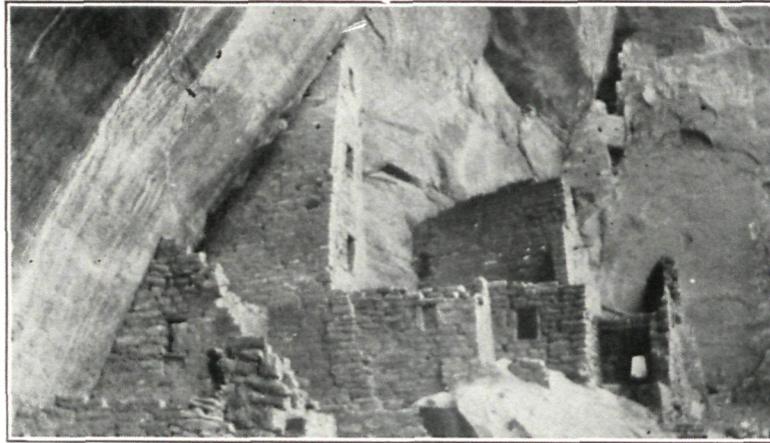
D. C.

Mary's Little Helpers

Dear Little Helpers:

You have been wonderful little missionaries all during the year and we are proud of you. You have brought happiness and joy to God's poor little Mission boys and girls. Keep up your good work even during vacation time. We know vacation is the time to have lots of fun, but you can have a good time and still be good little missionaries. You will have lots of time to get new subscriptions and to sell copies of our magazine. Every little girl or boy that sells one hundred magazines for five cents a piece is going to receive a prize. If you meet new little friends, be sure to tell them about the Catechists and the suffering of their poor little children. Tell them how much you have been doing as one of Mary's Little Helpers, and tell them how they can join. Give them your magazine to read. You see, there are many little ways you can help. And, then, don't forget to pray for the Catechists and the poor Missions. Every time you pass a church, stop in and whisper a little prayer to our dear Jesus and Our Blessed Mother, and ask Them to bless the Missions. And don't forget Wee Willie Winkles and the new Burse. Every penny counts! Every penny helps to save souls. So save your pennies. If you need a new mite box write to me and I will send you one. During vacation time I am going to pray that you may be good and do good.

Your grateful and devoted
CATECHIST SUPERVISOR.



work. I hope I will be a Catechist some day if it's God's will. During vacation I will earn some more money for the poor Missions. I wash the dishes every morning and mother gives me money for your poor children.

Sincerely, MARY P. HALFPENNY.

Be a little missionary! Join the Mary's Little Helpers and help the Catechists save souls. You do not have to pay any dues. You pray for the Catechists; you save your pennies in one of our mite boxes; you send your old clothes to the Missions. Just write to me and tell me that you want to be one of Mary's Little Helpers, and I will send you a medal of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. Also a mite box and a membership card. If some of your little friends want to be Little Helpers, too, you can form a band. You only need eight members to have a band. If you want to know more about Mary's Little Helpers, I shall be glad to write to you. The Catechist Supervisor.

Dear Little Helpers:

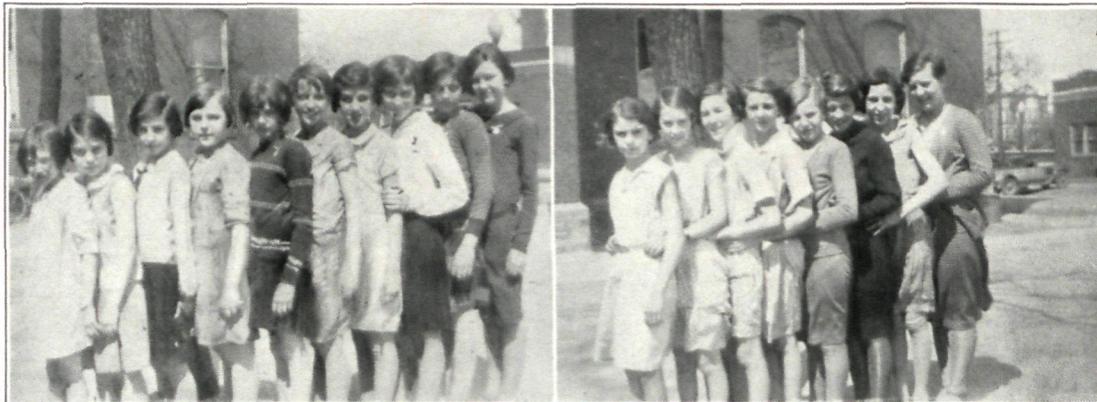
Vacation time is here at last! I suppose you are happy that school is finished for a few months again. I wish I could take you all out to New Mexico. Wouldn't we have a grand and glorious time climbing mountains, chasing prairie dogs, and visiting the Indian pueblos? There is one place I would like to see again, and that is a little place called Pintada. This quaint little town is not far from the Catechists Mission at Anton Chico. Not so long ago Pintada didn't mean anything more than a little Mission town. But, one day somebody thought that one of the hills looked very much like an Indian mound. Then the men of the place got busy and began digging into the mound, and sure enough it proved to be an Indian pueblo. It is lots of fun to dig around these old pueblos because you never know just what you will find there. They were still working on the pueblo when I was there, but they had already discovered about ten different buildings. All around the outside there are walls made of flat stone and adobe. Just imagine, a whole city, with big walls and everything, under the ground! In one of the buildings they found a stone pig, a little stone bird, and all kinds of crockery, arrow points, a corn grinding stone and a lot of other things. The Indians, you know, used to worship animals as gods, and the pig and the bird must have been some of their gods. There is also a cemetery there, and this, too, was under the ground and had walls around it. It looks as though the Indians had been buried standing up, because right in the walls, you can still see pieces of bones and skulls. They haven't discovered yet what tribe of Indians lived in this pueblo long years ago. But some day scientists may come from

