

The Missionary Catechist



Volume II

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, March, 1926

Number 4

THE FIELD AT HOME

By Catechist Margaret Molloy.

To most Americans in the East, the whole Southwest wonderland is an undiscovered country. Calling to mind the vaguely recollected geography studied in their youth they visualize the million square miles of territory of which New Mexico and Arizona form the center, as the Great American Desert—a sandy waste through which one must pass to reach California—an alien land in startling contrast with the thickly populated industrial centers of the East and the prosperous towns and cities of the Middle West whose very atmosphere breathes efficiency.

Of the character and personality of the people who inhabit this sparsely settled territory, the Easterner, also, has only too often a like erroneous impression. To many, the Spanish-American is typified by the fierce-looking bandit who in the latest western movie posed so effectively, silhouetted with his daring steed against a desert horizon, a posse riding behind in hot pursuit. It apparently doesn't occur to them that an occasional Spanish-American may prefer to engage in a less hazardous occupation than that of eluding vigilance committees.

But the privileged few who have made a trip to the Southwest remain long under the enchantment of the spell it has exercised upon them. They want to go back to visit or live there. For years there remains in the memory a picture of echoed, rock-walled canyons, of sunburnt mesas, of gaunt, brown, treeless plains—all dreaming away in a soft, sweet haze of shifting light and shade, glorifying the adobe with the reflection of a "light that never was on land or sea"; a wilderness of happy silence, an atmosphere of content wherein one lives and dies and is glad.

The story of the Southwest is a stately epic—a tale unsurpassed in the annals of heroism and romance. No other portion of the United States has in its storied history anything remotely comparable to it in antiquity, danger, hardship, sacrifice, heroism and human interest. The Southwest is a treasure house of the beautiful, the artistic, the dramatic, which in any other land would have been for centuries famous in literature and glorified upon canvas. The most incredible pioneering the world has ever seen overran New Mexico with the zeal of a prairie fire a long three hundred and fifty years ago.

The recorded history of the Southwest begins forty-two years after the discovery of America when the Spaniard, Cabeza de Vaca, and two companions were shipwrecked on the Gulf of Mexico and cast by the waters upon a lonely island near the coast of Florida. Taken prisoners by the Indians they escaped and made their way on foot and without provisions, almost across the entire continent, and in the year of 1537 discovered New Mexico. Here they found Indians having a civilization all their own—a civilization which compared not unfavorably with that of Europeans—a people who dwelt in six-story houses built of stone and adobe and cultivated corn and cotton which was woven and made into garments. They were the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico.

With the advent of Coronado three years later, came the first attempt at colonization. By the time the Pilgrims had raised their first log hut in the New World, 20,000 of these Indians were vassals of Spain and converts to Christianity, and the saintly Franciscan Missionaries, who lived and died that the Indians might be born again in the Faith, had built countless churches, opened schools, and were busily occupied in teaching their converts the useful arts of civilization. "Catholic Spain," says Chas. E. Lummis, the historian of the Southwest, "never forced the Indians to abandon their old religion and adopt Christianity. Here was the most comprehensive, humane and effective Indian policy ever framed."

The indomitable Spanish pioneers braved trackless deserts and unknown dangers in discovering, exploring, and colonizing the Southwest. Their descendants, a mere handful as numbers go, held tenaciously to the land they conquered in the face of unparalleled difficulties through three centuries of the most savage, hideous and interminable Indian warfare that any part of the country ever knew. For both the peace-loving Pueblo Indians and the Spanish settlers were in daily danger of attack from marauding bands of the savage northern tribes—Apaches, Navajos, and Utes.

Today these Spanish-Americans live for the most part in little clusters of adobe shacks composing isolated hamlets which dream away on flat, sandy prairies wrapped in an atmosphere of drowsy silence, or nestle in hidden valleys of mountain ranges, knowing little of the American work-a-day

world and unknown by it. Catholic to the heart's core, they are as poor as Lazarus, more hospitable than Croesus, more courteous than a king. A stranger, be he prince or beggar, is master of the house at whose door he knocks for shelter. The larder may contain but a single crust of bread, there may be no other bed than a sheepskin spread upon the clay floor, but house and crust and couch are his, though his hosts go sleepless and supperless. He needs not a cent of money, a letter of credit, nor an introduction to be everywhere assured of a "Welcome to our house, Senor."

The social system is patriarchal and beautiful. So untainted are these simple people with modernism that respect for age is still with them the cornerstone of Society. They are for the most part desperately poor. The land of sun, sand, and silence, undisturbed by the wheels of modern industry, New Mexico works faithfully but without haste or friction. "Lo que puede—that which one can"—is enough. There is little opportunity to accumulate wealth or even lay aside something for the proverbial rainy day, but the people are satisfied.

New Mexico, for the most part, is not an agricultural state. Hundreds of thousands of her square miles can be made adaptable for cultivation only through irrigation. Until recently when unwise legislation crippled the industry, sheep-raising was the principal occupation of its citizens. The first sheep that touched what is now the United States came to New Mexico with Coronado in 1540. The modest wool-bearers soon came to the front and society gradually was divided into two classes—sheep owners and sheep tenders.

With the passing of the huge flocks there went also the means by which many gained their livelihood. As usual in all economic readjustments, the common people whose lot was at best none too comfortable, have been the keenest sufferers.

So thoroughly Catholic is the history of New Mexico that its religious history is interwoven with the political. The work of the Spanish Missionaries continued without interruption until 1821, when Mexico gained its independence from Spain, and a bigoted Masonic government ruled not only Mexico, but all the territory of the Southwest. They banished the missionaries from the country, closed the churches and

(Continued on page 8)

PLEASE DO NOT FORGET TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

DAWN

By Constance Edgerton.

