

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST



Novices
Before
the
May
Altar

The
Chapel
At
Victory-
Noll

"Mary, My Countless Treasure"

BY BL. GRIGNION DE MONTFORT

Mary is my countless treasure,
After Jesus, all to me;
She is my love, my only pleasure,
She is my store of sanctity.

'Mid the fray, how could I hear not
Her own voice repeat to me:
"Courage, child, be brave and fear not;
I will not abandon thee!"



'Tis She makes me pure and fertile
By Her pure fecundity;
'Tis She makes me strong and docile,
By Her deep humility.

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

When my soul is full of worry,
At sins daily multiplied,
"Help!" I weep, "O, Mary, help me!"
And my soul is pacified.

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

The Missionary Catechist

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A Martyr of Christian Charity

ON April 13th there died, in a small hotel of a far northern Michigan town, a true martyr to the cause of Christian charity. He died alone and unattended by men, but unseen angels, undoubtedly, hovered over his death-bed. The death of this hero of charity was not blazoned forth in screaming headlines in the columns of the daily papers of Chicago, his native city. Neither were the simple but impressive military services of his funeral, held a week later at his grave in Mt. Carmel Cemetery in the outskirts of that city, featured by the same sensational newspapers. And yet here was a story of high romance,—the story of a true Christian hero who died a martyr to the sweet cause of charity.

By the death of Walter Zieverink, the Society of Missionary Catechists lost one of its most zealous workers, and the Catechists themselves lost one of their most devoted friends.

Six years ago this zealous layman received a call from on high,—a vocation given to but few laymen in this world. It was a call to labor for Jesus and Mary in the person of Their helpless, dependent and most abandoned poor in the missions. Coming from an excellent Christian family and serving from the days of his youth in the U. S. Navy, where he rose to the position of an officer, he was well qualified to preach the love of Jesus and Mary and Their poor in the modern way of the moving picture. Freely offering his consecrated services to the showing of the vocational moving picture of the Society of Missionary Catechists, he made this his life work, and gave the best he had in showing this inspirational picture to thousands of Catholics in various parishes throughout the country. Neither intense cold nor the danger of driving long distances over lonely roads in the dead of night ever deterred him from fulfilling the engagements through which he hoped to make known to Priests, Religious and Laity the Christ-like work of the Catechists. So intensely devoted was he to the cause of the Catechists that he was willing to

sacrifice everything, even life itself, for the furtherance of their cause. Notwithstanding the fact that he suffered for years from a disease which taxed his strength and sapped his energy, he devoted himself to his work even when at times he scarcely had enough strength to carry on his arduous labors. He lived for the cause he loved so well: he died for love of it. Truly, he died the death of a martyr of charity!

WALTER ZIEVERINK



"Blissed are the dead, who die in the Lord, from henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, for their works follow them."
—Apoc.

Although his death came suddenly, it did not come unprovidedly. His life and his apostolate were, after all, the best possible preparation and provision he could have made for a holy, happy, Christian death. And who can doubt but that he would be justified when dying, in using the very words of our

dying Saviour on the Cross: "My God, the work which you gave me to do here on earth, I have accomplished." I have made known Your work, the work of Your devoted Catechists, among thousands. I have extended Your Kingdom in the hearts of men. I have made Your Blessed Mother better known and loved and served. By the help of your all-powerful Grace, I have been enabled to encourage eleven young women to enter the Society of Missionary Catechists and thus consecrate their lives to the saving of the souls and bodies of thousands of Your helpless, dependent poor who might otherwise be forever lost.

The name and memory of Walter Zieverink will forever be held in benediction by the Society of Missionary Catechists. No day will pass but that remembrance will be made in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass as well as in the prayers and Communion of the Catechists and the children under their care whom he so nobly befriended and assisted.

The Society of Missionary Catechists, in extending its sympathy to the bereaved widow and relatives of him, who was the devoted friend of its members, feels that they will derive much consolation and comfort from the thought that their beloved one was very near and dear to Jesus and Mary. It was precisely because he was so near and dear to Them that They took him unto Themselves. Surely no wife ever made a greater sacrifice for God and His Blessed Mother and the poor so dear to Them than did the wife of this devoted friend and zealous worker for the cause of the Missionary Catechists.

Although his death will leave a void in her heart, as well as in our hearts, which nothing earthly can fill, nevertheless we may console ourselves with the assurance that Our Good Mother, whom he loved so tenderly and served so faithfully, has laid up for him a crown of everlasting glory in reward for his devoted labors "In the Service of the Queen."

LET US BEGIN, DURING THE MONTH OF MAY, TO DO "ALL FOR JESUS THROUGH MARY."

The Offering

Catechist Blanche Lawler

Madonna pulled her new, green dress carefully out of the sand that sifted about the rock on which she was seated and looked wistfully down the mountain side toward the little mining town a half mile below.

"But then, there's nothing down there only Mexicans," she sighed, "and I don't suppose they're any fun."

It was hard for the little nine-year-old to be transplanted from a city home and a crowd of admiring playmates to this dreadful, lonesome desert. She couldn't talk to Daddy because he was sick and had to sleep hours and hours every day. And Mother was worried and busy; she never said anything anymore but "Hush, dear, Daddy's sleeping," or "Never mind, Honey, just as soon as Daddy gets well we'll go back to Chicago."

