

THE MISSIONARY GRATECHIST



Teaching the Love of Jesus Crucified



Lent and Suffering

Rev. Francis J. Remler, C. M.

Again the holy season of Lent is with us. Among the many salutary lessons it teaches is that of the proper use and value of suffering. Placing before our eyes the unparalleled sufferings of our Blessed Savior, Who loved us and delivered Himself up to death for love of us, it helps us to understand, in a limited way, at least, what an important place suffering has in the scheme of our salvation.

Man by nature shrinks from suffering. He considers it an evil that must be avoided at any cost. God, however, takes an entirely different view of it. He chose it freely and deliberately as the means by which He wrought our redemption and merited heaven for us; and He now desires that we accept it as a means of grace, of sanctification and of heavenly merit.

In suffering and dying for us, our divine Savior gave us an incontestable proof of His infinite Love for our souls. Try to picture to yourself how utterly gloomy and hopeless life would be without the passion and death of Jesus Christ. If He had not suffered, you would not have the faintest hope of salvation. Heaven would be eternally closed against you; you would have no possible chance of escaping the prison of Hell.

Even if you succeeded in going through life without committing what would amount to a mortal sin, you would still be excluded from heaven, though you would not be condemned to endure the pains of hell that are merited by mortal sin. But considering the weakness of human nature and its proneness to sin, as also the absence of grace, do you think you could have gone through life without a mortal offense

against God? Scarcely. And after you would have sinned, where would you have found the means of pardon? Hence the endless sufferings of hell would have been inevitably incurred by you.

But the sufferings of Jesus changed all that. They paid your debt of sin, procured grace for you and made your sufferings meritorious of heaven. Should not this make you look upon your trials and crosses as something sacred and sacramental?

This one fact alone, that our divine Savior made free choice of the most painful kinds of sufferings that He might place the attainment of heaven within your easy reach, should surely compel you to take a Christian view of your afflictions, no matter what their name or nature.

Hence, try to master the great secret of converting them all into precious gems of endless merit by uniting them most intimately with those which our Lord endured on the Cross. This will keep you from murmuring and complaining; it will make you not only very patient, but will even enable you to bless God for them; and more than that, even, it will make you heroic enough to pray to be allowed to suffer still more.

“Ought not Christ to have suffered and so enter into His Glory?” If you expect to resemble Jesus Christ in His glory hereafter in heaven, must you not be willing to resemble Him in His sufferings here on earth?

An enlightened Catholic will never consider suffering an evil; for him there is only one evil, and that is sin. What the world calls evil is for him a grace and a blessing,—the seed of endless and imperishable glory.



The Missionary Catechist

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The Aftermath of a California Flood

CATECHIST MARGARET CAMPBELL, LOS BANOS, CALIF.

Day after day, for three long weeks, the leaden skies poured forth a veritable deluge. Day after day the poor Mexicans in the cotton camps saw their meager supply of beans and flour diminishing. They allowed themselves one, or at best two, scanty meals a day, for there would be no money with which to replenish their small store until another "pay day". There would be no "pay day" until the close of another week of work. But there would be no more work until the well-nigh flooded cotton fields would dry, which would take at least a week, now that the rain had ceased.

Twice we attempted, with our little car, to reach these poor people, trapped in the midst of deep mud and water. Each time we were forced to turn back after being pulled out of the mire.

Saturday afternoon our good, generous Father Lanctot determined, with the help of Jesus and Mary, to take provisions to the destitute in the worst camp. Catechist Darbutt and I took food and went with him in his car.

Upon our arrival at the three mile stretch of swamp leading into camp, Father stopped the car, removed his hat and led prayers, invoking the all powerful help of Our Dear Lord, of Our Blessed Mother and of good St. Christopher. Then we plunged into what had been the road but what was now a seemingly bottomless mass of mud and water. The car floundered on; the engine groaned. We seemed to be going under the mud and water rather than through it. Once, as we were nearing the camp, the car stopped. Father sent up another appeal to Jesus and Mary, then forced the engine and we were literally dragged into camp.

Our beloved Mexicans stood aghast at seeing the *Padrecito* and the *Madrecitas* taking such a chance.

The condition in that camp was indescribable. Water from the irrigation canal had flooded part of the camp. Shacks and tents that were not surrounded by water, were in the midst of mire. We waded

through mud and water from shack to tent inquiring and giving relief to the most destitute. Some families still had a few beans, some a little flour; others were trying to live on the few mushrooms they gathered in the corral. But most of them had nothing at all.

One family of ten told me they had "sufficient, thanks to God!" They had only a few beans and a little flour and were allowing themselves a very small ration each day; yet they told of some families whom they had helped. We sought these families. I shall never forget the picture of famine in cabin No. 10. There we found a young mother with her husband and five little children, ranging in age from thirteen months to six years, who had been without food for two days. Hunger was written on their hollow cheeks and stamped in their big, darkly encircled eyes. The father showed me a small pan in which they were combining flour and water which they were going to feed to the children. He explained that, unable to endure the wailing of his starving babes, he had begged flour from another family though he knew they had not enough for their own needs.

I can not describe each case. Each one is a story in itself.

Sunday Father gave his parishioners, at Los Banos a sermon on charity. The result is saving hundreds of poor people from starvation. Delegations from the Druids, Holy Name Society, Altar Society, Catholic Italian Federation and D. E. S., together with other individuals, met with Father Sunday night, established a relief fund and drew up plans for immediate action. Early Monday morning Mr. A. R. Olsen, Manager of the renowned Miller-Lux Farms; and Mr. Enos, President of the American Trust Bank, came with Father to make plans for the field work which, it was agreed, we were to do. Since that morning Mrs. Whitehurst, Mr. and Mrs. Paradiso, Mrs. Enor and Mrs. Olivera have been on duty at the Miller-Lux vacant warehouse, loaned by Mr. Olsen for the purpose, receiving gifts of groceries and weighing, measuring, wrapping and arranging substantial allotments for the destitute.