Dawn in the desert broke in a wash of light. The sun was riding over the Sangre de Cristo. The sky was aglitter with topaz, deep blue, and amethyst. The hot wind blew through the valley. On the edge of the sand the old women were astir. In the pale, early sunlight the Mexican boys went slowly across the streak of sand, to the valley where flowed the Red River. I was lying on my bed, in the only two story house in the village, watching, dozing as the sheep which ranged in the valley below. It was midsummer and the days were long and yellow. August had burst through the hills with her own matchless glory of leaf and flower and deep purple skies, giving the rounded tint of summer; scorching the earth here and there like kisses on her scarred face. The distances were purple hazes.

Momentarily I forgot there had ever been another world, forty miles across the desert, to the prosperous little mining town I called my home. In that forty miles there were native population, patches of grazing, and some cultivation.

On a bright June day I had ridden over the desert sands to Romero. Pedro Amarillo had driven two of his best horses there that day. He came to bring home his daughter, Carmelita, just returning from the convent school in Pueblo and to take me to my summer's work.

We left Romero late in the afternoon, and when we were half way across the desert the great moon rose above the rim of the eastern hills. Carmelita and I talked of our work,—the summer school. Padre Montoya had sent me down to this village of Santa Martina, for the summer to act as school teacher and lay-Catechist. Carmelita, filled with youth's enthusiasm, was to help me.

By midsummer we had prepared a class of fifty First Communicants. We had classes in nursing, sewing, cooking, millinery, and a Primer Class for unlettered adults. We were making progress, and at a sacrifice. Here we were forty miles from the nearest railroad in a village of sixty houses, each with its bare strip of land, its stunted cedar, its patch of cactus.

Now, as I lay and watched the sunrise, the sheep and the women, I was atremble with sheer misery. I felt that I must run away from it all. This life to me was becoming unbearable. I arose, dressed, and prayed. Gradually my mind became more tranquil. I went down to prepare my breakfast, which was ever the same,—black coffee, bread, persimmon sauce.

I lived in the school, cleaned the rooms, cooked for myself, baked my bread in an outdoor, earthen oven. Carmelita rode to school on her pony every day. Her father's ranch was six miles distant, well watered, timbered, and stocked.

The tall young goodliness of Carmelita was a stimulant to me. She taught like a veteran, and ruled by love. She was only nineteen and a graduate of Loretto Academy. Once, as we stood in the shade of a stunted cottonwood, her eyes on the far-away mountains, she told me her duty was to remain at home, learn to make candles, altar linens, cook, nurse, be prudent and marry a wise young Mexican. There was a mocking note in her voice. I wondered if she were serious.

Yet another day she told me her parents were arranging for her wedding. The young man, accompanied by his parents,

had been to her home. He, too, was nineteen and in June was to graduate from San Miguel College. She and Raoul had talked alone in her father's garden. Their parents thought they were talking of love, romance, or mayhap the wedding settlements. But Raoul wished to become a teaching Brother, and devote his life to the Mexican youth. Right here, in New Mexico, he told her, was a wonderful field for a mission worker. She agreed with him, and said she would pray for his success. . . . Of herself she said: "When you go back to your school, I will remain here to teach Catechism and to serve Him in the person of His poor children. Ever I meant to give my life to God. As a lay worker I feel that I can accomplish much for the welfare of my people."

The month was August, yet there was a



heavy fall of snow. But that is the way of the mountains. Great soft flakes that soon made a covering for the earth and mounted higher and higher. Carmelita, who had sixteen children in her room, tied them all to herself with a rope, and proceeded to take them home. I stood mute and watched her, this girl, half my age, and one hundred times more capable.

Two days later I learned she had delivered them all. The sun came out. The snow melted. Summer reigned once more. From the farthest house in the village, where she had safely delivered the youngest child, Carmelita returned to school.

Enthusiastically she outlined her future plans. "Why can't we train a few of these village girls to help us? Tomossa Martinez is twenty. She can read and write in Spanish and in English. She walked six miles across the canyon to the district school, and she is intelligent. When Miss Ward, the teacher, was sick, Tomossa taught. She told me yesterday she was thinking of going to Las Vegas to do housework, or wash dishes in a hotel. If she got twenty-five dollars a month here at home, she would consider herself a millionaire, and the good she could do would be immeasurably great."

Tomossa came to help us. She taught Carmelita's room while Carmelita took

mine. This left me free to visit the village poor.

Carmelita prevailed upon her father to purchase a car for country visiting. Her one object was to keep the girls in their own village, teach them to be industrious, practical, self-supporting and to become good Christian wives and mothers. "If we could only start some sort of an industry here, we could do this," she said. "Do you suppose we could make baskets, raise chickens, or supply the markets at Vegas with our native peppers and frijoles?"

She was so earnest in her desire to better conditions generally that I was dumb before her, realizing my inability. What could I do or suggest? It was drawing near to my departure. Another year, I felt, Padre Montoya would send me to a more desolate spot (if one existed) and I was ashamed of the many times I had rebelled at my having to live here and of my wild desire to leave.

Yet, in days to come, I vision a little adobe chapel beside the hill; its altars decorated with bright paper flowers; little girls wreathed and veiled, followed by their parents, marching in orderly procession from school to chapel where the little ones, prepared by their devoted teachers, will receive for the first time "the Bread of Angels." And there like a beautiful Rose in the desert, rises before me Carmelita, descendant of a long line of grandees of old Spain,—young, lovely, deeply spiritual—walking her way alone from choice.

A dream village? Yes. One of the many that nestle among the New Mexican hills. Untouched by civilization; passed unnoticed by archaeologists; known and mourned by the Padres; brought to Christ's feet by lay women like Carmelita.

A good story is told of Bishop Machebeuf, who was the first Vicar-General of Santa Fe, New Mexico. One time he made a trip to the camping grounds of a roving band of Indians. They were all notorious thieves and beggars. The good old Priest loved to play tricks on the Indians. They were always inquisitive as to what he carried in his traveling bag. On this occasion he purposely packed in a bottle, a mixture of vinegar, pepper and salt, and the first Indian that wished to sample the contents of the bottle was given a dose of the obnoxious mixture. He never again asked to sample the contents of the Missionaries' traveling bag.

