

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST



"Resurrexit, sicut dixit; Alleluia! Alleluia!"



His Day of Triumph

Love has conquered! Heaven and earth unite in jubilee; this is Easter Morn,—The Triumphal Day of the Risen Christ.

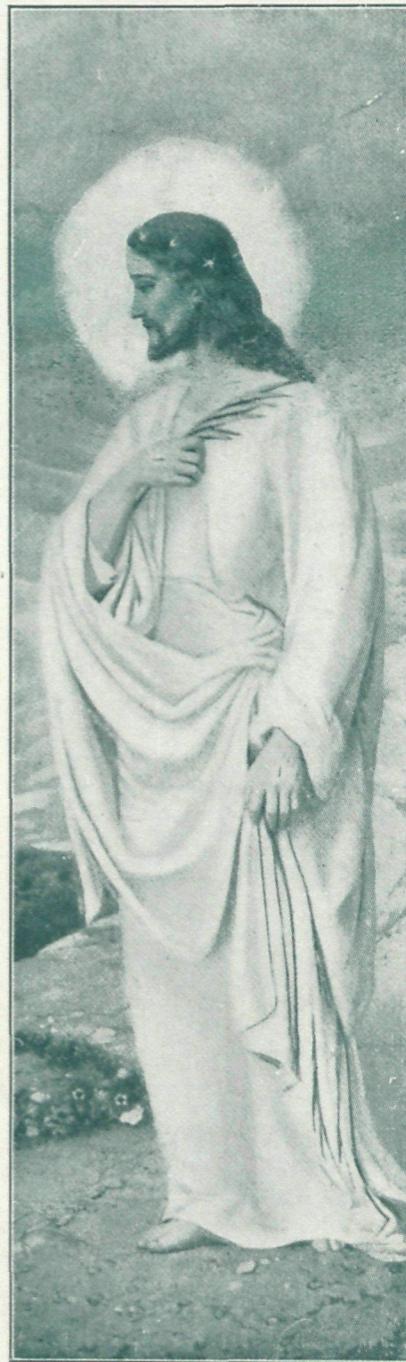
We kneel before the Altar aglow with burning tapers and luxuriant blossoms, and with eyes of Faith we behold Our Dearest Saviour there before us. We remember Gethsemane, Judas, Herod, Pontius Pilot, the cruel rabble, the bloody Way of the Cross. We assist at Calvary and finally see Our Jesus laid away in a stranger's sepulcher. And we return, at last, to Jerusalem leaning on the broken Heart of Our Sorrowful Mother. Through all this we have lived during the past forty days. Good Friday is still fresh in our minds,—and behold! Our Lord is again with us!—raised high in the trembling hands of His holy Minister at the Altar. In holy joy we cry out as did the Apostles at one time: "Lord, how camest Thou hither?" His answer is ready,—has ever been in our hearts: "By Calvary and the Cross!"

So it will always be. A Day of Triumph can only await us at the end of a Sorrowful Way. Easter can only dawn after a Good Friday. The Risen Son of Justice will only beam upon us after a night of darkness and strife.

Mindful of the anxiety and suffering which surrounds the lives of many of our good friends during these trying times; and mindful also that "The Prince of Life, Who died, now lives and reigns," we have made this our Easter wish and prayer for you, most dear friends, as well as for ourselves:

"Beloved Lord! We pray Thee, clear the vision of Thy people and dispel the heavy mists of temptation to doubt and despair that hang oppressively over them. Do Thou, Thyself, arm them with an unwavering hope in the merits of Thy bitter Passion by which, together with their own crosses, they may arrive at a glorious resurrection. Help their hearts to begin now, amid the cares of earthly existence, that Alleluia which will be their everlasting hymn of jubilation amid the glory of the Heavenly Kingdom.

"Dearest Mother, teach Thy children how to accept their daily burdens with faith and patient love, remembering that afflictions are vouchsafed men in life as the treasure with which they may purchase a blessed Eternity. Amen."



The Missionary Catechist

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Number 4

At the Beck and Call of God's Poor

CATECHIST CORDELIA BAHL
Indiana Harbor, Indiana

The life of our dear poor is but a succession of starvations. Demands upon our charity are so many and urgent that we can only give emergency relief. Regular or continued assistance is out of the question. When a family comes to us for aid we immediately ask: "Have you tried to get help from the Company by whom you were employed?" By "employed" we understand working only one day a week. Usually the answer is in the affirmative, and the father is waiting for action to be taken on his case. In one Plant, cases come up for consideration ten days from the day of application. Meanwhile,—? Sometimes families are receiving assistance regularly but it is insufficient and the supplies are exhausted two or three days before another order is due. "We could fast that long," parents explain, "but the children can't wait."

Last Saturday we found a family with five small children who had nothing but flour and water for two days.

Two days ago a mother came to beg a piece of bread for her little girl. She had sent her to school that morning without a bite to eat and could not bear to face the hungry child that evening, with empty hands.

Only about one-half of our needy families are able to obtain relief from the Plants by whom they had been employed. The owners of these mills are doing the best they can to relieve the situation, but the demands made upon them are also so numerous that they find it difficult to take immediate action in all cases. We spend much of our time trying to devise ways and means of taking care of the other half. Almost our only resource is the township. Day after day we push through a waiting line of eighty or ninety in the township office, often with several Mexican mothers at our heels, to beg for coal, food or medical attention.

