



*Society of Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory*

Volume I

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, January, 1925

Number 2

## HOW IT TOOK

### SUCCESS SCORED BY THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST.

Did the first issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST take? In the terse, but expressive, language of the day: "We'll say it did."

This little Mission Messenger, like a true Missionary, traveled far afield on its initial journey. Into the study of the busy Pastor of our big City parishes like Chicago; into the simply furnished community room of some struggling Missionary Order in the South; into the humble homes of working men in the East and West;—everywhere,—it found its way, and everywhere it met a royal welcome. After three years of hard praying and of hard planning, our diminutive, but efficient, messenger of good cheer carried to many appreciative readers the distinctive message we had so eagerly desired to convey to them.

Judging from the highly favorable comments we have received, our Readers were agreeably surprised with both the form and the contents of the first number of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. One busy Priest writes: "I assure you that you have a fine little paper. May God bless your praiseworthy work!" A well known Religious Superior says: "I like THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. I like its make-up, which really invites attention. I like its breezy, chatty, style; its simplicity, and its straightforwardness."

It means very much to our Society of Missionary Catechists, at this time, to win the friendship of both Priests and Sisters,—as well as the laity. To

(Continued on Page Two)

## SAVE THE FAITH OF NEW MEXICO!

### MISSIONARY CATECHISTS ENTER OUR SUNDAY VISITOR'S VICTORY TRAINING INSTITUTE.

BY THE RT. REV. MSGR. JOHN F. NOLL, LL. D.



for the Catholic people to know that there was opened just one mile from Huntington, Indiana, a Novitiate and Training School for Missionary Catechists, whose field of labor will be that

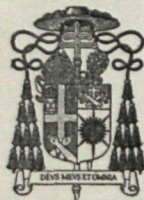
Apropos of the articles now appearing in the Catholic press on the Spanish-speaking population which inhabits the southwest portion of the United States, it will be interesting

region and the beneficiaries of whose services will be those Spanish American people.

The institution was erected under the auspices of OUR SUNDAY VISITOR, at the solicitation of a California gentleman, who advanced nearly \$100,000.00 for the undertaking. The Training School, built along Spanish mission architectural lines, is a beautiful structure, and has cost considerably more than the sum donated by the benefactor referred to.

It is occupied by the Society of Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, founded a few years ago by Fr. J. J. Sigstein, then a priest of the Archdiocese of Chicago. This Society is incorporated in the State of New Mexico, with Archbishop Daeger as honorary head. It is constituted of ladies, who, like members of the Religious Sisterhoods, seek first of all their personal sanctification, but who aspire to missionary work rather than to the teaching of school. The members wear a neat, navy blue uniform, which bears a resemblance to a religious habit. They are given a thorough training in Catechetics, in Spanish, impractical Nursing, etc., in order that they may minister both to the souls and bodies of the poor people who are to be their charges. After a novitiate of one year the Catechists take the ordinary simple vows of religious, but for one year at a time. Then before going to the southwest, the Catechists are sent for a period of one year to

(Continued on Page Two)



APPROVAL  
OF  
ARCHBISHOP  
DAEGER

Nov. 26, 1924.

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

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

Sincerely yours in Christ,  
ALBERT T. DAEGER, O.F.M.,  
Archbishop of Santa Fe.

## SAVE THE FAITH OF NEW MEXICO

(Continued from Page One)

the Calumet region of northern Indiana, where the great industrial cities of Gary, Indiana Harbor, etc., are located, and where several thousands of Spaniards and Mexicans are employed. The Catechists visit the homes of these people, apply themselves to social service work, and instruct the children. There are five Catechists thus occupied in the city of Gary at this moment, and there are more at work at Chaperito and Ocate, New Mexico. A dozen very excellent young ladies came to the Huntington Novitiate and Training school prior to its formal opening, Jan 12, and others are expected this month. The numerous applications now coming in warrant the belief that the Society of Missionary Catechists will soon be a large community of religious workers, and that the Spanish-speaking people residing in the United States will be brought within reach of the good things of their faith.

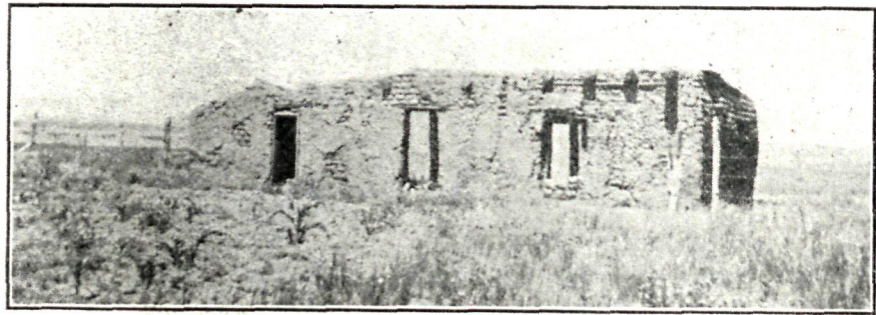
### HOW IT TOOK.

