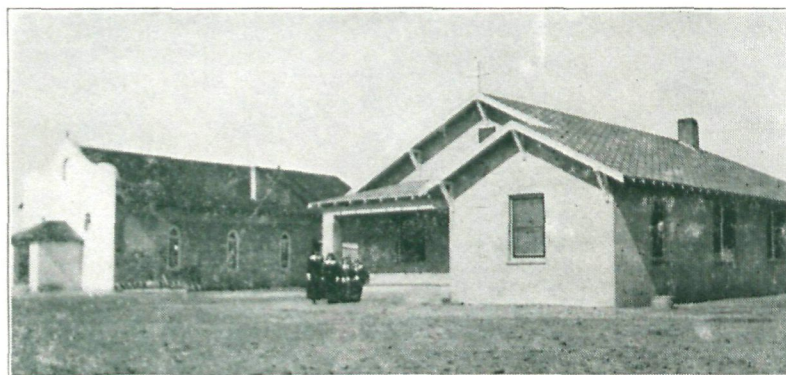
A black and white photograph of a mountain landscape. In the background, a large, snow-capped mountain rises against a light sky. The middle ground is filled with a dense forest of evergreen trees. In the foreground, a calm lake reflects the trees and the mountain. The scene is framed by the dark, out-of-focus branches of trees on the left and right sides.

The Missionary Catechist

OCTOBER 1939

Looking Back on Grants



The Church of St. Teresa and the Catechists' Home at Grants, New Mexico.

THIS year the Little Sisters of the Poor are celebrating their hundredth anniversary. Other Communities there are who can look back over fifty, a hundred, or several hundred years of achievement. We



One of Grants' First Communion Classes.

Catechists must content ourselves with a glance in retrospect at a mere decade of years or more, for the Society itself is not yet twenty years old.

This fall one of our New Mexico missions—Grants—celebrates its tenth anniversary. Named in honor of St. Coletta, the reformer of the Poor Clares, and situated in a town whose patroness, oddly enough, is St. Teresa, the reformer of the Carmelites, our mission at Grants was founded in October, 1939, with Catechist Marguerite Srill as its first superior.

Grants belongs to San Fidel parish which is in charge of the Franciscan Fathers. The Catechists teach religion at Grants and in a number of the missions attached to the parish. There is very little employment for the people in and around Grants and con-

sequently they are very poor. Some of the men herd sheep in the mountains, but receive very little pay for their work.

Grants, San Mateo, and San Rafael have active sodalities. The girls here publish a monthly sodality paper and exchange with many sodalities in the East. Last May thirty sodalists made a two-day retreat at Grants under the direction of Father Remigius, O.F.M. The Catechists hope to make this retreat an annual affair.

God has blessed the work of the Catechists at Grants in the past. May He continue to bless it in the future.



Catechist Mary Louise Wilbers, Present Superior of the Mission with a Group of Sodalists.

For This Month

SOME months ago a good pastor allowed a collection to be taken up in his church for our Society. The sermon that was delivered on this occasion was so forceful and contained so many exquisite thoughts on the virtue of charity that we asked the speaker's permission to reproduce it in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. For obvious reasons we have omitted the name of the writer of "The Greatest of These . . ."

In our August issue we had a brief account of the trailer that had been given to the Amarillo Diocese and would be used by the San Angelo Catechists in their summer school work. In the story "Mission by Starlight" you will learn what the trailer meant to the people of Spur, Texas. Catechist Bahl, who wrote the article, is now superior of our mission at San Angelo.

This is the second time in a few months that Father Marion has appeared in our magazine. An author and educator of note, he is at his best when writing of Franciscan missions and missionaries. "The Bells of San Antonio" is the story of the founding of the Mission of San Antonio in California.

Catechist Baca describes for us a pilgrimage up Cristo Rey Mountain on the Feast of Christ the King. Every year on the feast thousands of Mexicans from El Paso and its environs make the arduous ascent. On other feast days during the year pilgrimages are held also.

"Bad Hands!" is a true story sent to us by Catechist Balch.

There are in our missions many boys like Carlos who by kindness and tact can be won over and made to change their lawless ways.



The Missionary Catechist

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THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST is a monthly magazine published with ecclesiastical approbation by the Society of Missionary Catechists, Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana. Subscription rates: \$1 a year; \$2.50 for 3 years; \$4 for 5 years; \$25 for life, payable in monthly installments; \$1.50, Canada and Foreign. Entered as second class matter December 30, 1924, at the post office at Huntington, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1879.

O. B. L. V. PRESS VICTORY-NOLL HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

"The Greatest of These ---"

WE are all familiar with campaigns and drives by civic and religious organizations for the relief of the unfortunate. We have our Community Chests, Diocesan Charities, and numerous parochial activities for this purpose. I do not in any way wish to minimize the need and importance of organized charities. I do not know what we would do without them. I do lament the fact that stress of present-day circumstances, the inevitable human weakness resulting so often in fraud and deceit, make necessary the employing of what might almost be termed "Big Business" methods. Skilled, high-salaried workers and painful, often humiliating investigations have distorted in some measure the beautiful virtue of charity. Make no mistake—I do not condemn (I confess the need and praise the work), but I appeal today for a brief consideration of just what constitutes this greatest of all the virtues.

Someone has suggested (Mr. G. K. Chesterton) so wisely that much of so-called charity today is not charity but pity. Charity has become a business, an easy way to rid ourselves of an uncomfortable problem, a remedy for a nuisance, a detached, impersonal thing. Mass efforts have provoked this feeling, and what is worse, begotten an air of superiority. We look down on the poor. Unconsciously perhaps, surely without malice or contempt, we assume an attitude of inequality—a habit of "looking down" on the poor. That is what Mr. Chesterton scored so bitterly as he wended his way through the London slums. The feeling we have for the poor is the same feeling provoked in our hearts at the sight of a wounded, hungry, or abused dumb animal. We feel sorry. We are moved to help, if we may. That is "pity" and may *not* be "charity." Pursuing such a course—and this is the thought I must bring you—we may fail miserably in exercising this virtue which contains the "whole law and the prophets."

St. Paul, in his inimitable way, has given us the classic definition of charity (1 Cor. 13, 4 et seq.).



But even more telling is his forceful reminder that when God wished to give us an example of love or charity, He put Himself on a plane with us—"emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant" (Phil. 2, 7)—that He might show His love for His brother, man—became like us that we might become like Him.

And Our Lord Himself so often had this theme upon His lips. I need not remind you of the stories and parables with which He sought to teach this lesson. One which will be told forever will suffice—The Good Samaritan. The Good Samaritan did not flip a coin in the direction of the sufferer. He was not content with mere consoling words, nay, not even with charity by deputy. See him! He gave of his substance, his time, his beast, and after first caring for him personally, he left him with orders for the innkeeper to do even as he would have done. All the elements of real charity are here—personal sacrifice and care, an attitude that argues for real love for an equal.

Need I recall examples that you may understand? Xavier dying in the lands of India? Damien become a leper in the Island wastes of the Pacific? The poor outcast receiving gratefully the cloak of the Poor Man of Assisi before revealing Himself to be the Poor Man of Nazareth come to earth again?

Such is "charity," my dear Catholic people. Doing for others as for ourselves for the love of God. Looking up, not down! Loving, not pitying! Happy to share our treasures with those who have not! Helping to bring the "glad news" which is ours to those who have it not, and even as we do, imitating Him who sought to heal the body and provide the needs for life here even as He prepared to give peace and joy and solace to heart and soul.

