

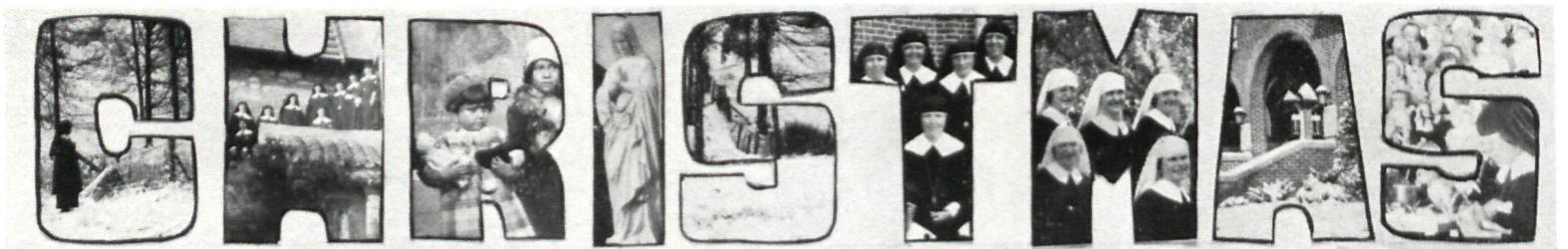
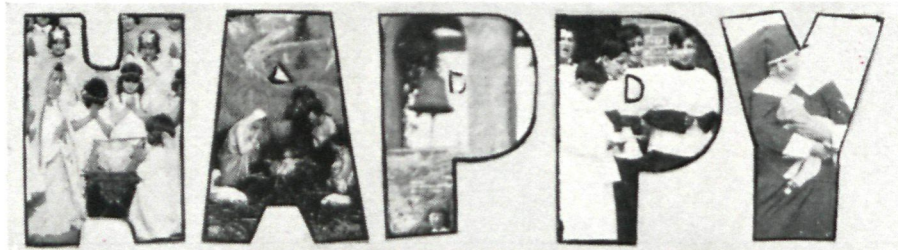
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FROM-
**The Missionary
Catechist**



**WE
WISH
YOU**



Introducing to you

The Missionary Catechist

DECEMBER 1938

VOLUME 15

NUMBER 1

Father Bede, Guardian of St. Felix Capuchin Monastery at Huntington, would be the last person to claim to be an authority on the liturgy of the Church and on Gregorian Chant. Nevertheless, we value his opinion on matters liturgical and that is why we asked him to write an article on the beautiful "O" antiphons used in the liturgy for the season of Advent.

We strongly suspect that "Edward Weber" of *Father Eckert's* story is very closely connected with the author, but when we questioned Father on the matter, he refused to commit himself, preferring to let it pass as pure fiction. At any rate, the Christmas scene in Mexico in 1926 might be re-enacted today in those countries where our religion is being persecuted. Father Eckert is a missionary in Colorado.

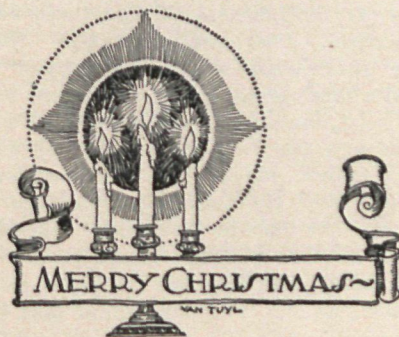
Like Father Eckert, *Father Toujas* is also doing missionary work, but in the Archdiocese of San Antonio. Both priests hope that someday they will have Missionary Catechists to help them in their work among the poor. Father Toujas' story throws many interesting sidelights on the character of the late Franciscan Archbishop of Santa Fe, the Most Reverend Albert T. Daeger.

Our Crusaders' Club has accomplished wonders for our boys in California. This month *Catechist Balch*, who has been stationed at Brawley for the past two years, writes about the workings of the Club. Its military character is the key to its popularity with the boys.

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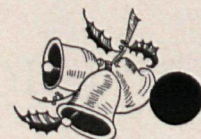
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The Christmas O's

Bede Scully, O.M.Cap.



HOLY MOTHER CHURCH, in the opening of the Advent season, places the solemn scene of the Last Judgment before our minds. In doing this, she intends to inspire us with a holy fear, for she well knows the truth in the words of the Scripture: "Fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." She wants us to be truly wise that we may be able to spend the season of preparation for the coming of the Savior in a very profitable way. But over and above that reason for inculcating the idea of fear at this time, she, as it were, wants us to harken back to the time before the coming of the Savior and make us realize the feelings and the expectations of the patriarchs and the upright Jews who longed so ardently and so perseveringly for the Messias.

Advent is the period of preparation for Christmas, for the Birth of our Redeemer. In her liturgy the Church relives the time from the fall of our first parents to the first Christmas. She takes the emotions, the longings, the prayers of the Old Testament and makes them her own. She begs the Savior to come again to earth in a special way and renew the life He imparted to mankind by His earthly life and particularly by His death on the Cross.

Perhaps nowhere in the liturgy of Advent do we notice this return to the Old Testament so much as in the antiphons for the Magnificat of the last days before the feast of Christmas itself. I refer to the great "O" antiphons used for the Magnificat from December 17 to 23.

An antiphon is a short verse or sentence sung before and after a psalm or canticle to determine its musical mode and to provide the key to its liturgical or mystical meaning. Most of the antiphons of the Divine Office are psalterial, that is, taken from the psalm which they accompany; or historical, referring to the feast in which they are used. We also have some which are a combination of these two forms. The "O" antiphons are in a class by themselves. They are fervent prayers addressed to the Savior asking Him to speed His coming. They come forth from souls that have realized the depths of the misery produced by sin. These souls are alive with faith and hope. They are hearts which are open to receive the divine lessons which the Savior alone can provide.

Thus, in the first of the antiphons we address the Savior as Wisdom itself, and beg to be enlightened in the ways of prudence. This is a request for in-

O WISDOM, Who camest out of the mouth of the Most High, (Ecclus. 24, 5), reaching from end to end and ordering all things mightily and sweetly: **come** to teach us the way of prudence! (Wis. 8, 1)

O ADONAI, and Ruler of the house of Israel, Who didst appear to Moses in the flame of the burning bush, and didst give unto him the law on Sinai: **come** to redeem us with an outstretched arm!

O ROOT of Jesse, Who standest for an ensign of the people, (Is. 11, 10), before Whom kings shall keep silence, (Is. 53, 15), and unto Whom the Gentiles shall make their supplication: **come** to deliver us, and tarry not!

O KEY of David, and Scepter of the house of Israel, Who openest and no man shutteth, Who shuttest and no man openeth (Apoc. 3, 7): **come** to bring forth from his prison-house, the captive that sitteth in darkness and in the shadow of death! (Is. 42, 7)

O ORIENT, (Luke 1, 78-79), brightness of the light eternal, (Wis. 7, 26), and Sun of Justice, (Mal. 4, 2), **come** to enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death! (Luke 1 78-79)

O KING of the Gentiles and the desired of them, (Hag. 2, 8), Thou corner-stone that makest both one, **come** to deliver man whom Thou didst form out of the dust of the earth! (Eph. 2, 14-20)

O EMMANUEL, our King and Lawgiver, the expected of the nations and their Savior, **come** to save us, O Lord our God! (Gen. 49, 10)

struction that we may the better know and serve the coming Savior.

The second antiphon is an acknowledgment of the power of the Savior. He is addressed as the Ruler and Lawgiver of the Old Testament, as the powerful God, and is asked to hasten with His power to this earth to battle with and overcome the powers of evil. There is humility in this prayer; man recognizes and admits his helplessness, and proclaims that God alone can help him.

