

Profession Day

UR good Bishop, the
Most Rev. John F.
Noll, received the first
vows of four Missionary Catechists at Victory-Noll on the
Feast of the Annunciation.
Thirty-two other Catechists
took part in the ceremonies.
Of this number sixteen renewed their vows, seven entered the Novitiate, four became Probationers in the Society, and five were admitted
to the Juniorate.

Victory-Noll, the Motherhouse and Novitiate of the Catechists at Huntington, Inciana.

The Rev. Bede Scully, O. M. Cap., guardian of St. Felix Monastery, Huntington, and the Rev. Edward Skupien of Chicago, the brother of one of the newly professed Catechists, assisted Bishop Noll. There were present also: the Rev. George Thomas C. Ss. R., of Chicago; the Rev. T. E. Dillon, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Huntington; the Rev. Lawrence Fettig, SS. Peter and Paul Church, Huntington; the Rev. Joseph Seimetz, Decatur, Indiana, the Rev. W. P. Mannion, Lagro, Indiana; the Rev. Benedict Leutenegger, O. F. M., and the Rev. Servace Ritter, O.F.M., Indianapolis; the Rev. Frederick Schlaube, O.M.C., and the Rev. Theo-

dore Eickholtz, O. M. C., Angola, Ind. Fr. Thomas preached the retreat in preparation for the profession and investiture.

The following Catechists took part in the ceremonies:

Professed

Catechist Mary Monica Collins, Cleveland,



A Professed Missionary Catechist. Three years after they enter, the Catechists pronounce the yows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

Peter political

Novices at Victory-Noll

Ohio; Catechist Mary Gabrielle Skupien, Chicago; Catechist Mary Helen Gerhart, St. Louis; and Catechist Mary Josephine Miller, Detroit.

Juniors

Catechist Mary Agapita Lopez, Las Vegas, New Mexico; Catechist Mary Matilda Spetter, Topeka; Catechist Mary Clara Puls, Cincinnati;

Catechist Mary Agnes Ganse, Lancaster, Pa.; and Catechist Mary Anna Richter, Breese, Ill.

Probationers

Catechist Mary Anna Binz, Brooklyn; Catechist Mary Claver Dooley, Lawler, Iowa; Catechist Mary Barbara McCord, St. Louis; and Catechist Mary Flora Gonzales, Alamosa, Colo.

Consecrates

Catechist Mary Immaculate Jackson, Terre Haute; Catechist Mary Loretta

Hall, Great Bend, Kans.; Catechist Mary Gertrude Rochel, Sabetha, Kans.; Catechist Mary R u th Lindenschmidt, Evansville; Catechist Mary Celeste Guidry, Lions, La.; Catechist Mary Margaret Griffin, Haydraw, S. Dak.; and Catechist Mary Loretta Egger, Palisade, Colo.

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So These Are the Poor!

W. T. Meng



CLASS IN AN ALLEY! This is exactly as I found the Catechist and the children praying before class. The picture was not posed.

HAVE never known what it is to be actually poor. Like so many others, I have often been out of work and I have had to struggle to make ends meet. But I have never been without the necessities of life.

Like all Catholics I knew it was my duty to be sympathetic toward the poor and to assist them as much as possible. But I had never come into personal contact with the poorest of the poor. I did not know how they lived. Recently, however, I had the opportunity to learn at first hand and from personal experience the lot of the dependent poor under the care of the Missionary Catechists in the missions of the Southwest. I came into personal contact with poverty and the poverty-stricken. I went into their homes, I saw how they lived, I witnessed their sufferings.

In San Pedro, California, about nine hundred children are given religious instruction by the Catechists. I visited one of the out-missions located about five miles to the north and east in the town of Wilmington, better known as Los Angeles Harbor. Here in the Mexican district the Catechists have nearly two hundred poor children under their care and hold all classes in the old Mission Church.

Another out-mission is situated on Terminal Island about six miles south. Classes are held in an old tumbling shack in

the rear, facing an alley. On the day that I was present classes were in progress out in the open, and improvised benches and boxes were being used. It was here that I found the largest number of nationalities gathered together in Catechism classes, - American, Italian, Slavonic, Japanese, and Mexican children

In Santa Paula, California, the Catechists occupy a two-

story frame house. Three of the rooms on the first floor are used for class rooms and a club-room for the children. Here also the Catechists have many out-missions to which they must go in order to reach the far-aways. Most of these outmissions are located on the neighboring ranches.

At Monterey, California, nearly seven hundred children are under instruction. Classes are being conducted in an old Fire Station House. Here as elsewhere many out-missions are attended, and I was informed that another is soon to be opened about sixteen miles back in the mountains.

Los Banos, California, is located in the far famed Cotton Belt of the San Joaquin Valley of California. As most of the children in the out-missions belong to the cotton-picking families, the task of instructing them in our Holy Religion is quite a problem. It is necessary that the Catechists move along from ranch to ranch in order not to lose their charges. The Sunday before my visit a class of seventy-nine of these children were confirmed by good Bishop Scher. Many Baptisms were administered and marriages rectified also. All of these poor people had been instructed by the Catechists.

As in California, so also in New Mexico and Texas, I found conditions the same -children going about poorly or only partially clothed, and not knowing when or what they would get to eat. Fathers are unable to gain employment and for what work they do get, are paid such low wages that even if it were steady employment, they would never be able to raise their standard of living.

T is under conditions such as these, working among the poor and the destitute that the Catechists spend their lives, giving religious instruction to the children, nursing the sick poor in their homes, feeding and clothing the destitute, and helping the over-burdened missionary priests by caring for the poor little mission chapels, training altar boys and choirs. By their club activities, manual training, sewing and cooking classes, they foster wholesome interests, and with it all spread a ray of happiness wherever they go.

I saw the Spiritual and Corporal Works of Mercy in action! And how eager these poor are for the spiritual gifts of the Faith so ably taught them by the Catechists. Here indeed there are no skeptics, for in the simplicity of these souls the Faith is firmly embedded.



The little house of the Catechists in Smelter Parish, El Paso. On the right is a part of the large smelting plant.

The Top Shelf

Josephine Quirk

ATE in the eighteenth century, while the Americans in the East were fighting for their independence from England, another war was waging in the West. A small band of Spanish Padres, led by Fra Junipero Serra, started their long trek along the Pacific coast, fighting what seemed like unsurmountable difficulties for another kind of liberty. Theirs was a spiritual war-to save souls for God. And they chose to save humble souls-savage Indians. How successful they were can be measured by traversing El Camino Real, that great highway along the Pacific that marks the missions founded by these valiant Franciscans.

One of the missions founded was that of San Juan Bautista which still stands, a monument to the zeal and self-sacrifice of the padres. One of its most interesting features is the platform in the rear of the mission—a platform high, long and narrow, with three shelves. And its story is one of the most appealing that has come to us.

The three shelves on this platform represented the three stages or heights reached by man during his life. In death, the Indian, wrapped in his blanket, was laid on one of these shelves and the cabinet placed before the altar. If he was an ordinary Indian, he was laid on the lowest shelf. If he was a good Indian, he merited the middle shelf. But—if he always looked up to God,—if he tried to be a saint, he was placed on the top shelf. So the top shelf became the goal for which these simple children of God strove. To be laid on the top shelf in death was the dream of every Indian.

Many stories are told of the top shelf but none is more appealing than the tale of Juan, the old Indian keeper of the gate. The greatest danger to the mission came from the gentile Indians who periodically attacked the mission and tried to destroy it and the crops and granary. It was Juan's duty to see that only friendly Indians were admitted through the gate.

Juan's life in the mission was happy beyond his wildest dreams. He loved it and the padres and his work. He had no desire to leave the confines of his new

home, even for a day.

Most of all did he love the chapel, and especially the Tabernacle and its Prisoner of Love. Juan knew all about the Holy Eucharist. When relieved of his duties for the night, he went to the chapel, straight to the altar. Bowing his head reverently, he greeted his Friend in the simple manner that was char-acteristic of his childlike devotion. "Lord, it's Juan! I've come to watch." He stayed for hours, and his eyes never left the Taber-nacle. His whole manner was a prayer more eloquent than words can tell, more touching because it came from the heart. You see. Juan was trying to be a saint. His greatest dream was to lie on the top shelf before his beloved Tabernacle when he died. He lived every hour of every day with this thought in mind.

