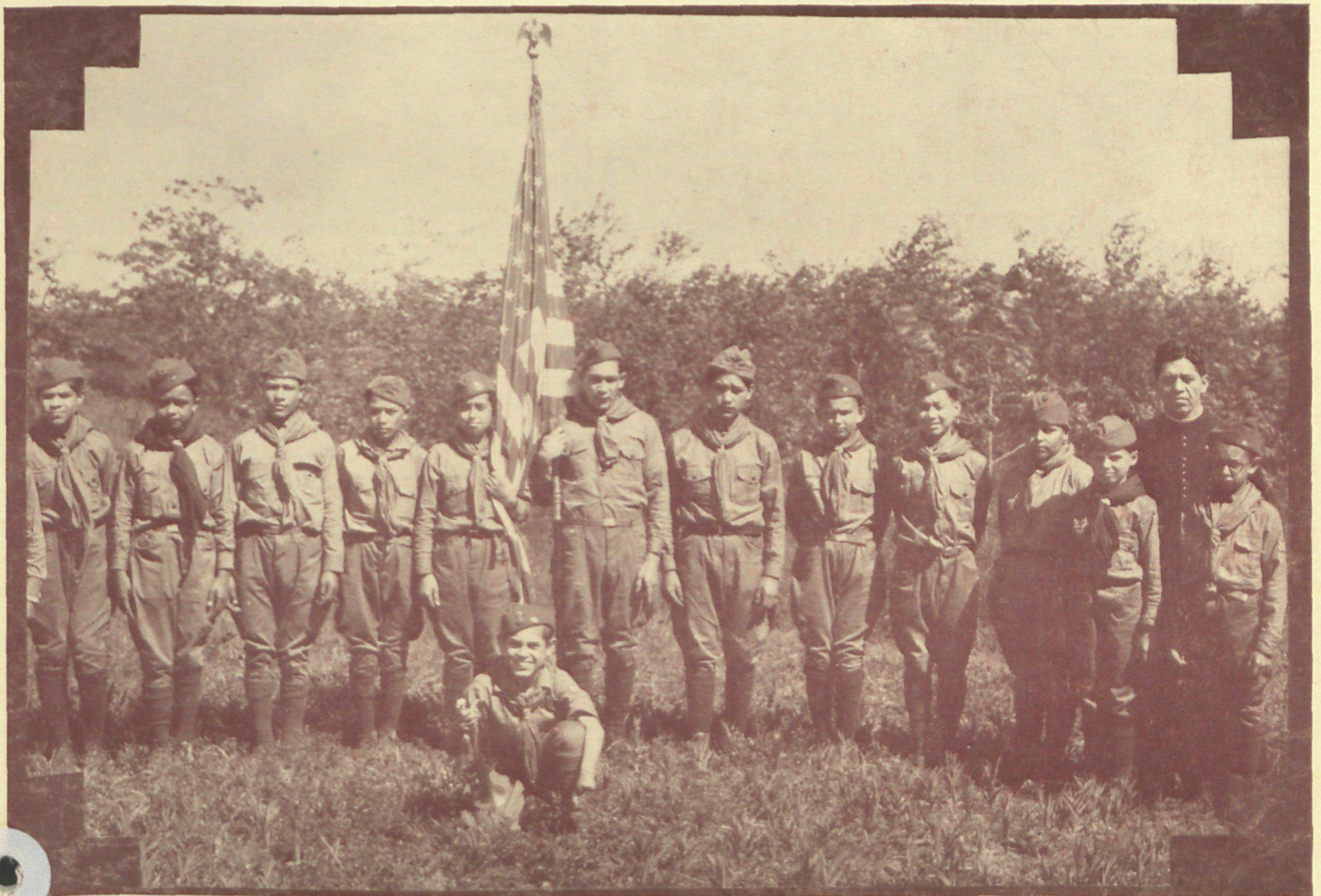


March 1938

The Missionary Catechist



Mexican Boy Scouts of Our Lady of Guadalupe Parish, Indiana Harbor, Indiana, with Rev. Jose Lara, their former pastor. This troop, organized under the sponsorship of the Missionary Catechists, was the first all-Mexican Catholic Boy Scout Troop in the Central West.

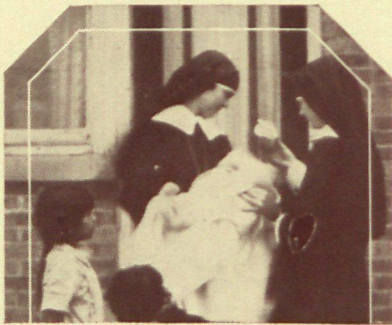
The Missionary Catechist

Sister Mary Ermengild, O. S. F.

A youthful, blue-robed figure,
Gentle and stainless of soul;
In her eager eyes beams a wonderful light
As she visions the distant goal.

A patient, blue-robed figure,
Toiling among God's poor,
Helping His needy little ones
As she passes from door to door.

A gentle, blue-robed figure
Love Divine all a-glow in her face,
Bringing to the souls of His straying lambs
The light of God's saving grace.



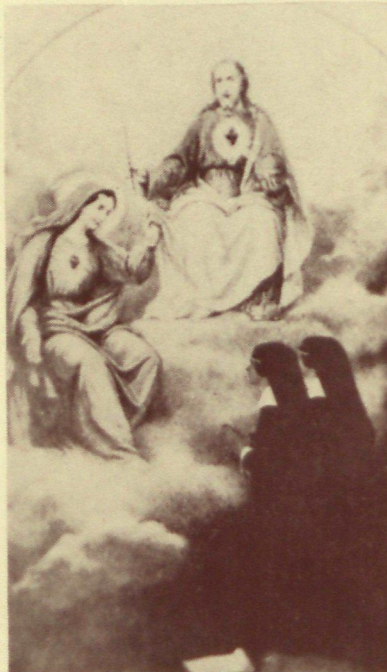
A tender, blue-robed figure,
With comforting prayerful words,
Speeding the souls of her dying ones
To their Father and their God.



An earnest, blue-robed figure,
Kneeling in silent prayer,
Pleading with Christ that her suffering poor,
His love and bounty might share.

A silent, blue-robed figure,
Pale and sweet in death;
She has loved and toiled for the sake of Christ's
poor
Till her latest dying breath.

A radiant, blue-robed figure,
Resplendent with glory now,
Bearing a crown of refulgent light
On her noble and beauteous brow.



THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

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MARCH 1938

NUMBER 4

The Mexican Church: Some Personal Observations

Randall Pond

FOR more than two years now I have been reporting Mexican affairs for a goodly portion of the Catholic press in the United States. I have tried to remain as objective as possible, to give my readers the benefit of my close contact with various phases of life in a country that is so near, and yet so far, from the United States and the American mind. At the same time, I have felt it my duty to counteract, as much as possible and always within the facts, the propaganda poured out by the Mexican government and by American writers of the cheap "liberal" or "parlor pink" type who pretend to have analyzed all Mexican troubles and found that the Church and the Spaniards are solely responsible for all the ills the country faces.

I am going to set down here some impressions which, while they may not be held together by any scheme or thread of argument, will serve to show some of the absurdity of much that has been written and spoken about Mexico. Nor do I absolve many Catholics from the charge of having written ignorantly about things which demanded study they evidently were not prepared to undertake. Granted that American Catholic literature on Mexico is distinctly limited, that does not excuse loose writing which has done untold damage to the Church here. And we are seeing the very same mistake being made in the Spanish struggle, where the words "apostasy," "betrayal of the masses," "ignorance fostered by the Church," and such catch phrases are being accepted too freely by Catholics who should at least have the sense to ask for the source of such remarks.

Let me start by presenting some remarks about the Mexican clergy. Few groups in all history have been so maligned, so slandered, so unjustly accused of the most abominable crimes; and what the German clergy has been experiencing for a few years has been the unjust fate of the Mexican clergy for at least a century.

I know many Mexican priests, nuns, and brothers. Never have I met men and

women so devoted to their labors on behalf of the Divine Master. Indeed, their otherworldliness has brought them more criticism in Mexico itself than their alleged worldliness. I can think of only one other clerical group that has made such a name for itself as regards rigidity and nonconformity with modern evils . . . and that is the Irish. In a sense, both had the same thing to contend with, for in Mexico one who slips from the straight and narrow path is not only a backslider, but a traitor to all that is left many Mexicans—their Faith. In Ireland, practically the same situation prevailed for centuries and "left handers" were more scorned than Englishmen because of the treason inherent in a betrayal of the national heritage.

Again, why should a young Mexican man or woman choose the Church as a career today? Such a step means the loss of personal rights, the beginning of a persecution that will not cease till death nears, the abandonment of homes for the life of hunted animals in all too many cases. The rise to the episcopate means that a man is singled out for special insults; nor are there canonries or prebends, as in olden days, to take care of elderly priests who have given their best efforts through long years of suffering and humiliation.

