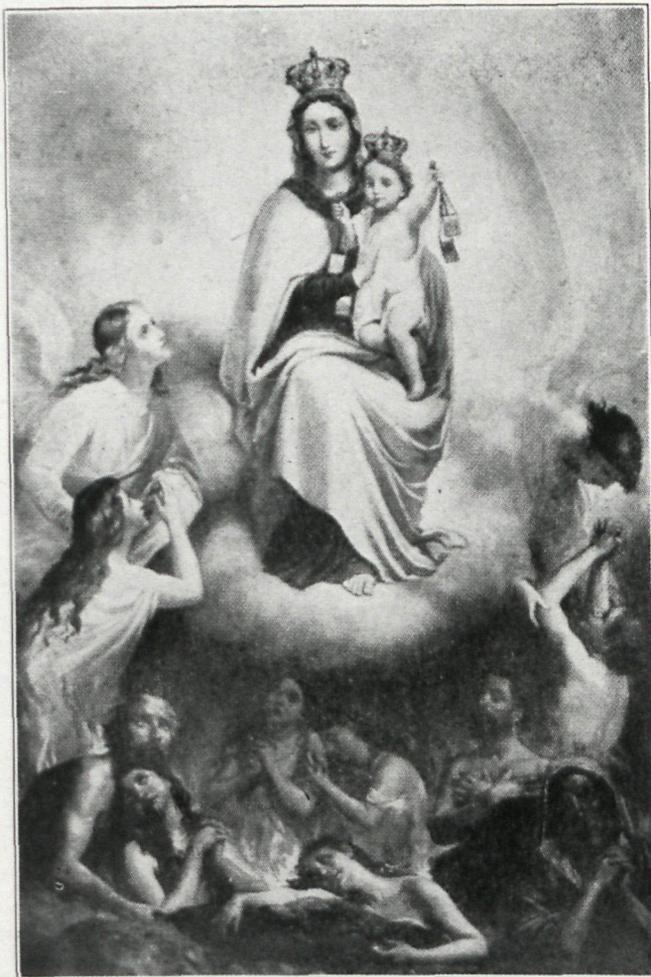


# The Missionary Catechist



Queen of the Souls in Purgatory, intercede  
for them



## Little Ones Of Christ

I saw them,—  
Hosts and hosts of "Little Ones,"—  
Some gay and carefree;  
Others sad and mute  
With mystery haunting the depths  
Of their somber eyes.  
I saw them wandering hither and yon,  
Their hungering souls seeking  
The Blessed "Bread of Life",  
But there was none to give it them.  
They sought  
But could not alone find the way  
That leads to Joy Eternal.

I went abroad,  
I called them one by one,  
I fed them with my hands;  
I clothed their nakedness.  
I won them with my sympathy and love,  
And then I spoke of God  
And filled their souls with Truth,—  
The Blessed "Bread of Life".  
Their gratitude was silent love.  
But my reward was greater e'en than that;  
For lo!  
In serving these poor little ones  
I had ministered to Christ!

# The Missionary Catechist

Volume VIII

NOVEMBER, 1932

Number 12

## Before And After

**S**OME years ago a zealous young Priest of Chicago became intensely interested in the needy missions and missionaries of the Southwest. In order to gain first-hand information concerning the conditions prevailing in these poor mission places, he made several trips to the most destitute mission districts of New Mexico, Texas, and California.

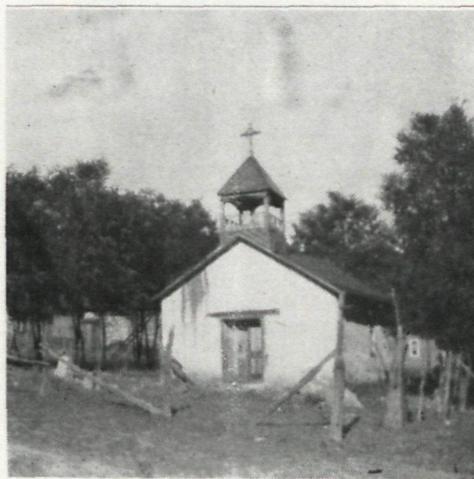
He was forcibly struck not only by the poverty-stricken condition of the people, but also by the bareness of those mission chapels seldom visited by the overburdened missionaries, having too large a number of missions to look after. He was saddened at the sight of the deplorable ignorance of the children due to the lack of religious instructors and the absence of parochial schools.

On a subsequent visit, however, to these same missions, he found a complete transformation. The mission chapels, formerly devoid of the necessary church furnishings,—vestments, altar linens, and statuary;—were now clean, neatly furnished, and supplied with the necessary articles required, not only for the celebration of the Holy Mass, but for all other religious exercises as well. These chapels he now found crowded with children eagerly listening to the religious instruction given by the Missionary Catechists in preparation for their first Holy Communion.

Filled with admiration and enthusiasm for the work the Catechists were doing among these neglected poor, this good priest returned to Chicago, eager to make known their work to all Catholics. Shortly after, he conceived a novel plan of showing what he found in our destitute home Missions,—before and after the advent of the Missionary Catechists.

Aided by a friend, who had accompanied him on his trips, he made a replica of some of the Mission centers.

