

The Missionary Catechist

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VICTORY - MOUNT

On the great scenic highway three miles from the city of Las Vegas, New Mexico, leading across the mountains to El Porvenir, stands a big roomy building, beautiful and home-like in appearance. This building was erected by the Santa Fe Railroad System some years ago as a hospital for its employees.

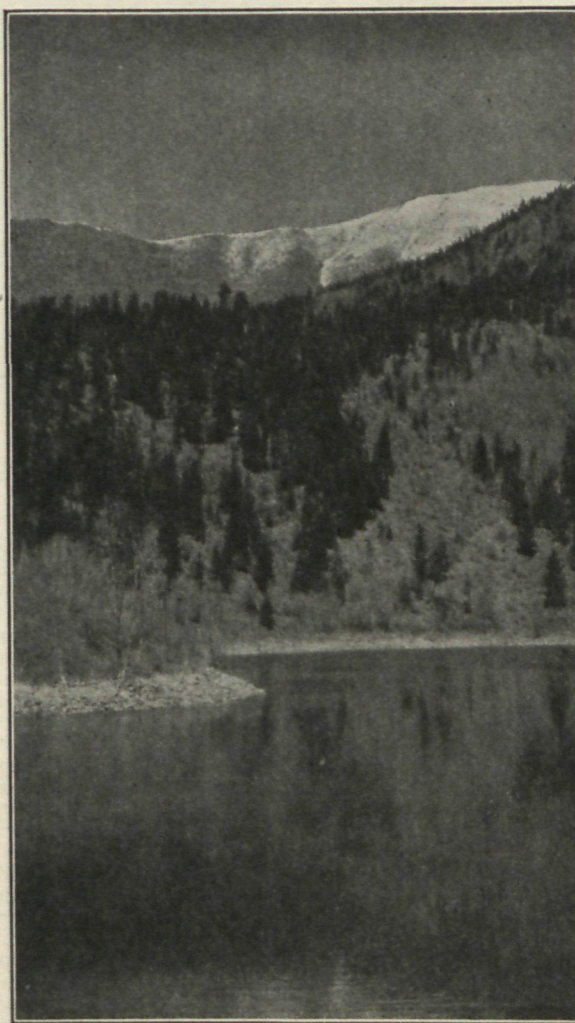
The site selected, with its back-ground of centuried, fabled story, of romantic history, and of almost unbroken tradition—all combine to give it an atmosphere decidedly distinctive, and a charm characteristically its own. Nestling within the shadow of the towering, snow-capped, hermit peak in the Canyon of the Upper Sapello, the building commands a view of the majestic landscape which, with its ever-changing form of light and color, is unsurpassed even in this scenic wonderland.

From the brow of the hill where stands this attractive building one may look down into the old Spanish town of "Vegas" with its quaint crooked streets, and its little brown 'dobe huts, which seem to fade gradually into the mesas forming a large part of this enchanted landscape.

No longer used as a hospital by the Railroad Company, this building seemed providentially designed to serve as an institute for the preliminary training of native Spanish subjects for the Society of Missionary Catechists. With its large wards easily converted into classrooms and chapel, with its spacious living rooms—27 in number—readily utilized as dormitories, and with twenty acres of tillable, irrigated land suitable for a vegetable garden, this property was all that could be desired for the purpose intended by the Catechists.

Protestant societies ever eager to secure buildings of this type in New Mexico for their missionary and educational purposes had been most anxious to get possession of the property. However, Our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother willed otherwise. In spite of obstacles which stood in the way, a generous Californian benefactor acquired possession of this building which now becomes THE VICTORY PREPARATORY TRAINING

SCHOOL. It is here that native Spanish young ladies will receive that preliminary course of training designed to fit them as Missionary Catechists, leaders of their people, and saviours of their race.



Courtesy Santa Fe R. R.

In this institute Spanish-speaking subjects from New Mexico and other states of the Southwest will make their preparatory course of study under the direction of the Catechists. Upon completion of this preliminary course, they will be brought to the Victory Training Institute at Victory-Noll to complete the religious training necessary to fit them for their life work.

This institute will likewise serve as headquarters for the Catechists in the mission field.

Here, too, they will hold their catechetical institute for the Spanish-speaking public school teachers who attend the summer course at the State Normal University. The great majority of the young ladies taking this normal course are Catholics. To these young ladies the Catechists will give a substantial course of instruction in Christian Doctrine.

This course in Catechetics will fit these public school teachers to become valuable Sunday School instructors in those mission districts wherein are located the rural schools.

The Catechists engaged as instructors in this Institute will act as missionaries in the out-missions within easy reach of the city of Las Vegas. They will leave for these missions after the close of their class on Friday of each week and will there gather together the poor, neglected children for religious instruction, preparing a large number of them for the reception of their First Holy Communion, and returning to their Institute for the opening classes on the following Monday morning.

From this religious institute, as from a great spiritual power-house, much good will come for the spiritual regeneration of the children of the poor.