The third antiphon repeats the thoughts of the second and introduces the thought that the Savior will not only help the Jews, but also the Gentiles.

The fourth extols the power of the coming Savior, and in it we may find a veiled reference to the Sacrament of Penance in the words: "O Key of David, . . . that openest, and no man shutteth; and shuttest and no man openeth: come to bring forth from his prison-house, the captive that sitteth in darkness, and in the shadow of death."

The fifth reiterates the thought that the Savior is to be the Light of the world. He is to be the way, the Truth, and the Light to all mankind.

The sixth again refers to the Savior as the hope of the Gentiles and appeals for the benefits of salvation.

The seventh and last antiphon hails the Savior as Emmanuel, God with us. It calls Him our King and our Lawgiver, the Longing of the Gentiles, and their Salvation; and concludes with the petition: "Come to save us, O Lord our God."

AS we read these antiphons we are struck with their expressions of longing for the Savior, their firm hope that He is coming, and that His coming will wipe out the dread consequences of sin which from the fall of our first parents, have wrought unspeakable havoc with the human race. Those thoughts strike us as we think over the antiphons, but they really sink into our souls very deeply when these antiphons are conveyed to our minds through the instrumentality of the sacred chant of the Church.

The chant of the Church which we call plain-song is the one language that is capable of preparing the powers of our being for close union with the sacred mysteries of our religion and bringing the soul into more complete subjection to God. The chant of the Church is as pure and as free from the things of earth as is possible for any human thing to be. We find that it echoes for us the calmness which we know must be in God Himself. It makes us sense the peaceful existence of God. It brings to us a faint strain of the glorious melodies that are continuously resounding throughout the heavenly courts of the Great King.

All this may sound as gross exaggeration to an age that has jazz and swing constantly dinning into its ears. The main reason, in my opinion, why we cannot appreciate Gregorian Chant as the saints did, is that we are too earthly and that chant is heavenly. We are too preoccupied with the hurry and the bustle of life to pay enough attention to the things that are above and to the things that will help us to appreciate the things that are above.

But to come back to the plain song of the "O" antiphons. We find these very beautiful. They are distinctive. They are understandable to all. In them we find a touch of the plaintive element that is so strong in the music of the Tenebrae and the Passion, but that element is a minor one in the "O" antiphons. Their chief characteristic is a note of hope. The Savior is coming. We are glad, but our gladness is not pure. We are sorry that He has to come as a Savior, as one Who has a hard task be-

fore Him. We are sure of the love that lies underneath the coming of the Savior. We are sure of His power and convinced that He will accomplish His task well, and lift up fallen man. Man will be led out of the darkness of sin's prison and translated into the Light of the Kingdom of the Savior. The music makes us feel that we need the Savior's coming, even now. We know well that He came over nineteen hundred years ago and accomplished our Redemption, but at the same time we admit our weakness, that we need to be constantly redeemed, as it were. We know that we grow lax and

fall back into that dread state of sin from which the Savior's death has provided the means to escape. But alas, we do not use those means as we ought and now with all the love of our beings we come and pray the Savior to come again, to wake us from our lethargy, enlighten us in the ways of true prudence; we ask Him to come to be our Way, our Truth, and our Life. We beg Him to force Himself upon us that we may not forget His blessings, and that we may use them in our life here below for His glory and our salvation.

The music of the antiphons is prayer-

ful. We sense that prayer as it flows along in its beauty, and we realize the truth of the axiom: "Reason can only speak; love sings." Yes, these antiphons in their melody show forth the love of the Church for the Savior; they bespeak her hope in His almighty power, and in His loving protection. As we read them and hear them, they do much to dispose our hearts for the feast of the Birth of the Savior. They make us better realize the blessing of Redemption and inspire us to show our appreciation of that blessing, not only at Christmas time but during every moment of our life.

Christmas in Mexico

Emil Eckert

ON the twenty-second day of December, 1926, the Dutch steamer "Leer-dam" entered the port of Vera Cruz in the Gulf of Mexico. Among the passengers, there were a few Mexicans and a young Swiss, registered as Edward Weber of Luzern, Switzerland, who was on his way to take up a teaching position in the Governor's family at Durango.

During the last three days on board he had made friends with a young Mexican who had embarked at Havana with his mother and sister. The young Mexican told his new friend that his family was one of the many who had been expelled by the present Mexican government. They had resided in Cuba for a few years when the father and one of the children died suddenly. Invited by her sister, the bereaved young widow was returning to Mexico City with her two children, Pepe, fourteen years old and Conchita, eight. Senora Consuelo was a good Catholic and anxious to have her children well educated and in good company. She saw that the Swiss was an educated gentleman and a Catholic, and was pleased with the growing friendship between him and her son.

After an examination of passports, the passengers were permitted to go ashore. Pepe showed his friend the most important places in Vera Cruz, and they soon discovered that what they had heard in Havana of Catholic persecution was indeed true. For four months, there had been no public worship in the country. As in the time of ancient Rome under Nero and Diocletian, so it was now in Mexico.

From Vera Cruz they proceeded to the Capital, and arrived there on Christmas Eve. Edward's kind hosts informed him that they would conduct him to one of the secret Masses and the young man was quite overjoyed at the prospect of attending the Holy Sacrifice. That even-

ing they visited the place where the zealous priest was in hiding, and made their confession.

When they arrived home it was midnight. In the old country and in other parts of the world Catholics were already celebrating the Birth of Our Lord. How lovely it would be in his beloved Switzerland! But here, all Catholic worship was suppressed, and the faithful who attempted to fulfill the obligations of our holy religion did so at the risk of life and property.

At four-thirty the little band again set out. To avoid suspicion they formed into three small groups and Edward's friends conducted him to the house in which the Holy Sacrifice was to be offered. When they reached the place, they found the others already assembled.

Pepe was chosen altar boy and the priest began the Mass. The altar was very primitive, consisting of the lower part of a writing desk, but the loving Savior who so long ago had been born in a stable would not mind that. The fifteen people present knelt down as the priest began, "Introibo ad altare Dei," and all were so devout that the voice of the priest was the only sound to break the silence.

Never before had Edward realized so deeply the true meaning of the Incarnation. A feeling of peace and holy joy flooded his heart as he thanked God for his many gifts, not the least of which that he was a member of the One, True Church of Jesus Christ. He prayed for further protection of Divine Providence, and begged help of the Blessed Virgin. The moment after the consecration when the priest held the Sacred Host high above his head so that the people could adore their Incarnate God, the Mexicans present prayed fervently in an audible tone, "Senor mio, Dios mio," (My Lord and My God.) Nor did Edward forget

during these sacred moments, to pray for the poor Mexican Nation and especially for the Governor's children whose teacher he was soon to be.

ALMOST every member of the little congregation had received Holy Communion, when suddenly a knock was heard at the door. The owner of the house arose to answer, but the priest motioned to him to keep the door closed until the Holy Sacrifice was completed.

The summons was repeated, this time louder and more impatiently, and when it was ignored, the door was battered until with a crash it broke, and a number of soldiers crowded into the room. They promptly arrested the priest and began searching the premises. They soon found the chalice and vestments which the women of the house had quickly hidden in a closet.

None were allowed to leave the house. Two policemen arrived and levied a fine upon every person who had assisted at the Holy Sacrifice, of from thirty dollars for the younger ones to one hundred dollars each for Edward and the owner of the house.

The Swiss protested and managed to reach his consul by telephone. On his arrival the consul defended his countryman with such success that his fine was suspended.