That has been and is the Life of the Church. Today there are numerous brave men and women who have given all (as alone worthy of God) to devote their lives to the welfare of others. Not alone in foreign lands, but in our own, especially in the West and Southwestern parts of our country, once the cradle of the Faith in the New World. They work among the cast offs of our own society; they go into the homes of the needy, the sick, the ignorant bringing balm for body and soul. The sick are nursed. The poor are fed and clothed. The children are taught. And there are no great drives, no notoriety, no campaigns, no great response from the world; just the deep satisfaction of a great work done in secret in the Name of Christ.

REPRESENTATIVES of such a group of women are our guests today, the Missionary Catechists. It is in behalf of their work, in the name of Christ and His Mother that I speak to you these few words on charity. We kneel here in this beautiful church, comfortable, safe, enjoying the benefits bought for us by just such chosen souls in days gone by. Neither you nor I have been given the grace of God—perhaps we have not the courage and character necessary—to do that work. But as members of a great living Church, we can join hands with those who have the vocation and strength, and we can share in this work of charity. With what material means as we may have at our disposal today, and with our prayers and good works offered in their behalf always, we can re-dedicate ourselves to the real work of charity. If we have been looking down, we will look up! What may have been a nuisance, just another appeal, will be a privilege! Where there may have been the poor natural virtue of pity, we will substitute the glorious, supernatural virtue of charity, yearning to help our "brothers in Christ." I am sure that today, as in the past, you will speed these emissaries of Christ on their way bearing your gifts to the Poor Man of Nazareth. I am just as sure that your blessings and theirs cannot be counted.

Mission by Starlight

Catechist Cordelia Bahl

IT was late afternoon on the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel when Father Schafle of Rotan, Texas, parked our little trailer home on a ranch five miles from Spur. Father told the good man of the house that he had brought the Catechists here for a few days to visit all the Mexican families on the scattered ranches.

"But they are going to give doctrina also, aren't they?" he inquired. "Every evening, so we can all come. Old and young, none of us know how to pray. We are out in the fields all day chopping cotton but we can gather here in the evening. I'm going to town now and if I see any Mexicans, I will invite them to come out here this very evening for class."

Two hours later twenty pupils, ranging in age from five to sixty years, gathered on the front porch. For two hours we drilled prayers, explained the truths necessary for salvation, and sang hymns. As the stars appeared we retired to our trailer home for the night. Several cars arrived after we had returned and we were very sorry that we had dismissed classes so early.

All of the next day we spent seeking our scattered Catholic families to inform them about our evening classes. And then night after night entire families came, in trucks and antiquated cars. They came distances of five, eight, fourteen, and even twenty miles. Their numbers kept on increasing until the last night we counted seventy-five.

It was most inspiring to see fathers and mothers and grandmothers seat themselves on the porch railings and steps with their older sons and daughters, while the younger children were elsewhere in the yard with Catechist Hitzler. All had come to learn, and grey

haired men were not ashamed to ask to be helped with the Apostles' Creed and the Act of Contrition, for most of them could not read. We suggested that if one member of the family knew how to read or pray he should keep repeating the prayers with the rest—all day—as they walked over the fields. Then we could spend less time drilling and more time on the explanation of the catechism. The next night we marveled at the improvement in their prayers.

"Well, you told us to learn them while we were chopping cotton and we did," they told us proudly.

One elderly man who is a widower and has three little girls, was most anxious to learn so that he could teach his family. In one day he learned the Creed while working with his neighbor, and the next day he hoped to learn the Act of Contrition, but to his disappointment he was sent to work in a different field. He spent the day reviewing the Creed.

"Now I know I will never forget it again," he told me that night, "because I worked so hard to get it. If I can only get some help to learn the Act of Contrition because I want to go to confession! I haven't been since I was married more than ten years ago, and then I didn't know any prayers. The priest helped me say them."

In the cool of the evening, out there under the stars, sometimes their eyes would close from weariness after having walked over the fields all day with a hoe, in the heat of mid-July. But singing their beautiful Spanish hymns revived them and they wanted to stay far into the night to learn their prayers, the Sacraments, the Commandments, and the most important questions of the catechism. However, we knew how early they would have to be out in the fields again



"They ranged in age from five to sixty."

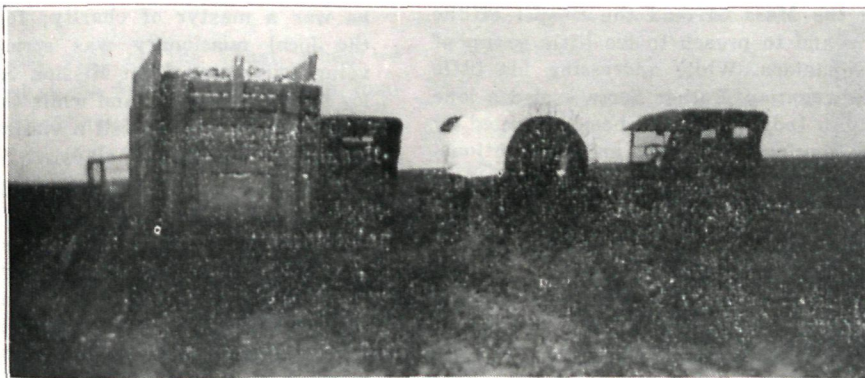
in the morning, and we had compassion on them.

THE week went by all too quickly. We asked our people to return early Saturday morning before our departure. Even if there were no Mass we could give them another instruction. By seven o'clock over fifty had come. We gave them their final instruction with Father Heeg's beautiful picture of the "Jesus and I" series. It was the first time we didn't have class by starlight.

Then we gathered in a room in the ranch house where Holy Mass is offered only every three months. Here we knelt and prayed the rosary, sang hymns, had spiritual Mass, and made a spiritual Communion. After giving everyone a medal and a holy picture as a remembrance of our little "mission" we dismissed them so that we could do our packing.

When Father Schafle arrived at ten o'clock to take our trailer away, our people were still here. We gave Father a list of fifteen children from eleven to twenty years of age who would be able to receive their First Holy Communion at his next visit. I was sorry to hold back one family of young people of fifteen, seventeen, nineteen, and twenty-one years. They came eight miles for four nights, but none could read, nor did they know any prayers. The time was too short to prepare them for First Communion.