"The poor we have always with us and the Catechists we have always with us also," one of the township workers jokingly remarked one day.

Seldom do our people ask for help until they actually have not even a crust of bread in the house. Then they are very modest in their requests and accept only enough to keep them alive, knowing that we have hundreds to feed. Several weeks ago we received a generous supply of flour and pinto beans from a kind benefactor in Chicago. Though lacking the essentials of a balanced ration, we did not have to turn away any family that was in need of the Mexican staff of life. But with many demands daily, our shelves were soon emptied. No fairy godmother has come to refill them yet so we often have to draw on our own bread supply.

Certainly no one is more grateful for the mild winter than the poor, who would



The fathers came to us asking, not charity, but a chance to earn bread for their starving families.

otherwise suffer untold hardships. As it is, mothers tell of their children crying all night because they were cold and had no bed covers. Many of the children under school age are running about barefoot. For them winter differs little from summer in the matter of suitable clothing.

Several Sundays ago, when the wind was biting cold, a six-year-old boy walked eight blocks to our house. He wore neither shoes nor stockings and very little clothing beneath a thin and torn overcoat. His teeth chattered, and it was a long time before he stopped shivering. His poor little feet were sore and calloused. It had been many a month since he had worn a pair of shoes. He was all smiles when we sent him home with shoes and stockings from a mission box, and a little more clothing than he wore when he came.

We were obliged to discontinue our manual training classes which we conducted for the older boys in the basement of the Mexican Church,—our Community Center. The basement is damp and cold and we cannot spare the money for coal while so many of our little ones are starving or dying from exposure. We regret very much having to do this because these classes have proved the best means of keeping the boys off the streets and out of trouble while, at the same time, giving them a practical training and much wholesome enjoyment.

God alone knows how much the innocent and helpless are suffering during this depression. All day long we are at the beck and call of the needy. But we are glad to sacrifice ourselves for the love of Jesus and Mary, Whom we serve in the person of Their helpless, destitute poor. Our one desire is to alleviate the misery we find all about us and, in this way, draw hearts to love our Dear Lord more. Our charity, however, is only possible because generous Catholics recognize the destitution of our people and do all they can to assist us. But as the needs of our poor increase we are obliged to seek and pray for new benefactors, for we cannot give to those who ask unless we first receive.

KEEP ON KEEPING YOUR LENTEN MISSION RESOLUTIONS

The Home-Coming of St. Joseph

Mary Stephen

The Southwest is the American Land of Legend. It is also the land of beautiful interpretation of what might otherwise be only dull and drab commonplaceness. Out of these two elements has sprung many a gracious and intriguing tale, all true, half true, or entirely fanciful; but in any case, warm with vivid human emotions and impulses, and not intended to transgress any of the rules of moral propriety, even when scrutinized doubtfully for bleak, bare facts.

Such a tale was told in a New Mexican village, with ingenuous appeals to the perfect credence of the hearer—appeals so perfectly in harmony with the story itself that one was tempted to believe without question every last detail of it. In the same spirit it is passed on, and whatever the reader's interpretation of it may be, the writer of this declares that to the best of her knowledge and belief it is every word true!

In the old parish church—the Ranchos Church—set upon Taos Plateau a short way out of the village, with gray desert, gold-and-blue sky and wondrous opalescent light for its background, there is—or was—a quaint old wooden statue of St. Joseph. One arm was gone, the face was not only paintless but noseless, and the whole figure a rather dilapidated affair, decidedly misrepresentative of the dear, dignified Saint it stood for.

But it was beloved—tenderly and faithfully beloved. Its weatherbeaten staunchness had received the fervent kisses of three generations of Pueblo women and children; and before its scarred and bruised feet had knelt hundreds of brave, grave warriors, whom it had counseled to unwilling peace.

"It is our Saint," said one of these, a tall, spare native of the Plateau, his black eyes shining. "He came back to us—himself—alone—walking through the night. In the morning here he was; and when we came to mourn for him we found him among us."

This was surely the beginning of a story. With a little urging and questioning, it all came out.

Many years ago—the story runs—there was bad feeling between the Taos pueblos, those mighty fortresses on the high plateau, and the Tesuque pueblos, much less imposingly placed miles away, but with land running up to the borders of the Taos possessions. It all came about because some great man among the Spanish conquerors had promised to one of them a gorgeous, beautifully painted statue of the good St. Joseph, as a patron of good crops, plenty of rain, and tribal safety. But when the statue came, neither Taos nor Tesuque could convince the other that the promise had



been made to this or that pueblo. Taos, high-handedly, and, as the teller of the tale declared, justly, obtained possession of the coveted statue, and it was set up in the Ranchos Church, where people came from all over the country to beg at its feet the favors of the good Saint. And never without avail,—that was what made the trouble. Tesuque's jealousy raged anew as it beheld its rival gaining such prestige.

One night—no one knew just how—Tesuque men came stealthily in the darkness, and the next morning the spot where St. Joseph had stood was vacant. Down the mountain and over the intervening valleys went the Taos men, angry and vengeful. The struggle was brief, for the plateau dwellers were of superior prowess, and when they returned the village held high jubilee. A great feast was made, and many offerings of flowers and fruit and grain were placed before the prodigal Saint,—so many that the gray Church was a bower of beauty and devotion.