On one side of the stage was shown a bare mission chapel, as he first found it, with rough wooden boards for an altar; with a soiled and torn altar cloth and with bottles for candle-holders; and with only the crudest and rudest statue and picture to adorn the dwelling place of the Eucharistic God. This exhibit was labeled "Before the coming of the Catechists." On the other side was shown this same chapel now completely transformed into a modest but beautiful dwelling suitable for our Divine Savior. The altar now shining in a new coat of paint was adorned with plain, but neat altar cards, candle-holders, a new and devotional crucifix and statues and covered with immaculately clean altar cloths that bespoke the work of willing and capable hands and of loving hearts consecrated to the service of our Eucharistic King. This second exhibit, which so strikingly presented the work of the Catechists as Sacristans in the poor



A Mission Chapel in New Mexico

Mission Chapels, was called "After the Catechists Came."

An added feature of this unusual mission display was a highly interesting talk given by the young priest of his travels and experiences in the poor Missions of the Southwest. He told how many of the children in these missions did not receive Religious Instruction and in consequence being ignorant of the truths of their religion were robbed of their Faith by Protestant missionaries. He also related that after the coming of the Catechists the children not only received Religious Instruction and were prepared for the reception of the Sacraments, but they were taught to lead a practical Catholic life and thus were able to keep the Faith of their fathers. Again, he told of his visits to the wretched dwellings of the poor, deprived of the ordinary necessities of life, where children succumbed to sickness and disease because there was no one to give them medical attention. After the coming of the Catechists all of this was happily changed. The hungry were fed, the naked little ones were clothed, and the sick were tenderly nursed. But, not only were the bodily sufferings of these poor relieved, but what is of vastly more importance, their spiritual condition was improved. They were strengthened in their Faith and thus preserved from falling into the hands of proselytizing Protestant missionaries.

All who attended this practical mission display were not only edified by what they saw, but realized the plight of their less fortunate co-religionists in the vast, destitute missions of the Southwest. Before leaving the good Priest, they pledged themselves to assist the suffering poor of the Missions and to support the Catechists in their Christ-like labors in preserving the Faith among the poorest of God's poor in our Catholic Southwest.

BLESSED BE GOD; BLESSED BE HIS HOLY NAME

## A Thanksgiving Tangle

It could not be that Santos had forgotten. He had often repeated that he loved her and that he would always love her. Could one little quarrel change all that? Yet it was three weeks,—three long, lonely weeks since their—misunderstanding,—she called it that now. What had it been about, anyway? She could scarcely remember. But Santos had kept his word. He had made no attempt to see her since. She had indeed made him believe that his attentions were no longer desirable.

"Maria! Our Blessed Mother must have sent you our way." Maria almost bumped into two Missionary Catechists. "Are you going anywhere in particular, Maria?"

"Oh, no, Catechist, to tell the truth, I hardly knew in which direction I was going."

"Then would you help us out? We discovered a little rheumatic woman living alone in that hut," pointing to a broken-down shack nearby. "She is about seventy-five years old and too sick to walk. We made her comfortable and managed to discover that she has not had a thing to eat all day. There is nothing in her cupboard but a handful of corn meal. We also discovered that she has never had to accept charity and that it will break her heart if she has to do so now. That is why we would rather not take her food ourselves. Could you fix up a basket of things,—a good warm meal,—and take it down to her as soon as possible? Make believe that you are following a Thanksgiving desire to share with your neighbor, or something. You are tactful. Do or say anything just so she does not suspect that she is an object of charity. Come along to the Mission Center and we will give you a loaf of bread and a few other things from our own supply. Our Poor Fund just 'isn't' anymore."

"Oh, don't bother, Catechist. Our Lord is kind to let me keep my job when almost everyone else is out of work, so I think I can afford to fix a basket for our poor Abuela (grandmother). Besides, I shall save time if I go straight home."

The Catechists hurried home in high spirits. They recited the Magnificat in thanksgiving to Our Blessed Mother while they stood warming themselves at the kitchen stove. Suddenly Catechist Hurley exclaimed:

"The wood! Catechist, we forgot all about the wood for our Abuela! She didn't have a fire and I don't recall seeing a stick of wood anywhere."

"Isn't that stupid of us?" the other replied. "We must have had too much Thanksgiving dinner. But where can we get wood for her?"

"All last week we begged from our friends in town until it would be almost a sin to expect more of them so soon."

"But we can't let that poor sick woman freeze. Put on your cape again. We must go out looking for firewood."

"I have an idea! Remember that young fellow at the garage who repaired our tire last Saturday? He said if there was ever anything he could do for us we should call him. . . ."

"But he is a stranger, and maybe he meant if there ever was anything wrong with the car. He is a clever business man as well as a mechanic."

"I am going to take him at his word. Dear Blessed Mother help us. Let me see—what did he say his name was? Ah, yes, Santos—Santos—something or other."

Santos was charmed to do the Catechists a favor. He was not tactful, he admitted, but he was noted for "a way with old people," so he guessed he could make a gift without hurting the Abuela's feelings. He would have to stay at the garage for another hour but after that he would pick up a small truck load of wood;—yes, he knew where he could get some,—and he would hurry right out.

Once more that Catechists stood beside the kitchen stove and began the Magnificat.