And who shall speak of the heroism of Mexican nuns? Who will one day tell the story of the suspicious attitude they met in so many places in the United States? Who will give the reasons why hundreds prefer to live in hiding in Mexico rather than to endure a certain condescension that met them in the bosom of their brethren of the neighboring republic? They labor in secret, these heroic women. I know of their hidden catechism classes, their small efforts to aid the sick and the dying, their willingness to face imprisonment in at least two large institutions in Mexico City where at one they teach and in another they nurse. And when someone tells me I should be "more objective in reporting Mexico" the faces and figures of these holy women, and of their humble assist-

ants, the priests, rise before my eyes and "objectivity" flies out the window! Was Gruening objective in his slanders? Was Beals? Was Callcott? Were the cheap little New York liberals? Then why should I be when truth is on my side?

MY last observation concerns the Church and education. I need hardly say that no person in the world (I realize how broad a statement this is!) has a remote idea of what the Catholic Church did for education in Mexico. That is not a chapter of Mexican history that remains to be written; it is a library.

In Mexico today, not one third of the entire school population is in school. Granted that thousands of schools have been built since 1920 (and many of these but replace schools destroyed or confiscated during and since the Revolution), the Department of Education itself insists that it must have double this year's budget of sixty million pesos if it is even to begin a proper attack on the problem. Rural education in Mexico demands nothing so much as the Catholic missionary spirit. In exchange, it has received, in the majority of cases, a teaching body that is morally unfit to have the guidance of youth placed in its hands. Urban education is a bit better off, but still leaves much to be desired.

Again, the liberals from New York "Oh" and "Ah" over the "advanced methods" of Mexican education when they see some stunts performed in certain carefully selected "exhibition" schools. They do not check on the two million children who are not in school; nor do they know that the problem of schools could be greatly relieved by a tolerant acceptance of Catholic education on an equal footing with that so poorly supplied by the government.

The clergy, political hypocrisy, education—what doctoral theses await the Catholic students who will one day turn to the rich field of Mexico! In the meanwhile, I must go on trying to balance, even though slightly, the untruths which I have learned to check in these years of association with Mexicans and Mexico.

The Legion of Mary

Rev. Charles H. Helmsing

ABOUT the same time the first two Catechists were finishing their intensive spiritual training for the pioneering missionary labors of our great Southwest, Our Blessed Mother was inspiring a zealous group of laity in Dublin, Ireland, to undertake lay missionary work in their city. Stories of the successes of the Vincentians, not only in relieving temporal misery, but also in ministering to the spiritual needs of the poor, had stirred several young women to emulation. What could they do to promote the interests of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of His Holy Mother? On September 7, 1921, fifteen of them met with a priest and one member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Someone placed a statue of Our Blessed Mother on the table and flanked the statue with flowers and two burning candles. The invocation of the Holy Ghost, the Rosary, and the Hail Holy Queen, were recited. Deliberations were made, a spiritual conference was given by the priest, and the meeting closed with prayer. Like meetings were to be held weekly. It was the first Vespers of the Nativity of Our Blessed Mother, but no one adverted to the fact at the time. In reality, Mary was born anew in a great lay missionary movement.

Like the disciples of Our Lord the members of the new organization were sent two by two to visit fallen-away Catholics in the neighborhood. They were to try by kindness to revive the waning faith of those in spiritual need. The work they had set themselves to do was one of grace. To give they must first possess. To form Christ in others, they themselves must first be formed according to His image and likeness. It would not be sufficient for them to act as channels of grace to others; they must be reservoirs overflowing and filling the souls of others. With the intuition of faith they turned instinctively to her who is full of grace. Consecration to Mary, not only by a passing act of surrender, but by an habitual state of dependence upon her, the choice of the "Magnificat" as their favorite prayer (for in their visitations they would be reflecting the first Visitation), the Rosary,—these insured them against presumption and consequently against failure. The aid of prayer and sacrifice from persons incapable of doing the actual visiting, was enlisted. These spiritual helpers were called auxiliary members. From the start, therefore, this group of lay missionaries understood the means of supernatural success.

Four years after the memorable meet-

ing of Sept. 7, 1921, four units of the Association of Our Lady of Mercy, as the organization was until then known, voted to adopt the name **Legion of Mary**. These servants of Mary were to "fight and build," and surely no more suitable name than that borrowed from the most famous army of antiquity, the Roman Legion, could express so well the actual accomplishments of these "auxiliaries of Catholic Action" in the diocese of Dublin. Everywhere the indomitable Legionaries of Mary fought unbelief and sin; everywhere they built up the Mystical Body of Christ by bringing back souls to God. The results were everywhere the same: returns to the Sacraments, Baptisms, marriages validated, children brought to the Catholic school or to instruction, converts welcomed to the one true fold of the Good Shepherd!

Such a spirit as they had evinced—the spirit of Mary—could not be confined to the Isle of Saints. In 1931 the very state which had in 1922 received Mary's Visitation in the person of the first Catechists, received another visitation of Our Heavenly Mother. This time it was in the person of the men Legionaries of Mary, who in a short time completely changed the spiritual condition of the mining town, Raton, New Mexico. St. Louis, Missouri, was the next to welcome Mary's Legionaries. Quickly she "who comes terrible as an army set in battle array," extended her line of battle to other large cities—Chicago, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Davenport, Omaha, etc. Into the rural parishes too, the hope of the Church in America, the Legion brought the invincible spirit of its Queen. Since its coming to America, the Legion has spread to Africa, Australia, South America, and the West Indies; it promises to continue its march of fighting error and sin and of building up the Kingdom of God.

It would be false humility for the Legionaries of Mary to close their eyes to all that "He who is mighty has done" to them and to those whom they have been helping. They recognize that the Mother of God has used them as her instrument in distributing the graces placed into her maternal hands. Above all, they marvel at the change in their own lives. From being selfish, worldly and carnal minded, they have learned to prize the life of the soul. Not only priests and religious but the laity, too, they understand, are called to be perfect. The effort to help others has made them realize their own needs. They must labor constantly to become perfect slaves of Jesus through Mary;

then according to this holy dependence, Jesus and Mary work through them.

The Scope of Its Work

The Legion of Mary will undertake any type of spiritual relief work entrusted to it by the priest or the bishop, but it awaits the approval of pastoral authority. It avoids the giving of temporal aid not because it closes its eyes to bodily needs, but because it wishes to keep its appeal free from the motive of temporal gain. Problems of temporal assistance it recommends to the St. Vincent de Paul Society or to individual charity. Apart from its apostolic accomplishments, we may say that the supreme worth of the Legion of Mary lies in the fact that it is a training school of lay apostles; and this "formation (of lay apostles) must," according to the teaching of Our Holy Father, "always precede direct action in the field." A Legionary well acquainted with the Legion System of devotion and action as outlined in the "Handbook of the Legion of Mary" and living the Legion's devotion to Mary, will be prepared for any task assigned to him at the weekly meeting.

Can the laity be trusted to persevere in such a sublime purpose of self-sanctification and zeal? Too many lay organizations begin with an enthusiasm only too natural; but fail miserably in the face of the first serious opposition. This cannot be said of the Legion of Mary. It is remarkable how the spirit of the Legion will change the life of the earnest lay man or woman. Many, indeed, will try the work and soon relinquish it. They are the unstable souls who cannot long persevere in any endeavor, much less in the totally spiritual work of Mary's battle line. In an organization quality, not quantity, is the telling consideration. Always a sufficient number will be found to persevere. New members are not canvassed as for other societies; they are prayed for earnestly, and invariably such prayers are heard by the Lord and Queen of the harvest. In the sixteen years of its existence, no praesidium of the Legion which has been faithful to the rule and spirit of the Army of Mary has failed. Personnel has changed for very obvious reasons, but the unit perseveres.

Note: The Handbook of the Legion of Mary has been considered by some the best book on the apostolate of the Church written in recent years. Its merit lies in the stress it places on prayer and intimate union with Our Lord through His Holy Mother, as well as on the fact that it is the fruit of actual experience and not of mere theorizing. It and information about the Legion may be obtained from the "Concilium Legionis," DeMontfort House, North Brunswick Street, Dublin, Ireland. Communications may also be addressed to the writer of this article, in care of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

El Dia de San Juan

Jovita Gonzalez de Mireles

THE day was warm, almost too warm for early spring. My cook, no doubt inspired by the sun-bathed morning was singing Las Mananitas de San Juan, as she went about preparing our noon-day meal. As the singing continued in the kitchen,

"Oh, what a lovely morning
It promises much rain
I think of another morning
When I first began to love."

I thought of Saint John's day as I used to see it celebrated at my grandfather's ranch on the Texas-Mexican border. I remember sitting out in the plaza with Grandfather and Grandmother watching the big event, correr el gallo (the race of the rooster) a race in honor of Saint John. Picturesque but somewhat cruel, this spectacle savored much of the Roman sports, from which it no doubt originated. Since it was a test of the ability of the horsemen participating, all the men at the ranch took part in it. The man owning the fleetest horse was selected to be the corredor (runner). In his hands the corredor held a rooster to whose feet, wings and neck had been tied gaily-colored ribbons, as many as there were contestants. Needless to say, little or nothing remained of the original rooster by the end of the contest.

This year the honor of being corredor had fallen to Martiniano, the best rider at the ranch. All day long he had pranced on his Moro, showing off before the visitors at the ranch. The vaqueros, (cowboys), equally excited rode their horses, getting them ready for the afternoon's ride.