Mr. Olsen has thoughtfully made arrangements for two of his men with a team and truck to take us over the bad roads to the camps. We have been going out right after breakfast every morning to visit the camps and returning at noon with a list of the needy and the following information necessary to facilitate and hasten relief: Number of shack or tent, name of family, number of adults in the family, Number of children, and supplies on hand if they happen to have a bit of flour or some beans. Our capable allies then load up the truck with the required food and go with us to distribute it in the camps.

Yesterday at Lindemann Camp, while Catechist Raschenbauch was calling out the names on her list and the poor came in line to the truck where our co-workers were giving out the orders, an old man anxiously inquired of me why he had not been named. His name and house number had been called but he had not heard it. Not knowing him, nor where he lived I asked a few questions. After a few unintelligible responses, he could say no more but clenched his teeth and staggered backwards. I called two men to assist him to his shack. We followed with
(Continued on page 10)



The "home" of one of our poor Mexican families in the cotton camps

Music From The Shadows

THEY told it quietly, reverently as one would speak of sacred things. And as they talked and gestured and paused, now and then, to wipe away tears that rolled unbidden down wrinkled cheeks, one heard,—or was it fancy?—the sobbing of a violin wafted on the breezes born among those pine-spread hills.

They were a simple, mountain folk. Years ago, there had been no access to an American trading center from their little village, nor did they seek any. Here their grandparents and parents had lived primitively, lost to all except the wild, roving beasts of the forest and the stealthy, spying winds that came out of the north and swept through the pine-clad hills. Why or when their forefathers first chose to thus bury themselves no one could tell, nor does it bear upon this story. But so it was. And from wheresoever they came, these first settlers brought with them a lively faith and instilled it into the hearts of their children. Their devotion centered about the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at which they weekly assisted in spirit when they assembled for their beloved Rosary devotions. Thus, though corporally separated from the Divine Sacrifice and the Sacraments of the Church, yet they were mystically united to them by the strongest bonds. The children imbibed this devotion and there grew up in their hearts an intense longing to assist at this great worship which to them was like a wondrous myth related over and over by their parents. A restlessness seized the youth and they began to question about the world beyond the hills.

Then one day, heaven smiled upon those simple people and sent them a treasure. A lone Franciscan Friar, having lost his way during a terrible mountain storm, had wandered for days among the hills until providence led him to this primitive village. He soon recognized in his hosts the ardent faith of God's elect and promised them that upon the morrow he would celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in their midst. All that day and most of the night, the good Friar spent instructing, baptizing and hearing confessions. The

next morning, like a group of happy children, they gathered about him while he prepared the altar and made ready to celebrate the Divine Rites.

"If it could only be a High Mass, their joy would be complete," the kind Priest said to himself; and as an answer to his desire, a voice called to him from the deep shadows of the pines:

"Father, I will play and sing if you will have a High Mass for them." The voice was smooth and soft and cultured,—not like that of the villagers. The Friar peered into the shadows and there spied a tall, young man. He was dressed just like the other young mountaineers but across his shoulder was strapped a violin case. Going forward to meet the stranger, the gentle Friar searched his face: "You have not come to me before, my son?"

"I am not of you, Father."

"But you wish to play for us now?"

"Father,—I shall play only once more and a strange vengeance makes me desire to play this once for God. I long to cast at His feet the gift which He placed in my hands as an instrument of torture to my soul. I have played until men's hearts burn and bleed, but they are too dull to understand and soon forget, while I—." He shrugged his shoulders in a hopeless gesture and closed his eyes in an expression of bitterness and pain. The Priest reflected. Then, as if on sudden inspiration, he smiled and patted the shoulder of the young musician.

"It will be a High Mass, my son, and you may play." There was no question as to whether or not the musician was qualified to take so important a part in the service;—the Father was a holy man.

The Divine Service began. With glowing faces the humble villagers watched every movement of the celebrant. No deep naves, no lofty transepts, no sculp-

ture pillars could limit their devotion for there were none. Their Cathedral was the unbounded universe with the deep-eyed, New Mexican sky for its background. Their music was the exquisite melody of an unknown violinist whose notes, as they poured forth from the shadows, blended beautifully with the winds that swayed the giant pines of the virgin forest even as his own song moved the enthralled hearts of the breathless adorers.

The Holy Sacrifice finished and the souls of the humble worshipers revived and strengthened with "The Bread of Angels," the Priest left the altar amid the sobbing of the congregation.

It was not until late in the day, when the Friar was about to take leave of the village which he had blessed with the Living Presence, that the people be-thought themselves of the musician. Why, they had not even thanked him! But the holy Friar smiled and adored the marvelous wisdom and prodigality of the Heavenly Father's love for His children. The young man had come to make his song a blasphemy and he left, glorifying and thanking, the Giver of all Gifts. The Friar, himself a poet and a musician, had read as much in the stranger's melody as the Mass progressed. In seeking vengeance he had played, not for men but for God, and had thus rendered himself worthy of the treasure vouchsafed him. Now his heart must be singing even as his violin for what joy and reward can an artist know if it be not the knowledge that he has striven to become worthy of his genius?