Maria fared remarkably well. The old woman was moved to tears of gratitude. She praised the Lord because He continued to create young hearts that were kind and then launched into a series of episodes drawn from her own girlhood, when she and a twin sister had vied with each other in the practice of acts of charity, not only on feast days but every day of the year.



"Now I shall heat the broth and brew some coffee," Maria interrupted. "In ten minutes supper will be ready."

"We two will eat together, no?"

Maria made no answer. She had examined the cold stove and was wondering what was to be done first.

"I—I am going out to get an armful of wood."

The old woman shivered beneath her scanty covering and dried a tear with

the end of her shawl. "Poor little lamb. She will not find wood."

A knock interrupted her thoughts. In answer to her "pasen," the door opened and a young man entered. He smiled broadly and came with outstretched hands to greet her and to make known himself and his mission.

A peal of laughter greeted Maria when she again entered the hut. Evidently the Abuela had a visitor. There was something remarkably familiar about that visitor but Maria was totally unprepared to find herself—when he turned—face to face with Santos, her Santos! The Abuela was all hostess now. She bridged the unnatural silence with a grand introduction and a continual flow of sparkling conversation.

Maria wondered if she were dreaming, as she opened and closed the door for Santos who carried in one armful of wood after another. Santos seemed to be enjoying the situation immensely, or perhaps it was her confusion which delighted him? She could not tell.

The Abuela insisted that they eat with her, or at least drink a cup of coffee. But there were only two cups, counting the one Maria had brought.

"Maria and I will drink out of one cup," Santos declared magnanimously. Seeing his apparent delight at the prospect, the Abuela smiled and forebore making any objections. Santos and Maria sat side by side at the cot on which reposed their happy hostess while she enjoyed the first real meal she had partaken of in many days. Maria nibbled at a small square of bread. Santos ate an apple. Their cup of steaming coffee stood on a pasteboard box between them. The little old lady eyed it suspiciously as she drank her own coffee at the close of the meal, until Maria felt obliged to make a pretext at sipping it. Coffee was the last thing in the world she desired at that moment. Before she could put down the cup, Santos took it from her and drained its content in one breath.

"That's the best coffee I ever drank," he remarked and his twinkling eyes met Maria's bewildered ones. She arose quickly.

"Oh, I had no idea it was getting so late! It will soon be dark; I must hurry home."

"Perhaps Santos will have room for you in his car, NO?" the little lady asked innocently. "You could sit where the wood was—"

"Why most certainly Maria must ride home with me. I was going to ask her to anyway."

Saturday morning the postman brought a thin blue letter addressed to the Catechist in charge of the Mission Center. She tore it open and found a ten-dollar bill with this note attached:

"To the Madrecita (Little Mother) who so cleverly reconciled Maria and Santos, \$10.00 for your poor fund.

"From two happy, grateful 'victims.'" The letter fluttered to the floor and Catechist Hurley asked herself in genuine surprise, "Now, how could they accuse me of such a thing?"

## A MOST CONSOLING DOCTRINE

It is a most consoling doctrine that while the Souls in Purgatory cannot help themselves, they can help us. It is, therefore, a most praiseworthy and profitable practice for all when praying for the Poor Souls to beg their prayers in return. These Holy Souls are dear to Our Lord and are destined to enjoy everlasting happiness in Heaven.

Subscribe for a friend or a relative. Fifty cents will purchase a one-year subscription to "The Missionary Catechist" and win for us a new friend.

Detroit, Mich.

Reverend and Dear Father:

I always enjoy receiving "The Missionary Catechist"; in fact, I usually read it from cover to cover, so taken up am I with your great work. I saved this clipping from one of the issues and have thought quite a bit about it lately, wondering if I could not do this very thing (contribute \$300.00 to support a Catechist for one year). I figured I could manage to get along some way without this \$300.00, so I am enclosing a check for \$100.00 as a starter. I plan to send another in November and the balance in December.

Respectfully yours,

R. B. O.



THE PASSING COWBOY

"What care I, what cares he,  
What cares the world of life or law?  
Little they reck of the shadowless plains,  
The shelterless mesa, the sun and the rains,  
The wild, free life, as the winds that blow.

"Tis over late at the ranchman's gate—  
He blinks at the sun, he hears the steers;  
He and his fellows, perhaps a score,  
And a dead, dead comrade, nothing more.

"Through the hum of the solemn noon  
he hears—  
With his grey sombrero,  
His brown chaparajos,  
And clinking spurs;  
He slides down where the grasses brown  
May hide his face, while he sobs,  
'who cares!'"

The Missionary Catechist  
Huntington, Indiana

Published monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by The Missionary Catechist Publishing Co.

Subscription Rate: In U. S., 50c per year for single copies. Life subscription \$10.00. Canada and Foreign, 75c per year. Payable in advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 30, 1924, at the postoffice at Huntington, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

Printed by Our Sunday Visitor Press,  
Huntington, Indiana

Norfolk Va.

Dear Catechists:

I am enclosing \$1.00 which I promised to send if Our Blessed Lady of Victory obtained a certain favor for me. She has never failed me when I ask anything through the prayers of your Society.

Hoping God may bless your Society with continued success, I am

Sincerely yours,

MRS. W. D.