Here the future Missionary Catechist will daily offer herself to the Divine Sculptor as a block of marble to be chiseled into a perfect resemblance of Himself. Here she will take her first step on the steep path that leads direct to the Heart of God. Here she will experience contentment—the most valuable thing in life. Here she will find that peace which is found only in the service of God.

Every subscription to "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST" helps to support a Catechist.

The Heart of the Mexican Problem

By

John A. Lapp, Pres. National Conference of Social Work, Director Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council.

I have been impressed in dealing with Catholic agencies with the rapidity with which they grow, extend and multiply—with the quickness with which an institution can grow into being—so I am not at all surprised at the rapidity with which the Society of Missionary Catechists has grown, and I am happy at this because the field in which its members are engaged is so extensive.

I am very keenly impressed with the magnitude of the Mexican problem in these United States. I am impressed with it as being overwhelming. To me the social and educational needs of the various groups of Mexicans and the very hard circumstances under which they are in many places compelled to live, is appalling.

The Pastoral Letters of the American Bishops beginning with that of Bishop Carroll, written in 1792, and so on down through the years, tell an interesting story of the Church in this country. From the pens of very able men, always pointing out the problems in front of them but also recounting the victories that have been won from year to year, from decade to decade, they relate clearly the history of the Church in the United States, and show it to have been a continuous reaching out to take care of the immigrants of one nationality after another. One cannot look back upon this history without a feeling of much satisfaction. Millions of immigrants have entered our ports and have gone their way in various directions into the interior of the country since that first Pastoral Letter was written in 1792, and yet with great self-sacrifice the Church has pushed out after each separate group and has, in the main, so to speak, caught up with most of them.

This latest problem—the Mexican situation—is a very hard one—perhaps as hard as that which has confronted us with respect to any nationality. The Mexicans are entering our borders in vast numbers and there is every probability that they will continue to come in an overwhelming tide. The number of European immigrants now being admitted under the present quota system are not nearly enough to man the ranks of unskilled laborers required by our great industries—and there is no apparent likelihood of the present restrictions being modified. Industrialists have therefore turned to our Southern neighbor with enticing inducements to stimulate the flow of Mexican immigration. And even though Mexican immigration be checked through the passage of restrictive laws, it is impossible to guard a border some thousands of miles in length—to keep out people who are seeking opportunity.

At the present time the Southwest is to a considerable degree filled with Mexicans. There are also large groups of them in the middle-western and central states. The current tide of immigration has a tendency to flow eastward.

The type of conditions under which the Mexicans live in some cities such as San Antonio, Texas; Topeka, Kansas; Kansas City, Kans.; and Kansas City, Mo., are such that they ought to arouse the efforts of every class of person in the United States, and particularly should they rouse the energy and activity of the Catholic people. The conditions of life among the Mexicans today in the Southwest—and probably also in Chicago, Gary, and in other sections where they are largely represented, but I speak from personal knowledge of the Southwest—is more appalling than it has been among any other nationality that has come to the United States.

With some the idea prevails that the Mexicans are a low order of people. They are not like us. They're different. They're ignorant. They're Indians. I used to think that we Americans were better, even though we come from every nationality on the

offered by the school. That is, their prize-winning capacity was just about twice their pro rata,—and these children come from the poorest classes, with no background of culture or education. This goes to show that the situation is encouraging and that we are not trying to deal with a hopeless condition; that when we deal with the Mexican people we do not have to assume that we are year after year trying to sweep back the ocean with a broom.

On the spiritual side they need to rear on the Catholicity they have a better structure. Given the Mexican faith, plus religious education, plus a chance to go to church, plus all those things which enter into normal Catholic life and environment, we have for our sum total a very excellent body of Catholic people in the Mexicans.

Then there is the health side which must be looked after to a very great degree. This is most important because of the very un-

healthful and unsatisfactory conditions under which they live. Out beyond the reach of the ordinary sphere of medical service, education in hygiene, in the taking of measures to prevent and correct physical ailments, is very important. In Mexico they have not had anything of the kind. They do not know what healthy living is. Science has done very little in Mexico to improve the living conditions of the poorer classes. But there they can live outdoors and without shelter. There is no danger from cold. Here they live under new conditions in a very different climate. I am surprised that they stand the transplanting as well as they do. So it is important that this side be not overlooked. It is very difficult to meet the spiritual needs unless these other needs are met also. We have competition in this respect.

There are folks working among them who bring them this type of social service work to attract them and draw them to their own church. We ought to see that the people are protected in these larger aspects.