On another occasion an Indian chief became acquainted with him. He assured Father Machebeuf that he had always been a "heap good Injun." To prove this he handed the Missionary a certificate written by an army officer and asked the good Father to read it and endorse the recommendation. Father Machebeuf took the paper and read as follows: "I hereby certify that the bearer is the biggest thief unhung, and I warn all who may read this paper to be on their guard against him." Father Machebeuf smiled as he read the paper and when the Indian insisted upon an additional line from him, he wrote as follows: "I have met the person described in the foregoing and have found no reason to dispute the truth of the above declaration."

Carefully storing away his double certificate of good character in his greasy pocket, the savage Indian went off prouder than ever, with the feeling of satisfaction that he was indeed a "a heap good Injun."

PLEASE DO NOT FORGET TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

The Field At Home

(Continued from Page 1)

schools, and tried to stamp out the Faith of the people. But the old Franciscans had done their work well. Without priests during the quarter century of Mexican occupation, and suffering through a dearth of priests for another fifty years a pathetic deprivation of the things conducive to the life of the spirit, these people still kept the Faith, though in many towns the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass could be offered but once yearly during that long period.

Distances in the rural regions of New Mexico are limitless and priests are scarce, so when a priest is assigned to a parish with an area greater than that of the states of Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont combined, he accepts the charge quite casually and prepares to travel from morn till night. Parish schools are practically unknown. Both priest and people are so pinched by poverty that they cannot provide the necessary withal for their maintenance. In the diocese of Santa Fe, for example—the oldest of the Western dioceses and comprising almost the entire state of New Mexico—there are but fifteen parish schools, accommodating a total of 3,706 children, for a Catholic population of more than 158,000 souls.

So much for the problem now confronting the Church in the rural regions of the Southwest. Just across the border and blood-brother to the Spanish-American, is the Mexican. More than two million of the latter are already in this country and others are crossing the border at the approximate rate of one hundred thousand a year. With restriction limiting European immigration, they are brought across the border to work in the sugar beet fields, to do the hard labor in the milling and mining towns of the East and Central West, and to engage in other industries where cheap, unskilled labor is in demand. Usually their pay is very meagre and their jobs uncertain, and they find themselves at the end of a short laboring season out of work and with no immediate prospect of securing other employment. Strangers in a strange land, unwelcome and uncared for, these people are often victimized and exploited by the very ones who should befriend them. But fortunately for them there is one bond, which, for the Mexican, links the old with the new tradition. This bond is his Faith. Through more than a century of Atheistic government and religious oppression he has cherished and preserved it.

The Spanish-American and the immigrant Mexican from across the border make up 90 per cent of the population of the Southwest. In twenty-five years they will be the dominating power in a vast region with unlimited potentialities. The logical and normal development of its natural resources, of adequate irrigation systems, will at no far-off day convert the Southwest into as fertile a garden as the world has ever known. Protestant missionaries quick to realize this and to understand that they are building for the future, have been most active in this particular field. Their medical missionaries overrun the rural districts of New Mexico and other Southwestern states, nursing and ingratiating themselves with the Catholic sick-poor. In the populous centers they have erected great proselytizing activities in the most systematized and scientific manner.

To cite a particular instance: In El Paso, Texas, which is 90 per cent Catholic,



"The Southwest—a wilderness of happy silence, an atmosphere of content wherein one lives and dies and is glad."

the Methodists have an institution which covers a square city block, whose property value aggregates a quarter of a million dollars. Here they have a day nursery, kindergarten, grammar and high school, and even a seminary where 138 boys are in training for the Methodist Ministry.

The Church, so prosperous in a material way in the long established communities of the East and Middle West, is impoverished in the Southwest for the faithful here are too poor to contribute much more than the widow's mite to its support. Under normal conditions it takes a parish of 6,000 souls to support a priest. Without a sufficient number of priests to serve them, without the sisters or the funds necessary to maintain parish schools, she is confronted with the task of counteracting the proselyting influence of this powerfully financed Protestant propaganda and of keeping within the fold of Christ and faithful to the religious traditions of their Catholic ancestors, this large body of people who are to be eventually the ruling power of the great Southwest.

Some ten years ago a zealous priest visiting the Southwest for his health made his first acquaintance with this problem and determined to work out its solution. The result was the foundation of the Society of Missionary Catechists.

The story of the Society in the early years of its existence is one of tireless zeal, entire Faith, personal sacrifice and ceaseless prayer. The simple faith of its founder was its greatest asset. A few years after its foundation—just three years ago, to be exact, a priest, an editor of national reputation, wide-visioned and of consummate zeal, saw the wonderful possibilities of the new apostolate. He recognized at the same time the need of a practical training to fit its members for their work, and he, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Noll, partly aided by the munificent donation of a charitably-disposed Californian Catholic, not only erected the Victory Training Institute at Victory-Noll, near Huntington, Indiana, but now maintains it through Our Sunday Visitor.

The Society of Missionary Catechists does not profess to be a strict religious

Order, nor is it, by any means, an aggregation of individuals engaged in a missionary endeavor where each one may have an independent mode of life.

On the contrary, it is composed of a body of devout, zealous, self-sacrificing young women, living—under ecclesiastical authority—a real community life. The lofty ideal which forms at once the inspiration and the very soul of their life is the ideal of that first great body of religious teachers in the early church—the Catechists. These primitive Catechists, trained in the great catechetical institutes founded by the Fathers of the Church four hundred years before the existence of the first Religious Orders, confined themselves exclusively to the religious instruction of "Catechumens" or beginners in the Faith.

It is the special vocation of the Missionary Catechists to give religious instruction to the poorest and most neglected little ones of the flock in the outlying, churchless, mission districts of our country. In these mission districts, too poor to support priests, sisters, or a parochial school, and seldom, or but irregularly, visited by the missionary, they act as his auxiliary. They conduct catechism classes for both children and adults, act as sacristan in the mission chapels under their care, train the altar-boys, organist and choir, and conduct public services in the absence of the missionary.