The Catechists at Victory-Noll make a perpetual Novena in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory not only for themselves and their beloved poor, but also for all their benefactors and friends. Our Blessed Mother has been pleased to obtain remarkable favors in answer to prayers directed to her in this Novena. Send in your petitions for Spiritual and temporal blessings to be included in this perpetual Novena.

"Now is the acceptable time." For you there may not be a tomorrow.

## Blessed Are The Merciful

By Rev. Joseph Hammes

It is easy to be good to people who are lovely and appealing, but to be angels to those whom we know not and whom sickness has laid low, that is a manifestation of Divine Charity. And when it is youth pouring out its love upon a world that has lost the meaning of LOVE,—this, verily, is an inspiration. Yet it is the spectacle we witness every day in our Holy Church,—that Church which holds Christ as its Father and Mary as its Mother.

Among the various Religious Communities of Holy Mother Church is one very recently founded, The Society of Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. This Religious Society has a mission singularly its own. This can easily be seen by anyone who comes in contact with the Missionary Catechists and their work. These heroic women have a vocation to labor among the most neglected and abandoned poor who are for various reasons, outside the ordinary sphere of Catholic education and influence. At the present time their work is primarily among the Mexi-

cans and Spanish Americans of our own country. Of all people who come to our land perhaps none are so utterly disregarded as the Mexicans. They find the way for them ill-prepared. If someone does not lend them a helping hand many will lose their Holy Faith. This helping hand is graciously extended to them by the Missionary Catechists.

Anyone who knows Lake County, Ind., situated in the northwest corner of the state and including cities such as Gary, Hammond, Whiting, East Chicago and Crown Point, knows that a high percentage of its population is made up of the foreign element. Thousands are Mexicans. Crown Point, the County Seat of Lake County, has in the city or its vicinity, a number of County Institutions, i. e., jail, home for the aged, detention home and a tubercular hospital. Since much of our population is made up of the foreign born, it can be expected that these people will also be represented in these institutions. Our Hospital for the Tubercular harbors almost 200 patients. Nearly half of them are Catholics. The same is true of our Poor Farm which at present shelters 350 inmates, well-nigh half of whom belong to our Faith, though very few are Mexicans. But where there are Mexicans in Lake County there you will also find

the Catechists. They pass through the corridors of the Hospital like a breath of air, fresh from the world of light and health. They seek out the poor Mexicans and instruct them in their Holy Faith. Prayers are again recalled or taught, as the need may be, and the patients are urged to say them daily. Children who have not made their First Holy Communion are instructed, and after sufficient preparation the writer is informed and his is the happy privilege of giving them their First Holy Communion. Those who have grown negligent in the reception of the Sacraments are, by frequent visits from the Catechists, drawn back to a fervent love of God. By their inspiring words, souls that have become discouraged because of weeks, months, and years of illness, begin to see that by patient suffering they can make their own lives Christ-like. And when hopes of recovery have vanished and death is not far removed, the Catechists are present to drive the fears away and to instill confidence and resignation.

Because the writer comes in contact with the results achieved by these ardent lovers of Our Blessed Lady of Victory he can appreciate beyond words the sacrifices they make to effect them.

BLESSED BE THE NAME OF JESUS; BLESSED BE HIS MOST SACRED HEART

FEEDING THE LAMBS OF ST. PETER

The Feast of St. Peter! We did not need the bell to awaken us at five fifteen that morning. Had not we, as well as our happy children, eagerly awaited that day which seemed so long in coming?

Going to the beautiful little church of San Jose at five forty-five to say our morning prayers, four pair of eyes scanned the distant mountains in the direction of San Pedro to see if the sun were shining there. Of course it was! We knew we would not be disappointed.

The children were told to be at our Mission Center at seven thirty, but at six o'clock we heard voices outside the church. The choir girls had already assembled there in the early morning hours. After Mass we had a hurried breakfast while Father inspected the cars and prepared for the trip. Seven thirty found us on our way to San Pedro across the nineteen miles of rough but exceedingly beautiful mountain road. Nineteen miles is really not a long distance over roads that are in good condition, but over a road strewn with rocks and broken up ruts, it is certainly a long drive. To cover it in one hour is to make unusually good time.

The mountains between Cerrillos and San Pedro are not like mountains in the East. We could almost count the trees as we drove along. This bareness made the descents seem much steeper than they would have if they were wooded slopes. From the high spots the views are surprisingly lovely. Looking down from one point we saw a vast open space which looked like a painting of miles and miles of desert with the glorious sunrise just beginning to transform the sky in the far East. A mountain here and there, almost lost in the distance and hidden still more by the soft grey-ness of the morning, enhanced the beauty of the picture and reminded us of the deserts which Our Dear Lord traveled while on earth.



On Thanksgiving Day the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered in our Chapel at Victory-Noll in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory for the intentions of all our dear benefactors and friends.

Down the steep incline we made our way until a turn in the road at the foot of the hill brought us out upon a wide mesa. The few horses, which like black specks dotted the mesa, suggested that there might be a dwelling nearby.

Finally the cars passed through an open gate, the entrance to the peaceful mountain village of San Pedro, and drove up to the little white stone church. We were hardly out of our car when the solemn, thrilling sound of the church bell pealed out upon the hush of the morning, announcing the arrival of the Padre. In this little church situated up in the Ortiz Range, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered once a month in the summer only; during the other seasons of the year the roads are too dangerous to venture upon.