Then, too, we should not sit down and let injustice be inflicted upon the Mexicans. And there are some glaring instances of gross injustice met with by social workers among them. In El Paso there are agencies that seize upon the Mexican to get control of him for their own private gain. Among others a certain type of employment agency. The Mexican who comes to El Paso and applies to one of these may be sent up to Kansas to go to work. In return he binds himself to pay an exorbitant monthly rate for the job and becomes practically a slave. He is anxious for work and does not realize that he is being enslaved for some years. Sometimes he is sent a long distance, and when he arrives there penniless, there is no work for him to do. Sometimes it is his own countrymen, and sometimes Americans, who thus exploit him. We should realize that these people are helpless because they have neither experience, nor knowledge, and

(Continued on Page Six)



globe. But I have changed my mind and now have no idea of superiority. I have a feeling that we are all very much alike and that we have no claim to pre-eminence. We may be better off economically, but, after all, people still seem to be people. The difference largely lies in the opportunities they have had.

There are a great many angles to the Mexican problem. There is the question of education. The Mexican immigrant is, for the most part, unable to speak our language, too often illiterate, frequently below par physically—all of which are educational handicaps. But I believe that the Mexican people, if given a chance, will rise to very great cultural and intellectual heights in a very few generations. While in El Paso I visited the high school and talked with a teacher of the relative scholastic merits of the American and Mexican children enrolled there. And much to my surprise, I learned from him—he was neither Catholic nor Mexican—that while only one-seventh of the students of the high school are of Mexican lineage, they regularly, year after year, take one-fourth of the scholastic prizes

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EDITORIAL

Last year a charitably-inclined business man of Detroit heard for the first time of the missionary labors of the Catechists among the neglected children of New Mexico. He was so impressed with this work of God that he pledged himself to give a certain percentage of the net profits of his business towards the support of a Catechist in the field. This generous soul has kept his promise most faithfully. The other day he paid us a visit and remarked to the Catechists that it afforded him the greatest happiness to be able to devote each month some of his surplus gains to the support and maintenance of a Catechist whom he could call his own.

We have often thought that in the business world there are, no doubt, good, practical, Catholic men who cherish a deep love in their big hearts for the neglected children of the poor. Undoubtedly, if these but knew of the pitiable condition of the children in the Missions and of the self-sacrificing missionary labors of the Catechists to save them, they would cheerfully follow the example of this good Catholic gentleman of Detroit.

Each Missionary Catechist is supported by means of a foundation, called a Burse, amounting to \$6,000.00. The Burses are named in honor of Our Divine Lord, His Blessed Mother, some particular Saint or the Souls in Purgatory. All money received by our Society is applied directly to these Burses. When one is completed, another is immediately begun.

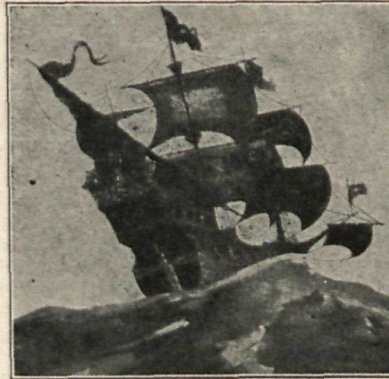
It costs but \$25 a month to support a Catechist. Some charitable souls with but little money at their disposal have adopted a commendable custom of giving a certain sum regularly for the support of a Catechist for a definite number of days or weeks of each month. Such generous souls share in the spiritual benefits of the Society of Missionary Catechists and in the missionary labors, merits, and good works of the Catechists as well as in the prayers of the poor children under their care. Their intentions are included not only in the Masses offered by the missionaries connected with the Society, but also in the perpetual Novena to Our Blessed Lady of Victory made by the Catechists. A special Mass in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory is offered every Saturday in the chapel at Victory-Noll for the intentions of all our benefactors. Their intentions are likewise remembered in the Novena made by the Poor Clare Sisters for our friends and benefactors.

These donors are kindly asked to offer up a little prayer for the success of the work of the Catechist whom they are supporting. By their prayers and alms they will be the means of gaining heaven's choicest blessings not only for themselves but for the poor and all their dear ones, whether living or dead.

"Prayer For My Missionary Catechist"

O Sacred Heart of Jesus! With Thy most tender love regard Thy Missionary Catechist, who, for Thy love and for that of the souls so dear to Thee, has generously left parents, friends, and all the comforts of home. Grant that help may be extended to her in her missionary labors, and let not her heart be oppressed by grief at the thought of sending away empty the poor, who come to her for the bread of life. Assist her in her needs, comfort her in her trials, and grant her, through Thy Most Holy Mother, the grace to persevere in Thy love and service. Amen.

THE SPANISH CAVALIER.



In an eloquent tribute to the Spanish pioneer, Charles F. Lummis says: "Love of adventure and romance supply the key-note of the Spanish character. And with such love we find the splendid natural virtues which define a pioneer. Courage, and indomitable will-power, patience, daring, and an intensely religious spirit—these were the basic endowments of Spain's explorers and conquistadores.

"Cortez conquered and colonized a savage country, Mexico, a dozen times as large as England, years before the first English-speaking expedition began to plant a colony in the New World. Pizarro did a still greater work in his conquest of Peru. Ponce de Leon had taken possession, for Spain, of what is now the great State of Florida, generations before these regions were seen by the Saxons. That first traveler in North America, Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca, had walked his unparalleled way across the continent from Florida to the Gulf of California, half a century before the first foot of our ancestors touched our soil. Jamestown, the first English settlement in America, was not founded until 1607. But by that time the Spaniards were permanently established in Florida and New Mexico, and were absolute masters of a vast territory far to the South.