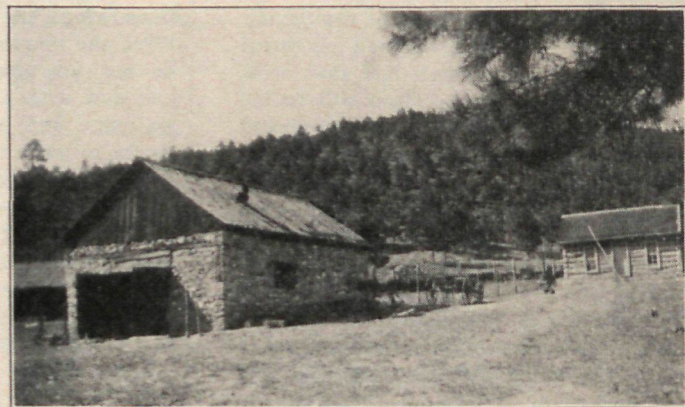
In the meantime the priest, Padre Ramon Salazar, was taken by the soldiers to prison. The sorrowing people stood by helplessly as their beloved pastor was led away. They knew that they would probably never see him alive again.

How and by whom the police obtained knowledge of the celebration of this Holy Mass, no one ever knew. The three families and some women who assisted at the Holy Sacrifice were all good, honest people.

Edward stayed in Mexico City three days and proceeded to his destination, Durango. A week later he received a letter from his friend Pepe, who wrote that the saintly Padre had been murdered by the men of Calles.

A Texas Missionary in New Mexico

John T. Toujas



We came to an open space and stopped for dinner behind a deserted house.

It was while I was spending a short vacation in New Mexico, as the guest of Father Michael Dumarest, rector of the church of Santa Maria de Los Dolores, in Las Vegas.

The evening I arrived, I learned that His Grace, the late Archbishop Daeger of Santa Fe, was going to start the next day on a Confirmation tour through the missions attached to this parish. Father Mike asked me if I wanted to go along. I saw my chance of taking a free ride through the country and of getting acquainted with its people, so I readily accepted.

The next morning I joined the arch-episcopal train, ready to set out, after Mass and breakfast. It consisted of two cars—a Star “six” and a two-seated Ford. The Star “six,” chauffeured by its owner, Father Mike, carried the Archbishop, his valise, and also a lunch-basket, as we were not supposed to be back home for dinner. Father Soto, assistant of the parish, and I followed the Star coupe along a narrow mountain road with scarcely enough room for two cars to pass each other. On the one side was a yawning precipice, and a slight error of a couple of feet in driving would send the car hurtling down on the tops of tall pine trees. From these lofty heights we could see below a nice, clear stream, with a road like a ribbon running alongside of it. After a while we drove down to the level of the stream, gently flowing through clumps of cottonwood trees. Presently we arrived at “Las Galinas de Arriba,” about twenty-five miles from Las Vegas. We found a nice crowd waiting for us around the little adobe church. The Archbishop celebrated Mass, and after a long sermon administered Confirmation to about twenty-five candidates. He confessed afterward that he had been terribly distracted during Mass. With a kind smile directed at me, he said he had hardly been able to continue the prayers for all that singing and playing upstairs. I was sorry to have distracted the saintly man. The two following mornings we occupied the same respective places—he at the altar, and your servant thumping on an athma-

tic organ and singing away. Our dear prelate yields to no one the privilege of driving twenty to thirty miles in the morning on an empty stomach to say Mass for his people on his Confirmation tours.

The ceremony was over at noon. We jumped into our cars and drove all the way back along the same dangerous road toward Las Vegas. Father Soto, and I were following the “guiding Star.” All went along fairly well for a while. However, we soon noticed something abnormal in that “star” ahead of us. It came to a stop with its nose toward the upside of the mountain. We got close and inquired. “The steering apparatus is out of order,” a voice shouted back. Directly, it backed up and drove on. Oddly enough, the car could be steered to one side but refused to be steered toward the opposite direction; and the narrow road was approaching those high places that had sent a shiver through me that morning. “I declare,” said Father Soto, “that is the worst thing that could happen to an auto along here.” I readily believed it, and we nervously watched the performance ahead of us. The Archbishop stepped out on the running-board, holding with one hand to the doorpost of the car, and carelessly dangling the other hand and foot over the down side. When the driver, at a turn of the road, had to stop in order not to go smash over the rocks and the pine-trees below, His Grace would jump to the ground and tug at the front wheels to give the car the right direction again. His task finished, he would jump back on the running-board, and be ready for the next turn. Neither Father Mike, the driver, nor the Archbishop seemed to mind it in the least. I was told that worse things have happened on Confirmation tours through those mountains of New Mexico.

To make matters worse, another ordeal came upon us. Violent thundering and a shower of rain caught up with us; and with the wind whipping our windshield with sheets of rain, we could hard-

ly see ten feet ahead of us. Luckily for us, the shoulder of the mountain on which we drove was not so high any more, and we came to the first houses of the village called “El Llano,” where His Grace was to give Confirmation in the afternoon. When the downpour was at its height, leaving our cars on the road, we shot through the blinding rain to the door of an adobe house. We saluted those good Catholic people who were getting ready for Confirmation. I was glad to have a chance to take a good look at the inside of an adobe house.

A Picnic On Wet Ground

In the meantime, the shower was over, so we took to our cars and drove further. We came to an open space and stopped for dinner behind a deserted house. This is our looked-for picnic. The lunch-basket is brought out. But no water to drink! We can see a fine stream down there, along the narrow valley at the foot of the mountain, through clumps of trees; and that is just the place where we were supposed to have this picnic, but the shower has upset our plans. We have to eat standing up; the ground is too wet to sit down on. Right by the side of our stopping place, a goat-path crosses our road, and has become an angry, rushing torrent of muddy waters. It is as noisy as it is short-lived. His Grace dips a can into it and passes it around, but the yellow color of the beverage is not very enticing.

Confirmation At “El Llano”

After having quenched our thirst as best we could, we proceeded toward El Llano to confirm some twenty candidates. At every mission where this Sacrament was given, each priest had a definite task assigned to him. My job was to hear the confessions of all persons to be confirmed who were over seven years of age. As

nearly all subjects were children in the arms of their mothers, my task was extremely light.

San Geronimo—An Eventful Day

On the following morning, a Friday, our archepiscopal train started about seven-thirty. The weather was cool and nice, but the road we followed running over the back of pretty high, broad hills, soon became atrocious. It was a rocky goat-trail, with mud holes, nearly all the way. Our two cars were almost shaken to pieces.

After twenty miles of such rough driving, we got down a steep slope, at the foot of which we crossed a sandy creek with some clear, running water. On the other side of this stream, sitting prettily in a narrow valley, is the village of San Geronimo with its fifty families as a population, and fairly high mountains as background.

Directly our attention was engrossed by the spectacle of an imposing cortege coming to meet us. It was led by a man playing a violin and another playing a guitar. Behind them was a beautiful arch of flowers, carried at each end by a senorita. It was like an arc de triumphe for the Archbishop and his suite to pass underneath. Little girls in white strewed the ground with fragrant flowers, and the bright-eyed young folks were lined up in their tidiest dresses. All the grown-ups marched behind, flanked by several men on horseback. Father Soto and I in our little Ford were bringing up the rear. I, for one, felt quite proud and tickled for being part and parcel of such a brilliant cortege. From my vantage point I could see the arms of the two leading musicians saw the air with vigor, but alas! the cortege being too long, we could not hear the harmonious sounds. Luckily, for us, as we got into the large adobe church, richly decorated for the occasion, our two-piece orchestra kept on playing for us inside the building until the Archbishop started Mass. This great reception is a striking proof of the genuine love and respect the people entertain toward "El Senor Obispo."



The people, tired of waiting so long, had started to disband in every direction.

