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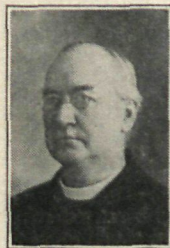
Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, September, 1925

Number 10

THE TRAVELING VICAR

The First Vicar-General of New Mexico---The Very Reverend Joseph Projectus Machebeuf.

By Rev. Wm. Howlett, author of the life of "Bishop Joseph Projectus Machebeuf.



John Baptist Lamy and Joseph Projectus Machebeuf were lifelong friends. They were born in neighboring villages in France, and only two years separated their birthdays. They may have known each other in their earlier years,—certain it is that they studied in the semin-

ary together, and labored for a time together in the Diocese of Clermont where they were born. Together they came to America in 1839, and cemented their friendship by a mutual promise that they would, as far as lay in their power, always remain together. Their missions in Ohio were not widely separated, as missions were measured at that time; Father Lamy being located in Knox county, with a wide sweep of territory to attend, and Father Machebeuf was sent to Tiffin, with a mission that reached from there to Lake Erie on the north almost to Indiana on the west. Sandusky on the Lake finally became the home of the latter, where he built his best stone church, and Danville, in Knox county, was the center for the labors of the former, and here he erected a fine brick church. Later Father Lamy was sent to Covington, Ky., and it was here, in 1850, that the news reached him that he had been named by Pope Pius IX of blessed memory, Vicar Apostolic of New Mexico.

As far as his knowledge of the country went, and of its people, and their language and customs, the appointment might just as well have been to Mesopotamia or Timbuctoo.

How would he get there? Who would go with him? Where would he find means to begin his work?

One thing he knew,—he would ask his friend to go with him. It was no small sacrifice to ask of him, but it was a test of friendship. Father Machebeuf was now rather comfortably located. He had acquired a good command of the English language, was rather popular, and was doing good work. He would have to begin all over again, and he had no mitre to throw into the balance to hold the scales even. But friendship was friendship only when it could make sacrifices, and in this case the sacrifice was made.

But it was not friendship only. He had friends also in Sandusky, in Cleveland, and in Cincinnati, and he yielded to this friendship only when he thought it was also the will of God. He tells us of the struggle he had before taking this step, and the many he consulted before accepting the post of Vicar General which Bishop Lamy offered him. He had no ambitions, and he would have accepted more readily if that office had not been offered to him. Bishop Lamy modified any possible rising motions of pride by saying: "I will be the Vicar Apostolic and you will be the Vicar General, and from two vicars we might make one good pastor."

In January, 1851, Father Machebeuf started on his journey to the West. It was a complicated journey. By railroad he went to Cincinnati, by river boat to New Orleans, by ocean steamer to Galveston, and thence by wagon all the way to Santa Fe. Bishop Lamy had preceded him as far as San Antonio, which was as far as it was safe to travel except in large parties. Between San Antonio and El Paso un-

tamed savages roamed the arid plains, and all but members of their individual tribes were considered their enemies, and the pale faces were the legitimate prey of all of them. About six hundred miles separated San Antonio from El Paso, and for this part of their journey they had the protection of a detachment of U. S. troops under Gen. Stephen W. Kearney, who was going into our newly acquired territory to establish military posts at advantageous places to protect the inhabitants from the savage Indian tribes. Passing over the hardships of the long journey we find the Bishop and his Vicar General in Santa Fe on the 8th of August, 1851.

The reception accorded to the Bishop and his party might indicate that they had easy work before them. In every village they passed through the inhabitants showed the greatest joy, and at Santa Fe, the Governor, the civil and military authorities, the entire population of the city, and nearly ten thousand Indians from various tribes, met them six miles out and conducted them into the city with the utmost pomp and ceremony.

In some dioceses the office of vicar general is little more than a post of honor. In New Mexico it was a post of labor, and of not a little danger. The Bishop and his Vicar had to meet both of these, and they did not refuse the one, nor shun the other.

Father Machebeuf immediately set about getting acquainted with the character of his work. He found it to be not so much directing others as getting into the harness and doing something himself. He set about learning the language, which was not so very difficult, as he was familiar with Latin and French, both kindred tongues of the

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Would you not like to have your intentions remembered in the daily prayers of our devoted Catechists and their children? Send us a list of these intentions and we shall gladly include them in our daily perpetual Novena to Our Blessed Lady of Victory.



If it is not possible for you to give your active service in the Mission Field, you can at least support a Missionary Catechist by sending a small contribution, even though it be only one dollar a month, towards her support.

TELLING THE STORY

II

On August 14th (1922), we had the happiness of making our first Mission trip in our little auto. Our destination was Valmora, New Mexico, four miles distant from our Mission center. It is here that the big packers, manufacturers and department stores of Chicago have a Tuberculosis Sanitarium for their employees. Our intentions were to visit the Catholic patients there after catechizing the Spanish-speaking children of the village. On this trip we had the happiness of accompanying Our Dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. This was our Chapel. We prayed for all our benefactors.