ONE night as he was leaving the chapel, he heard voices in the passage. He knew that none had a right to be there at that time. As keeper of the

mission gate, he was always on the alert for marauders. He hid himself where he could hear what they said. He discovered that the gentile Indians had stolen into the mission and were planning to burn the chapel and destroy the "White God" in the Tabernacle.

Juan had a moment of terror—not for himself, but for the Tabernacle and its Sacred Contents. It was only an instant of terror, for he knew he had work to do and there was no time for fear. He must save the Tabernacle from this band of vandals. He did not reason that he was one against five desperate men. He did not reason that he was one against five desperate men. He did not reason that he was old and they were young. Juan only remembered that he lived to do 'high' things, and saving God was the 'highest' thing he could do.

He kissed the cross that hung around his neck and asked Our Lord to give him strength. He had not time to summon the padres, for the chapel could be destroyed before he returned. He must fight these men alone. He slipped back into the chapel and hid behind the door they would enter. He snuffed out the candles to make it darker. The door opened and as the Indians came through, he struck the first one with a heavy iron bar he had ripped from the door. As he fell, Juan struck the second one who joined his companion on the floor. The others, by this time aware that they were discovered, started to attack Juan. A desperate fight followed. It was three against one, but that one was fighting for his God and had superhuman strength. When the padres arrived, he was lying unconscious at the altar rail. But the men who had tried to despoil God's house were also unconscious. Padre Augustine hurried to him. One swift glance and he knew Juan was dying. He started his last ministrations to the saintly old Indian as the vandals were carried out.

Juan opened his eyes. He asked feebly, "Padre—the Tabernacle—God—is He all right?"

The padre pressed the wrinkled hand in his. "Yes, Juan, you saved Our Lord." He leaned over the dying man. "Juan, I think God wants to tell you how pleased He is with you."

The eyes of the old Indian shone with a holy light. "Padre—you mean I can go to Him—up there—high in Heaven?"

"Yes, Juan, you're going to Him soon."
One of the other padres came with the Ciborium that Juan had protected with his life. He gave him Holy Viaticum, and the others knelt and watched with awe as the old Indian was slipping into eternity.

Padre Augustine leaned close to the dying man. "Juan — you want to go, don't you?"

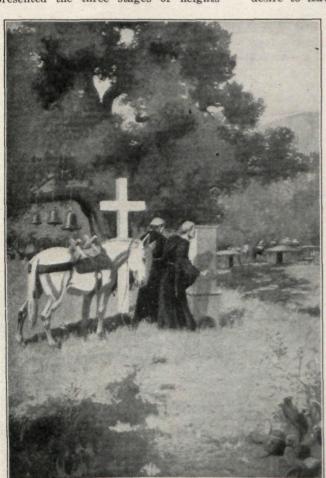
"Yes, Padre,-only-"

The padre read his thoughts. "Juan—you're going to lie there before the Tabernacle that you saved—on the top shelf."

Strength returned to the dying Indian. "You mean it, Padre?" He took the padre's hand and pressed it as if trying to assure himself that he had heard right.

"Padre—every day—I asked the good Lord to let me do something 'high'—very 'high'—so I could lie on the top shelf."

Continued on page 7



"A small band of Spanish Padres, led by Fra Junipero Serra, started their long trek along the Pacific coast."

Myths and Legends of the Southwest

J. L. Patterson

THE deserts of New Mexico and Arizona are the last frontier of America. One of the first sections of the territory of the present United States to be pentrated by early explorers, it is still the least known. There are vast regions totally unknown today except to a few hardy local men.

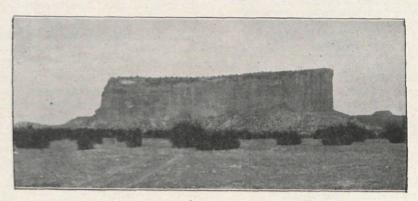
The reason for this is the character of the country itself. Great expanses of sand, barren rock, deep canyons, and towering pinnacles of eroded sandstone are the characteristics of these desert wastes. The utter lack of water, grass or trees, except in widely separated spots, makes it a region hard to penetrate and with little to attract visitors. Yet there are places of such vivid beauty that we long to return again and again to feast our eyes on their wonders. Legends and myths flourish in lands that are little known and so, as the years have passed, a great wealth of legendary lore has grown in the Southwest.

Common in widely separated places is the story of the ship in the desert. The tale relates that a lone wanderer in these desolate regions had been amazed to see in the depths of the desert an ancient ship "well built and trim and perfect all in hull and mast." He visited the ship and found a vessel, bound for some unknown port, loaded with treasure. He carried away gold and precious gems in proof of his find but in an effort to find a shorter and quicker way back to a settlement he lost his way and almost perished from thirst.

The details of how he was finally rescued vary, but almost without exception, he had lost the proof of his find and was never again able to locate the ship, although he searched through long, weary



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"Then there is the Indian legend of the Enchaned Mesa—how, in times long past, the Acoma people had their village on the top of this almost inaccessible rock which rises more than four hundred feet above the surrounding plain."

years, and at last laid him down and died in this empty wilderness with the mirage of the treasure ship still beckoning him on.

Like most myths this one had its foundation in fact. But the ship was not an ancient Chinese junk blown far from oriental shores; neither was it a Spanish galleon crammed with the pillage of pagan temples. It marked the end of a commercial venture by New England Yankees who had settled in the Mexican town of Los Angeles. The plan was to build a ship to navigate the Colorado River and carry goods to the forts and trading posts along its banks. The ship was built, a sixty foot barge, and loaded on great wagons pulled by a long train of oxen. All went well across the California valleys and over the mountain pass until the desert was reached. Here the lack of grass and water soon brought disaster. The drivers were obliged to unload the boat and make their way back to the mountains to save themselves and their cattle.

And there the ship lay in the drifting sands until its story was forgotten. Years later lonely prospectors found it, half-buried, warped and twisted by the burning sun. Little wonder that the story was told around desert camp fires and that it grew with each telling until the Ship in the Desert became a classic.

Then there is the Indian legend of Enchanted Mesa. How, in times long past, the Acoma people had their village on the top of this almost inaccessible rock which rises more than four hundred feet above the surrounding plain. One day when all of the people, except three old women, were down in the fields, there came a terrific storm. A portion of the rock that was used as a stairway was

undermined by the rushing flood of waters and fell, leaving no way to reach the village above.

B UT perhaps the best known myth and the one most widely believed was the story of the seven golden cities of Cibola. The Spaniards had a tradition that, upon the conquest of the Spanish peninsula by the Moors in the eighth century, a Bishop with his followers had fled across the sea to an unknown land and there founded seven cities of fabulous richness. DeVaca and his men were responsible for the reports that fixed the location of these cities in what is now New Mexico.

It is not likely that the DeVaca party saw any of the Pueblo villages and the stories that they told came to them from the plains Indians. These simple savages lived in homes made of poles and buffalo skins and, to them, the four and five-story houses of the Pueblos must have seemed wonderful palaces.

When these stories were retold in Mexico City they were received with wonderful enthusiasm. It was easy, in those days, for men to believe marvelous tales. The magnitude of the treasure already taken from the new world was so great that no story was too fantastic to find belief. So the fable of the Cities of Cibola, which were built of solid gold, came to be one of the most firmly believed and longest lived of the myths of this whole region. It was directly responsible for the exploration and conquest of the country by Coronado and greatly influenced the actions of those who followed him into this new territory. It was more than two centuries before the search for these fabulous cities was finally abandoned.

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SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF

WHEN we are proud of something, we naturally want to tell every-body about it. It's just human nature. Now there is something we are very proud of and we're going to tell you about it—or, in this case, them—for we want to tell you about our friends and subscribers.

It has been our good fortune to meet many of you personally, some here at Victory-Noll and some in your own homes. Others we know through correspondence. Still others we know only insofar as those we have already met represent you, for we feel that the good priests, Sisters, mothers, fathers, and all we have met can be multiplied over and over again.