Another Storm

We were late with our program of the day. By that time (noon) we were supposed to have already arrived at the next mission—"Ojitos Frios," (Cold Springs) eight miles away, where a kind-hearted Catholic family was expecting us for dinner. "Costillas de Borrega" and "Arroz a la Mexicana" were to be the appetizing menu—"cutlets of mutton and Mexican rice"—but just forget it, for behold! in the twinkling of an eye, there was a turn for the worse in the weather. Flashes of lightning, sharp claps of thunder, furious winds, and sheets of rain! Our church building very soon stood in two feet of water, with innumerable little streams rushing by toward the main creek. The church remained full of people, for nobody could get out. "If that creek rises, we will be marooned here for two or three days," remarked Father Mike. "This is a cyclone sure enough," I ventured. "Do you reckon this building is safe?" Without waiting for an answer I stepped anxiously back into the church, went down the aisle and standing against a window, took a close look at the thickness of the wall. Three feet thick by actual measurement!

In the meantime three young braves ran through the rain to the little store across the plaza, and came back with a few provisions for the padres. This, together with a cup of that warm coffee, brought along from home for the breakfast of His Grace after Mass, warmed us up and steeled us against the coming ordeals.

More Ordeals

Directly some men got excited and talked among themselves in low whispers, seemingly terrified. "La creciente, la creciente!" The rise of the creek is coming soon. That means a wall of water six to ten feet high, sweeping everything before it. Las Vegas is twenty-five miles on the other side of the creek, and so is "Cold Springs." What can be done? We have to cross it, either here or near Cold Springs, in a hurry, too, before the rise is upon us, and in spite of the awful rain.

The Archbishop decided to drive down to Cold Springs through the rain and ford the creek right there. The first street of the village we came to was crossed by an irrigation ditch, and we found that the bridge had been carried away. We had to turn back and perforce change our plan. Now came the moment to cross the rising creek. Suppose "la creciente" came and surprised us right in the middle of it! Our Ford bravely rolled into the yellow, swirling waters. We were trembling lest the carburetor be flooded, but the car pulled safely out



The trails were slippery and in terrible condition.

and climbed the opposite bank. We kept on up the hill, and from a nice point of vantage looked down on the Star "six" crossing at the same place we did. The wheels nearly disappeared under the water, but it was coming on fine. But when it was ready to pull up the opposite bank, the engine went dead. Our hearts flew to our mouths. The driver stepped on the starter, and with full force in low gear, the car came up the bank. We heaved a long sigh of relief and greeted them with a loud Indian yell when they shortly passed us on the road. The Archbishop and Father Mike waved back and drowned our yell with a louder one. The trails were slippery and in a terrible condition; but we didn't care much any more. We felt safe. We had no more large creeks to cross.

We got stalled in a mud-hole, and our friends in the car ahead, who were watching us, sent a relief expedition. It consisted of the Archbishop of Santa Fe with a shovel on his shoulder. He would lend that shovel to no one, and he dug us out in a jiffy. Then everything was lovely. After all, we got to Cold Springs that afternoon — that is, toward six o'clock in the evening. The people, tired of waiting so long, had started to disband in every direction. They were unable to account for our delay, for it had not rained there at all. However, some had surmised it, looking at the black clouds in the direction of San Geronimo. There was still a large group left for the ceremony of Confirmation.

The Archbishop ended his tour with Confirmation the next morning in the mission church of Tecolote, a village fifteen miles west of Las Vegas on the highway to Santa Fe. Everything went off nicely according to schedule.

The End Of The Tour

It was dark when we arrived home in Las Vegas. Needless to say we enjoyed our supper and the quiet and comfort of the rectory. We rehearsed the various episodes of the eventful trip with great merriment. I doubted no longer the accuracy of the descriptions I had read in the book: "Death Comes for the Archbishop." The hardships encountered by the first missionaries in this country must have been awful.

SEEING GRANTS

Catechist Skupien's first article came to us written on paper that the butcher might have wrapped the meat in—that is, if they have a butcher at Grants. Catechist is from Chicago. Knowing that, you can better appreciate her reaction to the streetless town and the general store.

They told us that New Mexico had sunshine 365 days a year, and we believed it until we arrived one rainy Saturday afternoon with enough sticky adobe on our shoes to make a brick or two. You remember we use adobe here to build houses. If it's strong enough to build a house, you can imagine what a sturdy plaster it makes on one's shoes. We hoped the weather would clear up pronto.

When it eventually did clear up, we went to see this town of Grants which, we are told, is growing very rapidly. We went to the store. To the General Store to be exact. There the genial manager introduced himself to us, and us to the goods of his store. And the goods of his store were plentiful and varied. Here was the meat counter. There, the canned goods; and right next to it the rifle and hatchet department. Across from the baking goods one could buy ready made dresses, stockings, and various notions. I didn't look beyond that.

Walking down the main street one sees a little theater featuring a two-year-old movie, several hotels, a few dine and dance cafes, and the inevitable bars, bolstered up by the usual ten-gallon-hat patrons basking in the sun. Though the automobile is fast displacing the horse and wagon, we see an occasional horse and rider galloping down the street. We say street, even though we have no semblance of a street system. When we ask the children where they live, their usual reply is a vague, "Oh, over there!"

But this is seeing Grants in only a mundane way. How else can we see it? By looking at its bright spot which is our little parish church. I say the Bright Spot because though we have not the privilege of daily Mass here, we do have the Blessed Sacrament. And since work here is for God in the person of His poor, that Bright Spot is an inestimable source of consolation.

Oddly enough, the one-time popular song, "Turn Back the Clock" comes to my mind very often, particularly when we go to teach in the little out-missions. "Turn Back the Years" would really be the right title for a song, if a song could describe these quaint little mission places where modernism doesn't mean a thing. These towns are usually nestled at the foot of some mountain where the



In the Home Field



breathless rush and speed of the 20th century cannot reach them. This accounts for the serenity and peace that one cannot help but notice. The adobe church and the little public school are usually the main edifices.

I find these humble little chapels very interesting. The interior is usually calcimined or wall papered. A number of pictures that have turned yellow with age adorn the walls. Some statues are the plaster kind with which we are all acquainted; others are an amateur wood-carver's work, vividly painted, and dressed in silk and lace. Some chapels have pews, others, benches, or else just boxes and nail kegs to sit on. What about the lights? Oh, well, when there is an occasion for an evening service, we just use candlelight. Quite beautiful, I think. Oh yes, it is very, very different from the large churches most of us have been accustomed to, but then, the love and devotion with which these chapels were built can hardly be equalled. Surely God must look down with affection on these His poor, His chosen flowers.

Catechist Mary Gabrielle Skupien
Grants, New Mexico

St. Francis of Assisi, who loved all animals, and especially birds, used to say: "I would that on Christmas Day all men threw wheat and other grain outside their doors, so that the little birds may have plenty to eat on a day of such solemnity." It is still the custom in Norway and Sweden, on Christmas Eve, to tie a sheaf of wheat to a pole and set in the garden for the birds to feast upon next day.



Tomas worked many an afternoon until it was too dark to see in order to complete his Crib by Christmas Eve.

MAKING CHRISTMAS CRIBS

From the same mission—Coachella, California,—came two Christmas articles. We are publishing both. Catechist Hitzler wrote the story of Tomas when she was still at Coachella. This year she is an assistant to Catechist Richardson, supervisor of the Lay Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, in New Mexico. Catechist Schmitt is superior at Coachella.

When manual training classes began in October, the boys thought it was too early to make Christmas cribs. But they soon learned that it takes time, labor, and patience to make the figures out of wood. The crib set consisted of a stable, and the painted wooden figures of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, three shepherds, one king, and a camel.