But to console the grateful people, the Father made a rude cross and set it up in the shadows beneath the drooping branches of the pines. This, he told them, was in memory of and in gratitude to the unknown musician. Then, remembering the struggle in the breast of the artist, and understanding the frailty of man, he added:

"Whenever you pass this way, say a prayer for him and place a stone beside the cross, even as we, in the valley, do for our dead."

The Friar left and the people never forgot him nor the musician. They tell that the stones, cast one by one beside the little cross, settled down into the shape of a violin. And if you stand quietly there where the humble congregation once sat awaiting the coming of their Eucharistic King, mingled with the sighing of the breezes through the age-old pines, you can hear the music of a violin coming, as it were, from the shadows. It rises boldly defiant at first, then drops to gentle sobbing and finally breaks into a canticle of joy and gratitude!

—C. R. P. T.



Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

THE BLESSED FRIEND OF YOUTH, BL. DON BOSCO, by Neil Boyton, S. J. Pub. by the Macmillan Co., N. Y., \$2.00; with a Foreword by Hon. Al. E. Smith.

A "Life" which is truly alive. After reading it I said: "My school children must have that book."

Father Boyton has the rare gift of high-lighting the picture of this lovable Saint. Being a psychologist of youth he has stressed incidents in the remarkable life of Don Bosco which appeal to our boys and girls. The heroic in the Saints is always supernatural but the author has made it appear so natural and lovable that it invites imitation. There is nothing tame or "goody-goody" in this book. It is more exciting than a novel. I pray thousands may read it. A splendid work it is, to which the ex-governor of New York has prefixed a Foreword of highest praise.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES,
PRAY FOR US

Our Lady of Lourdes, we earnestly beseech Thee to intercede with Thy Divine Son for an increase of devoted servants, who, renouncing the world, will spend themselves in the service of the needy, the sick and the suffering as Missionary Catechists, laboring for the greater glory of God, their own sanctification and the salvation of the souls of the poor. Amen.

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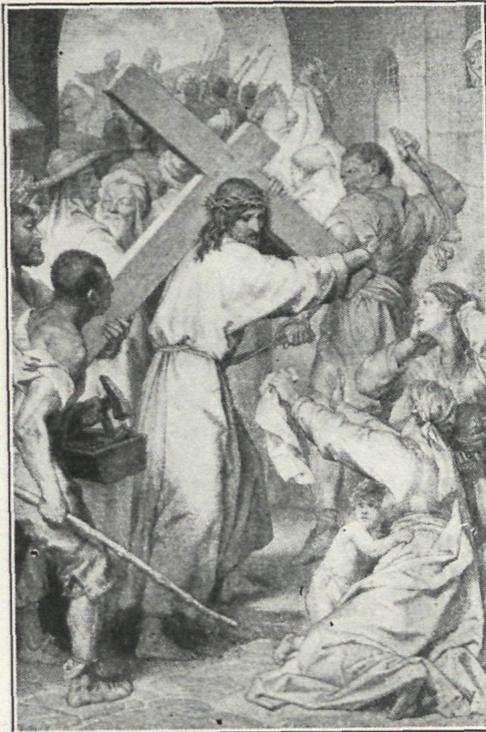
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Rev. J. J. Sigstein, Spiritual Director of The Society of Missionary Catechists
Editor

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Since the present business depression set in, almost 100,000 jobless Mexicans have returned to Mexico. The great majority of these people, being destitute, upon reaching the Mexican border, will no doubt suffer many hardships before efforts can be made to relieve their destitution. This certainly does not reflect much credit upon those American Communities, which virtually drove these poor people out of their midst, because they were holding jobs in mills, mines and railroad camps, which American laborers formerly scorned to accept.



A LENTEN THOUGHT

Our Dear Lord, the God and King of all creation, did not think it too much to endure the most bitter suffering and the most cruel death of the Cross to save souls. We are followers of Christ; what are we doing for this same cause? Now is the time to reflect seriously upon our obligations of helping in the salvation of the souls for whom Our Lord died. Now is the time to make practical resolutions in regard to furthering the Missionary Program of Holy Mother Church.

The Missionary Catechists are engaged in doing the same work Our Lord Himself did while on earth. They go about among the poorest of the poor, instructing the little ones, feeding the hungry, clothing the needy, nursing the sick and welcoming the prodigals back to their Father's House. Each Catechist is supported by a Burse. The interest on a completed Burse is sufficient to keep a Catechist in the field in perpetuity.

In honor of the Sacred Wounds of Our Crucified Savior help complete

THE FIVE HOLY WOUNDS Burse—\$49.50.

OBLATION

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

—Prayer of St. Gertrude.

Wise and Otherwise

Catechist: "Who was kept free from original sin?"

Juan: "Adam and Eve!"

Catechist: "How many persons are there in the Blessed Trinity, Marie?"

Marie: "There are four Persons in the Blessed Trinity."

Catechist: "Name them, Marie."

Marie: "Father, Son, Holy Ghost, Amen!"

He wanted so badly to go to confession, that little five-year-old; and it took some persuading to get him out of line! Stamping his tiny, bare foot on the church step he demanded the reason.

"You must wait. You are not old enough."

He looked intently at the floor; then raising his eyes he replied: "No es mia la culpa! (that's not my fault!)"

Jose was a little boy of four who never failed to attend class. He always listened attentively to the instructions given. One day I asked him what he had learned in class. He answered: "I learned all about Jesus."

"And what did you learn about Jesus?"

Jose looked up with a smile and exclaimed: "He did so much for me!"

Dear Catechist:

I am sending this donation for your poor who are suffering so much for want of help. Kindly publish this in honor of St. Jude who has so lovingly helped me.

MRS. S. S.