There is, for instance, the young mother who was a regular contributor to our Society long before she was married. Now her husband is often out of work and it takes a lot to make ends meet, but she continues to help when she can, even though it means a sacrifice. She told us that she and her husband had been hoping they could someday visit Victory-Noll. "Maybe," she added a little bit wistfully, "we'll be able to get a car sometime and can drive up. But. Catechist, the babies come first, don't they?" The question she addressed to the chubby nine-months-old baby girl in her arms, and the way she hugged the baby and the baby's approving smile left no doubt in our minds that they both were on the affirmative side. Her home and the other lovely homes we have visited are a reflection of the Home of the Holy Family at Nazareth.

We have in mind also, one of our very active members of the Associate Catechists of Mary. After rearing a family of her own, this generous soul adopted an orphan who, by the way, is now studying for the priesthood. Another who stands out in our mind right now is a young girl whose ill health prevented her from becoming a Catechist. Now she spends all the time she can interesting others in our work and at the same time trying earnestly to sanctify herself through the practice of the True Devotion.

We could multiply these examples, but

it is not necessary. Aren't these enough to show you that we have reason to be proud of you? Your devotion to our Society and its work among the poor has given us a greater appreciation of our holy vocation. Your charity has been a source of edification to us.

It is a privilege for us to pray for you, to have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for your intentions, and to have our little ones in the missions remember you in their prayers, also. We know that you are personally devoted to our cause and that you love the poor. And it is this thought that gives us courage and spurs us on to do greater things for Our Divine Lord and Our Blessed Mother in the person of their neglected little ones.



THERE IS A PART TO WHICH EACH IS CALLED

OUR HOLY FATHER, Pope Pius XI, reserves the May Mission Intention this year for the younger members of his flock. It is: "That the students of Catholic schools may be taught about the missions."

According to our Holy Father, the first requisite for making known the work of the missions is the training of our Catholic youth to pray for the missions. Prayer lies within the power of even the poorest of our young people, and once they acquire the habit of praying for the missions, they will love the missions.

It is true, all are not called to an active part in the mission apostolate, but there is a part to which each is called. If you wish to help in the work of evangelization, pray for the missions. If you desire to take a more intimate part, love the missions and contribute to their support. If you wish to become a twentieth century soldier of Christ, go to the missions. Prayer, work, and sacrifice on the part of our students will bring about a realization of our Holy Father's Mission Intention: "That the students of Catholic schools may be taught about the missions."



THEY ARE ASKING US

Who are the Catechists?

The Catechists are members of a Religious Community of women—the Society of Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory—founded in Chicago in 1921.

What do the Catechists do?

They give religious instruction and Christian training to poor neglected children in mission places and settlements. According to their Rule they may go only to those districts actually too poor to support parochial schools. Besides teaching the children, they also visit the homes of the poor and provide them with food, clothing, and medicine. They care for the mission chapels, train altar boys and choirs, and organize sodalities.

Do the Catechists take vows?

Yes, the Catechists take the uzual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

Where do the Catechists make their novitiate?

The Catechists make their novitiate at Victory-Noll, the Motherhouse and Novitiate of the Society near Huntington, Indiana.

How are the Catechists supported?

Since the Catechists work only among the poorest of the poor, they have no regular means of support, but are directly dependent upon Divine Providence and the charity of our good Catholic people. One dollar will support a Catechist for a day, six dollars for a week, and twenty-five dollars for a month.

For Vour Bookshelf

EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY by William A. Kelly, Ph. D.: Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee; \$2.40.

Christian educators will welcome the appearance of an Educational Psychology which meets the demands of both science and religion-a book which includes whatever is best and most progressive in modern texts upon this subject, yet which maintains inviolate the principles and ideals of the Christian Faith. This book is designed especially as a text for use in the introductory courses in Educational Psychology.

DIVERSITY IN HOLINESS by Rev. R. H. J. Steuart, S. J.; Sheed and Ward. New York; \$2.00.

This is, without doubt, one of the best spiritual books we have received for some time. The main purpose of the studies it contains is to exhibit the identity-in-diversity in the persons of a selected group of Christians of recognized holiness, belonging to different ages and living under differing circumstances. Not all are canonized saints. The author does not give a detailed account of their lives, but rather studies their holiness. His subjects are: Mother Julian of Norwich, St. Francis de Sales, St. Bernadette, St. Teresa of Lisieux, St. Catherine of Genoa, St. Benedict Joseph Labre, St. John Vianney, Marie Eustelle Harpain, Brother Lawrence, Leon Papin Dupont, The Abbe Huvelin, and St. Ignatius Loyola.

RELIGION IN SCHOOL AGAIN by Rev. F. H. Drinkwater; Burns, Oates and Washbourne Ltd., London; 5 s.

Father Drinkwater can always be depended upon for a lively discussion of the question of teaching religion. These practical writings on the subject appeared in various publications in recent years.

GOD'S WAY OF MERCY by Very Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P.; Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., London, 5 s.

This volume contains a selection of retreat instructions given by Father Mc-Nabb. Each conference has as its central theme, the Mercy of God.

THE BOOK OF SAINTS by the Benedictine Monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate; \$3.

This book contains accurate biographical details for over nine thousand saints. It is a most useful and up-to-date dictionary of the servants of God.

The addresses of our mission-centers are: 3868 Block Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana 4860 Olcott Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana

2324 Monroe Street, Gary, Indiana Anton Chico, New Mexico Box 223, Cerrillos, New Mexico Cleveland, New Mexico Grants, New Mexico

506 Valencia Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico Lay Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, Box 1546 West Las Vegas, New Mexico

512 Soldano Avenue, Azusa, California

Box 1356, Brawley, California Box 336, Coachella, California

Box 325, Los Banos, California

598 Laine Street, Monterey, California

Box 46, Redlands, California

563 O'Farrell Street, San Pedro, California

222 South Eighth Street, Santa Paula, California

120 South F Street, Tulare, California 3816 East San Antonio Street, El Paso, Texas

Box 154, El Paso, Texas

Box 1317, Lubbock, Texas 27 West Avenue N. San Angelo, Texas

Georgetown, Texas

Dear Father Sigstein:

Your letter and the wonderful box of medicines arrived yesterday, and I hasten to thank you and the Missionary Catechists. Since you know this country so well, you realize that the medicine will be put to good use. There is a Catholic druggist in a nearby town who is going to help us with the drugs we're not familiar with.

I had my first case of chicken pox this morning, but there are lots of cases of it in town. As you know, the Mexicans are susceptible to everything; so many of them are undernourished. Lots of them eat nothing but beans.

This morning and all the mornings henceforth I will lay your intentions before the altar. I'm praying, too, that someday soon the Missionary Catechists will come to this land of abandoned souls.

> Gratefully in J. M. J. Father Fred A. Schmidt, C.S.C.



Rev. William J. Hasenberg, Muskegon, Mich.

Rev. Arthur Powers, Cincinnati

Rev. John J. Preston, Kearney, N. J.

Mrs. Elizabeth Darmstadt, Chicago

Mrs. Francis Lock, Grand Haven, Michigan.

Mrs. Elizabeth Nufer, Lafavette, Indiana.

Daniel E. Osgodby, Piedmont, California

Grant, O Lord, that while we here lament the departure of Thy servants, we may ever remember that we are most certainly to follow them. Give us grace to prepare for that last hour by a good life, that we may not be surprised by a sudden death, but be ever watching when Thou shalt call, that so with the Spouse we may enter into eternal glory, through Christ Our Lord. Amen.

THE TOP SHELF

Continued from page 4

"Yes, Juan, and He heard your prayer. He gave you the highest deed to do—to save His Body and Blood. You're giving your life to do it—and you've earned the right to lie on the top shelf."

The dying Indian smiled—a holy, peaceful smile. "It was so—little to do."

He closed his eyes, and his soul slipped away to the judgment seat,—while his

away to the judgment seat,—while his scarred and bruised body remained to lie in state on the top shelf—before Our Divine Lord in the Tabernacle Whom he had saved with his life.