(Continued from page one)

capture and hold their heart-strings, not merely their purse-strings, and to make of them staunch supporters of the cause we are pleading and laboring for,—namely, the destitute Missions of our Catholic Southwest,—this is in very deed a consummation devoutly to be desired and attained. Trusting not in the mere persuasive power of human wisdom, or of human words,—but in the power of Her, Who ever grants the Victory of Her clients,—we launched our little publication last month and success seems to have rewarded our humble efforts.

We know that you, dear Reader, will tell your friends that THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, is really anxious to visit and serve them every month.

A number of our subscribers have volunteered to act as promoters in getting subscriptions from their friends. One good Pastor has already gathered subscriptions from every family in his parish,—sending us \$186.00 for this purpose. Another zealous Priest is so taken up with the work of our Missionary Catechists among God's poor and neglected little ones, that he has pledged himself to sell THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST at his church door every month. Such hearty co-operation on the part of our friends will enable us to build up a substantial circulation. To tell the truth, we prefer, by far, to build up a small list of subscribers secured by such friends, rather than a pretentious list of one hundred thousand subscribers secured through the efforts



An Adobe House, Ocate, New Mexico.

## WHAT ADOBE IS.

An Adobe building is the easiest made and the most habitable of dwellings. It is cool in heat, and warm against utter cold. It is a box boarded of sods two feet long, eight inches wide and four inches thick. These sods are cut, turned over and left to dry out in the sun; then laid upon one another in a mortar of their own mud; floored with clay, roofed with peeled pine trunks, crossed with branches. These are in turn thatched with hay and the whole buried under a foot of

gravel. In other words, you simply cut your lawn in squares, stand it on edge and roof it. The lawn—a bare one is as good as with grass. Its possibilities are endless. From that the adobe mounts up by easy degrees to any elegance. Charming residences, creditable four-story blocks are equally facile to the adaptive mud brick. It moves at ease in the prouder society of brick and stone.—Ronald Fahey in his lecture "The Re-discovered Country."

of well paid professional canvassers and magazine agents.

And, now, in expressing our heartfelt gratitude for the cordial reception and unstinted support given to



### THE SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS

The members of the S. M. C. devote their lives to the Christian instruction of poor children in scattered mission places of our Country, seldom attended by Missionaries. They prepare these destitute and neglected little ones for the reception of the Holy Sacraments, and teach them to lead good, practical Catholic lives. As Trained Nurses they visit and care for the sick poor in their humble homes. As experienced Social Service Workers they engage in various welfare works. In the poor Mission Chapels they care for the Altar and vestments, train altar boys, and lead public devotions in the absence of the Missionary. They receive no salary or remuneration for their services, no school money or fees, and not one of their activities is of an income producing nature. They must depend entirely upon the generosity of charitably disposed Catholics for support. Their preparatory training consists of a two year course designed especially to fit them for their work. The first period of their training course is given at Our Sunday Visitor's Victory Training Institute near Huntington, Ind. The second, at Gary, Indiana in the Calumet Steel District where they administer to the thousands of Spaniards and Mexicans residing there. Complete information upon request. Write "Spiritual Director" P. O. Box 109, Huntington, Indiana.

the initial number of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, we wish to assure our generous subscribers that they are regarded by our devoted Catechists as their loyal friends and zealous associates in their Christ-like work. Every day their intentions are included in the perpetual Novena offered to Our Blessed Lady of Victory in our Chapel dedicated to Her honor. Then, too, they shall share abundantly in all the good works of our Society; the merits it gains; the Spiritual fruits it reaps through its Missionary labors among God's poor and neglected little ones in the Missions of Our Catholic Southwest.

### SEMINARIAN'S SPIRITUAL BOUQUET

Dear Friends in Christ:

Enclosed find a Spiritual bouquet from the Seminary Unit. All the members of our Unit will recite the prayers given on the first page of the leaflet, daily, and in common, during the second week of this month for the success of your Society and its activities. We sent this letter to you as a slight token of our interest in your Society and its undertaking.