On the following day the father of a 12-year-old boy, living 30 miles away, hearing of the arrival of the Catechists, brought him to us for Religious Instruction. The boy is boarding about three miles away from our Mission-center and every day walks in and back over hills and dried out river beds. Today he came through a driving rainstorm. Don't you think we have much happiness in telling this little boy all about the Holy Child Jesus and His Blessed Mother? Soon after receiving his First Holy Communion he will go back to his home and be a shepherd in the depths of the valley.

On September 2nd we secured permission from the public school authorities at Tiptonville to teach Catechism in the district school after school hours. We shall also secure this same permission for our Missions at Valmora, Shoemaker, and La Parda.

Ours is, indeed, a very busy life. We have our community exercises in the Chapel of our Mission-center at Watrous and then go in our auto to catechize the children attending the public schools in the outlying Missions.

On September 19th, we began preparing twenty-one girls at Watrous for their First Holy Communion. Some of these girls are over 13 years of age.

We made a hat out of scraps of silk for a very poor little girl. We had accidentally discovered that because she had no hat she stayed away from Catechism class.

During the following week we made daily visits to the sick children. There are so many sick poor here. They are

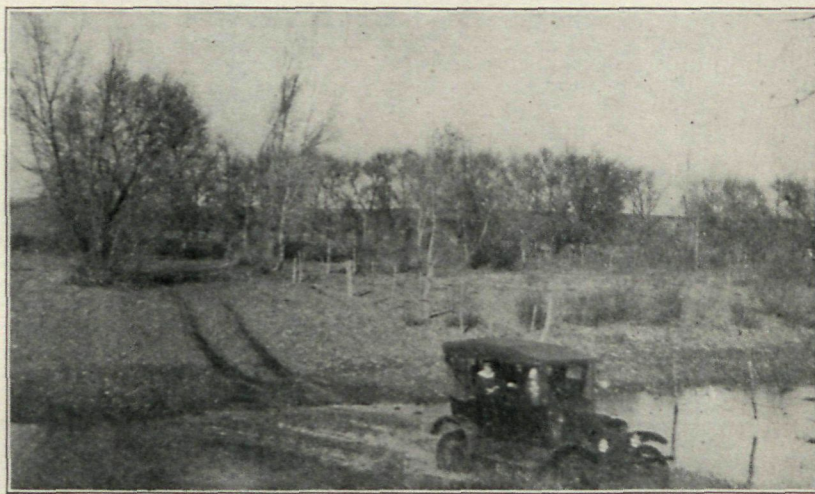
too poor to call a doctor from Las Vegas, 40 miles distant.

In a little adobe hut we found a poor woman weeping disconsolately over the death of her only son. There are many evidences of sorrow and misery and poverty on every hand. God help the poor! Every day the sick poor come to us for medicine. At night we are called to attend the sick and dying. We pray with them and for them and try to prepare them for the Reception of the Last Sacraments.

We have started our first sewing class at Watrous. The girls are all

SOME INTERESTING NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF OUR MISSIONARY CATECHISTS

As one enters the canon and follows the course of the river one comes upon this settlement built under the sheltering crags of very high mountains. We received a hearty welcome from the poor humble people who had learned of our coming. The public school teacher happens to be a good Spanish Catholic girl. She has promised to help us teach Catechism after school hours. We found two very devout



TELLING THE STORY—I. "On the Way to La Parda. Fording the Mora River."

very much interested in this work. We have also begun to train the boys to serve Mass. We made over cassocks and surplices sent us by Mrs. Landis.

On October 24th we paid our first visit to the Mission at LaParda—a little Spanish settlement in the foothills. We found 40 children there who must be prepared for their First Holy Communion. We even found young men 17 and 18 years of age who could not as much as make the Sign of the Cross. These poor people have Mass only twice a year.

Twelve miles distant from our Mission-center is the village of Shoemaker. It is a picturesque sight on the main line of the Santa Fe Railroad.

Spanish girls, who are most anxious to assist us in our work. We shall train these good girls to conduct Sunday School classes.

On November 30th we began a Novena to Our Most Dear and Blessed Mother in honor of Her Immaculate Conception. In this Novena we shall remember all our benefactors.

Dear Friends: Sample copy of Missionary Catechist received and wish to extend congratulations on the splendid work of the Missionary Catechists. Enclosed find check for \$10.00—my life subscription. With best wishes I am sincerely yours.

C. A. O'D.

Why not contribute towards the support of a Missionary Catechist by sending a contribution of at least \$1.00 every month?

"Doings" at Victory-Noll

By Catechist Margaret Molloy



Dear Sis:—

You ask if I am really happy in my new life and work. Indeed I am—happy and content beyond my wildest dreams and expectations, and far in excess of my merits. True happiness is simply repose in God, and I have to keep reminding myself that, partaking of His Infinity, it can have neither bounds nor measure, to understand the peace and content which overflows my heart since I gave it to Him without reserve. God rewards our little sacrifices so generously!