"BREAD CAST UPON THE RUNNING WATERS"

T ODAY he is one of the foremost landscape architects in the West. By sheer force of his artistic talent and by overcoming almost insurmountable obstacles, he has risen to the head of his profession.

Forty-five years ago he made a brilliant course in one of Europe's greatest universities. At twenty, he was graduated with the highest honors. According to the custom of those days, he was sent out to serve his apprenticeship in the various countries of Europe. accepted the lowest positions. He gaged in the most difficult labors. applied himself intensely to his work.

There were no friends to lend him a helping hand. Suddenly he was stricken with a serious illness, and all that he had made and saved was spent in hospital and medical bills. Finally he was discharged from the hospital, cured. But he could find no work, and he had no funds. No one recognized his talents, and he wandered from place to place, a stranger in a strange land. His plight had become desperate, but the light of hope and the flame of Christian charity

one day he found himself in the streets of Paris, hungry, unemployed, alone. His only possessions were the clothes he wore and the last small coin in his pocket. He met a poor man, who asked him for the love of God, to give him food. "Come," he said to the beggar, "I have but one centime. We share a bowl of soup between us." The beggar gratefully accepted his charity. And within a few hours after he had given all he had, he secured a good position.

God is never outdone in generosity. And so the charity of this poor, but charitable artist, was like "bread cast upon the running waters," which returning, brought with it, not only heavenly blessings for himself, but earthly blessings as well. His act of charity was the beginning of his temporal, as well as spiritual benedictions.



"Attendance at Sunday Mass and at catechism class is the prerequisite for playing."

ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

The boys were a little incredulous when we told them we were going to have a basket ball court in our back yard, and when the lumber arrived, and the baskets and ball came, they could scarcely believe their eyes. "Let's see the ball, Catechist. Boy! that's swell!"

It did not take many after-school hours until the holes for the posts were dug. The boys did all the work. Our clothes' line had to be moved in order to make more room, and they did this, too. At last everything was ready for a game. Attendance at Sunday Mass and at catechism classes is the pre-requisite for playing. The attendance for the boys in this class has doubled since we have the basket ball court. Some of them have not made their First Communion, but with the help of Jesus and Mary, and the basket ball, we hope they will do so soon.

Catechist Juliana Schmitt Coachella, California

THE BANANA MAN

A very common, but always interesting sight here in El Paso is the banana wagon. You will see many of them—a horse pulling a cart of bananas and a big sign on the side of the wagon: 5c a dozen. They are sent over the line from Old Mexico and as the Mexican people are very fond of bananas, they have a good market.

The other day in class, when I was telling my little boys how they could show honor and respect to Our Dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament by tipping their caps when they pass the church, the boys jumped suddenly to their feet, looked

through the window, and cried out: "Catechist, look! look! LOOK!!! The Banana Man!!!"

"Well," I said, "what is he doing?"

"He took off his hat; he is going past the church."

I thought to myself, "Well, if this isn't good, a catechism lesson demonstrated at just the right moment and by a poor, humble banana man." God bless him! I am sure the boys will remember the lesson.

Catechist Mary Ann Seewaldt El Paso, Texas

LIKE ANOTHER DELUGE

Rain—and more rain—till it seemed like another deluge. Our house was almost surrounded with muddy water that had come up in a surprisingly short time. Rumors went round—if the dam were to break—if more bridges were washed out! The police were ordering out the families who lived near the Santa Paula River. And we, too, at the invitation of kind friends who feared for our safety, left our mission-center to spend the uncertain hours of the night in a comfortable home situated on higher ground where flood water would not be likely to come.

Next morning after Mass we returned to our deserted convent to find that the water had gone down. We decided to stay that day, but toward evening the word was passed around-if the dam should break, all Santa Paula would be wiped out. And so we left our home for one more night and again sought safety and hospitality elsewhere. There was little sleep in Santa Paula during those three or four days and nights. Those who had left their homes were being sheltered in the public school where volunteer workers were trying to improvise beds and covering and to cook and serve meals to the poor people who had lost their homes and had nothing except the clothes they were wearing. Some had to sleep on canvas on the floor. When we offered our services, we were asked to help entertain the restless children. Nothing could have pleased us more, for we found there our own little ones who were delighted to see their "Madrecitas."

The district closest to the river is almost all Mexican and many of our poor lost their homes, their furniture, their all. Yet they showed a wonderful spirit of resignation and patience. What they were going to do, no one knew; still they believed that God had some good reason for what had happened, and somehow, He would take care of them. And it was good to see how everyone was ready to help—non-Catholic and Catholic, rich and poor.

The rain stopped; school had to be opened, and so the refugees were moved

Our Catechists at Work

to an apricot packing house—a good, substantial building for a packing house, but hardly a place for people to live. It is partitioned off into sections that remind you of stalls for cattle. Each family is given a section or two, and a piece of canvas to spread on the cement for the night. The children have a gay time; someone brings in a few games for them and they are unaware of trouble or sadness. After a week or two, the dampness and cold of the place begin to tell on the children and parents, and several become ill. Some are sent to the County Hospital -doubtless a much better place for them, at least for the present. Meals are being served in the Methodist hall-a spacious room equipped with tables, kitchen, and

our eyes but there it was—the tiny Santa Paula creek, grown into a river. On its banks we saw half of a house, filled with mud.

"Whose house was that?" we asked.

"A family by the name of Ayala."
"And didn't Urias live next door?

Where is their house?"
"Down the river it went; not a sign of

it now."

A woman with two children came to

A woman with two children came to meet us. "Buenos dias, donde esta su casa?" (Good morning, where is your house?)

"Aqui esta." (Here it is.) And she motioned to the house before us. The side of one room was gone, so we walked in—that is, as far as we could, for the



Humble little homes like these in Santa Paula were completely wiped out in the

dishes. We help to serve the children. The little ones must be literally fed, or they will never finish in time to be taken back to school on the bus which brings them from the packing house a number of blocks away. Each day a different Church or Society or Club takes its turn in supervising the meals. The Mexican women themselves have been asked to cook and have gladly accepted. It seems that they can better eat their own cooking than that of the "Americanos." We help wherever we can and then we start out in search of others who need our help.

A few blocks from our home, we picked our way through muddy streets between houses scattered in every direction. Some had been moved several blocks; some were backwards, or upside down; some had disappeared altogether, for when we reached the end of the street, we saw a broad expanse of water, still moving rapidly, and yellow with mud, yet sparkling in the sun. We could hardly believe

mud had been cleared away from only the first room. The Government men were coming to clear out the rest of it, but it surely seemed a hopeless job.

In the packing house still, a number of families are living. There are no houses to be found ,search as they might. They are in need of clothes, shoes, baby blankets, etc. We have started a free store in our house. Catholics and non-Catholics donate clothes and furniture, and the poor people come to the house and ask for what they need. Our sewing machine is put at their disposal and they leave the dreary packing house to come and make themselves a dress or two, so that they will at least have something to change. The babies are fixed up, given a bath, and made to feel a hundred percent better.

The flood is over, but how long it will be before these poor will again have a home of their own is hard to tell.

> Catechist Margaret Harrison Santa Paula, California

ALL IN ALL—WE HAD A NICE SUMMER SCHOOL

Those of you who remember Catechist Michel's story "Three Weeks of Car Trouble" will appreciate the following account of a summer school when the car was left behind.

"Let's enjoy this summer school," Catochist Bahl remarked, "we have no car to worry about this time."

It had not been necessary to bring the car, as the pastor had very kindly driven us over to the little mission for our summer school.

We began to look about and see what our new home was like. The furnishings comprised a bed, a stove, a table, two chairs, a trunk which contained the church vestments, and a confessional. What more could one desire? A lamp—we had to have a lamp or find a candle, so the search began. At last we discovered a lamp in back of the altar, but like the foolish virgins we had no oil, and besides the lamp had no wick. Mr. Garcia offered to take the lamp home and see what he could do for us. He soon returned with the lamp all ready for use.

The next problem was water! "And where do we get our water?" Catechist asked.

"Out of the ditch like the rest of us do," was the reply.

We went down and took a look; the water was running and it seemed clear. To be safe we boiled all water used for drinking and cooking purposes.