Tomas was one of the few boys who finished his crib. He worked many an afternoon until it was too dark to see. First he traced the figures; then he cut them out. This was not an easy task. More than once, when the figure was almost finished, the wood cracked. The painting was not easy either. Often the figures had to be washed because the colors did not blend. But Christmas Eve found the crib complete, and Tomas was proud to have his picture taken with his finished work of art. Tomas is about fifteen years old. When he was a child, he had infantile paralysis which left him crippled. Even walking is an effort for him. But he is satisfied. He does not go to school, but comes to catechism class and manual training with the other boys. We are glad he does because then he has something to interest him.

Catechist Mary Anna Hitzler



An attentive audience carefully inspects the finished work of art while Catechist speaks of the glory of the first Christmas night.

A BED FOR THE INFANT JESUS

Our good Bishop gave permission to have Midnight Mass at Coachella last Christmas. People from all around attended. We had four little angels who knelt before the crib in adoration during the Mass. One of them slept at our house until it was time for Mass. Her father is blind and her mother did not know whether they could come at midnight, so they sent the child to stay with us. However, the parents did come to Midnight Mass, and afterwards I noticed them standing in the back of the church, seemingly waiting for someone. I asked the mother if the little girl would stay with us the rest of the night, but she said, "No, she wants to go home with us, now. We are waiting until she takes off her angel dress." The father of this little girl has been blind for about four years. He injured his eyes while working on the dates, and in time lost his eyesight completely, but they are resigned to God's holy will. It was a touching sight to see the mother leading the father when they came to Midnight Mass.

We gave another bed to the Infant Jesus on Christmas night. A blind woman from one of our out-missions stayed with us. She has an only son, Jose. When we visited her and brought her a Christmas basket, we told her that we would have Midnight Mass. She said she would ask Jose to bring her in to town early and then she could stay with us for the night. "I can sleep on the floor," she said. "The Infant Jesus had only some straw."

The poor soul was so happy to spend the night here. Her son brought her early in the evening, and after spending some time in prayer in the church, she went to confession. Then we took her over to our house so that she could rest awhile before Mass. And how happy she was when it was time for Mass! The Infant Jesus found a welcome in the heart of this poor blind woman. She stayed with us until after the second Mass in the morning, and then we took her home.

Catechist Juliana Schmitt

The ancient name of Bethlehem was Beit Lahm, which means "house of bread." The name is no less striking for its spiritual significance, Bethlehem being the place where the world's "Bread of Life" was brought forth. In this connection it is interesting to note that the primeval wheat, which is the original of the cultivated wheat, has been found wild only in this country.



Telling the "Christmas Story" to an enraptured little one.

"I GIVE YOU MY HEART"

Sweet and clear the voices rose, filling the little chapel with the joyful strains of the beautiful, old Christmas hymns. Grouped around the simple home-made crib, our little ones, dressed as angels, made a pretty picture indeed. Their voices sounded truly angelic as they sang for their Infant Savior.

Later, while the choir sang "Come, shepherds, to adore your King," little shepherds made their way to the crib. Then followed the joyful singing of "Let us all go to Bethlehem," and little children carrying little red hearts, came up and took their places before the crib. Other hymns were sung, among them "Bendito sea Dios." When they came to the words "Te doy mi corazon," (I give you my heart), all went up and put the little red hearts in the crib. The ceremony ended with the singing of "Silent Night." During Mass the children kept their places before the crib.

Simple as the ceremony was, it helped make Christmas happy, and one never to be forgotten by the children at Pecos, Texas.

Catechist Susanna Michels

Lift up your gates, O ye princes: and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates, and the King of glory shall enter in. Psalm xxiii, 7. Offertory, Vigil of Christmas.

Associate Catechists of Mary

Thank You!



Coachella, Calif.

I wish you could have seen these two youngsters, the morning we brought the Christmas baskets. They met us at the gate, when we came. We asked how the grandmother was. "She is sleeping," said the older girl. However, they showed us in, assuring us on the way that the barking dog under the house would not bite. But the grandmother was not asleep.

This poor woman had been sick a long time. She was dying of tuberculosis. For the last two months she had been bed-ridden. Her voice was only a whisper. The Catechists had visited her and seeing her weakened condition, knew she would not live long. They asked her if she would like to see Father and go to



Confession. At first she would not hear of it. But the grace of God was working, and finally she agreed. We brought the Christmas basket the next day, and she was anxious to see Father and make her peace with God, so that when He called her, she would be ready.

Merry Christmas!



The little girls danced with joy when they saw what we had brought. There was also a stocking for each one. I never saw anyone happier than this youngster with her stocking! One would think she had everything in the world. The little girls' mother is dead, the father works, and these children were at home all day with the sick grandmother. Poor little things! They were so neglected.

God called the poor woman to Himself, after she had received the Sacraments. How great are the mercies of God! The little girls have been taken to another town, and the house now has a "For Rent" sign on the door.

Catechist Juliana Schmitt

Gifts

In wishing you a Merry Christmas this year, we are letting our two little mission children be spokesmen. Good ones, aren't they?

We do not know if an A. C. M. Band happened to be instrumental in helping these poor little ones; but this is a fair example of the many whom our Associate Catechists do help. Hundreds—perhaps we might even say thousands—are similarly helped each year through the good deeds sown by our Bands.

And do you notice all the gifts that are exchanged in the short time our Catechists had the privilege of associating with this little family? The one you see instantly, of course, is the popcorn-filled Christmas stocking that confirmed the little tot's belief in Santa Claus! But what about the gift of the Sacraments to the poor, sick grandmother? Someone (perhaps it was YOU, a faithful A. C. M. worker) must have suffered and prayed to win that royal gift for her. And finally, what of the gift of this precious soul to Our Dear Lord? He thought enough of her to willingly suffer agonies for her; and yet, she might have slipped from His Heart! Another soul saved! Christmas comes each day in the missions when such gifts are ours,—and yours.

A Fine Afghan

An interesting way of raising money for their Burse was carried out some months ago by St. Sabina Band, Chicago. Spare minutes were utilized by busy fingers in making the raffle article, and spare dimes were garnered in by Band members with much success, as attested by a check for \$25 for St. Sabina Burse forwarded by Miss Marie Dwyer, Promoter.

For some time, Mrs. Nellie Wheaton and Miss Agnes Dwyer took advantage of their lunch hour at the office to crochet a beautiful afghan. The members of the Band then sold the chances, realizing \$25 as the result of their efforts.

In addition to this and other Burse contributions through the year, St. Sabina Band is always busy with the planning, cutting and sewing of baby clothes, quilts, little toys, and other articles that fill their mission boxes to overflowing.

We are very grateful to the Band for all their good work and send them a special vote of thanks for this latest Burse contribution.



Burses and Boxes

First of our Bands to be enrolled this year, The Dolores Band of River Forest, Illinois, have carried through their program energetically and happily, as attested by the following letter received in September from their Promoter, Mrs. Anna Klingel:

"I believe I wrote in my last letter to you that we do not meet in July and August, but we are starting this month again. We are having a couple of small raffles to make up for our dues for July and August; we want to keep our promise of giving as much as possible for Catechist Hazel Sullivan's Burse. We are very happy to hear that Catechist is now at Indiana Harbor. We are sewing and collecting a lot of nice things for the poor, our box is standing open at all times, just to pack things in as we get them. Is there anything special we can do for her now that she has been sent to help the poor? We just want Catechist to feel that we are with her heart and soul."

Such a "family spirit" between our Bands and their Catechists is one of the pleasantest rewards with which Our Blessed Mother deigns to bless our Associates.

Morrison Hotel Party

Letters from Chicago were especially interesting during the month of October. Like the facets of some precious stone, each revealed to us this or that little item of information about the Morrison Hotel party held on September 30 for the benefit of our Society. It was sponsored by the combined efforts of our Chicago A. C. M. Bands, under the supervision of Mrs. C. R. Service, Chairman, and the Chicago Central Committee.