While the Catechists prepared the altar and laid out the vestments, Father was busy hearing confessions. At last all was in readiness. The memory of the Divine Sacrifice offered in that humble mission church is a source of much inspiration to us. Father, vested in red to remind us that St. Peter, the first head of the visible Church, shed his blood for Our Redeemer, celebrated the Holy Mass in a most reverent manner. The altar boys were radiant with joy for they appreciated their great privilege. The nave was filled with women and children kneeling in silent prayer. The men knelt in the rear as there were not enough benches for all. Catechist played the small portable organ while the children sang High Mass. The singing was so sweet and clear that one suspected that the angels hovering about the lowly, white sanctuary joined the choir of children's voices. Surely, St. Peter must have turned to Our Dear Lord on that morning and asked Him to shower His blessings upon these child-like people whose hearts were all on fire with love for Our Divine Saviour and for His first representative and head of Holy Mother Church.

Catechist Ottilia Reinersman.

IN THE HOME FIELD

GLIMPSES INTO THE OLD CLOTHES-ROOM

"That sho' am a nice ga'ment, an' it's whole, too," came the voice from the garage (which is also the clothes-room), "but you all knows what I done tol' you, Alice; black ain't healthy!"

I paused a moment in front of the

shelf as I continued on my way.

It is in the old clothes-room that one witnesses the funniest and the saddest incidents of the day. One turns from finding,—or failing to find,—a badly needed pair of shoes for a little girl, to meet a mother who has walked through the rain and sleet in her bed-room slippers because they are all she has, to see



open door. A generously proportioned colored woman was holding in the palm of her enormous hand a tiny, silver, dancing slipper which had, somehow, found its way among our plainer stock. Her companion continued to offer words of advice.

"Ain't that pretty now, Alice?" she patted the slipper in the large woman's hand. "But it 'pears like it lacks some of fittin' comfortable." (I should say it did,—at least three inches.) "An' it wouldn't match up proper with you' brown pe' cale."

"You's right, Malinda, 'tain't 'zactly practical," and Alice was regretfully putting it back on the

if we might have some warm clothing for her three small children. And the next one to appear at the door will probably be one of those interesting beings called "Boes". Interesting indeed they are! No two of them are alike. There was one who came frequently and, being unusually tall, never found a pair of trousers to fit. He was rather sour about the world in general and his lot in particular, so it was a relief when "Dennis" came. Dennis had not only kissed the "Blarney Stone" but had swallowed a generous portion of it. I often wished that those two might meet sometime. Dennis asked for a tie so

This year, on account of the distressingly hard times, it will be a serious problem for our Catechists to provide even a taste of Christmas joy for the children under their care. It grieves them to think of all the good they might do with only a little help in the form of toys, candy, clothing and especially "cold cash."

Not Another Drop



that he could go to church. In the course of the conversation he managed to let us know that he would pray much better if he had a little dinner. His only regret was that it did not happen to be Spring and so he could not spade our garden.

Manuel, one of our boys, had a unique way of asking for clothes. One day he showed me a shining medal with a stick pin attached. He had won it in class and Catechist told him he could wear it on the lapel of his coat. I agreed with him that that was just the place for it.

"But, Catechist," he said, "now may I have a coat so I can wear my medal on it?"

—Catechist Blanche Lawler.

A new boy came to class one day. Wishing to enroll him, I asked his name and what do you think he answered: "I'm just tryin' it out. If I like it so I'll come again, I'll put my name down." After class he came up and "put his name down." He never made any remarks about the class but attended quite regularly throughout the season.

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. Cerrillos, New Mexico.
3. Grants, New Mexico.
4. Holman, New Mexico.
5. Box 30, Montezuma Route, Vas Vegas, New Mexico.
6. Lubbock, Texas.
7. Calipatria, California.
8. Los Banos, California.
9. Redlands, California, 102 W. Lugonia Ave.
10. Santa Paula, California, 222 8th St.
11. Tulare, California.
12. 1385 Van Buren St., Gary, Ind.
13. 3868 Block Ave., East Chicago, Ind.
14. Catechist Blanche Richardson, Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, New Mex.
Express and freight shipments for Holman and Anton Chico are sent via Las Vegas, New Mexico.

THEY LOVE THE POOR SOULS

Late in the afternoon of All Souls Day we visited a family living in two little basement rooms. The rooms, usually so dark that you could only with difficulty distinguish one person from another, were flooded with the light of many candles placed all around. Our surprise and delight drew forth the explanation of this unexpected sight.

According to a Mexican custom, on All Souls Day one candle is burned for the soul of each departed relative and close friend. The day is spent in prayer and penance for the relief of these same souls in Purgatory. Families, who have suffered the loss of some member, will make any sacrifice, even their food, to obtain the money for bees-wax candles. If this is absolutely impossible, ordinary household candles, or even Christmas candles, are burned. Though they are not blessed, they at least serve the purpose of reminding all who see their light to pray for the dead.

Glenn Falls, N. Y.

Dear Reverend Father:

I have been thinking for some time of taking out a Life Subscription to "The Missionary Catechist". I would like to help a little in your work so I am sending you a check for \$10.00. I admire the work the Catechists do, and having a little extra money, I thought this would be putting it to good use.