PERPETUAL NOVENA TO OUR BLESSED LADY OF VICTORY

In Our Blessed Lady of Victory Chapel at Victory-Noll, a perpetual novena in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory is offered every day throughout the year. Petitions for this novena may be sent any time. In sending your intentions be sure to state the particular favors,—spiritual and temporal,—which you are asking of Our Blessed Mother.

WHY NOT?

Following the example of all fervent Catholics, you are, no doubt, seeking some special good work to perform during the Holy Season of Lent. The purchase of a subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST for some friend or relative would be a highly meritorious good work. If you desire to make a greater sacrifice in honor of our suffering Savior, why not purchase a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION for yourself or someone dear to you?

Subscription rates: —\$.50 for one year, \$10.00 for Life.

GRATITUDE, THE MARK OF A NOBLE SOUL

Altagracia is seventy-five years old. She lives with her two sons and a sick woman, ninety-five years old, whom she keeps for friendship's sake. Last winter neither of the men had work and the family was in desperate straits. One day Altagracia came to the clinic and said, "Catechist, I have nothing to eat. I have eaten nothing for three days."

We visited her home and were soon convinced that she was in need of immediate relief. She had nothing, not even soap with which to do her weekly washing. We took her a grocery order. In thanking us she said, "I knew St. Anthony would hear me. I told him he had to!"

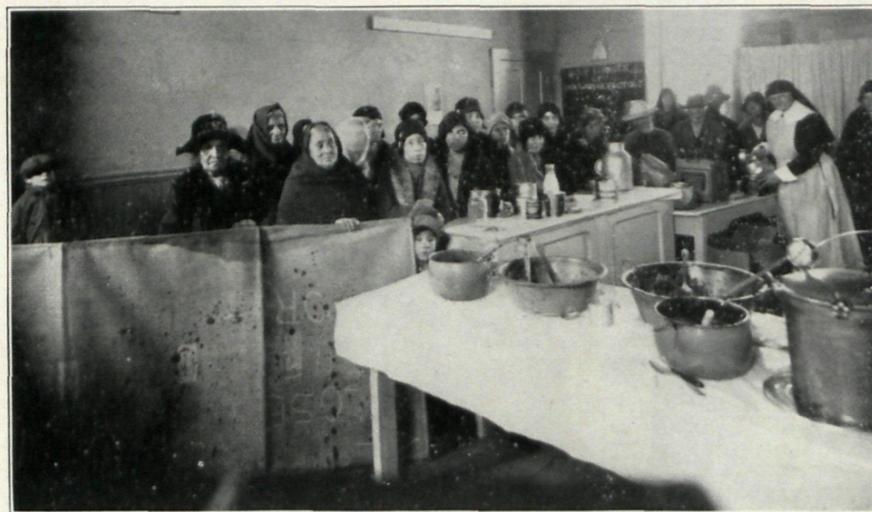
We continued to give her aid for some time and then were forced to stop for the many demands upon our poor fund had completely exhausted it. Altagracia again besought St. Anthony for help. She promised to assist the Catechists if he would find a job for one of her boys. St. Anthony, who never fails anyone, again granted her request. One of the boys found a job in Denver, though his wage was a pittance of \$3.00 per week. Altagracia was overjoyed. With the first money sent her by the son she came to the clinic. Handing me a dollar she said happily, "Here! This is for God's sick poor."

"But," we objected, "you need it so badly yourself. Our Lord doesn't expect it of you."

She insisted, "I promised St. Anthony that if he would give one of my sons work I would give part of his salary to the poor. It is true I have little but there are many others who have nothing!"

Catechist Genevieve Sullivan.

What shall I render to the Lord for all the things that He hath rendered unto me?—Ps. CXV, 3.



SOUP KITCHEN OF O. B. L. V.

The Catechists at Las Vegas have established a kitchen after the fashion of the soup kitchens in the larger cities, but different in that they do not attempt to serve meals. The poor bring their own utensils which are filled with portions of well-cooked foods including beans, soups, bread and bread puddings, and other things placed at the disposal of the Catechists by donors. A family in need is given a "meal ticket" upon which is listed the number of members in the family, their ages, etc. These cards are presented when application is made for the cooked food allotments.

Grocery orders are also given out to certain families.

The day after Christmas, Father set out on a sick call. On the way he had car trouble. One of the men working on the highway, who is the son of a Protestant Minister, offered to take him up to Chacon. Just imagine a minister's son taking a Priest to administer the sacraments for the dying! CATECHIST ANNA GUTIERRES, Holman, N. M.

It is difficult for average Catholics living in our large cities to realize that at their very doors there are thousands of helpless, destitute children with no food to satisfy the pangs of hunger; with no clothing, excepting a few rags; and with no beds or bedding; who live in damp, unsanitary basement rooms, without any prospect of receiving the food, medicine and clothing of which they are so sorely in need.

Recently while two Catechists were visiting one of these dismal basement dwellings, a poor mother showed them her two little children crouching beside a smoking coal oil lamp, in a corner of the room, which the mother had crudely partitioned off by means of old bags and rags, trying to warm themselves. Accustomed as these Catechists are to scenes of dire misery and suffering, they could not restrain their tears at the sight of these forlorn little ones suffering for lack of the very necessities of life. The hearts of the Catechists were torn by grief at the thought that they could not help this poor mother and her still poorer children as much as their poverty-stricken circumstances required, because they had not the means with which to do so.



Here and there In the field at home

SPREADING THE JOY THAT LINGERS

This year we were able to bring Christmas joy into the hearts of about 1,400 children under our care. At Indiana Harbor alone we had 1,000 children at the Christmas party, excluding 150 babies in arms. The good Ladies of Isabella, Council No. 40, of Chicago, sponsored this party and it was a tremendous success. The ladies prepared for about 650 and it was the generosity of our many Clubs in Chicago that supplied the rest. They brought out many toys the very day of the party and so helped make it possible for each child to receive a gift together with some candy.