"It was the Spaniards who first saw and explored the greatest gulf in the world; Spaniards who discovered the two greatest rivers; Spaniards who found the greatest ocean; Spaniards who first knew there were two continents of America; Spaniards who first went around the world!

"A poor Spanish lieutenant, with only twenty soldiers at his command, pierced an unspeakable desert and looked down upon the greatest natural wonder of America or of the world—the Grand Canyon of the Colorado—three full centuries before any American eyes had seen it. And so it was from Colorado to Cape Horn.

"The brave, but imprudent, Balboa had walked that awful walk across the Isthmus, discovered the Pacific Ocean and built on its shores the first ships that were ever made in America; had sailed that unknown sea, and had been dead more than half a century before the Englishmen Drake and Hawkins saw it.

"Clad in mail, mounted on his steed, with spear in hand, always ready to pray and fight, a conqueror who overran frightful deserts and tamed savage tribes,—thus is chronicled the story of the heroic Spanish cavalier!

Anton Chico, New Mexico,
May 17th, 1926.

Dear Father:

Our First Communion day here has come and gone. And oh, what happiness it brought, not only to ourselves, but also to Father Charrie and to the happy parents of the children. There were 35 joyful first communicants. Three or four of the children had to leave for their distant "ranchos" before First Communion day; otherwise the number would have been very close to forty. The club organized by Misses Helen and Amelia Wolf furnished all the dresses and blouses for the First Communion Class. And so it happened that all the girls were dressed alike. The boys also had been provided with uniform First Communion outfits. The little girls' dresses were modestly made with long sleeves and high necks. Through the kindness of some of our friends we were able to buy new stockings for the children.

As the little ones filed into the church, we played a beautiful First Communion hymn. These lovely Spanish First Communion hymns contain sentiments well calculated to encourage these dear little ones to approach and receive their loving Lord into their innocent hearts without diffidence or fear. The Children of Mary Choir sang the Mass. Even our four altar-boys had a prominent part, two of them holding the Communion cloth while the other two acted as guards of honor and led the First Communicants from the body of the church to the very steps of the altar. Father preached a wonderful sermon on First Holy Communion. He urged the people to thank God for their Faith and to be truly grateful for God's goodness to them and to their children. In conclusion he urged them not to fail to give thanks to the good "hermanas" who had labored through love, and without pay, in order to instruct and prepare the children for this great event of their lives.

After Mass the little ones marched from the church to our house singing "Corazon Santo" (Sacred Heart). We had prepared breakfast in our clinic on a long table which reached from one end of the room to the other. The children greatly enjoyed their breakfast of hot chocolate, egg and peanut-butter sandwiches and cookies. Then we gave to each a medal of Our Blessed Mother and after a prayer dismissed them. They re-assembled for High Mass at 10:00 o'clock and Father Charrie requested the boys to sit inside the sanctuary for this Mass. There were 25 of them, and in their white blouses with long ribbon streamers attached to the arm, they formed a most pleasing sight. The little girls, too, had prominent seats in the front of the church.

After Mass the ladies of the parish besieged us, wringing our hands and murmuring "muchisimas gracias" (many thanks). Not knowing what to answer, I could only stammer, "No hay de que" (that's nothing). Of course, our Catechist Mendoza was right there with the proper response.

Next Sunday we shall enroll all the children in the Confraternity of the Scapular and the little girls who have made their First Communion will be received in the Children of Mary Sodality.

I forgot to mention that last Sunday afternoon our boys had their first game of baseball. How proud they were of their "regalia." The bright red "A. C.'s" on their khaki-colored blouses showed forth prominently. The boys are most enthusiastic about our club and the game drew quite a crowd of spectators. Some day we hope to organize a similar team at Dilia, our out-mission, and then we can have Anton Chico and Dilia play each other.

Very sincerely in O. B. L. V.
Catechist Blanche Richardson.

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RACHEL'S RE-ADJUSTMENT

By Constance Edgerton.

Rachel Taliaferro was going back to the home of her childhood—much as she had fought against it—to the great hacienda that was built in the days when every house was a fort. It had long walls and a cobbled dooryard, worn smooth by horses riding in and out two hundred years ago. Plainly she recalled the day of her departure, seven years back. Through a mist of fast gathering tears she had seen her mother standing in the doorway as they turned into the trail. Benito, the old driver, clucked to his horses and they were off. The sky was a matchless blue that day and the warm little breeze brought to them the odor of the mountain flowers.

She sat now at the car window and looked out at the clumps of sage that cast their purpling shadows as the sun dropped toward the western hills, and her heart was filled with rebellion. How could she manage to exist with nothing at all in the way of amusement? It was a serious problem, this going home. Still, duty was duty, and she who disregarded it was mooring her craft far from happiness.