The rooster selected as the victim for the afternoon's sport was an old one which Nana Chita, my grandfather's old nurse had offered as a gift to the saint. It was so old, she had explained, that it was not worth killing. Its meat would be too tough to use!

"Why if it is so old are you giving it to Saint John?" my grandfather had asked her much in surprise.

"Four years have not made you any younger," the old woman had replied. "What is a saint for if not to perform miracles? If the meat is not to his liking, he certainly can make it as tender as he wants it."

The rooster in question was the center of much attraction. Little did the innocent victim know what was in store for him. At present his main problem was to eat all the corn placed before him.

"He's eaten enough now," said Martiniano, with the air of bravado that



Carmela

characterized him whenever he felt his importance. "Don't get him too heavy. Remember I have to carry him. Why haven't you tied all the ribbons?" he added to the group of girls who were decorating the rooster for the race.

"Mine is the blue," said Carmela, the prettiest girl at the ranch, looking at him coquettishly.

"What is that to me?" Martiniano replied petulantly, "tell that to Ricardo, he is the one interested."

The beribboned rooster was finally brought to the square by the girls. The place was already crowded with people who had come from the neighboring ranches. My grandmother and her guests sat on benches. The girls stood in a group of their own, admiring the riders who passed in review before them. Each pair of eager eyes followed the one who, wearing her colors, had singled her out from among the group. If he would only get the ribbon, was the prayer in each heart! Then she would not be single another year.

The band started playing! Now the riders lined up! Martiniano, rooster in hand, ribbons trailing like a cloud of glory, galloped twenty paces ahead of them! All stood still! A minute of suspense! A shot rang out! As arrows expelled from the taut strings of a bow the riders shot out.

Hurry Ricardo, Carmela is shouting for you! Juan, Luisa is waving her ribbon! Antonio, Pedro, Miguel, hurry, hurry, the others are gaining! Now Juan is ahead; he almost has the red ribbon within his grasp! Miguel, the green is almost within your reach—Ah! Ricardo

is ahead! Carmela, say a prayer to San Juan, he needs it—the others are gaining!

"Viva Ricardo," bursts from the crowd. "Viva Ricardo and Viva San Juan!" Ricardo waved the blue in the air—Victory and Carmela!

But where is the rooster, so proud and so gay a few minutes before? A few feathers scattered in the wind told the pitiful tale.

Ricardo, triumphant and smiling rode past the girls looking for Carmela. He spied the blue ribbons and the red carnations on her hair. Seeing no one else, and not caring which way he was going he went through the crowd. He came to where Carmela waited expectantly and without saying a word picked her up and placed her on the croup of his horse. The traditional ride of San Juan began. Each rider followed his example and the lovers rode around the square before the admiring eyes of friends and relatives. Saint John was a good matchmaker this year; not a single girl refused to take the ride!

BUT the climax of the day's festivities came in the evening, when Grandmother and Grandfather supervised the dance which was an annual affair on this day. It was held in the open. The dirt floor, which had been packed, smoothed and sprinkled for days was now as hard as a brick. Lumber benches were arranged in a square around the dance floor. Kerosene lanterns hanging under the portal gave the place a gala air of festivity.

Everyone came, young and old, from the toothless grandmother to the toddling baby. The girls were dressed in their best muslin, made brighter yet by the red carnation flowers which they were pinned as a corsage.

The vaqueros, wearing new shirts open at the throat, and shiny leather boots, looked at the girls who were beginning to occupy the empty benches. The mothers, rigid and silent, watched their daughters with dragon-like jealousy. They had to see that the girls, who were anxiously waiting for the musicians, did not catch the eye of the men standing by. No sooner did Tio Alejo, the fiddler, arrive, than the vaqueros began to show signs of impatience. And as soon as the first selection was played, each cowboy, hat in hand, addressed the girl of his choice.

The mothers now redoubled their vigilance. They had to see that the girls did

Continued on Page 7.

The Missionary Catechist

VICTORY-NOLL, Huntington, Indiana

Published monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by the Society of Missionary Catechists.

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



OUR IDEAL

THE work that our Society has been called to do is the work of Our Lord Jesus Christ and the work of the first Christians. It is to go into the homes of the poor, to feed them, nurse them, clothe them, and to sympathize with them and love them. It is not merely to teach their children Christian doctrine, not merely to speak to these people about the love of God, not merely to conform them to the Will of God in their poverty and sufferings, but to do for them what Our Divine Lord Himself did for his beloved poor when he was here on earth—to care for their bodies, as well as for their souls.

It was for this work that our Society was founded, and no other. It was for this sublime end and not for any institutional work that it was called into existence. The ideal of every Catechist is the ideal of Jesus Christ Himself, and that is summed up in one word—love: love of God first of all, and love of the poor for His sake.

This is the vocation of the Catechists. They are called to serve the poor in the person of Our Divine Savior. They are the Mothers of the Poor—a title given them by poor Mexican women who, when they see the Catechists, rush forward to kiss their hands and call them Madrecitas—Little Mothers.

“I'D love to help the missions, but I can't afford it. If only I were wealthy—”

But you don't have to be wealthy to help God's poor and suffering little ones. Just save a few dimes by denying yourself cigarettes and candy during Lent. Lent is a time to make sacrifices, you know.

“But what good can a few dimes do? Even if I do give up some pleasures and save a bit during Lent, how will that help?”

We'll tell you!

These dimes you save will buy food for starving or underfed children! They will help to buy shoes for bare little feet! They will buy warm clothing for chilled little bodies! They may mean the difference between life and death to some poor, undernourished child or poverty-stricken mother!

These are not mere suppositions. They

are cold realities only too often discovered in our work among the poor.

Surely you do not want to face the reproachful gaze of Our Dear Lord on Good Friday if you have not done your part to ease the suffering of His Mystical Body—the poor and underprivileged little ones of His flock.

PRAYER FOR VOCATIONS

Antiphon Why stand ye here all the day idle. Go ye also into My vineyard.

Versicle Pray ye the Lord of the harvest.

Response That He send forth laborers into His harvest.

LET US PRAY

O God, who willest not the death of the sinner, but rather that he be converted and live, give to Thy Church, we beseech Thee, through the intercession of the Blessed Mary ever Virgin and of all the Saints, laborers who will be the helpers of Christ and who will spend themselves and be spent for souls. Through the same Jesus Christ, Our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

(300 days' Indulgence)

One of the best means of helping us is by contributing to the support of a Missionary Catechist. Some do this as individuals and others as members of the Associate Catechists of Mary. An easy way of doing so—a way that appeals to many of our friends—is to join our 2500 Club. The members of this Club send one dollar a month toward the support of a Catechist. There is no obligation to continue as a member should you find it inconvenient to do so.

The addresses of our mission-centers are:

3868 Block Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana
4860 Olcott Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana
2324 Monroe Avenue, 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

Rome: January 3, 1938.

Dear Father Sigstein:

I am very grateful to you and to the Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory for the kind good wishes which I received for Christmas, in the form of a very beautiful and generous Spiritual Bouquet. Please accept my hearty thanks.

I take the occasion to send you and the Missionary Catechists my own most sincere good wishes. May Our Divine Lord bless your most useful work for His honor and glory and may His Mother keep a special watch over you.

Very sincerely yours in Christ,
Pietro Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi.

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Catechists:

Some time ago I promised an offering to your Society if our Blessed Mother would obtain for me a special favor. Well, through her intercession, I received this favor. Our Mother must dearly love your Society, because this offering was made with the intention of sending it on to you.

I am very happy to be able to enclose \$10.00, and I hope it may help you in your great work. May God bless you, and may I share in the prayers and good works you perform.

Sincerely,

M. B.

Washington, D. C.

Dear Father:

May I spend a “day” in the Missions? I don't have the wherewithal to make it a month and among my friends their dollars are as elusive as my own, so I shall have to be content with a day.

However, I did want to write to thank you, the Catechists and the kiddies for your prayers for my intentions, for God has been good to me and given me temporary employment, and I am truly grateful.

With prayers and kind regards to all of you,

Sincerely,

Mrs. C. G.

Remember God's work in your will! “Lay up to yourselves treasures in Heaven where neither the rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through, nor steal.”

If every present subscriber to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST would get at least one new subscriber, how happy we should be! Show your copy to a friend and ask him to subscribe.

For Your Bookshelf

THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST by Gerard Groote, translated by Rev. Joseph Malaise, S. J. America Press, New York; \$2.50.

As the translator writes in his foreword: "The lovers of the 'Following of Christ' have been so used to associating this precious little book with the name of the revered Thomas A. Kempis that they will be disturbed at first sight to see the name of Gerard Groote on the title page of this work." Late discoveries have practically established the fact that the "Following of Christ" was written by Gerard Groote and edited by Thomas A. Kempis, his disciple. In the light of these discoveries, this new edition has been published.

THE TWO SCIENCES OF PSYCHOLOGY by Arthur D. Fearson, Ph. D.; Prentice Hall, Inc., New York; \$2.50.

This book correlates the important teachings of physical and metaphysical psychology with a view to explaining human behavior and human nature. It is an elementary text that we recommend especially for beginners in the study of psychology.

OUR BLESSED MOTHER by Rev. P. M. Endler; Frederick Pustet Co., New York; fifty cents.