The general consensus of opinion seems to be that it was one of the best-conducted of all the A. C. M. parties held at the Morrison. Full credit for this is deservedly given to the workers on the various committees for their beautiful decorations and efficient handling of the large crowd. And full credit for the large crowd is likewise given to the previous efforts of our members and friends in advertising and selling tickets.

Here are some of the "facets": "The raffle and door prize booth was decorated in blue and white, and had a spotlight shining on it. Mrs. McDonald had wrapped all the prizes in cellophane and ribbon, and they fairly sparkled." Mrs. McDonald had charge of the door prizes, while Mrs. Munse, Mrs. Garrity, Mrs. McNamara and Mrs. Cleary at the Raffle Booth were assisted by an enthusiastic group of helpers from many Bands selling the tickets. Miss Marie Dwyer was in charge of the Cake Booth, furnished with many toothsome cakes, deliciously (shall we say?) arranged. Miss Mary Perkins and her committee arranged for all the table prizes distributed, while Miss Florence Dietz and the Reception Committee handled efficiently and smoothly the pleasant work of greeting and directing guests. Mrs. John F. Gleason handled the advertising for this party, while many of our members and friends in Chicago sold tickets for it, which were distributed by Miss Elsie Jachmann. Many members also went to a great deal of trouble to assist in getting some of the very valuable prizes. "All the Promoters were generous in doing what they could, even those not on our committee" we were told, and again, "With such a splendid feeling of cooperation among the members, we cannot help but have a success."

This prophecy proved true, for net receipts from the party totalled \$1118.60. We believe this is the largest amount yet realized for the missions at a party of this kind, and we thank with all our hearts those who were instrumental in raising that amount for the benefit of our dear poor. Coming so soon after the fall opening of our missions, when appeals for so many needs were reaching us, it was doubly appreciated and welcomed. This offering will go far toward helping the poor, and we hope that the charity which inspired it will go far in welding the hearts of our Chicago Associates closer to the Sacred Heart of Our Divine Lord, and thus win for them an abundance of precious blessings and graces in reward. This is our heartfelt prayer of gratitude.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT DIFFERENT



Victory-Noll

Dear Santa Claus,

I don't know how I happened to think about writing you today, but I'm glad I did, for I'm sure you're just the one to help me out. I'm in trouble. I usually am, and this time it's worse. But Santa, I'm relying on YOU for aid. Just keep your eyes open as you make your Christmas rounds this year. See if you can't help me out. You see, now and then we tell the Catechists to BE SURE to let us know if they need anything in their missions. They are terribly obliging about it, Santa, and here I am with letters saying "please can you get us," "we need for our classes" etc. And now, —WE have to make good!

For instance, there's Catechist Kozla at El Paso, wanting to know if we couldn't PLEASE suggest some way to get twelve altar boy cassocks, red ones, for their poor mission. Santa, aren't you taking new cassocks to some altar boys this year? Well, if you see that the old red ones are still really good and clean, worthy to be worn in the Presence of Our Lord, couldn't you wrap them up and slip them down Catechist Kozla's chimney? Then there's the kermes, where hundreds of our children will be proud to "buy" prizes with the little tickets given them when attending religion classes. You wouldn't pass them up, would you, Santa? Catechist wrote that their greatest need at present is for religious articles,—rosaries, pictures, plaques and other devotional articles. Some places where you take lots and

"Lord, when did we see Thee hungry and fed Thee; thirsty, and gave Thee to drink? And when did we see Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? Or naked, and covered Thee?"



"Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me."

BAND CONTRIBUTIONS

October

Our Lady Queen of the Angels Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	\$92.50
Our Lady Queen of the Poor Souls Band, Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	90.50
Little Flower Band No. 2, Chicago, Mrs. Thos. Garrity	71.00
St. Elizabeth Band, Detroit, Clea Schneider	25.00
The Dolores Band, River Forest, Ill., Mrs. Anna Klingel	15.00
St. Philomena Mission Band, Chicago, Mary Schaefer	14.00
St. Helen's Band, Dayton, Ohio, Margaret Karas	13.25
St. Valentine Band, Chicago, Mrs. M. Rauwolf	5.00
Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band, Chillicothe, Ohio, Mrs. M. Clifford	5.00
Immaculate Conception Band, Detroit, Lillian Dunne	5.00
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha, Mrs. Katherine Shields	5.00
St. Anne's Band, Fort Wayne, Anna Brink	3.25
Sacred Heart Band, Newark, N. Y., Mrs. Amelia Nicoletta	3.00
St. Conrad Mission Band, Cincinnati, Ohio Amy Tieman	2.00
St. Boniface Y. L. S., Milwaukee, Marguerite Fenske	1.00

lots of nice religious gifts, can't you whisper into somebody's ear the fun of sharing with the missions? You can reach Catechist Kozla's chimney through Box 154, El Paso, Texas; and there's another chimney at 3816 So. San Antonio St., El Paso, where Catechist Wathen would be delighted with a duplicate order for the kermes at her mission.

Now for sunny California. Catechist Leven at Redlands diplomatically starts out like this: "Here's my S. O. S., as I warned you it would come." We'll be easy on you, Santa, and just give you part of it. First of all, they need offerings for the work fund and religious articles of all kinds—the sky is the limit, for they have two thousand children in classes at Redlands. No matter where you see an unused religious article or dime, Santa, pick it up and drop it in their chimney. And something else, too—"literature to hand out to converts and inquirers, magazines, OUR SUNDAY VISITOR, Inquirer's Guides, Bibles, Bible Histories, New Testaments, and the small books for children such as "Our First Communion" by Father Kelly, "Our Mass", etc. Finally,—honest, Santa, this is almost the end,—"for sewing classes: materials, thread, needles, scissors, quilt scraps, embroidery pieces and stamped goods, crochet thread and needles." Catechist Leven's chimney, Santa, can be reached through Box 46, Redlands, California.

Santa Claus, this is all I want for Christmas. You don't need to bring me anything, even if you have anything left. Except—oh, yes, this would be a grand gift!—bring me a bill for the repairing of three chimneys damaged by gift congestion.

Yours very hopefully,
Catechist Supervisor



Mary's Loyal Helpers



Dear Helpers,

A Joyous and Blessed Christmas to each one of you!

Just now I told the Infant Jesus that if He would tell me something interesting to write you, I would make a Crib for Him at Christmas. Do *you* know how to make a crib for the Infant Jesus? No? Well, never mind, you will in a minute.

For here's the idea He gave me. "Why not tell Mary's Loyal Helpers how to make a crib for Me, too?" I thought, "But You can only lie in ONE crib, Baby Jesus." In my mind's eye I saw twenty-five or thirty little gold cribs made by our Helpers—but only one Infant!

"No," our Infant Jesus told me. "This is what you do. You tell our Helpers how to make a Christmas Crib. Then you, and each one of the Helpers who loves Me, will make a Crib for Me for My birthday—Christmas. But EACH ONE OF YOU WILL MAKE THAT CRIB TO FIT THE HEART OF SOME CERTAIN LITTLE MISSION CHILD—some neglected little one to whom I could not come in Holy Communion on Christmas morning if YOU hadn't prayed for him. As soon as you have finished the Crib, your Guardian Angel will take it to the heart of that little child, and I'll be lying there on Christmas morning. My Mother will help you to make the cribs nicely, if you ask her."

Well, Helpers, I'm making my Crib. Are YOU?