Happiness! As if there would ever again be any happiness in the world for her. She had left happiness behind her in Denver, with its lights, laughter, and Dr. Gorona. Barto Gorona! Would he miss her? There was a grinding of brakes and the call: "WATROUS!! WATROUS!!"

Her eyes sought the far rim of the canon that was a wasteland of brush and cactus-filled arroyas, and she shivered.

Benito, very ancient, bowed low and kissed the back of her glove. He was descended from Aztec kings and had served in the Taliaferro family since he could toddle. Time and gold meant nothing to him. He was the senora's servant, *no mas*.

He gave the horses their own pace along the canon road. Rachel was full of bitterness. Why did Camilla and Benita marry and leave mama, making it necessary for her to return to this utter loneliness?

Days of mental agony followed. There was no place for her here, nothing to do. Wherever she turned she encountered a servant. She thought of Denver, Dr. Gorona, her three years' study to become a nurse, and the four years of work that followed. She had done private duty nursing for Dr. Gorona. Between cases she rested in her tiny apartment.

On a golden afternoon she walked toward the river, across a rock-strewn arroya where here and there a cedar twisted its gnarled roots out seeking nourishment. Presently she left the rocks behind and came to a stretch of clean dry sand along the stream bed. Some thirty houses were before her, built wall to wall, like one great dwelling. Women were washing. Children were gathering bits of wood from the stream. She kept on. This was the village of San Sabina, which was old when Cristobal Colon first thought of finding America.

She found a sick child, Pedro Lopez, who could not walk, and forgot all else except that here was work to do. It was well toward evening when she had cared for the child and started home.

With a new found duty she might forget Barto—like a ghost march his face rose before her, smiling, beckoning. She worked the more. She would forget. Did he think of her? When she had told him she was going home he had taunted: "Coward. Afraid to face your duty!" and she had not seen him after. When he telephoned her to go to the theatre, she had said she was going over to the hospital to visit with Sister Veronica. That night she went home.

So two years went by and no word came from Barto. They were years filled with work, heart ache, and a purpose to forget. Often as she dressed a baby, nursed a fever patient, or made broth, her mind was on that other life, her Denver apartment with the flowers from Barto, the busy street, the theatre, the restaurant. She would forget! But the tide of the other life came in, choking and smothering her with its contrast to this.

One afternoon she came into the courtyard where the senora was out directing a herder. She was short, fat, richly dressed. Never had the Senora Taliaferro worn a hat. She considered them a sinful vanity. Some of her mantillas were worth five hundred dollars.

"Raquel, we have a guest for dinner—Barto Gorona. I would that you act pleasing. He must be seriously inclined else he would not have come from Denver to see you."



"Barto here, mama?" To herself she said: "God help me."

From her window she could see La Muerte Peak as it rose abruptly in rough splendor into the tender blue of the sky. She brushed her hair which was heavily streaked with gray, donned a faded gingham dress, and went to greet the man who had been to her like an armoured knight from out a page of history.

Barto, the immaculately clad, sure of himself ever, started when she came toward him, this woman in the faded gingham gown, with her thick hair drawn straight back from her face, with hands coarse and red—signs of hard, constant and heavy menial work. Under the graying hair was a face fine as transparent porcelain, with an appealing quality of youth, utterly innocent. The firmly-chiseled mouth was attuned to endless silences. Purpose and character were in every line of it—discipline, suffering, self-control, resolve.

She found herself wondering if she could have acted thus if he had come last month, last week, yesterday? She saw him now as a menacing shadow looming darkly across her world and blotting out her happiness. Happiness? Here where the manzanita bloomed in pink bells, and the chaparral

mingled with the furzy oak; where the wild poppies shone like stars and drew their life from the sun; where the people were her people and relied on her, needed her, responded, she had found happiness.

Only last night she slipped into her mother's chapel and as the silence and solitude deepened around her she had watched the little altar lamp that her mother kept lighted. She had been carried away with the old prayers, the ones she had repeated in her convent school days. The old mood had come over her, the old resolve to spend her life doing for her people. That had been her plan until Barto Gorona came into her life.

Barto went earlier than he planned. When his horse's hoof beats died away on the trail the senora spoke: "This is the end, Raquel mia?"

"The beginning for me, mama."

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A MISSIONARY CATECHIST

Junior Mission Training House,

Gary, Indiana.

Four of our Catechists are engaged in visiting the people. We find many families whose members do not attend church, while others worship at Protestant churches just because they see crosses on the steeples and therefore think they must be Catholic.

It makes our hearts ache to find such pitiable conditions as exist among the poor here. The living conditions of the Mexican people in Gary are appalling. It does not seem possible that human beings can maintain life in such quarters for any length of time.