As trained nurses they effectually combat the activities of non-Catholic missionaries by visiting and caring for the sick-poor in their humble homes. As social welfare workers they labor unceasingly for the material betterment of living conditions among their charges. They dispense food, medicine and clothing to the poor, teach the children cooking, sewing and singing, and instruct the mothers how to care for their new-born, too often, sickly babies.

In short, the members of the Society of Missionary Catechists devote their lives to the service of the poor, placing no hampering limitations on the extent of their activities save to confine them within the broad sphere of personal service—working, like Christ as individuals, with individuals.

(Continued on Page 5)

PLEASE DO NOT FORGET TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

The Real Mexican and Spanish-American

By the Most Rev. Albert T. Daeger, O.F.M. Archbishop of Santa Fe.

PART II.

In the former article, we showed how baseless are the stock accusations launched against the native of the Southwest by some Americans. Such Americans by their un-American conduct hurl their injurious missiles at random and these poisoned darts lodge in the minds of even educated persons and thereby do untold harm to a large class of our Catholic population. We spoke, too, of the false charges made, at times, by certain proselytizing Protestant missionaries against the religious character of our native New Mexican. We are happy, however, to say that not all Protestant missionary workers are alike in this respect.

Miss Helen D. Marston, speaking in "The Survey" of her experience as a mission worker with the Mexicans living in the vicinity of the Neighborhood Settlement House at San Diego, says: "My two years' acquaintance with the Mexicans has been enough to lead me to expect certain traits and to show me that the preconception I had gained of the Mexican was wrong. They were said to be very lazy and I grew up to think all Mexicans, lazy people, with a carefree philosophy that put off doing everything until tomorrow."

I have not found Mexicans so care free, as a people, as I thought them or even so lazy. Supporting from three to ten children in the city, in these days, calls forth virtues not needed in the country of old Mexico, or Southern California before the war. The women of our neighborhood carry the double burden of home with its many babies and of work in the fish canneries whither they go day or night at the sound of the whistle. We find that even the youngest mothers are quiet, tired, and pre-occupied women. The girls are given a large share of the home cares. I have found that, on the whole, in the cooking classes that the Mexicans are more willing housekeepers than the American girls I have had in the same classes and that they scrub and sweep with energy.

I used to think that cleanliness was a virtue little known among the Mexican people. Now, I place it high among the pleasant characteristics of our neighbors, especially of the women and girls. Soap and water are applied hard. Clothes are scrubbed, floors are well-swept, and gardens are tidy. Their primitive ways of living help and there is little furniture to make cleaning hard."

Now, our mile-a-minute Easterner might not agree with the testimony of this Protestant mission worker. They tell us that the Mexican and the Spanish-American is lazy, that he has the "manana" spirit and will always put off till tomorrow what must not necessarily be done today. Well, it is true that the native of the Southwest has learnt that it is the sure, slow, steady pace that gets you there and not the fitful spurts. All Westerners somehow get that spirit. Of course, some go to the extreme and sit on the sunny side of the house in the winter and on the shady side in the summer, lost in day dreams, waiting for something to turn up but earnestly hoping that it will not. The number of such tramps on life's highway, who are killing time instead of filling time, is not as great as some people think but they are naturally more in evidence. The greater number are a diligent

lot who eke an existence out of the barren soil. It has always been a mystery to us how some of these poor people do make a living. Almighty God and the silent mountains are the only observers of the many hardships and privations that these people endure without murmur or complaint.

In speaking of the ways of the native, Charles F. Lummis, one of the greatest authorities on the Southwest, says: "Society here is little bitten with the unrest

"THE GENIUS OF THE ADOBE"



"The Burro,"—that devoluted donkey,—is "the genius of the adobe." He works,—as new Spain works—faithfully, but without friction. He dreams, meanwhile, as new Spain dreams—ruminating on dignity and wisdom; by the adobe-wall to the sun in winter; by the wall to the shade in the summer. Here he is not an ass but a sage. The tatters of a myriad cockle-burr fray not his ease—he can afford rags. He is slow but more sure than the End. He bumps his load up dizzy heights where the chamois might have vertigo. He rolls down a precipice a few hundred feet, alights upon his back, and returns upon his way rejoicing—grateful for exercise without exertion.

He likes life and life likes him. We never saw a dead burro, save from undue confidence in railroads—which have been the death of many worse citizens. He rouses now and then in the dead watches of the night to sing about it. The philosopher who has a few lifetimes to spare might well devote one to the study of the burro. He is an honorable member of the body social and politic. Indeed, he is the cornerstone of New Mexico.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS

In—"The Land of Poco Tiempo."

of civilization. The old ways are still the best ways. The social system is patriarchal and in many degrees beautiful. There are poor people among them but no Mexican, since time began, ever went hungry unless lost in the wilderness; none ever suffered from the lack of the necessities of life, never was one an outcast of his kind."

If you know how to speak his language and understand his ways, you will find the Mexican and Spanish-American a very lovable person. He has his faults but he has sterling qualities as well. He conforms strongly to custom and as long as he adheres to the Sacraments and the good old custom of celebrating the "fiestas" (church feasts) with great pomp and festivity, he is going to remain faithful to his God and

to his Church.

Formerly, the native did not see the use of having a lot of learned lumber in his head. Now, in some cases he is being swept from his old moorings into unknown seas. He reads and imbibes a great deal of the present day mental poison. He limps after others in base imitation, gains a smattering of knowledge, and sets himself above religion. A little secular education is a dangerous thing, and among those who have attended a higher secular school of education, a number have made shipwreck of their Holy Faith. Christ, not secular education and hygiene, is needed to cleanse the world and save the Mexican and Spanish-American from the present-day wave of irreligion, lawlessness, and immorality.