At this point Madonna's thoughts were interrupted by the sudden appearance of a small barefooted girl, carrying a bundle of sticks on her head.

"Que Bonita!" exclaimed the bare-footed child.

"Beg pardon," said Madonna stiffly, "but I don't know Mexican. Can you talk American?"

"Sure," replied the little brown child with a smile. "I say, how pretty is the dress—and you too!"

Madonna began to like Mexicans.

"What your name is?" questioned the brown child.

"Madonna Gables. What's yours?"

"Consuelo Gutierrez, a sus ordenes (at your service)."

"What a funny name,—Conswaylow! Why, I never heard it before."

"Didn't you", asked Consuelo, not at all disturbed. "It's from Maria Santisima, same as yours".

"Who's she, your sister?"

"Oh, no! She's Mother of Jesus. Don't you know Her that you're named for?"

"I'm not named for Her. I'm named for my aunt!"

"Then your aunt was named for her so it's all the same."

Madonna was not used to being contradicted. "Go on home with your old wood," she screamed. "You don't know everything. I bet you can't even, even—even play a scale!"

The amazed Consuelo picked up her bundle with surprising rapidity. The tears started from her eyes. Then a happy thought struck her.

"We ought to be friends, you know, 'cause we both have name of the same person. She no like it if we quarrel. And you maybe teach me what I don't know and I tell you about Maria Santisima, No?"

Madonna decided to "forgive" her, especially since Consuelo had recognized her beauty and wisdom. They became fast friends. Every afternoon Madonna waited on the rock until Consuelo came up to gather wood. While they picked up the sticks, Consuelo told her, in her childish way, not only about Maria Santisima, but many other things as well.

Madonna's mother did not seem to enjoy hearing about Maria Santisima. "But you named me for Her." Madonna protested.

Who is he that will believe it?

Mary lives within my heart,
Graven there in rays of glory,
Though my faith but knows in part.

"No such thing, child," replied her mother in a sharp tone. "You are named after your Daddy's sister."

"Then she was named for Jesus' Mother, so it's all the same," she stated, unconsciously using Consuelo's words.

But with Daddy it was different. He liked to listen to the things Consuelo had told her. But sometimes he would close his eyes and look sad. Especially the day she told him about Consuelo's brother who could have gone to college only he would have had to stop being a Catholic. And so he had to work in the coal mines all day instead of being the boss.

"But Consuelo says," and she again used the child's words, "that it values more to be a Catholic than anything else in the world."

Daddy didn't answer. He and mother were thinking over something similar:—something that had to do with another young man choosing between remaining a Catholic and being "the boss" of a business, and of his making a different choice, under the influence of his wife who was not to blame because she did not know what it meant to be a Catholic.

"We have to hurry much," announced Consuelo one day when she arrived at the rock. "This is first of May so I have to go quick home to clean myself." Then in response to Madonna's puzzled



look she explained, "for the offering, you know, when we give to Maria Santisima the flowers."

"But I thought She was in Heaven?"

"O, sure,—yes! We don't go to Heaven with flowers. But we put around Her statue flowers so She know we love her.—It's so beautiful, the offering. My brother go early into the woods to pick flowers. And my cousin is the Virgencita!" she added triumphantly. "She's the one the Padre choose to care for the

altar and flowers in May. She have to be very good. And she have to be a virgin 'cause no one else can touch the flowers after they are in the church."

"Is it like a party that I could go?" asked Madonna.

"It isn't party but you can come and see how pretty. I wait for you to show you the way. At six o'clock, yes?" and she hurried home.

It seemed to be something very important so Madonna was not surprised to find the whole village hurrying toward the church, dressed in their shabby best. She expected to find the church gorgeously decorated but, to her astonishment, there was not a flower in sight, only empty vases. A young woman the Virgencita, was arranging the children near the back of the church. The two tallest girls she sent to kneel inside the gate by the shrine. Then the Padre appeared and the cantor started the opening hymn. Six little girls dressed in white and wearing net veils, moved up the aisle. Each one carried a lighted candle which the Virgencita had given her. The girls inside the railing placed the candles on the altar.

Madonna couldn't understand the words the people were saying but she knew it must be the Rosary because Consuelo was fingering the string of beads with the cross on it that she always wore around her neck. Consuelo had told her that the offering would be at the end of each "deck-head" (decade) but Madonna decided she must have meant "duck-head" because at a certain time all the people ducked their heads and the Virgencita gave six little girls flowers from a pail near her place. They went up to the front, knelt a while and then the two girls inside the gate took the flowers and put them on the altar.

But the best of all was just before the end. While the men were praying with extended arms, the Virgencita gave each of the little girls a flower and the whole group marched to the front. But the girls inside didn't take the flowers this time. In a moment Madonna was glad they hadn't. The Padre raised up the pretty gold thing, that Consuelo had told her had God in it, and all the little girls held their flowers toward it in offering.

"Oh," said Madonna, right out loud. "I wish I could offer flowers." Then she felt miserable, remembering Consuelo's warning not to talk in church. She felt like running home but no one seemed to notice her except the Virgencita and she didn't look angry.

"You like it, no?" questioned Consuelo as they walked home.

"Oh, it was so pretty! But now it's ended."

"But no! All nights in May are for Maria. I come and you come, too, if you like."

"I'd like to very much. Could I bring flowers to Maria, too?"

