

The Missionary Catechist



"Lord Jesus, protect with Thy Divine Heart our Holy Father, the Pope."

The Poor for The Sacred Heart; The Sacred Heart for The Poor

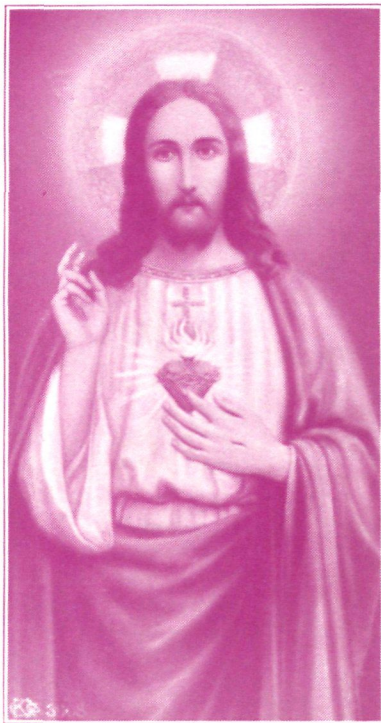
June is eminently the month of the Sacred Heart. In this season Holy Mother Church would have us contemplate most fervently the unspeakable mystery of Divine Love. She would have our hearts set on fire by the flames of Charity which burn within the Breast of the God-Man. She would have us reflect and be quickened until we return love for love.

Thousands will, this month, renew their consecration before the Tabernacle where the heart of Jesus lives and throbs in the Most Blessed Sacrament. There Our Dear Lord will speak to them these assuring words: "You are mine." Certain of their love, the Master will then confide to them His secrets and His sorrows. In the silent language of love and with the intimacy of sincere friendship, He will ask that poignant question which seems ever to be quivering on His Sacred Lips: "Where are the others—all whom I have redeemed with My Precious Blood?" Who can resist the unvoiced pleading in that simple question and yet say that he loves?

Devout clients of the Sacred Heart, who have made it their delight to penetrate deeper and deeper into this Ocean of Love and Mercy, soon learn that the Heart of Our Lord is the Heart of the greatest of Missionaries. Is it not the heart of the Good Shepherd who could not rest until the lost lambkin was found and rested securely upon His shoulder? They learn also that it is the treasure of the poor and the sweet refuge of all in trouble. How can it be otherwise since it is the heart of the tenderest of Fathers, Who was ever filled with compassion for the sick and the sorely tried, for the outcast, and for the afflicted of all kinds?

Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is the selfsame Jesus Whose mission was, in great part, "to preach the Gospel to the poor." His is an all-consuming love for souls and an unquenchable desire to see all brought into the circle of His outstretched arms. Knowing this, can the lovers of the Sacred Heart adopt a more appropriate watchword for the month of June than this: "The poor for the Sacred Heart and the Sacred Heart for the poor"? By prayer and sacrifice they will, then, obtain the grace of conversion for thousands. By alms they will supply the necessities for the Missionaries who are engaged in the immediate work of bringing the souls of the poor to the Heart of God.

Lifting up their eyes to the mission fields, as our Holy Father so often urges them to do, the clients of the Sacred Heart will become zealous apostles. The sight of the field "white unto the harvest" will give them no rest. Day and night they will pray and labor for the spreading of the Kingdom of the Sacred Heart. No sacrifice will be too great since thereby they will be lessening the loving complaint of Our Lord Who said: "Behold this Heart which has loved men so much, but which has received so little love in return."



TO THE SACRED HEART

Ah! Why is not my love for Thee
Unbounded, past control?
Alas! my heart does not obey
The impulse of my soul!

Ah, Jesus! if love's trusting prayer
Seem not too bold to Thee,
Place Thy own Heart within my
breast;
Love Thou Thyself for me.

The Missionary Catechist

Reaching The Religiously Underprivileged

By Catechist Dorothy Schneider

"I am one of the more than four million jewels of Catholic America. But I am an unpolished jewel. I belong to that group now commonly spoken of as religiously underprivileged. I live in one of the thousands of rural settlements in which there is no Catholic church or school.

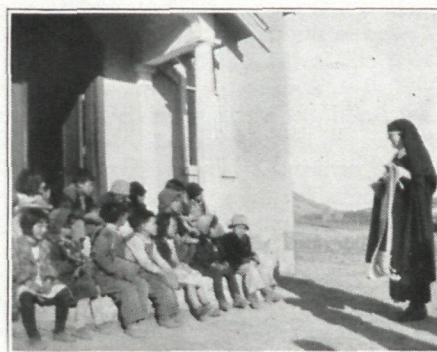
"I know little of my Faith; I have not yet received my First Holy Communion. I was baptized in the Catholic Church and to that Church I wish to be true. My Country is not lax in its interest in my secular education; what plans has my Church made for my spiritual development?"

To answer this question and to stimulate a more general interest among the laity in the Religious Instruction and Christian Training of the two million, or more, children of America not enrolled in parochial schools, was devoted one entire day of the Catholic Action Week recently sponsored by His Excellency, the Most Rev. J. J. Cantwell, and the Los Angeles Diocese. Present at the various conferences, under the leadership of their Archbishops, were delegates from the three ecclesiastical provinces taking part in the program—the Archdioceses of San Francisco, Portland and Santa Fe. Members of the hierarchy as well as lay delegates from Washington, D. C., New York, Ohio, Colorado, Missouri, Iowa and Arizona participated in the week's activities. At every conference added emphasis was given the responsibility of the laity to respond to the world-wide invitation extended by our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, to participate in the apostolate of the hierarchy.

The two sessions under the direction of the nationally-known Los Angeles Confraternity of Christian Doctrine developed the necessity and means of providing adequate religious instruction for the underprivileged children of our country. The Religious Vacation School, its possibilities, organization, curriculum and staff were thoroughly discussed. Papers developing the various phases of the subject conclusively proved that there is here abundant opportunity for Catholic Action not only on the part of the Priest, Seminarian, Religious and lay teacher, but for every member of the Parish. There is literally

no one who may not materially contribute to its success, a success which will be in exact proportion to the degree of interest and enthusiasm manifested. Here, in the actual Religious Vacation School and in follow-up classes throughout the year, is an excellent field for Catholic Action, and as is self-evident, one of utmost importance to future Catholicity.