The Faith of this people is a beautiful Faith. Their trust in God is, perhaps, stronger than that of any other people. This Faith sustains them in their many miseries and smoothes the thorny path of life. They look upon Almighty God as a kind and loving Father. "Dios proveera" (God Provides)—this is their favorite expression. After all He knows best, so they cast all their cares upon Him. When trials and losses fall to their portion; when the cross becomes heavy and the cup of sorrow becomes full; when afflictions are multiplied and all seems to go wrong; these people, strong of Faith and full of trust in Providence, do not vainly bemoan their lot or waste their time in vain regret but meekly submit and humbly say: "Sea por Dios."—"As God wills it, so be it." And to see them go about their business and their work, under such circumstances, one would think that nothing had happened.

Their Faith and Trust in Providence is their one comfort in adversity and the greatest of their blessings. Their love for the Blessed Sacrament is most ardent, and they cherish the most tender devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, usually venerating Her under the title of "Our Lady of Guadalupe." No doubt, this simple, child-like love for Our Blessed Lady has been one of the greatest means of keeping them faithful to the Church. They love to go to Church and pour out their hearts before Our Eucharistic Lord and His Blessed Mother. Even in places where there are no priests, you will find many at their devotions in the humble adobe chapels of the countryside.

In a good many instances, the native is too poor to build chapels or to contribute to the support of his pastor. He has hardly enough to provide for himself and his family, especially when dry seasons, such as we have had here in the past three years, cause total failure of the crops. He needs religious instruction. We are lacking in Catholic schools. Non-Catholics are willing to spend thousands of dollars in order to make a few converts among these people. If only our Catholic people would donate with the same liberality towards our poor missions, we would have no trouble. Vast sums are spent yearly by our Catholics for amusements and entertainment,—while out here, the poor people on the missions often go without the necessities of life, and even without the consolation of religion which means infinitely more to them. If only our Catholics could be present at the sick beds

(Continued on page 7)

PLEASE DO NOT FORGET TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

"Doings" at Victory-Noll

Eilleen dearest:

Saludos de Victory-Noll! I can hear you say: "Why the Spanish greeting?" You are fortunate that I don't attempt to write an entire letter in Spanish. Last week three of our Catechists came home from the Missions to make their vows on the Feast of the Annunciation. They have acquired the "Quien sabe?" habit, and have enlivened our Spanish Conversation Class with thrilling stories of Mission Life. Of course, we are more enthused than ever with the thought that it won't be long until we shall be having like experiences.

You would have felt quite at home here on St. Patrick's Day. All the Catechists wore a bit of Erin's gay color, and French, Spanish and German joined the Irish in singing "Great and Glorious St. Patrick."

In our beautiful Novena in Honor of Our Lady's Annunciation, I remembered your intention, dear, and prayed that you may soon realize your desire to become a Catechist of Mary. I am so very sorry to hear that your mother is still opposed to your entrance into our dear Society. I hope and pray that Our Sweet Mother may inspire your mother to look upon this matter as God's Holy Will, like my mother did. I remember how my heart was filled with fears the day I wrote and asked her permission to enter our Society. I was working in Washington, D. C., at the time. How fervently I prayed during the week I awaited her answer. The days seemed like months till it came. Oh! my heart leaped with joy when I opened her dear letter and read the happy news, and found that she had not only given her consent, but also her blessing on my decision.

Would you not like to read Mother's letter and perhaps show it to your own mother? I know that you will return it, as soon as you read it, because I value it among my dearest possessions.

Praying Jesus and Mary to grant your heart's desire and hoping that I shall have the great joy of welcoming you to our dear Victory-Noll during Our Lady's own month of May, I am

Lovingly in O. B. L. V.

CATECHIST CLARA FOLEY.

My dearest _____

My first act on receiving your letter was to offer a fervent prayer of thanks to God for having given me such a proof of His love as to call one of my daughters to His own service.

It has always been my most cherished desire to have one, at least, of my children dedicate her life to Our dear Lord. Many mothers will no doubt think that they

should condole with me because my daughter is embracing a Missionary Career, but I feel that you will come closer than ever to me in your new life, and I will probably see you more often than my other daughters who have married. I think it is wonderful that your Society permits you to come home every two years for a month's visit.

I will not write any more dear because I will see you soon. May God bless you and keep you, dear, until then!

Your loving Mother.



The Call

So many others I might ask—
Yet I am calling thee!
And still thou hesitatest, child,
To come and follow Me?

Each sacrifice I will repay—
The great ones and the small—
None shall be lost in Heaven's count
Where I am Judge of all.

Come! I shall make thy burden light,
My yoke a bondage sweet,
That shall bring gladness to thy heart
And swiftness to thy feet.

Come! give thy will, thine all to Me,
And live forever more!
Each sacrifice thou makest now
In My own Heart I'll store.

And when life's pilgrimage is o'er
With thee I'll keep My tryst,
In Heaven's Court thou shalt be called
A chosen spouse of Christ.

The Field At Home

(Continued from Page 3)

They receive in return neither salary nor remuneration of any kind from the people among whom they labor—no other reward than the blessing and humble prayers of God's poor. Every Missionary Catechist is supported by means of a Foundation or Bursar, amounting to Six Thousand Dollars. This amount securely invested, draws enough interest to perpetually provide for the training and support of one Missionary Catechist. Funds to complete these Burses will, it is hoped, under God's Providence, come from the charitably-disposed Catholics of our well-established communities who will generously cooperate in this work of missionary zeal.

In preparation for their work in the mission field the Missionary Catechists are given a two years' course of the highest spiritual and catechetical training. They receive also a highly specialized training in nursing, hygiene, social service and tabernacle work. The first year is spent at Victory Training Institute, Victory-Noll, near Huntington, Indiana, where they receive the theoretical part of their training. The second year is spent at the Junior Training House, Gary, Indiana, where as Junior Catechists they have the opportunity of doing practical work, under competent supervision, as catechists, visiting-nurses, and social-service workers. Upon completion of their training course the Missionary Catechists take simple vows for one year. These vows are renewed annually.