A short program preceded the distribution of gifts. It consisted of music, recitations and tableaux, "The Nativity." Two Carols, "O, Come All Ye Faithful" and "Silent Night" sung by all the children, closed the program.

This year for the first time we had a Christmas party at East Hammond. The Daughters of Isabella, Council, No. 363 made this possible. The children looked with awe and wonderment at the tree and decorations and jealously prized the small presents they received. One little tot said, "Catechist, this is the first time Santa Claus thought of me."

The Reverend Fathers Hildenbrandt and Borkowski were present and gave the children inspiring talks on the Nativity of Our Lord.

Here at East Hammond the Protestant Community Sunday School is offering our children membership in various clubs connected with their Church and admittance to their entertainments. We discovered our motto, "All For Jesus Through Mary", written on the blackboard in their church. No doubt, this is an excellent means of beguiling our unsuspecting children.

We also had a very enjoyable party at Hessville. The children sang Christmas carols, played games and took part in several amusing contests. Then each one received a gift and a box of candy.

Most certainly the blessings of God and our prayers as well as the prayers of these poor children will ever attend those who, in their charity, were kind to His neglected ones and gave them a taste of Christmas joy.



After the Christmas Party at Indiana Harbor, Indiana, all the children were eager to have their pictures taken "with Santa Claus."

SOWING THE GOOD SEED

There is something thrilling about new Missions; but the old ones have some joys which the new do not. A few months ago one of our families moved to a little town quite a distance from Cerrillos. We said "good-by" to Placido, Josephine and Virginia, the three children who had been under our care for four years. The father of the family visited us a few days ago. He said that Josephine and Virginia (eleven and nine years, respectively) were very busy with church work. They led rosary devotions every Sunday night, sang High Mass and assisted the Missionary in various ways. Placido, the twelve-year-old boy, feels most important as he is the only one in town who can serve Mass when Father comes on his monthly visit.

Although we miss the children, we are glad to know that they have profited by our instructions and are missionaries in their own sphere. May Our Blessed Mother help them to continue their good work!

CATECHIST RATHNAW, Cerrillos, New Mex.

Help support a Catechist during Lent.

We also wish to thank our kind friends and benefactors for their generous supply of groceries, fruit and bakery goods which helped fill over seventy Christmas baskets for suffering families. CATECHIST MARY McCONVILLE, Indiana Harbor, Ind.

He that hath mercy on the poor lendeth to the Lord; and He will repay him.—Prov. XIX, 17.

Each child was busy getting his little heart ready to welcome Jesus on Christmas Day. It was interesting to watch this work of preparation. One of the boys told me he took his rosary to the public school and after he had finished his classwork he slipped it into his desk and said it in honor of the Infant Jesus. Others told of the duties they performed willingly and cheerfully; of the kind acts they joyfully recorded; of the many little prayers they said and of the sacrifices they made daily to adorn their hearts for the coming of the King.

Christmas morning, when the time approached for Holy Communion and the little tabernacle door was opened, I seemed to hear Our Dear Lord saying those same, sweet words He spoke to the Apostles when the children wished to draw near Him many years ago: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

CATCHIST S. MICHELS.

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 Los Banos, Calif.
4 Grants, New Mexico.
5 1385 Van Buren Street, Gary, Ind.
6 Holman, New Mexico.
7 3868 Block Avenue, East Chicago.
8 Box 30, Montezuma Route, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
9 Lubbock, Texas.
10 Cerrillos, New Mexico.
11 Catechist Blanche Richardson, Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
12 Calipatria, California, Box 533.
13 Santa Paula, California, 222 8th. St.
14 Tulari, Calif.

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

Dear Catechist Campbell:

I am sending you the box of linens our circle made for your little Mission. I hope they reach you in good order. Please place them where you think they are most needed. We would have had them ready sooner but the ladies all decided to make six Altar cloths so you will have a change. There are 102 pieces in all.

We all were happy in being able to do just a little for your Mission so please accept this in the spirit it was made. Each piece was done with loving thoughts and a prayer.

Remember us all in your good prayers.

Very sincerely,

—President of the Sorrowful Mother Sewing Circle.



Even your little gifts made somebody happy.

WHERE DEATH AND DISEASE TAKE THEIR TOLL

Through the co-operation of the Women's Club of Grants, a non-sectarian organization of American Women, we obtained the vaccine for the tubercular test which Dr. Clark, of Albuquerque, who is supervising our monthly clinics here, has administered to all the school children of Grants. The percentage of children underweight (88%) is simply incredible unless one knows the condition of the homes from which they come and the articles of food which comprise their diet. Frijoles (Mexican beans), chili and tortillas, often in insufficient quantities, are the principal foods of our poor Spanish-American people. From the time the average baby is about a year old, it is given frijoles. It is impossible for these destitute people to provide other and more expensive food. How, then, can we expect strong, healthy, normal children when the necessities of growing children are not within their reach?

Again, through the co-operation of the Women's Club, we are now supplying a limited number of the children with a half pint of milk at every morning and afternoon recess. But there are still about 150 children for whom we are unable to do anything. The ravishes of tuberculosis and other diseases among our dear poor cannot be checked while they are lacking not only proper but sufficient food.

CATECHIST HELEN SRILL, Grants, New Mex.

Help the poor because of the commandment; and send him not away empty-handed because of his poverty.—Eccus. XXII, 15.