Consuelo wasn't sure at first and neither was the Virgencita. But finally it was arranged that Consuelo was to bring her sister's old veil for Madonna to wear the following evening. Madon-

(Continued on page 7)

FOLK-STORIES OF THE MEXICANS

In her "Tales and Songs of the Texas-Americans," published by the Texas Folk-Lore Society, Miss Jovita Gonzales writes that it is only in the secluded Mexican communities along the Texas-Mexican border that folk-lore still abounds. In these out of the way ranches, as yet untouched by American civilization, the simple folk still cling to their old customs and have a strong dislike for all innovations. Among these simple border people a great many beautiful folk-stories are still to be found. The material for these stories comes for the most part from "vaqueros,"—the cowboys,—and from the "pastores,"—the shepherds. Many of these folk-stories are of a Religious character and some of them are extremely interesting since they are so quaint. The following story of the "Mournful Dove," illustrates the deep Religious feeling of the Mexican along the border.

The Mournful Dove

All nature, the stars of the heavens, the beasts of the forest, and the birds of the air had been told that the Messiah was to be born. And when the Angel announced the birth of the Savior, all the creatures of the earth came to worship Him, all but one—the dove. She was so humble and unassuming that no one thought of telling her the wonderful news. Yet the sign that brought the birds and beasts to the manger itself was the form of a fluttering dove—assumed by the Holy Spirit.

But the dove herself never saw the Christ Child, and that is why her song is a sob. In the mellow warm mornings of spring, or when the evening star makes her appearance in the twilight, a soft, mournful cry is heard in the canada. It is the dove.

PRAYER TO OUR BLESSED LADY OF VICTORY

O Almighty and merciful Lord, Who for the defense of the Christian people hast, in a marvelous manner, raised up a perpetual help in the Most Blessed Mother of God, mercifully grant that we, being defended by such powerful protection during the warfare of this life, may be enabled to gain the victory over our malignant enemy in death, through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen.

Florida

Dear Father:

Enclosed find money order for one dollar. I wish I could send much more but money is so scarce. Your work is a great one; it deserves encouragement and help of all kinds.

I hope God will continue to bless your big enterprise.

Sincerely yours,

R. F.

God provideth for him that showeth favour. He remembereth him afterwards, and in the time of his fall he shall find a sure stay.—Eccclus. III, 34.

AN EFFICACIOUS PRAYER FOR THOSE IN NEED

O Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the graces and blessings Thou hast bestowed upon mankind. In Thy love Thou hast placed us here to work out our eternal salvation, and until life's journey is over, many vicissitudes meet us on the way. Today poverty and want prevail, and we turn to Thee for help, for all things are Thine in heaven and on earth. In these days of distress we pray Thee that Thy blessing descend upon the industries of the world, that man below may labor to obtain the means to procure the needs and the necessities of life.

O Heavenly Father, O Divine Provider, grant that the sufferings and the trials of the present day may teach man to know, love and serve Thee better. Amen.

THE GOAL IS NOT IN SIGHT

There are few Catholics who can wholly adopt a Missionary Catechist, but there are many who can contribute toward their support. The 2500 CLUB is a convenient way of doing so. Its 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.

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

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A MODERN APOSTLE OF MARY

On April 28th we celebrated the feast of Blessed Grignon de Montfort. The whole Church as well as the clients of Mary owe much to this faithful servant of Mary for an ever-increasing Devotion to our good Mother and through Her, for a more tender and ardent love for His Divine Son.

After Jesus the heart of Blessed De Montfort went out with all its affection to his most dear and blessed Mother. "The love of Mary," says Father Blain, one of his devoted associates, "seemed to have been born with him."

Our good Mother seems to have selected him above all others to be Her special servant. From his very youth She had filled his soul with a tenderness for Her that grew with his years and rendered him one of Her greatest advocates the world has ever known.

In order to spread the sweet slavery of Jesus through Mary, as practised in the "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin," Blessed De Montfort used all his talents. He not only preached and taught this True Devotion to Mary in his missions, but he also composed many beautiful hymns which were sung at the mission services.

Today these same hymns are sung, not only by the Religious Congregations founded by Blessed De Montfort, but also by the Missionary Catechists in their services in honor of the Immaculate Mother.

NOVENA

Before Our Blessed Mother's Altar in the Chapel at Victory-Noll, a beautiful solemn novena in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory will begin on May 15 and end on the Eve of the Feast of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

This novena consists in a Mass offered each morning in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory and in certain very beautiful prayers and devotions in which all the intentions recommended to us will be included. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will be given every day during the novena.

As the Feast of Our Blessed Lady of Victory is the patronal Feast of the Society of Missionary Catechists, all the Catechists together with their friends and benefactors will unite in chanting the praises of their Most Dear and Holy Mother and in presenting their supplications to Her.

Send in your name and your petitions early so that they may be included in this beautiful novena.

All devout clients and children of Mary who wish to show their love for Jesus and Mary in a practical way have an opportunity of doing so by joining the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts.

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 _____



THE NEW PROBATIONARY CATECHISTS

JESUS, MARY AND JOSEPH, I OFFER THEE MY HEART AND MY SOUL.

FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER

One Saturday I accompanied the Missionary Catechists who conduct the soup-kitchen in Las Vegas. The impressions I received were many. I only wished that readers of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST could have been with me on this visit. It certainly would have been a source of consolation to them to see that whatever they had contributed to the work of the Missionary Catechists in the past has been well invested. Undoubtedly, too, their hearts would have been touched at the sight of the starving and suffering poor, coming for food and returning, not only well fed themselves, but also well supplied with nourishing food for hungry little mouths at home.