We were attracted by the title of this book. It is not "Mary," "Our Lady," "The Blessed Virgin," but "Our Blessed Mother." And in that title lies the keynote of the book. The author contends that until now one mystery and prerogative of the life of Our Blessed Mother has not yet been sufficiently emphasized and that is—devotion to the Divine Maternity and Mother of Divine Grace. We are taught to say "Our Father," because God is now our Father through the consanguinity of grace by which, as St. Peter affirms, "we are made partakers of the Divine Nature." The same bond makes Mary our Mother. Why, then, should we not address her "Our Mother"? It is this that Father Endler would teach us to do through his small, but very important book, "Our Blessed Mother."

MODESTY by Rev. J. De La Vaissiere, S. J.; B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis; \$1.50.

Parents, teachers, and all who are entrusted with the care of the young should read this carefully written book. The author, after first showing that there is such a thing as an instinctive sense of modesty, goes further and gives his readers the principles for the education of instinctive modesty.

ABOUT JESUS; Longmans, Green and Co., New York; ninety cents.

This is a simply told story of the life of Our Lord for children. Each incident is told briefly and is illustrated. The type is good and the pictures attractive.

THE PRIEST, GOD AND THE WORLD by Rev. Francis A. Walsh, O. S. B.; Benziger Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Father Walsh has given us a valuable commentary on the Encyclical of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, "On the Catholic Priesthood." The book contains, besides, a complete bibliography and the text of the Votive Mass of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Most High and Eternal Priest.

I DON'T LIKE LENT by Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J.; The Queen's Work, St. Louis; ten cents.

Read this pamphlet before you make your Lenten resolutions, or rather read it and then make your Lenten resolutions. It is written in Father Lord's best "Father Hall style."

CHRIST, COLOR, AND COMMUNISM by Rev. John T. Gillard, S. S. J., Ph. D.; The Josephite Press, Baltimore.

Communism is reaching out its hand to the Negro. Shall we stand idly by and let him clasp it? We urge every Catholic to read this booklet of Dr. Gillard who has already written so well and forcefully on the rights of the American Negro.

Our Dear Departed

In your charity please pray for the happy repose of the souls of our dear friends and benefactors, as well as the relatives of our living benefactors who by their generosity have assisted us in our labors among the dependent poor.

Mrs. Montoya, mother of Catechist Marcelina Montoya

Miss Bergerie, sister of Catechist Loretta Bergerie

Rev. Bernard Ernsing, C. PP. S.

Rev. Herman W. Fischer

Rev. S. M. Yenn

William Angsten

Mother of Rev. Cornelius A. Bates

Elizabeth A. Callahan

Joseph Cassella

John Devereux

James Doheny

Mrs. Egan

Michael J. Green

August Hoffman

Mr. Kenealy

Mrs. Carolina Knapp

John J. Kreutzer

William Landa

Mrs. August Luke

William McAndrew

Lizzie Maloney

Mrs. G. P. Mausk

Mrs. Nellie S. Martin

Mrs. Bridget M. O'Neill

Josephine Pierre, A. C. M.

I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live. —St. John xi, 25.

From The Mission Call

SUNDAY, August 29, 1937, a new field was added to our missionary activities: the Mexican-Negro-Mission at Indiana Harbor, Indiana. It is placed under the protection of Mary, by its dedication to Our Lady of Guadalupe. Aside from a few thousand Mexicans, a large number of Catholic Negroes are entrusted to our care, making it a mission field in the truest sense of the word. Anyone acquainted with conditions existing in the vicinity of steel mills and iron foundries realizes that genuine work is to be done there.

The Reverend Father Patrick O'Neill is in charge at present. Soon others will aid him in converting the many fallen away.

For the last seven years, the Missionary Catechists of Huntington, Indiana have labored among these people with indefatigable zeal, instructing the children, visiting the poor, and the sick. Especially during the depression, they were always alert to assist the needy and encourage the faint-hearted.

These modern apostles will henceforth work jointly with the Priests of the Sacred Heart, who consider themselves fortunate to be aided by such zealous co-workers. May the Blessed Mother, Our Lady of Guadalupe, implore for this portion of the vineyard the graces and blessings which will make the harvest of immortal souls a hundredfold.—The Mission Call.

EL DIA DE SAN JUAN

Continued from Page 5.

not talk to their partners while dancing, and above all they had to watch that two sets were not danced in succession with the same partner. To do so might give rise to scandal.

No doubt Ricardo was the best dancer. His long slender body swayed to the rhythm of the music as a reed does to the wind. Certainly no one could take such intricate steps! No one could hold his partner with the graceful abandon that he could! No doubt he was the best dressed man too; his white bell-shaped trousers, the blue shirt, and the high pointed hat tilted to one side marked him out as the man of the hour. He and Carmela were the handsomest couple, and they were the center of attraction.

The dance continued far into the night. By midnight the dancers were enveloped in a cloud of dust. But what is dust when hearts are in the spring time of life and love is young?

Saint John had been good! There would be many weddings after the harvest, and after the cattle was sold in the fall.

CATECHISTS, PLEASE DON'T GO AWAY

From far-off Pecos, Texas, we received an "S. O. S." call from the devoted pastor—Father Victor Yannes, to come and labor among his poor Mexican people. Proselytising missionaries had, for some time, been drawing them away from the Faith of their fathers.

Catechist Sullivan and I arrived at Pecos late one morning in December. In order not to lose any time, we began to teach at two o'clock that same afternoon. To our joy and surprise, eighty-five children enrolled the first afternoon. We visited the homes of the poor, and within a few days our enrollment climbed to 180.

Here was work to be done, and plenty of it. In the missions near Pecos there are very few boys and girls who have received their First Communion. They are longing to receive Our Dear Lord, but first they must be instructed. They have had little opportunity for this, for all their lives they have been living on these cotton ranches. Their parents, too, are eager to learn. I was impressed at one of the ranches to see some of the men standing on a bench in order the better to hear the instruction I was giving.

It did not take us long to love these dear little ones. Nor did it take them long to realize that we had come to help them. Eagerly they brought their note books to class and jotted down everything they felt it necessary to remember. As soon as we arrived for class, they would say, "Tell us about God."

And how they loved to play! The "Infant Ball Team" was, perhaps, the most interesting of all. It consisted of the six and seven-year-olds. They found stones to mark their bases, but they had no bat. They solved the difficulty by using a bottle for a bat. One day it snowed, and as the snow began to melt, our back yard turned into a lake. But not even that could stop the ball games. The boys piled some of the unmelted snow in the middle of the water. There the pitcher stood and the game began. As the pitch-

er's box melted away, they added more snow, and so the game was played.

Telesforo ("Kaiser" as he insisted on being called, because of his fancied resemblance to the former German Kaiser) was one of our most promising pupils. Although only five years old Telesforo would not miss a class; and in spite of the rain and mud he was always at Mass in the morning. There he would kneel, his little hands folded reverently, and his baby voice piping out the prayers. And sing! You could hear his little voice above all the other children.

We wish that in all our missions we could have lay catechists like Mrs. Lara. She is the mother of seven children, yet every time we had class, she was there with the whole family—even to the twins and the baby in arms. On Sundays she would gather all the children together and review the work we had taken the day before. She was a great help to us in our work for the salvation of souls.

We were happy to be with these poor people for Christmas and to make it as bright and happy for them as we could.

And when the time came for us to return to our Motherhouse, we knew that we were not the only ones who were sorry, for on our blackboard we found this significant sentence: "Catechists, please do not go away. We want you to stay and teach us."

Catechist Susanna Michels.

CAMPAIGNING FOR FREQUENT COMMUNIONS

We are having a campaign for weekly Communicants, and thanks to Jesus and Mary many of our children are receiving Holy Communion weekly. It is interesting to watch the effect of weekly Communion, and we find that very often it is the means of bringing the parents back to Church and to the frequent reception of the Sacraments as well.

Father O'Connell is having each of the boys prepare and deliver with his help, a short treatise on "Why I Receive Holy Communion Frequently." These little papers are given at Mass in Carmel on

Our Catechists at Work

A NEW STAR

"We have seen His star in the East and are come to adore Him."

It is significant that the Feast of the Three Kings should mark the celebration of the first Mass in our newly erected Mexican parish of Redlands. In the erection of this parish we Catechists, as well as the Mexican people, feel that a new star has arisen illuminating the way to a noble spiritual growth and development.

That first Mass was a touching event. Approximately seventy-five persons attended. A small group, it is true, but like ourselves, eager at once to follow the star. Unlike the Wisemen, however, we had no difficulty in finding "the Child and His Mother" for we were all familiar with the humble, Mexican Catholic school which serves as the parish church at present. In poverty our church resembles the stable of Bethlehem, but that very poverty proved our delight, for here indeed we found the Infant God. Poor, humble, despised, He was one of us, and never was He more truly our own than now that we had so much in common.

There was no joyous celebration to welcome Father Teodoro Sanchez. Events had moved too rapidly even to think of such a thing. The Mass was a low Mass. There was no music; no song. We knelt on the cold, bare floor surrounded by men, women and children wrapped in intense devotion. All was quiet, beautiful, heavenly. We had assisted at Mass in that self-same place before, but somehow, this was different. And the humble, gentle representative of the humble, gentle Christ whom God had been pleased to send us as father and pastor, fitted perfectly into the picture,—or rather, was the central figure.