Today, while out visiting, we were directed, in answer to our inquiry for Mexican families, to a basement in the rear of a restaurant. Going down several stairs, we found ourselves in what had at one time been a coal room. It was occupied by a Mexican family with five small children. The floor was flooded from a leaky sewer. There were no windows to admit air or sunlight, so an electric light must always be kept burning. The furniture consisted of a stove, two beds made of planks elevated on trestles, a trunk, and a box which served as a wash-bench. There were no chairs or table—not even the popular apple boxes that frequently do duty for chairs in the Mexican home. The family has been in these quarters since coming to Gary, eight days ago, and the father has as yet secured no work. We spoke to them encouragingly, and took measures to insure their securing help and relief.

Two mothers on whom we called have promised to bring their unbaptized children to church for Baptism next Sunday. We also induced a neighboring young couple, civilly married, to be married by the priest on the same day. The young woman is very ignorant and we are giving her instructions in preparation for the Sacrament. Yesterday, we met a man who has not been to the Sacraments since he was a child. Soon, with the help of Jesus and Mary, we expect him to be reconciled to the Church. When we find careless, Catholic men, we get them to join the Guadalupe Society. This is a splendid organization for the Mexicans and Spaniards in this country, corresponding to our Knights of Columbus.

Adobe huts and destitute Mexican families in Arizona may not please the fancy of some of our prosperous Catholics in the East, but the Missionary Catechist looking beyond clothes, and mud, and misery, searches for the spiritual diamond hidden in the dust.

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LAURA GARCIA---CATECHIST

By Catechist Blanche Richardson.

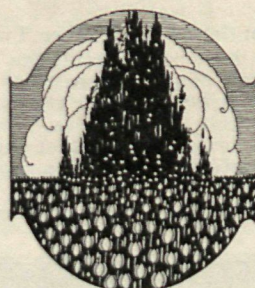
Rachel loosened her grip on the reins and gazed about her contentedly. The air was exhilarating. The distant mountains with their eternal snows and an eagle soaring aloft in the fleecy clouds which lay like tufts of down against the deep azure sky were objects calculated to captivate a heart less filled with poetic fancy than Rachel's. Stretched before her lay the beautiful Pecos River. She saw the little checkerboard farms along the valley stream. At that time she did not know it was a home-made irrigation system, with every plot under the ditch, dating back to the Indian days when the Spanish first came and found them thus.

With a start, Rachel came to herself. It must now be 3 o'clock and she had ridden far and long. How to return to Mountain View Ranch, where her parents and sister Laura were stopping on their first trip West, she did not know. Doubtless they were already awaiting her. She had promised to return early for they had planned a trip to Las Vegas the same evening to visit a distant relative. There was only one thing to do—to make inquiries at the large old-fashioned ranch house which she had just passed. Although of Spanish ancestry—she could tell that by the accent—the lady of the house, Mrs. Garcia, who seemed about 50 years of age, spoke English very well. Her husband and son were just leaving to look after their herds of sheep which were grazing on the plains not far from Mountain View ranch and they would see her safely home. The distance was covered almost entirely in silence. Father and son rode ahead and she followed. Rachel admired the ease with which Antonio, the young man, rode. Once he stopped, dismounted and led her horse through a narrow, perilous pass. Was there a vague "something" which impelled and drew them together, so that at the journey's end they felt they had known each other always? Be it as it may, this was not the last time that Antonio called at Mountain View ranch, nor the last ride they had together.

The Cartier's vacation drew to a close and they departed one bright September morning for Hart, Michigan, from whence they had come. Mr. Cartier and his eldest son, Frank, conducted an implement store and the latter had cared for the business during his father's absence. The Cartier's were the oldest family in Hart. Grandpa Hart was the first settler, and the town, in consequence, bore his name. Both Laura and Rachel were "home" girls, wanting to make the world brighter for their being there. Every time the family laundress was ill they called on her and brought her a glass of their mother's famous jelly. Laura taught Sunday school every Sunday and Rachel had assisted many times. They were, moreover, very popular among the younger social set.

Soon afterward the young Garcia journeyed to Hart, where he and Rachel were married in the palm-decorated church with Laura as maid of honor. A week later, Laura entered a Dominican Convent.

Antonio and Rachel returned to New Mexico and made their home in the rambling, picturesque old ranch house. They had five children—Laura and four boys. The boys died in infancy. Laura made her bow to society in 1922. There were four hundred invitations sent out and four hundred acceptances. It was a tremendous success—as was Laura. She had been educated at a



Dominican Convent where her Aunt Laura (Sister Mary Clare) taught, and afterwards she had taken a course of nursing in Chicago, with the Sisters of Charity. Laura's mother had an enviable place in society, and into this inner circle her daughter was warmly welcomed. She was a tall willowy girl, with a broad, upturned mouth, and a desire to be up and doing.

Laura was as popular as her mother planned she would be. Every hour had its appointed pleasure, but there were many afternoons, when her mother had arranged for her to play tennis or golf, that she would steal away in the car to a lonely ranch and minister to someone in need, or teach catechism on Sunday afternoons for Father Broussard. It was the sort of life that she loved and to which she hoped one day to devote herself.