But, alas, the rejoicing was soon stilled, for in some mysterious manner, almost under the eyes of the people themselves, the niche was seen again to be empty. And once more, like hornets, the Taos men swarmed hotly down the Tesuque trail.

So it went for months. No matter how closely guarded, St. Joseph would mysteriously disappear, and just as surely be found next day receiving courtly honor on a rival altar. Feeling was rapidly coming to a pitch where tribal extermination might result. It might have taken that turn long ago, had not the Spanish grandee stressed the point that St. Joseph was a man of peace, and would not endure warfare among his people.

A prudent thought suddenly occurred to one of the Taos chiefs. He would make truce with the Tesuque Governor—for a little while—and they two would go together to the great white hunter who dwelt alongside the Taos trail, and who was reputed to be a man of uncanny wisdom.

"That's easy," said the white man,—

whose name was Kit Carson,—after he had heard the story. "Trouble is, you don't give St. Joseph any chance to say where he wants to stay. Don't you s'pose he knows where he belongs?"

They listened eagerly. This was a sane argument, at any rate.

"Now, tonight, you"—pointing to the Tesuque Chief, in whose possession the prize just then rested—"bring that there statue down to the border line. You stand him under that big pine tree where the trail runs down to the Rio; and you let him alone there. Strictly alone. Not a one of you must come anywheres near him. You go back home and stay there. You Taos fellers, don't you go anear, neither. You go home and go to sleep. Don't you even look out-doors. If you watch him, St. Joseph's goin' to get disgusted with you all, and disappear entirely. If you stay clear away from him you'll find him where he belongs in the morning; he'll find his own way there, and he won't make any mistake."

With perfect faith in the white director of their destinies, the Indians solemnly promised to do as he had told them, and to see that no one within their respective tribes should as much as peep out of doors from the going down of the sun to the next rising thereof.

At sunset, therefore, a long procession wound down from the well-guarded Tesuque gate. At the head of it was borne the blessed Saint Joseph, whom they devoutly hoped to find again in their little 'dobe church in the morning. But no man from Taos appeared, or made a sign, except that one lone sentinel, standing on the canyon's rim who quietly vanished as soon as the wooden image had been safely deposited under the pine tree.

Next morning it was quite evident to the people of the Plateau that St. Joseph did know where he belonged; for, footsore and weary—as he looked to their loving eyes—he waited in the Taos Church to receive the offerings tendered by their ardent and relieved affection. His arm was gone, and his poor nose was broken—where, O, where had he tripped and fallen on that rough, dark trail?—and most of his splendid, bright paint had disappeared because of the much tall sagebrush that had impeded his steps and rubbed against his coat. But he had come home—and nothing else mattered a bit.

When they went down in a procession of solemn gratitude to thank the white scout for his potent suggestion, they noticed that his blue eyes twinkled; but of course that was because he was glad for his adopted people to have their respective rights properly decided upon. At any rate, in all the years since then, no one has ever had the temerity to question St. Joseph's choice of an abiding place, or his manner of home-coming. And there he is to this day, as far as the writer of this knows, just as he came home through that dark night to the loving loyalty of his Pueblo people.

Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

ST. JOSEPH by Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S. J., published by B. Herder Book Co., sold at \$0.75, is a symposium of the sayings of Saints, theologians, Religious and devout writers concerning this great Saint, so beloved of God and man. The author treats his subject under five headings:

1. Dignity and Honor.
 2. Patronage of St. Joseph.
 3. Powerful Intercessor and Protector.
 4. Model of Virtue.
 5. Devotion to St. Joseph.
- St. Joseph is more and more coming into his own.

"THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST" broadcasts information concerning the Catechetical, Missionary and Social Welfare activities of the Society of the Missionary Catechists in our destitute home mission field. Its proceeds are devoted entirely to the support of the Catechists.

Why not become a LIFE SUBSCRIBER? Our rate is \$10.00. This may be paid in monthly installments of \$1.00.

Subscription rate for one year is \$0.50.

Let us go to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, to that Heart so well able to understand us and which was given to us by Jesus in order that we might therein find comfort and hope.—St. Alph de Liguori.

MARY, OUR SHIELD

After I dismissed the class several girls stayed until the Catechists came to take us home. Noticing the shield on my cape one of them asked what it meant. The children were quite small and so I tried to make my explanation as simple as possible. I told them that long ago, when the soldiers went to war, they carried a large metal plate in front of them as a protection against the blows of enemies. Here my story was interrupted:

"Oh, Catechist, please bring me one for my daddy. I don't want anyone to hurt him!"

It was little Aurora. This dear child has reasons to fear for her father. He is a miner and daily risks his life in the coal mines of Madrid in order to provide food for his family. I gave Aurora a medal of Our Blessed Lady of Victory for her daddy, at the same time telling her to pray that Our Good Mother may be his shield, not only against the dangers that surround him at his work, but also against the enemies of his salvation.

Catechist Clara Rathnaw, Cerrillos, New Mexico.

"STICKERS"

By Mary Ange

If you'll listen I'll tell you a story, my dear,
That a picture once told to a lad.
It's a story that clings to my heart, my dear;
If it clings to your too, I'll be glad.