As the Mass progressed, the echo of the Christmas angels' song seemed to ring down the ages, reaching us and quivering over us: "Glory to God in the

highest!" Truly the faithful poor, the little ones of the Fold, give glory to God by a fervor of spirit and a sublimity of worship which the great ones of the earth hardly attain. "Peace on earth to men of good will." Peace! Blessed peace! Here it was; all felt it. Here was poverty, but here was peace. Here was no external splendor but here was confiding, filial love. That first Mass was a spiritual experience long to be remembered by all present.

After the Mass the people gathered in small groups outside to discuss ways and means. "If, like the Wise Men, we had gold," one fervent soul remarked, "how gladly would we bring it. But neither gold nor precious treasures are ours." Little did she and her companions know that they, the suffering, despised poor, were themselves the true treasures of Holy Mother Church.

We are not, however, living under any delusion. Priest, people, and all realize the difficulties confronting them. All know that a parish is built up only at the cost of much prayer, sacrifice, and labor. Financial support is essential. As usual that is the big problem. The Mexican people in Redlands are poor, poorer in many respects than the average Mexican colony. No one knows this better than we who have many times taken from our own table to feed a family poorer even than ourselves. Nevertheless, all are eager to work and confident that, with the help of Jesus and Mary, they can and will build up a parish which will be their very own. Like the newly born Savior, our infant parish is confronted by difficulties and sufferings at its birth. Its struggles for existence and its development will make an interesting story, but there will be no one standing by to watch and note the history of its efforts, because all concerned will be working hand in hand for its success.

Catechist Regina Torzewski.

In Mexico today there are 16,000,000 people with only 5,000 priests. We have 31,649 priests for 20,959,134 people.

REDLANDS SPEAKING

The Mexican colony of Redlands, California, has been erected into a new parish. The people are delighted and so are we. We know you will rejoice with us and perhaps wish to share, in some way, in the building up of this mission. What are our needs? It would take less time and space to tell what we do **not** need. To be brief; we need a church with furnishings, and all that is necessary to carry out properly the ceremonies of divine worship. We need a parish rectory and its furnishings. However, we do not expect to receive a ready made church or rectory parcel post, pronto; but we would be grateful for altar linens, sacred vessels, (Father has a chalice), suitable candle sticks, etc.

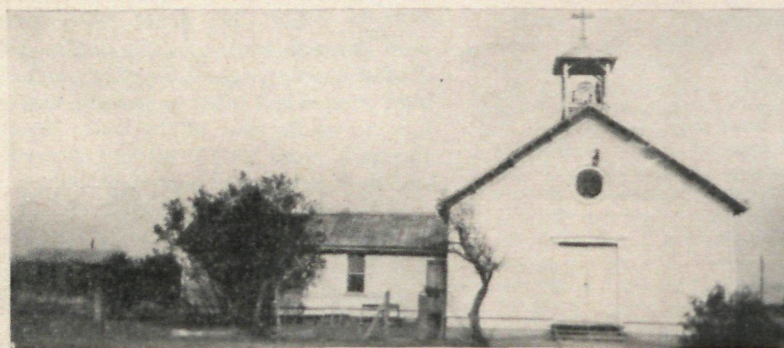
Our Mexican people here are willing to work. They want a parish of their own, and, some day, a modest church. But they are poor, and without outside help, at least in the beginning the task appears well nigh impossible. If you feel inclined to encourage and assist them and us, even in a small way, we will be glad to give more specific information according to your particular interest and means. Box 46, Redlands, California.

PARLIAMENTARY LAW

The choir is learning the "Regina Pacis" Mass, and doing quite well in the first few practices. They are also doing very nicely with the Proper for every Sunday, but were relieved to find that the one for the Third Sunday after Epiphany was good for three weeks. We are hoping it will be easier next year, when every week won't bring an entirely strange set of Latin to learn.

Our club activities are multiplying and we are trying to follow out Father Lord's instructions. Just as he predicted we are enjoying their parliamentary procedure immensely, but with the smaller children we have to prompt them every phrase, or it is apt to sound like this: "Whoever wants a Valentine party say 'Yes,' and whoever don't want none, say 'No.'" In this case everyone said "Yes," and the Child Jesus Club of Calumet held a party.

Catechist Mary Doyle,
East Chicago, Indiana.



The Mexican Church at Pecos, Texas



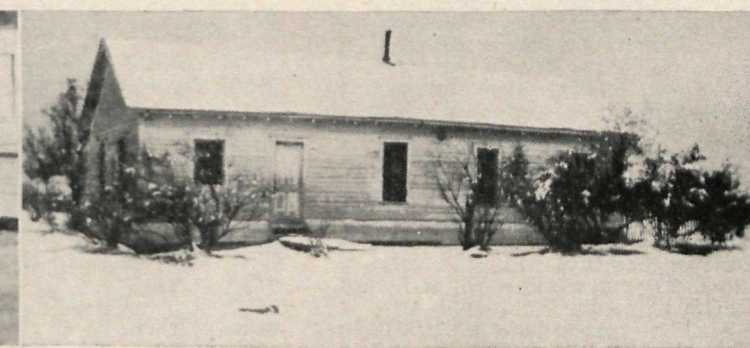
The Lara twins always came to catechism.



Catechist Genevieve Sullivan with an old Mexican woman who, though poor in the things of this world, is rich in the things of the next. She lives all alone. Each morning she assists at Mass and receives Holy Communion.



"How they loved to play!"



This is the school house where the Catechists had their catechism classes.

Associate Catechists of Mary

All for Jesus through Mary

Upon enrollment as an Associate Catechist of Mary, each Band member receives a membership card. First of all upon it is written the motto of our Society, "All for Jesus through Mary."

These words are engraved upon the heart of every Catechist, for it is only by translating the motto into the living actions of everyday life that we fulfill our vocation. In a way at once similar and unlike to this dedication of the Catechist, the same motto belongs to our Associates. We wish to share it with you, just as we share our prayers and the reward of our missionary labors.

Your mission work is not a complete vocation in itself, but is like a beautiful design woven into the vocation Our Lord has already given you. Make it still more beautiful by doing it "All for Jesus through Mary." That takes a little time and thought and prayer, but the reward is ample. Difficulties, inevitable in every good work, become easier to handle. Personal differences are ironed out so that the work may go on "All for Jesus through Mary." Your joy in accomplishment will become purer as you think that the joy that you have brought to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary is your biggest and best reward.



Empty Pleasures

or

Heavenly Treasures?

Make your recreations something that will bring joy to others as well as to yourselves. Adopt a Catechist. Support her Burse; no offering is too small. Give a party for the benefit of her Burse. Interest yourself in her mission; a nice box of articles for her work will bring her delight and encouragement. Write her that you and your club are praying for her success in the difficult work of saving souls. You won't be there to see it, but the smile on her face will reflect the happiness you have brought to her heart.

Send a postcard to Catechist Supervisor today with the good news that you want to adopt a Catechist as your spiritual sister.

Once a Missionary, Always a Missionary!

Do you know, Father, the word "Missions" has a peculiar ring to it in my ears, something fascinating; it gives me a thrill.

Are they not an intrinsic part of the greatest, grandest, most glorious institution in the world, the Catholic Church?

Every Catholic should learn of the needs of the Missions and what a glorious thing it is to work for them, each according to his ability.

Brother Fidelis, O. F. M.

Brother Fidelis was for years a missionary in the Southwest. Now retired at the age of seventy-seven, he loves to mount beautiful religious pictures to be sent to our Catechists. These are used not only as appropriate prizes for the children having the highest marks, but also given to the poor to adorn their humble homes.

We have some very good friends among the members of the St. Agnes Sodality and Junior Holy Name Society of Annunciation Parish, New Albany, Indiana. Under the leadership of Miss Geneva Grantz, the girls have adopted the practical hobby of mounting religious pictures and sending them to our missions in New Mexico and Texas. The work is carefully and beautifully done, and at intervals of a few weeks a nice package of pictures is sent to gladden the hearts of our Catechists by furnishing them material for their work. We are very grateful to Miss Grantz and to Father Schmitt, Moderator of the Society, for sponsoring such a useful project, and to all the members who share in it.

First of all our Bands to be enrolled in 1938 is The Dolores Band, River Forest, Illinois. Mrs. Anna Klingel, its good Promoter, has been quietly promoting interest in our mission work for a period of months. Several parties have been given and a lovely mission box found its way to San Angelo, Texas, at Christmas time. But now listen to their 1938 program. "We have twelve members, five women and their husbands, and two other members. We meet Sunday evening once a month for a social game of cards. Membership is 50c a person. We take a little out of this for prize money and the rest we want to put to Catechist Hazel Sullivan's Burse. We women are going to meet one if not two afternoons a month to make baby clothes for the missions. We are going to charge a little fee at this meeting to buy more material, for we want to keep the membership dues for Catechist's Burse. We read the article in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST of Catechist Marie Murphy asking for rosaries and are collecting them for her. These are such little things for us to do but mean so much in the missions. We are also making children's dresses. We got quite a bit of material from a friend to use for the Christmas dolls, but they were such large pieces we decided to make dresses for small children from them."