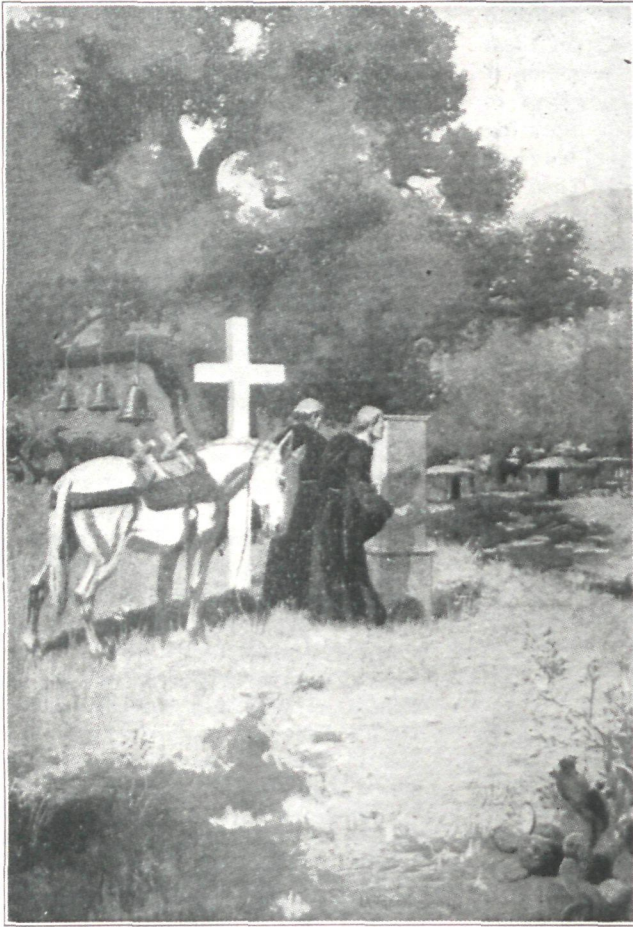
Bishop Lucey's trailer home certainly is a God-send for places like Spur. Without it we could never have stayed with these good people for seven days. Greater spiritual poverty and ignorance we have never found. But neither have we found more good will and eagerness to learn than among our dear poor at Spur.



"They came in trucks and antiquated cars."

The Bells of San Antonio

Marion A. Habig, O.F.M.



"Filled with holy zeal and enthusiasm, Father Serra ran up to the bells and began ringing them in a lively manner."

IN a beautiful and secluded spot, close to the little Rio de San Antonio, in the central part of what is now the state of California, the saintly Father Junipero Serra once preached a sermon. That was at the founding of Mission San Antonio de Padua, on the feast of the Seraphic Doctor St. Bonaventure, July 14, 1771. Only two other missions had been founded in Alta California during the two preceding years, namely San Diego in the south and San Carlos near Monterey. They lay near well-known harbors; but now Father Serra was to found the first inland mission.

To this apparently deserted valley of Los Robles, in the midst of the Santa Lucia Mountains, they had trudged some seventy-five miles, all the way from Monterey—Father Serra, his two fellow missionaries Father Miguel Pieras and Buenaventura Sitjar, a few soldiers and sailors, and some neophyte Indians from Lower California. A brushwood shelter with an altar was erected, and

from the branches of a live oak were hung the bells which had been brought along.

Filled with holy zeal and enthusiasm, unable to restrain the emotions which filled his magnanimous heart, Father Serra ran up to the bells and began ringing them in a lively manner, exclaiming the while: "Hear, O Gentiles! Come! Oh, come to the holy Church of God! Come! Oh, come and receive the Faith of Christ!" The more practical minded Father Miguel Pieras respectfully reminded his superior that it was useless to tire himself by ringing the bells, since there was not a single pagan Indian within hearing. But Father Serra replied: "O Father Miguel, let me give vent to my heart's desires; for I would that these bells were heard all over the world, or at least by all the pagan people who live in this sierra."

As was done at the founding of all the missions, a large cross was then raised and blessed; and Father Serra celebrated holy Mass in the shade of the enramada which had been put up. The Mass was in honor of the great Franciscan preacher, missionary, and wonder-worker, St. Anthony of Padua, since this new mission was named for him. As is customary today, Father Serra interrupted the Mass to read the Gospel of the day and to preach to his little group of companions. While addressing his little congregation, Father Serra espied a lone pagan Indian who had been attracted by the ringing of the bells and had cautiously approached while the celebration of holy Mass was in progress.

Filled with joy at the sight of this native, Father Serra declared: "I trust in God and in the favor of San Antonio that this mission will become a great settlement of many Christians, because we see here what has not been observed in any of the other missions already

founded, that at the very first holy Mass the first fruit from paganism has been present."

As soon as he had concluded the Mass, Father Serra embraced the pagan Indian and gave him some presents. The latter returned to his tribesmen; and that same day many other Indians of the region came and by signs indicated how pleased they were that the white men were going to remain with them in this place. Father Miguel had been wrong after all. Father Serra had not rung the mission bells in vain.

IN 1805, as many as 1,296 neophyte Indians were dwelling together in harmony and contentment at Mission San Antonio; and though the lands were barren, a fact which necessitated frequent changes in the cultivated fields and ranges, the local flour mill furnished the finest flour of all the missions.

Today Mission San Antonio is to a great extent in ruins; but, standing as it does in a secluded spot far from busy automobile roads and throbbing city life, it retains the spirit and atmosphere of the mission days more perhaps than any of the other old missions. It does not require much effort here to picture to oneself the missionary padre surrounded by his dusky charges and the other happy scenes of mission life.

Perhaps this is due also, in part at least, to the fact that in the sanctuary of the old mission church rest the mortal remains of four California missionaries. On the Gospel side, the left side as you face the altar, closest to the wall is the grave of the youthful Father Francisco Pujol, who died in 1801 when he was but thirty-nine—perhaps a martyr of the Faith, inasmuch as it appears that some malevolent Indians poisoned the food of the missionaries at the time. Certainly he was a martyr of charity; for, when the local missionary was stricken, he voluntarily came from Mission San Carlos to take his place, and while the latter recovered he himself fell a victim to the strange and painful malady.

Next to him lie the bones of Father Buenaventura Sitjar, who was present with Father Serra at the founding of this mission. During all the thirty-eight years that he spent in the California missions, he labored at San Antonio with the exception of one year when he founded Mission San Miguel. Not only did he learn to speak the Mutsun lan-

guage, spoken by the Indians in these parts, but he also compiled a dictionary. He died in 1808 at the age of sixty-two years.

Beside Father Sitjar was interred Father Juan Bautista Sancho, who died in 1830 at the age of fifty-eight years. As a young priest of thirty-two he came to California; and for twenty-six years he worked and prayed at this mission. He too could speak with the Indians in their own tongue. "If I must eat, I must work," he said on one occasion when he was advised to take a rest after recuperating from a siege of severe sickness.

On the other side, the Epistle side, is the grave of Father Vicente Francisco

Sarria, the first to hold the office of Comisario-Prefecto of the California missions. He died at Mission Soledad in 1835, being sixty-eight years old, but was buried at San Antonio Mission. A true son of St. Francis, he was a model missionary, animated with ardent charity and aflame with burning zeal for the salvation of souls.

And in the center there is another grave, that of the Reverend Doroteo Ambris, who served this mission for over thirty years after its secularization. With the first Bishop of California he came from Mexico as a seminarian, and was ordained a priest at Santa Barbara. He died in 1882, his last words being: "The

soul to God, the body to the earth!"

[F for no other reason, the fact that four Franciscan missionaries and a pioneer secular priest have found their last resting place in the sanctuary, Mission San Antonio should be saved from ruin and restored. Fortunately, during the opening years of the present century the Historic Landmarks League rescued the mission from complete collapse. About seven years ago was begun the practice of observing an annual fiesta at this mission; and in 1936 a special Mission San Antonio Restoration Association was organized. May the efforts of the Association be crowned with success!

On the Mountain of Christ the King

Catechist Carlota Baca

THE people of San Jose (Smelter) parish and all the parishes in El Paso celebrate the Feast of Christ the King with great pomp and solemnity. On this day all the faithful go on a pilgrimage to the Mount of Cristo Rey. How happy we Catechists are that we can be among the Cristeros.

This mountain is not in Texas, as one would expect, but is in New Mexico. It is near Bowen, New Mexico. The Smelter parish bought it from the government. The pastor, Father Lourdes Costa, has worked very hard and made many sacrifices to make these pilgrimages possible. All the materials for the altars and the stations were taken up by the men of the parish. These men, who work hard at the smelter plant, gladly gave their time between working hours. It must have been a sight indeed to see them going up the mountain, single file, carrying the rocks. It would remind one of the building of Acoma, the City of the Sky.

Last year on the Feast, when we arrived at the foot of the mountain, hundreds and hundreds of people had already assembled. Still they kept coming. Not only men and women, but children of all ages, and even babies in arms. Rich and poor were there; love for Christ the King had brought them hither. Love for their country had brought all the Cristeros to make intercession for their dear ones in Mexico.

The ascent began, and all the while

the different groups took turns leading the prayers and the hymns. Their "Vivas" echoed and re-echoed on the mountain. The ascent is steep and the road rough, but many made it in their bare feet. A little boy who walked ahead of us was barefoot. Those awful rocks no doubt hurt his little feet, but no, that did not matter; he was doing it all for God.

On and on we walked for about six miles until we came to the first stop, the Altar of Our Lady of Guadalupe where Father exposed the blessed Sacrament. Then the procession, with the priest bearing the monstrance containing the Sacred Host, continued for another mile until it reached the summit. There the Blessed Sacrament was enthroned.

Many priests were there, among them Monsignor Uranga, since deceased. It was the Monsignor who gave the touching sermon. Yes, he said, he was proud of the fact that it was in Mexico that the word Cristeros originated, when the Mexican martyrs died with the words "Viva Cristo Rey" on their

lips. Then, before Our Lord gave us His sacramental blessing, the mountain rang with "Viva Cristo Rey!" "Viva la Virgen de Guadalupe!" "Viva Mejico!"



Mexicans ascending the Mount of Cristo Rey on the Feast of Christ the King. This picture was taken three years ago. Each year the crowd increases.



These Gary boys have
the rhythm!

LA TRAILA

Perhaps you would be very curious if you saw the Catechists and a car trailer at the side of your church. The ranchers of Knickerbocker, Texas, were, too; so they came to see "la traila" as they call it.

"La traila" is dark green on the outside, with an oak finish in the interior. It has four windows, a door, a sink, water tank, medicine cabinet, gasoline stove, ice-box, cupboards, table, camp chairs, and two beds or "bunks" similar to berths in a Pullman. This wonderful little house-on-wheels enabled us to use both the sacristy and the church for classrooms. Otherwise we would have made our home in the sacristy.

Our Mexican people at Knickerbocker were most hospitable to us. They brought us our meals, each dish cooked in the very best style. At the home of Don Pilar, the patriarch of the little pueblo, we were entertained by the village orchestra.

Catechist Audrey Daskoski

ON THE EDGE OF THE MOJAVE

Our year ended with religious vacation school at Barstow, California. Barstow is a typical railroad town with its boys aspiring to the "red cap" that would style them "railroad men." It is situated on the edge of the Mojave Desert on the main highway to Boulder Dam. Visitors from all over the United States, yes, all over the world, are continually stopping there. The humble little Church of St. Joseph, with Our Lord ever present, welcomes all who enter. There, in the quiet morning, religious, or priests, or members of the laity may be found, pausing on their journey to receive their Eucharistic Lord or to seek a little respite from the busy world. The Knights of the Road, too, know the sign that

means rest for the weary and food for the hungry. One evening two of them stopped at the church. One peered in, saw the sanctuary lamp, and called out to his companion, "Yes, this is it!" Then the two hurriedly made their way to the rear door of the rectory.

As you will see from the picture, our month was not all work. We enjoyed the beautiful country around. The Joshua tree stands sturdy but lonely, in the Rainbow Basin. Mighty mounds of rock encircle the basin, making one fear for the traveler who might be stranded there. Daggett, another old landmark, lies seven miles east of Barstow. It was the railroad center where the famous Mule Team Borax was brought from the Calico Mountains with twenty mule teams on a one-way road. There is still borax there, but the mines no longer operate.

Catechist Mary Louise Perl

Do you love your neighbor? If your conscience tells you that you have done but little for him, have made but few sacrifices for his good, you have just cause to acknowledge your want of love for your neighbor and for Jesus.



Catechist Perl, Catechist Heintz, and Catechist
Rafaela Mendozza by the lone Joshua tree
in Rainbow Canyon.

In the Home Field

U. S. A.?

Nestling in a thicket of mesquite is the mission church different. It is so tiny that there is room in the sanctuary for the priest alone. The altar boys have to kneel outside the communion rail. The people in this little mission are extremely simple. The Faith was planted here by the early missionary Padres. The children are prepared for the reception of the Sacraments by the parents themselves. In many instances we find that the child is taught only his prayers at home. Here he is taught his prayers, and is also prepared for his First Communion.

The classes which we held were the first formal classes in religious instruction that the children had ever attended. Young men and women came with the smaller children. One woman came daily and brought her eight children. The older children as well as the younger ones, had to be taught to play games. Everything was new to them. What a thrill the recreation periods were. Even the adults in attendance could scarcely restrain their laughter as they watched the children, big and little, play.

Each time we visited the homes we had to have a guide to direct us. Their homes are built back in the fields and if we had to open one gate before reaching the house, we had to open twelve or fifteen. One week it rained and the lanes were almost impassible. We got stuck every day but one.

Yes, these people are indeed living in the world, but they are very much apart from it and its contagion.

Catechist Helen Beall

FOR CLEAN READING

I wish that people who read their Catholic papers and magazines and then do not know what to do with them would see the harm that the magazines on the black list are doing. One can trace a copy of such a magazine half the length of a city block. We find scarcely a home that has not a copy or two on the table. Sometimes when the mother objects, the daughters or sons will put their reading matter in the trunk, but all the younger members of the family know what older sister or brother reads.

One day we took a copy from someone and were just in the act of burning it when some children came to the house. "What are you doing that for, Catechist?" one of them asked. When we explained that it was one of the bad magazines we should not read or even look at the child replied, "Oh, but Catechist, that is not a bad magazine. My sister reads it all the time and I like to look at all the colored pictures."

What a blessing it would be in our mission at Coachella, California, if some mission-minded people would help to put a stop to this and other like instances. A Catholic family is taking two or three Catholic magazines, besides the diocesan weekly paper and *Our Sunday Visitor*. Could not this family write us for the address of someone who should also be reading such papers? Then on Tuesday, or whatever day the members of the family are finished with the Catholic papers, mail that week's *Claret* to the family in the missions. That would be so much better than sending a month's supply at one time, for during the interval the children will be reading and looking at something else. If too many come at once, they will not get much out of them, while if they come weekly, they will look forward to them and appreciate them. The harm that can thus be prevented cannot be measured in this life.

One young girl here attempted to commit suicide by taking poison. Only the prompt action of the doctor saved her life. She told us that she had so many troubles and the girls were all jealous of her. Life was becoming unbearable, so she would just end it all. This poor girl is a reader of the condemned magazines. It was after the heroine she read about that she would pattern her life and even, but thank God, unsuccessfully, her death.

Catechist Helen Sullivan

A subscriber from Dayton, Ohio, asked us to publish his thanksgiving to *Our Blessed Lady of Victory* for a favor received. Another subscriber, from San Diego, California, wishes to thank publicly the Sacred Heart, *Our Mother of Good Counsel*, St. Joseph, and St. Ann for favors received.