Instead of the conventional religious habit the Catechists wear a neat blue uniform and veil as better adapted for their work. They live in communities of three or more in mission-centers assigned to them by the Bishop. From these mission-centers they go out each day on their errands of mercy.

At the present time the Society has three large mission-centers in New Mexico with twenty-two outlying missions. One can gain some idea of the size of their immediate field and of the number of adults and children entrusted to their care when one considers that in one mission-center alone there are 1100 families, and that in a large number of the district-schools where they conduct catechetical classes after school hours, there are from forty to seventy children present at each class.

During the past year the Catechists conducted 3,000 Catechism classes, and distributed thousands of pieces of clothing. This clothing was in many cases given to children who had crossed snowy mountain gaps to attend Catechism class, though destitute of underclothes, shoes or stockings. The Society of Missionary Catechists has a present membership of fifty.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

Tourists will find Santa Fe a paradise of delight. The narrow streets, the mission buildings, the governor's mansion, the Church of San Miguel built in 1605, the old adobe hut adjoining, considered by many the oldest house in the United States,—all these together with many historic and picturesque cliff dwellings, Indian pueblos and canyons in the immediate vicinity, combine to make it a city well worth visiting.

* * *

When subscribing kindly state if same is renewal.

PLEASE DO NOT FORGET TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

Would You Honor Our Heavenly Queen?

"THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST" is devoted to the greater honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. Now, you can help to spread this beautiful devotion to our Heavenly Queen, by introducing our little magazine in the homes of your neighbors, friends and relatives. Today the average person considers 50c as a mere trifle. In reality it is but a very small sum. Still, it pays for a year's subscription to "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST," which will be mailed to you every month. A number of our clerical friends, desirous of spreading devotion to Our Blessed Lady of Victory and of aiding the cause of the destitute Missions of the Southwest, have sent us life Subscriptions not only for themselves, but for their friends as well. They do not consider \$10.00 for a life subscription too much for a bright, newsy, up-to-date little journal like "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST," which is not only instructive, but also entertaining. All subscription money received for our little magazine is devoted to the cause of the poor Missions of the Southwest under the care of our devoted Catechists. Send all subscriptions by check or money-order. If cash is enclosed, be sure to register the letter. Address all subscriptions to "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST," P. O. Box 109, Huntington, Indiana.

A SPIRITUAL POWER-HOUSE

In the simple, but beautiful chapel of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, and before her lovely altar,

Our Devoted Catechists,
Frequently during the day,
Pray for the intentions of their benefactors.

While you are busily engaged in your daily duties and have neither the time nor the opportunity for prayer, you will rejoice in the thought that some good souls are praying for you, and that your petitions are being remembered in the Perpetual Novena made by the Catechists to our powerful and glorious Patroness, "Our Blessed Lady of Victory."

Every day we receive letters from subscribers asking us to include their intentions in our daily Novena. Many of our friends write to thank us for the favors,—both spiritual and temporal—which they have received through the powerful intercession of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. If you send us a list of your petitions we shall gladly commend them to the Immaculate Heart of Our Blessed Mother, and shall pray most fervently that Our Blessed Lady of Victory, may, according to the Divine Will, grant your petitions.

CORPUS CHRISTI HOUSE

Duluth, Minnesota

Dear Catechists:

My subscription, I think, falls due next month, and I now enclose the fifty cents.

It is a joy to the Sisters here to see how the numbers are increasing at Victory-Noll, and that more and more missionaries will be available to teach the little ones to love Our Dear Lord.

Ever since I had the first little note from Catechist Doyle, we have been praying for the success of your work, and we should be glad if sometimes we had a tiny place in your prayers.

Yours in the Blessed Sacrament,

Mother Mary Ellerker, O. S. D.

Prioress.

ST. MATTHEW'S RECTORY

Chicago, Illinois

My dear Father Sigstein:

I am enclosing my check for \$10.00 for "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST." This pinches—but I want to make sure that I will always have it.

You know it would be terrible if for negligence a copy would not get here and I should miss articles such as Mary Stephen and Catechist Molloy had in this issue. I read these tonight, and let me assure you, both are worthy of much praise. Articles of this kind will mean much for the growth of your community if they could only be given wide-spread circulation.

May 1926 bring you added blessings!

Your friend,

Father Francis Young.

REV. P. T. TINAN

R. I. P.

On March 12th there passed to his eternal reward, one of the most saintly and learned priests of the Archdiocese of Chicago,—The Rev. P. T. Tinan.

By his death, the Church of Chicago, loses a priest whose memory will long be cherished not only by the older clergy who knew him and revered him for his sanctity and learning, but also by the younger generation of priests to whom he was ever a source of edification, inspiration, and encouragement.

Never was there a member of the regular clergy more exact in making his meditations, more regular in his particular exams; more faithful in his frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Because of his solid, practical judgment and his deep insight into the spiritual life, he was fitted to be a counselor to Sisters and Priests, as well as to Bishops.

He will be missed not only by the good Notre Dame Sisters of the Academy of Our Lady at Longwood, where he served as Chaplain for the last seven years of his life, but by the Missionary Catechists and their Spiritual Director to whom he was ever a loyal friend and a generous benefactor. We would ask our friends, in their charity, to kindly remember this good priest in their prayers and Holy Communions.

Frequently our charitably disposed friends send large packages and boxes of clothing, shoes, etc., either to the office of "Our Sunday Visitor" or to our Victory Training Institute at Huntington. Now, as this necessitates a reshipment of these articles, we earnestly request our generous friends to ship all these articles, and also medicine, condensed milk and baby-food to the following Mission Centers of our Society in New Mexico.

Missionary Catechist Julia Doyle, Holman, New Mexico.

Missionary Catechist Blanche Richardson, Anton Chico, New Mexico.

Missionary Catechist Marie Bodin, Chaparito, New Mexico.