As usual, the Little Flower Band of Chicago found themselves too busy doing things for the missions at Christmas time to stop and write letters about it, so it was only later that we heard of their fine work. Mrs. Garrity wrote us that through the kindness and generosity of the members, this year was probably the biggest year they have ever had. Mission boxes totalling nearly a thousand pounds were packed off to Holman just overflowing with food, toys, clothing, quilts, and other useful gifts. Among the toys were hundreds of little tables, chairs, dressers, wagons, cradles and doll beds fashioned from cigar boxes and donated by Mr. Anton Eschbach. At the same time a successful party sponsored by the Band added \$52 to their Burse for the support of their Catechist.

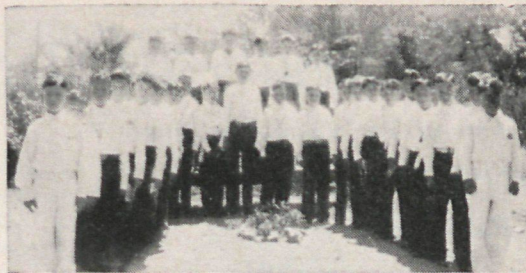
Words cannot express our gratitude to these good members and their zealous Promoter, but we ask Jesus and Mary to reward them a hundred-fold for the happiness they bring to our Catechists and our dear poor.

St. Anne's Band, Tippecanoe City, Ohio, completed a successful year by adding \$20 to St. Anne's Burse. This is the result of the use of mite boxes by the individual members during the year. It is a good example of what may be done by means of small sacrifices. The ladies also sew for our mission at Anton Chico. A lovely box of clothing for their poor, pleased the Catechists there very much. We are grateful indeed to all the members of St. Anne's Band, to Mrs. A. W. Taylor, its good Promoter and to Mrs. Bohlender who assists with the work. It was a happiness to hear that many of the members were anxiously waiting for another mite box to fill during 1938.

Very proud and happy over their latest Burse donation are the girls of Tekakwitha Band, Mt. Healthy, Ohio. This was made possible by the raffle of a quilt, pieced by the members of the Band at their meetings during the year. The raffle was begun in the fall and when completed the Band found that they had succeeded in making \$51. Part of this was used for other mission purposes and \$35 applied to the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus Burse of Catechist Dorothy Oehler. We are very much pleased, not only at their accomplishment, but at the undaunted spirit with which they carried through a difficult task to completion.

A note from Las Vegas:

"I thought the Catechists might like to see the mission boys. These are the Vegas boys on their First Communion Day. The Sacred Heart Band, Elkhart, Indiana, dressed several."



If you would like to dress a poor child at First Holy Communion we shall be glad to send you a mission address to which you may forward either the outfit itself or a donation for this purpose.

Speaking of reports, here is one that can't be beat. It is from Margaret Bocchino, Promoter of the Sacred Heart Mission Club, Newark, N. Y. "We have only fourteen members at present, but have nearly 100% attendance at meetings, and all who come to meetings are workers."

We are grateful to the members of Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, for their donation of \$12. Miss Marie Lenert is their Promoter. The girls are working girls who share our mission work by donating a small amount of dues monthly. A nice offering several times a year is the result of Marie's quiet work and the girls' charity.

BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

January

St. Mary's Society, Fort Wayne, Mrs. Theresa Ankenbruck	\$200.00
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Band, Appleton, Wis., Hilda Kitzinger	60.00
St. Jude Band, West Allis, Wis., Mrs. E. J. Polakowski	33.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band, Evanston, Ill., Celia Henrich	23.00
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band, Chicago, Mrs. Roger Murphy	20.00
St. Anne's Band, Tippecanoe City, Ohio, Mrs. A. W. Taylor	20.00
The Dolores Band, River Forest, Ill., Mrs. Anna Klingel	15.25
St. Gertrude's Band, Monterey, California, Mrs. A. E. Dusek	11.00
St. George's Band, Chicago, Elizabeth Kerman	10.00
Flower Mission Circle, Pittsburgh, Marie Lippert	10.00
St. Anna Club, Chicago, Katherine Hennigan	6.00
St. Valentine Band, Chicago, Mrs. M. Rauwolf	5.00
Assumption Band, South Ozone Park, N. Y., Marie Hunt	5.00
St. Helen's Band, Dayton, Ohio, Margaret Karas	4.25
St. Theresa's Band, Maywood, Ill., Mrs. Harry Ryan	2.00
Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception Band, Newark, N. J., Emily Nies	1.00
Y. L. S., St. Boniface, Milwaukee, Wis., Eleanor Fischer	1.00

Keeping Accounts

Sometimes it's a bug-bear, but isn't there a lot of satisfaction, and a spur to future action, in listing the achievements of a Band over a period of time?

SPIRITUAL BOUQUET
for our
MISSIONARY CATECHISTS
September—December, 1937

Holy Masses	150
Rosaries	75
Memorares	225
Holy Communions	100
Litanies	30
Visits	250
Aspirations	1000
Mortifications	80
Hours of Work	255
Hours of Study	60
Miscellaneous	1000

Fireside Friends of the Missions
Cincinnati, Ohio.

REPORT OF ST. MARY'S MISSION
SOCIETY

For the Year 1937.

Cash in Bank, Jan. 1, 1937..... \$102.22

RECEIPTS:

Dues from members	\$153.00
Percentage from impounded Bank account	19.67
Cash from card parties and raffle	82.59
Cash donations	6.00
Interest	2.50

Total Receipts for year 1937..... \$263.76

Total Cash in Bank and Receipts \$365.98

EXPENSES:

Rev. J. J. Sigstein, for support of Catechist	\$100.10
First Communicants here and at missions	10.00
Raffle prizes	10.00
Freight and Miscellaneous	6.54
Mission Christmas donation	9.25

Total Expense for year 1937 \$135.89

Balance in Bank, January 1, 1938 \$230.09

OTHER MISSION WORK:

Eight boxes and cartons of clothing were sent to the Missions.

St. Anna's Band gave \$40.75 to the Mission Medicine Fund.

St. Clara's Band donated 425 Pairs of Stockings and 35 yards of new clothing material to the Missions.

Respectfully submitted,
Mrs. John Rissing, Treasurer.

A check for \$200, completing the support of their Catechist for the entire year, accompanied the report. St. Mary's Mission Society is composed of a union of twelve Bands in St. Mary's Parish, Fort Wayne, Indiana. We are most grateful to each and every officer and member for their splendid cooperation in making the year's work a success.



We're Eggin'
You On



No doubt the holy season of Lent will cause a curtailment in the social affairs through which funds are ordinarily raised by our Bands. To draw fully upon the immense spiritual graces of the time requires a certain amount of retirement from strictly social affairs.

No enterprising Promoter and Band members will allow this to dampen their mission ardor, however. There is zest in searching out new ways to continue the support of "our" Catechist, in keeping with the season. Here is one that can be worked out at this time.

See if you can get a wholesale price on eggs and then plan to sell Easter eggs. Make a list of your prospects during business meetings—mothers of families who would welcome this help. If you cannot secure a large enough list among the friends of members, seek the aid of teachers of the lower grades in nearby schools. During Lent, canvass your list and announce the sale of your Easter eggs (for the benefit of the missions) to be delivered at the regular market price. You make your profit through buying the eggs wholesale and doing the coloring yourselves.

A novel variation of this plan eliminates the cost of buying eggs. Get all your friends and relatives to "handle with care" the eggs they use during Lent, making the smallest possible hole in top of the shells, cleaning and saving them for you. Color the shells and fill with attractive small Easter candies. The holes may be sealed with cotton, tissue paper or oiled paper, or in any of the many dainty ways that easily suggest themselves. These are "gift Easter Eggs"—something different!



Have You A Little Mite-Box
In Your Home?

Learn the joy of making small sacrifices. Feel the happiness that comes with self-conquest. Best of all, make your Lenten gift to Jesus an alms fragrant with the spirit of sacrifice and of brotherly love for His needy ones.

Dear Father Sigstein:

I'm planning to make my Lent worthwhile this year by prayer and self-sacrifice. Send me a mite-box to fill for the poor in your missions.

Name

Address

City

Mary's Loyal Helpers

Join the Fun! Play "The Game of Ten Thousand Points!"

The Players **MARY'S LOYAL HELPERS**

The Full Score Ten Thousand Points

The Goal Post

Your Mite Box

A Penny Counts

One Point

How to Play the Game



Self-denial is the best way to pile up your score. Read details in the Self-Denial Booklet described on this page.

Have a raffle! Give a show!

Each penny counts a point, you know!

Game lasts from now to May 1. Everyone has a chance to win. The player who has the highest number of points will receive a beautiful Rosary, which was sent to us all the way from Rome for a prize for our Loyal Helpers. The names of the other players will then be put in a box. We will shake the box well and draw one of the names. Whoever has the lucky name will receive a real devotional Crucifix. This gives everyone a fair chance. Play the game as hard as you know how.

Friends and relatives are allowed to contribute points.