Mrs. Garcia at first smiled at Laura's philanthropies, recalling, no doubt, her own girlhood. But as time wore on and her daughter seemed to be altogether indifferent to the ceaseless round of pleasure parties, so carefully planned by herself, and on the other hand, grew more and more devoted to the poor, she began to grow anxious. She must frustrate any such prosaic ideas in her attractive and much sought-after daughter. She therefore began to take a mental estimate of the young men in Laura's crowd who would make desirable son-in-laws. Head and shoulders over all of them stood John Mitchell whose father was the owner of numberless herds, vast ranchlands and a town house of rare beauty. He would be a most desirable "catch." Moreover she had not failed to notice that since returning from his third year at medical college, John had seemed to be partial to Laura's company. It never occurred to this ambitious mother to question the matter of John's faith. He was wealthy; he was of an "old" family. This was all that mattered.

Further reveries were cut short by the jingle of the telephone. She took down the receiver and was overjoyed to hear the voice of Dora, John's sister. Would she, Mr. Garcia and Laura come for a little informal dinner that evening? Delighted beyond measure, Mrs. Garcia only too gladly accepted. She was in excellent humor when Laura returned from Pino Alto where she had been helping poor Senora Martinez in

ministering to her little Rosa who was very sick with a dangerous fever, and she did not notice her daughter's grave face and worn look. "My dear," she cried jubilantly on seeing her daughter, "we are going to have dinner with the Mitchell's this evening."

"Oh mother, I simply cannot think of it tonight. Little Rosa will be passing through the crisis and I must be on hand."

In a rage, Mrs. Garcia upbraided her daughter for "wasting" her life in such a foolish manner on stupid, ungrateful creatures. Finding that Laura remained calm and silent through her tirade, she sank into a chair and began to weep through utter disappointment. Laura, dry-eyed and pale, came forward and stroked her mother's hair. Oh, if she could only tell her mother what was paramount in her mind. She had heard of the Missionary Catechists of Our Blessed Lady of Victory about three months ago through good Father Broussard and longed with her whole heart to become one of these devoted Catechists so that she might consecrate her entire life to the service of God's poor. To work among her own people, to comfort them in their sufferings, to encourage them in the practice of their Faith, this was her crowning ambition. But now she must not speak. She must wait for a more favorable moment. "Mother," she said slowly and thoughtfully, "I believe we can still have dinner with the Mitchell's as you desire. Pino Alto lies in the same direction and they will excuse me shortly after dinner, I know, when they understand poor Mrs. Martinez's urgent need of me."

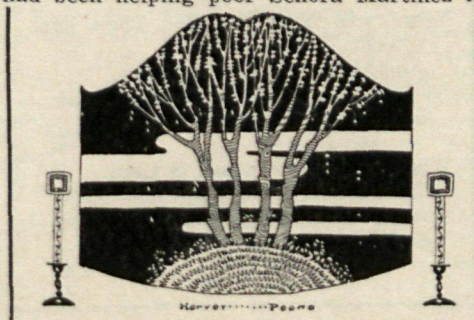
Mrs. Garcia dried her tears and with the assistance of her daughter was soon ready for the dinner. Mr. Garcia drove the car and except for a few general remarks the distance to the Mitchell residence was covered in silence. Mrs. Garcia's injured feelings were not so readily healed.

The cordial hospitality of the Mitchell's and the splendid dinner they served, soon caused her to forget her troubles, and in a short time she was as affable and agreeable as could be. After dinner the older men sat at one end of the long veranda smoking and discussing the stock market. Mrs. Mitchell was showing Mrs. Garcia a bed of dahlias when the sound of an auto attracted their attention. John was backing the roadster out of the garage. On the steps of the veranda stood Laura and Dora. The latter was helping Laura into her long motor coat. Laura came and kissed her mother and explained that John was going to run her over to the Martinez home. Later, she and Dad could stop for her and take her home. Mrs. Garcia smiled good-naturedly, and then as if moved by sudden impulse, whispered, "You must be agreeable, you know, dear."

Little Rosa lay moaning and writhing in pain. Gently Laura sponged her feverish face, took her pulse and anxiously awaited developments. Mrs. Martinez lay upon a wretched little pallet on the floor. She had left her child only at the gentle but forceful command of Laura, whom she looked upon with almost adoring eyes. "Dr." Mitchell, who had followed her into the poor little hovel, was noting her skillful movements with undisguised admiration. A feeling of reverence for her, such as he had never experienced before, came over him. Once, when the pulse beat slowly and the little face became tense, Laura slipped her Rosary out of her pocket and prayed fervently.

The Garcia's car stopped in front of the house about nine o'clock, but as it appeared

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Laura Garcia Catechist

(Continued from Page Five)

to be the most crucial period, little Pedro, Rosa's brother, slipped out to the gate with the message that John would bring Laura home in about an hour.