I beg your prayers in my behalf as I am almost blind and in my eighty second year.

Asking God's blessing on your great work, I am

Yours in Christ,

MRS. C. H.

"Bear one another's burdens and so you shall fulfill the law of Christ."

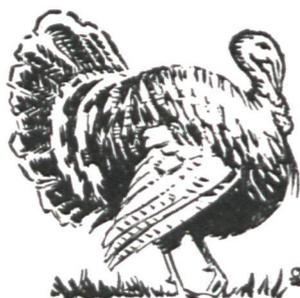
# Mary's Little Helpers

Sunday, Oct. 28, 1932.

Dear Catechist:

I am enclosing a dime's worth of stamps. I had a dime and I was going to buy a dime doll and then I bought a five-cent one instead, and my mother gave me another five cents. So I am sending you a dime's worth of stamps for the party.

One of Mary's Little Helpers,  
CATHERINE LAWLER.



## WEE WILLIE WINKLES "IN THE DUMPS"

It was the month before Christmas. A fat little boy was sitting in a great big armchair in front of the fire. He was supposed to be studying history, but the book had dropped into his lap and he sat staring into the fire. A man walked into the room and looking down at the forlorn figure, said:

"Why, Wee Willie Winkles, what's the matter with you tonight? You look as though you haven't a friend on earth."

Wee Willie Winkles, for it was he, looked up and answered, "Well, Dad, I guess you're right. I don't think I have."

Mr. Winkles laughed, and said, "I don't believe that. Why just this afternoon I saw you playing football with a whole team."

Wee Willie Winkles looked up sadly and said, "Oh, I mean my Little Helpers. You see, Dad, I have grown awfully fond of my little missionary friends during the past few years, and now I am afraid they have all forgotten me, and I feel bad. They used to write to me all the time and tell me what they were doing, how they were earning money, and different things."

The boy's father looked rather thoughtful now, too, but he said very encourag-

ingly, "Didn't you get two letters just the other day?"

Wee Willie Winkles didn't say anything for a minute, and then, "But, gee, dad, what's two letters? Just think of all the work there is to be done out in the Missions. I ought to be getting letters, lots of them, every day, telling me what they are planning on doing."

With his hands in his pockets, and his eyes gazing intently into the fire, Mr. Winkles thought of something else. "Well, son, you must remember that these are hard times now. Maybe the little boys and girls haven't as many pennies to spend as they had a year ago. You see that all makes a difference."

Wee Willie Winkles, however, refused to be comforted, and the tears were beginning to cloud his eyes. "Just think, Dad, Christmas is only four weeks away. And, didn't you tell me only yesterday that the Catechists wrote you that many of the Mission children are actually starving, that they haven't any shoes or stockings to wear, that they are shivering with cold? Just think of the money

Dear Wee Willie Winkles:

Will you please send me a mite box? I would like to be one of your Mary's Little Helpers. I have a lot of money saved up. I have about three dollars in the bank and a little change in my purse. I will send all of my old clothes that I cannot wear. I want to be a little missionary and help the poor children. I am eight years old.

Your friend,

HELEN LOUISE ILLIDGE.

the Catechists need to get them all the things they need. Why, it's awful to be cold and hungry on Christmas. And, besides, Dad, don't you think it's coming to every girl and boy to have a little bit of Christmas,—a toy or something? If every Little Helper would only save a few pennies and send them, it would help a lot, wouldn't it? I think they could all make some little sacrifice for the Infant Jesus." Thoroughly wrapped up in the subject, he jumped up suddenly from his chair and walked over to a little statue of Our Blessed Mother. "Dear Blessed Mother," he said very earnestly, "I am going to start a real special novena this very day so that you will inspire all of the Little Helpers to get busy. They still have a month, and if they work hard, then the Catechists can bring a little bit of Christmas into every home. I know, dear Blessed Mother, You won't fail me." With that he walked contentedly from the room, arm in arm with his father.

Dear Friend:

As I am one of Mary's Little Helpers, I gratefully accept your invitation and am coming to your party and bringing as a gift one year's subscription for your dear little magazine.

Sincerely yours,  
Hattie Blackwelder.



Anna Dolores Taylor



Veda Kathryn Duncan



Mary Kervin



Jack Malone



Joan Reichard

# The Associate Catechists of Mary

## CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Christmas is not so far away,—only a month, and then we have again the beautiful happy season of Our Dear Lord's Birth. Happy days for many of us, but for many others? Not so happy, unless we are willing to share our Christmas joy. And after all what makes Christmas happy? The art of making others happy is the secret. We might repeat "Thank God for the generous hearts" which are so abundantly found among our friends. They have never failed us, and in their unswerving loyalty to us, they have brought happiness to thousands of our poor little ones at Christmas time. This year, when it is a question not only of happiness, but of supplying the bare necessities of life to keep soul and body together, we are seeking new friends to help us meet our needs. Will you be one of those friends? Help us to bring Christmas to all of our poor. Just a little bit from many goes a long way and is not a hardship on any one person. Be a member of our CHRISTMAS CHEER CLUB and send something. Everything is acceptable; money of course is always welcome, even the pennies mean much. Clothing is needed, especially shoes and stockings, warm underclothing, mittens or gloves and sweaters. And don't forget that all children love toys. Play Santa to some poor little Mission child this year, and your Christmas will be the happier.