It was into the thorn-crowned Face, my dear,
Not AT it, but INTO he gazed;
Till his poor little heart was crushed, my dear,
And his tears left him blinded and dazed.

"Oh, Mother—" His sad little voice, my dear,
Made his Mother's heart tremble alert;
"Who stuck all those stickers in Him?
Oh, dear!
I'll bet you those stickers must hurt!"

His voice was sadder than his: "My boy,
Those stickers that burn and smart
Are the unkind deeds and the words, my boy,
That we stick in our neighbor's heart.

"The curl of the lip and the sneer, my boy,
Are sharper sometimes than knives,
And they find a place in His Head, my boy,
When they're aimed at His children's lives.

"Oh, never as long as you live, my boy,
Stick 'stickers' in friends or in foes!
If one comes to your lips, say a prayer, my boy,
And the thorn will be turned to a rose!"

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

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THEY BROKE HER WILL

Mrs. D—, an aged widow, worked hard all her life. She lived economically, save consistently, spent prudently. She made a will providing for Masses for her own soul and also for worthy objects of charity. After her death distant relatives, whom she had not seen or heard of for years, came and contested her will. They succeeded in breaking it. Thus the intentions of this good soul were completely frustrated. As a result, there was no money for Masses; no bequests for charity.

Why take chances of your will being broken? Invest in our safe and sound ANNUITY PLAN. Amounts as low as \$50.00 accepted. Six per cent interest paid semi-annually. Write today for particulars. Society of Missionary Catechists, Huntington, Ind.

Wise and Otherwise

Catechist—"What is an angel, Felix?"
Little Felix (bashfully)—"You are, Catechist."

Catechist—"Today we are going to talk about St. Francis of Assisi."
Antonio—"Say, Catechist, St. Francis wasn't really a sissy, was he?"

Catechist—"What is man, Tomas?"
Tomas—"Man is a preacher composed of body and soul!"

Ignacio in the First Communion Class—"Catechist, I heard my older brother say that when he went to confession Father told him to say three Our Fathers. I couldn't do that 'cause you only showed us how to say one!"

Catechist—"What would you do if you wanted to baptize someone and didn't have water?"

Maria—"Oh, Catechist, I think I would cry!"

Arelina (looking at picture of the Good Shepherd)—"Catechist, Our Lord is the Good Shepherd and we're the little sheep, aren't we?"

Join the 2500 CLUB today and cooperate with the Society of Missionary Catechists in the great work of saving the souls and bodies of our poor in the Missions.

Our aim is to get 2500 persons to contribute \$1.00 each per month, for one year. This will provide for the support of 100 Catechists in the field for one year.

Menasha, Wis.

Dear Reverend Father:
I wish to add \$100 to my ANNUITY contract and I am enclosing check to cover this amount, plus \$2.00 for support of the Catechists.

Wishing you God's choicest blessings, I remain,
Very sincerely yours, D. M. S.

"In return for the Faith we have received from God, let us contribute to give Faith to others. In return for the treasures of graces with which God has blessed us, let us contribute with all our strength to carry those treasures as far as possible and to as many as possible of God's creatures."

Pope Pius XI.

The best gift we can offer Our Beloved Lord on Easter Morning is a pure heart. Let us then be diligent in our preparation so that we may greet Our Saviour with joy.

"GOD KNOWS WHAT HE IS ABOUT"

Don Julio was mud from head to toe. The "caked" torn shoes, the ragged overalls no longer blue, the bespattered sombrero held so gracefully, all bore witness that California's rainy season was at its worst. Don Julio had come eight miles from the camp to see if the Madrecitas could get a Doctor for his daughter. It had been three weeks since the last cotton "picking day." The family flour and bean supply was exhausted, he said.

Catechist called the Doctor while I prepared a grocery order for the family. Don Julio told how the creek had overflowed and flooded the camp during the past night. The rain was still coming down in torrents and one naturally expected to hear complaints about the weather, but what do you suppose Don Julio had to say about it?

"We are suffering but we have to bear it patiently. God knows what He is doing. This rain means much to many people."

Catechist Evelyn Benton, Los Banos, California.

OVER A NEW TRAIL

I wish you could have seen the Catechists leave for our two Gallinas Missions. A native of Upper Gallinas came for them with a wagon. They loaded the wagon with beds, mattresses and other things necessary to furnish a room in the sacristy of the church. There are two Spanish settlements below Porvinir called Upper Gallinas and Lower Gallinas. The Catechists go to Upper Gallinas on Friday and then to Lower Gallinas where they spend the night and teach Catechism the following morning. The people there were so anxious to have some one come for them and take them home every week. But the Catechists decided two trips in a wagon were too much fun, for it took three hours to make each trip, so they gladly accepted the offer of another man to take them home in his Ford truck.

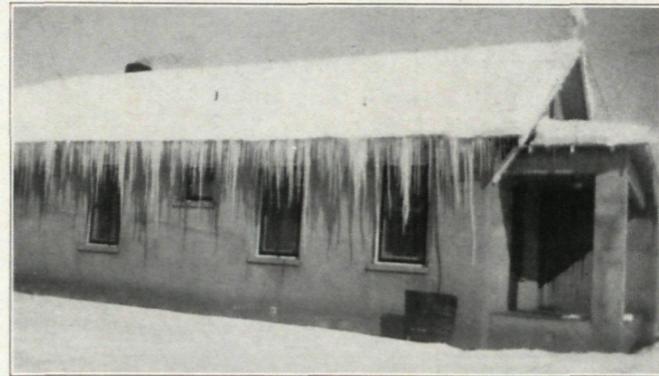
Catechist Sophy Renier, Las Vegas, N. M.