Mary's Little Helpers

Are you going to work hard during Lent, Little Helpers, and see how many pennies you can get into your mite box? We need lots and lots of pennies these days, and Lent is a good time for you to do penance and save your pennies. Don't you think it would be a good idea to keep a little report card during Lent? Every time you save a penny, or a nickel, mark down on the card how you saved it, whether you gave up a piece of candy, did not go to the movie, etc. I once knew a good person who marked down all his Holy Communions that way. I think it would be fun to mark down all you give up for the sake of Our Dear Lord and His poor little children. Then after Lent, I would like to see all your cards, to find out who made the most sacrifices.

Dear Little Helpers:

Christmas is over, New Year's Day is over, and what do you suppose comes next? Yes, you are right. Easter is next. But what does Easter mean? I'll tell you,—Easter means that First Communion time is coming closer and closer and the Catechists need FIRST COMMUNION OUTFITS for their poor little boys and girls, and lots of them. I remember the day I made my First Communion. Was I happy? You bet I was. I had a brand new blue suit, new white shirt, a pretty white tie, and a nice hat and patent leather shoes. My grandma had given me a pearl rosary and grandpa gave me my prayerbook,—a pretty one with a black leather cover and a little crucifix on the inside. No wonder I was happy! Wouldn't it be great if all the little Mission children could be dressed up that way? Don't you think they would like a little rosary and a nice prayerbook? Lots of people think that poor children don't care if they have nice clothes or not, but you know they do, and I know they do. I remember one time when I was with the Catechists, we saw a little boy coming out of church who looked as though he had been crying. Catechist asked him if something was wrong. He tried to act as though he hadn't been crying, and he said nothing was wrong. One of the other little boys came up and said to Catechist, "I know, Catechist. There are some little American boys visiting here. I guess they never saw people dressed like us poor kids, and they were making fun of Pedro. Poor Pedro had to come to Mass on Sunday with a pair of old raggedy



trousers, a torn undershirt, and no coat, no shoes or stockings. No wonder he was crying. I would cry, too, if I had to go to Mass like that. Just think how badly those poor girls and boys feel when they have to receive their First Holy Communion in old clothes like that, and that happens lots of times when the Catechists don't get enough First Communion outfits. So you see, Little Helpers, you could bring a lot of happiness to your little Mission friends, by working real hard for WEE WILLIE WINKLE'S FIRST COMMUNION FUND. Won't you all try? If you can't save a dollar I am sure you could all save at least a few pennies. I think you could all pray real hard, too, so that the Catechists get enough money to buy the things they need for their First Communion Classes.

Your little pal,

WEE WILLIE WINKLES.

Dear Catechist:

Enclosed you will find a check for one dollar and seventy cents. We opened our



A PENNY A DAY FOR JESUS

mite box today and gave the money to Mother because the box was too heavy. We think it is lots of fun to send boxes to the mission at Las Vegas.

Sincerely,
Mary Busing.

Dear Supervisor:

Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for the missions which our Band saved. I hope we will be able in the next offering to have more money. Our Band is getting along fine. I hope we may hear from you soon.

Yours truly,

George Lackner, Promoter,
Sacred Heart Band.

To all the good Sisters of our Schools we wish to extend heartfelt thanks for their kindness in encouraging their children to help our poor Missions. The boxes which we received from the various schools were so many boxes of Christmas happiness for our poor little ones, who are usually forgotten by Santa.

Our Little Helpers of Logansport, Indiana, are always looking for new ideas to make money for the Missions. Before Christmas they had three pretty dolls and a mite box in their class-room to remind all who entered the room to do their bit and help to bring pleasure to the Catechists' poor little kiddies in the Missions.

We thank the following Little Helpers for their good work:

Mary Louise Young—\$3.00.
Logansport Little Helpers—\$5.00.
Mary Patricia Grimes—\$1.00.
Joan and Susanna Reichard—\$2.00.
Lucille Stump—85c.
Betty Gerkin—\$1.05.

How happy we would be if we could only get more willing Little Helpers like these.

LITTLE HELPER, LISTEN!

If Joseph or Mary you were baptized No matter what your age or size; Your name, address and a dime send in, And a prize you'll have a chance to win In our MARY and JOSEPH name CONTEST, Which we wish to make a great SUCCESS!

The Associate Catechists of Mary

We are happy to welcome the Little Flower Mission Circle of Chicago, of which Miss Anna Kaiser is the promoter, to our circle of friends. These good friends recently held a successful card party for our Indiana Harbor Mission and made over \$100.00.

YOUR MITE!

Even though it is only a mite, it helps! If every one of our readers kept a mite box handy and made it a practice to drop a penny, a nickel or a dime into it regularly, they would be surprised to find how the "mites" accumulate in a short time. The popular little mite box of today might easily be termed the Sacrifice Box. Lent is the time for sacrifice, and every home should have a Sacrifice Box. Although the amount saved in the little mite box in every home may be small, the total of these amounts can do wonders for the poor in the Missions. Most of the Mission work throughout the country is done, not by million dollar bequests, but by the generosity of our noble Catholics, who sacrifice a movie, or some other luxury in order to drop a quarter into their mite box for God's poor. The mite box is a cheerful incentive to save for the Missions. It is a constant reminder of the sacrifice the missionaries are willing to make to save souls for God; it is a symbol of the missionary's life and its continual plea is—"Don't pass me by. Remember it is your MITE that keeps the Missionary Catechist on duty." Don't forget to send for a mite box immediately so that you may begin your Lent well, and gain many precious graces during it by your acts of self denial.