## WE THANK YOU!

St. Mary's Mission Circle, Fort Wayne (Mrs. Ankenbruck, promoter)	\$250.00
St. Joseph's Band, Chicago (Mrs. C. Service)	133.00
Sacred Heart Band, Chicago (Mrs. M. Gallagher)	35.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Chicago (Mrs. R. Murphy)	35.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Club, Chicago	27.00
Miss Mary Schaefer's Bridge Club, Chicago	27.00
Florence Dietz Mission Club, Chicago	25.00
St. Valentine Band, Chicago (Mrs. S. Rauwolf)	11.00
Charitina Club, Chicago (Katherine Hennigan)	8.00
St. Vincent de Paul, Chicago (M. Fahey)	4.35

The Little Flower Club of Chicago, of which Miss Anna Kaiser is the promoter, sponsored a very successful card party and realized \$85.00,



We are happy to present to our A. C. M. friends, Mrs. Catherine Service, Chief Promoter of the Associate Catechists of Mary of Chicago. Mrs. Service devotes all of her time to organizing and supervising bands, and during the past seven years she and her faithful co-workers have, in addition to completing one Burse of six thousand dollars, sent many thousands of pounds of clothing, food, toys, etc., to the Missions. Mrs. Service, who is so successful in organizing and conducting bands, is always glad to assist those desirous of organizing bands and will be only too happy to make suggestions and advise anyone interested in helping our poor.



Waiting for Santa

## TRY THIS!

### CHRISTMAS RECIPE

- Take one large sized envelope.
- One sheet of paper (a check will do).
- One stamp (3c).
- One pen.
- One bottle of ink.

Take pen in hand, dip in ink, fill out check (any amount will do), address envelope to THE ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY., place check in envelope and mail immediately to THE SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS.

This tried and tested recipe has never been known to fail. It always gives the desired effect,—happiness to God's poor, and to the sender, a feeling of joy.

Pray for your dear departed ones and have them prayed for. The month of November is the Poor Souls' own month when all of the faithful of earth should join their prayers with those of Holy Church to obtain the release of her suffering members.

## GOOD NEWS!

Dear Catechist:

Did you hear how our little band is carrying on? The girls are quite interested in the bridge club, and attend regularly. We make anything from five to as high as thirteen dollars at one meeting. We are very proud to be able to do this for the Clinic, even during these hard times. The hostess furnishes refreshments and prizes.

Sincerely yours,

MARION F. DILLON.

## WELCOME!

We rejoice to welcome to our Mission Family the new St. Lawrence Mission Circle of Upper Darby, Pa., of which Miss Christine Ludes is the president. Due to the splendid encouragement of good Father Lambert, their director, these new members have done some very good work for our poor by sending clothes, medical supplies, altar linens, etc., to our Missions.

## LEST WE FORGET—

That bread which is going to waste is the property of the hungry; that garment which is hanging useless is the property of the naked; those shoes which you have cast aside are the property of the barefoot; that money you have buried away belongs to the poor.—St. Basil.



### WHY THE WORK OF THE CATECHISTS APPEALS TO ALL CHARITABLY-INCLINED PERSONS

Thank God, there are in our country today, thousands of generous, charitably-disposed persons who, regardless of race or creed, are real Apostles of Charity. During these distressingly hard times, when millions of our people have become impoverished and thousands are living on the verge of starvation, these big-hearted, generous-souled persons have interested themselves in supplying the pressing needs of those who are no longer in a position to help themselves. Such charitably inclined individuals are not confined to the ranks of the gentler sex,—whose hearts are always first to respond to the sweet cause of charity,—but even so-called “cold, calculating business men” have shown that beneath brusque, business exteriors, they have hearts that beat responsive to the crying needs of the widow, the orphan or the helpless, suffering infant who is unable to plead its own cause.

When these business men donate toward charity, they expect the money they give to be applied directly toward that end, and that the greater part of it should not be swallowed up in the payment of princely salaries to executives or in the rental of expensive suites of offices. This is, unfortunately, only too often true in the case of certain sectarian missionary societies. For every dollar that the charitably-inclined man gives to relieve the suffering poor, he looks,—and has a right to look,—for the most efficient expenditure of these funds for the needy and justly resents the diverting of them to other ends.

It is because the Missionary Catechists receive no salary and have none of the above-mentioned overhead expenses and, furthermore, that they maintain no elaborate card indexing systems and conduct no costly charity-drives in order to secure funds for their relief work, that they are able to expend every dollar given them for the purpose for which it is given,—namely, for the direct relief of God's poor, helpless, and suffering little ones.

It is not surprising, therefore, that as the social welfare works the Catechists become better known, they likewise become more highly appreciated by business men and those who believe that even in works of charity, as in business enterprises, efficiency is demanded and efficiency should be rendered.

To the Catechists, it is a source of much gratification that their benefactors and friends repose trust in their ability to take care of the largest number of deserving poor at the lowest possible cost. As an example of this, the Cate-

Please send us changes of addresses as soon as possible. A charge of two cents is made against us for each such notification we receive through the postal agency. We shall appreciate your co-operation in this matter which will result in a considerable saving to us.

chists may point to the record of the cost of their charitable works in the City of Las Vegas, New Mexico, where they have been able to feed poor families at the surprisingly low cost of \$1.63 per week for an average family of four. Through the splendid co-operation of Mr. Louis Ilfield, the Ilfield family and other benefactors, it has also been possible for the Catechists to maintain a large free soup-kitchen and a free medical clinic.