Lovingly in the Infant Jesus,
Catechist Supervisor

A "Crib" for the Infant Jesus

A bedstead of gold	Stations four times
Ten little slats	Ten Rosaries
A little spring	Abstain from candy
A mattress	Five Acts of Contrition
Two fine linen sheets	200 Aspirations
A small white blanket	4 Visits to Blessed Sacrament
Another white blanket	Perfect silence 1 hour
A little blue comforter	Five Acts of Kindness
A little white spread	20 Our Fathers
A pillow of down	20 Glorias
A pillow slip	Five Acts of Faith
A gift for the Mother of our Infant	Four Holy Masses



"I'm writing this letter for suggestions for your little poor children. This is the Junior Catechist Club. We are making toys and other things. We go to All Saints School and the name of our club is All Saints Club. Please tell us what the children would want for Christmas."

Now isn't this a nice surprise from St. Louis. Virginia O'Connor is Promoter, Joanne Gearhart is Secretary, Mary Therese Byrne is Treasurer, while the other members are Jacqueline Gearhart, Dorothy Flowers, Mary V. Reilly, Patricia Conroy and June Thompson. We know some little mission children are going to be happy when All Saints Club start to carry out the suggestions they received as MARY'S LOYAL HELPERS!

One of our best "Christmas presents" during the whole past year was "Our Lady of Lourdes Mission Club", Topeka, Kansas

Front row: Alvina Porbusky, Helen Marie Melchior, Jo Ann Schoenfeldt, Catherine Beier.



Back row: Anna Soppes, Catherine Mauer, Helen Beier, Mildred Sommers, Pauline Beier, Ann Weigel, Mary Kaberline, Genevieve Kammer.



BETHLEHEM NIGHTS by Sister Mary Paula, S. N. D. The Devin-Adair Co. \$2

By all means get this book and read it. You will want a copy for yourself and you will want to give copies to your friends. Each "Night" is a chapter treating of the Spirit of Christmas, Legends, Carols, the Infant Jesus in the Liturgy, the Infant Jesus in poetry, in art, the Infant Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, etc. There is, besides, a description of Bethlehem, then and now. There is an exquisite chapter on the Masses for Christmastide. There are many other things worth mentioning in this charming little book, but read them yourself and enter into the real spirit of Christmas.

NATIVITAS CHRISTI by Mother St. Paul. Longmans. \$2

Nativitas Christi contains meditations not only upon the birth and childhood of Jesus, but also upon some of the saints whom the liturgy associates with His Crib. The last few meditations are upon the Christmas Antiphons that are used in the Little Office of Our Lady.

THE ROMAN MARTYROLOGY. THE ROMAN BREVIARY. THE DAY HOURS OF THE CHURCH. Burns Oates & Washbourne.

These English translations of the books of the liturgy will be welcomed from many quarters, for thanks to the zeal of modern liturgists, the breviary is no longer a mysterious volume used only by priests and nuns. **The Day Hours** contains both the English and Latin texts. Each of the four volumes of the breviary is an all-English version.

INSTRUCTIONS ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE—THE APOSTLES' CREED, by Rev. Nicholas O'Rafferty. Bruce. \$2.75

A complete knowledge of the Apostles' Creed, which is indispensable for Catholics living in the world of irreligion, may readily be gained from these forty-seven discourses. The style is plain and simple. The treatment follows the catechism of the Council of Trent.

ONE SMALL HOUSE OF NAZARETH by Lamplighter. Burns Oates & Washbourne. 2s. 6d.

Is this little book intended for children? The author herself answers Yes

and No. She hopes that older children will read it and that we grown-ups will read it—for the sake of the children and for our own sake, for unless we become as little children, we shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. **One Small House of Nazareth** is a simple study of the Hidden Life of Our Lord. Archbishop Goodier has written the preface.

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL by Msgr. Vigilio Dalpiaz. Burns Oates & Washbourne. 7s. 6d.

Admirers of the saintly Cardinal, Secretary of State under Pope Pius X, will welcome this English translation of his life. It is a popular biography that will endear Cardinal Merry del Val to all who read it. Rafael Cardinal Merry del Val was a man among men, a model as priest, bishop, cardinal—very dear to the saintly Pontiff who chose him as his Secretary of State.

THE MYSTIC LIFE OF GRACES by Hieronymus Jaegen. Burns Oates & Washbourne. 7s. 6d.

The author of this book was a German layman whose life was spent in active, public work. He died in 1919. His book reveals how he combined the spiritual life with an industrious life in the world.

LITURGICAL DICTIONARY by Alexius Hoffmann, O. S. B. The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. 75c

This is a handy volume which aims to supply an explanation of the terms used in the liturgical books of the Church.

OUR PALACE WONDERFUL by Rev. Frederick A. Houck. Pustet. \$1.25

Our Palace Wonderful is the universe. Father Houck invites his readers to accompany him on a journey in mind and spirit through this home God has given us. He predicts that the journey will not only increase our knowledge, but above all it will lead us to a greater love for God and an appreciation of His works.

Blessed are the Dead Who die in the Lord

Apoc. xiv, 13.

James Collis, Fort Wayne, father of Catechist Mary Helen Collis

Sister M. Leonette, O. P., Racine, Wis., sister of Catechist Mary Catherine Mascari

Rev. Paul E. Herb, New London, Wisconsin

Martin Berry, Chicago

George W. Deemer, Reading, Pa.

Martin Enright, Chicago

Simon Halloran, Chicago

Mrs. Annie Kirby, Manassquan, N. J.

Mrs. J. Lammerding, Cincinnati

Miss Augusta L. Singer, St. Louis



During September the following article was released by N.C.W.C. News Service and published in the various diocesan papers:

WINNEMUCCA

WITH the breaking of ground for the convent at Winnemucca, Nevada, begins a new era in the missionary annals of the Reno diocese. For some years His Excellency, the Most Reverend Thomas K. Gorman, has been desirous of establishing a foundation of Missionary Sisters whose rule would enable them to reach children unable to attend parochial schools. Just such a Community is the Society of Missionary Catechists, founded in 1921 by the Reverend John J. Sigstein and sponsored by the Most Reverend John Francis Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne.

There are now 205 members in the Community, more than half of whom are actively engaged in missionary work in Indiana, New Mexico, Texas, and California. The Center at Winnemucca is the first to be established in the State of Nevada.

The convent, being built under the able direction and supervision of the Reverend James Empey, pastor of St. Paul's church at Winnemucca, is to be named in honor of Our Lady of the Snow, patroness of the Diocese of Reno. Through a singular coincidence the Society of Missionary Catechists, aptly termed by Bishop Noll the "Maryknoll for the Home Missions," sent its first missionaries into the field on the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow sixteen years ago.

Erected in 1931, the Diocese of Reno comprises the entire State of Nevada. Within its 110,829 square miles there are but sixteen churches with resident pastors. At Reno is located the only parochial school in the entire diocese. Attached to the Winnemucca parish are four out-missions. The nearest, Golconda, is sixteen miles distant; Heron, thirty-eight miles; Paradise Valley, forty-two miles. The farthest, McDermitt, is situated partly in Nevada and partly in Oregon. It is seventy-eight miles out of Winnemucca. Classes for the religious instruction of children living in these places will be conducted by the Missionary Catechists from Our Lady of the Snow Mission at Winnemucca.

FOR THE KERMES

SOME years ago we established the custom of omitting all appeals from our Christmas number, but the other day we received such an urgent one from Catechist Julia Wathen, superior of St. Francis Xavier mission, El Paso, that we are publishing it this month. It arrived just too late for our November magazine and if we do not print it now, the El Paso children might not be able to have their "kermes." Catechist writes:

The Catechists at St. Francis Xavier mission, El Paso, Texas, are in need of articles for the "kermes" held at Christmas for the children. A kermes is similar to a bazaar. Several booths are erected and needless to say, it is one of the big events of the year for the children. Instead of using money, they use the tickets awarded them for attendance at catechism. When the day of the kermes is announced, excitement reigns supreme. Long ahead of the scheduled hour they begin to arrive. When at last they are admitted, they go from booth to booth carefully noting how many tickets are needed to buy the most necessary and desired articles.