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Band, Appleton, Wisconsin, has been organized with Miss Hilda Kitzinger as its able promoter. The future holds great promise for this industrious band and although they have been working but a short time, they have brought much happiness to the suffering poor, by their good work. Their first attempt was a "stocking shower" at

WHEN BUSINESS MEN TURN MISSIONARIES!

The A. C. M. is happy indeed to welcome to its circle the ALL MEN'S MISSION CLUB of Chicago, under the appropriate title of "THE TWELVE APOSTLES." These new Apostles conducted their first event, a card party and turkey raffle, in December. The affair proved to be an extraordinary success. As a result, God's helpless poor are benefited to the extent of \$500.00. Our heartfelt gratitude goes out to these noble men, not only for this splendid party, but also for their charity in distributing carloads of bread, clothing, etc., to our Mission at Indiana Harbor every week. We are also very grateful to the Rev. Peter Lieser, P. R., pastor of St. Anthony's Church, who made this card party possible by his generosity in donating the Parish Hall for the occasion.

It is our prayer that other priests and laymen inspired by this noble example may cooperate with our Catechists in relieving the pressing needs of the destitute suffering little children. WHO WILL BE THE NEXT ALL MEN'S MISSION CLUB?

Mrs. Annie Hansen and her St. Mary's Club deserve congratulations on their successful card parties and the help they are giving to our poor Missions. They recently sent us a check for \$60.00.

All of our Catechists in the Missions wish to thank our good promoters and members of the various bands for the wonderful Christmas boxes which meant so much to their dear poor.

The Les Petite Fleurs Club with only seven zealous members began its mission work six years ago to aid the foreign Missions. When they discovered that the Society of Missionary Catechists had been founded to work among the thousands of neglected souls here in our own country they immediately began to work for the Catechists. When one of their members became a Missionary Catechist, their enthusiasm was doubled, and now after six years the club boasts of fourteen members. In addition to helping support a Burse by means of card parties, they also provide Christmas and Easter boxes, and first Communion outfits for the poor in the Missions.

which they received twenty-three pairs of stockings. Since then they have made seventy-eight yards of flannel into baby things and they also sent about seventy-five pounds of food to the Missions. These girls are surely filled with a true Mission spirit and we know that they are meriting God's choicest blessings.

BAND ACTIVITIES

We are deeply grateful to good Mrs. Service and her faithful members of the St. Joseph Club for their wonderful cooperation. As a result of their splendid activities during the past year three thousand pounds of happiness have found their way to the Missions including First Communion outfits, shoes, two hundred new dresses for girls, forty-five infants' layettes, coats, sweaters, underwear for men, women and children, blankets, quilts, pounds and pounds of used clothing, first aid supplies, toys, candy, nuts, and in fact everything that can be used or worn by our poor. In addition to this they also added \$1050.00 to the Burse they are supporting. Such wonderful charity is surely most pleasing to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and will be abundantly rewarded, even here on earth.

We wish also to extend heartfelt thanks to Mrs. Nellie Wainwright, promoter of Our Lady of Perpetual Help Club, and her zealous members, for their continued assistance. We were happy to receive a check in the sum of \$63.50 as a result of their parties.

One of Father Lescher's successful Clubs (St. George) sponsored a card party recently and made \$60.00.



Les Petite Fleurs Club, Chicago, Ill.

What am I doing during Lent?

O, my Mother, you desire so much to see Your Divine Son loved by me and by all! I know that You can obtain all that You ask from our Lord. This grace I ask of You: to love Him with all the love of my being for the remainder of my life. I desire nothing more. I could receive no greater gift for time and eternity.

TRUE DEVOTION TO OUR BLESSED MOTHER

Mary alone has found grace with God, both for Herself and for each one of us in particular. She conceived the Author of all Grace and gave Him life; on which account. She is called by the Church, "Mother of Grace". It follows, then, that to find grace with God, we must find Mary. True Devotion to Our Blessed Mother, as practised by Blessed De Montfort, gave to Holy Church its greatest Saints. This devotion consists in giving oneself entirely and as a slave of love to Jesus through Mary; in doing all through Mary, in Mary, with Mary, and for Mary, in order to do all more perfectly with Jesus, in Jesus, by Jesus, and for Jesus.

The spirit of this devotion consists in being interiorly dependent upon Mary as a little child is dependent upon its mother; and in leaving everything to be disposed of by our Blessed Mother so that this good Mother may apply our works according to Her own will, to the greatest glory of God, which She alone knows perfectly. In return for our consecration, we are content to belong wholly to Mary knowing that She will give to Her faithful children Her special love and protection. She will present us to Her Divine Son clothed in Her own most pure and holy dispositions.

To practice and spread this devotion is a noble work and a sublime vocation. "There is none greater," says Father Faber. By joining the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, you will unite with those who practice and spread this Holy Devotion to Our Blessed Mother in a especial manner.

Fill out the application blank below and become a member of the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, today.

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 _____

Dear Father:
Please find enclosed \$5.00 for your poor. I am sending this in thanksgiving to St. Anthony.

MRS. J. E. M.

PRAY FOR OUR BELOVED DEAD

Joseph McNamara, Mr. Heaney, Mr. Clements, Mr. Moran, Mr. Welch, Miss Millie McLaughlin, A. C. M.; Miss Alice Christie; John G. Noll, father of the Rt. Rev. J. F. Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne.
May their souls and all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace! Amen.

THE AFTERMATH OF A CALIFORNIA FLOOD

(Continued from page 4)

food. In his shack was another man trying to make a fire with brush in an old coffee drum. There were pieces of canvas in each of three corners of the room. These were the "beds" of the three men who occupied the shack. There was not another thing in the shack,—and not even a crumb to eat. The men were too weak to talk or walk.