As we neared the relief center, we met an old, blind man shuffling along, his right arm supported, and guided by a boy of twelve. The food-stuffs they carried proved that they had received assistance at the Catechists' soup kitchen. Next came a bent, old lady, wrapped in a faded, black shawl, and hugging the precious bundles of food received at the kitchen. As we neared, the number of poor folk carrying sacks and buckets increased. Some were going, even as we, others were returning, with pails filled with hot, well-cooked stews and soups, and with contentment written on their wan faces.

The relief center was divided into two parts:—a large waiting room where the poor sat on benches waiting until the wide, double doors at the far end of the room would open to them; and the kitchen proper. Groups of ten and twelve were admitted at a time since the standing space in the soup-kitchen itself was limited. I passed through the double doors and found a group of Catechists busily engaged in supplying the needs of those gathered about the counters. One Catechist was pouring milk into a poor mother's pail. Another was scooping up a quantity of rolled oats from a sack

standing on the floor; a third was putting potatoes into a paper sack, and a fourth was handing out a small bak of flour. There were six Catechists behind the counters and each one was as busy as she could be. On Saturdays the Catechists give out dry groceries, chiefly, while on the other "soup kitchen days", soup and cooked vegetables, together with bread, are dispensed.

Quite frequently of late, a new customer comes. Such a one is told to be seated until the regular customers have all been served. Then the new comer is served. His name and address are secured in order that an investigation may later be made as to whether or not the person is truly in need. The Catechists are becoming quite perplexed, as the weeks drag into months, and the number of needy families continually increases. Some days, it is only with the greatest difficulty that they can make their supply of food stretch from the first customer to the last one to be served. For this reason, they are very happy when the general funds received at the mother-house at Victory-Noll in Indiana, are sufficiently large that a check may come from that source to help in the purchase of the necessary articles.

Occasionally a poor person who is being served food, complains of some minor physical ailment, such as a cold in the head or a headache. A First-Aid kit is brought out and the person given a remedy. Once I saw a warm suit of underwear handed over the counter to a poor man who had come a long way to the relief center. Ordinarily, however, clothing and medicines are distributed on visits to the homes of the poor.

After two hours of feverish working, we heard the nearby church bells peal forth the Angelus. It was impressive to see the Catechists temporarily suspend their serving of food, and both Catechists and poor folk, honor the Blessed Mother of God by the devout recitation of the Angelical Salutation. Activities were again resumed after the prayer, and continued until the last customer had left the kitchen,—about one thirty.

The Catechists, weary and hungry, but also happy, then went home to partake of their own belated dinner.

A Friend of the Catechists.

IN MARY'S CARE

In one of the school districts where I teach I often have non-Catholic children in my class. A little negro girl used to come and she showed as much interest in the instructions as did any of the other children. After my class on the One True Church, however, she has been staying away. But whenever she meets any of the other Catechists she discusses the matter with them, so evidently she is taking time to consider it seriously. What consoles me most is that she says she recites the Our Father and the Hail Mary every night. If she continues saying the Hail Mary daily Our Blessed Mother will certainly obtain for her the gift of Faith and eternal salvation.

Catechist Loretta Bergeric,
Tulare, Calif.



Here and there In the field at home

"PASEN"—COME IN

Whoever knocks at the doors of our poor Spanish people, at once receives the answer, "Pasen (come in)". Be he friend, neighbor, salesman, Padre or Catechist, the door is always opened to him and he receives courteous and hospitable attention. Even a poor tramp receives a hearty welcome. "With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you" is infallibly realized on Judgment Day. Then, surely, when our dear Spanish people knock at the gate of Heaven, they will hear that gracious invitation: "Pasen!"

A NEW MISSIONARY "INITIATED"

Father Agnellus, the new assistant at San Fidel, came in March to take the place of Father Innocent who died in December. A few days after his arrival from the East, one of our devoted, old ladies of San Rafael died and Father Robert brought Father Agnellus along to say the Mass. Poor Father Agnellus! It surely was an unusual morning for him, to say the least. He had to say Mass in the sacristy, for the church, which burned down last year, has not yet been rebuilt. He used the vestment case for the Altar and had the candles



Among our poor Mexicans in the Calumet Steel district of Gary and Indiana Harbor, Indiana, the "American of tomorrow" begins his earthly career, for the most part, in surroundings such as these.

WHAT A SUBSTITUTE!

If you want some fun you should visit the "Baby" class here at Los Banos, California. One day Catechist taught her little ones the song, "In the Morning When I Awaken." In the next class she asked how many had remembered to sing this new song to Jesus. Five-year-old Johnny earnestly made this confession:

"You know, Catechist, I couldn't remember that song you told us to sing to Jesus, so I sang "When It's Spring-time in the Rockies." Don't you think He liked that just as well?"

Catechist Effie McConnell.

Shut up alms in the heart of the poor, and it shall obtain help for thee against all evil.—Eclus. 15.

propped up in the drawers. When the corpse was brought into the church it was wrapped up in a sheet and laid on boards. After the prayers at the cemetery, the body was removed from the boards and lowered into the grave with out a box of any kind. Father Agnellus shook his head and said:

"Well,—I suppose I'll get used to such things after I'm here awhile; but it surely seems cold!"