Correspondence courses were advocated for those scattered districts in which, for one reason or another, the Religious Vacation School and weekly religion classes were impracticable. The course prepared by Msgr. Victor Day of Helena, Montana, was suggested as one which had been successfully used by



"They that instruct many unto justice shall shine as stars for all Eternity"—
Dan. xii, 3.

Pastors of sparsely settled and widely scattered parishes.

In every part of America are living children numbered in this group of more than two million boys and girls not enrolled in parochial schools. They may be met on the city street, country road, or mountain pass. If they slip through our fingers now, they will be an ever-increasing problem in days to come, if perchance they and their posterity are not entirely lost to the Church.

It is an almost daily occurrence in our home visits to find young men and women who received no Religious Instruction in their childhood. What little they received at home was negligible. To influence them to attend instructions is a most difficult task, especially if there has been any non-Catholic influence in the home.

This morning I visited Mrs. V—. She was ironing when we came, and con-

tinued to do so during our visit. She is the mother of six children, and although she and her husband were married by the Church and the children duly baptized, only one of them today attends the Catholic Church. She herself assists at Mass every Sunday, but has not received the Sacraments for many years. Three of the children are married: there are seven grandchildren.

Eighteen months ago when I first contacted this family, one of the boys was at home. He was a member of the Seventh-Day Adventists Church and had adopted a decidedly anti-Catholic attitude. I have not found him at home since, but his mother says that his views have not changed. The one girl not yet married is at present in the Detention Home, because she attempted "to ditch school," as her mother expressed it. Two weeks ago when we went to one of the public schools to gather the children who had not yet made their First Holy Communion and bring them to our Center for instruction, I met the youngest child, a boy of about twelve years. In answer to my question he told me that, at the invitation of his cousin, he was attending the Methodist Church and was "well pleased with his church affiliation." He did not wish to be a Catholic. Today I found on the table of their home a Bible inscribed "To Bobby on his promotion from the Primary Department of the M. E. Church."

Perhaps if that family had been contacted twenty years ago; if the Faith of that mother had been strengthened, and definite plans made for the Religious Instruction of the three older children, the faith of that home would be secure today. What might today be accomplished by a Catholic-Action minded neighbor was left undone, with the result that there is little chance of these children ever claiming their Birthright.

Cases such as these are added incentives to us in our work among the children of today. Our home visits afford excellent opportunity for emphasizing the duty of parents to direct aright the first thoughts of their children.

But neither the Missionary Priests, nor Missionary Catechists engaged in the work of saving these underprivileged children can reach into every home. There is need for decisive action on the part of every Catholic. The Religious and moral education of the children of today will decide the vigor of the Church of tomorrow.

Euen A Hundred Fold

A "friend" he styled himself, but it did not take many words to reveal that he was an unsympathetic friend. In fact he was so lacking in sympathy for our cause that he told us we "were wasting our time among the poor;" concluding his diatribe with the pronouncement that "The poor are always ungrateful. They take your ministrations for granted. What thanks do you get for your untiring efforts?"

He said he was Catholic, yet he could not comprehend our meaning when we explained that we did not look for appreciation or thanks in return for our charitable labors. However, in justice to our beloved poor, we did try to prove to him that his judgment was faulty. He had, undoubtedly, drawn a conclusion from a few isolated cases which had been brought to his attention.

Fortunately this "friend" was the first of his kind to visit our Mission Center—and we hope the last.

No social worker can deny the existence of the "professional beggar", or of those, who try to take advantage of her generosity. But it does not take many years of experience to teach her to recognize the characteristics of such. On the whole; the poor—and particularly our Spanish-speaking poor—are humble and reticent. They have seldom, perhaps never, received. What they have had has been taken from them. In consequence, they expect nothing and are pleased and confusedly grateful for little.

Our critic was, moreover, looking at our work purely from a material standpoint, whereas, in reality, the corporal works of mercy which we practice daily are of secondary importance. We feed the hungry, clothe the needy, comfort the sick and the imprisoned, and assist the dying because by these means souls are won for Jesus and Mary. We help solve the hundred and one economic and social problems which arise in the lives of our people not merely to promote temporal welfare and happiness, but because these adjustments make smoother and safer the path to Eternal Happiness. Our life work is winning and saving souls for God. To accomplish our purpose, many and various means are employed, which, obviously, are not ends in themselves.

Our critic's visit whote a big question mark in my mind. Like my sister-Catechists, I had been striving diligently to do "all for Jesus through Mary" without giving a thought to the thanks or the reward. Now was aroused in me that curiosity so natural to women, and I asked myself "How grateful are our people?" It would be interesting to



"Catechist, 'lo, Catechist!"

know. I determined to try to find out. At breakfast the next morning I said to my sister-Catechists, "I am going to count all the appreciations and thanks I get for my labors today." They did not think favorably of my plan.

"Forget that man and his talk about ungrateful poor," they advised. "After all, we are not looking for earthly rewards, praise or gratitude, but do all out of love for Jesus and Mary."

A short discussion revealed that my project was bound to prove more interesting even than it appeared on first sight. My companion for the day could see no harm in it, provided we did it only as an experiment. It happened to be Sunday, and incidentally a very poor day for "counting" things because our outside activities are reduced to a minimum on that day. Our first duty, after early Mass and breakfast, was to call for three old women who would otherwise not be able to attend Mass—the second Mass.

"Aren't you late today, Catechist?" one asked after we were seated in the car. "I said three Rosaries while I waited, and I offered them for you, Catechist."

Three Rosaries! Number one for our gratitude list.

"No, we are not late. You must have been very early."

"It is hard to know sometimes, without a clock," she said and went on saying her beads.

After Mass we took these women home. Dona Carlita pressed our hands as we half carried her up the steps to her rooms. "There will not be many more Masses for me, Catechists," she said.

"Thanks to Jesus and Mary for these He is permitting you to attend," we told her.

"Yes," she answered, "thanks to Jesus and Mary and the Catechists."

"Number two," Catechist whispered when we returned to the car. Her eyes were suspiciously misty. She loves old people.

A few minutes later we left Senora DeVargas at her doorstep. It was she who said the three Rosaries for us. With her Rosary still in her hand she waved goodby, saying: "God bless you, Madrecitas. God bless you."

That was number three.

Our third passenger insisted that we come in for a while. She had something for us. The lady next door had given her a few oranges the other day and she had saved two for us. Number four on our gratitude list had substantial evidence!