It was two tired but happy Catechists, who that night, put their heads on the one and only pillow the bed possessed. The mountain air is quite chilly, even in summer, and by the time morning came we had decided that more covering had to be produced at all costs. We couldn't ask the people for theirs for we were quite sure they needed it themselves. Suddenly an inspiration came—the rug on the church floor might answer the

purpose. The church had a dirt floor, which necessitated shaking the rug thoroughly before putting it on the bed. After trying to move about with the rug on us—it felt as though it weighed a ton—we couldn't decide which was the worse, to be cold or to sleep under a rug!

The ceiling was covered with strips of wood roughly held together with adobe. Every night on retiring I looked at the ceiling and wondered how it would feel should some of those hard lumps of adobe fall down on us. The last night we spent there, a terrible wind storm came up and shook the place so that lumps of adobe rained down on us. It was not imagination now, but reality! In the morning as we were straightening up the place, the wind slammed the door with such force that a rock became dislodged out of the wall and landed, fortunately for us, in front of our door, and not on our heads.

All in all, though, we had a very nice summer school, and as Catechist said—we had no car to worry about!

Catechist Susanna Michaels

The children at one of our missions wanted to fast during Lent. The Catechists told them that they couldn't and added that if they did, they would be unable to do their work in school. One of them said, resignedly: "Well, then, I guess we'll just have to stay home from school."

During Lent we are trying to have the children practice self-denial. Each week they choose a slip on which is written their practice. One of the boys picked a slip which read: "Say ten Hail Marys for the Poor Souls." Immediately he knelt down and prayed fervently. By the time the other children had chosen their slips, he announced, "I said mine; please give me another one."

Catechist Mary Carmela Greco San Pedro, California



The Catechists go into the cotton camps and seek the "least little ones."

Associate Catechists of Mary

It's Not So Hard!

It's not so hard to form an A. C. M. Band. Some of our friends would like to do so, but "fear it is too much for them."
Let's see if it really is.

Haven't you at least three or four friends who would enjoy visiting you and having a game of cards together, or a "kaffee klatch," or an afternoon, or evening, of sewing? Of course you have. Inwite them to your home some day this month and tell them about our work for the needy and for souls. They will be interested. Explain that they can share in this wonderful work as they go about their daily home duties, by supporting a Catechist for one day or more every month. Tell them also that they will share in the daily prayers of our Catechists, of Holy Masses offered for them weekly and monthly, of the annual Novenas of Masses offered for their intentions at Lourdes in France, and the Shrine of the Sacred Heart, Paray-le-Monial, France.

Suggest that you meet together twice a month. There will be a small donation of 25c or 35c. Five or ten cents of each offering goes to the hostess for refreshments, prizes, etc.; the rest is given to-ward the support of a Catechist. You have the privilege of choosing "your own" Catechist. One dollar will support your Catechist for one day during the month.

If you can make your circle larger and crease your donation, splendid! But if increase your donation, splendid! But if not—don't refuse to Our Lord this small donation that you really can make, will you? Isn't it easy?

If you can't be a pine at the top of the hill Be a shrub in the valley, but be The best little shrub by the side of the rill: Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail; If you can't be a sun, be a star: It isn't by size that we win or we fail: Be the best of whatever you are!



The Y. L. S. of St. Boniface, Milwaukee, helped our Catechists "paint" another picture like this at Easter time. The Milwaukee Sodality girls enjoyed making bunnies and other favors for an Easter party at Las Vegas, New Mexico. . . The Doiorosa Band of Buffalo is working for Catechist LoRang, who is in the picture.

A GAIN we have the happiness of welcoming a new group of Associate Catechists. Miss Mary Ellen Weaver of Dayton, Ohio, is Promoter of Our Lady of Guadalupe Band of that city. Miss Weaver writes: "Although we do not yet have the number of girls that we want, we feel that eventually we will have our quota of twelve members. We held our first meeting January 26 and accomplished a good deal.

It was decided to have our club meetings the fourth Wednesday of every month. The members of the club also decided that each member would donate 25c per month for the Burse of a Catechist, and 10c a month for the hostess, altogether a fee of 35c a month. Catechist Cogan being from Dayton, the members thought that we should help her to obtain her Burse. I am enclosing our first donation of \$2. We are also planning to do other work for the missions at our meetings."

SUNDAY afternoon, March 13, was a red-letter day in the calendar of our

Chicago Bands.
A social "get-together" at the Morrison
Hotel, which had been planned during the winter months but postponed, seemed to gather momentum with the delay. As a result the party on March 13 was one filled with pleasant sociability and contagious A. C. M. enthusiasm. Twenty-one of our Chicago Bands were represented by their Promoters or members, who in turn brought many new friends to the party. We were also happy to meet the relatives of a number of our Catechists from Chicago.

Bridge and bunco were played during the afternoon. At three-thirty an illustrated lecture was given by the Mission-ary Catechists from Victory-Noll. Clearly and interestingly the work of our Society in the scattered, needy missions of New Mexico, California, and Texas was described. A short but most inspirational talk by Father Lescher which followed, made a deep impression on the assembled guests. A number of A. C. M. parties to be held within the following weeks were announced.

It is a pleasure to congratulate all who helped make the social such a success, who advertised it and brought their friends to it. Mrs. Rose Munse, Social Chairman of the Central Committee, was in charge of the affair, assisted by the Misses Rita Dillon, Anne Karasinski, Elizabeth Martin, Veronica Foertsch, Misses Rita Dillon, Anne Karasinski, Elizabeth Martin, Veronica Foertsch, Helen Pidgeon, Mary O'Donnell, Mary McGinley, Betty Klotz, Florence Spitzer, Florence Dietz, Mae Eschbach, and Mrs. M. Sullivan, Mrs. Alice Cleary, and Mrs. Sophie Jablonski. The officers of the Central Committee, Mrs. Catherine R. Service, Mrs. John Gleason, Miss Susan Johnson and Miss Elsie Jachmann are continuing their good. Elsie Jachmann are continuing their good work, with Rev. George B. Lescher acting as Spiritual Director.

A Burse is a perpetual foundation for the support of a Catechist. The Feast of Our Blessed Lady of Victory is May 24. In honor of Our Blessed Mother make an offering for this Burse during May.



THE offering is not large and the little membership certificate is not pretentious. But what good Catholic mother would not prefer it and its wealth of spiritual treasures to the most costly gift you can buy for her!

The most ornate orchids, the loveliest lilies, will in a few days be crumpled masses of unsightly petals.

Your Mother deserves something bet-ter. Give it to her. The spiritual flowers that never fade. Enroll her as a Perpet-ual Member of our Associate Catechists of Mary.

The offering for individual membership The offering for individual membership is \$10, for family membership \$25. Both offerings are applied to our Souls in Purgatory Burse. The membership, as its name implies, is perpetual. Its spiritual benefits are enjoyed during life and after death. These include a daily remembership in our Community presents. brance in our Community prayers, Masses and Holy Communions; and a remembrance in many special Masses, de-votions, and novenas. Detailed information will be gladly given. If you wish us to send your dear Mother her Membership Certificate with a Mother's Day greeting card from you, we shall be happy to do so.

Band Contributions March

\$217.00 50.00

50.00

40.00

15.50

15.50

13.00

11.40

6.00

4.50 3.75 3.00

2.00

2.00

2.00

2.00

1.00

Maxwell
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band, Chicago Mrs. Roger Murphy
St. Jude Band, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Mary Noll
St. Mary's Band, Chicago, Mrs. Annie Hansen
The Charitina Club, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan
The Dolores Band, River Forest, Illinois, Mrs. Anna Klingel
St. Philomena Mission Band, Chicago, Mary Schaefer
Little Flower Band, Chicago, Mrs Garrity
St. Patrick's Band, St. Louis, Mo. Ger- trude Byrne
St. Valentine Band, Chicago, Mrs. M. Rauwolf
St. Helen's Band, Dayton, Ohio, Margar- et Karas
Good Will Mission Circle, Carrollton, Ky., Mrs. Casper Hill
Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, Newark, N. J., Emily Nies
Our Lady of Guadalupe Band, Dayton, Ohio, Mary E. Weaver

Sacred Heart Mission Circle, Newark, N. Y., Margaret Bocchino

Y. L. S., of St. Boniface Parish, Mil-waukee, Eleanora Fischer

Conrad Mission Band, Cincinnati, Amy Tieman

Burse of the Month, "Our Blessed Lady of Victory"

Make a Burse offering during May in Our Blessed Mother's honor. It will go farther than a simple dona-



Dear Sister-Catechist,

Where do you think the lovely layette sent us by our kind benefactors from Fort Wayne found a home? You'll never guess! The sweetest little colored twins are wearing the dainty little garments. When we saw them, they were cuddled in the little blue blankets, in their antique over-stuffed chair bed. Their Mother was proud of them and so grateful she could not finish thanking us. As we gazed on the little kinky heads, we couldn't but feel that Our Lord and Our Blessed Mother were looking with loving eyes upon them, anticipating the day when they too, like so many others of our colored, would receive the gift of Faith.

I am sure if our friends could have seen the pleasure brought into the drab apartment house by their gifts they would have been well repaid in remembering the promise of Our Lord of the hundredfold even in this life. No doubt, there are others who would like to join the ranks of those who cheer and comfort the poor by sending materials and other little articles to brighten up the homes. May Jesus and Mary bless them.

Your sister-Catechist in O. B. L. V.,

Catechist Perl Gary, Indiana

T happens once in a lifetime!

"Wonder if that isn't St. Patrick's Bands at Fort Wayne? It sounds just like one of their boxes," was our delighted comment after reading this letter from Catechist Perl at Gary. Most provokingly, Catechist had omitted the name of "our kind benefactors."

Are You A Member?

Victory-Noll Band of the Associate Catechists of Mary is for those who wish to share our missionary labors but cannot form a mission club.

Dues is 50c a year. Your name is registered here at Victory-Noll and a membership card issued to you.

You are asked only to do what you can for the missions in any material way open to you, and to pray fervently for the salvation of the needy souls under our care.

By this membership you share in all the immense spiritual benefits of prayers and Holy Masses offered for our Associates. Deceased members may be enrolled.

"A little from many helps! Are You A Member? Join Today!

tion to feed and clothe the poor, for it will insure the support of a Catechist PERMANENTLY in her SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL ministrations to them. The next Sunday it was our good for-

tune to attend the monthly Communion Breakfast of the Blessed Virgin Sodality of St. Patrick's, Fort Wayne, where one of our Catechists gave a talk. Imagine our pleasure when, during their business meeting, another letter from Catechist Perl was read, thanking the girls for this very box of layettes and medical supplies and telling them of the good accomplished by their gifts. Our guess was correct!

The monthly boxes from St. Patrick's Bands are indeed welcomed and appreciated by our Catechists and our dear poor. On their behalf as well as our own we wish to thank each and every Sodality member sharing in this beautiful charity.

BIG "lift" was given to the Holy Child Jesus Burse during February when the members of our Little Flower Band, Chicago, cooperated on a wonder-ful party sponsored by Mrs. D. F. Bart-ley. A lovely evening was enjoyed by every guest and we were made happy by a check for \$77. We cannot sufficiently express our appreciation of all that was done to make the party a success. these hard times such an offering is a real godsend to us. We are very grateful to Mrs. Bartley, Mrs. Garrity, Promoter, and every members of the Little Flower Band whose loving assistance made this splendid result possible.

FEW months ago St. Gertrude's Band of Monterey celebrated its first birthday. They have been faithful contributors to "Our Lady of Perpetual Help" Burse for over a year. These good ladies first became acquainted with our Catechists when our mission at Carmel was opened. Mrs. Dusek, Promoter, wrote, "I have prayed much that God would send us Sisters to take our places when I had to give up this good work.

Now I thank God daily for sending us
the good Catechists and I pray much for them." And now she, with her friends, is making "deeds speak even louder than words" and showing this interest in a substantial way. May God bless them all!

A Boon to Busy Catechists

Here is an idea in which all who enjoy sewing and mission work will be interested:

"I read in the September issue of The Missionary Catechist several notes mentioning a need for clothing or for sewing material to be used by Catechists in their work for the poor. For a period of two years I taught a group of 24 girls from 6 to 14 years of age the rudiments of sewing. I found this favorite project a number of times repeated—to adopt a little sister, fit her out with clothes, and then celebrate an eighteen-month, two-year, or three-year birthday. When the class ran out of little sisters of their own, they played big sister to some other little tots belonging to families even poorer than their own. Material for this sewing came from the piece-bags of all my friends, and the patterns used for the little garments were dictated by the sizes and shapes of the scraps donated.

"Everything is first cut out and pieced together for sewing. Bias tape and embroidery floss to be used is cut and folded with that garment. Remember that the small touch of color means every-thing to the big sisters. Every piece should be made attractive in some small way, so that no little seamstress may have her heart broken by being the only one with no bit of bright color between her fingers.'

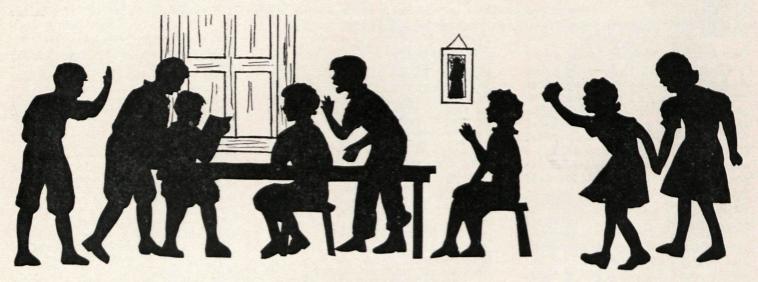
This interesting note, with patterns and samples of the artistic little dresses, came from Miss Dorothy Fern Seibel of Milwaukee. Miss Mary Flournoy of Independence, Missouri, very kindly offered to make a set of samples and patterns for each of our missions.

Now we ask the assistance of our reads. What sewing club will "adopt" a mission sewing class, asking their friends to contribute any bright-colored remnants, spools of thread, colorful bias tape, etc.? Then gathering together some sunny afternoon, cut and plan and "piece"? The little dresses are not sewed, but only basted and pinned together, to be finished later by the girls in our sewing classes, under the instruction of their Catechist. It would be a real pleasure for even a small club to put together fifteen or twenty-five of these little garments, with almost no expense. Yet see how much good you will do! It may mean the salvation of many of our mission girls. Our sewing classes attract the children and teach them much that is useful besides; teach them much that is useful besides, with a start like this, their interest will be redoubled, and their Catechist will bless you for the wonderful help you are giving her in her apostolate for souls. If any of our readers have pretty, bright-colored remnants, or wish to sponsor a sewing class as we have outlined, please get in touch with us.



San Jose Band of Bloomington, Ill., St. Helen's Band of Dayton, Ohio, and Our Lady of Guadalupe Band of Dayton, will enjoy seeing this picture of "their" Catechist—Catechist—Eleanor Cogan. Catechist Cogan is now at Redlands, California.

Mary's Loyal Helpers



"Say Johnny, this mission club is one swell idea. I'll bet we'll have plenty of fun," greeted Joe McCarthy as he joined the group of girls and boys Johnny Jones and Susie Martin had invited to plan a mission club of Mary's Loyal Helpers.

"That's right, Joe, we are going to have fun, but don't forget the real reason for the club is to work for the Catechists," said Susie.

"Say, I'm dying to do something. Let's start the meeting," said May Grant.

"Johnny is the leader, he's s'posed to start things".
Johnny, feeling his importance, rapped for quiet,
"The meeting will please come to order. Joe McCarthy
will lead in prayer."

After the prayer Johnny began his speech which Susie had helped him prepare beforehand.

"The reason Susie and I are talking up the idea of a mission club is because we're already Mary's Loyal Helpers and we've had so much fun helping others we think you'll like it too. Besides, Catechist Supervisor wrote us a letter and asked us to try to start a club among our friends. She told us just how to conduct the meeting and she'll give us advice about what to do as we go along. You know the Catechists are working hard to save the Faith of American boys and girls who haven't much chance of learning about their Religion. There's hundreds, maybe thousands, that would be losing their Faith if the Catechists didn't round 'em up after school hours and on Saturdays and Sundays to teach them their Catechism.

"There's two ways Mary's Loyal Helpers work for the Catechists. First we pray for their missions and then we help pay for the support of a Catechist. Now, if we have a club each one can promise to say a prayer every day for the missions and go to Holy Communion on one Sunday of the month for that intention. And each one can promise one penny out of every dime we get for spending money."

"Say, a penny out of every dime I get wouldn't amount to much," objected Chubby Lane.

"Well, it'd be a sacrifice and that counts too. Besides this bunch ought to be able to think up ways of

earning money. I bet if we tried hard we could raise twenty-five dollars a year for the burse," proposed Andy Curdy.

"I'm all for the club, let's have it. One for all, and all for the missions. Hooray!" shouted Billy Fuller.

"Wait a minute," said Susie, "that's not the way. We ought to do it regular—like this—I make a motion that we form the club and carry out the plans as outlined. Then somebody has to second the motion and all in favor of the club say Aye."

Of course every one voted Aye and right then and there officers were elected. Johnny was President; Susie, Secretary; and Andy Curdy, Treasurer.

President Jones solemnly took office and immediately started appointing committees. The Finance Committee were to figure out a project for making money. "Selling old papers, having a bingo or a raffle, something like that," Johnny told them. "We want to start making that twenty-five for the Burse."

Then there was a social committee to plan games and programs for the meetings. Chubby Lane was determined to make a motion that refreshments be served after meetings. Needless to say his motion carried.

There was a committee to choose a name and motto for the club and by all means a secret sign known only to the members, and a peppy club song. Secretary Susie was kept busy and Treasurer Andy Curdy was proud to pass out the mite boxes and urge each member to do his bit.

It was an enthusiastic group of ten boys and girls which enjoyed the simple refreshments served by Mrs. Jones after the meeting adjourned. Each one had been given some definite work to do before the next meeting and already they were beginning to feel the warm glow of happiness that comes from doing good for others.

Team work counts in a mission club as in any other undertaking. Why not start a club among your friends as Johnny and Susie are doing? If you work at it you will find there's more fun than you realized and you will make life happier for others. Catechist Supervisor will be glad to help you plan a program for a Mary's Loyal Helper Club.

Bringing Children to Jesus

TEACHING RELIGION IN RURAL DISTRICTS

Most Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, D. D., Bishop of Great Falls, Mont., and Chairman, Episcopal Committee on Confraternity of Christian Doctrine

HREE points occur to me in regard to the teaching of religion in rural districts—namely, its importance, its difficulties, and its compensating advantages.

The transcendant importance of teaching religion in rural districts arises from the fact that children form a larger percentage of the country population than they do of the city population. The cities have ceased to have children enough to maintain their present numbers. Were it not for the flood of life rushing into the not for the flood of life rushing into the cities from the country, the cities would rapidly die. Farm families are the hope of the nation. This truth which I first pointed out in two articles in "America," March 18 and 25, 1922 ("Cities are relatively sterile and the country is relatively prolific"), has during the intervening years become a common place. Since not only the countryside, but the cities and only the countryside, but the cities, and consequently city parishes, will be peopled by rural youth, the enormous importance of rural religious instruction becomes apparent even to the least imaginative. Those who teach religion to country children occupy the first line of defense in the army of Christ. The country parish may be despised, but upon it will be a controlled the country of depend future attendance at all basilicas and cathedrals.

The difficulties of religious instruction in country districts arise chiefly from the fact that farmers in the United States live on their farms, and not in villages, as they do in many sections of Europe.



It is not easy to provide Catholic schools in parishes where the Catholic population is scattered over many square miles. I once had a parish containing more than a hundred public schools. That was an extreme case, but it illustrates the difficulty of assembling our Catholic children in the majority of country parishes in the United States. The natural consequence is that Catholic schools are least numerous in rural areas. There are, of course, certain states in which compact Catholic certain states in which compact Oatholic rural settlements are found, and rural Catholic schools have multiplied; but in comparison with the whole rural area of the United States, these favored spots (important as they are locally), are almost negligable. The only indication on most negligable. The only indication on the horizon at present which gives hope of improving the rural Catholic schools is the prospect (however slight) that public transportation facilities may be extended to pupils attending our Catholic schools

But this is far from saying that the hope of religious instruction in country districts is faint and fading. Far from it indeed! The hope of the church in country districts derives from the source that gives importance to the rural home. The rural home with its stability (few divorces) and its prolific character (little race suicide) still holds religion in honor, and country families will cooperate with the Church to an amazing extent in promoting religious education. I could illustrate this fact by pointing to the sacrifices which country people will make to send their children to religious vacation schools. This is no mere theory. For several successive years we have conducted about 140 religious vacation schools each summer in the diocese of Great Falls. In most of them, school children are brought long distances, perhaps many miles, and at very considerable sacrifices. Country parents want their children to receive religious instruction. Likewise, the success of religious discussion clubs among adults in country districts points to the same conclusion.

Those who would minister to the religious educational need of the countryside must be convinced of the importance of their work; they must indeed understand the character of the difficulties inherent in the rural situation; but if they possess imagination, initiative and zeal, they will find a response from the rural home that will gladden their hearts and renew their hopes for the future spread of the Kingdom of Christ.

Our Lady of Guadalupe Lives Here

Pauline Gay

TE came upon an old herder near Watrous in the sheep country. All day we had driven along a sun-bitten trail which led into villages of high adobe walls that shut out the sight of life. But a fragrant inthe pinon-smoke from kitchen chimneys-was indicative of human pres-

ence. We were tired, the sun was setting, steep slopes and barren wastes became a riot of color. New Mexico is ever-chang-

riot of color. New Mexico-ing, stark reality one mo-ment and sheer romance the next. The sage, in full bloom, was tossing in the wind, their blossoms born of a God-given beauty.

The eternal bleating of the sheep, the afterglow, the mirages, the cedar-scented wind, the wattled hut with the beehive oven outside the door and the white trail hugging the hills as far as we could see seemed unreal. There were sheep-dogs, a water barrel
—for water is scarce in the

desert!-and an old man who had no English. But he welcomed us, led us into his home, gestured that it was

We sat and shared our food with him. In a corner on a wall bracket was a statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and over the rude doorway was printed, Our Lady of Guadalupe Lives Here.

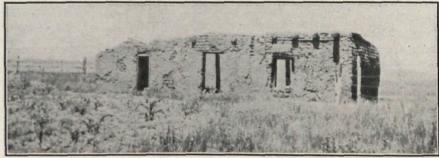
One of our party spoke Spanish and the old man told her he had been born in a herder's cabin, had herded sheep all his life. He could neither read nor write,

had never voted, but he had his rosary and recited it every day. His parents had lived in this very cabin; they were buried on the hillside nearby.

He told us there were winter days that were blizzard-mad and the wind drove on like an unleashed beast of prey. But after winter came the spring when new lambs kept him busy, balmy days were over the land, and the cold days were soon forgotten.

His wages were ten dollars a month and his food. His em-ployer furnished him with life's needs: to-bacco, coats and shoes. "When I am too old to work," he said in Spanish, "I will enter a home conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor."

"But in the meantime," he added, "no tengo ninguna cuidado en el mundo"
(I have not a care in the world)—"God, my Father will provide, and does not Our Lady of Guadalupe live here?"



"His parents had lived in this very cabin."



Dear Catechists,

Please include my intentions marked x on list, in your perpetual novena in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory:

	Salvation of souls
	greater holiness
	vocation to holy priesthood
	religious vocation
	happy death
•	souls in purgatory
************	employment
***************************************	cure of illness
	successful operation
	recovery of lost or stolen articles
	success in studies

Prayer

My Heavenly Father, I know you will not abandon me if I do not abandon you. I do not ask for luxuries or for an overabundance of material things. I ask You to grant for me and mine only what is necessary for our living. Through the merits of Thy Divine Son, my dear and blessed Savior, and through the intercession of His Most Holy Mother, grant me, I beg of You, only what may be helpful for the needs both of my soul and body. Amen.

What The 2500 Club Is

An association of charitable persons who promise to pray for the success of our labors among the poor, and who send us at least one dollar every month. This obligation is not binding should you wish to discontinue your membership at any time.

What It Does

It supports the Missionary Catechists in their charitable labors among God's poor. Your extra dollar will keep a Catechist in the missions for a day.

What Membership Means To You

A share in the Masses, prayers and good works of the Catechists, and the consolation of knowing that you are helping save the souls of the poor so dear to the Heart of Our Divine Lord.



PRAYER FOR GOOD CROPS

Pour down Thy blessing, we beseech Thee, O Lord, upon Thy people and on all the fruits of the earth, that when collected, they may be mercifully distributed to the henor and glory of Thy holy Name.

We beg of Thy goodness, O Almighty God, that the fruits of the earth which Thou dost deign to nourish by means of temperate breezes and rain, may be penetrated by the dew of Thy blessings. Grant also to Thy people always to thank Thee for Thy gifts; that the fertility of the earth may enrich the hungry with an abundance of good things, and that the poor and the needy may celebrate Thy glory. Amen.

-Roman Missal

Southwest Wonderland

Probably the oldest living tree in the world, the General Grant tree is credited with being the second largest of all California Sequoia Giants. Its horizontal measurement at the base is 40.3 feet; at 200 feet above the ground, 12 feet. The tree is 267 feet high.

Mineralogists hold there is enough salt in Texas to give a four-horse wagon load to every man, woman and child in the world.

A total of 207,041 persons visited the Carlsbad Caverns, in New Mexico, last year, compared with 155,367 in 1936.

Coachella Valley, which lies many feet below sea level, was the birth place of the American Date Industry. Until the first deep well demonstrated that this valley was underlaid with an abundant supply of pure Artesian water, the entire valley was regarded as useless waste land.

Our Catechists have a flourishing mission-center here; they work among Americans, Mexicans, and Indians.

Below Palm Springs, California, lies Salton Sea, a great lake in the desert. It came in from the Gulf in 1905 when the Colorado River went on a rampage. It is the only sea that modern man has seen created. So highly chemicalized are its waters that it is, in effect, a medicated bath—forty miles long. You can ride in a boat on the surface of its waters and look down upon the roof of a salt factory that was inundated.

At Brawley, only a short distance south of this great salt sea there are seven Catechists laboring assiduously to preserve the Faith of thousands of poor Mexicans.

I wish to express my gratitude and deep appreciation to our many kind benefactors who so promptly and generously responded to my appeal in the January number of our Magazine. We received beautiful Sacred Heart pictures, missals,

rosaries, medals, holy pictures, books, magazines, oil paints, crayolas, and sewing material.

The children were made very happy and are praying for you and your intentions. In the homes where the beautiful Sacred Heart pictures are hanging, our poor people, I am sure will never forget their kind benefactors.

Many thanks, and may Jesus and Mary be Themselves your reward exceedingly great.

> Catechist Marion Drexler Brawley, California

"According to Thy Word"

Rev. P. M. Endler

"And Mary said: Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done to me according to Thy word. Luke i, 38.

CCORDING to Thy word." This quick and humble submission to God in all things is the keynote of Our Blessed Mother's life, the source of all that spiritual beauty that enamored Jesus and drew His Sacred Heart so close to her. He vouched for this when on one occasion His Mother was mentioned in His Presence. "Whosoever shall do the Will of My Father that is in heaven, he is My Mother,"-(Matt. xii, 50) intimating Mary's greatness did not lie so much in her dignity of Mother of the Messiah, but because she did God's Will always and perfectly. So important is this humble virtue esteemed by God that a saint confidently declared one perfect act of submission at death would cancel all purgatory.

Herein lies the essence of Mary's influence with God. She did God's Will perfectly and gladly in the smallest things and without considering the cost to herself. And He now honors her by doing her will in all she wishes. St. Bridget heard Jesus one day addressing Heaven's Queen in these words: "O My Mother, thou knowest how I love thee. ask from Me then whatsoever thou dost desire, for there is no demand of thine that will not be graciously heard by Me. Mother, when thou wast on earth there was nothing thou didst refuse to do for love of Me; now that I am in Heaven, it is just I refuse nothing which thou dost ask of Me."

From all this it follows that our faith in the Queen-Mother's power to help us is not a matter of sentimental piety but is founded on a rock. The will of God was her life and joy on earth—to know and execute it as perfectly as possible. "In the same measure you mete it shall be measured to you again." The will of Mary in heaven is now her Divine Son's life and joy to know and execute perfectly. Hence her will with the impetus of a mother's personal love for us behind it, will not be idle as long as we stand in need of grace and have recourse



"Perhaps that is why the Immaculate Conception cried 'Penance!' at Lourdes before she, motherlike, extended her hands to us."

to her with a submissive heart. "The Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence." We have the upper hand with God's Justice here. Our Blessed Mother's prayer is a weapon that never fails to conquer it. And this weapon is ours to use whenever we will. The Holy Ghost expressed this truth in the words of the Canticle of Canticles: "Thou art beautiful, O My Love, sweet and comely as Jerusalem; terrible as an army set in array." (vi, 3). Beautiful is Mary in her Immaculate Conception; sweet in her motherhood toward Jesus and us, her second-born. "Comely as Jerusalem," -soul-comely, a spiritual loveliness patterned after Jesus, the Holy City of Salvation. "Terrible as an army set in array,"-the irresistible force of her intercession.

But a heavy sabre is a useless weapon in the hands of a weakling. And skill as well as strength is needed to make it effective. A "wishy-washy" sentimental devotion to the "Virgin Most Powerful" will bring little or no results in obtaining for us graces and mercies from the Great King through her intercession. The

smaller the child, the more its power, over its mother's heart. Conform your will to God's at every turn. Learn absolute submission to this Holy Will, and trust in Its goodness, in the sunshine as well as the darkness. Bring that big independence of natural pride down to the littleness of Christ's simplicity, and then go to the Lord's Handmaid and experience for yourself the might of her intercession. We say: "Trust Mary." We usually mean an emotional moving of the soul toward Mary. And then we are surprised that the Master refuses our prayers "looking round about on them with anger"—(Mark iii, 5). Trust Mary, our Blessed Mother, but with a heart conformed to God's Will in imitation of her; then be as affectionate, boldly affectionate, as you wish, and see if this Mother's authority over her Child is not well night omnipotent; see if the water will not be changed immediately into delicious wine.

"Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye."—(John ii, 5) cautioned the prudent Virgin at Cana. The servants stood ready and were willing to obey Jesus absolutely and unhesitatingly; and did, when He commanded. Therefore they reaped the benefit of Mary's intercession. If Our Blessed Mother's statue could speak, it would undoubtedly say to many a disappointed devotee kneeling before it: "Whatsoever My Son says to you, do. And then come and ask me to obtain your wine. If you do not fail in this, I promise on my Mother-love for you, not to fail with my intercession."

Yes this life-long submission to God's Will in all things is a Herculean task. Penance in the literal sense. Perhaps that is why the Immaculate Conception cried "Penance!" at Lourdes before she, motherlike, extended her hands to us. O sweet heavenly Mother, take our wills, our likes, our desires, our inclinations: and bend them, fashion them to God's Will, for thus only we have the right to thy constant intercession and its omnipotent effects in our soul. Gladly will we pay the price and do this "penance" every day of our lives. Then, we are confident, dear Mother, thou wilt reach out for our exiled souls and take them to thyself, and in the end to Heaven.

EVERY LITTLE BIT YOU GIVE TO GOD'S POOR

brings good returns and heavenly blessings.

Society of Missionary Catechists



During these hard times the poor suffer most. Many of our poor people are without even the barest necessities of life.

Every donation you give toward our ST. JOSEPH POOR FUND, no matter how small, helps our Catechists to feed, clothe, and care for God's dear poor.

Huntington, Indiana		
Dear Father Sigstein:		
I am sending \$ for you	r ST. JOSEPH POOR FUND.	
Name		
Address		