Catechist Margaret Srill,
Grants, N. Mex.

May good St. Joseph bless our dear friend, Joseph S. of Wisconsin, who, as a member of ST. JOSEPH'S POOR FUND FAMILY, recently sent 250 dimes for the poor under our care; also M. A. K. who sent fifty dimes.



"We are all dressed up, thank you!"—Gary, Ind.

THE OFFERING

(Continued from page 4)

"Oh," she said, "I sure didn't think it was that old, for it sure don't look like it!"

EASTER BONNETS

Some one of our benefactors (the Lord bless her) sent us a great many bolts of vari-colored hat braid. The outer-layer was a trifle discolored, but that underneath was as good as new. Millinery classes in Las Vegas, and several out-Missions, were in order in consequence. For several weeks preceding Easter, a number of ladies,—young and old,—in the city and in surrounding villages took this course of millinery under the Missionary Catechists. They worked very feverishly at these hats in order to have them finished for Holy Week and Easter, and it was with pardonable pride they donned them for these festive occasions. Fashion-plates and spring catalogs were utilized in order that the hats conform to the current spring styles.

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

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

na had a white dress and everything seemed to be working out very well. But when Consuelo took out the old veil the next night, it had many holes in it. Her mother said it couldn't possibly be worn until it was washed and mended. The church service would be over before that could be done. So when she met Madonna, Consuelo had only her own veil. Poor, disappointed Madonna sat down on a log and cried bitterly. Consuelo was deeply moved but she could think of only one thing to do,—Madonna could wear her veil and she would just watch. Madonna quickly accepted, not knowing what it was costing the other child. Neither did she know that parents deprived a child of this privilege for a time as a severe punishment. But Virgencita knew this and she later told Consuelo something about offering Maria flowers by her sacrifice. Madonna couldn't see how you could offer flowers by not offering flowers, but it seemed to make Consuelo's face shine so she didn't ask any questions. She was too much occupied, anyway, with watching how the other little girls did it so that she wouldn't make any mistakes when her turn came. And she felt so happy when she and the twenty-three other little girls held their flowers toward the Sacred Host, raised in blessing over them. Consuelo was happy, too, to see her little friend so pleased. She felt rewarded for her sacrifice and she had no idea that it might claim any further reward.

Even when, several weeks later, Madonna came to her with shining eyes to tell her that she and her father, and even her mother, were going to be Catholics again, Consuelo didn't connect it with herself or any of the things she had told Madonna. Neither did Madonna nor Madonna's parents. But the Virgencita smiled understandingly when Consuelo confided to her how much she wanted to do something "real nice" for Maria Santisima.

"Only," she sighed, "I guess there isn't much I can do, way out here; and I'm so little."



Enjoying the sunshine which is "free for all."

Mary's Little Helpers



I'm just a Little Helper,
If I were only two
I'd be so very happy
For twice as much I'd do.

But since I can be only one
I know what I shall do
I'll get another Helper
And then there will be two.

Topeka, Kans.

Dear Catechist:

I've been wanting to write you a few lines for some time about our "Little Helpers." At last we got our club started and we hope to be helpful to you in the missions. We are calling ourselves "The Little Flower Club of Topeka." We made a drive for subscriptions on Washington's Birthday and got twenty-four new subscriptions. One hundred new subscriptions is our goal. After we get a hundred subscribers, we will sell chances on some fancy work mamma is going to make for us.

With lots of love, I remain
Your Little Helper,
LILLIAN STAAB.

Dear Catechists:

How are you? I am just fine. I get THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST every month. This is the first letter I have written to you. I go to St. John's School. I go to Mass and Communion every day. I am in the sixth grade. I am going to get confirmed in October. This paper I am writing on is the paper I gave my mother for Christmas. I will send ten cents to join the Mary and Joseph Contest. I will close with loving wishes.

Your friend,
MARY JANE ZEIMENTZ.

Dear Little Helpers:

May is Our Blessed Mother's own month, and every Mary's Little Helper ought to do something special for Our Blessed Mother every day this month to show how much he loves Her. You are Our Blessed Mother's own little missionaries, as you have a double claim to Her love. Don't you think it would please Our dear Blessed Mother if you would say a whole rosary every day for the Catechists and the poor little children in our missions? I think it would, and I am sure She would shower down many precious blessings on our work. And, do you know what else I think would be nice? If every Little Helper would get another little friend to love Our Blessed Mother and to work for the Missions, I am sure it would please Her very much. Won't you all try real hard? You see, every new Little Helper means a new little friend to help us, and we need lots and lots of friends.

THE CATECHIST SUPERVISOR.