Do you remember our old custom of reciting poetry to the incongruous accompaniment of the "clink-clank" of china and silver as we "did" the dishes together at home? I think so frequently of one of our old favorites and of the new meaning the lines have taken on for me:

"Earth asks its price for what Earth gives us.
Each ounce of dross costs its weight in gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking.
'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

It is wonderful, too, to experience how easy God makes things for us if we but rely upon him. I thought, as you know, that I was making a tremendous and difficult sacrifice in entering upon a community life. My pronounced individuality rebelled at the necessity of adapting itself to a common rule of life, and the acquisition of a common spirit. But the "merger" was effected without any especial difficulty, and I would not, for any inducement, care to go back to my old independence and freedom. There is an indefinable something—a certain 'esprit de corps', intangible, but sensibly felt—pervading every minute of community life and permeating every activity in which one engages. As some one has put it, "Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one; our comforts, trials and cares."

If you try to picture me in my present capacity of second-assistant cook, you will probably conjecture that the community is due for a few "trials" as my contribution to the common weal or woe—if not something more serious in the form of acute indigestion. But whatever may be the community reaction to my amateurish culinary efforts, I am enjoying every minute immensely.

And now, having answered your question, I shall proceed to continue my chronicle of the happenings and "doings" on our hill-top.

On the Feast of the Assumption I witnessed my very first religious re-

ception in our chapel. I was much impressed with the simplicity and significance of the ceremonies. Two Probationers were received into the Juniorate of the Society, three Consecrates became Probationers, and one Candidate pronounced her Act of Consecration at the feet of our Beloved Mother, on this occasion. Rev. John E. Dillon, Chancellor of the diocese of Fort Wayne, presided at the ceremonies, and preached an appropriate sermon. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed immediately after the services.

One of our new Juniors, Catechist Adelaide Martinez, is from Fort Collins, Colorado. The other, Catechist Agnes Kozla, comes from the "Windy City." Of the new Probationers, Catechist Mathilda De Vella hails from far away San Francisco. Catechist Eleanor Cogan's home was at Dayton, Ohio, and that of Catechist Helen Brickley, at Chicago. Catechist Clara Foley, of Detroit, is the new Consecrate.

You will be interested in learning that Miss E. B. Sweeney, Assistant Director of the Social Action Department, National Catholic Welfare Council, has just given us the first of a series of lectures on social work as applied particularly to the Mexican people. No one is better qualified than Miss Sweeney to guide us through the intricate mazes which confront and confuse the social service worker among an alien race. She has made, at various times, surveys of social and economic conditions among the Spanish-speaking people of the Southwest, both for the Federal Government, and for the National Catholic Welfare Council. A comprehensive outline of the result of a recent survey made by her at the commission of the latter body, was the subject matter of this first lecture.

She told us much that was of great interest, but I think the following little incident especially worth recount-

ing. In the course of her investigations, Miss Sweeney one day entered an adobe hovel on the outskirts of the city of El Paso to find three children tied together with a thick length of rope to a doorpost of its one room, so that their activities were necessarily confined within the compass of a very small area. They were alone save for a statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe in the corner before which a tiny vigil light burned steadily. As the children were too young to give an intelligent answer to her questions, Miss Sweeney decided to remain and learn the solution of the mystery. At night-fall, the little mother, frail and anaemic, returned to explain that she was a widow, obliged to work during the day for the livelihood of all four, and that the rope-chain was her drastic solution of the problem of keeping the children off the streets, and away from the attractions offered by the many Protestant proselytizing day-nurseries of the city, in her absence.

Rev. M. A. Irwin, a missionary priest stationed in the little town of Newton Grove, North Carolina, spent a day with us last week at the invitation of Bishop Noll, and while here gave us a little talk about his work. His parish is unique in that it is made up entirely of converts, or immediate descendants of converts, to the Faith. They are scions of the old English stock which settled that section in early colonial days, and have all been brought to a knowledge of the true Faith through a single conversion—that of Dr. Monk, a kindly non-Catholic slave-holder of ante-bellum days who conscientiously supervised the religious training and instruction of his slaves. After the war, he and his brother continued their work of Christianizing the negroes, erecting a building for Sunday school purposes in the face of the storm of racial prejudice which, in the South, followed the Emancipation Proclamation, and, in

(Next Page Please)



TELLING THE STORY—II. "The Ford Balks."

Do not fail to read an absorbingly interesting story on vocation to a Missionary life, entitled "In the Service of the Queen." This story sent gratis upon application.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST Huntington, Ind.

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

S. Cyril Hettich
Business Manager

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APPROVAL OF ARCHBISHOP DAEGER

Nov. 26, 1924.

It was indeed a great pleasure for me to co-operate in establishing in the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, The Society of Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. I am now pleased to give my hearty approval to the publication of its Official Organ—THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. This magazine will, no doubt, serve not only as a greatly-needed medium of publicity for the excellent work now being carried on by the Missionary Catechists among the destitute portion of Spanish-speaking people in the Southwest, but should also prove interesting reading by disseminating information about this too little known section of our Country.

I wish THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST every success. May God bless those who help the Catechists by subscribing for their little magazine.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠ ALBERT T. DAEGER, O.F.M.,
Archbishop of Santa Fe.



APPROVAL of BISHOP NOLL

July 16, 1925.

Since practically every form of missionary activity has its publicity organ, it is almost imperative that the Society of Missionary Catechists, the latest and by no means the least important missionary movement in the United States, should publish a monthly periodical to acquaint Americans with its work.