Ship all packages under 20 lbs. by parcel post; above 20 lbs ship by freight, via Las Vegas. Do not express packages as there are very few express offices in and about our Mission Centers in New Mexico.

Mexico - Old and New

Lately we have received letters from some of our subscribers who are under the impression that our devoted Catechists are engaged in Missionary labors in Old Mexico. Apprehensive for the safety of our subjects these faithful, but mistaken friends, write, asking us to recall them ere they suffer martyrdom at the hands of the cruel Bolsheviks now in power in the unhappy republic to the south of the United States. For the information of our solicitous friends, we wish to state that our good Catechists are in the State of New Mexico, U. S. A., close to the boundary line of the State of Colorado, safe under the protection of our own glorious flag.

Owing to the anti-religious laws of Old Mexico and their rigorous enforcement by Calles, the leader of Bolshevism, and his deputy Bolsheviks, no foreigners may engage in religious work in Old Mexico. Within the past two weeks, many religious of both sexes have been expelled from Mexico. The impious rulers of that country claim that the Church is a menace to their so-called republic, and that bishops and priests are constantly plotting to undermine their blasphemous constitution, and to overthrow all legal authority.

Now, if it be an act of rebellion to protest by peaceable means and to petition the state to revoke unjust laws, which destroy human liberty, then are the bishops and priests of that country rebellious subjects. For we read in dispatches from the City of Mexico that the venerable old Archbishop of that ancient See, from his sick-bed issued instructions to his clergy and people to refrain from all acts that might be construed by those in power as contrary to law and order.

It is manifestly the purpose of Calles and his henchmen to destroy the Catholic Church in Mexico. They have flaunted human decencies and have disregarded entirely the rights of their Catholic subjects. For years men of this type aided by powerful secret societies have not only plotted to despoil the Church of her ancient properties, oppressed her by tyrannical laws and an irreligious constitution, but have misrepresented her in every possible way before foreign governments. Under the so-called laws of reform, the Church was oppressed on every side, despoiled of all her possessions and forbidden to teach, or open schools of any kind. Her ministers could not even dress as clerics, personal liberty was interfered with to such an extent as to debar any one from entering a religious order, and finally all religious orders ere by law suppressed. And all this was done in the name of liberty.

As good Catholics we should pray Almighty God to stretch out His powerful Arm to protect the Catholic people of Mexico now passing through a period of fierce persecution and deprived not only of the services of their clergy, but even of the consolations of their Holy Church.

The poverty and ignorance of the Southwest, whether it be in South-eastern Texas or Southern California, must yield to the Church Militant. It is a portion of the Mission field which we cannot afford to lose. Thousands of our Spanish-speaking Catholics in the Southwestern states are being educated away from the Faith of their Fathers. At this writing there are one hundred thirty-eight Mexican young men studying for the ministry in the Pattison Methodist School in El Paso, Texas. Let us save the descendants of the old Catholic pioneers from others.

PLEASE DO NOT FORGET TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

"Jack" Riley--Catholic

"Thirty minutes fo' breakfas'", sang the negro porter, and the travel-worn passengers crowded forward spontaneously.

The train had stopped at the station in a little New Mexican town which, save for the handsome structure of the Harvey House, boasted nothing more in the way of architecture than a few uninviting stores and some hundred adobe houses.

"Jack" Riley, a California fruit-grower on his way home from a trip east, was among the hungry crowd. As he swung down the steps of the Pullman he noticed a frail old lady with two heavy suitcases and several parcels alight from the chair car ahead and nervously try to gather up her baggage while huge rain drops pelted her mercilessly. His gallant nature responding to her unspoken appeal, "Jack" Riley hurried to her rescue and seizing the heavy suitcases proceeded to carry them into the station. But the old lady's pleading: "Please, sir, if you will just carry them to that house over there—it isn't far," chilled the warmth of his courtesy. Regretting his first gallant impulse, the discomfited knight-errant looked about for some one to relieve him of the luggage, but either the lady didn't appear prosperous enough to warrant anyone's braving the discomfit of the driving rain in order to assist her, or on-lookers presumed the stalwart man at her side to be her son. At any rate, there seemed to be no alternative but to convey the suitcases to their destination. Besides, the old lady had said the house wasn't far.

"My husband must be worse, or he would have come to meet me," she explained as they walked along. "He is a consumptive and came out here for his health about a year ago."

But the young Californian scarcely heard her. He labored and groaned under the weight of the heavy luggage, while visions of vanished lamb chops danced before his eyes. The old lady at his side continued the recital of her litany of woes, for she belonged to that large class of people, who are so absorbed in their own troubles that they quite overlook the fact that others have their own.

Depositing the luggage on the steps of the house, a good three blocks from the station, he fled back to the train, followed by the startled eyes of his companion. When he returned to the station the train was already on its way. Wiping the sweat from his brow and chafing under his disappointment, he sat down to consider his plight. Fortunately, his bank roll was large enough to see him through to California. The only thing which mattered vitally was the fact that he must wait for the next train west, which did not pass through until some time during the night.

A cup of steaming coffee and several of those illusive lamb chops raised the barometer of his feelings to such a degree that, he decided to register in the town's only hotel,—rejoicing in the grandiloquent title of "The Palace." Shortly afterwards he sauntered forth for a walk. On a side street he encountered a little chap who was deeply engrossed in winding and admiring a new Ingersoll watch. He chuckled at sight of the lad and the "man-of-the-world" attitude he had assumed.

"A present from Mother or Dad?"

"No," answered the lad in halting English, "my mamma, my papa muy poor, but I got this as a prize for going to the Methodist Sunday-School every Sunday for a year."

"Jack" Riley's brow darkened. "But I thought you Mexicans were all Catholics?"

"Yes, we all Catholics," answered the boy innocently, "but the Padre, he so poor, he have nothing for himself, and the Minister, he ees so rich he can give us all kind of things,—clothes, popguns, watches," he supplemented, pulling his watch out of his pocket again to caress it and hold it to his ear that he might feast on its enchanting "tick-tick."