Catechist Seewaldt is an interested spectator while the boys hitch up Nanny and tell her to take Spud for a ride.—San Xavier Mission, El Paso.

THE WIDOW'S MITE

The door bell of our mission at Cerrillos, New Mexico, rang. I hastened to the door just in time to see poor old Dona Pablita laboriously pull off her muddy shoes, or what formerly had been shoes. Straightway she went to the chapel to ask help of her Heavenly Father.

When she came out and had taken the chair I offered her, she made known to me her petition. Her eyes though weak and sunken were expressive, and shone with confidence when she asked, "Have you a pair of shoes for me, Catechist?" I listened patiently to the long story of hardship and suffering of the poor little widow and then with a feeling of fear, went in search of some old shoes. Just as I had thought. There were no shoes for my Dona Pablita. How could I tell her?

I summoned all my courage, and with aching heart said, "There are no shoes for you now, Dona Pablita, but



Catechist Gratton with some of the children on Terminal Island, an out-mission of San Pedro, California. The Catechists teach in this shack.

probably someone will send some soon. If so, I will bring them to your house." I was afraid of seeing a few tears in her eyes. But the tears were in my own as Dona Pablita pressed my hand and said, "That's all right; as God wishes. God and the Catechists are all I have and they will take care of me. Here is my only dollar. Take it. It is for the Blessed Sacrament."

And I know that that sanctuary light burned more brightly than usual, for it was the offering of the widow's mite.

Catechist Emma Siegfried

NO CHARGE

The Navajo Indians passed through Grants on their way to the fiesta at Laguna. They are very picturesque and attract much attention. Their knowledge of this gives them the advantage of charging a dollar to anyone who wants to take their picture. We wanted to see them close and while we were at supper two of them rode into our back yard. We took a good look and didn't pay a dollar for it either. They travel in covered wagons for the most part but some of them have cars. It is a picture to see the Indian women with their quaint head dress and bright shawls riding in a modern Chevrolet.

Catechist Mary Ellen Gallagher

Do you seek for a proof of your love of God? Remember, Jesus has put every neighbor of yours in His place, and demands that you treat every one as you would treat Him if He came to you in person.

Associate Catechists of Mary



You can take it with you—

We are busy work-a-day people and we do not go too deeply into spiritual things. Sometimes in fun, sometimes in warning, sometimes in gloom, though, we say to ourselves or to others, "You can't take it with you." Everybody knows what that means and we don't have to be spiritual to understand. It's just a fact.

But why don't we sometimes say to ourselves, with all the joy in the world "You can take it with you." Nobody more than a conscientious Associate Catechist has the right to say that. It's just as much a fact as the contrary phrase.

You see, our work of helping the missions is not simply a pleasure, a hobby, nor a duty. It's an investment.

When we die there are many things we can't take with us. Money for instance, the clothes we like best, the work we enjoyed, the family we loved. All these we leave behind. But we do take with us our soul and all that it contains,—what it IS. That means our soul with the imprint of all the actions of our life; our spiritual, mental, and physical actions. To gain Heaven, that imprint on the soul must be so God-like that God will recognize us at once as His beloved children, and invite us to enter our Father's house.

That is the one beautiful thing you can take with you—the reflection of God's Love in your soul. It is imprinted there by each flash of answered grace. Another year of missionary labors is beginning for our Catechists, and as usual, we shall lean with confidence on the generous help of our A. C. M. Bands. You will no doubt be called upon again and again, directly or indirectly, to work for the missions and to gain friends for them. Don't grow tired of us! Each plea will be an appeal to your charity, and with each answer, given in God's name and for His love, there will grow in your soul that imprint of the God-like.

Let's make it our motto for the coming year: "You can take it with you!"

Chicago A. C. M. Plans for Annual Card Party

News received just before going to press indicates that early fall will mean doubly busy days for our Chicago Associates. Plans are under way for the annual large card party for the benefit of their Catechists.

The date this year has been set for **November 10**, and the place as usual will be the **Morrison Hotel, Chicago**.

Miss Rosemary Arden, chosen as Chairman of the party, will be assisted in her work by a number of able committees, and we feel that the efforts of all will be crowned with much success. Enthusiasm is catching and there seems to be the happy determination to make this party "the best yet", which we know that hearty cooperation will achieve.

We expect to have more detailed information in regard to committees, etc., in time for our next magazine. In the meantime, we would sincerely urge all members to do everything possible to sell tickets and assist the various committees in charge. It is a burden lifted from our shoulders when funds come to us in abundance from such a successful party. Please "do your bit" for the sake of our Catechists and our beloved, needy, poor!

A. C. M. Spiritual Treasury

Members share in the prayers of the Society of Missionary Catechists, in the missionary labors and sacrifices of the Catechist they help support, and in the prayers of the poor mission children under her care. Their intentions are included in the Masses offered for the Society and its benefactors.

A special Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart is offered for their intentions on the First Friday of every month.

Their intentions are included in a special Mass offered every Saturday in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. A remembrance is made for them in our Perpetual Novena in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

A memento in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is made for every Associate Catechist at death. Deceased Associates are remembered in the daily prayers of the Society.



Are you gonna help us again?

Band Contributions

July 28 to August 20, 1939

Little Flower Band No. 2, Chicago,	
Mrs. Thos. Garrity	\$53.35
Our Lady of Mercy Band, Chicago	50.00
St. Joseph Band, Chicago, Mrs. M. McNamara	50.00
The Occasional Band, St. Louis,	
Margaret McCord	45.00
St. Elizabeth Band, Detroit, Cleta Schneider	30.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Mary Schafer	25.00
The Juanita Club, Chicago, Margaret Wirtz	24.00
Sacred Heart Band, Newark, N. Y.,	
Mrs. Teresa Pitrella	20.00
St. Sabina Band, Chicago, Marie Dwyer	15.00
The Marian Band, Chicago, Marie Welter	12.00
Santa Margarita de Cortona Band,	
San Fernando, Calif., Lucile Gattierrez	12.00
St. Helen's Band, Dayton, Ohio,	
Margaret Karas	11.50
St. Margaret Mary Band, Omaha,	
Mrs. Katherine Shields	10.00
St. John's Band, Peoria, Ill., Mary Scott	8.00
Our Lady Queen of Angels Band,	
Los Angeles, Mrs. C. J. Sauthier	7.00
Our Lady Queen of the Poor Souls Band,	
Los Angeles, Mrs. Anna Meng	7.00
St. Patrick's Band, St. Louis, Mo.,	
Margaret Burns	6.50
Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band,	
New Orleans, Mrs. S. S. Ogdon	5.00
Holy Family Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Wm. Murphy	5.00
Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band,	
Chillicothe, Ohio, Mrs. N. M. Clifford	3.00
St. Conrad's Mission Band, Cincinnati	
Aurelia Niehaus	3.00
Our Lady of Guadalupe Band, Dayton,	
Ohio, Mary E. Weaver	2.00
St. Ann's Band, St. Joseph, Michigan,	
Mrs. M. M. Wright	1.10
The Scillians Band, Cheviot, Ohio,	
Rita Busche	1.00
St. Theresa Band, San Bernardino,	
California, Lucy Roas	1.00

A midsummer check from St. Joseph Band No. 1 made us happy, and we should like to express our thanks to Mrs. McNamara, Mrs. Service, and all the members. Their club has been one of our valued Bands for many years, and only Our Lord can tell how many souls owe their final salvation to the work made possible by our good helpers in St. Joseph Band. Our prayers, our best expression of gratitude, shall be with each and every member.