Yes, they are enjoying it, but they always smile!—This is how the Catechists return from the Gallinas Missions.

SNOWBOUND

Upon our return to Grants, New Mexico, in the latter part of September, the "pinon" season was on. As often as we inquired about the whereabouts of certain families we invariably received the reply "in the pinons." As many of our readers have not heard about the pinon of New Mexico, a brief description of this little nut may not be amiss. A pinon is a small but very nutritious nut which grows on a species of pine trees. It has



This is how the church at Grants, N. M., looked after their first snow fall this winter.

a delicious flavor and, like the proverbial cracker-jack, "The more you eat the more you want!"

Now, since work is very scarce, our men and boys, and in many instances entire families, had taken advantage of the plentiful crop of pinons and had gone into the nearby mountains to gather these tiny nuts.

Then suddenly and without warning came the big snow of November 15th. Grants was covered with about two feet of snow; over three feet was reported in the Zuni and San Mateo Mountains

Here and there In the field at home

where the people were picking pinons. We were greatly concerned about our people and about the many shepherds we knew must have been caught in this snow with their flocks. It was not long, however, until practically all were able

either to return, or at least to send word to anxious relatives and friends. One shepherd, caught on the plains, was severely frozen before he could reach a shelter for himself and his flock. His companions searched for him for days, but did not find him until on the twelfth day. He had suffered much during this time, but while he recounted his sufferings to us

he remarked happily: "I didn't lose a single sheep even though I had to drive them several miles through the snow before we reached a shelter in the mountainside."

Two families were reported missing in the Zuni mountains. There were four adults and six children; two of the children were babies of only a few months. Two weeks passed and still no word came from them. Relatives and friends were certain that the families had frozen to death. Finally, one of the men counted as "missing" came to tell us that they were all safe and would remain in Gallup (65 miles from Grants) until the weather made it possible for them to return with the children. He told us that they had been in the mountains two weeks after the big snow storm before help came. During this time they daily watched the airplanes flying over them. They knew the airplanes were trying to locate shepherds, pinon pickers, sheep and cattle; and each day they prayed that they might be sighted. Their provisions were almost exhausted. A second snow fell. Still they continued their prayers, confident that the good God would not forsake them. Nor did He. At last, thanks to our Dear Lord and His Holy Mother, the fervent prayers of these pious parents and little children were answered. Help came and all were brought safely into Gallup.

Catechist Helen Srill.

Let my counsel be acceptable to thee, and redeem thou thy sins with alms, and thy iniquities with works of mercy to the poor; perhaps He will forgive thy offences.—(Dav. IV, 24).

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR OUR BLESSED LADY OF VICTORY

Our exservice man is feeling better and is as happy as can be. But I don't think I ever told you about him, did I?

Several months ago we heard about a fallen-away Catholic who lived alone on the other side of the river. He was sick, we were told, but refused to see a Priest, or anyone else for that matter.

The next morning we went out to make our sick call. Across the river there were a number of houses. The people with families build additions to their homes as the families increase. He lived alone, it was said, so we decided a certain one-room hut way off in the distance must be his home.

Our repeated knocks were not answered so we opened the door and walked in. The room was clean but in a state of most abject poverty. A glance at the ceiling convinced us that the uncharitable adjective, "lazy," so often used in referring to this stranger, did not apply to him at all. It required considerable labor and patience to tear out thousands of pages from catalogues and paper this ceiling of the house. The walls were adobe and had been white-washed. In one corner of the room was a home-made adobe fire-place.

Close to it the patient lay on blankets thrown over the slats of a narrow, wooden bed. His face was turned to the wall. He turned his head and opened his eyes just long enough to see who his visitors were. Then he refused to have anything to do with us, despite our efforts to induce him to talk.

At the head of the bed was a little home-made stand. The only thing on it was a closed cigar-box standing up-right. We took the liberty of opening it. A prayer of thanksgiving and joy escaped us for in the box stood a small statue of Our Blessed Mother. Now we had no reason to fear for the obstinate fellow. Our Dear Mother would obtain for him the grace to make his peace with God. Confident and happy we left the hut.

We prayed much for our new patient. The next day we again went to see him, taking with us some tasty dishes we had prepared especially for him. This time he welcomed us and, without any prompting on our part, told his story.

He was a veteran of the late war. That solved the problem of getting him into a hospital. After two months at the hospital where he underwent several operations, he returned in much better health. He will, however, never be able to work again but his monthly pension will provide for his maintenance. And thanks to Jesus and Mary! he has received the Sacraments and is happily at peace with God.

Catechist Charlotte Scheper.

A HUMBLE AND ARDUOUS APOSTOLATE

No other Society in the Church of America is attempting the task at which the Missionary Catechists are engaged,—reaching the helpless, neglected, un-instructed little children in the vast mission fields of the Southwest and saving



These young women darned stockings during one sewing-class period. They said they didn't know it could be "so much fun".

them for Jesus Christ and His Holy Church.