At our last visit to the "worst" camp, we noticed that the water had greatly subsided. It had not rained since Father Lancot's visit. The weather looks favorable and the people are hopeful of picking cotton again in a week or so. They attribute it all to their good Padrecito whose heroic efforts saved them from a painful death.

We are having an Altar Society for our Mexican ladies at Gary, Indiana this year. They come every Friday afternoon to clean the chapel, iron altar linens and sew. Through this society many of the women, who had not received the Sacraments for several years are now receiving Holy Communion on the First Friday of each month, according to one of their rules.

Catechist Mary Whitfield.

Although there are few individuals who can wholly adopt a Catechist, there are many who would gladly contribute toward their support. The 2500 CLUB was organized for such charitable Catholics. Its obligations are to pray for the Catechists and their work and to contribute \$1.00 a month for one year toward their support. Become a member today.

Keep us in your prayers! We need them even more than the badly-needed dollars. And be sure that we do not forget you either. All our friends and benefactors are remembered daily in the prayers of the Catechists and the children under their care.

ANY ONE CAN DO THIS

Will you, as a special favor to us, send us the names and addresses of some of your friends who might possibly assist our Catechist in their missionary labors among the poor children of our country? We will gladly send them copies of the MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____



"Snapshots" of Mission-Life

NO "DEPRESSION" HERE

We Catechists at Las Vegas, New Mexico, certainly are not obliged to go "seeking employment." We are so busy every moment of the day doing God's great work among the poor that we often wish there were more of us. Here, briefly, is a typical day's schedule.

In the morning ten Catechists go out to catechize among our 800 school-children. Some of us drive twenty and more miles to reach the out-Missions. Two Catechists go to supervise the work in the "soup kitchen" which we have established for the purpose of feeding the hundreds of men, women and children, who have no one to turn to for the necessities of life. Here they also distribute over sixty grocery orders daily to needy families. Two Catechists go to serve the sick poor at our clinic, while four of us remain at the Mission-center to distribute clothing, to answer unexpected calls for aid from whatever source they may come; to manage the club work and to perform the hundred and one duties charity demands each day.

In the afternoon the ten Catechists again go out to catechize and visit the homes of the sick and needy, who cannot come to us, while the rest of us continue our work of the morning. Preparations for the holiday parties and programs for the children, the mothers' social gatherings, the Fiestas and all other "extras" are somehow squeezed into the evenings and the few "odd moments" of the day.

Catechist Sophie Renier,

"THE HOME OF THE LITTLE MOTHERS"

Unless you have actually visited one of the cotton camps in our California mission field it will be impossible for you to visualize the want and misery that the thousands of our dear Mexicans are suffering. Here is but one example:

The Jaramillos live in a tent. The first week they had a cabin but only those who pick 500 pounds daily are entitled to a cabin, so at the end of the week they were sent to one of the tents. The Jaramillos family consists of eight children and the parents. When the rain came it poured into the tent until the family was forced to move out. They spent the night in an open Ford. I don't need to tell of the sickness that has been the result.

Our medicine kits are much in demand. The doctors here kindly give their services free to our poor and we certainly have occasions to take advantage of their generosity.

Catechist Evelyn Benton,
Los Banos, Calif.



COULD THERE BE ANYTHING MORE PRIMITIVE?

Candelario was waiting for us when we reached the cotton camp. "Catechist, my little sister is sick; she cries all the time. Won't you come and make her well?" he begged.

"How old is your sister, and how long has she been sick?" we wanted to know. Candelario answered in English and mixed his words a little as he replied: "She is just two months old and has been sick almost a year!"

We smiled and accompanied him to his home. There we found the wailing infant lying on a little clump of cotton in one corner of the room. Nor were we surprised that it "cried all the time!" Being desperately poor the family owned no furniture. For a stove they had an old wash-tub turned upside down, with a hole cut in one side for a door to put in the wood, and one on the other side for the smoke to escape. The stove had no pipe and consequently the smoke just floated around the room until it found the door.

Catechist and I took turns talking to the mother and going to the door for a breath of air.

Thanks to Jesus and Mary! we were able to find a stove for them and to secure a doctor's care for the baby. The last time we visited this family, they were quite happy. The stove was duly appreciated and the baby didn't cry anymore.

Catechist Effie McConnell,
Los Banos, Calif.

GOLDEN CANDLESTICKS, CONSPICUOUS BY THEIR ABSENCE

The first time we attended Mass at the Limoneira Auditorium where Father Conlon celebrates Mass every week, he had an altar made something like this: A piano stool stood on the edge of the stage; on it was a Crucifix. At the right of the stool was a heavy, unbleached candle set in a milk bottle. At the left of the stool was a thin stub of a first Communion candle set in a ginger ale bottle. Below the stage were two small tables, placed side by side, which served as the altar table.

Catechist Marie Benes,
Santa Paula, Calif.

The loving devotion of the congregation was apparent and very touching, and I was certain that Our Dear Lord was glad to come down from Heaven upon, even such a crude Altar, in order to bless and console those dear to Him.

IT
MIGHT HAVE
BEEN - -



"Too late! It might have been . . ."

The vain regrets of those who did not provide for inevitable old age, only too often verify the words of the poet:

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these,—It MIGHT HAVE BEEN!"

*No fruitless regrets and remorse of conscience will ever
assail you if you invest in*

OUR ANNUITY PLAN

Any amount, no matter how small, accepted. Interest at 6%, payable semi-annually. Principal returned upon sufficient notice.

**Write today for further information.
Society of Missionary Catechists,
Huntington, Ind. Box 109**