It is the heartfelt prayer of the Catechists that they may be able, during the hard winter which lies before us, to interest other generous souls in their works of charity, and that it will be possible for them, through donations received, to take care of the largest number of destitute families at the lowest possible cost to the donors.

### Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

Readers of “The Queen's Work”, the official organ of Sodalists, are well acquainted with the writings of Father Lord, S. J. To a man they will vote “AYE” when I suggest that he is one of our brainiest writers. He has imagination, penetration and fecundity. Pamphlet follows pamphlet. None of them is still-born. Lively youngsters they are. Convince yourself. Read one or several of the following: “Murder in the Classroom” which answers the WHY of Catholic Education; “These Terrible Jesuits”; “Birth Control”; “Marry Your Own,” a discussion of mixed marriages; “The Fashionable Sin” which is the modern effort to deny sin; “Random Shots”; “My Faith and I”; “The Month of Mary”. Here you have splendid material for your book-rack,—practically all ten cent matter.

Just now Father Lord has ventured upon a new field; Catholic Action Outline Series for Study Groups who wish to equip themselves for the defence of Catholic Truth. “The Brief Case for the Existence of God” is number ONE of the SERIES. The twelve discussions are most thorough and so logical and conclusive that the agnostic or atheist finds no avenue of escape. Let the K. of C.'s and other clubs gather about their round table and pursue the studies here outlined. They'll prove most entertaining and profitable.

### PRAY FOR OUR BELOVED DEAD

Mrs. A. Curran, Mrs. Elizabeth Kennedy, Mrs. D. McGuire, Miss Kathleen Mayne, Miss Elizabeth McGrory, Miss Mary A. Early, George Brochetti, F. Jos. Kuester, Henry Dalton.

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

The 2500 Club is a convenient way of practicing charity. Its only obligations are to pray for the Missionary Catechists and to contribute \$1.00 each month for one year toward their support.

### MARY'S CHILD AND THE SOULS IN PURGATORY

It is the happy privilege of Mary's Child to work with her Good Mother for the consolation and release of the Poor Souls in Purgatory. Those not consecrated to Mary do indeed offer many prayers, indulgences and other good works for the benefit of the Suffering Souls in Purgatory. These acts of religion and piety, of course, are good and meritorious in the sight of God. But they have, nevertheless, only that personal value which these Christians can give them and which depends solely on their own intentions and dispositions. Our personal intentions, as we know, are so often imperfect. At times they may even be marred or spoiled by vanity, self-love or some other selfish motive and thus become less supernaturally effective for the Souls in Purgatory or for ourselves.

But when as a child of Mary we place all our intentions in Her Hands we have the assurance that She will not only preserve them from being spoiled or lost, but will actually purify them, enhance them and perfect them by offering them to Her Divine Son with the perfect dispositions of Her Immaculate Heart. Happy and thrice blessed are Souls in Purgatory who have Children of Mary to pray for them.

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 .....



# They Loved You In Life

---

---

## CAN YOU FORGET THEM IN DEATH?



REMEMBER that among the Poor Souls suffering in purgatory there may be a beloved mother, father, or some other dear one depending upon you. Upon your prayers and alms may depend their speedy release from their suffering. Can you refuse to hear their plea: "My son, my daughter, my friend, forget me not, now that I need your prayers so much?"

Oftimes, perhaps, you would like to have a Mass said for some dear departed one, but amid your many cares you may forget, and so your dear ones are left to suffer. Now, by enrolling them as DECEASED ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY, they receive the benefit, not only of one Mass, but of a HIGH MASS offered on the first Friday of every month, as well as a remembrance in all of our Masses, prayers and Holy Communions. In addition to this, they share, in a very special manner, in all of the good works of the Catechist laboring under the patronage of the SOULS IN PURGATORY BURSE. This Burse is made up of contributions offered in memory of our very dear departed relatives and friends.

## MAY THEY REST IN PEACE!

---

---

The Associate Catechists of Mary,  
Huntington, Indiana.

I am enclosing \$10.00 to cover Perpetual Membership in the ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY (or fifty cents for one year) for \_\_\_\_\_

Signed \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

# "Best

## Because The Safest"

That is what we like to hear, and that is what our friends say about

### THE ANNUITY PLAN

of

The Society of Missionary Catechists

These six outstanding features win the approval of all who desire to make a safe investment:

1. Absolute security of investment.
2. Good rate of interest (6% payable semi-annually).
3. Freedom from legal complications.
4. Return of money in cases of necessity, upon 60 days' notice.
5. Acceptance of sums as small as \$50.00.
6. Certainty that after death the principal will be applied for charitable purposes.

Write today for further particulars and

### "SEE FOR YOURSELF"

---

Society of Missionary Catechists,  
Huntington, Indiana.

Dear Father Sigstein:

I am interested in your ANNUITY PLAN and would like to receive further details. I have \$..... I would like to invest with your Society.

Name .....

Address .....