We should also like to ask a little remembrance by our Associates for the soul of good Mrs. Crowe, a faithful and generous member of St. Joseph's Band, who died in August. May she rest in peace!

WORD from Miss Lucile David, Secretary, tells us that St. Joseph Band No. 2, Chicago, are sponsoring their Annual Card Party for the benefit of our Catechists on October 24, 1939, at St. Rita K. C. Club House, 6048 South Fairfield Avenue. Admission 35c Table and door prizes. Miss Elizabeth Martin, Promoter of the Band, is in charge of the affair.

We as well as the members of St. Joseph Band would appreciate any cooperation given the girls on their party, and we shall add our prayers that they may have a successful affair.

"I suppose by now you are saying 'What's wrong with the St. Philomena Band,'" Miss Mary Schafer humorously wrote when a short delay occurred in writing us. However, we weren't even thinking that, for St. Philomena Mission Band is one of the "ever faithful few" (or should we say "many" in the A. C. M.) on whom we depend always, with no disappointment. An extra large check for their Burse accounted for and more than made up for the delay, and the good wishes that accompanied the check made it seem even bigger, for Miss Schafer told us, "How I wish this were \$2500 instead of \$25.00"!

OUR Calendar this month has an idea we borrowed from St. David Mission Band, Chicago. Mrs. Rose Munse, Promoter, wrote us, "How is the drive for new subscriptions progressing? My Band have promised twelve, and as soon as they collect I shall forward the money. The magazine is so very interesting that it should be easy to 'sell.'" Our Circulation Department thought this a fine idea. We should be glad to have any A. C. M. member or Band share in the "subscription shower".

Write—

*Write Now—
Right Now—!*

During this year we hope to make our Society known in many new communities. Haven't you a good Catholic friend in another city, whom you might influence to mission interest by mentioning the subject to her? Write her today and tell her about our Catechists and your work for them. Inspire her to form a Band too. Share your spiritual benefits and your meritorious work with others. You will be blessed for it.

The first outside party sponsored by The Occasional Band, St. Louis, was given in August. Intended as a little neighborhood affair, it was so well patronized and so successful that \$45 was realized. "It is for your Burse, 'The Divine Will,'" the club wrote to their adopted Catechist, Catchist Mary Barbara McCord. "We had a fine bunch of workers, and everyone had a grand time and asked why we couldn't give more parties. In fact, some of the ladies offered to give or help with parties in the near future—for the same benefit. Isn't that grand? I feel that our party was just the beginning of 'The Occasional Club'—at least a bigger and better club." We are most grateful to all our good workers and to Father Helmsing, who very kindly spoke about the work of our Catechists at the party.

**Prayer to
St. Raphael Archangel**

O Raphael, lead toward those we are waiting for, those who are waiting for us. Raphael, Angel of Happy Meetings, lead us by the hand toward those we are waiting for. May all our actions, all their actions, be guided by your light and transfigured by your joy.

Angel Guide of Tobias, lay the request we now address to you at the feet of Him on Whose unveiled Face you are privileged to gaze. Lonely and tired, crushed by the separations and sorrows of the earth, we feel the need of calling you and pleading for the protection of your wings, that we may not be as strangers in the Province of Joy, all ignorant of the concerns of our own country. Remember the weak, you who are strong: you whose home lies beyond the regions of thunder in a land that is always peaceful, always serene and bright with the resplendent Glory of God.

Feast—October 24

Generous checks were received during the summer from St. Sabina Band, and from The Juanita Club, both of Chicago. Miss Marie Dwyer is Promoter of St. Sabina Band, long one of our most active groups, and active in interesting others. Miss Margaret Wirtz is Promoter of the Juanita Club. We are very grateful to both Bands for their generosity. Summer donations are always doubly appreciated as we realize it is more difficult to conduct meetings during that time. May God bless our good, faithful friends.

A. C. M. Calendar

October

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31

This month we have the "key" band meeting for the coming year. September was the get-together; October will set the pace. Let's make it a good one!

Christmas is coming and it's not a bit too early to prepare. We'll make our plans now and get busy. Remember all Christmas boxes should be on their way about the end of November.

Month of the Rosary. A Rosary a day during October for my mission.

Hallowe'en,—how can we use it to raise funds? A party? Stunts? A raffle? Nothing like Hallowe-en for fun,—and here's where we send in an extra check for our Burse.

Subscriptions. THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST has been fishin' for them for months and we haven't thought to do anything about it yet. Our Band—each member gets one subscription—that's ten. It'll be easy. And won't the Catechists be surprised and pleased!

"It's loads of fun—"

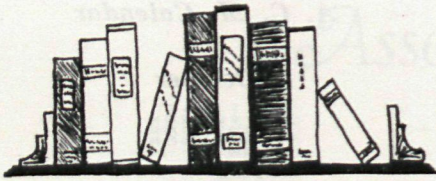
This "recipe" for a spice game or stunt to enliven your meetings was sent in by Mrs. Wright of St. Anne's Band, St. Joseph, Michigan. It seems to bring in the pennies!

"At one meeting various spices, twelve or thirteen in all, were tied in individual little muslin bags. These bags were numbered and were passed from player to player with each trying to identify the spice by smell. The player writes down the name of the spice she thinks is in bag number one, number two, etc. The failure to have an answer or for having an incorrect answer brings a penny forfeit. We collected \$1.35 at this little contest, and aside from the money it is loads of fun. You wonder whether 'your nose knows' after all."

Burses—

Have You Found Yours?

Jesus Christ Crucified Burse	\$716.68
The Five Holy Wounds	210.27
Infant Jesus of Prague	123.50
Our Lady, Queen of Peace	118.41
Our Lady of Mercy No. 1	2199.25
The Holy Name of Mary	3599.04
St. Dimas Burse	327.00



JESUS THE MESSIAH by J. M. Bover, S. J. English adaptation by J. Burgers, S. J. C. Wildermann Company, 33 Barclay St., New York. \$1. 20% discount to the clergy and to study clubs.

Jesus the Messiah is a harmonized version of the four Gospels, chronologically arranged. It is easy to handle, being a small volume, contains only the most necessary footnotes, and is well illustrated. It should be especially valuable for study clubs.

THE MASS OF THE SACRED HEART FOR THE FEAST AND FIRST FRIDAYS. Rev. Arthur W. Terminiello, St. Teresa's Village, Bolling, Alabama, 10c.

This little book contains, besides the Mass "Cogitationes," the Litany of the Sacred Heart, the Act of Consecration, Novena prayers, and the Promises of Our Lord to St. Margaret Mary. Although the Mass prayers are in the vernacular, the beginning of each principal pray is in Latin. The rubrics are printed in red and the type is excellent. Even if you have an every day missal and we hope you have—you will want this handy booklet to use on First Fridays when perhaps you go directly to the office from church and do not want to be burdened with a larger book. The proceeds from the sale of the book will be used for the furtherance of the noble work Father Terminiello and his associates are doing among the sharecroppers in the South.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA, 10c. HANDS, 5c. Two booklets by Isidore O'Brien, O. F. M., St. Anthony's Guild, Paterson, N. J.

Devotees of St. Anthony will welcome this booklet in which the author considers the Saint under five aspects: The Gift of St. Francis, The Friend of Man, St. Anthony and Labor, St. Anthony and Peace, St. Anthony in Wonderland. The second booklet is somewhat unique containing as it does some thoughts on Hands. What a world of thought Father Isidore opens to us in his considerations on Men's Hands, Women's Hands, and Babies' Hands!