Dear Little Helpers:

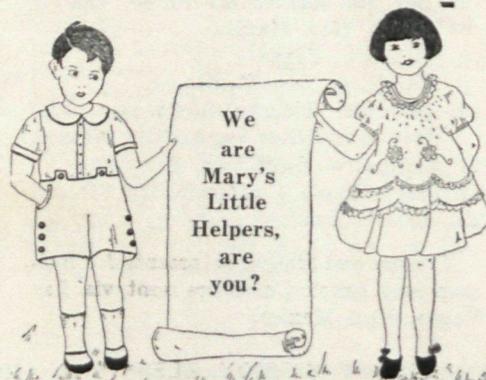
I haven't told you about any of my picnics for a long time. You know, you always have a good time when you go on a picnic in New Mexico, because you nearly always find something you aren't looking for. Now, I am going to tell you about another picnic. I think, when you read this, that you will agree with me, that it was certainly a strange picnic all right. We started out one bright, sunshiny morning,—two of the Catechists with their little boys and me. The Catechists had been promising this picnic for a long time, and I was glad to get in on it, especially when they said they would take us through an Indian cave. We hiked over the Sombrio messas which are hills that have flat tops. They are covered with great big rocks and we are told that thousands of years ago an earthquake was the cause of all these big rocks covering the top and sides of the mesas. Then, at the foot of one of the rocks we found the old Indian cave. We had to step down



into a place that looked like a little dark room, but it was a rock room. We walked through it and found another opening and there in front of us was a great big wall of rock covered with all kinds of odd Indian paintings. We, of course, were interested at once, and wanted to do some exploring, but the Catechists said there was a whole lot more to be seen where we were going. We started on, when one of the little boys said, "Oh, Catechist, we saw the strangest-looking girl yesterday." Another chimed in and said, "Yes, Catechist, she was awful ragged." A third said, "And, Catechist, guess what? She had overalls on. Just think, Catechist, a girl with overalls on. Maybe we'll see her again, because she said they are living in that old caved-in house by the spring." Catechist said, "Let's go by that way. It isn't so far out of our way. We can stop in and see her while you wait for us." So, the Catechists went to see the "strange girl." And do you know what happened? That was the end of the wonderful picnic I expected. The Catechists found that the "strange" little girl, her mother and father and two little brothers were almost starving and had practically no clothes to wear. When the Catechists came out they told us that they would have to go right back to their house and get something for the poor family and then when they got back we could finish our picnic. But the one little boy who had thought the girl looked so funny with overalls felt sorry now and he said, "Let's give our picnic lunch to the poor people because we can have a picnic some other time. Then you can take the little girl with you and give her some clothes, too." We all thought that was a good plan, so we turned around and went home. The "strange" little girl looked like a different person in the clothes she got, and maybe she wasn't polite. Catechist told her to sit down while she got something for her. She didn't notice the statue of Our Blessed Lady of Victory until she turned her head a little, and then she jumped up and said "Oh, pardon me," to Our Blessed Mother's statue. Then she turned her chair and sat facing the statue.

I'm almost writing a book today, so I'd better quit.

Your friend,
WEE WILLIE WINKLES.



The Associate Catechists of Mary

THE OTHER HALF!

Louise is a happy little girl, and why not? She has every reason to be happy. God has given her a loving and kind mother and father, a good home and all the nice little things the typical American child has. Louise never has to worry if there is going to be something for her to eat to-morrow; if there will be enough coal to keep the house warm; if her little feet will be blue with cold because her mother has no money with which to buy her shoes. No, Louise is a very lucky girl.



BUT

Little Jose Sanchez? Let him tell his own story.

“Well, you see, it’s this way. For myself, I don’t mind, cause you see I got a hat and a nice shirt and a good pair of pants what the Catechists gave me. And, if I eats at nine o’clock in the morning and at night I has a tortilla, well, that ain’t so bad when I drink lots of water in between. But it’s my poor mama and the new baby what needs help. The Catechists baptized the baby cause I heard ‘em say it was goin’ to God purty quick. And mama’s purty sick and she ain’t got enough to keep her warm. Oh well, we ain’t worryin’ none cause the Catechists said God would take care of us and I guess He will.”



It is in you power to keep little Jose from being disappointed. Your charity will make it possible for the Catechists to take care of Jose and his sick mother. Every little bit helps. By joining the VICTORY NOLL HOME BAND, your fifty cents will help little Jose. Send in your name today, before you forget.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____

Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

"MAGGIE," THE LIFE STORY OF MARGARET LEKEUX. Adopted from a biography written by her brother, Father Martial, O. F. M. By Marion Habig, O. F. M. Published by Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago. Price 85 cents.

"MAGGIE" is as delightful as a love-story, as inspiring as the life of a Saint and as satisfying as an ascetical treatise. Margaret Lekeux died in 1916 at the tender age of twenty-three years. She was a school-teacher, choir-director, social-worker, war-nurse, and lay-apostle. She was able to cram more into four years than the average individual can get into forty. Only Saints can do what she did. "Maggie" is a work of exceptional merit. I would like to place it in the hands of every girl in my parish. Though written in French, shortly after the war the German translation took the country by storm; in eight months ten editions were exhausted. May "Maggie," this little flower of St. Francis, speedily win the esteem and love that welcomed the Little Flower of Carmel.

FAVORITES OF ST. JOSEPH

The Little Sisters of the Poor,—that wonderful community which has done, and is doing so much in caring for the homeless aged poor all over the world, seems to be a particular favorite of St. Joseph. These Sisters consecrate many houses to his honor, naming them St. Joseph's Homes for the Poor. Through the powerful intercession of this good Saint. They constantly obtain the abundant supplies they need for taking care of their poor. It is with the same implicit trust and confidence in the powerful protection of this dearest Saint that the Catechists have placed under his patronage the Poor Fund Family, by means of which they hope to receive the help they need in feeding and caring for the poor under their care.

Every one who sends us a dime in honor of Saint Joseph for our suffering poor becomes a member of St. Joseph's Poor Fund Family and shares in the Masses, prayers and novenas of the Catechists as well as in the Mass offered every Wednesday in his honor.

