

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST



"All for Jesus Through Mary"

Victory-Noll,
January, 1932.

Dear Friend of God's Poor:

May the Infant Jesus through His Holy Mother grant you His choicest blessings for a holy, happy New Year!

You will, no doubt, rejoice to hear that your generous Christmas gift made it possible for our devoted Catechists to supply the poor, suffering little ones under their care with the very necessities of life. Had it not been for your timely, self-sacrificing gift they would, indeed, have been unable to bring Christmas cheer into the hovels of the destitute and to feed the many hungering mouths looking to them for help.

The charity of your generous heart recalls to our mind the words of the beautiful Christmas poem:

"The wants of suffering ones supplied
Their burdens eased and cheer betide,
With food and coal and gifts beside,
Thrice blessed are those who, self-denied,
Give of their bounty satisfied,
Christ dwells with them at Christmas-tide."

In my own name, as well as in the name of all our Catechists, I extend to you our heartfelt thanks for the assistance given us in our missionary and charitable labors among God's poor during the past year. At the same time, I assure you of a special remembrance in our Masses, Holy Communions and prayers, and I pray that Jesus,—*"the Father of the poor,"*—may abundantly bless whatever assistance you may render the Catechists during the coming year in feeding, clothing and nursing the needy, suffering little ones so dear to the Sacred Heart.

Rev. J. J. Gignier



The Missionary Catechist

Volume VIII

JANUARY, 1932

Number 2

A Modern "Good Samaritan"

CATECHIST BLANCHE RICHARDSON

A trim, white figure rose as we entered and bade us be seated. A sweeping glance revealed the usual doctor's office—waiting room with many chairs, and library table strewn with magazines. But no, there was something different. A half-open door, which lead to the Doctor's private office, revealed a polished mahogany desk on which was a beautiful marble image of the Immaculate Conception. The writer had been in the offices of Catholic doctors but had never seen such an open profession of Faith. This profession, as I was to learn, had cost the convert-Doctor much persecution.

In a few moments Doctor Clark came in, welcomed us and then ushered us into her inner office. Here we had ample opportunity to regard the beautiful image of Our Lady, and its owner,—the Doctor. A wealth of auburn hair which suggested Celtic rather than purely English stock, and eyes more often serious, but which could twinkle with amusement; a lady of portly dimensions and dignity of carriage,—such is the doctor on whom we had called.

I might begin and end my story with the remarkable work the Doctor is doing, like a modern "Good Samaritan," among the poor and needy Spanish-Americans in the vicinity of Grants and San Mateo, New Mexico. This would, in itself, fill a volume. I prefer, though, to start with a more remote period,—when our friend labored with a band of Protestant Missionaries, in the years preceding her conversion. It will thus give our Catholic readers a remarkable picture of the zeal and self-sacrifice of the sectarian Missionaries, and of the courage, too, with which one of them embraced the True Faith, when convinced of her errors, and of the Christian fortitude she manifested in the consequent trials which have fallen to her.

Doctor Emelyn Clark came to the Southwest nearly ten years ago. An inborn sympathy and spirit of charity moved her to do a bit of charity work at her own expense in behalf of the poor Spanish-Americans. The extreme poverty and squallor of their surroundings,

the urgent need for instruction in personal hygiene, the appalling death-rate from infectious diseases due to a general lack of public sanitation,—all seemed to her so many pitiful cries of distress from a suffering and helpless people. She confided her desire to a sectarian minister who urged her to establish a clinic at San Mateo, New Mexico, where Protestant Missionaries from Gallup went monthly to conduct services. She was told she might travel overland with them on the occasion of their monthly visit to this little village, hidden away in the foot-hills of the great Mount Taylor. This regular monthly visit involved three days of uncommon hardships for all. The road from Gallup was nothing more than a winding trail, which branch-

ed off into different directions, and one needed to know well the many turns to the right and left in order to arrive at San Mateo. There were many high centers on the road which obliged the Missionaries always to carry with them a shovel. There were many "sand lakes,"—pools of sand instead of water,—spilled across the trail where the auto would often skid and stop. Once the county doctor and nurse lost their way on the winding trail. The gas having given out, the doctor got out and wandered over the mesas two days and nights without food or water until at last he found a dwelling which was inhabited. The nurse also attempted to reach some center of civilization and at last, faint from hunger and exhaustion, staggered into a little village. And what sort of reception did the band of Missionaries receive at the end of their journey? New religions and new theories about the treatment of disease were regarded rather dubiously by the simple people and met with more or less resistance. Few converts were gained by the Missionaries. An amusing incident occurred when one of the "Converts from Catholicism" begged permission to preach one Sunday. He was finally given the opportunity. He did not choose for his text any quotation from the Bible,—the sole rule of Faith for Protestants,—but spoke vehemently on a method whereby the sheep raisers might make their wool weigh more and thus get more money for it. He was a sorry example of what the "new" religion had done for him. The "Medical clinic" was held in a corner of the Protestant school-house. More than one person, hurt at the people's lack of co-operation, might have abandoned them to their plight, but Doctor Clark was ever patient. Little by little she gained their confidence. They learned after a time that the peculiar-looking needle pushed into the fleshy part of their arm, and which hurt for an instant, really did save them from the ravages, and possible death, of typhoid,—a disease so prevalent before she came to them. They learned that many a bright-eyed boy and girl might have died from