Christmas Day is the day chosen for a particular reason: the children come from desperately poor families and get little or nothing for Christmas. But the kermes, made possible for them by good benefactors, brings them joy on the Christ Child's Day.

For the kermes we use anything we can collect: clothing, new and used; toys of all kinds; candy; religious articles. Money with which to buy food is especially welcomed. When we returned to our mission after being away for the summer months, one little undernourished, barefoot boy inquired, "Catechist, are you going to have shoes at the kermes?"

Catechist Julia Wathen
3816 E. San Antonio Street
El Paso, Texas



ALL of us are familiar with the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," that exquisite sequence composed by the Franciscan poet, Jacopone da Todi, and used by the Church in her liturgy for the two feasts commemorating the Seven Dolors of Our Blessed Mother. But not so well known is the "Stabat Mater Speciosa," the hymn of joy written by the same author. The first Stabat Mater is a hymn of Mary at the foot of the Cross; the second is a hymn of Mary beside the Manger. Both are written in the same meter and contain the same number of stanzas. It would be interesting to point out the many comparisons between the two, but lack of space prevents our doing so. Likewise, we cannot publish the entire text, but must content ourselves with the first, second, seventh and last stanzas. The translation is that of the British poet, Denis McCarthy.

By the crib wherein reposing,
With His eyes in slumber closing
Lay serene her Infant boy,
Stood the beauteous mother feeling
Bliss that could not bear concealing,
So her face o'erflowed with joy.

Oh, the rapture, naught could smother
Of the most Immaculate Mother.
Of the sole begotten One;
When with laughing heart exulting,
She beheld her hopes resulting
In the great birth of her Son.

Holy Mother, deign to bless me,
With His sacred Wounds impress me,
Let them in my heart abide:
Since He came, thy Son, the Holy
To a birth-place, ah, so lowly,
All His pain with me divide.

Make me by His birth be guarded,
By God's holy word be warded
By His grace till all is done;
When my body lies obstructed,
Make my soul to be conducted,
To the vision of thy Son.

TO JESUS THROUGH MARY

WHO among us does not rejoice as we celebrate the expectation of the Ages, the birth of the Savior, in the stable of Bethlehem. With the angels who surround the manger, let us sing His praises, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will." Oh, the excess of Divine Love, that a God should descend from Heaven and become man for us!

In spirit let us enter the stable at Bethlehem with the shepherds. We see the outstretched arms of the Infant Jesus inviting us to come to Him, and as we come to Him, and as we bow down in adoration and thanksgiving, Our Blessed Mother reaches down and clasps the Christ-Child tightly to her heart. Oh, with what love, with what devotion Our Blessed Mother received Jesus, her little Son and her God! And with what love the Infant Jesus embraced her with those tiny Hands! How the shepherds must have gasped at the spectacle of such holy love! Truly they had a glimpse of Heaven on that first Christmas morn.

We all love to hear about the Infant Jesus, but we should bear in mind that Our Lord lived, not for one Christmas day only, nor did He forsake us at the end of His public life. Before His death, He gave us Himself to be present with us until the end of the world in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. With Arms outstretched He invites us to come to Him daily, just as truly as the shepherds were invited by the angel to go and adore the Christ-Child in the stable at Bethlehem. The tabernacle is a true manger, for therein lies Jesus, waiting for us to come to adore Him.

As we visit the Crib, let us look over at the tabernacle and try to realize more fully that Jesus is there, not merely as a representation, but as the same Jesus who was born on Christmas morning centuries ago. Then turn to His Blessed Mother, and ask her to help us love her Divine Son more, and to receive Him into our hearts with some of the love and devotion she had when she held Him tightly to her heart on that first Christmas morning. Ask her to keep us faithful and close to Jesus as she was during her life.—L. H.





Loyal Crusaders of Christ the King, standing at attention.

Viva Cristo Rey!

Catechist Muriel Balch

IN our mission center at Brawley, California, and in each of its out-missions, we have organized a club under the patronage of Christ the King. It is not merely a club in the ordinary sense of the word, but a real army of boys, loyal to their King, and fighting under His banner. In true army spirit, the Crusaders are organized into companies of forty-seven boys, each in charge of a Captain. The Captain has under him two Lieutenants, four Sergeants, eight Corporals, and their soldiers. This enables the Captain to have all his men in orderly arrangement whenever in Church, or when it is desirable to present an orderly appearance. The Crusaders are taught to march like real soldiers, and while at attention, the right hand is kept over the heart, reminding them of their silent prayer:

"My hands are yours
My heart is too;
Oh, may they do
Great things for You."

On the day of their reception into the Crusade army, the recruits to be received as cadets, enter the sanctuary at Communion time and at a given signal kneel and solemnly make their pledge to Christ the King, "to observe faithfully the discipline of the Crusade Army and to fight with all their strength the battle of their King against Communism." They then make their

profession of Faith and receive their blessed shield (a small silk one, worn on the left arm).

After being received into the army, the cadet must work for his merits in order to become a private and receive the first cross on his shield. According to his merits and efforts depend his promotion to higher offices. Every Crusader respects these offices and works for them with a will.

Who has not heard the ambitions of a growing boy and thrilled at the sparkle and glow of those dream-filled eyes, when brought face to face with his vision! Be it aviator or soldier, it is his present ideal. Using this boyish trait, we hold up to the Crusader the symbols of the army. Aviation means to him Holy Communion; as the eagle flies straight into the heavens, so, too, the Crusader who specializes in Aviation aims toward the Heart of his King. Holy Mass is Navigation, and religion class has for its symbol Artillery. Learning our holy religion is taking sturdy weapons into our hands to combat our foe, the devil. Cavalry, or good behavior in Church, brings the Crusaders to make many visits to their Eucharistic King. The thought of the Crusaders' vigil spurs them in this daily visit. Good conduct everywhere is symbolized by Infantry, and this is where their merits multiply.

The banner of the Crusaders, as well as their signal flag, is white with a red Cross. As it is explained to the newly received cadet, the white stands for purity and strength, for if the Crusader's heart is pure "his strength is as the strength of ten." The red signifies love and sacrifice and shows that a Crusader is ready to sacrifice himself even to the shedding of his blood for love of his King.

IN receiving a group of boys into the Crusade Army in one of our out-missions, we made this latter explanation quite strong so that they would esteem the club more highly. Since there is no church in their little town, we had assembled them to make their pledge, outdoors, before a Crucifix hung on a tree. Telling all those who were ready to make their pledge as true Crusaders to stand, I was somewhat surprised to see but one jump to his feet; the others were busy thinking. Luis, with a look almost of disgust, turned to them and said, "You've heard of the boys in Mexico and Spain who died for God; can't we do the same, and be ready to die for our King?" Needless to say, they promptly stood, and with real feeling made their pledge and gave their battle cry, "VIVA CRISTO REY!"

Live Christ the King! Long may He reign! This is the battle cry and the heart's prayer of the Crusaders of Christ the King!



The beginning of the Holy Gospel according to St. John:

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was made nothing that was made. In Him was life, and the life was the light of men; and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it.

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. This man came for a witness, to give testimony to the light, that all men might believe through him. He was not the light, but was to give testimony of the light.

That was the true light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, He gave them power to be made the sons of God; to them that believe in His name, who are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. *And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we saw His glory, as it were the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.*

Gospel of the Third Mass on Christmas Day