MISSION INTENTION FOR OCTOBER

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell
National Director, Society for the
Propagation of the Faith

"That Knowledge of the Missions May be
More Widely Diffused in the Press"

With the invention of the printing press just 500 years ago it may be said in truth that the world became a changed place, because the dissemination of both truth and falsehood became possible through the printed word. It is because the Holy See is so deeply cognizant of the power of the press that the faithful are requested during the month of October to pray "that the knowledge of the missions may be more widely diffused in that press."

History in the Making

Today the world is more "news conscious" than perhaps ever before. Yet if one really desires to know "the news behind the headlines," to get the explanation of the background of events which crowd one another off the front pages of the great secular dailies, he should become acquainted with mission news. Then he will be able to appreciate that the struggle for Palestine becomes only another chapter in the long history of the Holy Land, which for centuries has been the battleground where soldiers of the Redeemer, in the garb of Franciscans, have tried to win Christ's homeland back to Him. Extras may blazon forth European nations' claims to lost colonies, but mission news keeps readers informed of actual happenings in those same colonies—happenings which are reported without any distortion of truth. America's proposed fortifications in Guam become front page copy for the secular press, but the real news of Guam, of the Philippines, of Hawaii comes from the Catholic priests, Brothers, and Sisters who work in these districts and report their news to the mission press. The question of the open door policy in the Far East constitutes a feature story of the daily press, but

In Memoriam

Paul James, Cincinnati, brother of Catechist Mary Alice James.
Rev. George Casey, Stephens Point, Wisconsin.
Mary Carmody, A. C. M., Chicago.
Mrs. Crowe, A. C. M., Chicago.
Catherine Fitzpatrick, A. C. M., Chicago.
Mrs. Dorothy Brown, Tulsa, Oklahoma.
Mary Leach, Chicago.
Thomas J. Leahy, Harbor Springs, Michigan.
Mrs. Mary L. McGrath, Pittsburgh.
Mary A. Murphy, Manley, Nebraska.
Louis J. Schneider, Sr., Cincinnati.
Mary Smedinghoff, Cincinnati.
Mrs. C. B. Weed, Green Cove Springs, Florida.

the attitude of the Chinese and Japanese governments toward foreigners, especially toward Catholic missions and missionaries, will be found only in mission news.

Up-to-the-Minute News

It is not then a question of finding material that will be of interest. The problem is to bring it to the attention of the average reader. The field of the apostolate of the mission press is a broad one with immense possibilities. It has been said on many occasions that if the printing press had not been invented at the time of the Reformation Protestantism would not have spread so quickly nor so widely, for this instrument of propaganda, with all the charm of novelty upon it, helped diffuse the new false doctrines. If the guilt be there, may it be expiated by seizing to the full the vast opportunities that lie before us now by bringing, not only to Catholics, but to the world in general the glamorous and history-making story of the missions.

MISSION APPOINTMENTS

On August 15, the Feast of Our Blessed Mother's Assumption into Heaven, mission appointments for the year 1939-1940 were announced. A happy day it was, indeed, especially for those Catechists who were receiving their first mission assignment.

Of special interest was the announcement of the opening of two new missions, one at Elko, Nevada, and the other in Salt Lake City, Utah. The Elko mission will be the second in the Diocese of Reno, Winnemucca having been opened last fall. The Salt Lake house is to be the first in the diocese of that name.

These two new centers bring our number of missions up to twenty-five. The Elko house will be opened during the month of October, while the Catechists who are assigned to Salt Lake City will not begin work there until the first of the year. Catechist Mary Dickebohm is to be superior at the latter mission, while Catechist Eleanor Gerhart will be in charge at Elko.



THE addresses of our mission-centers are:

- Refuge of Sinners Mission, 512 Soldano Avenue, Azusa, California.
- Our Lady of Guadalupe Mission, Box 1356, Brawley, California.
- Good Shepherd Mission, Box 336, Coachella, California.
- Little Flower Mission, Box 325, Los Banos, California.
- Mary Star of the Sea Mission, 598 Laine Street, Monterey, California.
- Box 272, Ontario, California.
- Queen of the Missions, Box 46, Redlands, California.
- St. Peter the Apostle Mission, 536 O'Farrell Street, San Pedro, California.
- Precious Blood Mission, 222 South Eighth Street, Santa Paula, California.
- St. Joseph Mission, 120 South F Street Tulare, California.
- Mount Carmel Mission, 3868 Block Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.
- Sacred Heart Mission, 4860 Olcott Avenue, East Chicago, Indiana.
- Our Blessed Lady of Victory Mission, 2324 Monroe Street, Gary, Indiana.
- Our Lady of the Snows Mission, Box 172, Winnemucca, Nevada.
- Nazareth Mission, Anton Chico, New Mexico.
- Souls in Purgatory Mission, Box 223, Cerrillos, New Mexico.
- Our Lady Help of Christians Mission, Cleveland, New Mexico.
- St. Coletta's Mission, Grants, New Mexico.
- Blessed de Montfort Mission, 514 Valencia Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- Cristo Rey Mission, Box 154, El Paso, Texas.
- St. Francis Xavier Mission, 3816 East San Antonio Street, El Paso, Texas.
- Holy Family Mission, Box 1317, Lubbock, Texas.
- Queen of Angels Mission, 27 West Avenue N., San Angelo, Texas.

Interested readers of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST have been asking us how our subscription campaign is progressing. Alas, we are still far short of our 15,000 mark; and the deadline is only two months away! We are deeply grateful to you who have sent us new subscriptions and to you who have renewed so promptly. We beg you who have been intending to ask your friend or neighbor to subscribe to do so now, and you who have put off sending us your renewal, to sit down and send it now. It will mean so very much to us. We will be most grateful to you and will pray for you and have the children pray for you.

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is one of the best means you have of helping yourself and us. It is an investment for time and eternity. Small amounts, as well as large ones are welcome. Write today for particulars.

Superior General
Victory-Noll
Huntington, Indiana

To Jesus Through Mary



Queen of the Holy Rosary pray for us.

St. Stanislaus Seminary
Florissant, Mo.

August 7, 1939

Dear Catechists:

As promised, I shall offer up Holy Mass on the Feast of the Assumption for the Confraternity of Mary Queen of Our Hearts, that God may bless all the members and their holy work. I remain,

Yours sincerely,
M. J. Hoferer, S. J.

P. S. And a memento in every Mass I say.

THE members of the Confraternity of Mary Queen of Our Hearts will, we feel sure, be as happy as we were to read this letter from Father Hoferer. It is indeed a consolation to know that we are remembered in every Mass Father offers and that once a year he celebrates a special Mass for our intentions.

Nearly eight hundred persons now share in these Masses and in others that are offered for the members of our Confraternity. During the past year especially the Confraternity has grown. The membership includes priests, Brothers, Sisters, and lay persons. The Sisters are in the majority, for we have learned that once the True Devotion starts in a Community, it spreads rapidly. These Sisters in turn influence their friends, relatives, and pupils, and the circle ever widens.

Because we occasionally get requests to enroll deceased persons or very small children in the Confraternity, we would

remind you here of the requirements for membership. There are only two: One must strive earnestly to practice the True Devotion to Our Blessed Mother as it was propagated by Blessed Grignon de Montfort, and one's name must be inscribed in the records of a canonically erected Confraternity. The Confraternity here at Victory-Noll, our Motherhouse, established ten years ago, is the only one of its kind in the United States. There is one in Canada and one in England. The headquarters of the Archconfraternity are in Rome.