With an earnest wish that God's blessings may descend upon you, we hope to remain,

Yours truly in the Sacred Heart,  
THE SEMINARY UNIT.

It is true, there is work to be done in the field afar, but not to the neglect of the field at home.

# The Service of the Queen

## A Story of the Romantic Southwest

I. By Constance Edgerton.

Sometimes a stroke of fate changes our path in life. Mary Garvey, bound for California on a visit to her Aunt, had no idea as she gazed from the Pullman window at the beauty of the snow capped mountains, what lurked around the corner for her. With the joyful anticipation of youth, she was looking forward to three long months of pleasure. Dinners, parties, dances, afternoon teas, motor trips; perhaps, too, she might be so fortunate as to be invited for an "air trip" by some of the wealthy friends of her Aunt.

She was lost in the glory of the scenery about her. A view of sheer gray walls of magnificent height, mysterious shadowy depths; great blue spaces flecked with green and gold; a stretch of dry sand dotted here and there with sage brush. The world to the West—skies, peaks, rocks, mesas—lay spread before her like a vast panorama in the rose-tinted afterglow of a typical New Mexican sunset.

There was a grinding of brakes, and passengers were thrown forward in their seats. The conductor said it was fortunate that it happened here, so near to Las Vegas, where it would be necessary to wait perhaps 24 hours for repairs.

Having nothing better to do, Mary started out for a walk, away from "New Town" Vegas, and presently found herself in "Old Town" Vegas, built around a small but picturesque park. The first settlers had been a little slow about building. To them it was a land of purple heights and turquoise skies. In laying out this park they had sensibly planted, cottonwoods, the wind loving trees of the desert, whose leaves are always making a noise like rain. At the close of day when the desert was like the coast of a purple ocean, they stopped their planting and building to watch the shifting sands.

Behind the park is the Court House; adjoining it is the new Protestant Mission School. Nearby stands the Convent of Loretto and the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The walls of this ancient building are three feet thick, and in its turret hang bells brought from California in the days of the Padres. About the Church is the graveyard. Upon some of its leaning and crumbling headstones are traced the names of the descendants of the brave Spanish Conquistadores, who discovered, explored and settled this glorious Southwest country.

It happened that day that Father Marchand, pastor of the Church of Santa Clara with many outlying Mis-

sions, was visiting his friend, the Pastor of Old Town Vegas. He was occupied in repairing his battered old Ford, preparatory to driving to his missions, when Mary came along. Introducing herself very informally to the good Priest, she asked him if she might accompany him to some of the nearby villages before resuming her journey. The missionary graciously invited her to accompany him on a trip, which he was about to make up in the mountains.

They chugged along in the ancient "Flivver," and Mary was captivated with the grandeur of the scenery about her. Beyond the crimson sands of the foothills lay the Mora Mountains. They crossed over the dried up beds of the river and soon came in sight of little squat adobe houses.

Then Mary turned to the Missionary with the query:

"Are there many churches here, Father?"

"Yes, many. The people of the Southwest have been Catholic since the sixteenth century."

"But where are all the churches?"

"My dear girl, big churches are few and far between in the Southwest because Priests are few and far between, and our people are too poor to build churches. But there are many small old Mission Chapels out here. We just passed one of them along the road."

"What! that dilapidated building we saw a few minutes ago? I can hardly believe that that is a church. And since there are so few churches out here, then I suppose there are few schools."

"Yes. In the whole archdiocese of Santa Fe, there are fewer than twenty parochial schools."

"Then who instructs the children?" asked Mary.

"Well, at best, in my twenty odd Missions, I have been able to instruct them only twice, or at most, but three times a year, when I come to give these people Mass and the Sacraments. In some places I cannot get around even that often."

"Do you really mean to say, Father, that the children grow up in ignorance of their Faith? In my home in the East, my father and mother both attended a parochial school, and even in their day they had Academies. Our parish church has been standing for thirty years, fitted with the most beautiful marble altars and statues that money could buy. And we've always had priests at our beck and call. I never dreamed there was any part of our country where they did not have Priests and Sisters and Parochial schools."

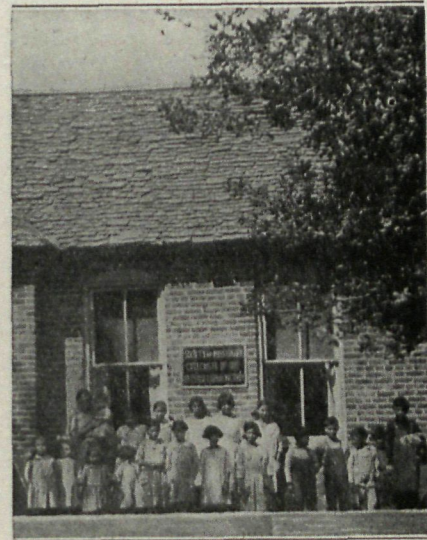
"Why, my dear young woman, you have not begun to see the worst. Be-

fore you finish your journey, I will show you places where children are suffering not only spiritually, but corporally."

Mary lapsed into silence thinking of her life: The parochial school through the grades; off to a convent school for her academic, and two years at a State Teachers' College, which was taught by Dominicans. Then she had not cared to teach, but her mother, who did not believe in drones, insisted she should have more learning. She entered a Hospital Training School. It was a Sisters' Hospital. She had taken it as a matter of course that there should be Sisters to teach, Priests to minister. She felt herself blushing at her lukewarmness. She had never appreciated these blessings. She had often thought . . . Then she came back to the life about her. Above her rose the snow-capped peaks of the Mora Mountains. They were entering a village, remote from the outside world. She saw a straggling row of adobe houses with their beehive ovens outside their doors; the long, narrow gardens reaching to the first hill; the range cattle feeding on the slopes; the sheep grazing on the hillside and the pitifully small adobe chapel in the center of the village. Two little girls were seen entering the Chapel carrying some brightly colored mountain flowers, which they had just gathered for the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

The villagers came forward and reverently greeted the Padre and his guest. Mary marveled at the charm-

(Continued on Page Seven)



Missionary Catechists Mission-center at Watrous, N. M.

Young Ladies, page six should interest you

### THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST Huntington, Ind.

Devoted to the Greater Honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory and the dissemination of information concerning the Catechetical and Social Service Activities in the Mission Field at Home.

Published monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by the SOCIETY OF MISSIONARY CATECHISTS OF OUR BLESSED LADY OF VICTORY, as its Official Organ, and the organ of its Lay Auxiliary, the Associate Catechists of Mary. Articles of interest to non-members.

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

S. Cyril Hettich  
Business Manager

Printed by Our Sunday Visitor Press,  
Huntington, Indiana.

#### "IN HIS STEPS."

Doesn't it seem strange, dear reader, that we have no current publication in our country devoted to a simple, popular explanation of the Spiritual Life? Over in Europe they have a number of such publications. France,—a country rich in devotional literature,—has several journals devoted to an exposition of the Spiritual Life. "Le Vie Spirituelle", published monthly in Marsellies, France, is perhaps one of the best known of these periodicals. In Germany the Jesuits publish a monthly Magazine, which has done much for God's Glory and the Sanctification of Souls, by its crystal-clear exposition of the principles and practices of the Spiritual Life. This precisely is the task to which the "Gentleman Saint",—Francis de Sales,—addressed himself in the Seventeenth Century. He wished to bring the beautiful truths of the Spiritual Life down to the level of the ordinary good Christian. "The Introduction to a Devout Life" was the fruit of his labor of love. After that golden book,—"The Following of Christ",—"The Introduction" was perhaps the most widely read and most popular spiritual work of its day. Even Protestants read the book and esteemed it very highly. In the last century the gifted and saintly Father Faber did much to popularize treatises on the Spiritual Life. His "Growth in Holiness" and "Bethlehem" are, in reality, popular treatises on, and primers of, ascetical theology.

Now, while it is true that the output of devotional works is happily on the increase in our country, these devotional books are, for the most part,

intended as books of meditation, or spiritual reading, for priests and religious. The language is, as a rule, technical, fairly bristling with deep, theological terms. Their style is but too often academic and dry as the dust of the earth. Their contents, too, are unfortunately, but too often unintelligible to the average Catholic living in the world. Finally, since they appeal to a very restricted circle of readers, their editions are necessarily limited, and their prices, as a rule, are beyond the reach of the ordinary reader.

What, earnest, devout persons,—laymen as well as religious,—sincerely desirous of sanctifying their souls,—need more than anything else now-a-days, is a simple, working knowledge of the Gospel Truths of Christian Perfection. How few there are, even among so-called intelligent Catholics, who can boast of having either a theoretical or working knowledge of the principles of the life of Christian Perfection? Why cannot these saving truths be put before them in "tabloid" form,—clear, concise, intelligible,—even as most of the secular knowledge is put before the reading public today? Some one has well said that were St. Francis de Sales to come back to earth today he would be the editor of a paper that would reach the heart of the masses of our Catholic people. He would, no doubt, place before his readers the Gospel Truths of Perfection in pretty much the same pleasing form as the doctrines of our Holy Faith are presented to all earnest seekers after Divine Truth by that most popular and widely read of our Catholic weeklies,—"Our Sunday Visitor".

What St. Francis de Sales essayed to do in his day, we with God's help,—now propose to do through the columns of "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST" every month. "IN HIS STEPS" will be the title of a series of helpful, inspiring, spiritual instructions appearing in every issue of our little monthly messenger. There every soul, sincerely desirous of attaining to holiness of life, may learn not only what Christian Perfection is, but how to practice it. The first of these spiritual messages will appear in the February issue of THE MISSIONARY

CATECHIST. Do not fail to read them and pass them on to your friends.

Bishop Kelley of Oklahoma well says: "Select Honkong, or Timbuctoo as your exclusive region of Missionary endeavor and you will be pretty certain to leave your own home mission field of El Paso Texas and Albuquerque New Mexico, to the tender mercies of the Baptists and Presbyterians.

Dear Friends:

I am preparing a box for Christmas for your great cause. Will you kindly let me know where to send it? It is a box containing under garments, etc., for children. A number of the articles were given for my box by some kind friends.

With all good wishes for your great work.  
L. J.

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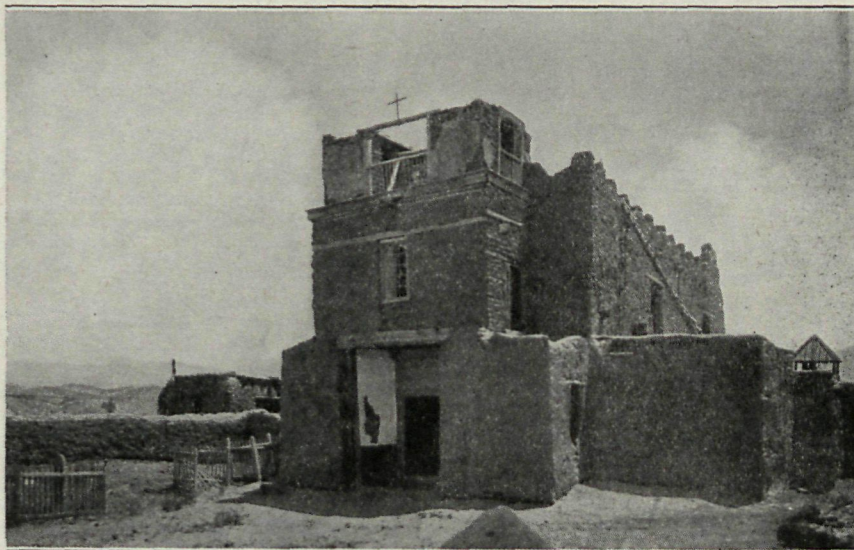
# The Land of Poco Tiempo.

New Mexico is called the land of "Poco Tiempo." The land of "Poco Tiempo" may be summed up in three words: Sun, Silence, and Adobe. It rests down there on the banks of the Rio Grande,—this dreamy, mystic land of romance,—and to all questions regarding commercial enterprise there is but one reply: "Poco Tiempo,"—pretty soon—"Poco Tiempo"—tomorrow we will get busy.

Poco Tiempo! Pretty Soon! Is that not the attitude of many of our Catholics in well-settled communities, towards the Missions of the South and Southwest? Tomorrow we are going to get busy;—today our dollar must go for gasoline, movies, cigarettes, and the latest play.

Tomorrow we will be generous towards the Spaniard and the Mexican: today we have simply got to see Gloria Swanson and Jackie Coogan.

Tomorrow we are going to square ourselves with those Missionaries and Missions in the Southwest. There will be no limit to our Missionary zeal and generosity. If only the Missionaries and Catechists in the Southland had a glimpse of what we intend to do,



Second Oldest Church in the United States.  
Church of San Miguel, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

what courage and daring would not fill their souls.

Poco Tiempo! Pretty Soon! We will be up and doing. The strings of our hearts and of our purses will be

loosened. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day: the spirit is willing today, but the flesh whispers "Poco Tiempo"—tomorrow.

## The Associate Catechists of Mary

Dear Father Sigstein:

I am very happy to say that my band has had a very successful card party. It was a success, not only financially, but even socially. We had rented a big hall. It was quite a venture, but some of the members of our band did exceptionally well in selling tickets and all worked together to make the affair a success, so that the hall was well filled.

Our monthly meetings are always made interesting by means of little card parties and luncheons. Our Associate Catechists are very much interested in the work of the Catechists and want to do all they can to help them in their work among the poor children.

(Mrs.) Catherine Service.

### EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A MISSIONARY CATECHIST

"The children come to our Catechism classes with scarcely enough clothes to cover their poor bodies. You would feel sorry to see the little girls, who actually have neither underclothes, nor shoes, nor stockings. There are children so poorly clad that they have to stay indoors inclement weather." Catechist Julia Doyle.

### The Lay Auxiliary

#### THE ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY

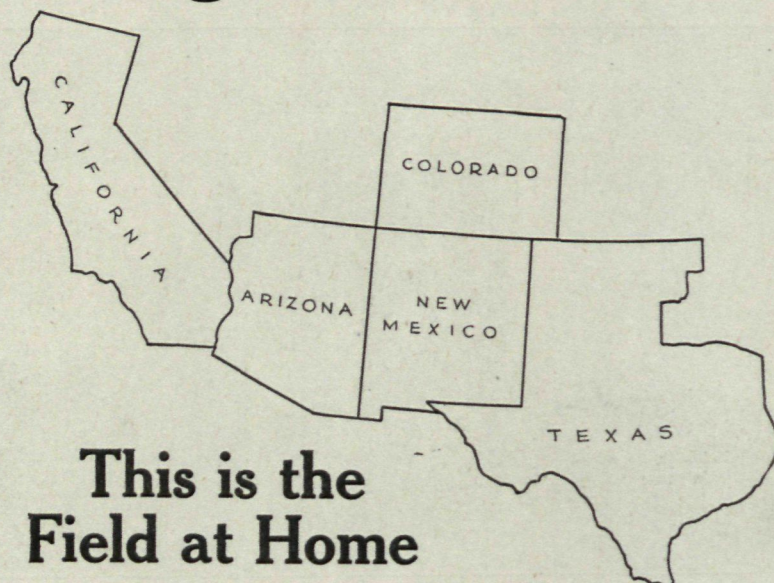
The A. C. M. is the Lay Auxiliary of the Society of Missionary Catechists. It is composed of Bands of ten or twelve persons—either men, women or both combined—who generously pledge themselves to support A Catechist by means of Bunco parties, card parties, and other forms of profitable entertainment. They convert their pleasures into "Heavenly Treasures." Each Band has a Promoter, usually the organizer, who arranges for the meetings, collects the small monthly dues, and distributes the monthly organ of the A. C. M.,—THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. The benefits are many; first, a direct share in the Missionary labors merits prayers and good works of the Catechists. Their intentions are remembered at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered every Saturday in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. Every day a special memento is made for all the members in the Masses offered by the Missionary Fathers connected with the S. M. C. The intentions of the members are likewise included in the daily perpetual novena of the Missionary Catechists, and also in that of The Poor Clare Sisters who are vitally interested in the S. M. C. Anyone may organize a Band of A. C. M. Complete information gladly given. Write: Associate Catechists of Mary, P. O. Box 109, Huntington, Ind.

It is scarcely believable that such conditions exist in this great country of ours. Catholics in the East readily believe that there is much destitution in Foreign Missions. But when you begin to speak about poverty, suffering and destitution right here at home,—right at their very doors,—they throw up their hands in horror and tell you that they can hardly believe that there are such poor people living in this, the richest country in all the world.

And yet, dear Reader, these are facts. New Mexico is a country "where poverty reigns supreme". Thirty-seven out of every hundred children die each year before they reach the first year of age. In every village under the care of our Catechists, children need to be fed, clothed and sheltered. In their daily visits to the homes of these poor people, the Catechists always carry with them clothing and medicine. Would you believe it that during the first six months of the past year, they distributed 1400 articles of clothing alone in their Mission-Center at Ocate, New Mexico? They could use a great deal of "cast-off" clothing all during the cold winter months up in the "High Spots of the Rockies".

Church and Country expect every Catholic American to do his duty

# Young Ladies Look at This Map



## This is the Field at Home

Here the harvest is waiting. Self-sacrificing Catholic Young women,—teachers, nurses, social service workers, store and office clerks, and “home girls,”—this vast harvest field is calling for your service. The Lord of the harvest bids you today: “Go you into My harvest.” What will be your answer? “In what day you hear His voice, harden not your heart.” Today faith urges you to make your life really something worth while. The charity of the Heart of Jesus solicits your service in behalf of the poor and neglected lit-

tle ones of the Flock. Tomorrow may be too late. The harvest will have perished. The Missionary Catechists invite you today to join their ranks and become a harvester of immortal souls.

Correspondence invited. Questions concerning Vocations to Missionary Life gladly answered. Address all communications to:

The Reverend Spiritual Director,  
Victory Training Institute,  
P. O. Box 109,  
Huntington, Indiana.

## THEY ALSO SERVED.

### THE POOR CLARES

It is a significant fact that in every new movement in the Church for the Salvation of Souls, Providence has always raised up generous, self-sacrificing persons, who are willing to spend themselves for the promotion of God's Glory through this particular good work.

When the Society of Missionary Catechists was about to be founded, the Reverend Mother Abbess of the Poor Clare's Convent in Chicago assured its Founder that day and night, not only the Sisters of her own Convent, but of all the Convents of the Poor Clares in Cleveland, Omaha, and other Cities, would pray for the success of this new Apostolate in our Country.

It is to these great “Spiritual Power-houses” that the success of the work of our Missionary Catechists in the destitute Missions of our Catholic Southwest must be largely attributed.

As long as the Society of Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory shall exist in the Church of God, so long shall its members recall with heartfelt gratitude and earnest

prayers, the powerful Spiritual help they received through the petitions of the Poor Clares.

### WILLIAM FREY

Women, young and old, are not the only ones interested in our needy home missions. From time to time we receive letters from young men who

are eager to act as Lay-Catechists among the ignorant boys and young men in the Missions of the Southwest.

Three years ago, Mr. William Frey resigned as Manager for the Paulist Lodging House Mission in Chicago and affiliated himself with our Society in its work among the poor in the scattered Missions of New Mexico. His services have been of inestimable value to the Society. By his self-sacrificing zeal he has done much to extend the scope of our work in the destitute Missions of the northern part of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe. Always a great lover of boys, he has found a big field among the growing boys in the Mission-Centers of the Society, both at Watrous and Ocate, New Mexico.

Right now we could use many more of such zealous, earnest souls in assisting us in our work.

### THIS FROM ITALY

Via Dei Chiavari—3. Rome (15).Italy

My dear Reverend Father Sigstein:

Thank God that the Catechists are doing so well among the poor Mexicans!

I was sorry that I missed Monsignor Noll during his visit here. I had not read in the newspapers that he was to visit the Holy Father and have a personal interview with him. As a rule, I have not the time to read the newspapers.

Let us work and pray. God is our common Father and never fails to bless those who do something for His beloved sick and poor. Divine Providence never forgets those who “look for the Kingdom of Heaven and its justice.” He will bless your Catechists. Let them but follow the example of Him, “Who went about doing good and healing the sick”.

REV. B. CALDENTY, C. R. T.  
Superior, Theatine Fathers, Rome, Italy



Where Poverty Reigns Supreme.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST only 50c a year—and worth it

# The Service of the Queen.

(Continued from Page Three)

ing manner and the seemingly natural ease with which even the youngest boys came forward and bowed their hearty welcome to the good Priest and herself. It seemed so like the chivalry of old Spain she had read about and admired so much in her school days.

"Would you like to stop here for a time and rest?" asked Father Marchand.

"I would like nothing better, Father, than to see how these people live. I feel interested in these good people. They appear to be so poor. I had often heard of suffering and destitution in foreign missions, but I never dreamed that here in this great rich country of ours there could be so many in need."

"Perhaps you would like to visit the home of one of these families. This is the village of Naranjos which I attend once a month. We shall call on the Gonzales family. They are good Catholics."

Just then Raphaela, the eldest daughter, came from the house to greet the Priest.

"Oh, Padre! we were wishing and praying that you would come. Little Jose was taken sick with the fever. Papa went to the store and phoned to the doctor at Las Vegas, but he would not come because we could not pay him for making the trip in his car. Yesterday the good Hermanas came from Ocate. As soon as they saw Jose they said he was very sick and they began to care for him. They gave him some medicine and this morning they came back again and said that Jose was sick enough to receive the Sacraments and that is why we wanted you so badly, Padre."

"Oh, Father!" exclaimed Mary. "I

took a course in nursing and was overseas with the Red Cross. Do let me look at the child—and oh, Father, how poor these people are. Why they have no furniture,—no chairs, . . ."

"Oh, well," replied the Missionary with a shrug of his shoulders, "these people are in good circumstances compared with some who have not even so much as these. You see the walls of this cabin are whitewashed and clean, and while they cannot have wicker furniture like you have in the East, they consider themselves fortunate if they have a bench to sit upon."

Just then the mother entered and reverently greeted the Padre. With tears in her eyes she told how her little boy was taken down with the fever, and she had no means of caring for him. But then the "Hermanas" had come and worked like doctors! How God must love those two American "Mujers"—those Missionary Catechists.

The drive from the village of Naranjos to Ocate was to Mary mental agony. She thought of her home; the table her mother set, for Mrs. Garvey was accounted a wonderful cook and housekeeper; the clothes she and her sisters discarded before they were scarce worn; the "Pierce Arrow" their father drove, and the sedan he purchased for his girls. It was a narrow-self-centered life, filled with uselessness, pleasure-seeking and ease.

Now the trail was wide and of easy ascent to the upper ranges where the pine trees showed dark against the sky. Something in the silent majesty of the pines moved Mary to speech.

"Is it true, Father, that there are people more destitute than these?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Missionary. "In my thirty years' experience I



Mary stayed all night with the Catechists, who were the very sort of girls one meets every day in the East.

have found many families more destitute—some actually on the verge of starvation. You see many of these poor people worked for the big American cattle men. Most of these cattle men today have been bankrupted, owing to the severe droughts and the sudden drop in the price of meat."

"Here I've been living a life of luxury, with all the comforts I have wished for! Devoted parents, a good education, and have been given everything that money can buy. And yet, I've been living for myself alone. It has never entered into my calculations that there were others less fortunate than myself, deprived of the comforts of Religion, deprived even of the barest bodily necessities. While I have had everything, they have had nothing. Only once in my life did I really think of serving others. That was my war service. I volunteered, took the training course, was assigned to camp and then went overseas. Oh, if I could only be of service now!"

Just then the dilapidated old car

(Continued on Page Eight)

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CHICAGO, ILL.

## The Service of The Queen.

(Continued from Page Seven)

wheezed its weary way into the village of Ocate, and the good padre honked his horn. Mary was surprised to see two young women wearing blue uniforms and veils come forward and greet them with a joyous welcome.

"Welcome, Father," they said, "we have been looking forward to your coming."

"Good afternoon, Catechists," cheerily answered Father Marchand. "I have brought you a visitor, Miss Garvey."

Mary stayed all night with the Catechists, who were the very sort of girls one meets every day in the East—kind, capable, earnest, self-sacrificing. They were in love with their work, chatted and laughed a great deal as they sat down to a simple meal. Yet Mary noted they devoutly thanked God for having called them into His service here.

That night when the Southern Cross was gloriously aflame there came from across the draw a lank Mexican

lad. Would the Hermanas come to Senora Sandoval who was dying, maybe dead even now? They would. Mary was wild with fear. She would not stay alone here in the pine-covered hills. So she went with them, what seemed an interminable distance, although it was only two miles, over dry gullies full of boulders, alkali beds, thickets of mesquite, and prickly pears. But the desert night with its mysterious shadowy depths, the stars thrillingly near, yet infinitely remote,—left an imprint on Mary Garvey's mind. The lad left them at the door of Sonora Sandoval's adobe cabin, and the girl entered the house with the Catechists. With the flush of a quiet morning they left the house of death. After a hasty breakfast Mary walked away from the home of the Catechists. Hours later she stood on an elevation and saw the small box-like steeple of the village Chapel with its faded wooden cross and rusty bell, in the valley below. Mary walked down to the Chapel, entered, and prayed she knew not how long. It was there that Father Marchand, on the homeward drive from the village of San Miguel, found her. Without preamble she said:

"Father, I have decided to abandon my trip to the Coast. I shall visit with the dear Catechists here a few days. Then I am going back to my home in the East; and I cannot tell you the wonderful change that has come over me since I first came into this little Chapel hours ago. I have prayed as I never prayed before, and while I prayed God's Voice broke in upon my soul and I recalled the familiar verses of a prayer I learned at school:

Lord Jesus! Let me not die, before  
I've done for Thee  
My earthly work, whatever it may be.  
Call me not hence with mission un-  
fulfilled,  
But by Thy grace to do Thy Holy Will.  
Impress this truth upon me,—that no  
one  
Can do the portion I leave undone.  
This grace, dear Lord, grant me; to  
toil  
Converting barren earth to fruitful  
soil."

The old Missionary listened dreamily, his eyes upon yonder mountain peak, the lower slopes dark with evergreen, the higher slopes tinted with lavender, reaching far into the shimmer of the skies.

"Undoubtedly, my dear child," he said at last, "you have been called to THE SERVICE OF THE QUEEN."  
Part II—In February Number.

It is well to heed the call for help from the "Near East" but don't turn a deaf ear to the call of our own "Far Southwest."

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