Their apostolate is a constant reminder of the Public Ministry of Our Divine Saviour Himself, which was carried on under circumstances even more humble and more arduous than these.

Without the prayers and the financial aid of our friends and benefactors in the East, this apostolate of the Catechists could not successfully be carried on.

In honor of good St. Joseph contribute toward the completion of:

The ST. JOSEPH BURSE \$54.00



The children make us feel "right at home" in our Sacristy "apartment" at one of our out-missions near Las Vegas, N. M.—Catechist C. Leven.

THE "FIFTY-FIFTY" BATH

"No matter how poor people may be they can always be clean if they want to." I had heard this so many times that I thought it must be true. It was little Gilbert who set me right on the matter.

"I'm going to have a bath tonight," he announced.

As I did not reply he evidently thought I did not appreciate the importance of the event.

"I'm going to have a bath tonight," he repeated a little louder, "my father is going to buy me one."

"Oh, he is?"

"Yes. It's his turn, but he said he'd wait s'long as I'm going away."

Gilbert's father feared the eight-year-old boy would suffer from unwholesome influence at the cheap boarding house for men in which he and Gilbert had been living since the death of his wife. So Gilbert was going to a boy's boarding home for a time.

"Yes," he continued, "it's his turn. You know we always go fifty-fifty, I an' my dad. I go to school and he goes to work; an' I get a hair cut and he gets a shave. An' it's the same with everything;—with the bath, too. I take one one week and he takes one the next. You know baths are expensive. Costs thirty-five cents! Used to be only thirty. Things sure are going up. First time it was raised my dad only had thirty cents saved. So the man wouldn't turn on the water. Said he wouldn't sell even half a bath.

"Then there's the soap. My dad says it takes more soap for me than any one he ever saw."

I had found the clothes for Gilbert and we were getting ready to leave the house. At the door a very dirty little girl accosted us, saying, "Mama wants you to come over as soon as you can. The boss of the house shut off the water till we pay the rent and mama can't wash the baby."

Catechist Blanche Lawler.

He that hath the substance of this world, and shall see his brother in need, and shall put his bowels from him, how doth the charity of God abide in him?—(1 Jno. III, 17).

Mary's Little Helpers



Dear Little Helpers:

How do you like these pictures of the little Spanish-American children? I am sure you will like them. When I met these boys and girls I was so interested in them I thought it would be nice to have a picture of them. Now, I am glad I took the pictures because I can show them to you. These poor children live in a little town about two hundred miles from Santa Fe, New Mexico. You can imagine how big the town is when I tell you there are only about fifteen families in the whole town. They have no church there, nor any Sisters to teach them. And you ought to see the school! They could hardly make me believe it was a school when I first saw it. It is just a little place built of rocks with one room and all the grades are together. The group of children on the one picture are the pupils. I don't think there were more than twelve in the whole school. Some of these children have to come five miles on horseback every day to get to school, and they don't miss very often either. These poor people have Mass only once a month, and not that often if the weather is bad. It is nice to see how glad these people are to see each other when they have Mass. They come real early, long before Mass starts, and everybody shakes hands with everybody else. If it is cold, they build a bonfire outside and then when everybody has arrived they all go in to Mass. Do you notice the little patches that look like shrubbery? Those are soap weeds. Do you remember that

I told you one time how the people in New Mexico make soap out of weeds? Well, these are the weeds, or rather the roots of these weeds that they use. And then do you see the piles of sticks? These are the places that the little furry mountain rats hide their food for the winter. Not long ago a man saw a great, big rattlesnake creeping under the twigs of one of these dens. He dug the den up and discovered a whole family of rattlesnakes. Just think, six of them! He killed them all and sent the rattlers to the Catechists at Victory-Noll. You see how many interesting things there are in even a little New Mexican village? I'll bet you all would like to go out to New Mexico, wouldn't you? I know you would have lots of fun, and I hope you will all have the chance to go some day.

Your pal,

WEE WILLIE WINKLES.

The Jolly Little Helpers of Williamsport, Pa., which is one of our boys' clubs are regular little missionaries. They have real business meetings, and in the short time that they have been working for the poor Missions, they have saved \$16.30. Carl Williams is the promoter of this successful little band, and Father Borr, his Pastor, is the director.

Marie Garrity of Chicago and her little friends have added \$37.00 to the Holy Child Burse. This Little Helper and her good mother never let a week go by without doing something for the poor Missions.

The DeLand, Florida, Little Helpers have been working hard for the Missions ever since the Little Helpers was organized. Just recently they sent a big box to our Lubbock Mission which contained clothes for men, women and children. These Little Helpers deserve much credit for their good work.

Every Mary's Little Helper ought to be wearing a Little Helper's pin, to show that he or she is one of our Blessed Mother's little missionaries. If you haven't a pin, send for one today. I am sure every Little Helper can save twenty-five cents for a pin.

Don't forget the Mary and Joseph contest. So far the girls are ahead of the boys. Are the boys going to let the girls beat them?