We would emphasize the spiritual character of the membership. No outward ceremony is required. Neither are there "dues" in the strict sense of the word. Blessed de Montfort advises the members, however, to give an alms to the poor on the day on which they are admitted to the Confraternity. Those who cannot do this are urged to perform some other act of charity compatible with their state of life.

Another thing we are asked frequently is whether or not the members should wear a small chain or other insignia. No, this is not necessary. In fact, we received so many inquiries about this that we referred the question to the Fathers of the Company of Mary in Rome. These are the priests founded by Blessed de Montfort and it is they who are in charge of the Archconfraternity. We were told that such insignia are unnecessary and that their use is not encouraged. The reason for this is easy to see. Too much emphasis might be put on exterior practices and the interior practices of the devotion will be relegated to second place. We need not, however, go to extremes in this matter. Every devout client of Mary wishes to wear her scapular and, very often, a miraculous medal or other medal bearing her image.

Members of the Confraternity of Mary Queen of Our Hearts may gain numerous indulgences on certain days of the year. A list of these indulgences is printed on each certificate of membership. If you are practicing the True Devotion and are not yet a member of the Confraternity, write us and we shall be glad to enroll you.



Society of Missionary Catechists
Huntington, Indiana

Dear Catechists:

I made my Act of Consecration
and wish to become a member of the Confraternity of Mary Queen of Our Hearts.

Name
Address

Mary's Loyal Helpers



Queen of the Holy Rosary,

Keep each Loyal Helper true;

Help us plan this month a garland

Of Rosaries for you.



Rosaries of acts of love,

And prayers for our Catechist!

Rosaries of sacrifice,

What better gift than this?



SACRIFICE is a big word, but it is something that Our Blessed Mother's children, and MARY'S LOYAL HELPERS, know how to do. The Catechists in the missions often write to us about the hard things the boys and girls do to help others. Catechist Like told us about a little American boy, who lives in New Mexico:

"He is nine years old and lives with his crippled father and a little sister about six years old. His mother died a few years ago and the poor father has taken care of these little children the best he could, but he is very poor.

"Now he is crippled and Junior must be the man of the house. Although only nine he starts out bravely for town, which is ten miles away, to get the groceries. Sometimes a neighbor gives him a ride, but sometimes he does not meet anyone he knows so he walks all the way alone."

Mary's Loyal Helpers make many sacrifices, too, and best of all, they are making them to help little boys and girls in the missions like Junior. Ruth and Nora Shea, who live in Gladwin, Michigan, have been LOYAL Helpers for a long time. These are the sacrifices they made for Mary:

"There was ninety-four cents in our mite box. Nora is putting in the fifty she saved for some intention of her own. I have been saving my allowance for a permanent but I am going to send it also. I've always wanted a permanent but I decided I didn't need a permanent as bad as some children need food and clothing."

Now, wasn't that a big sacrifice for a little girl to make?

RAFFLES are always a lot of fun, and it is something that gives every Loyal Helper in your club a chance to help. Several Bands have raffled dolls, and it has always meant that many, many pennies were gathered together to help the missions. Julia Porubsky, Treasurer of Mystical Rose Band, Topeka, Kansas, not only tells us about their raffle, but also gives us a good idea to help the members work for chances:

"Our doll raffle was a great success; we made \$20.30. For every twenty-five chances that a girl sold she received a gold star. Maxine sold one hundred exactly, thus giving her four gold stars. The rest of us have three, so it was a great success." This raffle was held during the summer, and a big doll, dressed in a pretty pink tafetta dress was given to the winner. Now that the first busy month of the school year is safely past, Mary's Loyal Helpers have more time to plan and hold a raffle. Mystical Rose Band holds the record so far. Which Loyal Helper Band or group of Helpers is going to break it, and make another?

AMY WILLIAMS, Angleton, Texas, is our newest Loyal Helper. Amy writes that she will try hard to "please Almighty God" by being a faithful Helper. That should be the first big aim of every Loyal Helper, and we can please God best by being true to Mary, His Mother.



For boys like Carlos the streets often afford more kindly shelter than their wretched homes.

Bad Hands!

By Catechist Muriel Balch

“THEY’RE bad hands, Catechist.” Catechist surveyed the hands held up in front of her. They were an ordinary pair of hands, long, slender hands. But they showed marks of hard work—callouses which testified that hoeing and tying carrots is not the easiest work for a fourteen-year-old-boy.

“Yes, bad hands,” he repeated.

“But, Carlos, do you know the story of another pair of hands, bad, as you call yours, nailed to a cross but now belonging to a saint—Saint Dismas—a saint because of the pierced Hands so near his own, pouring out His Precious Blood for him and for all of us, His poor strayed sheep. Yes, Carlos, the Good Shepherd was nailed to a cross for us His sheep. See, in this picture how He holds closest to His Heart the lamb who caused Him the most suffering.”

And so Carlos learned his first real lesson in religion, the love of the Good Shepherd for His strayed lamb. But one lesson was not enough. He came again and again, by the front door and by the back, eager and anxious for another story about his Crucified Friend. He had to struggle, too. It was not all learning for him, for he had as many things to unlearn as to learn. His parents were dead, had been dead so long he could hardly remember them; and under, or rather in spite of the unheeded care of older brothers he grew up doing as he pleased. The *cantinas* (saloons) and pool halls were his playground, and often afforded him

more kindly shelter than the shed called home. At least one could keep warm there, sleeping on the benches until closing time.

The upward path is a hard one to climb, and for one unused to the straightness of the way, Carlos succeeded in making considerable headway during the five months following his parole. Often he would try to induce his friends to come to church or to class. Victory though, must be won after many hard strifes, and often the last battles are more fierce than those fought in the beginning.

CARLOS’ last attack came in the form of a chance to skip school and go to Los Angeles. Within twenty miles from home he and his companions were arrested, caught with the car they had “borrowed” for the trip. Poor Carlos’ troubles began again.

“Bad hands!” This time they clenched the cold iron bars of his cell and tears of contrition trickled over them while Catechist again told the story of One Whose pierced Hands had held the lost lamb close to His Sacred Heart.

“I’m a good boy now,” he wrote in his last letter from the State Reformatory. “And I ask God every night to make me good. I have the cross you gave me and I hold it and pray to the Good God.”

Hands that hold our Crucified Savior in love and contrition. Are they Bad Hands?

What If ----

you had a family of 148 members
living in 25 different mission-centers.

And suppose--

that although each one worked hard
all day, not one made any money.

But their work was the most important work in the world
—saving souls. It had to go on. And you had to provide
food and clothing, for each worker—about a dollar a day.

\$148 a day, or \$1036 a week, or \$4440 a month

Then in addition to this personal support, you had to
provide books and religious articles for class work, and food
and clothing and medicines for the poor whom God had
placed under your care.

How would you do it?

That's *part* of our problem here at Victory-Noll. There
are other incidental expenses (incidental in name only, not
in size) necessary for the upkeep of our missions and to pro-
vide for the needs of a rapidly-growing missionary Society.

You can help us meet this problem by sending us your
offering whether large or small. No amount is too small to
contribute.

Society of Missionary Catechists, Huntington, Indiana

Dear Catechists:

I am inclosing \$..... for the needs of your mission family.

Name

Address