"Don't remove your capes," Catechist, the cook, said when we returned. "I have some soup ready for Antonia's dinner. You may take it right over."

Antonia is an invalid who is fast approaching the end of her span of life.

"You will have to walk, though," Catechist continued, "for Catechist will need the car in about five minutes."

We walked. The distance was short and besides we knew all the short cuts through the alleys, since they are our regular districts. In one alley we came upon "the Gang" playing ball. This particular group of boys we have fed often and helped out of trouble more than once, but we have not yet succeeded in converting them. Five months ago, when we first crossed their favorite alley,

(Continued on page 6)

CONSOLING THOUGHTS

"Dearest Lord, make me remember, when the world is cold and dreary and I know not where to turn for comfort, that there is always one spot bright and cheerful—The Sanctuary. When I am in desolation of Spirit, when all who are dear to me have passed away like summer flowers, and none are left to love me and care for me, whisper to my troubled soul that there is one Friend who dies not—one Whose love never changes—Jesus on the Altar. When sorrows thicken and crush me with their burden, when I look in vain for comfort, let Thy dear words come from the Tabernacle: 'Come to Me all you who labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you.'

"Thy friendship, dearest Lord, henceforth shall be the dearest treasure I possess. It shall compensate for the treachery and ingratitude of men. It shall be my consolation when the wild flowers are growing over the best loved ones, and when all who hold a dear place in my heart are gone! With Thy friendship the world shall never be dreary and life never without charm. Would that I could realize the pure happiness of possessing Thy sympathy! Would that I could feel—when I am crushed and humbled, when the hope I have lived for has withered, when sorrows and trials that I dare not reveal to any make my soul sink, well nigh into death, when I look in vain for someone to understand me, one who will enter into my miseries, make me then remember that there is ONE ON THE ALTAR who knows every fiber of my heart, every sorrow, every pain special to my peculiar nature, and who deeply sympathizes with me! Compassionate Jesus! My heart craves for sympathy and to suffer seems nothing to the Bitterness of suffering alone."

Rt. Rev. Msgr. N. H. Baker.

"I have been delighted with all that the Reverend Father Sigstein informed me about the work of the Society of Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. I thank God for the blessing coming from this holy work,—a blessing shared in great part by the Mexican people. As a token of my appreciation for the work of the Missionary Catechists I have made it my intention never to forget in my Masses this Society."

✠ Most Rev. Leopoldo Ruiz, Apostolic Delegate to Mexico.



ST. ANTHONY'S FAVORITE HYMN
"O Gloriosa Domina"

O glorious Lady! throned on high
Above the star-illumined sky;
Thereto ordained, thy bosom lent
To Thy Creator nourishment.

Through Thy sweet Offspring we receive
The bliss once lost through hapless Eve;
And heaven to mortals open lies,
Now Thou art Portal of the skies.

Thou art the Door of Heaven's high
King,
Light's Gateway fair and glistening;
Life through a Virgin is restored,
Ye ransomed nations, praise the Lord!

All honor, laud, and glory be,
O Jesus, Virgin-born, to Thee;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To Father and to Paraclete.

(From the office of the Blessed Virgin.
Composed in the 6th century).

MARY'S PLACE IN OUR DEVOTION
TO THE SACRED HEART

There is no shorter road to the Sacred Heart of Jesus than through the Immaculate Heart of Mary. We all desire to dwell in that sweet Haven of Rest, the Sacred Heart, and Jesus wants us to hasten our entrance into His Divine Heart. Let us study, then, that surest, sweetest and quickest way to the loving Heart of Jesus.

Listen to the words of Father Faber: "The beauty of Jesus is inexhaustible. He is beautiful always, beautiful everywhere. But above all things Our Blessed Lord is beautiful in His Mother. If we love Him we must love Her. We must know Her in order to know Him. As there is no true devotion to His Sacred Humanity, which is not mindful of His Divinity, so there is no adequate love of the Son, which disjoins Him from His Mother. Unerring experience has told us that we never advance more rapidly in the love of the Son than when we travel by the Mother, and that what we have built most solidly in Jesus has been built with Mary. There is no time lost in seeking Him, if we go at once to Mary, for He is always there, always at home. The darkness in His Mysteries becomes light when we hold it to Her light, which is His light as well. She is the short Road to Him. She has the 'grand entry' to Him. She is His Esther, and speedy and full are the answers to the petitions which Her hand presents."

Through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, then, will be our manner of ap-



Courtesy of Benedictine Sisters, Clyde, Mo.

proach to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The more perfectly we are Mary's the deeper will Our Good Mother put us in the loving Heart of Her Son.

Consecrate yourself, body and soul to Mary and your road to the Sacred Heart will be sure and secure. Many fervent Catholics have given themselves entirely to Mary for Jesus. Would you find perfect peace? Do likewise.

The Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, is the union of all those who have consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart of Jesus through the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Should you, after making your consecration, desire to belong to Mary's own Confraternity, you may do so by filling in the blank below.

I made my act of consecration to Jesus through Mary, and want to become a member of Mary's Confraternity. Enclosed is my annual offering of \$1 for membership.

Name _____
Address _____

Why not a LIFE subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST? It is only \$10.00, payable in monthly instalments of one dollar. Annual subscription is fifty cents.



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

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WRITE TODAY FOR PARTICULARS REGARDING OUR ANNUITY PLAN

ST. ANTHONY HONORED IN THE MISSIONS

Canjilon, which means "Mountain Horn," is a little village which lies "a-top the world," if an altitude of 7800 feet counts for anything. One rides through a fantastic world of Titanic towers and domes of brilliant red and yellow sandstone before arriving at this quaint village. It lies tucked away in the shadow of pine-covered mountain ranges. Its inhabitants are a simple, primitive people.

It was on a warm sunny day (it is never hot in Canjilon) when the strains of a guitar, and the steady beat of a drum broke upon the stillness of a June morning. Presently a strange procession met our gaze. The drummer was a wrinkled old man with hoary hair. At his side walked a man of middle age, making sweet melody on the stringed instrument. Then came a miniature float, on which an image of St. Anthony was enthroned, upborne by the shoulders of stalwart men. Behind these came a procession of men, women and children. To be sure it was the thirteenth of June, and the simple folk were paying honors to him, who on earth had been, and in heaven continues to be, the friend of the poor and needy.

Hymns of praise and supplication ascended from the throats of the marchers. Finally, the procession halted at a small, brown adobe house, and as many as could enter did so. St. Anthony was deposited on an altar decked with flowers and candles, which had been prepared for him by pious hands, and the crowd knelt to say some Paters and Aves in his honor. After a hymn, the people rose to their feet, took up St. Anthony and proceeded to the next

This morning, on our way to Madrid, we passed an old Indian man who was knitting as he walked along. He surely realizes the value of keeping busy.

Catechist Sophia Renier,
Cerrillos, New Mexico.

house, where another altar had been prepared. House after house was visited in this manner,—all the members of the local St. Anthony's Society being privileged to have a "visit" that day from St. Anthony.

Canjilon has many inhabitants for a mountain village, and the houses are widely scattered. Consequently the sun was sinking to rest over the hills, when the last house had been visited, and the image of the beloved Saint was returned to the Mission Chapel.

Catechist Blanche Richardson.



The Catechists seek the little ones in the cotton fields of Texas

IN

A MESSAGE OF GRATITUDE

The past October, when we pleaded through THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST for sewing and handwork materials, we hardly expected as generous a response as we received. Now we are planning an exhibition of the articles made during the winter months by our women, girls and boys from the supplies sent us by kind friends and readers.

How the women and girls did sew, patch and embroider! Friday afternoon was the time for the mothers' sewing bee. They worked diligently and happily the entire afternoon, stopping only long enough for a short Religious Instruction; and occasionally interrupting their work in order to remove little Juanita and Anita from under the tables where they were trying to chew an old sleeve or patch which some mother had dropped. Pins, too, found their way into

In order to appreciate a real sand-storm, you must come to Lubbock, Texas. Last week we had one which lasted Saturday night and all day Sunday. When we awoke Sunday morning we found the floor, tables, chairs, beds, and everything else,—including ourselves—covered with inches and inches of sand. We spent Sunday and most of Monday just sweeping.

Catechist Rose Kaiser.

babies mouths, but these were deftly removed and the work went merrily on.

The results of their efforts surprised even us, since we exact a high standard. Old clothes were transformed into lovely little dresses, suits, blouses, etc. Left-overs and small pieces were cut up for quilts. Yards and yards of unbleached muslin and other material were made into aprons, pillow-slips, spreads, underwear and even curtains.

Besides sewing and embroidering, the girls made dainty sewing boxes, vases, hanging baskets, picture frames and other ornamental objects. Even the small girls did their share. They specialized in pretty aprons,—the wearing of which would give much pleasure to any "helping Mother."

The boys have not been idle either, though they were disappointed in not being able to do carpentering and manual training work. They had collected and saved wooden boxes for lumber, but not having coping-saw blades, files, nails, sandpaper, wood paints and brushes, they were unable to carry their manual training project.

Nevertheless, on the whole the classes were successful beyond our expectations, and we wish again to thank those who so cheerfully came to our assistance last

THE

Fall. We, together with our mission charges, are fervently praying that Jesus and Mary will abundantly bless you for us, and grant you rewards a hundred fold, even in this life.

Catechist Mary Louise Perl,
Cerrillos, New Mexico.

EVEN A HUNDRED FOLD

(Continued from page 5)

they almost stoned us. We felt, therefore, that we could add number five to our gratitude list for the boys stopped playing ball to greet us and exchange a few pleasant remarks.

Antonia was not very enthusiastic about the soup. Food has no power to tempt her. Though apparently she was in gay spirits.

"What do you do alone here all day, now that your Daddy works?" I asked her. "Don't you feel lonely?"

"Oh, no, Catechist," she answered in that artless way of children. "I do not feel lonely. You see I have Him." With a smile she drew a crucifix from under her pillow. It was the very one I had given her upon my first visit to her bed-

side. My heart sang magnificet and Catechist murmured, "Number six."

Our short walk home was a silent one, silent until interrupted by the familiar greeting, "Catechist, 'lo Catechist!" On turning we saw Juan and Maria Lopez leaning far out of an open window. They were smiling and waving to us.

"Catechist, do we have Catechism class today?" The same old question! "No, Maria, not until Saturday."

"Is tomorrow Saturday, Catechist." Before we could answer Maria's question, Juan interrupted with: "It always takes Saturday such a long time to get here."

While we talked the children came running from all directions down the alley to where we stood. Being thus "held up," as Catechist calls it, by the little folk is an every-day occurrence in our lives. Strangely enough the beauty of this little scene had never impressed me before. Now, as I looked from one happy face to another, I felt a joy which must, I thought, be akin to that which the Beloved Master felt long ago while the little ones of Judea crowded about His Sacred Person. Their love and confidence were unmistakable. That in itself was sufficient reward for the continual labor and sacrifice incumbent upon missionary life. Could we consider this demonstration of affection number seven on our gratitude list? We thought we were justified in doing so.

After dinner our dramatic club was enjoying a hilarious dress rehearsal in preparation for our Spring program. Catechist brought our merriment to an abrupt close with a sad message, "Your prodigal is dying and asking for you," she whispered to me.

Lupe—my prodigal—was my first convert. His wife's untimely death shortly after they were married about

HOME

twenty-two years ago, had left him bitter and rebellious. Until he met us, Lupe had carried his grievance locked up in his breast. Since his sorrow was unknown, he received neither counsel nor comfort. During all this time he had, nevertheless, somehow kept alive in his heart a spark of devotion to Our Blessed Mother. This was the key to our success in converting him, and undoubtedly his salvation.

Lupe had received the last Sacraments so there was little we could do besides speaking a few words of comfort and encouragement. He whispered that he was not afraid to die "Gracias a la Santa Madre y mi Catechista (thanks to Our Holy Mother and my Catechist!)" He died with the names of Jesus and Mary on his lips. My happiness at seeing him thus expire soon gave way to fear and I sank upon my knees beside his cot to pray—not for his departed soul but for myself: "Dear Mother, let the poor to whom I minister be less grateful! Store up for me treasures in heaven and suffer me not to receive my reward upon this earth."

Sunday morning when we take the children to and from church they crowd into the car, three deep. Since they are usually in pretty good spirits we can expect any number of "bright" remarks. This was the latest: "Catechist, please stop at the next service station and get air; I'm flat."

Catechist Genevieve Whitehead,
Dos Palos, California.

OUR CONTRIBUTION TO "SERRA YEAR"

In 1934 the Golden State would carry you back beyond the days of the "Gold Rush"; beyond the romantic days of Ramona; back to the glorious conquests of her beloved and saintly Founder. The California State Legislature has named this "Serra Year" in memory of the 150th anniversary of Padre Junipero Serra's death.

We felt an urge to do something to increase the knowledge and appreciation of this humble hero of God. Just the suggestion of giving a "Mission Play" kindled the most ardent enthusiasm in our boys. They are only in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. They had never attempted any dramatics in English, but they promised to pray earnestly and to work hard. In spite of their school work and various occupations they were faithful in attending every rehearsal.

Cypriano and Santos, both in the seventh grade, translated the Spanish narrations for the play into English. They did it so well that only a few corrections were necessary.

A problem in itself was the costuming of eighteenth century Spanish soldiers.

However, the mothers of the boys took an earnest interest in the project. We



Our "Mission Play" Stars,
Brawley, California

obtained gunny sacks which they washed, dyed and deftly made into pretty uniforms. The Padres' habits and Indian outfit were also made of sacks.

In their manual training classes, the boys designed and made very good imitation rifles and hatchets for the soldiers and the Indians.

When Cypriano gave us a word picture of stage setting in the dilapidated, abandoned theatre, our only available auditorium, I thought him quite an artistic dreamer. But when he tore down

The other day one of my little girls confided an important secret to me. "My mother," she whispered into my ear, "is going to make a Catechism out of me."

Catechist Dorothy Schneider.

his own pasteboard "work-shop" and with it and other pasteboard cartons, tacks, old laths and wires, constructed Spanish Mission scenery, I was astounded. With a donation of colored gelatine sheets and a borrowed spot-light effective lighting was arranged. Notwithstanding circumstances forcing these boys to hard labor in the vegetable fields, they surprised us by having everything ready before the last two rehearsals.

Besides the three-act "Mission Play," including narrations in English and Spanish, appropriate music was furnished by the boys' chorus and a five-piece Mexican orchestra. There were musical readings, songs and pantomimes.

These boys are attending our regular Christian Doctrine Classes after school hours twice a week, and are members of the Junior Holy Name. They possess such character and personality that one cannot help admiring in them our future citizens, and hoping they will be real Catholic leaders.

We implore your assistance in prayer,—and financially if possible,—for the the Social and Religious training of this worthy Mexican-American Youth.

Catechist Margaret Campbell.

Our Italian people have their services in an undertaking parlor. This does not appeal very strongly to the seventy-two little folk in my class. They seem surprised that I am not afraid to go there. "Oh, Catechist," they cried in chorus, one Monday morning after I had given them a little talk on attending Mass, "you see all them coffins and you ain't afraid!"

Father Campagna hopes to have a church for the Italian people not later than October.

Catechist Catherine Olberding,
Indiana Harbor, Indiana.

Mary's Little Helpers



MORE LITTLE HELPERS' BANDS

We are looking for more bands to be started this summer. We need more little missionaries to help the Catechists. Each year the Catechists have more poor children to teach, and that means they need more little missionaries to save their pennies. Write today to the Catechist Supervisor of Mary's Little Helpers and ask her how to start a Little Helpers' Club.

Our very first Mary's Little Helper's Band has been from the very beginning, and still is, one of our most faithful bands. This band was organized by Emily and Myrtle Brady of DeLand, Florida, and they never let the year go by without sending a great, big box containing clothing, bed clothing, vestments, and many other things to the Missions. Some day we hope that we will have a great many bands like this one.

ANN'S DIARY

The Trip to Canada—Continued

Well, the next morning, we were all rested up again, and ready to start on our trip, first to see Niagara Falls, and then into Canada. I was so excited I could hardly eat my breakfast. Right after breakfast we got into a taxi and started for the Falls. Mother laughed when she saw me carrying my diary in my hand. "Really, Ann," she said, "you are quite funny. You call your little book a diary, and you carry it around with you, but sometimes you don't touch it for a whole month."

Mother's always teasing me about my diary, but even if I don't write in it every day, I have lots of fun writing in it just when I feel like it.

Well, we finally got to the Falls, and when I first heard all that water falling and falling, I was kinda scared. Then I said to Mother:

"Now that we have seen the water, let's see the rest of Niagara Falls." Mother looked at me and said:

"The rest of Niagara Falls? This IS Niagara Falls."

I looked at the Falls, and looked at Mother, and said:

"But that's just water. The same kind we have at home, only more of it."

Some people around us began to laugh, I think she was beginning to get mad. But, after we saw the Cave of the Winds, and the American Falls and the Horseshoe Falls, I felt better. I wanted to go over the Whirlpool Rapids, but Mother wouldn't go. She said we would see the Rapids when we went to Lewiston on the car, and that was enough. Mother took some pictures of the Falls, and then we had our lunch. I was anxious to get on a boat. I had never been on a big boat before, and when Mother said we would sleep on the boat every night for ten nights, that suited me fine. So, we got on the electric car that takes people to Lewiston and we saw the Whirlpool Rapids. The Rapids



"We don't forget to pray for the Little Helpers at Catechism classes."

looked black and angry, and I think I was kinda glad we were riding beside them and not over them in the Aero Cable, as I had wanted to do. The boat that took us from Lewiston to Toronto wasn't very big, but when I saw the one that we were going to get on in Toronto, gee, I could hardly wait to get on it. But I had to wait cause the boat wasn't ready to take on passengers when we got there.

Breese, Ill.

Dear Catechist:

Please find enclosed one dollar for two subscriptions. This, I thought would be a little help toward the 10,000 new subscribers anniversary drive, in which, I, as one of Mary's Little Helpers, would be anxious to take part in. Hoping that soon the news from this Catholic and inexpensive magazine may be spread to every Christian family, so

they, too, may learn about the poor in our country, I am,

Mary's Little Helper,

Henrietta Foppe.

Don't you think, Little Helpers, that Henrietta has the right spirit? My! wouldn't it be fine if every Little Helper would do what Henrietta has done? Just think, we have one thousand Little Helpers, and if every one would get just ONE new subscription, that would be \$500.00 from the Little Helpers alone! Do you think you can do it? Let's all get busy and try to see if the Little Helpers cannot make a one hundred percent record. I'll bet you can if you try hard enough, especially now since it is vacation time. Even if you go away for your vacation, you can take your copy of The Missionary Catechist along with you and tell the people you meet how much fun it is to help the Missions. I shall watch eagerly for the mailman to see how many Little Helpers are getting busy.

Dear Catechist:

We get The Missionary Catechist, and I have read the stories in it, and I think they are very good. I have been helping Mother this summer by taking care of my baby sister who is one year old. I feed her and give her a bath and put her to bed and take care of her all day long. I will be in the fifth grade in September. I am nine years old. Please send me a mite box.

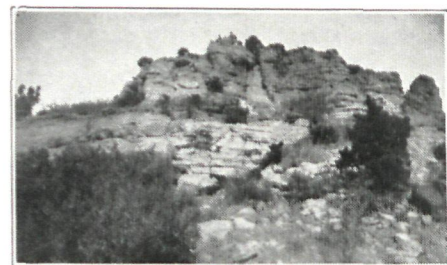
Yours truly,

Janarice Caren.

Dear Catechist:

Here is a little offering for the poor children. It is fifty cents. I want to join Mary's Little Helpers. Please send me a mite box so I can save my pennies for the poor children.

Anthony J. Wilhelm.



"In the Mountains of New Mexico"

IS YOUR MITE BOX ALMOST FILLED?

The Associate Catechists of Mary



ENLIST IN OUR DOLLAR "SQUADRON"

- A dollar a day
- A dollar a week
- A dollar a month, or
- A dollar when you can spare it.

BENEFITS ATTACHED TO MEMBERSHIP

1. Members share in the spiritual benefits of the Society of Missionary Catechists, in the missionary labors, merits and good works of the Catechist they help to support, and in the prayers of the mission children under her care.
2. Their intentions are included in the Masses offered every day for the Society.
3. A High Mass is offered on the first Friday of every month for the living and deceased members of the A.C.M.
4. Every Thanksgiving Day a High Mass is offered in all the houses of the Catechists (fourteen) for benefactors in which A. C. M. members are included.
5. Upon notification of the death of a member, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered for the repose of his soul.

MEMBERSHIP DUES ARE ONLY FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.
Enlist Today!

Associate Catechists of Mary,
Huntington, Indiana.

Dear Catechist Supervisor:

I herewith apply for membership in the VICTORY-NOLL MISSION CIRCLE. Please enroll me in your "Dollar Squadron." I shall try to contribute:

- A dollar a day.....
- A dollar a week.....
- A dollar a month.....
- A dollar when I can spare it.....

I am enclosing fifty cents to cover my membership dues for one year.

Name

Address

New Orleans, La.

Dear Catechist:

I suppose you are anxious to know what we have been doing for the Missions. Well, first I am going to get the shoes off to the Missions soon; my sister had a pair of hers re-soled, and they look very nice. I have several pairs to send and they are all in good condition. I have many other things, too. I have quite a number of things that have been given me,—among them some worn sweaters that I mended so that they will now last a long time, and do some poor children a lot of good. One woman had one that she said was too old and worn out to send, but I asked her to give it to me anyway. I mended it up until it looks good enough for anybody to wear. Of course, it is not perfect, but is whole and warm. Saturday afternoon, I mended all the clothes that I am going to send, put on buttons, etc. I tell everybody to send anything, and if it is torn a little and good otherwise, I mend it and put it in the box.

Yesterday I happened to sit by a young lady in the car, and we started to talk; of course, I began to tell her about the Catechists and their wants; she took the address and said she would be glad to help. In the afternoon, returning from the Third Order meeting, I met another woman. I discovered she was a member of the Third Order, too, so I told her about the Catechists. She promised that she, too, would help. After all, every little bit helps, and every new friend means additional help for your wonderful work. They laugh at home and tell me that I never let any one escape; well, I try to get them all.

Sincerely yours, S. S. O.

CHARITY'S REWARD

We are publishing the following letter from one of our zealous members, with her permission, to show how pleased Our Dear Lord must be with the sacrifices made by our faithful benefactors who support our Catechists.

"Dear Catechist:

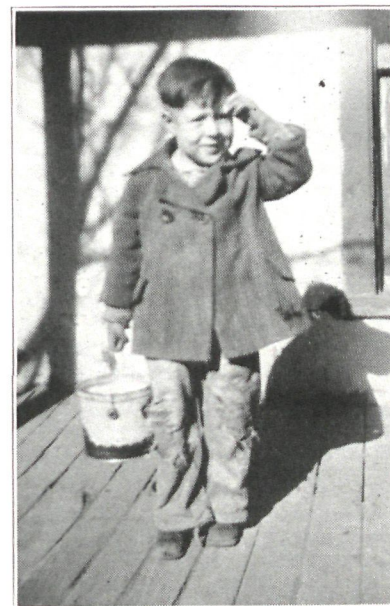
"As you will recall, I asked you some time ago to pray for a very special intention for which our whole family has been praying for many years. I also asked you to have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for this intention. I am more than happy now to tell you that our petition has been granted, and the petition was,—that my dear old father would return to Church. After a period of virtually fifty years of prayers and novenas, nothing short of a miracle could have taken place to have our prayers for his return to the Church realized. We (and especially myself) feel that without a doubt it was the prayers of the Catechists, and that Holy Mass which was offered that were instrumental in making us so thoroughly blessed and joyful. You may be sure that we shall never forget you."

A SAINT'S ADVICE

St. John Bosco, the Saint who loved the poor so much that he devoted his entire life to their service, once said: "The most efficacious work to obtain the pardon of sins and to secure us Life Eternal is the charity done to little children. Assist the Missions with linen, blankets, etc., church furniture or sacred vessels and, above all, with money so that the missionaries may be able to face the expenses of journeys on land and sea. If your circumstances do not allow of this, come to their aid with prayers, Holy Communion and penances. No one can imagine the strict account the Lord will require of what He has given to be employed for the benefit of the poor. When means are wanted to educate poor and abandoned youth, the Blessed Virgin herself undertakes their protection and obtains for their benefactors many extraordinary graces both spiritual and temporal."

BAND ACTIVITIES

Christ, the King, Band, Chicago,	
Mrs. Owens and Mrs. Maginn	\$32.00
St. Mary's Band, Chicago, Mrs. Hansen	30.00
Little Flower Band, Chicago, Mrs. Thomas Gerrity	25.00
St. Philomena Band, Chicago, Miss Mary Schaefer	6.50
Immaculate Heart of Mary Band, Pittsburgh, Genevieve Renkey	9.00
Alpha Omega Band, Chicago	6.00
St. George Club, Chicago	5.00
St. Anthony Band, No. 1, Mrs. J. Klein	5.00
St. Valentine Band, Chicago, Mrs. Rauwolf	4.00



"Thanks for the milk, Catechist"

DON'T FORGET TO JOIN THE VICTORY-NOLL HOME BAND

"ALONG THE SANTA FE TRAIL"

By Catechist Blanche Richardson

Many people have erroneously believed that New Mexico was in sympathy with the South during the Civil War. The contrary is true. The citizens of New Mexico were staunch adherents to the Union. The Territory contributed 6,000 volunteers to the Union armies between the years 1861 and 1865. Moreover, the military service to which they were assigned was very hard and arduous, including long marches and unnumbered toils. Besides having the Confederates to defeat, they also had to contend with continual attacks on the part of savage Indians. When the hostilities broke out in 1861, the federal government had little confidence in the patriotism of New Mexicans, or at least, treated them with the same indifference with which they had been treated successively by Spain and Mexico. New Mexico was placed in charge of Colonel Canby, but no expenditure of money was authorized; nor were troops mustered for its defense. It was believed that the far West would not be exposed to the attacks of the enemy. But this was precisely the point that was threatened, and had it not been for the patriotism and loyalty of the citizens of New Mexico, the federal government would have faced a crushing defeat. The Texans, whose sympathies were with the South, invaded New Mexico, and succeeded so well, that they were even in possession of Santa Fe, the capitol, for the space of a week or two. However, the decisive battle occurred at the famous Pass of the Apaches, near Glorieta, when the Confederates were attempting to move eastward to gain Fort Union.

PUT THEM TO WORK

There may be some old watches stored away in your home which are no longer "working." Perhaps they were worn for many years by some dearly-beloved, departed Father or Mother or relative, and have, therefore, been highly treasured by you. Why not put them to work? How? By sending them to us so that they may be converted into precious Heavenly graces and then applied for the benefit of your dear dead.

If you will send us such watches and other jewelry—together with any old gold coins which you may wish to devote to this purpose—we will apply the proceeds from their disposal for the benefit of those of your dear departed whom you may wish to have commemorated in the Souls in Purgatory. Surely, nothing would please these dear souls more than to know that you are no longer storing away useless jewelry, which may be lost or stolen, but that you are using it to the best advantage for the benefit of their souls through the Masses, Holy Communion, prayers and good works of the Catechists labor-



Catechist Directress of Our Junior Mission Training House at Indiana Harbor, Indiana

ing among the suffering poor under the patronage of the Souls in Purgatory Bourse.

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Father:

In reading the latest number of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST I was reminded that my subscription expires this month. So, in order to save you the expense of sending me an expiration notice, I am enclosing one dollar for two years' subscription. I am also enclosing another dollar to pay for the subscription of someone who, on account of financial conditions, may no longer be able to subscribe for your excellent little paper. I think it is a real act of charity to make such a donation. God bless your little magazine which helps to support your great work of charity among the poor.

Sincerely,

J. W.

ASPIRATION

"Lord, enlighten me to know Thy will,
And strengthen me to do it;
Prepare my heart to meet Thy love,
And cling forever to it."

Needless to say we were overjoyed to receive this timely renewal and we were especially heartened by the thoughtful charity of our friend, who realizes what it means for some of our subscribers who are out of work and out of funds, to continue to receive our little magazine which they enjoy reading so much. We hope that other subscribers will follow this good example and will not only renew their subscription without a renewal notice, but will also perform acts of charity by paying for the subscriptions of those who are no longer able to pay.

IF MONEY COULD SPEAK—
\$\$\$

If money could speak, many interesting things would be told you by the dollars which you contribute toward the support of the Missionary Catechists. The first report that you would receive from such a greenback, with which you parted, perhaps at the cost of some sacrifice, would probably be similar to this:

"The day I slipped into your worn purse surely was my LUCKIEST DAY! When you sent me away shortly after—and you hated to give me up, too—you raised me to the highest dignity to which a Dollar could aspire: You placed me in the service of the King of Kings and His Queen Mother.

"Maybe I am not the important Dollar now!

"You have often heard, of course, that thousands of poor Catholics in the Southwest are being lost to the Faith because they are without the ordinary means of Religious Instruction; and that large numbers of poor children are deprived of the knowledge of God and His Church. Believe it or not, the salvation of these people depends to a great extent upon us Dollars.

"You see it's this way:

"The Society of Missionary Catechists was founded to remedy this deplorable situation in our Home Missions, and the Catechists are working strenuously in assisting the missionary Bishops and Priests to save and reclaim souls, but unless We Dollars are behind them, they can't do very much.

"A Missionary, you know, without funds is a pretty helpless individual. The Catechists are missionaries to the core. They make every possible sacrifice in order to save souls, but unless We Dollars stand shoulder to shoulder with them, they can't even stay in the field. Do you realize how important my brothers and I are when put to the proper use?

"It all amounts to this: The poor, spiritually-starving people need the Catechists and the Catechists need us DOLLARS.

"I almost forgot to mention that the Catechists welcomed me with gratitude as a gift of God. They receive no salary and so the only Dollars they can enlist in the Service are those which kind, sacrificing friends, like yourself, send them.

"If any of my brother Dollars find their way into that shabby, old purse of yours, could you please spare one or more for the Royal Service? No doubt you will miss them, but when you get to Heaven you'll be most gratefully surprised at the reward we fellows will have merited for you.

"THE ROYAL DOLLAR."

ENLIST YOUR DOLLARS IN THE SERVICE OF JESUS AND MARY.

The best dollars are those which promote your eternal interests.

Society of Missionary Catechists,
Huntington, Indiana.

I am enclosing \$_____ for the love of Our Dear Lord and His Holy Mother, to help keep the Catechists in the Field.

Name _____

Address _____

We Will Be Glad to Include Your Intentions In Our Perpetual Novena In Honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory

Father Garces, The First White Man To Go Through Cajon Pass

CATECHIST DOROTHY SCHNEIDER

Since the foundation of "Our Lady, Queen of the Missions" Center at Redlands, California, in the fall of 1932, the San Bernardino Valley has yielded abundant spiritual fruit to the apostolic labors of the Missionary Catechists. Daily the twelve Catechists, who staff this Center, travel to and from their missions on roads long ago traversed by Missionary Fathers, who by their heroic zeal and self-sacrifice wrote their name indelibly into the history of California.

Although it was Juan Bautista de Anga who headed the first party of white men to enter the San Bernardino Valley at any point, to Father Francisco Garces is due the honor of being the first to enter the valley in the vicinity of the present city of San Bernardino. Two years after the first expedition, that is in 1776, Father Garces returned to explore some of the territory over which he had passed with the De Anga party. He was not only the first white man to penetrate the Mojave desert and view the Mojave River, but also to enter the San Bernardino Valley by way of the well-known Cajon Pass.

In 1810 Father Dumetz of San Gabriel Mission made the first attempt to establish a Church in the Valley. Probably it was as a result of the general movement of the saintly Padres to establish themselves in the interior valleys that Father Dumetz travelled to the Gauchamo Ranch and there on May 20, 1810, established the first "Capilla" (Chapel) in the Valley. May 20th being the feast of San Bernardino of Sienna, the Chapel, and later the City itself, was named in honor of this Saint.

At the present in St. Bernardino's Church, in the now modern city of San Bernardino, are kept the Parish Books containing the oldest records of baptisms, marriages and deaths in the Valley,—records signed by the most indefatigable of all the early settlers in California.



San Gabriel, an Old Spanish Mission—Near Los Angeles.

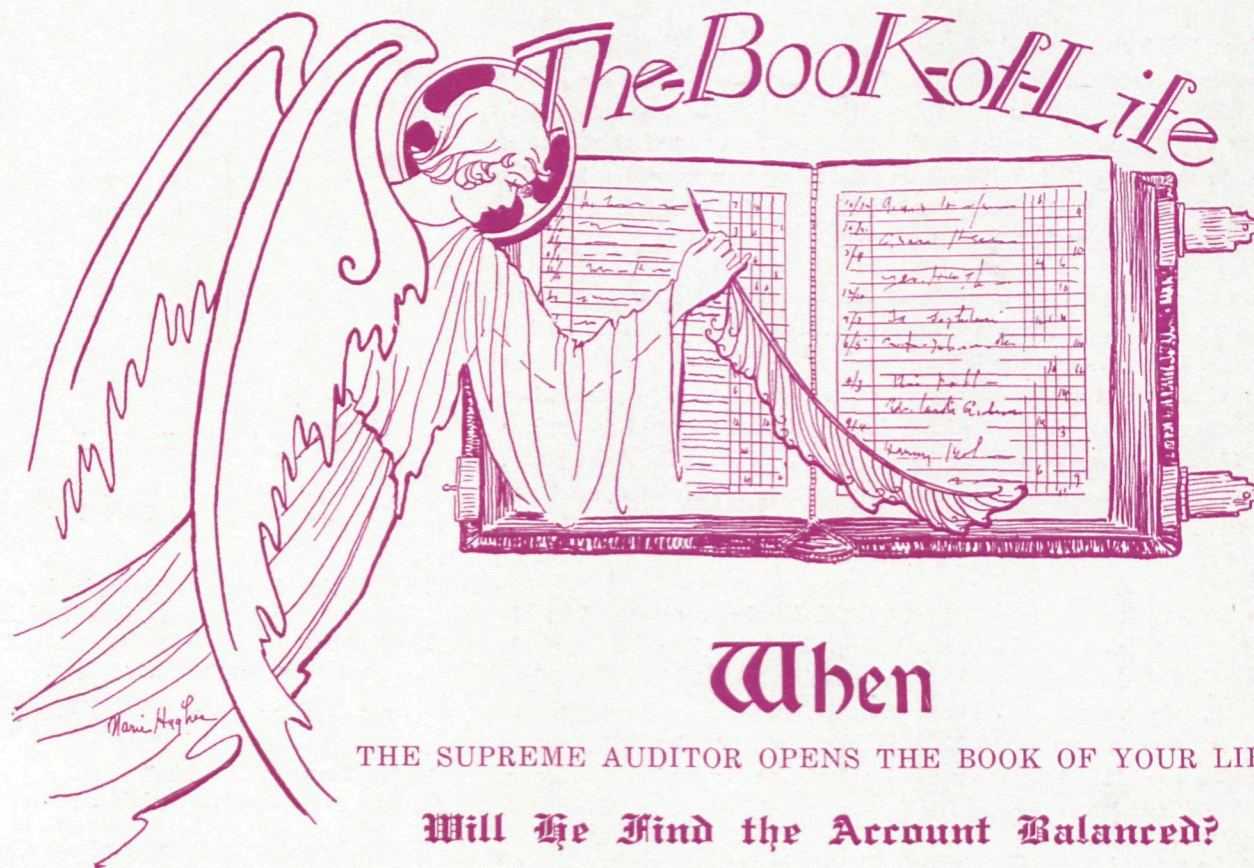
The Missions of California

The Mission lies in lovely splendor,
Beneath the Southern Moon tonight;
The Sanctum sends forth soft and tender
A wondrous, mystic Holy Light.

"O Salutaris, Hostia,"
The Celebrant recites,
"Bella Premunt Hostilia,"
Foes press from every side.

The Padre, stern yet sweet of mien,
The Benedictus gives—
"Hosanna, Christe Kyrie,"
Echo the rustling leaves.

C. J.



When
 THE SUPREME AUDITOR OPENS THE BOOK OF YOUR LIFE
Will He Find the Account Balanced?

All men are God's debtors:—indebted to Him beyond power of payment. Yet how few there are who make an earnest effort, through works of charity, to "blot out the handwriting" which their sins have written against them?

One of the best means for canceling our debt to God is alms to the poor for love of Him.

Do now what you will wish you had done when you are summoned to give an account of your earthly stewardship.

Your Summons May Come When You Least Expect It

Send an offering to the Missionary Catechists and thus aid them in the great work they are doing for the salvation of souls. When you give to them you give to Jesus Christ in the person of the poorest and most under-privileged members of His Fold, for according to their Holy Rule, the Catechists labor only among the most destitute, wherever found. They succour the needy who have no one else to care for them.

Society of Missionary Catechists
 Huntington, Indiana

For the Love of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, I am enclosing \$ _____ to help the Catechists carry on their Christ-like labors among the poor in our Home Missions.

Name _____

Address _____