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, Jesus was just a little boy. Jesus was poor, too. I am

sure that He was often hungry, and maybe even cold. If we had lived at that time, wouldn't we have done everything we could, and made lots of sacrifices to buy food for Jesus, or a pair of shoes to keep His little feet warm? And wouldn't Jesus have been happy? Do you know that you can make Jesus just as happy by doing these things for some of the poor little children in the Missions. You really are doing it to Him, because He Himself has said: "What you do to these, the least of My little ones, you do unto Me." Now won't you make Jesus happy by helping His poor little ones? It will make you happy, too, because you will be making Jesus happy.

We want lots of new Little Helpers, and if the Little Helpers work real hard, I know we will get them. I think everyone of Mary's Little Helpers could get at least one little friend to join. Wouldn't that be fine? After you read THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, give it to a friend to read, and tell him to read the Little Helpers' page. I will be glad to send sample copies of the magazine to any Little Helper that wishes them. I am sure that if you would give a copy to your little playmates, or schoolmates, and tell them to read about the Little Helpers, they would want to work for the poor Missions like you are doing. Let's all get busy and every Little Helper get one new member, or more.

Dear Catechist:

I am enclosing check for \$1.02 which Walter James Gabriel saved up in his Wee Willie Winkles' mite box.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Geo. J. Gabriel.



ARE YOU A MARY OR A JOSEPH?

The Associate Catechists of Mary

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to the following good ladies who sponsored card parties for Our Lady of Mercy Burse: Mesdames Weisenburger, Kurth, Lynn, Wade, Walsh, Gaughan; and Misses E. Sugg and Gertrude Olis. May they all continue their noble work!

Not long ago a zealous young priest walked into a drug store in Chicago. The druggist said to him: "Father, I hear you are doing a lot of good work for the poor Missions. I should like to do smething, too. I have a whole barrel of clothing which you may have, if you wish, and I hope the poor people can make good use of them." The druggist is a good generous man but a non-Catholic. Should not the noble example of this good man inspire us to do our share toward relieving the wants of the poor under our care? Look through your clothes closets and see if there isn't something you can spare for the poor. Our Catechists at Indiana Harbor tell us they have many calls for coats, dresses, shoes, etc., every day and that they are obliged to turn these poor people away because their cupboard is bare.

The Little Flower Clinic Band for the Poor, Chicago, of which Mrs. Helen Hynes is promoter, has a splendid record for the short time in which it has been working. The last party was spon-

sored by Mrs. Shannon which resulted in \$85.00.

The St. Mary's Mission Society of Fort Wayne which has been working for our Missions for the past eight years, submitted their annual report for the year. In addition to contributing \$300.00 for the support of a Catechist and \$54.00 for medicines, they have also sent to the Missions eight large boxes of clothing, bed clothing, etc., and 425 pairs of stockings. These contributions are made up from yearly membership dues, card parties and also the proceeds of a Little Flower Votive stand. Many thanks are due to the Rev. George A. Hasser, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, for his wonderful encouragement and co-operation; and the unfailing zeal and generosity of Mrs. T. Ankenbruck, the promoter, and to each and every member of St. Mary's Mission Band. May Our Dear Lord through His Holy Mother bless them most abundantly, and may their noble work continue!

It will be a great consolation for our faithful A. C. M. workers to know that the made-over clothes, which they send to the missions, are the means of saving

many of our destitute poor people and their poor children from possible death. In the mountainous regions of northern New Mexico, where so many of our poor live, the winters are very severe and often the thermometer registers zero. Your timely and serviceable gifts of clothes will enkindle the warmth of gratitude in the hearts of God's grateful poor, and this gratitude will find expression in the prayers they will offer for the thoughtful and generous A. C. M. benefactors.

The Alpha Omega Club recently raffled three five-dollar gold pieces, which had been donated by Miss Frances Klein, and realized \$60.50 for St. Paschal's Burse.

The Daughters of Isabella of Huntington conducted a successful turkey raffle, which added \$40.00 to Our Lady of Good Counsel Burse.

Devotion to the Souls in Purgatory is a beautiful devotion and every Catholic would do well to follow this beautiful practice. One of our good A. C. M. friends never lets a month go by without remembering the Poor Souls. In addition to having the Masses said each month for them, she also sends \$5.00 for the Souls in Purgatory Burse.

Our Lady Help of Christians Band of St. Joseph's Church, Garret, Indiana, was organized to help our Holman, New Mexico, Mission. Father Bennett, the pastor, planned the first event of the band which was a novel "Exchange Shower" for the poor. We hope this first is but a forerunner of many more such showers.



MAKE YOUR SODALITY A MISSION BAND

GO TO JOSEPH



Next to Our Blessed Mother, Saint Joseph is highest in the Heavenly Court. Next to Her, here on earth, he is the most honored and beloved of God's saints.

Lord and true spouse of God's own Blessed Mother. He was at the same time the guardian and protector of The Holy Family. And after all, we are all members of the same Holy Family by adoption.

All we ask of you is one dime! Send it in honor of Saint Joseph and help us reach our goal of 50,000 dimes to be used in relieving the needs of our beloved poor.

The Society of Missionary Catechists, Box 109, Huntington, Ind. I will be a member of ST. JOSEPH'S POOR FUND FAMILY. Enclosed you

will find _____ dimes.

Name _____

Address _____

Store up treasures for heaven by investing funds in our Annuity Plan.

NOVENA PRAYER

The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary And She conceived by the Holy Ghost. Hail Mary, etc.