A Self-Denial Booklet for Lent

One of our Helpers sent it in and we pass the idea along to you. It would make a lovely Easter present for Our Dear Lord.



The cover is made of colored drawing paper with a holy picture pasted on the outside. The inside pages are plain white paper. On each page is a picture with a short short story.

Page One has the picture of Shirley Temple and the story is "I didn't go to the movie and I gave my dime to the mite box."

Page Two has the picture of a candy bar that would make your mouth water and the message is "No candy for me but five cents for my mite box."

Page Three shows a birthday cake and the story is "Auntie gave me 50c so I split with the mite box."

A dishpan and dishes on page four tell us that the Loyal Helper earned one quarter more for the missions.

What a beautiful book when it was finished and mailed in with the mite box. Don't you think the angels in Heaven were happy when they read it? You can make the angels happy and somebody on earth happy too if you will follow this Loyal Helper's example.

FRANK

"I am one year from Portugal,"
Said Frank to me one day,
"I came across the ocean
A-sailing all the way.

"We have much fun in Portugal
Playing in the sand;
That is why I am so very
Big and strong and tan.

"We have the ocean in our yard
And fishing is just fine,
And when we have our work all done
We get our pole and line.

"And when the morn is Sunday
At Church we kneel in prayer,
And pray to Jesus, God and King,
Upon our altar there.

"But I like America so well
It is so great and free
That when I grow to be a man
An American I shall be."

Catechist Mary M. Balch

To Catechist Supervisor, Victory Noll
Huntington, Ind.

Please enroll me as Mary's Loyal Helper. I want to play the Game of Ten Thousand Points.

Send me the mite box and I will save for the missions.

Mail today!

Name

Street

City State

Our Way and Our Life

II

IT was an enthusiastic trio of young women who met with Father Douglas on the evening set for their second talk on the spiritual life. Even Ann, more inclined to be critical than her companions, seemed to be eager to learn more about the Way of holiness.

"Well," remarked Father Douglas, in his usual genial manner, "I hope that you are all thoroughly convinced that every Catholic, if he wants to, can, by the grace of God, live a holy life."

"Oh yes, Father, we certainly are!"

"And oh, Father," broke out Catherine in her usual impetuous way, "when I got home after your instruction I picked up a copy of the *Franciscan Herald* and read a story of a good simple lay-Brother who went to a great Cardinal and asked him if a poor ignorant woman could become holy. And the Cardinal told her that she surely could. She could even become a saint by doing everything perfectly for the love of God."

"And I was so thrilled, Father," chimed in Mary, "with the thought that an ordinary Catholic could become holy, that I went to the Catholic bookstore downtown and asked the girl to give me a book on the subject. She gave me a copy of St. Francis de Sales—'*Devout Life*', I think it's called—"

"Oh yes," interrupted Father Douglas, "the clerk gave you just what you needed most, that golden little book called '*The Introduction to the Devout Life*' by St. Francis de Sales. It is a book I always recommend for beginners in the life of holiness. Do you know," he went on, "St. Francis de Sales actually wrote this book at the request of the King of France, three hundred years ago; he wished to prove that any Catholic of good will who really wants to live a holy life in the world, can do so by simply cooperating with the grace of God in the affairs and happenings of his everyday life."

"Now, we have been talking so much about holiness, and even more about . . . This is just what Our Dear Savior

Over and over again Jesus spoke of certain kind of life He had come to give to men. He insisted that His followers must be born again unto a new life. "I am the Way and THE LIFE." "I am come that they may have Life and may have it more abundantly."

"But what kind of 'life' did Our Lord mean, Father?"

"Well, first of all the life that Our Lord speaks of is not merely a way of living, like a man who proposes to live a noble life in the world and do big things."



"I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."
—St. John xiv, 6.

"You mean it isn't a way of life, or living in a way that is ideal, but it is something beyond both of those?" Ann asked.

"Entirely above and beyond any ideal kind of life in the world—a higher, a supernatural life. No, it isn't even a kind of life that a man can purpose to live among his fellowmen, as that would be only a particular way of living, an ordinary human life. What Our Lord spoke of is something infinitely above such a natural life. When He said, 'I have come to give men life,' He meant He came to give them a distinctive life, a life infinitely higher than any natural life. Out of His unspeakable love for poor sinful man He wished to give him a new life far more wonderful than the natural life He had given him. And this life that Our Dear Savior wished to give man is rightly called the supernatural life."

"Do you mean by that, Father, leading a good Christian life by going to Mass and receiving Holy Communion often?"

"Oh no, Mary. These are simply the ordinary duties that will help us to live and grow in the supernatural life I am going to explain. I am glad you asked this question, because so many Catholics imagine that because they go to Communion everyday they are saints—and great saints. Unfortunately they confuse the means with the end. How often do you hear the expression, 'Isn't Mrs. Smith a saint? She goes to Holy Communion everyday.' And yet Mrs. Smith, in spite of her daily Communions, may be in fact, anything but a saint with her very sharp and malicious tongue; for unfortunately Mrs. Smith believes that her life is supernatural simply because she receives in Holy Communion the greatest of all supernatural gifts, Our Divine Lord Himself. Holy Communion

is the means to the living of a perfect supernatural life—not the life itself."

"I am glad you brought this out, Father, because most people think that's all that is necessary—to go to church and receive the sacraments."

"This unfortunately is only too true. Now, on the contrary, this supernatural life is a life in itself; but it is something infinitely higher than the natural life we live. When we use the word natural we are speaking of something that comes from nature, and belongs to nature. In order to understand the meaning of the word **supernatural**, we should know first what is meant by **natural**. We use the word natural to signify all that belongs to nature, or proceeds from nature, or is in keeping with nature."

"Now in man for example there are three different kinds of life, vegetative, sentient or animal, and intellectual. Like a plant man takes food, grows, and reproduces himself. Like animals he is aware of sensible objects toward which he is drawn through his sensitive appetite by his feelings and passions. He has intellectual life, or like angels, though in a different manner and lesser degree, he may come to a knowledge of truth, even the highest truth in the supernatural order. And finally, his will is freely drawn to what is good."

"Supernatural, as the word implies, means 'above nature'; it is a free and most sublime gift bestowed by God upon man. It is a perfection which God alone can produce in nature. The creature of itself has no right to it."

"It is a Divine Gift to man. It is a share in the very life of God Himself, given us by God the Holy Ghost who dwells in us. It is a life which was merited for us by none other than Our Divine Savior Himself."

"Now all during the course of these talks we are going to try to keep in mind this meaning of the supernatural life. In this short talk I have given you only a sketchy idea of the supernatural life. Before going into it more deeply, I am sure you will say a little prayer to Jesus, the Incarnate Wisdom, to give us all the greatest of gifts—the gift of Himself, together with His own Divine Life. Here is a prayer which I think, expresses this idea. Let us say it together and above all let us impress it deeply upon our hearts:

"O Jesus, dwell Thou within our soul,
And live again Thy perfect pattern
there.

Oh, make us wholly, utterly Thine own!"

BRINGING CHILDREN TO JESUS

II

The Excellence of Catechization

IN our last article on the ministry of catechization we summed up its sublime dignity by saying that it is the ministry of Jesus Christ Himself. To engage in this ministry of imparting religious instruction and of giving Christian training is to be associated with the Divine Teacher in one of the greatest of His great works. Is it not a most excellent work to instill in the minds of children Christian principles, and so form their characters, that they may become Catholics not merely in name, but in the daily practice of their religious duties?

To one engaged in this most excellent work, more than to others, may be applied the words of the Divine Catechist Himself: "Lovest thou Me?—Feed My lambs." "It was in catechization," says the great Catechist, Bishop Doupanloup, "that I first learned of the simple, fresh beauty of children's souls."

"Catechization," he goes on to say, "seizes and penetrates the souls of these children, infuses into them, one by one, the Christian virtues; makes them love religion, and transforms them into true Christians. Thus it will be for them a real school of Jesus Christ."

In our country today, where hundreds of millions are expended annually by each State to provide its children with the best possible secular education, would it not be to our eternal shame if we neglected to provide every Catholic child in our country with solid religious instruction and Christian training?

This is, as our present Holy Father has pointed out, a work not only for Bishops and Priests, but for the laity as well. It is the work of Christ Himself. It is the work that should rank highest in the Church, for it is forming Jesus Christ in the souls of little ones. Surely there could be no more excellent work undertaken by a zealous Catholic layman than this high and holy apostolate, for those poor underprivileged Catholic children, especially, who are outside the ordinary sphere of religious instruction. It is a matter of the eternal salvation of their souls for them to receive the necessary religious instruction.

One day while one of the Catechists was having class on Purgatory at St. Mark's Church in Gary, one of the little ones said, "Catechist, you won't stay there long."

"Why?" asked Catechist.

The child pointed to her uniform and said, "Because those who wear that, love Jesus."

True Devotion to Mary



MARCH is the Month of the Incarnation. On the twenty-fifth of this month we celebrate the Feast of the Incarnation of Our Lord and the Annunciation of Our Blessed Mother. On that day, the Word, the Second Person of the Most Blessed Trinity, took flesh in the womb of His Immaculate Mother. On that day He gave Himself to us; He began a life of absolute dependence.

