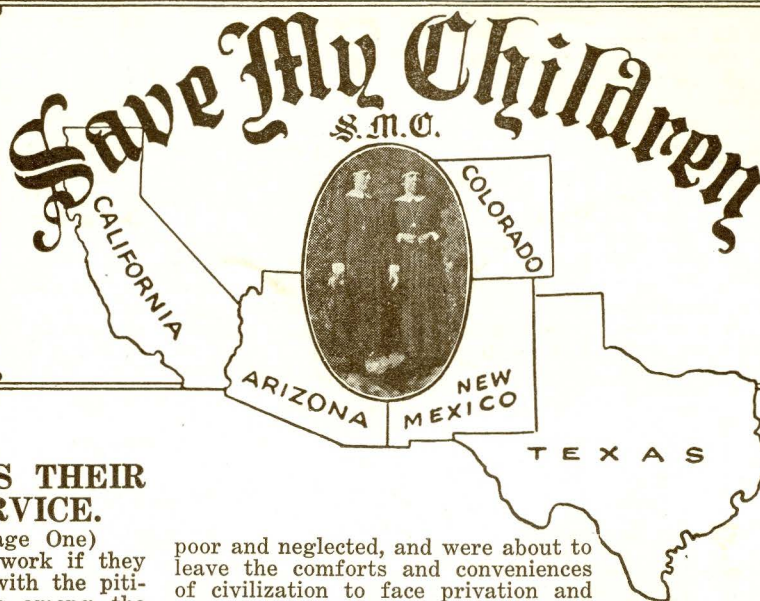


Would you not like to have your intentions remembered in the daily prayers of our devoted Catechists and their children? Send us a list of these intentions and we shall gladly include them in our daily perpetual Novena to Our Blessed Lady of Victory.



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.

POVERTY BARS THEIR WAY TO SERVICE.

(Continued from page One)

of its divinely-inspired work if they were made acquainted with the pitiable conditions existing among the poor neglected Catholics of the Southwest.

I believe those Catholics not blessed with material means can also help the Catechists' cause by simply cutting out this article and sending it to a wealthy Catholic friend or neighbor, with a heartfelt prayer that Our Divine Lord may inspire them with Grace to assist your heroic Catechists financially, so that they may extend their God-given Apostolate among the more than 2,000,000 Mexican Catholics scattered throughout the Southwestern States, and thus become instrumental in saving them to the Faith of their Fathers.

I remain,

Very Sincerely Yours,

A FRIEND OF GOD'S OWN
CATECHISTS.

'DOINGS' AT VICTORY-NOLL

(Continued from page Five)

the spirit of simplicity. Those departing entered the chapel in procession, and advancing to the foot of the altar, asked God's blessing on the journey they were about to undertake, and renewed the Act of Consecration to Jesus and Mary originally made upon their entrance into the Society. They then received the blessing of the Church from the hands of our Spiritual Father, and the kiss of peace from our Catechist-Directress, after which the entire community chanted the Magnificat. A touching parting address from our Spiritual Father, who took for his theme the sublimity of the mission with which the departing Catechists had been entrusted, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, concluded the ceremonies.

You'll be thinking it was all very solemn—and so it was—for many a man has received the plaudits of a nation, and honorary degrees from its great universities, in recognition of the performance of a lesser service to humanity, and one requiring less heroism, than that of these six young women who had consecrated their lives and talents to the service of the

poor and neglected, and were about to leave the comforts and conveniences of civilization to face privation and obstacles unsurpassed by those of any foreign mission. But the solemnity was like a jewel in a golden setting of joy and gladness, so that while most of us wound up the ceremony in true feminine fashion be shedding a few tears, they were not tears of sorrow, but rather an outlet for our overflowing happiness.

We have no departure bell, so someone conceived the bright idea of collecting all the handbells in the Institute—there are a large number of them used for various purposes—and stringing them just outside the door in a row with multi-colored ribbons depending from their clappers. It worked out beautifully in true conformity with our "unwritten commandment," "Thou shalt not be solemn." The bells tinkled musically and cheerfully and the colors flew gallantly in the sunlight, during the goodbyes and until the machines conveyed the departing Catechists to the station had circled the drive and a bend in the road shut off the last view of the home where they had spent so many happy months preparing for the work that lies before them.

Do you still miss me—or have you

come to believe, what is so very true, that I am closer to you now than ever before? Each night when I say "Good night" to Our Dear Lord in the Tabernacle, I ask Him to love you for me—to make up through the love of His Sacred Heart for all that I once meant to you, and then go to rest in the simple assurance that He will, for He has never yet failed me. Let the years, in God's Providence, bring what they will, two things will remain for me as unaltered and unchangeable as the hills—my love for God and my love for you.

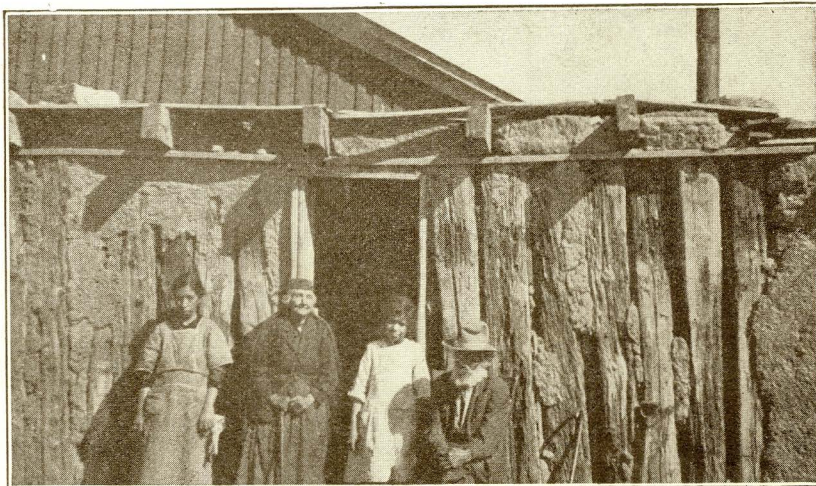
Your devoted daughter in

O. B. L. V.

One may drive for a hundred miles over the mesas and ranges and find less than a hundred head of cattle where there should be thousands. No milk, no meat, no nourishment for God's poor.

The sun shines every day of the year in New Mexico.

The State of New Mexico is a mecca for consumptives. There are many sanitariums in Las Vegas, Santa Fe and Albuquerque.



Where Poverty Reigns Supreme

Give your friends a copy of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST and ask them to subscribe.