the East and find something that will show who these Indians were, how they lived and how they died. I hope they do find out because I would like to know; I always like to know about Indians, and I think most girls and boys do, don't you?

Just because it is vacation time now, don't forget that you are still Little Helpers. WEE WILLIE WINKLES.

Dear Catechist:

Enclosed you will find one dollar. I did not eat candy in Lent. I am sorry I cannot get more Mary's Little Helpers to join. Grandmother is sending some things for First Communion. I told her when she is gone I will do her mission



LITTLE SUNBEAMS

ST. JOSEPH'S MISSIONARY CLUB

These are our two little bands in Logansport. They started working for the Missions last January. Besides making about twenty-five dresses for the Missions they made eighteen First Communion dresses. These Little Helpers have interested the Parent Teachers in their Missionary work. The Little Helpers buy the material, cut it out and baste it and the Parent Teachers do the machine work.

BE A LITTLE MISSIONARY AND HELP THE CATECHISTS.

The Associate Catechists of Mary

Sometime ago our beautiful picture "IN THE SERVICE OF THE QUEEN" was shown at the Mallinkrodt High School for girls, at Wilmette, Illinois. As a result of the picture and a lecture describing the work of the Catechists, the student members of the Mission unit of this High School sewed many beautiful altar linens and sent these together with dolls, to the needy Missions in California.



The zealous Seminarians of the St. Philip Neri Mission Unit, St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and of the Kenrick Mission Union, Kenrick Seminary, Webster Grove, Missouri, have proved themselves to be unfailing friends of the poor Missions in charge of the Catechists. Not only do they make up a collection of self-denial offerings, but are always devising new means for filling their mite boxes by shining shoes, washing autos, selling papers, and other means. Every year these zealous, young levites collect much clothing for the poor, and many cassocks for the Missionary Priests of the Southwest.

Mrs. Gallagher and Mrs. Blaine of Chicago sponsored a very successful card party and as a result added \$50.00 to the Sacred Heart Burse.

Do you belong to a club? Is your club doing any missionary work? Why not suggest that your club, whether it be a card club or a sewing club, become affiliated with the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY and do missionary work? This will make your meetings more interesting and at the same time you will be doing untold good for God's poor. Write today. We shall be glad to give you further information about the A. C. M.

One of our friends, who is seventy-five years old, says, "You are never too old to save souls," and she lives up to her saying by working hard for our Missions. She sews, chances off the articles she makes, and in this way does her missionary work. In addition to this she interests others in helping our cause. This good little soul, who is a convert, probably realizes better than we, the value of saving souls.

The following is a letter little Guadalupe wrote to Catechist when she could not come to catechism class one day. Catechist had

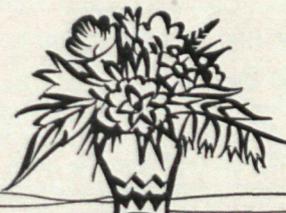
offered a prize for regular attendance and Guadalupe did not want to lose her prize. "Catechist, I don't come because I am ill of the feber and I cry because I don't go but I am sorry because I am not going to win the prices, but catechist I don't no how to rite. please com to see me because if I dead I am not going to see you again. Dats all for to day what I tel you who want to see you your chile Guadalupe. but you no that all the mondays I go but to day I am sick I don't can go."



Are you wearing one? It costs only fifty cents, and every A. C. M. member should wear one. It is an attractive little pin, and you will like it. Send for one today.

Remember your deceased loved ones. Enroll them as deceased ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY and insure them of a continual remembrance in our prayers. The dues are only fifty cents a year, or \$10.00 for perpetual membership.

There is no vacation in saving souls. So, even while you are on your vacation, remember our poor Missions. Perhaps your vacation may be the means of doing even more missionary work. You will meet new friends, who probably know nothing about the Missionary Catechists



and the work they are doing among God's needy ones. Help us to spread our work by interesting new friends: give them a copy of our magazine and ask them to read it. Tell them about the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY and ask them to join. Every new friend means the extension of our work.

I am only one—but still I am one,
I cannot do everything, but still I can do something;
And because I cannot do everything
I will not refuse to do the something I can do.

—Edward Everette Hale.

Have you some old clothing that you want to send for our poor? Would you like to send it direct to one of our Missions? See page 10 for a list of our Missions and send your box to any Mission you wish.

Blessed indeed is he who works and prays for God's poor.

Rev. Geo. B. Lescher who is the promoter of several successful Bands in Chicago has organized a new club, which is called St. Patrick's Club.

The members of St. Anthony's Holy Name Society Bowling League of Chicago deserve congratulations for their charity to God's poor. Instead of spending their prize money, which was \$31.39, on the annual bowling banquet, these generous men realized that this sum would be a great help to the Catechists and would enable them to feed the poor and starving children. They, therefore, made the sacrifice and forwarded the check to Victory-Noll. This shows that charity may be combined with pleasure.

We are deeply grateful to Father McCabé and the good ladies of Our Lady of Mercy Parish of Chicago for their wonderful co-operation. They are working for Our Lady of Mercy Burse, and have added \$75.00 as a result of several successful card parties.

Mrs. Katherine Mayer of Chicago has organized a new St. Anthony's Band. This new band has made a splendid beginning by having a clothing and grocery shower. In addition to working for the Missions, they are also helping to support St. Anthony Burse.

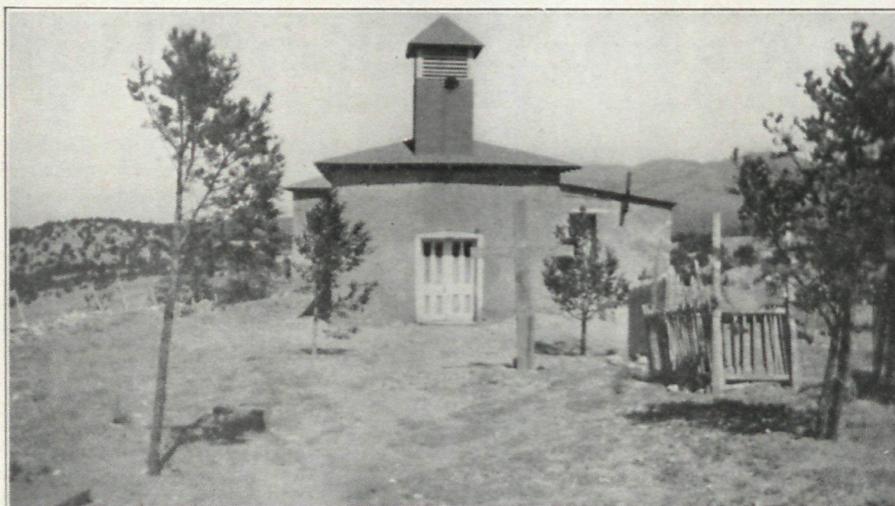
JOIN OUR HOME BAND, OR—FORM A CLUB!

Chicago, Ill.
Dear Catechists:
You will please find enclosed fifty dollars to be used for the furnishing of the church in Calipatria, California, mentioned in an appeal in the April issue of T. M. C. It is for a statue of the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin or St. Joseph, whichever is the choice of the priest.

I would like to have it placed there in memory of my husband and son.

Won't you please say a little prayer that God may grant me good health?

Thankfully,
MRS. M. M.



A WAYSIDE ADOBE CHAPEL, GOLDEN, N. M.

Working in the home mission field, rich in possibilities for the greatest good, the missionary Catechists invite every sensibly devout, zealous, self-sacrificing young women to join their ranks, and thus become with them partners of the First Great Missionary, Jesus Christ, saving the souls of the poor, the ignorant, the neglected, for whom He suffered and died.

CAN YOU PICTURE SUCH DESTITUTION IN OUR U. S.?

Last Friday we went to Anderson school for Mass which was celebrated in a large barn used as a dance hall for the camp workers. All our children were present. Forty-five children received Holy Communion,—thirty-five of these were First Communicants. We served breakfast after Mass, for the children had to go to school immediately after services.

While teaching at one of the cotton camps our little children complained that they were hungry and wanted to go home. We thought this strange as the children usually want to remain with us as long as possible even after class. Later we visited the homes and found that many families were without food and had not tasted any for some time. To buy food for their children the fathers had sold their watches and anything else of value they possessed. After that they could do no more. On our return to Firebaugh, where we teach after school hours, we met Father and told him our sad story. He accompanied us to the stores in town and asked for flour and beans for these poor families. In a short time our car was quite full and we made another trip to the camp to distribute the groceries.

CATECHIST AGNES KOZLA,
Dos Palos, Calif.

Dear Father:

Please excuse my delay in renewing my subscription. Work is slack but I managed to scrape up a dollar which I cheerfully send for my renewal. I hope it will help some.

Yours truly,
J. G.

DO IT NOW

Here is an opportunity for every Catholic of good will to co-operate in saving the souls and bodies of our poor in the Missions.

Join the 2500 CLUB. Your only obligation is to contribute \$1.00 each month for one year toward the support of a Catechist.

I go by Jesus to His Father,
So am I not turned away;
I go to Jesus by His Mother,
And He cannot say me nay.

I do all by Her and in Her,
And I seek perfection so;
Faithful then to God forever,
Constantly His will I do.

JOYCE KILMER PLAYERS LATEST

A new play from the pen of a prominent playwright well known in these parts made its loop debut on Sunday evening, May 10th, at the Civic Theatre. It is called "Driftwood" and was written by William Roeder whose "Conquered" and other dramas are well known to Fort Wayne and South Bend people. The Joyce Kilmer players compose the cast. "Driftwood" had its informal opening March 21, 22 and 25 on the north side of Chicago. It was estimated that well over five thousand people saw these performances.

This latest effort of the Joyce Kilmer Players is a story of "a bad man gone good" in the short span of three days. It is not without comedy and plenty of tragedy. Not a dull moment in the whole three acts.

These players are well known for their excellent work in "Conquered" which was produced over one hundred times in Chicago, Milwaukee, Fort Wayne, South Bend, St. Louis, Detroit and other cities. Other original Roeder productions include, "The Watcher at the Gate" and "In the Service of the Queen." The last has been put into cinema form and has been shown over one thousand times in every section of the country.

Through the kindness of Mr. Roeder "Conquered" was presented at Fort Wayne for the benefit of the Catechists.

HONOR THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS

There is no devotion more beautiful or more widespread than that of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. And there is no more practical way of honoring the Sacred Heart than by extending His kingdom in the hearts of men. In answer to His silent pleading, the Catechists go out and seek to bring the souls of the poor, especially poor children, to Jesus through Mary, and thus to relieve His Heart overflowing with love and thirsting for the devotion of His creatures. The Catechists cannot carry on, or extend, their labors without your financial support. Honor the Sacred Heart Whom you love and from Whom you have received so many graces and blessings by sending a contribution, no matter how small, toward the support of the Catechist laboring especially for the greater glory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Sacred Heart Burse.....

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

- 1 Anton Chico, New Mexico.
- 2 Chaperito, New Mexico.
- 3 Dos Palos, California.
- 4 Grants, New Mexico.
- 5 620 W. Fifteenth St., Gary, Indiana.
- 6 Holman, New Mexico.
- 7 3868 Block Avenue, East Chicago.
- 8 Box 30, Montezuma Route, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- 1\$ Lubbock, Texas, Box 1658. Cerrillos, New Mexico.
- 11 Santa Rosa, New Mexico.
- 12 Catechist Blanche Richardson, supervisor of Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- 13 Calipatria, California, Box 533.
- 14 Santa Paula, California, 222 8th St. Express and freight shipments for Holman, Anton Chico and Chaperito are sent via Las Vegas, New Mexico.

PETITION TO THE SACRED HEART

Oh, Sacred Heart of Jesus, I have asked for many favors but I plead for this one ! Take it, place it in Thy open, broken, Sacred Heart and when the Eternal Father sees it covered with the mantle of Thy Precious Blood, He will not refuse it;—it will no longer be my prayer but Thine.
O, Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place all my trust in Thee!

\$25.00 WILL SUPPORT A CATECHIST IN THE FIELD FOR ONE MONTH.

“Not All Is Gold That Glitters”

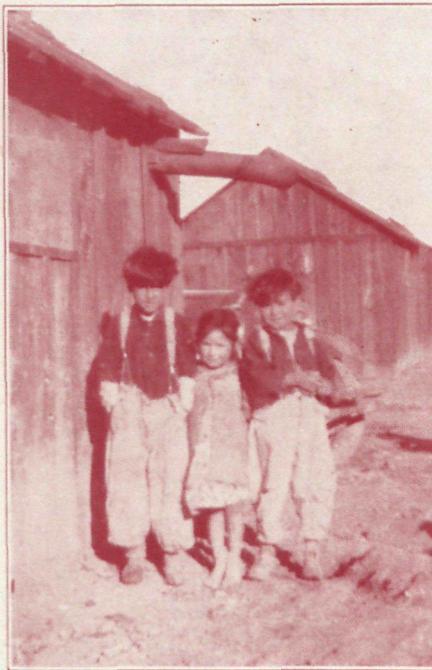
To many of the people of the East, California, with its unparalleled scenery and endless pleasure trips, conjures up the picture of contentment and happiness. The poet speaks truly when he says: “Distance lends enchantment to the scene.” How far removed from happiness and contentment and well-being, even in the midst of the glorious scenery in which they live, are the little children of the poor Mexicans in California! Surely we cannot associate happiness and contentment with a little child who waits all day for something to eat and often waits in vain.

It is not an uncommon sight for us to find, in our daily visits to the homes of the poor Mexican laborers in the camps outside of Santa Paula, helpless little children stretching out their hands piteously for something to eat.

Sometime ago my Sister-Catechist and I were deeply touched on visiting a sick young mother confined to her bed, to find her poor little baby lying on a wooden box, crying and moaning with hunger.

Only a short time before, we ran across a family of ten living in the direst poverty. The father had come here four days before, seeking employment for himself and his oldest

son. Unsuccessful in their search for work they were compelled to live in two small rooms without even a crust of bread in the house and deprived of even the barest necessities of life. How happy we were at the thought that we still had a little money left in our Poor Fund with which to buy food for the hungry children of this destitute family. But it does not take long to exhaust a Poor Fund when called upon, day after day, to relieve the necessities of starving people!



Children of the Cotton Camps

What a source of grief it would be to us not to be able to feed the starving little ones, who look forward so expectantly and confidently to the “Madrecitas,” — the little mothers, as the Catechists are familiarly and affectionately called by the people,—to bring them at least a little to allay their hunger on the occasions of our daily visits.

Since our Dear Savior has promised that even a cup of cold water given in His Name will not go unrewarded, we feel certain that He will not fail to richly reward our generous friends in the East, who will make it possible for us to feed the hungry little ones in His Holy Name.

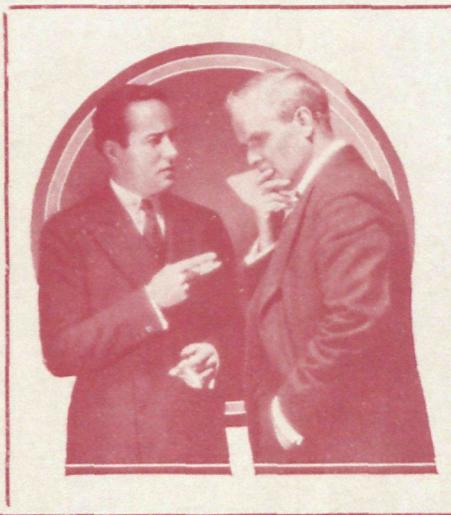
CATECHIST CATHERINE LEVEN.

A Big Run On The Bank

AND THEN - - -

The Crash!!!

“Everybody in town thought the ‘People’s’ Saving Bank was as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar and the banker’s word better than a gold Bond! But the other day, only fifteen minutes after I made a big deposit, the bank closed its doors. Now all I had is gone!”



Why Take A Chance?

Invest your savings in Annuity Contracts where funds are safeguarded by Catholic Church and Institution bonds.

Always the safest investment.

Interest 6%, paid semi-annually.

Always salable at 100% par.

Any amount accepted.

An investment in our **Annuity Plan** is a meritorious investment for eternity; by it you are relieving the spiritual and Corporal necessities of the poorest of God’s poor.

Particulars furnished free upon request
Write: Society of Missionary Catechists
Victory-Noll
Huntington, Indiana