When we think on this sublime mystery and try to grasp its significance, we are deeply moved. A God became man for love of us! But our thoughts should not stop there. It was "for us men and for our salvation" that the Word became Flesh, and so we must take an active part in this mystery of our redemption. We can do this in no better way than by following the example of Our Divine Lord Himself. He has given Himself to us; we must give ourselves to Him.

It is true that we already did this in baptism. When we received this sacrament, we, or our sponsors acting for us, promised to give ourselves entirely and without reserve to Our Lord. But how many of us have kept those solemn promises? Moreover, Our Blessed Lord gave Himself to us through His Holy Mother. If we, then, the members of His Mystical Body, would imitate our Head perfectly, we will renew those solemn baptismal promises on the Feast of the Incarnation, and again give ourselves to Our Dear Lord through His Blessed Mother.

This solemn promise, or consecration of ourselves unreservedly and forever to Jesus through Mary, is the first step in our practice of the True Devotion. It is only the beginning, however, for our consecration must be unlimited. It must extend to everything and to every moment of our life. We must live in a state of absolute dependence upon Jesus and Mary. And by doing so says Blessed de Montfort, we can give more glory to God in a few moments than we can by ordinary acts of piety practiced over a long period of time.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST

It Is Written—

by

Sister M. Ermengild, whose poem, "The Missionary Catechist," is published in this issue, tells us that "these verses were not intended for publication when they were originally composed. The life and work of the Catechists as I understood and appreciated it during my visit to Victory-Noll inspired these lines."

Of course Randall Pond is not the real name of a militant American Catholic living in Mexico, a close observer of conditions in that unfortunate country, but readers of the Sign and other national publications will recognize his name as that of a writer who is trying to make known to his fellow countrymen the true state of affairs in Mexico.

The success of the Legion of Mary in St. Louis is due in large measure to the zeal and ability of the Rev. Charles H. Helmsing. At our request, Father Helmsing has written an inspiring account of the origin and development of the Legion for THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

"El Dia de San Juan" is not the first article that Mrs. Jovita Gonzalez de Mireles of Del Rio, Texas, has contributed to our magazine. Besides writing in a number of Catholic publications, this talented young Mexican woman is a contributor to the Southwest Review and to the yearly publications of the Texas Folk Lore Society.

WE HAVE SOME NEEDS

The biggest need of the month is a washing machine for our Catechists at Cerrillos, New Mexico. They are now enjoying the luxury of electricity, and as Catechist Furst, superior at Cerrillos expressed it, an electric washer would be a labor-saving device that would mean more time to engage in soul-saving works. "It isn't," she wrote, "that we are averse to hard work, but the truth remains that the more time we must take for our housework, the less time we have to give to souls who are in need of our ministrations."

Other requests we received from our Catechists in the missions were more or less alike. Catechist Rose Kaiser, Azusa, California, asks for a victrola, some records, books, and material for drapes for the children's club room. Catechist Caroline Meister, Los Banos, California, also wants books, many of them, for the adolescent boys and girls especially. The Anton Chico, New Mexico, Catechists are organizing Boy and Girl Scout Troops and would appreciate any kind of scout equipment or books.

You will find the addresses of these mission-centers on page six.



Our Anton Chico Band on the march.

A Singing People

Catechist Mary Eva Geiskopf

WE have found that music matters tremendously in the missions. So we sing hymns during every catechism class, we have congregational singing at Mass, we sing folk songs and catchy songs at our children's parties, form rhythm bands for the very youngest and brass bands for those a little older.

This love for music, particularly pronounced in our Spanish-Americans of the Southwest, strikes one as somewhat of a surprise, since these people are, for the most part, very poor. The struggle for existence is so strenuous that Americans might wonder just what there was in life for them to sing about. Yet one hears them at night going down the rough mountain roads, singing their lilting, melodious songs and youth's great ambition is to learn to play the guitar or violin, for without doubt the most popular persons in the community are those who can boast of this accomplishment.

Our portable organ carried from chapel to chapel arouses great interest. Few of the mission chapels can boast even of pews, much less organs, still we do find organs here and there in various stages of disrepair and senility. If the Catechist organist is also a mechanic she can often improve these instruments considerably.

I remember one such organ in a small Spanish mountain town, which seemed beyond all hope. No sound could be gotten from it. One day we had to sing High Mass there and for some reason or other were unable to take the portable organ with us. As we arrived at the chapel some time in advance of the Missionary Mass, we decided to examine the organ. We found that the straps which connect the pedals to the bellows had given away. "That's easy," we thought. We sent a child for some stout string and a darning needle, discovered some strips of cloth in the sacristy, and proceeded to mend the straps. That accomplished I tried the organ only to find that one of the reeds in the base sounded continually, a booming, low note! Impossible to use it that way! My companion explored a bit and found that with a bent nail for a reed hook she could extract the raucous

reed. Finally after some tugging and with a great deal of dust all over us, we managed to make the organ play fairly well. When Father came I put the music in place triumphantly. We wouldn't have to sing "a capella" after all.

The schoolmaster, a great tall man, who was familiar with the Requiem came to help us sing. After the first few phrases of the Introit I found I had scarcely enough breath to sing a line. The poor, musty bellows leaked and I had to pump violently to keep even a minimum of air in the instrument, so I had very little energy and breath left to make my voice heard. Then I noticed that, due to my excessive pumping, the organ was slowly but decidedly moving away from me, and in order to keep the two of us together, Catechist braced herself against my chair and the husky schoolmaster stood back of the organ to keep it from moving out in front of me!

But not all organs are so bad as that one was. At the chapel of Santo Nino, when we arrived to sing for the fiesta, a little old man approached me, and asked if the Hermana wanted to use the organ. I said "Yes," and he took a key from his pocket and very carefully unlocked the case. He was its custodian and his manner gave me to understand that it was a precious possession and that I was privileged to be allowed to play upon it. And it was really quite a good organ as mission organs go.

Most of the people are familiar with the simple Spanish hymns. They have been handed down through generations, so it is not difficult to have congregational singing in most of the mission districts. However, words and melodies undergo changes in the "handing-down" process, and not infrequently one hears as many different versions of the same hymn as there are members in the congregation. In those places in which we are able to devote some time to instruction in congregational singing, the natural musical talent of the people quickly responds to our efforts. At our mission at Holman, New Mexico, the congregational singing, especially on great feast days, is a real inspiration. Wherever possible we are trying to introduce the Gregorian Chant and it is encouraging to see that the children really enjoy singing the Plainsong melodies for the

"Salve Regina," "Salve Mater Misericordiae" and others of the simpler Gregorian tunes.

NO fiesta, or celebration of the patronal feast day of a mission would be complete without the singing of Vespers the evening before. Since the people are not familiar with the psalms and antiphons of this canonical hour, we Catechists sing the Vespers alone. I received something of a shock at my first experience in singing Vespers. The service did not begin until it was nearly dark and the only light in the chapel came from about a dozen candles on the altar. We had placed our organ in the rear and I found that I would not be able to see without more light. Catechist went to get a candle from the lady in charge of the chapel, but it seemed there were no extra ones, so we "borrowed" one from the statue of the Sacred Heart. With the lighted candle in one hand Catechist performed feats of jugglery trying to turn pages and move hymnals on the small music rack of the organ. Her efforts nearly ended in disaster when she sneezed while trying to turn a page. I held my breath as the candle flame flickered violently, and was immensely relieved that it recovered sufficiently and went on burning.

Music for Vespers and High Mass on fiesta days is often accompanied by the strumming of guitars and banjos, a practice which might make the liturgists frown, but it is the very best these simple hearted folk have. They offer it to Our Lord in that spirit and who would say that it does not please Him? One is amazed at how quickly these amateur musicians find the correct key and are able to accompany quite harmoniously.

At the close of our religious vacation school in a secluded settlement high up in the mountains, we sang hymns during the field Mass with only the soft murmuring of a picturesque stream for accompaniment. Bringing the organ would have meant jogging it over nearly five miles of very steep, rough, mountain trail, so we decided to do without it. Here again we were struck with the influence that music wields over hearts. Some old scoffers who had not been to church for years and who informed us that they did not believe in much of anything, lustily sang hymns to Our Lord and Our Blessed Mother, and there is no doubt that grace came to their hearts in the singing.



Little Dimer, what you thinkin'
Sittin' there so still?
Really now to me it seems
You surely must be ill.

III? Well, no not exactly,
Only please do tell me, pray,
How many days are still remaining
Till that great St. Joseph's Day.

For oh, how nice, how nice 'twould be
If on that day of days,
Upon the ladder's top I'd sit
And o'er the whole world gaze.

Little Dimer's 50,000 stands not for dollars, but for dimes. Long ago he started out to collect 50,000 dimes for ST. JOSEPH POOR FUND, but he is still far from his goal.

From ST. JOSEPH POOR FUND we are able to relieve the immediate needs of our destitute poor—to provide food, clothing, and medicine for them.

On every Wednesday throughout the year we have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for the intentions of all those who contribute to our ST. JOSEPH POOR FUND. Are you sharing in these spiritual blessings?

Society of Missionary Catechists
Huntington, Indiana
Dear Father Sigstein:

I am sending \$..... for your ST. JOSEPH POOR FUND.

Name

Address