"Jack" Riley was a good Catholic and a member of more than one organization of Catholic laymen. He appreciated and cherished the Faith within him, but his apostolic zeal was hampered through no fault of his own by inadequate knowledge of the possibilities of the home-mission field and of the trials and difficulties sustained by those who labor in it. Had he known that a Catholic Missionary Society organized and functioning for the very purpose of saving just such souls as that of the little Mexican lad whom he had so casually encountered, was in need of funds, he would have given his check for a substantial amount then and there. Unfortunately, however, he had never heard of the SOCIETY OF MISSIONRAY CATECHISTS OF OUR BLESSED LADY OF VICTORY and so, beyond engaging in a futile attempt to admonish the boy to hold fast to his Faith, he did nothing.

How many other "Jack" Riley's are there among our representative Catholic men?



Who can look upon the crucifix and read its lessons and still be indifferent to Mission work? Who can weigh the blessings God has showered upon him and refuse to communicate them to others? Who can know that Missionary Priests and Missionary Catechists are enduring hardships, privations, and sacrifices for want of a little material aid? Who can pray before a Crucifix and neglect our destitute Home Missions?

The Real Mexican and Spanish American

(Continued from page 4)

of our native people and see what it means to have a priest administer to them the last rites of Holy Church! If they could but step into a sick room where everything is neat, clean, and well-prepared! If they could but look upon the silvered hair and worn faces of old men and women, seamed and wrinkled with the care and sorrows of life, now beautifully mellowed with an angelical expression of restored grace and peace after receiving the Last Sacraments! Then, indeed, would they be willing to do their share to insure to these destitute people the sweet consolations of our Holy Religion and make it possible for their children to receive Religious Instruction and Christian Training through the ministrations of that noble, self-sacrificing band of Missionary Catechists, who have given up all the comforts of home and friends to come here to devote themselves to the service of Jesus Christ in the person of these the least of the little ones of His Flock.

TO THE HEART OF THE CHILD

By Josephine Van Dyke Brownson

Foreword by Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J.

Most intelligible of all Catechisms for Children

"The writer certainly merits the blessing of every teacher who had felt timid in venturing on what seems to her holy ground. Young mothers will aspire to be instruemnts in opening the minds of their children to the things of God."—*The Catholic World*, N. Y. 200 pp. and 40 illustrations, Cloth. Price \$1.00 Postpaid.

THE MASS FOR SUNDAYS AND HOLYDAYS

With the Priest at the Altar.

The entire Mass as it is in the Missal. Every word as read by the priest.

Translated by John J. Wynne, S.J.

So arranged that all can follow it. The simplest of all the Mass Books in English. It is all in English; the complete text of the Mass for every Sunday and Holyday, for the chief feasts and occasions on which large numbers go to Mass; for the dedication of a Church; for Peace; for Bride and Groom; for the Forty Hours Adoration; the three Masses on Christmas; the three on All Souls Day; Masses for the dead—about one hundred different Masses, just as the Priest reads them at the Altar.

Pocket size 576 pages.

New edition in a variety of handsome bindings.

Maroon Cloth, gilt top	\$ 1.00
French Morocco, skiver, gilt edges	2.25
American Limp, seal grain, gilt edges	3.00
Rutland Limp, long grain, gilt edges	3.00
Turkey Morocco, gold roll, gilt edges	4.00

UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE FOUNDATION

119 E. 57th Street,
New York

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 Missionary Catechist Publishing Co.

Subscription Rate: In U. S. 50c per year for single copies; 10 copies or more to one address, 40c each per year. Life Subscription \$10.00. Canada and Foreign, 75c per year. Payable in advance.

Proceeds devoted entirely to the support of Missionary Catechists in the Mission Field.—Contributions, both financial and literary, solicited.—Advertising rates on request.

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

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

Printed by Our Sunday Visitor Press,
Huntington, Indiana.

PLEASE DO NOT FORGET TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION



Guaranteed Investments

**THE GREATEST PROTECTION EVER
AFFORDED THE INVESTING PUBLIC**

Forman Bonds today afford investors the greatest protection ever offered the conservative investing public—bonds of unquestioned safety, plus the straightforward unconditional guarantee of principal and interest by a powerful old-line insurance company.

Experienced investors have been quick to appreciate the superiority of this utmost protection for their investment funds, and have found it advisable to make advance reservations for forthcoming issues—so great has been the demand for these protected bonds.

You are urged therefore to write at once for complete information regarding available Forman Bonds yielding 6 and 6½ per cent—all subject to this unqualified guarantee of interest and principal. Ask for List MC-3.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY

Investment Bonds Since 1885

105 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

New York Pittsburgh Minneapolis Des Moines
Springfield, Ill. Peoria, Ill.

Just Published:

THE KEY TO THE STUDY OF SAINT THOMAS

By Msgr. Francesco Olgiati,

Translated by Rev. John S. Zybura

This excellent monograph gives the master key to every part of the harmonious and imposing structure of perennial ideas reared by the synthetic genius of the Prince of Scholastics. Net \$1.25.

B. HERDER BOOK CO.

15 and 17 S. Broadway St. Louis, Mo.

AT YOUR SERVICE

ARNOLD'S

HUNTINGTON'S

Daylight Store

Academy of Our Lady

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Conducted by School Sisters of Notre Dame

Accredited to the University of Illinois, Recognized by the State Board of Education. Holds Membership in North Central Association.

Academic Course prepares for College or Normal entrance.

Domestic Science.

Music—Conservatory methods in piano, violin and vocal.

Art—Special advantages. Four studios open to visitors at all times.

Graded Courses in both Music and Art Departments lead to Teacher's Certificate and Diploma.

Physical Culture and Athletics under competent teachers.

Campus—15 acres.

For Catalogue Address Registrar

Telephone: Beverly 0315

NINETY-FIFTH AND THROOP ST., LONGWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.

PLEASE DO NOT FORGET TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION