



Volume II

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Number 5

GARY AND PENTECOST

By Rev. Michael A. Chapman, Associate Editor of Our Sunday Visitor and The Acolyte.

A walk through the streets of Gary, Indiana, reminds one of nothing so much as the Day of Pentecost, for one hears every language under heaven from the lips of the motley groups of people, except, perhaps English!

It has been said that this industrial city is probably the most remarkable civic development of modern, or any other, times. Less than twenty years ago its site was a lonely foreshore of sand dunes. Today a flourishing city of nearly a hundred thousand boasting a fully equipped community, fine buildings, beautiful parks, boulevards, a public school system, which in buildings and program, is a household word in educational circles everywhere. It is indeed what the sloganists call it, "The Magic City." Nor is it, like so many mushroom growths, a mere boom town. The great Steel Mills are a permanent industrial development which is still, apparently, in its infancy, bound to grow, and the city with it.

Partly owing to the character of the mills, which employ thousands of unskilled laborers as well as the most highly specialized experts; partly due to after-the-war conditions; and very largely due to the present immigration laws of the United States, Gary has become the home of large numbers of Mexicans, who form a part of the Pentecostal mixture of nationalities which is the outstanding sociological and religious feature of the city. They are, or ought to be Catholics. Their spiritual needs, and to a large extent their temporal needs, too, must be taken care of by the Catholic Church. This work, by no means an easy task, has been admirably begun and carried on by Father Deville, easily the most respected and outstanding ecclesiastic of the

city, and its most admired and beloved citizen. Through his untiring efforts the Judge Gary-Bishop Alerding Settlement House has been built, largely by donations from the Steel Company itself, whose admirable attitude towards all religious and philanthropic efforts on behalf of its workmen reflects the broadminded humanitarianism of its head, from whom the City derives its name.

With such a rapid growth of the city, it has been impossible for the Catholic Churches of Gary to keep pace with the development of their congregations. Aside from the obvious financial problems, the congregations grow so rapidly that building operations could hardly keep pace with them. As a result, through no fault of the Reverend Pastors, easily half of the Catholic children of the city must attend the public schools. Fortunately one outstanding feature of the famous "Gary System" of public school education, is the provision made for religious instruction, not in the schools themselves, but by dismissing the children at certain hours to attend classes in their respective churches. Father Deville has taken full advantage of this arrangement, and near each public school of the city will be found a "hut" class room, where the Catholic children receive regular and systematic religious instruction. This instruction is given by the devoted Sisters belonging to the community of Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ.

It is here,—in the heart of the great steel district,—that the Junior Missionary Catechists have an opportunity of taking up the practical side of their religious and social welfare training begun during their Pro-

bationship in the Victory Training Institute, at Huntington, Indiana. While conditions here are naturally widely different from those the Catechists will meet in their future missions in the great Southwest, nevertheless, their experience in dealing with the Spanish-speaking people will be of practical value to them in their work. Thus the advantage of the Catechists' stay in Gary is twofold. It gives them an opportunity of putting theory into practice by speaking every day the Spanish language acquired during their preliminary studies; dealing with actual cases as a doctor does in his clinic; and again it serves to assist the people in "finding themselves" under conditions so widely different from any they have hitherto known.

In connection with the Settlement House, where the Catechists reside, is a Parish for the Latins, (Spanish and Italian speaking people) which has already outgrown the beautiful chapel dedicated to St. Anthony, and for which a church building must soon be erected. Here the Catechists have the joy of seeing their young charges, and their parents, receive the Sacraments, from which they might have drifted away entirely were it not for this heroic effort to counteract the forces of evil and indifference which are an inevitable part of our modern American life, and nowhere more so than in a new community such as Gary. Thus a great work is being done, not only for individual souls, but for the Catholic Church as well, and not least for America, for the activities of the Catechists are carefully calculated to make these "strangers within our gates" not only good Catholics, but good Americans. But are not the two terms, after all, synonymous?



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"IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE PADRES"

By Catechist Helen Srill

To name the mountains, streams, valleys and towns in New Mexico is almost like reciting the Litany of the Saints. The old Spanish Padres, who named these places were, indeed, men of deep faith. Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, was called by them "the city of the Holy Faith of our Father St. Francis". The mountains about Santa Fe they "christened" "the Sangre de Cristo Mountains"—the Mountains of the Precious Blood". Our Lady of Guadalupe, San Jose, and Santa Clara, are names familiarly dear to the natives of New Mexico.

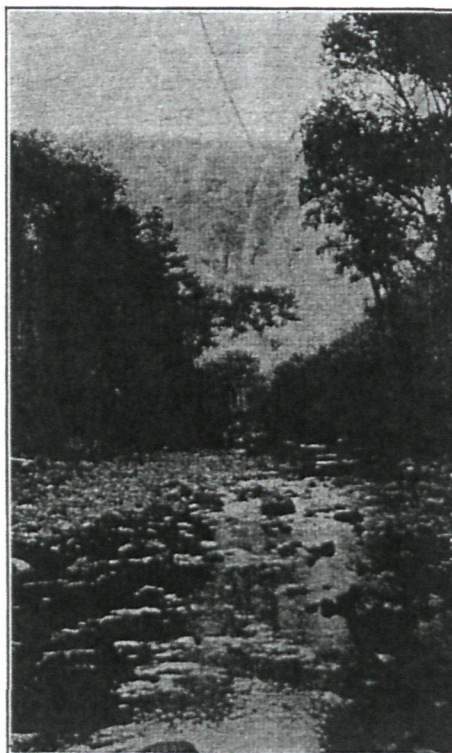
Chaperito is rather an exception to this rule. Chaperito means a "little hat". It is a very small town built in pueblo fashion with the church in the center. It boasts of but one store. The nearest railroad is nearly thirty miles distant. It has no telephone or telegraph connection with the outside world and the only source of communication is by mail. This is brought from Las Vegas—27 miles away—three times a week. During the winter we cannot even expect the mail as often as this, as the road is quite impassible during these times and dangerous, too, in parts. Fourteen miles out of Chaperito we come to the Canon de Agua. The rim of the canon is a thousand feet above its floor. The road to the top is very narrow and in certain parts one must keep close to the wall of the canon, whose sheer walls rise skyward from the road.

Easterners might say Chaperito has really no excuse for existence. It offers its inhabitants no possible means of livelihood. The poor people have to depend entirely upon their little plots of ground for their subsistence and this has been the fourth successive year of drought with the accompanying failure of their crops. Many families in these parts have had to move to other States, and even of those who have remained, the men have, for the most part, sought employment away from home in order to support their wives and children. Being unskilled laborers, without any knowledge of English, they are poorly paid, and so after deducting their railroad fare and living expenses, they have not much left of their earnings to send to their families. They all have large families, ten children being as common here as one or two in the East.

In spite of its poverty, Chaperito has some redeeming features. It is a picturesque little spot, hidden away in the foothills on the banks of the Gallinos River. On account of its picturesqueness, it reminds one of that old song "A Little Bit of Heaven". We are surrounded by mountains ever beautiful and ever changing, and of such a gorgeous blue as only the mountains of New Mexico can boast.

The people are simple, unaffected, grateful and deeply religious by nature. Like all Spanish-speaking people they have an intense devotion to Our Blessed Mother.

On a certain occasion while we were visiting a little boy who was very sick, his mother informed us that there was a poor woman quite sick and living alone. We found our way to her house, the last one in town. She was suffering with cancer of the stomach. She had been living with her married son but he, too, like the other men,



had been forced to leave Chaperito a short time before to seek employment in another state. The boy would gladly have taken his old mother with him but she was too sick to stand the trip and so before leaving he had gotten this little house for her and here she was living all alone with no one to relieve her in her sufferings. She was in constant pain, and she missed her son, his wife and her little grand-children. You cannot imagine how pleased and grateful she was to have us visit her. We soon got some of the women about here interested in this poor soul and they are now taking care of her—doing her washing and cleaning. We visited her regularly and each visit was for us a real lesson in the school of Christian Perfection. Such resignation and conformity to God's Holy Will, such patient suffering, such confidence in God's mercy! She told us that she offered up all her sufferings to obtain pardon for her past sins and to gain her eternal salvation. "Salvation is all that counts," she said quite unaffectedly to us the other morning. "But are you not lonesome?" we asked. "God is with me," she answered simply, "and I am with Him."

One day one of the little girls of the town came to tell us that her mother was sick. Catechist L. and myself went home with her and found the poor woman lying on an old mattress with no more covering than an old quilt scarcely heavier than a sheet. There was not a stick of wood in the house and although the weather was not so cold, it was by no means warm enough to be without a fire, for the nights and mornings are always cold up here in the mountains. After much difficulty we succeeded in getting the information from the little girl that there was nothing in the house to eat

except a few tortillas (maize flour cakes) and this was the day after Christmas. We recalled that only the day before Christmas, this poor old widow had sent us a pail of flour—all that she had. After giving her some medicine, we returned home and sent food and bed clothing and the Padre sent wood. We are so thankful to Our Blessed Mother that She sent us there because that very night it turned quite cold and what would these poor people have done without food, fuel or clothing?

A few days later, notwithstanding the fact that there was still the twang of winter in the air, we determined to visit our Sister-Catechists in their mission-center at Carmen. The drive from Las Vegas to Carmen is marvellously beautiful. As we drove along the picturesque winding mountain roads, it seemed to us that everything invited us to prayer. It would be impossible not to think of God and the things of God, for such beauty as this, man of himself could not conceive. It certainly made us feel very near to Our Good Lord and to Our Blessed Mother and as we sped along past enchanting mesa, valley and mountain stream, our thoughts were raised on high in praise of the inspiring works of God. Little wonder then, that few words were spoken while we were under the spell of these scenic marvels.

Arriving at Carmen we were delighted to hear that the Protestant minister had left and that his church was closed. It is now for sale. The Protestants during the time they were here did intensive work and many families apostatized, but in the very short time our Sister-Catechists have been here they have already done much work and much good, and now many little Protestant children attend their Catechism classes. Catechist B. even has one little Protestant girl in her choir.

The average person in the East imagines that the entire state of New Mexico is hot as the Sahara desert; even during the winter season. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is true that down near the Texas line the tourist may get a beautiful coat of tan when exposed to the rays of the sun almost any day of the year. In the mountains of the northern part of New Mexico, however, the nights are cold, even in summer. Tourists are advised to bring blankets when touring the mountains of New Mexico.

Elsewhere in this issue, we publish letters from some of the well satisfied readers of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. We are trying to make our little monthly a real "honest-to-goodness" Missionary magazine. Now it takes money to do this and since we cannot expect to receive enough subscriptions to make the publication pay at its extremely low subscription price, we must look to advertisements as the chief source of revenue for our magazine. Will you not help us in this matter by patronizing our advertisers and by informing them that you read their advertisements in THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST?

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IN HIS STEPS

IX.

"It really seems ages, children, since we had our last class in Christian Perfection", remarked Sister Charitina as she took her accustomed place and her pupils grouped themselves about her, ready to resume their instructions in the Spiritual Life.

"You know we poor Religious, nowadays, have to leave our Convent so often to attend educational conventions, extension and summer school courses, that it is a distinct relief for us to return and resume our happy community life. At the State Educational Convention which I attended last week, I was selected to read a paper on "Prayer in the Classroom". As I prepared the matter for my paper I could not help but think what a wonderful thing prayer is and I determined then that we should devote some time in our classes to the consideration of this great means of grace and salvation.

"Take prayer out of the life of a person and he will live a purely animal existence. Just consider, children, the non-Catholic and un-Christian world about us, where there is no prayer, no religion, no thought of God or the things of God. There are, in round numbers, sixty millions of our American people who do not bend their knees to Almighty God in prayer. Little wonder, then, that the morals of the country are so low today.

"If our non-Catholic neighbors but possessed some religion, they would surely pray, for prayer is, we know, the chief practice of religion. Without it, properly speaking, there can be no religion. To command man to pray, then, is to ordain the practice of religion. And from the very beginning men have always understood it this way. They realized that, as creatures of God, they were dependent upon His goodness and mercy, and therefore it was imperatively necessary that they pray for all things both for soul and body. Our dear Saviour, Himself, taught us the necessity of prayer. This He did both by word and example, often spending whole nights, as the Evangelist tells us "in the prayer of God". For our sake He composed the most beautiful prayer ever uttered by human lips—"The Lord's Prayer"—the "Our Father".

"On His account—as well as ours—Almighty God has ordained prayer. Not for any need does our Good God have to pray—nor for any need does He require us to acknowledge Him, for He is sufficient unto Himself; it is purely because of His holiness and justice that we are required to offer prayer to Him. He is our sovereign Lord and Master. He is the Author of all good. He cannot deny Himself and give His honor to another and so He demands for himself, exclusively, that homage of prayer and praise which is His due. Now, by refusing to pray, man refuses to pay to Almighty God the homage due to him and by such refusal he turns completely away from God, His Creator, and turns to creatures. This is why we say that on His own account, God must bid us pray and on our own account He ordains prayer in order that He may grant us His beneficent gifts, both for soul and body. It is literally true that we are never really entitled to the gifts of God. Of ourselves we are not deserving even of the least of His graces, nor can we fittingly dispose ourselves to receive them. Hence we must become duly prepared and fittingly disposed to receive God's gifts through

prayer. Our purpose in praying is then not to dispose God to grant us His gifts, but rather to dispose ourselves fittingly to receive them. Prayer is really the beginning of all good here upon earth. I am sure, my dear girls, that since you have been coming to this Spiritual Instruction class you have learned to place a greater value on prayer. You have learned to esteem it, to love it, to cherish it. And as you become more and more familiar with this most excellent practice you will appreciate it at its proper value. For when we consider that in prayer we raise our mind and hearts to Our Dear Lord and hold sweet communion with Him; that we render Him the homage of our praise, love, thanksgiving, propitiation and satisfaction, we shall readily understand that we can in no way become more closely united to Him, if we except the Blessed Sacrament, than through prayer.

"To come into close relationship with one of our fellow creatures requires no special skill, but to come into close relationship with Our Lord and to become united to Him—to even think of Him—this is indeed a great privilege for weak and sinful creatures. If, then, we consider it such a high and holy privilege, such a special honor for a mere creature to be able to lift up his soul to his God in prayer, what must it not mean for our gracious Lord to bend down to man and to receive this unworthy homage of prayer and praise?

"The saints, in speaking of prayer, called it the golden ladder by which we ascend to God, the golden bridge upon which He graciously descends to us. We do not wonder, then, that these great saints of God, like St. Anthony in his cell, or St. Theresa in her chapel, spent entire nights and days in prayer and considered the time all too short, even forgetting their bodily needs during this period of sweet communion with their Divine Lord and Master.

"How wonderful does not Our Dear Lord show forth His infinite love, His tender mercy, His boundless goodness to us when He invites us to pray. 'Come to Me all you that labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you.' And again He promises

an answer to our prayers: 'If you ask the Father anything in My name, He will grant it to you.'

"Prayer is such an excellent thing that it must by its very nature be simple. And even though we did not receive the command of Our Lord to pray, yet we would naturally feel the need of it for since we have nothing of ourselves and can hope for nothing of ourselves, the thought of our helplessness would be sufficient to force us to pray. And prayer does not require a great deal of preparation. One does not have to be versed in science or be able to read or study much. No, even the simplest little child can pray. Few thoughts, few desires, few words, alone are necessary for prayer.

"I am sure, my dear children, that you will earnestly strive to be filled with the true spirit of prayer. This in itself is a great grace and if you prepare your soul for prayer by imploring the necessary help of Our Blessed Mother in order to acquire the disposition and the mind of Our Dear Saviour Himself in prayer, I can assure you that you will not fail to gain great spiritual fruits from every prayer you offer in the course of your daily life".

DIOCESE OF MONTEREY—FRESNO

Fresno, Cal., April 13, 1926.

The Rev. J. J. Sigstein,
Society of Missionary Catechists of
Our Blessed Lady of Victory,
P. O. Box 109, Huntington, Indiana.

My dear Father Sigstein:

Permit me to remind you of your promise to send to this diocese as soon as you possibly can a corps of your Missionary Catechists. The need for them is very urgent, especially among the Mexicans who are crowding into California. Generally these poor people do not maintain a residence anywhere more than for a few months at a time, but migrate from place to place, being mostly employed in picking cotton and fruit in the vast ranches of the San Joaquin Valley. They live in temporary "camps" far removed from any church or school. When the work is completed in one ranch, the whole colony moves to another often miles away. Thus the poor people cannot be instructed in the regular way in permanent churches and schools. Nor can they be reached by the existing religious communities who are already overburdened by their duties to the fixed population. If the faith is to be saved in the poor Mexicans we must have heroic self-sacrificing Catechists such as yours, who will follow the nomads to their "camps" and perform for them both corporal and spiritual works of mercy,—serving them as trained nurses and expert social service workers, the while they impart to their charges what they need above all,—solid religious instruction. Only thus can the Mexicans be safeguarded from the wiles of the Protestant proselytizers who by alleviating their bodily ills seek to win them from the Catholic Faith.

Wishing you every blessing, I remain,

Faithfully yours in Xto,

✠ JOHN MacGINLEY,

Bishop of Monterey-Fresno.



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Telling The Story



Watrous, New Mexico, Thursday, May 24, 1923, Feast of Our Blessed Lady of Victory

We celebrated the Feast of Our Blessed Lady of Victory—our Glorious Patroness—by conducting Catechism classes both at Watrous and at our out-mission at Tiptonville. Returning early in the evening we had a meeting of the altar boys we have trained here. All the boys we have been instructing—12 in all—came to the meeting. We made them very happy by serving a little lunch. We are well satisfied with the spirit these boys have shown. Each one seems to be anxious to become another St. Aloysius or St. John Berchmans in serving Our Dear Lord at the holy altar.

It was no easy task to train these altar boys to conduct themselves properly about the altar. They have no difficulty, of course, in learning the Mass prayers, because Spanish is so similar to Latin, yet they were very awkward in their movements about the sanctuary. Father D., however, was always very patient with the few boys that tried to serve his Mass before we came, even though they often "appeared on the scene" with muddy boots and torn overalls and blouses. Through the kindness of Mrs. Landis and the members of the Missionary Helpers' Society of Chicago, we were able to get some cassocks and surplices for our altar boys. As there was not a sufficient number of these cassocks, we made the rest ourselves and we are happy to say that the boys present a good appearance now and are very edifying when they serve Mass. Their "madres", too, are very proud of them. On one occasion the mother of our youngest altar boy followed him into the sacristy and insisted upon his wearing a highly starched and very stiff surplice which she had made for him. The result was that the little fellow was very "statuesque" in appearance as he knelt in the sanctuary during Mass that morning.

We were very pleased on the Feast of Corpus Christi, May 31st, to see our altar boys do so well in the procession and at the ceremonies. We had solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament, our Children of Mary leading, followed by nearly all the adults of the Parish. From the very beginning we have been impressed with the beautiful devotion these people have for Our Dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament

Only A Mexican!

REV. J. A. CAMPBELL,
Sweetwater, Texas.

The hectic flush is on his cheek; his eyes, one would think, had sunken deeply into their sockets; he can walk only with the help of two faithful companions; his very appearance indicates that for him the end is near.

He had alighted from a heavy dray drawn by two emaciated looking mules and now he directs his tottering steps toward the entrance of our humble parochial rectory. The usual greetings over, he tells us directly the reason for his coming: "I am sick, Padre, and have come to make my peace with God."

Thirty odd miles had he traveled that day, in a rough, springless wagon, jolting over a broken road, at times spurting blood in the heat of this Southern clime. So exhausted is he that he can hardly support his tottering body. "Why did you not telephone to me? I would gladly have gone to attend you." "I heard you were sick, Padre, so I came to you." Quickly they carried him into the church, there he confessed, was absolved, anointed, and given the Holy Viaticum. Then, kind friends carried him on willing shoulders to a nearby Mexican home that he might there die a happy, Christian Death.

Only a Mexican!

He has not even made his First Communion. There was no Padre to unite him in the bond of Christian marriage with the young woman of his choice. He knows practically nothing of the Faith in which he was born and yet he clings to it when he might have sold his birthright for a mess of Protestant pottage offered him by the nearby Mexican Methodist Minister.

Only a Mexican Girl!

Only a Mexican girl! For three years she had not met a priest. Her means did not allow her to go in search of the Padre, perhaps a hundred miles distant from her home. She was isolated even amongst her own people, for she had consecrated her virginity to God. Bright offers of marriage had been made but even her parents could not force her in her determination to become a spouse of Christ. The temptations of youth found in her no response. Finally, she met the Padre of the Missions. Today she is a model nun, supremely happy in that life of consecrated sacrifice which gains the Heavenly Crown.

and for His Most Holy Mother. It is really this which has saved them to the Faith. Deprived, as they were, for many, many years, of their Priests and of the Sacraments, after the Mexican Government had

Only a Mexican Family!

Only a Mexican family! One of a number discovered by the Missionary in an isolated corner of his vast, scattered mission territory. For years they had lived there without the consolations of religion. The reception accorded the visiting Missionary was one inspired by Faith, and they shed tears of joy, for a long, cherished hope had been fulfilled. The padre had come at last, and deep down into the ancient family trunk the mother quickly delves to bring out candles and veils for the baptisms about to be administered to her large family of children. Just a Mexican family for whom nobody cares!

Only Some Mexican Families!

Only some Mexican families! The Missionary's life had been threatened by the insolent members of the Ku Klux Klan. And then at the cost of time and at the risk of their lives, the fathers and sons of these Mexican families organized themselves into a corps of Vigilantes to protect the Missionary and to bring him safely home. Only some Mexican families! Only a few of the eight thousand scattered over seven Texas counties. In poverty and suffering they fight off the temptation and refuse the tempting offers of food and clothing made by apostate members of their own race. Only a Mexican! How forcibly does this not remind us of the old verse—"He is a pauper whom nobody owns." Yes, but God owns them all, the Mexicans, and I doubt if one would find more fidelity to God and Holy Church among races and people more favorably situated, more highly blessed with the good things of life. And who can save the Faith of this race? There is but one answer: The Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

These noble, self-sacrificing young women have consecrated their lives to the salvation of the Spanish-speaking Catholics of our country, who number more than two million souls. They are true auxiliaries to the Missionaries laboring along the Mexican border from Galveston, Texas to Los Angeles, California. Engaged primarily in the Christ-like task of giving religious instruction to these spiritually destitute people they also serve them as medical missionaries and trained social welfare workers. For these needy people, too poor to support priests or sisters, they provide not only the things conducive to the life of the spirit, but the material necessities of the body,—food and clothing and medical care, and thus they become the "Saviours" of him, whom Americans look upon as "Only a Mexican".

driven out the Spanish Franciscan Padres ninety years ago, the parents and grandparents of these poor people made great sacrifices to keep the Faith and to hand it down to their children.

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LETTERS TO MARY

Anton Chico, New Mexico,
April 7, 1926.

Dear Mary:

Oh the glory of a New Mexican sunrise and the magnificence of its sunsets! First one catches sight of a long streak of light which covers the entire Eastern horizon and then this rapidly resolves itself into a rosy vapor. The peaceful moon and glistening stars grow a shade or two paler. Ere the sun appears over the edge of the mesa, sky and clouds have caught the glow and are aflame with color. Then a day of sun-kissed mesas, of soft-breathed breezes, of silent recollectedness broken only by the jubilant notes of a songster praising its Creator, and then the unwearied sun has again descended the sloping, blackened plains of the west. The "sabinos" which line the topmost part of the plains, form a striking contrast to the ruddy crimson glow behind them. Always sombre in color, they appear jet-black at this time. Just as the East shared its splendor with the West, so the West cast its glory over the full length of the sky until the East had caught it. It is like the refrain of a beautiful, never-ending song.

Last Tuesday I received a letter from our mutual friend, Mrs. Stephens, in which she told me you had given her your copy of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, and that she is greatly interested in the work we are doing for the Spanish-speaking people living in the Border

States and is determined to help us "in her small way". She enclosed her personal check and since she is president of the Altar Society at St. Joseph's, she believes she can beg some of the older and slightly worn vestments which are from time to time replaced by new ones. The former wooden tabernacle in the altar of her church has been replaced with a handsome steel one with golden doors, and consequently the tabernacle veils are no longer needed. These she can easily send us, for the church has no further use for them. She is delighted to know they can still be of service in one of our humble adobe Mission Chapels.

Mary, letters like these are a source of great encouragement to us. We are indeed spending our lives in the poor Mission regions of New Mexico, trying to bring our people to a greater appreciation of their Holy Faith; trying too, in our own poor way to beautify the dwelling places of Our Eucharistic Lord. Oh, if our people who attend Mass daily in the cathedral-like churches back home, could for a moment open the doors of one of our Mission Chapels to behold the poverty within! Accustomed as they are to magnificent, costly, marble altars,—artistic statuary and imported stained glass windows, they take

smooth coat of white paint, and if promises materialize we shall have a new tabernacle veil and sprays of delicately tinted flowers.

The Communion Cloth instead of hanging on a rod or from the end of tape is nailed in place. If one attempted to wash it, it would mean large, ugly rents and perhaps the destruction of the entire piece of cloth. However, we are going to remedy this by showing our well-meaning people how to sew loops of tape at regular intervals and hang the cloth from these tapes. The "Carmelitas",—the members of the Altar Society—are going to meet at our house on

the First Friday of every month. Here they will learn how to make all sorts of articles needed for church use—from finger towels to the larger pieces, even top altar cloths, and Communion Cloths. After a couple of hours spent thus, we shall serve some simple refreshments. This, you know, is always the principal item at club-meetings, and we are confident our Spanish Senoras, in matters of this kind, do not differ greatly from their sisters in the North.

I am so pleased to know you are going to make known our work to your many friends. It speaks of your zeal in spreading God's Kingdom in the hearts of our poor people.

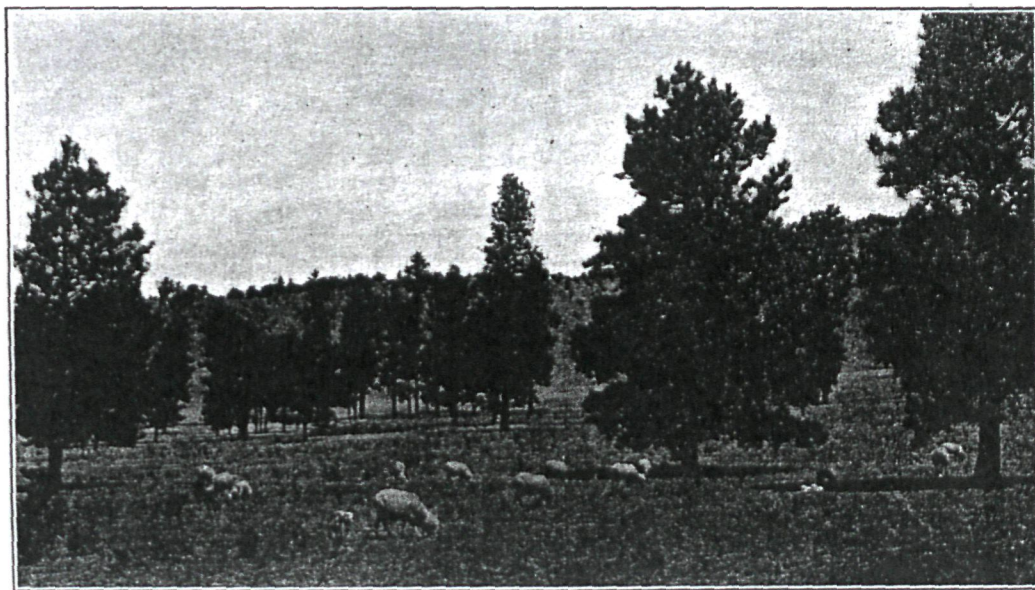
Promising to remember your dear, departed brother on the third of next month in a special manner in our prayers, and also never

to forget you in our daily prayers, I remain

Sincerely your friend in O. B. L. V.,

CATECHIST BLANCHE RICHARDSON.

Thirty-seven out of every hundred children born in the Mission districts of northern New Mexico die every year before they reach their first birthday. A few cases of condensed milk or baby food would have saved many of these poor babies.



New Mexico

"The balmy climes and sunny skies
of which our land may boast,
And Nature's haunts surpassing fair
New Mexico has most.

Upon its mesas and its plains,
The thorny cactus grows,
And in the vales by crystal streams,
The dainty wild flower blows.

A fairer clime 'neath bluer skies,
No other state may show,
In peerless beauty stands alone,
Far-famed New Mexico."

JOSEPHINE S. HARKINS.

these things as a matter of course and cannot conceive of churches lacking decent wooden altars, statues or furnishings. Our church here is supposed to be one of the larger, better kind to be found in the Mission Field. But let us approach the Communion rail and there we shall behold a rudely constructed plank altar with six or eight steps or shelves. Upon the shelves are strips of white crepe paper, tacked in place with ordinary carpet tacks. In lifting the paper to see what lies beneath we find rough, unpainted boards. Some of these superfluous steps are going to come down; the rest we shall cover with a nice

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Not a wash line—but a "beef" line.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE

Santa Fe, New Mexico

April 10th, 1926

Dear Father Sigstein:

I am very glad that the Catechists are commanding the respect of all the "Padres" here. Seeing the splendid work they are doing and the success they are meeting with in taking care of the poor people, the missionary fathers appreciate the self-sacrificing labors of the Catechists. I know that some of the priests are most anxious to secure the services of the good Catechists for their Missions.

The only salvation of our poor people here is to keep them on their ranches so they may avoid the evil influence of the towns but, of course, the Good Lord will have to send us more rain so that these poor people may at least make their living.

You have, dear Father, my confidence and my blessing in everything you do, for you are doing the Lord's work and that of His Blessed Mother.

Wishing you God's best blessings, I remain

Sincerely in Christ,

✠The Most Rev. A. T. Daeger, O.F.M., D.D.
Archbishop of Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Rectory,
Clouquet, Minn.

April 10, 1926.

Dear Father:

Enclosed find subscription to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST for two years. Would that thousands knew of the fascination there is in working for the neglected, whether Mexicans or Indians! I cannot well afford to give this small amount, having myself a mission among the Chippewa Indians to care for. However, I freely make this small sacrifice in the hope that Divine Providence will help me in my work among my Chippewas.

Very sincerely in Dmno.,

REV. E. LEMIRE.

BEEF "A LA MODE."

The native New Mexican needs no smoke house to dry and cure his meat. He simply cuts his beef into long slices and hangs it out on the wash line to dry in the sun. In a few hours the intense heat of the sun coats, or oxidizes the beef and dries it so that it may be kept indefinitely.

In some parts of the State they bale dry slabs of meat just as one would bale hay. These great bales of meat are then shipped to the market.

During the past four years, however, very little meat has been shipped to the market, especially from the northern part of New Mexico. The State has suffered from a severe financial depression. The big cattlemen have nearly all failed. During the war they received \$75.00 a head for range cattle in the markets of Kansas City. Today they are fortunate if they receive \$10.00 a head. The low price of meat, together with severe droughts, have almost bankrupted the State of New Mexico.

In all the Churches of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe they have been praying for rain. Unless there is sufficient rainfall this Spring, the pastures will not provide sufficient grass for either range cattle or sheep as the summers are hot and dry. Very Providentially heavy snowfalls have been reported this Spring in the mountainous districts of the northern part of the State which will insure enough water for the needs of the poor people.

One of the old Missionaries tells an amusing story of his first missionary trip into the home of one of his parishioners. The family was actually on the verge of starvation. Yet the host met him at the door, reverently kissed his hands, and greeted him with these words: "Welcome Padre! We have nothing here at all, but what we have you are welcome to."

The Mexican

Religious liberty is practically dead in old Mexico. Schools and Churches have been closed, priests and nuns expelled from the country, and even religious emblems have been banned by the infamous Bolsheviks now in control of that unhappy country. So serious were conditions in Mexico during this Lent, which was for the good Catholics of that country a season of persecution as well as of penance, that representatives of some of the principal Catholic organizations issued a dignified protest against the religious intolerance of the Red government. In the State of Nuevo Leon fervent Catholics, as a mark of protest against religious persecution, draped in black private houses, offices and stores, and resolved to refrain from attending public concerts and theatricals during the time of persecution.

The sad condition of the Mexican Catholics having been made known to our Holy Father, he requested that prayers be offered in all the Churches of Rome during Easter week. It is the wish of the Holy Father that Catholics throughout the world may follow Rome's example and pray for their persecuted brethren in Mexico.

We would ask our readers to pray for their Catholic brethren in Old Mexico during this time, begging Almighty God to have mercy on these sorely tried people, and to enable them to stand firm in the Faith of their fathers.

In the next issue of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST we shall have an article on religious conditions in Mexico from the pen of the Right Reverend Bishop Noll, who has made a study of religious conditions in our so-called neighboring "Republic" south of the Rio Grande.

Dear Father Sigstein:

Enclosed find \$5.00 which is in thanksgiving for the favors received during the Novena which I asked you to make for my special intention. I was able to make a good sale on the 25th of March. It surely was a success. May I ask you and the Catechists to make another special Novena so that I may be able to sell my farm?

Hoping to hear from you, I am

Gratefully yours,
J. C. L.THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST
Huntington, Ind.

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

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"Doings" at Victory-Noll

Dear Jeanne:

So very many interesting things have happened at Victory-Noll since I last wrote you, that this time you will have what you have asked for so often—a nice, long letter.

To begin at the beginning—On the lovely Feast of Our Lady's Annunciation, Victory-Noll was the scene of the beautiful ceremonies of Profession and Investiture. Three of our Catechists, who had recently returned from the Missions, made their Profession, and pronounced simple vows for a period of one year. These were Catechist Catherine Olberding, Baileyville, Kansas, Catechist Helen Srill, Chicago, Ill., and Catechist Edna Like, Farina, Ill. The following were received into the Society as Probationers: Catechist Agnes Ness, Fort Wayne, Ind. and Catechist Kathleen Heath, Webster Grove, Mo. Those who made their Act of Consecration were Catechist Salome Dorava, Dodge, Wisconsin, Catechist Marguerite Srill, Chicago, Ill., Catechist Marion Drexler, New Haven, Conn., Catechist Clara Leutenegger, Omaha, Nebraska, and Catechist Agapita Archuleta, Mora, New Mexico.

The Right Reverend Monsignor F. A. Rempe, Vicar-General of Religious Orders of the Archdiocese of Chicago, presided at the ceremonies. In his very beautiful sermon, the Monsignor, drawing a lesson from the day's Feast, said that it is the sublime mission of the Catechists to give Jesus Christ to the poor and neglected, as Mary gave Him to the world.

Easter dawned gloriously beautiful. On awakening that morning, the sky-picture framed by my window caught my attention. The eastern heavens were aflame with crimson, purple and gold—the dawn of Easter! My heart sang with joy and gratitude as I prepared to go to Chapel. But when I reached the feet of my Risen Saviour, my only prayer was the cry of Magdalen, in the Resurrection garden, "Rabboni, Master!"

The Chapel, with its profusion of lillies, rang with glorious Allelulias, proclaiming an Easter Joy that was echoed throughout the entire house.

The dining room presented a festive appearance with flowers and Easter decorations. The tables were arranged in the form of a cross, and in the center was a great Easter basket in lovely, pastel shades—the work of one of our Artist-Catechists. It was filled with brightly colored eggs, over which a wise old Easter bunny stood guard. For favors, each one received a dainty, little lavender basket full of candy.

In the evening we had an Easter party in the Auditorium. All sorts of jolly games were played. The big "event" of the party was an "egg hunt", and to the one finding the most eggs, an Easter rabbit was given. At eight o'clock the bell rang for night prayers and all felt that the happy day had been almost too short. Love and gratitude was in every heart as we closed the day with a heartfelt "Magnificat".

Easter Monday, four jubilant Juniors, Catechists Martinez, Hynes, Bahl, and Lo Rang, with Head Catechist Renier, left for Gary, Ind., where they will complete their training by practical work among the Spaniards and Mexicans, who labor in the steel mills of that city. From the tone of the letters we've received from them, Gary is all they had expected,—and more. They are charmed with everything—their work,

the people, and their new home. They have already made numerous visits to the poor, and are quite thankful for the many instructive lectures on Social Service they received here at Victory-Noll, last winter.

The visit of our beloved Bishop Noll was for us, as always, an important event. You can almost always tell when "the Bishop is here". Every face seems to wear a brighter smile, and every step seems lighter. After he had said Mass, the Bishop walked through the building and gardens, expressing his pleasure at the many improvements that have been made since his last visit. We always have a new group of candidates to meet him, and this time there were eight. He was delighted to learn that they came from so many different states. Catechist Agripita Archuleta and Maximiliana Martinez are Spanish-American, and came from the Mission-center at Carmen—they are the first fruits of the labors of the Catechists in that part of the field.

Last Sunday Victory-Noll was honored by the presence of Miss Josephine Brownson, of Detroit, who gave the Catechists a very interesting and instructive lecture on the best methods of teaching Catechism to Catholic children, outside the parochial schools. Miss Brownson, as head of the Catholic Instruction League of Detroit, has established many Catechism centers for instructing Catholic children attending the public schools of that city. She has been quite successful in her Catechetical work among these neglected children, and deserves much credit. Miss Brownson is the grand-daughter of one of America's most famous converts to the Church—Orestes A. Brownson LLD. We enjoyed her talk thoroughly, and feel that we derived great benefit from it.

I always enjoy your letters so much, Jeanne, but will not expect one until you return from your vacation trip to the Rocky Mountains and the States of the Southwest—then I shall look forward to a most interesting letter, telling me of your impressions of God's own country and of God's own people.

Leaving you in the tender care of Jesus and Mary, I am

Lovingly yours in O.B.L.V.,

Catechist Clara Foley

Cincinnati, O.

Dear Missionary Catechists:

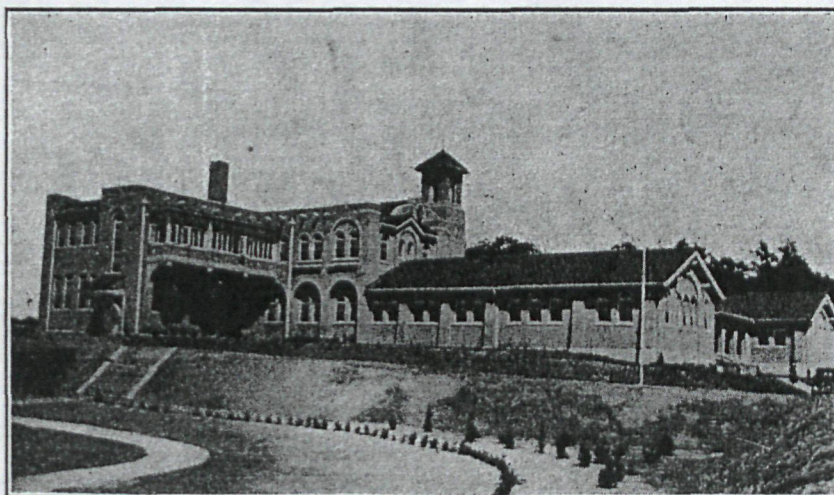
I received the first copy of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. I read only a few lines of it and then gave it to another party who wished to read it. Then I received the March number and decided to read the whole issue. I have just finished reading it and I think it is wonderful how this work is now going on. While reading the articles in the paper I felt as if I were really out in New Mexico and I wished to be there. Enclosed find \$10.00 for a life subscription. I do not think that I will ever again pass my copy on without first reading it through. Then when I have finished it I shall give it to someone else and it may help in getting new subscribers.

H. F. L.

In a Mission parish in the Southwest the Pastor was suddenly taken sick and was unable to say Mass on Sunday morning. As the people had already come to the Church for Mass, the Padre called his old sexton and told him to tell the people that due to his illness they could not hear Mass and that there would be no sin on their part.

The Padre also told him to make the following announcements: Next Thursday confessions will be heard for the First Friday. Tuesday, Feast of St. Peter and Paul. Collection next Sunday for our Holy Father, the Pope. A package has been found in church. Owner can have same by calling at the sacristy. On Wednesday, Carlos Romero and Dolorita Vasquez will be married in this church; anyone knowing why these persons should not be married will please make their reasons known to the proper authorities.

The sexton, somewhat confused in making the announcements for the first time, spoke as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen: Father has requested me to announce that he is sick and that is no sin. Next Thursday will be the First Friday. Tuesday will be the feast of Carlos Romero and Dolorita Vasquez. The Pope will be here next Sunday to take up the collection. And on Wednesday St. Peter and Paul will be married in this church, and anyone who says they shouldn't be married will find their reasons rolled up in a package by calling in the sacristy".



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During the past year it seems that the Catholic Publishing houses have vied with one another in publishing an unusually large number of prayer books and manuals suitable for both Religious and the laity. But of all the prayer books that have come to our notice, none is more complete and satisfactory than the new prayer book entitled "Blessed be God."

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We heartily recommend this book to our subscribers who are members of Religious Communities. They will undoubtedly be attracted to it because of the many practically devout considerations drawn from Sacred Scripture, The Imitation of Christ, and other spiritual treasures.

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Dear Father Sigstein:

Enclosed find postoffice order for the renewal of my subscription for THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST and also a donation for your glorious work in the Southwest among the poor Mexicans.

As a soldier, I spent several years on the border, and I am familiar with this great work in which you are engaged. I pray that Almighty God may bless it abundantly.

Humbly invoking your prayers to Our Blessed Lady of Victory in my behalf, I remain

Sincerely,

C. G. D.

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