DR. LENNA EMELYN CLARK

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MAY GOD BLESS YOUR NEW YEAR

An Old World Myth And A New World Mission

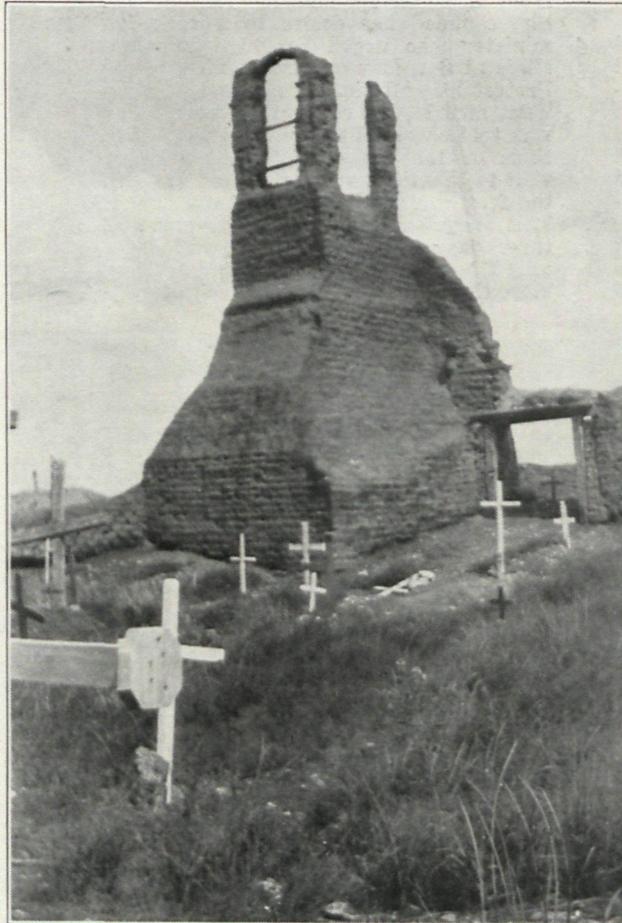
MARY STEPHENS

The story of the Spanish Missions in New Mexico reads like a chapter out of a medieval romance. The earliest exploration of the Southwest came about through a myth long current in the Old World. This myth related that in the eighth century a Bishop of Lisbon, to escape from the Arabs, had fled to some unknown land far across the Western Sea, where he had established seven cities. These cities were said to have become very rich through their annexation of native wealth—gold, silver and precious stones. The imagination of the mystery-loving Spanish storytellers was not at all hampered by considerations of the truth, so the tale grew with every telling until it became a most magnificent affair. Also, after it had been told again and again, people came to believe it must be so, although history had very little indeed to say about the unfortunate Bishop beyond the statement that the Arabs had caught and executed him before he got out of the country at all!

The Indians of New Mexico had a legend that their forefathers came up to the outer world from seven caves "down under a mountain". When the very first of the Spanish Adventurers heard this, they jumped to the conclusion that here were the famed Seven Cities of the old romance. This was in the days when the New World was very new indeed, and there was no adventure more intriguing than a voyage of exploration. So here came Spanish conquistadores in troupes, all intent on finding the rich cities of Cibola, as the myth had named them. Everyone knows how the wily Indians lured them far into the interior, to fatigue, famine and death.

But after all, here was a country worth while, even though Quivira and Cibola were only romantic dreams. The stout-hearted Spanish friars who had accompanied Onate and Coronado on their journeys, brought back word of people who had never heard of the Saviour of the World, who were victims of their own fantasies and false beliefs, and yet who were gentle and intelligent, and fit subjects for the King of Kings. There were hardships in plenty, but who ever heard of a Franciscan priest whom such things as hunger and thirst and privations could halt, when souls were beyond them to be brought to Christ?

So, following the soldiers of the Spanish King, came the soldiers of the Cross. Churches began to lift their square or oval bell-towers into the opalescent sky of the high mesas and beside the life-bringing streams that here and there threaded the desert. To the kindly Friars the Indians came without suspicion or hesitation, for it did not take them long to discover that they were Fathers not only in name, but in spirit, to these red children of God's lost land.



THE OLD CHURCH ON THE TAOS ROAD
"You can see the white crosses marking recent graves."

For two hundred years all went peacefully enough. They were the golden days of the Missions. Indians were taught, baptized, guided and loved by their brown-robed Padres, and in return gave back all the love and loyalty of their simple and kindly souls. It is true that there were other Indians not so well disposed—Utes, some of them, and raiding bands of Northern Sioux, to which some of the less friendly Apaches attached themselves. Yet in the walled mission spaces there was security, and the wise counsel of the Padres could usually pre-

vail for the good of their people in case of argument.

Things began to go differently, however, when soldiers and settlers from the eastern sections of the United States found out about this prosperous and peaceful section. A wide space had separated the Atlantic seaboard, with its inrush of Northern European colonists, from the Rio Grande country, the "new" Mexico. The California gold rush in 1849 brought a new sort of adventurers into the Southwest, a class far different from those already there. The agricultural settlements of the Padres and their gentle Indians could not stand long against the determined inroads of greed and cruelty, and the determination of grasping settlers to take their lands away from them.

The Indians, of course, were the great sufferers. Again and again they tried to stem the tide of white occupation. One after another the tribes were dispossessed of their lovely, fertile valleys, and high, healthful mesa holdings, by greedy Americans from the east. Finally, under the crafty chief Geronimo, both peaceful and warlike tribes united to drive the white men out. The Apaches, to which Geronimo belonged, had never become entirely adapted to Mission ways as had the milder Pueblos, though many of them had been baptized, and they had no personal grievances against the friars. To the despair of the old Chief, however, there seemed to be only one way to save his people:—by driving all the white men out. In vain the Padres argued with him. The only warfare Geronimo knew was that of blood and fire. When he was finally captured, and peace restored, the land that had been so happy and prosperous was desolate with blackened ruins. Blacker than the ruins themselves, however, was the story of injustices which must be told when all accounts are balanced—and Geronimo, long execrated as an incendiary and assassin, may stand forth instead as a martyr to his desire to save his war-weary, robbed and cheated people.

The ruined church shown in this picture is one of those burned by the Apache chief during this last of the Indian wars. It is on the road which leads from Taos village to the Pueblo, four miles away. Generation after generation of Pueblo Indians had knelt on its earthen floors to hear their loved Padres talk of Christ, and offer the sublime Sacrifice of the Mass for their souls. Hundreds of them had here been married, had here brought their children for baptism, and at last here were buried. There are still many of the Pueblo people who prefer to bury their dead here, instead of in the newer cemetery at the village, where the church was later rebuilt. Most of them prefer, too, to attend Mass at the old Ranchos Church, on the Plateau some miles away, rather

(Continued on page 10)

**Catechism of the True
Devotion to Mary**

(From Rev. M. M. Ronden's "Catechism of the True Devotion to Mary" and other sources.)

Why should we love Our Blessed Mother?

We should love Our Blessed Mother:

1st—Because She is the Immaculate Mother of God,—the well-beloved Daughter of the Father,—the most loving Mother of His Son, and the chaste Spouse of the Holy Ghost. She is the most perfect of God's creatures, filled with grace and possessing all perfections of soul and body.

2nd—Because She is Our Mother. Our Divine Saviour gave Her to us as His last and best Gift when dying upon the Cross: "Son, behold thy Mother." She loves us infinitely more than the best of earthly mothers could love her child. She has always proved Her maternal love for us and will always love us if we love Her Divine Son and Herself with all the love of our hearts.

What kind of love should we have for Our Blessed Mother?

Considering that we owe Our Blessed Mother a particular love of esteem and preference since She is above all the Angels and Saints, we should love Her with all the fervor and tenderness of our heart. Next to God, we should love Her as Our Most Beloved Mother, Our Immaculate Queen, Our Powerful Advocate, and the dispenser of the ordinary graces of God.

Enclosed find membership fee of \$1.00. I wish to be enrolled as a member of the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts:

Name _____

Address _____

A SACRED TRUST

In their Missionary labors among the poor, it is the special aim of the Catechists to foster the maintenance and integrity of the Christian family. Happily, among the Spanish-speaking people, the old Catholic ideal of family life has been preserved. In this work the Catechists have as their powerful patrons and Helpers, those Holy Three Whose life at Nazareth ever remains the model of Christian family life.

You may help the Catechists in this most sacred of duties and draw down upon your own family the blessings of Jesus, Mary and Joseph by contributing toward the support of the Catechist laboring under the patronage of the Holy Family Burse.

The Holy Family Burse _____ \$343.02

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

Editor

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MY NEW YEAR

Another year lies at my feet,
I cannot pause, I dare not rest;
Whatever be my chosen beat,
Of all the ways, be it the best,
Yet, true it is that I shall meet
Much joy undimmed, some sweet success,
Much bitterness, perhaps defeat,
And sorrow lurking in each quest.

And tears and smiles will deck my way,
While pain and pleasure me betide;
And I should fear each coming day
Did I not know that MARY GUIDES!

C. R. P. T.

CHRISTMAS IN OLD MEXICO

Special deference is shown to the children in Mexico throughout the Christmas season. During the Solemn Novena preceding the Nativity of Our Lord they hold the places of honor at the ceremonies. In the daily procession the people form by fours in two lines with the children in the middle, marching four abreast also, and carrying the statues of Mary and Joseph.

The 24th of December is a day of retreat for the little ones. In the afternoon they go to confession and prepare their hearts to receive the Infant King on the following day.

But, of course, the children's celebration is not all of a religious nature. About a month before Christmas they, with the help of their mothers or the lay-catechists, write a letter to the Infant Jesus telling Him of all the gifts they should like to receive, just as our children write to Santa Claus. Then, besides the private family festivity, a public bazaar is conducted for them in the afternoon of December 25th. It is supervised by the lay-catechist or religious teacher. This bazaar is also a means of fostering interest in the Catechism classes. Each time a child attends class he is given a little white ticket. When he has six white tickets he may exchange them for one red one. With these red tickets he may purchase sweets, toys, etc., at the bazaar. Then, too, at various times during the year a ticket marked "application" is given by the teacher to the most diligent child. This one merits a special prize at the bazaar.

Catechist Genevieve Vazquez.

\$25.00 will support a Catechist in the field for one month. \$1.00 will support a Catechist for one day.



VICTORY-NOLL NOTES

December 26, 1931,

Dearest Mother, and Dad and all:

May the Sweet Babe of Bethlehem bless each one of you!

First of all, I want to thank you for the wonderful Christmas Boxes. Jesus and Mary were very good to me. Everything was perfect from your brief case, mother, down to baby Jimmy's "Santa Apple."

The day before Christmas was the most fun! There was mystery everywhere. Each group had a special part of the house to decorate. The Consecrates were in the dining room, the Juniors worked in the kitchen, we Candidates decorated the community room and the Probationers were everywhere, it seemed,—even where we didn't want them to be. At eleven-thirty we were awakened by the choir's singing "Adeste Fidelis." I hurried to dress so I could be the first one down to the Crib, but I was a tardy Shepherd,—or should I say Shepherdess? One of the Catechists was there before me.

I won't attempt to tell you about Midnight Mass. It was heavenly! After Mass Father spoke some beautiful words on the poverty of Jesus and Mary that first Christmas night and throughout Their lives. It made me very happy to think that I am following Them so closely by not only choosing to be poor myself but also by helping care for Their dear poor. Then we had veneration of the "Santo Nino." This is a dear, old Spanish custom. Father took the image of the Infant Jesus from the Crib and presented it to each one of us to kiss.

When the touching ceremony was over we all went to the community room. I wish you could have seen it! In the center was the tree,—and such a tree! It touches the ceiling and has on it every kind of light and ornament imaginable. At one end of the room was a fireplace with the stockings. Around the tree, and extending way out into the center of the room were the boxes. I never saw so many at one time in all my life. You see, we receive no mail during the three weeks of Advent. After we had all received our things and exclaimed over everyone else's as well as our own, someone said it was time for breakfast.

In the dining room another transformation had taken place. There also was a fireplace and a tree. The tables were put together so that we were as one big family. We ate by the light of big, red Christmas candles. After breakfast we made a little visit to the Crib to thank Jesus for His many gifts and then we went back to bed, but not to sleep! At least I didn't—

Soon it was time to get up for Morning Prayers, Meditation and two more Masses. The day passed all too swiftly. In the evening some of us gathered around the organ in the community room and sang the sweet, old Carols that we used to sing at home. After Benediction, Night Prayers and a good-night visit to the Crib, we went to bed, confident that it was the holiest, happiest Christmas we had ever spent.

With love to all, I am ever

Your Child in Jesus and Mary,

CATHERINE.

LIKE A LEAF FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT

I must tell you about Catechists Rauchenback's and McConnell's sick call. Last Sunday while at their camp they were called into a shack and asked what was to be done for a girl in delirium with a high fever. The Catechists called out a physician and Father with the Blessed Sacrament. The girl was found seriously ill with typhoid. She received the Sacraments and was taken to the County Hospital. At the home, Catechist Rauchenback interpreted for the Doctor while he recorded the family history. One child's name was Adam. Father asked, "Where is Eve?"

The oldest child answered, "I'm Eve." Another child bore the name of Cain. Father then asked, "where is Abel?" Pointing to a little boy, Eve responded, "here is my little brother, Abel." Hearing that another one was named Abraham, Father could not resist saying, "I bet Moses is here, too!" The big sister immediately raised her voice and called "Moses"—her youngest brother!

Catechist Margaret Campbell, Dos Palos, Calif.



"Thank you, Santa, for my dolly. Me and dolly is going to be Catechists some day."—Lucia. (Las Vegas, N. M.)

A NOVEL "COASTER"

The first snowfall and a crowd of ragged youngsters! A sad situation? Well, perhaps, but a happy one too;—at least that is what the ragged youngsters thought. Our Poor children here at Cerrillos are deprived of such luxuries as sleds but they have found a good substitute. Cerrillos is close to a mining town and many of its inhabitants are miners—so a large coal shovel is a common household article. It was not only common but also popular after the first snow fall. The boys dragged out the shovel put a sack on it for a little protection, seated themselves and, using the handle as a guide, slid down the hills, faces aglow and happy as larks. Of course, these "ragged youngsters" would go "wild" over a sled, but meanwhile,—a shovel will do.

Catechist Helen Weber.

Thanks to Jesus and Mary we are now teaching in Madrid three times a week. No, we have no car as yet, but the four of us squeeze into Father's

roadster and thus we are able to reach the 250 children at Madrid. Father Oliver, O. F. M., has very kindly offered us the use of his car and we certainly appreciate his sacrifice which we know often causes him considerable inconvenience.

Catechist Leutenegger, Cerrillos, N. M.

A UNIQUE CATECHISM CENTER

Crossing the tracks we made our way down the narrow, dusty street. We were in the Mexican part of town. Here, in tiny huts or tents, five or six families on one small lot, live our six thousand Mexicans. On all sides are signs of extreme poverty. Yet we know well that the unseen, spiritual poverty is far greater than the evident corporal need.

A year ago, when we first began our work here in Brawley, California, these poor people eyed us sceptically. But their attitude soon changed and this afternoon as we passed the little homes, tired mothers bending over wash-tubs, or caring for their little ones, greeted us affectionately. Their smiles and tears spoke a welcome louder than words. Little tots left their play and came toward us waving their arms and crying out, "Las Catequistas! Las Catequistas!"

We spoke to all we passed along the way, but could not accept the invitations to stop and visit, for we were bound for our "Catechism Center." You would smile if you saw our "Center." It is "around" a small store. After a fruitless search for a place to teach, the owner of this store kindly offered to let us teach in his yard. The building is situated next to a part of an empty lot. One Catechist takes her group of children in front of the store, another teaches at the left of it, another at the right and still another at the back of it. I take my classes into the chicken yard. This isn't as bad as it sounds, for a little alfalfa grows there and the children sit on the alfalfa while I take my stand upon an apple box. My older girls behave very well, but my fifty little boys do get distracted when someone frightens the flock of pigeons near by, or when the chickens come to scratch for food.

This "Catechism Center" will serve our purpose very well as long as the weather is pleasant.

Though the Catechists' Home and Center is intended to be at Brawley, California, we are at present living in Calipatria, a little town fourteen miles away. We are praying for a Church and home in Brawley where we will be in the midst of the beloved poor whom Our Dear Lord and His Blessed Mother have entrusted to our care.

Catechist Gertrude Monnot.

"What return shall I make to Thee, O Lord, for all Thou hast given me?"



Here and there In the field at home

PREACHING AND TEACHING IN THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

The Catechists in their missionary and charitable labors in the vast cotton growing areas of the Pacific Southwest, as well as in the isolated villages and communities of New Mexico, travel great distances, not only in order to reach groups of spiritually starving people, but also to redeem individual lives and to transform discouraged souls into active, practical Catholics.

"According to Father Abrantes, pastor in Tulare (Calif.), the Catechists' influence for good has already been felt among the Mexican population, to whom they are now devoting the major portion of their time and efforts. . . .

"Their object is not to establish schools or other institutions which have to be supported. They establish their centers, which simply give them a place to live and work from, in those districts that are actually too poor to support a parochial school, and frequently have not even a Church or a resident pastor. Their real field of labor is the outlying districts seldom visited even by missionaries, where they literally constitute the only Catholic influence in the lives of the people, especially the children, whom they instruct in the beliefs and practices of their holy religion. . . .

"Their aid is not confined to the Catholic population. They minister to those in distress wherever they find them and whoever they are. In camps, hospitals, in homes, their kindly influence for relief is being spread with no other purpose than to do good.

"Non-Catholic individuals who have come in contact with the work of the Missionary Catechists of Our Lady of Victory commend them most highly for their unselfish devotion to the welfare of humanity. They are particularly praised for the progress they have made

Calipatria, Calif. Dear Santa Claus:

I am writing to thank you for the Christmas party and all the toys. I am happy in my new shoes. The doll was very nice. The beads were very nice too. My Mama liked the beads. I gave them to Mama cause I had the doll. Thanks for the candy.

Betty.

THE SADDEST OF SPIRITUAL TRAGEDIES

Thousands of Mexicans are returning to Mexico and taking their American born children with them. We hear this said over and over as we make our visits in Santa Paula. What is taking them back? Can we lay the blame entirely upon the depression in the United States? Is it all due to the scarcity of work and the subsequent suffering?

The story our Mexican people tell sounds like a fairy tale but has all the earmarks of Communism. They are to receive a grant of land; yes, that is true. The Mexican government is giving grants of land. But hear the rest: Seed to plant, implements to work with, a cow and chickens, and a house in which to live; food for those who have none and clothing for the children; free transportation to those who desire to work in another place,—all these are the things they are to receive in this "land flowing with milk and honey." And the poor people believe it.

But what are some of the realities? Everyone knows them well. Conditions in Mexico for those of the Catholic faith have not improved. On the contrary, the laws in regard to religion have been tightened. These poor emigrants will return to poverty, suffering and possible martyrdom; to a land where there are no priests to break to them the Bread of Life or console and encourage them in their dying moments.

What spiritual provisions are these poor Mexican people taking with them into their fatherland where the "famine of the word of God" is making desolate a land of promise? None, excepting our prayers and yours. While in the United States, those who did not come under the influence of Priests or Catechists, have garnered few spiritual treasures; their Faith, if it has not been lost, could hardly have been strengthened, for many of them seldom, if ever, had the opportunity of receiving the Sacraments, hearing sermons or sending their children to receive Religious Instructions. Then, too, they were beset by proselytizers.

To the few,—for they are a comparative few,—whom we have been able to reach, we are giving prayer books, Catholic literature and religious articles of various kinds, as long as our supply lasts. These may one day be their only solace. We could use hundreds of Spanish prayer books, and thousands of rosaries, medals and holy pictures,—if we had them.

Catechist Dorothy Oehler.

GRATITUDE THAT REJOICES THE HEART

You would never expect to find such a beautiful little lady in that basement room, unless you had recently been reading fairy tales. But she was there, such a gracious, gentlewoman, with her four small children. She was doing a washing for which she would be paid seventy-five cents,—doing it in cold water without soap and getting it clean, too! She could have heated water on the cooking stove,—only she didn't have one. She did her best to cook by putting a pan of beans in on the coals of the heater.

But it is the soap I want to tell you about for thereon hangs the tale.

We took her some soap which had come in a mission box. The next time we visited her she asked where she could get the same kind, as it was not sold in the store where she traded. We mentioned several brands of good soap but she wasn't satisfied until we told her the name of the kind we had first given her.

One day, shortly before Christmas, we called on her again to leave some clothing and toys for the babies. As we had many visits to make that morning we



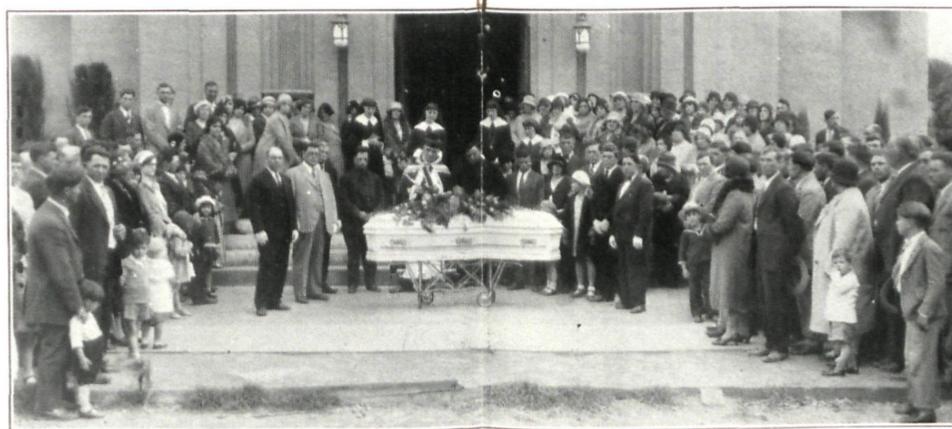
"A thousand thanks and a Happy New Year, from me and all my friends."—Placido. (East Chicago, Ind.)

could not stay and prepared to depart at once. She begged us to wait and then went into the other room. After a long while she came out with a package which she asked us to accept as a Christmas gift. She was so happy to have something to give us! On arriving home we found that the package contained six cups and saucers,—the same kind that were pictured on a certain soap coupon as a premium for buying sixty bars.

I always liked to drink from one of those cups.

Catechist Blanche Lawler.

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.



A Mexican Funeral at Tulare, Calif.

DON'T FORGET THE CATECHISTS WHEN YOU MAKE YOUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

PLEASE RENEW PROMPTLY

Mary's Little Helpers

Dear Little Helpers:

Did you all have a nice Christmas, and did Santa bring you lots of nice presents? Now that Christmas is over, I hope you will all start the New Year right by making a resolution to work harder than ever for the Missions. We all celebrate the Christmas holidays by having a good time, and then when New Year's Day is past, we are ready to go back to school and get to work again, aren't we?

Did you know that the Spanish and Mexican children wait as eagerly for the feast of the Three Kings as we do for Christmas? Would you like to know why? Because Los Santos Reyes, which means the Holy Kings, bring presents to them just as Santa does to us. The night before the kings arrive, i.e. the eve of Epiphany, the children all get busy and fill their shoes and stockings or bags with grain and food for the Kings' camels. They put them out on the doorstep, on the windowsill, or some place where they pass. You see, they think the camels must be very hungry after traveling such a great distance to find the Infant Jesus and they want to feed them. They know, too, that if the Kings take the food out of the stockings and shoes, they won't leave them empty. And what do you suppose the Kings do? They take the food for the camels, and leave something else,—some little presents, maybe a piece of candy, a cookie or something else. The next morning, as soon as it is light, every little girl and boy gets dressed quickly and goes to see what the Holy Kings have left them. I think that must be lots of fun, don't you? I'll bet the camels get plenty to eat if they stop at every house.

Well, Little Helpers, I hope that the New Year will bring you lots of joy, and I also hope that you will save lots of pennies for the First Communion Outfit Fund.

Your faithful friend,

WEE WILLIE WINKLES.

Will the Little Helpers all remember Peggie Cassidy in their prayers? Peggie, who is one of our faithful Little Helpers, is sick.

Dear Little Friends:

You know that our little boys and girls are poorer than ever and that we need more pennies than ever to take care of them. So, we are going to ask YOU, our LITTLE MISSIONARIES, to help us. We are going to start a new Contest, and we will call it our MARY AND JOSEPH CONTEST. Can you guess why? Well, you see, when the Infant Jesus was just a little Boy, even though He was God, He had to have clothes to

count the names in both boxes to see who has been working the hardest, the girls or the boys. Then we will draw a name out of each box and the lucky MARY will receive a beautiful statue of Our Blessed Mother, and the lucky JOSEPH will get a St. Joseph statue. Now, there might be other girls and boys whose names aren't Mary or Joseph, who would like to save ten pennies for this contest, too. So, if your name isn't Mary, or Joseph, maybe you have some little cousins or friends with these names. Then all you have to do is to tell them about the contest. Ask them to give you a dime, and when you send it to us with the name, we will put your name in another box.

When the contest closes, we will pick one of these names also and the winner will receive a prize. You do not have to be a Little Helper to join the contest. Any little girl or boy may try to win the statue. During Lent it won't be hard for you to save a dime, because I am sure you will all try to make many little sacrifices in honor of Our Dear Lord, Who died for you. Who are the best little missionaries, the GIRLS or the BOYS? Let's see who will work the hardest to make this contest a real success.

Dear Catechist:

I am very happy to be enrolled as one of your Little Helpers. I thank you for the medal and holy card. I said evening devotions for the poor children in the Missions. I hope to be a Catechist some day. My brother went to Silver Creek to be a Chinese Missionary. I started to save for the poor children today. I have five cents now. I am ten years old and I will have to wait seven years yet to be a Catechist. I have six brothers and sisters besides me. That will be all for this time.

DOLORES SAURER.

Our Little Helpers of Holy Trinity School, Bryant, Ind., are still working hard for the Holy Child Burse. Every few months they send us a check for \$10.00. Wouldn't it be nice if all the school children would work that hard? There would be a lot of happy kiddies in the Missions then, don't you think?



Betty Gerkin; Mary, Elizabeth and Billy Brewer; Paul Murphy, and Paul and Mary Busing

wear and food to eat, too, and Mary and Joseph had to get them for Him. So, we feel sure that Our Dear Blessed Mother and good St. Joseph will help us to get food and clothes for our poor little children in the Missions. This MARY AND JOSEPH CONTEST is especially for all the little girls and boys with the name of Mary, or Marie, and Joseph. Every MARY or JOSEPH that sends us TEN PENNIES is going to have a chance to win a prize. Every Mary and Joseph name we get, we will put into a box,—The Marys in one box and the Josephs in another box. On the FIFTEENTH DAY OF APRIL we will

I RESOLVE TO GET AT LEAST ONE NEW LITTLE HELPER THIS YEAR

The Associate Catechists of Mary



All Smiles Because Santa Didn't Forget Them

THAT GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING!

"Operator, give me 1934, please. Hello, Marie? This is Anne. Guess what I have, Marie! A letter from OUR Catechist, and I am so thrilled I just couldn't wait until tonight to tell you about it. Shall I wait until all the girls get here for the meeting tonight, or read it to you now? Very well, I shall wait to read it all tonight. But, oh dear, Marie, I am so happy that I could weep. Yes, I know it is silly to cry when you're happy, but just think, when our first box arrived, Catechist said in her letter, that she hadn't an article of clothing in her clothes room. All right, I won't tell you another word until tonight. But,—Marie, imagine, just as Catechist was opening the box, a wee tot of five years knocked on the door and asked for a pair of shoes—he said his feet were cold, and no wonder, because Catechist said he was barefooted, and this is January! And, Marie, do you remember those little shoes you insisted upon buying? Well, they fit the little lad. They must be the same because Catechist said that there was a pair of rubbers on this pair of shoes, and the little chap was delighted. He said he had never had two new pairs of shoes at one time. Oh! I knew you would be happy, too. And, now, I am only going to tell you one more thing and I'll save the rest for tonight. Rather, I think I'll read one paragraph of Catechist's letter. Listen to this: 'The clothing means a great deal to our poor,

but, dear friends, I wish I could make you realize how much your check for our Poor Fund meant to us. Every day we are obliged to refuse aid to our hungry little charges because our Poor Fund is exhausted. To give you an example, I will tell you about one of our little boys. After Catechism class the other day we gave each child a pear. One little boy did not eat his but he put it in his pocket. The next day he came back and said, 'Catechist, could I please have another pear? My mamma didn't have anything to eat yesterday and I took my pear home to her. She has to work in the field all day, and she needed the pear worse than I did.' We decided we would investigate this little lad's case, so we went to visit the mother. He had spoken truly. His father was dead, and the mother was working out in the field with a tiny baby strapped to her back. She had had nothing to eat the previous day except the pear we had given to her little boy. Isn't this sad? From this, my dear friends, you see what untold good your check has done.' Now, that's all I'm going to tell now. But, Marie, doesn't it make your heart ache when you think of the poverty and suffering of these poor people? At the same time isn't there a happy little feeling down in the corner of your heart to know that even though our Band is doing such a little bit, that 'little bit' is helping the Catechists, and God's poor? What's that? No, I'm not going to tell you another word until I read the letter at the meeting tonight. Goodby, Marie."

Prov. 21:13: "He that stoppeth his ear against the cry of the poor, shall also cry himself and shall not be heard."



Recent Visitors at Victory-Noll,—The Juanita, Our Lady of Victory, Les Petite Fleurs and Little Flower Clubs of Chicago

Mrs. Sabina Gordon of Chicago has organized a new band which she calls "The Friendly Club." These new friends have had several successful parties, the proceeds of which help to support the Jesus, Mary and Joseph Burse.

Our Lady of Lourdes Band, Chicago, conducted a very successful card and bunco party in the Austin Town Hall and realized \$101.00. We are very grateful to Mary Kraus and Rose Kurtz and all their faithful members.

BAND ACTIVITIES

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

The Sacred Heart Band No. 1—Mrs. Gallagher, promoter—\$75.00.

Little Flower Clinic for the Poor—Mrs. Hynes, promoter—\$70.00.

The Juanita Club—Elizabeth Kant-hack, promoter—\$50.00.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help—Mrs. Wainwright, promoter—\$42.50.

Les Petite Fleurs Club—\$30.00.

Miss Anna Heaney's Band—\$30.00.

St. Valentine's Band—Mrs. Rauwolf, promoter—\$22.00.

St. Francis' Band, San Francisco—Mary Sarsfield, promoter—\$18.00.

Alpha Omega Club—Mrs. Flaherty, promoter—\$14.50.

St. Anthony's Band—Mrs. Maxwell, promoter—\$11.70.

Maris Stella Club—\$10.00.

Charitina Club—Katherine Hannigan, promoter—\$8.00.

Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band, Fowler, Mich., \$8.00.

All good Christians are hoping and praying that times will soon get better. All prayerful Christians realize only too well that the one way out of the slough of the present financial depression is not through the counsel of irreligious men, for "the wisdom of men is foolishness with God," but rather through the Divine Help,—through the dispositions of God's Providence.

A MODERN "GOOD SAMARITAN"

(Continued from page 3)

diphtheria had not antitoxin been used, and various vaccines prevented this disease and many others; that the doctor did not kill a pneumonia patient because she gave him a heart stimulant, by means of a hyperdermic; that clean heads were better than dirty ones. Were the saints of old much more heroic who washed the noxious ulcers of the poor, than these Protestant Missionaries who washed heads by the dozens with soap, coal-oil and water at a pediculi clinic? Gradually, too, people began to dig their own wells, rather than risk germ-laden drinking water from nearby irrigation ditches. Scurvy began to disappear when fresh milk was obtainable in the town, through the purchase of a cow or two on the part of some of the inhabitants at the urgent solicitation of the Doctor.

May we not believe that God wished to recompense this remarkable woman for her charitable work among His poor and for her fairness in not proselytizing among them when her profession and their confidence in her gave her every opportunity to do so? Moreover, God knew her heart,—its generosity and capacity for loving Him. And so, in His own good time, His bounty bestowed upon her the greatest of gifts,—the light of Faith. With the self-sacrifice which had characterized her labors as a medical Missionary worker, she embraced it. Only greater sacrifices were demanded of her now. The most intimate friends renounced her, a large clientele of sectarians rejected her as their physician; the Protestant Missionary Society, under whose auspices she had labored, summarily dismissed her,—these and many even more grievous trials God permitted for His glory and her sanctification. They did but strengthen her newly-found Faith.

Doctor Clark has taken up her work for the people of the little mountain village again, but this time under Catholic auspices! How happy the people were to welcome her back! They had learned to appreciate her unselfish labors in their behalf. Moreover, it has pleased God to extend her sphere of usefulness into new and hitherto untouched fields. But that is another story which will appear in a subsequent issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

Join the 2500 CLUB. Your only obligation is to pray for the Catechists and the success of their work and to contribute \$1.00 each month toward the support of the Catechists.

AN OLD WORLD MYTH AND A NEW WORLD MISSION

(Continued from page 4)

than at the village where most of the white people go.

It is to continue the devoted labors begun by the Padres almost four centuries ago that the Missionary Catechists go in our time to the Southwest. The story of Jesus must still be told to those who do not know; His love and faith must be revived in hearts that have nearly forgotten; and the arms of His Blessed Mother must not remain empty and longing for her strayed children. It is the old, old mission of love—"Go ye to all the world." How much these desolate lands need what the Catechists bring!

A DECREASE IN CONTRIBUTIONS MEANS A DECREASE IN OUR WORK

During these desperately hard times when many of our usual contributors are no longer able to send us their customary donations for feeding, nursing and clothing the poor and the sick, and moreover when the needs of the destitute and the helpless poor are daily increasing, we are praying that Jesus,—"the Father of the Poor,"—may raise up new friends and benefactors for us in this hour of our greatest need.

If our Catholics of means could but visit the wretched hovels of the poor, especially in the Calumet Steel District,—Gary and Indiana Harbor, Indiana,—where almost all the laborers have been unemployed in the Mills during the greater part of the past year, their hearts would undoubtedly be touched with compassion not only in witnessing the indescribable scenes of destitution, misery, suffering and disease, especially among the helpless, little children, but they would be deeply moved in beholding the bitter grief of the Catechists caused by the fact that they are lacking the means necessary for purchasing the necessities of life and thus relieving the crying needs of the innocent and helpless little children of the poor.

My dear Catechist:

Though dividends are "hiding with prosperity around the corner," your bit is here. I do wish I could donate thousands, but this will help you some.

How much I value your prayers! Every day I say the prayer for the Catechists. Your work is God's very own. From Him shall come your reward. Lovingly, —M. E. G.



Life is like a ship that passeth through the waves; when it is gone, the trace thereof cannot be found.—Wisdom, v. 10.

Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

SWEET SACRAMENT, WE THEE ADORE, by Rev. F. X. Lasance. Benziger Bros., Chicago. \$1.90 and up.

This is a book of reflections, prayers, Mass and Communion devotions. Father Lasance is too well known as a compiler of Blessed Sacrament books to need introduction. Having freely used some of his earlier works we were a little disappointed in finding not a small portion of this new work to be a repetition of what has appeared in his earlier works, which, however, does not detract from the merits of this book in itself. The reflections are solid and stimulating and the prayers will assist many a cold heart to warm with love to the Blessed Sacrament.

Dear Father:

I am enclosing a check for \$20.00 to be used towards the support of a Missionary Catechist. This is a thank offering for a great favor received in answer to prayer.

Sincerely, MRS. T. B. O'L.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN"

At Chupaderos, a small mission, I had a new pupil, a frank and manly lad of nine. Trying to find out if he knew anything about his Religion I asked him, "Where is God?"

He arose and said: "God is in heaven, everywhere and in my heart!"

I was certainly impressed with this answer for the child said it as though he felt and meant it.

Catechist Bertha Dorrman.

NOVENA

We were pleased with the large number of petitions received for our Solemn Christmas Novena.

We are receiving many petitions for our perpetual novena in honor of Our Most Dear and Blessed Lady of Victory. These novena intentions we have deposited upon the Altar of Our Blessed Lady of Victory in our Chapel, and all our Catechists offer their fervent prayers daily that these petitions may, according to the Divine Will, be granted for the spiritual and temporal welfare of those who are asking for these favors.

- Spiritual Favors
- Temporal Favors
- Special Favors
- Restoration of Health
- Employment
- Conversions
- Peace in Families
- Vocations
- Successful Operation
- Happy Death
- Poor Souls
- Miscellaneous

Name _____
Address _____

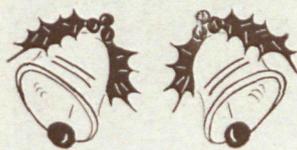


The Friends in Need

During the past year so many of our charitably inclined friends gave of their slender resources, money, medicine and clothing for the relief of the suffering, helpless children of the poor. Such generous donors may be certain that these gifts, because of the sacrifice involved in making them, were rendered more meritorious and more acceptable to Him, Who has promised to reward "even a cup of cold water given in His Name."

If it be true that "he who gives quickly gives doubly," then it is likewise true that he who gives at the cost of personal sacrifice gives more than a hundredfold.

The desperate condition of so many of God's poor facing the grim specter of hunger and want during the cold, hard winter months, touches the hearts of these charitably disposed souls. They are always first to respond to the crying needs of their suffering neighbor and scarcely ever stop to count the cost of the sacrifice they make in assisting the poor. And even though they may be in rather strait circumstances themselves they will never hesitate, when they cannot give money, to search the storerooms of their own homes and bring forth discarded articles of clothing which will serve to keep the icy blasts of winter from the frail bodies of the suffering little ones unable even to stretch out their hands and help themselves. God bless and love these generous souls! To them do our devoted Catechists look for encouragement and for help when facing the great problem of supplying food, clothing, fuel and medicine to the destitute during these hard times when even ordinary contributions are no longer forthcoming and when many of those who were ever ready to lend a helping hand are now faced with the problem of unemployment and must themselves seek the assistance of generous souls in their present needs.



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