Please Pray for Our Beloved Dead

Mrs. Julia Deininger, A. C. M.; Mrs. M. H. Walsh, A. C. M.; Mrs. Dressler, Mrs. J. B. Martin, Mrs. Rose Juenger, John D. Devine, A. C. M.; Mrs. Fridericks, an aunt of Catechist Sophie Renier; Mrs. Peter Baltes, A. C. M.; Mr. Charles Weeks, and Mr. Charles Quinn.

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

IN MEMORY OF MOTHER

Gone! There's not a shadow now of her Amid the throngs I pass in the way. Gone! My loved one's gone from me Into the light of Eternal Day.

Ne'er will her smile rejoice me When life is dark and drear; Ne'er will her welcome await me Or her sweet voice call me near.

She is gone, and I long for that "some-time"

When we shall meet in the realms above, Where none know aught of partings And life is one song of love.

—Catechist Genevieve Whitehead.

TO FATHER SIGSTEIN AND THE MISSIONARY CATECHISTS

May the peace and consolation of the Risen Savior accompany you and inspire you to go on and on in your splendid, glorious, mission work for the souls that cost Him so dear!

✠The Most Rev.

Anthony J. Schuler, S. J. Bishop of El Paso, Texas.

Dear Father:

Enclosed find \$2.00 in thanksgiving for favors from Our Lady of Perpetual Help and St. Gabriel. Please publish in your wonderful little magazine. I would like to send more but times are not very good at our place. Please say some prayers for my health and for vocations in our family, also that a son might get a job soon.

MRS. CLARA E. B.

Appleton, Wis.

Dear Catechists:

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. H. R.

During the past six months we have received a number of requests for our Catechists from Missionary-Bishops in the West. There is nothing that would have given us greater pleasure than to have complied immediately with the requests of these worthy Bishops, who are so anxious to bring Religious Instruction to the thousands of under-privileged children in their vast missionary dioceses.

If we listened to the suggestions of human prudence we might be tempted to refuse these urgent requests. Money is so scarce that it is only with the greatest difficulty that we can hope to receive enough from generous-hearted benefactors to support the small number of Catechists required for such work. We shall not, however, fail to place all our trust and confidence in the power of Our Good Mother to assist us. Our hearts are moved to compassion when we consider the danger of thousands of souls being lost for lack of Religious Instruction. But we are also filled with confidence for we know that God's Providence will not fail us, and Our Blessed Mother's assistance will not be withheld when there is a question of the eternal loss of precious souls for whom Our Divine Saviour suffered and died.

Wise and Otherwise

Rafael—"Catechist, you said the world was going to end sometime?"

Catechist—"Yes, Rafael."

Rafael—"Well, Catechist, that can't be right because this prayer says 'world without end'."

Rastus, one of our pickaninnies—"Catechist, is it true that if yuh wears one of these here Crucifixes the devil won't mess with yuh?"

One of the Catechists was ill and an announcement was sent out to the children in her class so that they would not assemble for their weekly instruction. A few days later Catechist received the following letter:

Dear Catikiss:—

I am sorry because you is sick. I hope you will come to teach us soon. Thursday we did not have catism. It was so lonesome! Yesterday we had choir. Catikiss is showing us to sing some new songs. I thought I would make you happy by writing to you.

I hope you will be well again soon.

Your loving catism girl,

MERCEDES.

P. S.—Be sure and take your medicins, Catikiss, so you will get well soon.

Why not become a LIFE SUBSCRIBER? Our rate is only \$10.00, payable in monthly installments of \$1.00 each.

WILL YOU INTRODUCE US?

You know the Catechists and are enthusiastic supporters of their work among God's poor. We are happy to enjoy your friendship and we appreciate your loyal co-operation. But we are eager to enlarge our circle of devoted friends. Won't you introduce us to your relatives and friends, who may have never even heard of THE SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS? A most practical way of doing this is to give them a subscription to the MISSIONARY CATECHIST or get them to subscribe. If you cannot do this, then please send us the names of persons who may become interested in Home Mission work.

Fifty cents will purchase a one-year subscription to T. M. C. and win for us a new friend.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Name.....

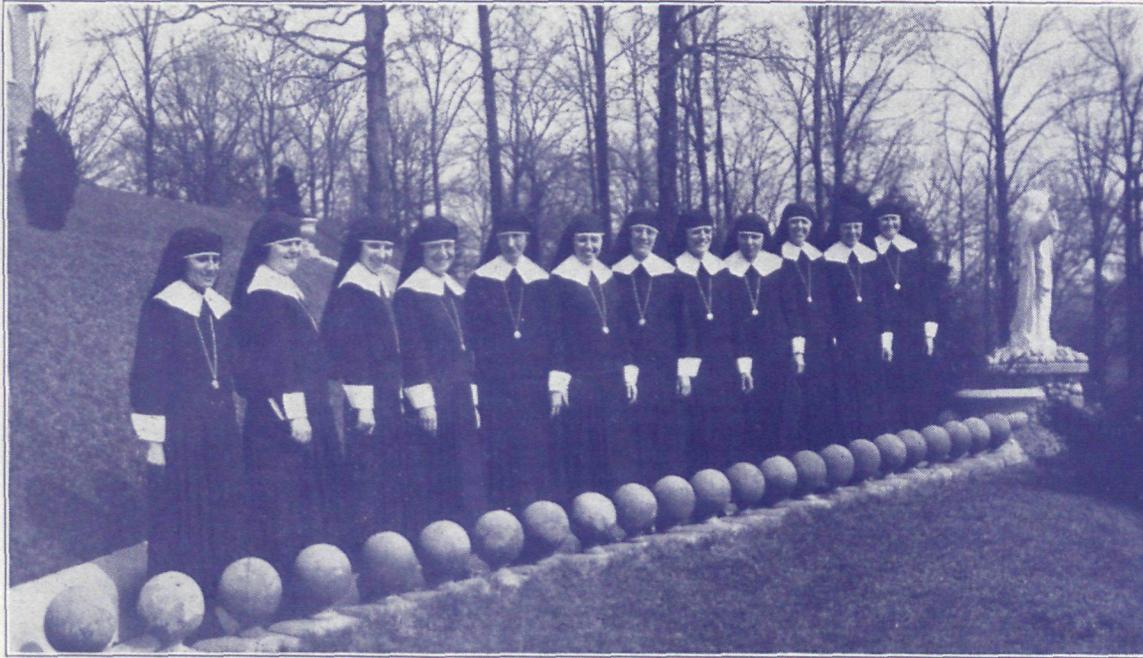
Address.....

City.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



THE NEWLY PROFESSED
 These young Catechists have, like the Apostles, answered the call of the Divine Master to leave all things and follow Him. Now they are ready to go forth and help win the souls for whom the Sacred Heart thirsts.

Victory-Noll Notes

That admirable simplicity characteristic of the Missionary Catechists was, perhaps, the most notable feature of the Investiture Ceremonies held at Victory-Noll on April 4th,—the deferred feast of the Annunciation.

At 7:30 the Catechists filed slowly into the Chapel singing a hymn of praise to Our Blessed Mother. Immediately after the processional and the Veni Creator, the Candidates placed upon the Altar of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, written acts of consecration by which they renewed their Baptismal Vows and consecrated their lives, together with the merits of all their good works, entirely and forever, to the Blessed Mother of God. Then followed the Investiture Ceremonies during which twelve Catechists received the medal and shield of the Professed Catechists; six Catechists were invested as Juniors and received the indulgenced Crucifix which they will carry with them on their missionary labors and place in the hands of the sick and the dying. Six Catechists received the black uniform and white veil of the Probationary Catechists and seven were invested as Consecrates of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, receiving the white veil and Mary-blue uniform.

At the Communion of the Investiture Mass, the Catechists, who were to make their Profession and those who were to renew their Vows, passed into the Sanctuary. There, with lighted candles in their

hands, they knelt and pronounced their Vows and the Pledge of Stability, in the immediate presence of their Eucharistic Lord Whom the Celebrant held before them.

At the Last Gospel a special blessing was imparted to the newly professed Catechists and to the new Juniors.

The Rev. Father Norbert, O. M. Cap., Father-Guardian of St. Felix Monastery, Huntington, Ind., presided at the ceremonies, assisted by the Rev. J. J. Sigstein, founder and spiritual director of the Society of Missionary Catechists.

The Investiture Ceremonies were preceded by a four-day Retreat conducted by the Rev. Father Apollinaris Baumgartner, O. M. Cap., of Yonkers, N. Y., a Missionary Father widely known in the East. Father Apollinaris also spoke at the Profession ceremonies.

Present in the Sanctuary, besides the Reverend Fathers already mentioned, were: The Rev. Aquinas Knoff, Roanoke, Ind.; the Rev. George Strassner, Hope, Ark.; the Rev. T. E. Dillon and the Rev. William Hoff, of Huntington, Ind.; the Rev. Ivo Weindle, O. M. Cap., and the Rev. Harold Higgins, O. M. Cap., of St. Felix Monastery, Huntington, Ind.

On the same day one Catechist was professed and eighteen renewed their Vows at Las Vegas, N. M. At Santa Paula, Calif., nine Catechists renewed their Vows.

The twelve young Catechists who completed the course of training and pronounced their first holy Vows on April 4th, are now prepared to go out in the mission fields which are "white unto the harvest" and awaiting the laborer's hands. We look to you, kind friends, for the means of sending them forth and of keeping them at work among God's own poor.

Why not get your friends and relatives together,—if you cannot do it alone,—and adopt a Catechist? \$300.00 will support a Catechist in the field for one year. \$25.00 will support a Catechist for one month. Any amount, be it large or small, may be contributed for this purpose.

All who contribute toward the support of a Catechist share in the prayers, labors, sufferings and sacrifices of the Catechists as well as in the prayers of the children under their care.

Adopt a Catechist for your very own and let her represent you in the HOME MISSION FIELD.



"Idle Dollars" in Service

Money hidden in secret places is like the hidden talent of the Gospel. It is not only worthless to its owner, but also to the country which has issued it.

Our ANNUITY PLAN affords an excellent means of PUTTING YOUR DOLLARS INTO SERVICE for GOD, YOURSELF, and SUFFERING HUMANITY.

Money invested in an ANNUITY assures you of a good rate of interest while, at the same time, its own capacity for good is increased.

Returns from such an investment accrue not only in time, but also, in eternity, since the principal is used ultimately to promote the Glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Can you afford to miss such an opportunity for investing YOUR IDLE DOLLARS in the service of God's suffering poor, while, at the same time, providing a regular income for yourself during your life-time?

Any amount, no matter how small, is 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