I am very glad that you receive subscriptions direct from the people, which makes it possible to sell your magazine at the very low price of 50c the year. It is now the cheapest, and, because it is condensed, one of the very best missionary papers published. I wish for it a large countrywide circulation.

✠ JOHN F. NOLL,
Bishop of Ft. Wayne.

FRUSTRATING THE DESIGNS OF ALMIGHTY GOD.

A short time ago the mother of one of our Catechists came to visit her at our Victory Training Institute. Remarking how happy her daughter was, and how dearly she loved her life, her work and her Society, this good Catholic mother exclaimed: "I would just as gladly give up my other daughters if I felt they had a vocation for this work. I cannot understand how any mother could be so selfish as to stand in the way of her daughter's happiness if she felt that Almighty God called her to lead such a Holy Life."

As this truly Catholic, God-fearing soul took her departure, from all our hearts we prayed that Jesus and Mary would bless and reward such a splendid Catholic mother. Years ago good Catholic parents considered themselves as highly honored by Almighty God when he called their daughters to embrace a religious or missionary state of life. Generously and readily they gave up—in some cases—even their only child to the service of God. Those were the days of real Faith when it caused these truly Christian parents a great deal to make such a generous offering. Very often they were poor in the goods of this world but they certainly were rich in the goods of eternity, ever prepared to make whatever sacrifice Almighty God demanded of them. They would, if necessary, even borrow money sufficient for the dowry required as a condition for their daughter's entrance into the religious life. Who can doubt but that Almighty God blessed these generous, self-sacrificing parents in their children and their children in them? But times change. And so, today, we unfortunately find too many Catholic parents who consider that their children dishonor them by responding to their God-given call to enter upon the missionary or religious state of life. Inspired very often by the most selfish motives or carried away by an inordinate love for their children, these un-Christian parents will stop at nothing in order to frustrate the designs of Almighty God in calling their children to a higher state of life. It is not an uncommon thing for us to receive letters from such selfish parents, in which they openly charge that their children are physically unfit or incapable of undertaking missionary work. And this in spite of the fact that these children can produce bona-fide certificates of perfect health from physicians who have examined them! It is not an uncommon thing for these parents to resort at times to flattering promises, and again to veiled threats, in order to dissuade their daughters from giving themselves to the service of Jesus Christ in the person of His poor. How can such parents reasonably expect that God will bless them if they finally succeed in persuading their children to give up their vocation? The writer has a record of many such cases, and can truly testify that invariably these parents must suffer, even here upon earth at the hands of their children, when they have ruth-

lessly forced them to give up that happiness which they sought and would easily have attained in a life dedicated to the love and service of Jesus Christ in supernatural works of charity.

DOINGS' AT VICTORY-NOLL

Continued from Page 3

some localities, was aggravated by unwise legislation.

One day, when unwrapping a bottle of medicine which had been shipped to him, Dr. Monk found among the wrappings a newspaper containing an article in defense of a tenet of the Catholic Faith. A casual reading aroused his interest and stimulated a desire for further information. He addressed a letter requesting it to "Any Catholic Priest in Baltimore." The letter was referred by the postal clerks to the late Cardinal Gibbons, who corresponded with Dr. Monk and in a short time brought about his conversion. That of his immediate family and relatives followed shortly after. Friends and neighbors rapidly embraced the Faith, so that the conversion of a thousand souls, and a thriving missionary parish spread over many miles of North Carolina soil, has sprung from the correspondence of a generous soul with a single grace of God.

There are, according to Father Irwin, some sixteen million non-Catholics of English stock in the South who are fair-minded, thinking people, amenable to conviction. In his locality many conversions are being effected among these people through the medium of "missions" given in the outlying districts of his large parish. The services at these "missions" continue each evening for an entire month, and are exceedingly well-attended by the non-Catholics for whom they are given. How many Catholics do you know who would sit through thirty-one consecutive sermons or instructions on the doctrines of the Faith they profess, on as many consecutive evenings?

The thought came to me as I listened to Father Irwin's recital of his successes and failures that more frequent contact between missionary priests and our Catholic people in well-established parishes, would do much to promote and foster the mission spirit among our Catholic laity. Educating them to a realization of their opportunities and the necessity of utilizing them; familiarizing them as well with the discouragements and difficulties attendant upon missionary life, such contacts would inevitably inculcate an understanding spirit of sympathy and helpfulness toward those bearing the heat and burden of the day in the mission fields—those devoted and earnest disciples of the Great Teacher who have set for themselves the task of learning and practicing His hardest lessons.

Pray, then, daily for all missionaries and for the extension of the mission spirit among our Catholic laity. I know you will not forget a "missionary in the making" who, with a heart-felt prayer that God may ever bless and love you, signs herself,

Your devoted sister in O. B. L. V.

Every good practical Catholic should be a practical Missionary by contributing towards the support of the Missions,—home and foreign.

The Associate Catechists of Mary

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

The ladies of Victory Mission Circle, Associate Catechists of Mary, of Huntington, Indiana, gave a very successful kitchen utensil shower to complete the equipment of the kitchen of Victory Training Institute, on Sunday, August 23.

In the course of the afternoon the Catechists in training at the Institute presented a varied and interesting program for their guests—an amusing prophecy of the future, captioned "Twenty-five Years From Now," meeting with especial favor.

The Catechist-Supervisor of the Associate Catechists of Mary made the address of welcome for the occasion saying, in part:

"It has been said that the most curious and interesting phrase ever put into a public document is that claiming for the people of the United States an inalienable right to 'the pursuit of happiness.' 'The pursuit of happiness!' It is not strange that men call it an illusion, for many of them fail to recognize its characteristics, and pass it by in the pursuit of its phantom.

"You, however, have found happiness where it always lies—just outside our very doors—in the service of others for the love of the good God; in an unselfish compliance with that law of love which bids us 'bear one another's burdens,' not by wasting time in idle dreaming and wishing for the opportunities of a Louise de Marrillac or a Florence Nightingale, but by being true, Christian, charitable woman in your own little sphere; doing with all your might what you found there to do; realizing that 'good desires are but seeds—our task to make them blossom into deeds!' equally content to labor on the heights or in the valleys in the comforting assurance that God looks down upon both.

"In giving generously not only of your goods but of your time to the needy and destitute, you have known the joy that grows only from self-sacrifice; in bringing sunshine into the lives of the poor little ones of the missions, you have not been able, had you wished, to keep it from brightening your own; in gardening a small spot of New Mexico with the roses of Heaven through your charitable deeds, you have distilled their fragrance in your own hearts. So you have found all that makes for real happiness and joy.

"Who has not seen a poppy seed? It lies in the hand as tiny as a grain of dust. Yet it holds the promise of a great possibility of which the flower is the fulfillment. The cool green of stalks and leaves; the compact colyx, 'and within, crumpled like a baby's hand, the shining silk of gorgeous petals, in all their beautiful coloring—all this is concentrated in a tiny atom of dust. All that is needed to effect the transformation is favorable soil and cultivation.

The poppy seed is a faint figure of

The Lay Auxiliary

the glorious opportunity God has given to us individually and collectively as Catechists and Associate Catechists of Mary, to do great things for Him in bringing to fruition the tiny seed sown in the establishment of our young Society and its auxiliary association of lay-workers. We are pioneer workers in a great apostolate with unlimited possibilities, together blazing the trail that many others shall follow—laying out a path in which future generations shall walk.

And what shall our combined labors effect? Only God can answer that. Have you ever watched children throwing pebbles into a pond, and as they fell into the water, followed the ripples with your eyes until they reached the shore? It is comforting to know that the smallest act done out of love for God, like the pebble thrown into the pond, has a spiritual force even more compelling and widens out, and out, touching many lives we shall never know, until the last ripple breaks on the shores of eternity."

Miss Stella O'Brien, secretary of the

Circle, in conjunction with the presentation of the gifts, read the following original verse:

"Dear Pioneer Catechists:

"All pioneer days have such trying ways
And that's what you're struggling through.

So our little band hopes you'll understand,
Our Circle stands right back of you.

We cannot do much, but a helpful touch
Placed here and there may lighten
Your God-given task. What we most ask
Is your foundation to brighten.

So we're trusting that our utensil shower,
Will fill up your new kitchen cupboard,
For it would be a shame should they remain
In the condition of old Mrs. Hubbard's.

We know your ambition—your daily petition
That you may find Catechists true—
The salt of the earth, of true spiritual worth,
So we've brought half a dozen to you."

The half-dozen Catechists referred to in the last paragraph were salt shakers, cleverly disguised as Missionary Catechists in crepe paper models of the uniform worn by members of the Society.

Supper was served at six o'clock, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought the day to a close shortly after.



TELLING THE STORY—III. "The Finish."

THE TRAVELING VICAR

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Spanish. He did not wait to become proficient in the language before he began preaching, and his first sermon was not a success as such. He preached and exhorted his listeners to his own satisfaction, but his listeners did not understand a word he said. After the sermon they got together to consider what kind of a preacher he was. Some said he must be a heretic, or some kind of a Protestant, and they were disposed to leave him severely alone until a woman spoke up for him. "He is a Catholic," she said. "Did you not notice how he made the sign of the cross at the beginning and end of the sermon? No heretic or Protestant would do that." And that argu-

ment settled the matter in his favor.

But preaching was not the only difficulty. There were few priests in New Mexico in those early days. The lack of priests was a crying evil, and brought in its train other evils, especially the lack of instruction and its inevitable consequences. Of this Fr. Machebeuf speaks:

"The lack of instruction and other helps has left religion in a deplorable condition in New Mexico. Its practice is almost entirely lost, and there remains little but the exterior shell. As the source of evil here is the profound ignorance of the people, the first remedy must be instruction. For this we need Christian schools. The Bish-

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Do not fail to read in our next issue the story entitled 'A Pathetic Figure.'

LETTERS TO MARY

III.

(By Catechist Blanche Richardson)

Ocate, New Mexico,
Feast of the Visitation

My dear Mary:

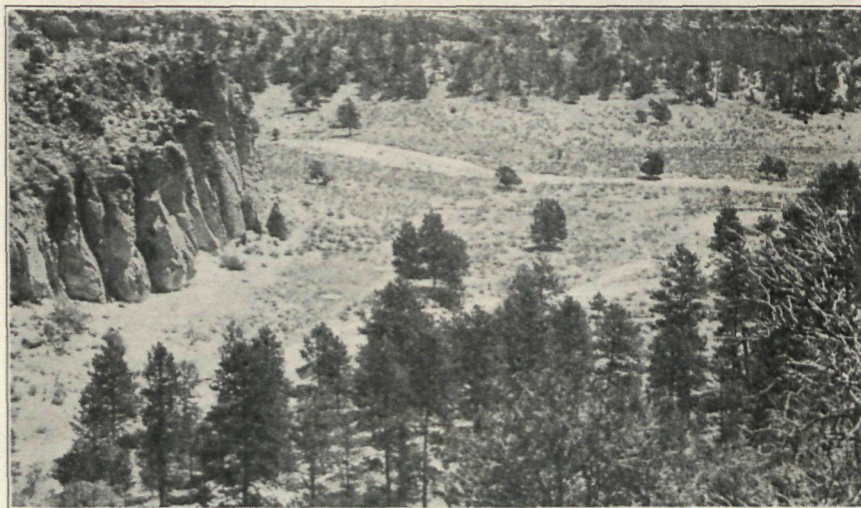
As I looked out of my window this morning, viewing the high mountains which encompass our little adobe home, I pictured Our Blessed Mother hastening over the hill country to visit her cousin, St. Elizabeth. I heard in fancy, St. Elizabeth as she cried out on beholding the Blessed Virgin, "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence it this to me, that the Mother of my Lord shouldst come to me". And then the clear voice of Our Blessed Mother as she intoned that most beautiful of canticles, "The Magnificat". Truly this is Our Blessed Mother's own country,—the hills, the poor simple folk in their small brown adobes form a second Bethlehem and Nazareth.

The sun had not yet sent its first golden beams through the cluster of pines on the mountain to the East of us when I had sent a multitude of prayers Heavenward for your spiritual and bodily welfare.

It was wonderful—my coming to the great Mission fields of the Southwest in the month of June. Every day we had been saying a prayer to Jesus,—"Father of the poor,"—asking Him to give us a great love for the poor so dear to His Sacred Heart. My year of Juniorate having terminated on the Feast of Our Blessed Lady of Victory this year, I had the happiness of making my Profession on this great Feast. There were four of us,—the three who entered the Juniorate at the same time that I did,—and myself.

There was a host of friends present for the simple ceremonies of Profession. It was without doubt the happiest moment of my life. It is said that God does not give all to us until we give all to Him, and this we do in the pronouncement of our vows.

The following morning there followed the short but touching "Ceremony of Departure" which consisted of a short exhortation, a blessing at the foot of the altar steps, and the singing of a hymn in honor of Our Blessed Mother. On the afternoon of the same day, the four of us left for the Missions. We were not all destined for the same Mission Centers, however. Two went to a Mission-Center which has recently been opened south of Las Vegas, while Catechist S. and myself went to Ocate. We were the first to leave the train, the others going farther West. There were hurried words of farewell, a shrill screech from the engine, a curl of smoke as it disappeared around the curve of the mountain, and we found ourselves on the little wooden platform of a typically Western town. The sudden appearance and hearty welcome by our Sister Catechists, the



"Every Landscape is Characteristic, and Even Beautiful,
With a Wierd Unearthly Beauty."

piling of ourselves and luggage into the rear of a much travelled auto, were but the happenings of a moment. We had left the train at the little station of W. and had now to travel 25 miles over rough mountain trails to reach our Mission Center, nestled somewhere in the blue mountains ahead of us.

And so, here we are, Mary, experiencing all the thrills and bliss of being full-fledged Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

We go, six, eight, ten miles out from our Mission-Center every day in order to gather together the dark-eyed, solemn-faced little Spanish children to teach them the truths of our Holy Faith. For the most part they seem inexpressibly sad. We feel we have accomplished a real feat if we succeed in catching a glint of humor in their dusky eyes, or cause them to reveal only for an instant, the even rows of pearly white teeth, hidden for the most part behind tightly pursed lips.

It is not to be wondered at,—this serious aspect of life,—when once you visit their poor homes. They are so wretchedly poor, with only a few home-made pieces of furniture. Some, indeed, have no beds and sleep on pallets on the floor. Others have no flooring in their houses.

It is amazing to see the eagerness of our children to learn the Catechism. They will come long distances in order to attend our classes. Some of our smallest children know almost the entire Catechism by memory.

In my next letter I shall tell you of some of our poor little Mission chapels. Wheatfield Church is indeed a cathedral when compared to our little churches.

Commending you to the loving Heart of Our Blessed Mother, which

was the fount of the Precious Blood of Jesus, I am,

Lovingly your friend in O.B.L.V.,
Catechist Blanche Richardson.

San Antonio, Texas,

August 31, 1925.

Dear Father:

Will you kindly send me "In the Service of the Queen?" I am not strong enough to become a Catechist, but may be able to help one to make a decision. "The seed may fall on fertile soil." We enjoy THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST very much. We hope later on to be able to help the cause if God will bless our efforts. "Telling the Story" is a page truly inspired. It will enable those who love the cause to keep in touch with everything concerning the Catechists' field of action.

Thanking you, I beg to remain,
Yours truly, L. B.

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Grateful readers write us that they have been helped by the prayers of the Catechists and the poor innocent children under their care in the Missions of the Southwest. We shall gladly remember your intentions in our Novena.

Then Came Your Workers

A Story by Constance Edgerton

We were sitting in the great living-room of Gifford Hotel, at Channel Lake, Illinois,—Amy Arnold, Eileen Morris and myself. It was early autumn, and rain had fallen steadily for more than fifteen hours. Indoors, the cheerful blaze and crackling of the logs in the fireplace stimulated a confidential exchange of experiences and adventures. For this was our first meeting after a separation of five years.

Amy, just returned from the romantic Southwest, had much to tell of her work as a Protestant missionary in New Mexico. During the past three years she had labored among the Spanish-speaking Catholics of that State. She spoke Spanish like a native, had made a study of the Latin character and temperament, and, according to her standards, had succeeded in her missionary labors.

"When I first went to Los Torres," she said, "the Catholics predominated. Today, we Baptists are in the majority. We have the most beautiful church in town, a settlement-house, school, and club rooms in which are centered many of our social and recreational activities. Until quite recently, we were alone in this vast mission-field—the only agency, in fact, laboring for the moral uplift and social betterment of the people.

Then came workers from your Church and located near Las Vegas. I believe they are called Missionary Catechists. They are missionaries, and, like ourselves, go out among the poor natives by whom they are much beloved. I know some intelligent Mexican girls whom we had almost won over to our cause, who came into contact with these Catechists, were attracted to them, and no doubt, would join them, but they were too poor to go East to their training school. You Catholics are greatly handicapped for lack of funds. When we find a likely subject, we pay her fare to our training school in Chicago, and make full provision for all her needs while she is being trained to carry on our work here. Some day, all New Mexico, influenced by these native missionaries, will be Baptist."

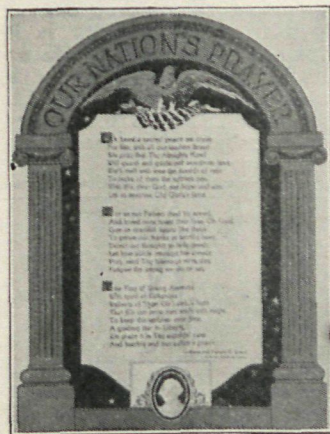
"Why Baptist?" asked Eileen who had taught in all corners of the state. She knew the valleys yellowed with ripened grain and dotted with herds; remote villages where the church and other buildings formed a square, where the floor spaces were unpaved, but had been pressed smooth and hard through the ages by thousands of soft-footed worshippers. Only last month she had an article in a nationally read magazine concerning a pre-historic cliff dwelling near Pu-yé.

"Because we work and are financed by Missionary Societies in the East. We go after our prospects systematically, utilizing every known means to attract them," tersely explained Amy.

"I think it is a shame," replied Eileen indignantly, "that any Missionary Society styling itself 'Christian' should resort to such miserable subterfuges in attempting to rob these poor people of their Catholic Faith. I spent a month, last fall, in the interests of a northern periodical investigating conditions in the sugar-beet fields of Northern Colorado. I found that men and women worked from sunrise to sunset for a meager wage. Their fare consisted of bread and 'atole', a porridge made of barley grindings. When their day's labor was done these workmen and women assembled in an ancient abode building and there recited the rosary with the same simplicity as did their Catholic ancestors through long generations of an unbroken Faith. And these, Amy," she concluded ironically, "are the objects of your grand proselytizing activities."

"Well!" countered Amy, "Would you have us neglect the many young Mexican boys and girls, in particular, who come in from isolated places to attend school? You can't deny the fact that they are lonely and without any social contacts. Our recreation rooms, and the cordial welcome awaiting them there appeal to them. Soon they are worshipping with us and

Next Page Please



ITS ORIGIN: It was penned by the Reverend Francis C. Young, Chicago's Poet Priest, who contributes to over 200 daily newspapers and periodicals on days of national importance and it was first used by the author himself at the installation of American Legion Post No. 183 as an invocation, after which it appeared in Chicago daily papers. Then the press from coast to coast reprinted it and editorial comment was immediately aroused. THE MADISON STATE JOURNAL is a fair example of the high favor it received from the very start: "We have a national anthem and a national flower. Now comes 'Our Nation's Prayer'. From the standpoint of art, the verses seem to meet the requirements that existed in the days of Whittier before it became fashion to jazz our poetry. The sentiment is big enough and broad enough to serve in a national sense."

THE SHORT STORY of

"Our Nation's Prayer"

Warmly Approved
by
Presidents,
Governors
and Press



From the Whole-Hearted Support it received from the daily newspapers, church-men of all denominations, public and private schools, professors, men and women in all walks of life and officials of national organizations, its author was very much encouraged and then set about to secure an audience with President Harding, who encouraged his patriotic endeavor. President Harding then wrote a personal letter, which now becomes an historical document, dealing with a phase of his life which has not been dealt with at length, namely the spiritual.

The Necessity and Benefit of just such a prayer became more and more apparent. It awakens the finest in-born traits found in man, and if our country in one voice raises its heart to God, our nation will be benefited and serve as an example to other peoples.

The Nature and Purpose of the prayer demanded that if it be given permanent form it must be gotten up in an appropriate manner, worthy of its dignity, for it would find its way into every home, school, office—into every heart and under every roof in our country. To do this properly would involve a great outlay of money. Before attempting such an enterprise the

author was advised to endeavor to present the matter to President Coolidge, who tendered him a warm reception and promised him an indorsement similar to President Harding's. He did this in a letter, which is highly characteristic.

Governors' Testimonial: This indorsement of the President's was followed by that of most of the governors of the United States and many other notables including Rt. Rev. Bishop John F. Noll.

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Then Came Your Workers

Continued from Page 7

forget their rosary along with the little 'dobe chapel they left behind."

"But are your methods actuated by honesty, Amy," came Eileen's soft low voice, "when all the Southwest is Catholic, and has been so for centuries?"

"Of course we are thinking of their souls and trying to Christianize them," defended Amy. "If, as you say, this is your mission field, and should be restricted to you, why are your missionaries not cultivating it? Our success is entirely due to the efforts of well-trained workers and our

our training and financial backing, we could evangelize the world."

THE TRAVELING VICAR

Continued on Page 5

op has already opened a school for boys in our house, and he has knocked at many a door in the United States in order to secure Sisters for the girls."

Father Machebeuf's missionary labors were not confined to the establishment of schools or to the care of souls in the cathedral parish of Santa Fe. We find him often in the saddle. In fact there were few missions in New Mexico that he left unvisited, and but few people in the entire territory to whom he was not known. Often when asked where he lived he would jocosely answer: "In the saddle. They call me 'El Vicario Andondo'—(the Traveling Vicar)—and I live on the 'Camino Real' (The King's Highway.)"

Traveling in New Mexico 75 years ago was not the luxury it is today. There were but few roads and a four-wheeled vehicle was seldom seen, except such as were used on the roads to and from the States.

In a description of one of Father Machebeuf's missionary journeys made in 1858, we are told that after the great missionary reached a settlement and had celebrated Holy Mass and heard confessions, it was his custom to select a good site for the erection of a chapel. It was the practice of each family to give one day's work, or its value in money, every week to the building of the church—either in making adobes, laying them up, getting timbers for the roof, or helping in some way. The roofs of these early churches were flat, or nearly so, and covered with clay instead of shingles.

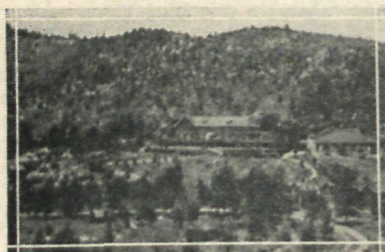
Before leaving the Mission Fr. Machebeuf would open his big valise and give prayer-books to some, rosaries to the fathers to lead in the family prayers, catechisms to the mothers to

teach the children, and pictures and medals to the children. He made them all happy, and they begged him to come again soon. Nor did the grateful people forget to put up a nice lunch of cakes and buffalo meat for his journey. Then a last blessing having been given, he was off again.

Referring to his arduous missionary labors and journeys, Fr. Machebeuf would say with much feeling: "I like this kind of missionary life. I hate to stay at home, even for a month at a time. For me, to work is to live, and such trips as this are full of consolation. I admire the simplicity and faith of these good people, and their testimonials of love for the priest are but expressions of their love for God whom they honor in the priest. The Mexicans may have queer ways in the eyes of some people. They may appear to be ignorant. They are certainly poor. Everybody has his faults, but they have redeeming qualities, and often more of them than their critics."

Besides travelling through New Mexico, Fr. Machebeuf made several more extended trips. In 1855 he crossed the plains to meet and escort a party of Loretto Sisters to Santa Fe and in 1856 he went to France and Rome to secure priests and means for New Mexico.

In the long journeys across mountains and plains which he so frequently made, Fr. Machebeuf never had any great fear of the Indians. He used prudence with the pagan and hostile tribes, but he went freely among those who had any knowledge of Christianity and the priests. "Oh, the Indians will not hurt me..." was his usual remark, and they never did, either in his missionary trips, or in his long trips across the plains. He never put off a journey because the Indians were on the warpath, and he met thousands of them under circumstances that would probably have been fatal to an ordinary traveler.



Montezuma Baptist Seminary

ability to pay them well. Do you know that I have been told your Missionary Catechists receive neither salary nor remuneration of any kind for their services?"

"They labor solely for the love of God," answered Eileen. "They give not counting the cost; fight, not heeding the wounds; toil, and seek no rest; labor, and ask no reward"—save to further the greater glory of God through the service of His creatures."

"Well," finished Amy, abruptly terminating the conversation as she rose after a glance at the hands of the clock indicating the luncheon hour, "If we had your faith, and but half your sacrificial spirit to complement

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