Let Us Pray.

O God! Who, by the message of an Angel didst will that Thy Divine Word should take flesh in the womb of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, grant that we, Thy suppliants, who believe Her to be truly the Mother of God, may be helped by Her powerful intercession with Thee, through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.

Catechism of the True Devotion to Mary

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

Is devotion to Mary necessary for salvation?

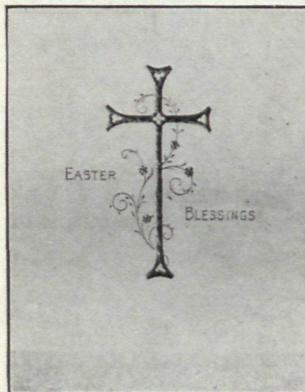
Yes, such is the teaching of the Saints and theological writers of all ages. St. Jerome says: "God will not save us without the intercession of Mary: not that He could not, but because He does not wish to do so. None of us can be saved if Mary does not protect us."

Is it necessary to sanctify ourselves through Mary?

It is the Will of God that we should sanctify ourselves. This is the Will of God: your sanctification. Now, in order to sanctify our souls we must practice virtue, and for the practice of virtue grace is absolutely necessary. But, to find this grace it is necessary first to find Mary; for the ordinary graces of God come to us through Her Virginal Hands. She is truly styled by the Church "The Mother of Divine Grace."

Is devotion to Mary a sure means of sanctification and salvation?

Yes, for St. Anselm, together with other Saints, tells us that devotion to Mary is an infallible sign of salvation and sanctification.



COMMEMORATE THE BEGINNING OF OUR REDEMPTION

At last the day dawned in which the promise of a Redeemer made by Almighty God to our fallen parents was fulfilled. "The Angel Gabriel was sent from God into a city of Galilee, called Nazareth, to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph." (St. Luke, 1, 26). The angel announced to Mary that She was to become the Mother of God. It was then that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us",— Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, became man. The Feast of the Annunciation, then, is the feast of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ, the central mystery of our Holy Religion and one of the greatest feasts celebrated by Holy Mother Church.

Evry year, at Victory-Noll, a solemn Novena is conducted in honor of the Annunciation to Our Blessed Mother and of the Incarnation of Our Dear Lord. This Novena begins March 26th. We will be glad to include your petitions in this Novena to Our Incarnate God and His Most Dear Mother.

PRAY FOR OUR BELOVED DEAD

The Rev. R. E. Kelly, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Huntington, Ind.; Jeremiah J. Sullivan, Chicago; Clara Kohn, La Crosse, Wisc.; Mrs. Dister, Chicago; Mrs. Mary Klotz, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. J. Meehan, A. C. M.; Esther Scheid.



Do us a favor: Send us the names and addresses of some of your friends who might be interested in the work of the Catechists in our home mission field of the Southwest. We will gladly send them copies of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

May our Risen Saviour bless you with the joy of His Resurrection.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____



Santa Fe, New Mexico,

January 24, 1932.

Dear Reverend Father:

The Catechists surely deserve every kind of encouragement because of the work they are doing out here among our poor people. I know only too well of the noble and self-sacrificing labors of the Catechists in all parts of this vast Archdiocese. God bless them for their work! My one great desire is to see more and still more of the good Catechists out here where they are needed more, I think, than in any other place.

No doubt, you have read about the big snow storms we have been having in New Mexico during the past two months. In some places our poor people are very badly off, but the Governor of the State is doing all he can to open the roads so that the people and their cattle may not suffer. Some people living in scattered places in the mountains perished in the storms, and thousand upon thousand head of cattle are strewn in heaps over the plains and on the mesas.

Wishing you and each and every one of the Catechists the Lord's very best blessing, I remain,

Very sincerely yours in Xto.,

✠ *F. Albert Daeger, O. F. M.,
Archbishop of Santa Fe.*

Diocese of Reno,
Reno, Nevada,
January 13, 1932.

Rev. J. J. Sigstein,
Victory-Noll, Huntington, Ind.

Reverend and dear Father:

I have wondered whether or not it would be possible for you to consider a foundation of Missionary Catechists in the new missionary diocese of Reno. The field is large enough and the opportunity great enough for the kind of work they are trained to do. We need very badly some such group as your Catechists to care for our scattered children whom Priests reach only occasionally and cannot instruct properly. We can hope to have schools here only in a few places, and then only after a period of years. The population of this State is very considerably Catholic by tradition and the future would be bright if we could save the children. I do not know any group better fitted to meet our needs than your Catechist group. Please try to do something for the newest and poorest American diocese.



With every good wish, I am,

Cordially yours in Christ,

✠ *Thomas K. Gorman,
Bishop of Reno.*

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE
sends greetings and best wishes
to Father Sigstein and to all the Missionary Catechists
WITH HIS CORDIAL BLESSING

✠ *P. Fumasoni-Biondi, D. D.,
Archbishop of Doclea,
Apostolic Delegate to the U. S.*

1932 CALENDAR

MARCH

19

Remember!

*Only 7 more days of Lent in which
to make your self-denial offering
to the Catechists for food, cloth-
ing and medicine for the poor
little ones under
their care.*

Mail it today!!

*to:- Victory - Noll,
Huntington, Ind.*