The moon was bathing the whole out-of-doors in its soft magic light on the return journey. The air was fragrant with the odor of wildrose. Except for the occasional call of a night bird and the low drone of the chicharras, a solemn stillness pervaded the atmosphere. The tall pines, from whence the little pueblo derived its name, stood like silent sentinels against the spangled heavens. John broke the silence by humming a strain of an old Spanish love-song. Finally, he stopped abruptly and demanded, "Laura, why is it that I see you so seldom since I returned from college this summer. We used to be pretty good pals when we were younger."

"I have expected this question, John. But I find it hard to answer you so that you will understand. To begin with, you can see from what has taken place tonight, how very busy I am kept looking after the poor."

"Oh, hang the poor," broke in John impatiently. "I know you are doing a great amount of good. You seemed like an angel from heaven tonight caring for that poor little child. But you are too young to forego all the pleasures of life. Your mother is right. Besides," he added earnestly, "I love you, and I hope as soon as I finish college to make you Mrs. 'Doc' Mitchell."

"John," she said, tensely, recoiling from his extended arm. "That can never be! You are not of my Faith, and besides,—oh, it is almost impossible to explain to you!" she ended helplessly.

"Oh, I know, you are so devoted to your work that you do not want to give it up. But that will be all right. You see, being a doctor's wife, you will have all the opportunities you want to continue your work of ministering angel. And as for the matter of religion. It is true I don't profess any particular creed, but that need make no difference. I shall not interfere with your practices in the least. Come, won't you promise to marry me?"

"But you must finish college, first," she objected. She was tired from her night's exertion and scarcely knew how to evade his importunities.

"But after that?" he added expectantly.

"Let us wait, and during this time consider yourself free," she answered.

One late summer afternoon three years later, Mrs. Garcia talked it all over with Mrs. Mitchell as they sipped tea on the long veranda. Wearied with the hopeless task of "match-making" for her wholly indifferent daughter, she had finally given her consent to her becoming a Missionary Catechist. And now, having just returned from a visit with the Missionary Catechists at Gallinas where she had the opportunity of observing what happy, helpful lives they lead, she was not only resigned to her daughter's vocation, but enthusiastic about it.

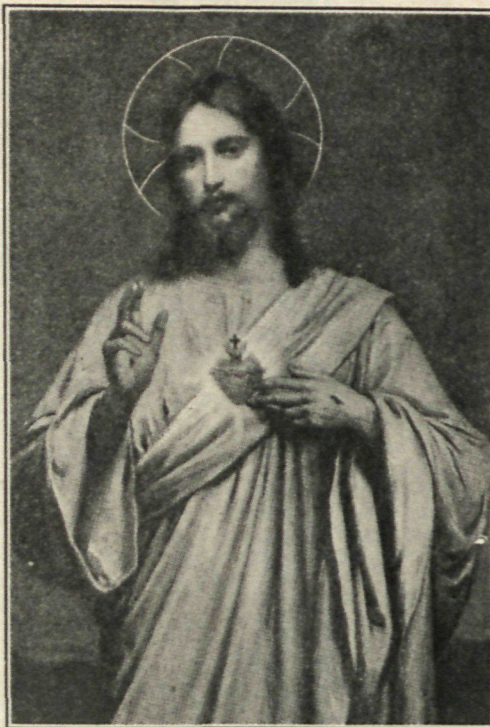
Dr. John Mitchell had made a hasty marriage during his last year at medical school with an actress who died on giving birth to a little John Junior. Since then his soul has been divided between two cherished objects—his tiny son and the work of the Society of Missionary Catechists.

THE HEART OF THE MEXICAN PROBLEM

(Continued from Page Two)

we should know that going to work for heartless concerns and heartless men, they are often deprived of their rights and sometimes of their very wages. Surely these conditions deserve some thought, at least, and such efforts as we can put forth to remedy them.

You cannot teach religion when injustice



"DA MIHI ANIMAS" Give Me Souls

Ask what Thou wilt,
O dearest Lord,
Nought, nought will I deny
But only give me countless souls
For Thee, before I die.

Let others pray about themselves,
Thy grace leads many ways,
Da Mihi animas, 'tis thus,
Thy spirit in me prays.

A life-long sorrow, if Thou wilt,
And sharp enduring pain.
All, all were light, if souls for Thee
Might be the precious gain.

Tears will be sweet, for Thou hast wept
And blood, if needs must be;
No cost too great to purchase souls,
O dearest Lord, for Thee.

Whatever be the price, O Lord,
This grace to me impart:
Souls from the world and sin set free—
Souls for Thy Sacred Heart.

—Selected.

rankles in the souls of men, and in some way or other we must use our influence as social workers to make justice prevail in all the relations which these men have with the community or with their employers.

We are inclined, I think, to pick up the wrecks that we find and forget the instances that bring about the wrecks. We are too much inclined to take care of the individual patient without looking back to see what causes the illness or observe that it may possibly menace the health of the entire community. We take care of the victim of an accident, and do not go back to see if we can prevent others from suffering a like catastrophe. We take care of those in poverty, and forget to see that the conditions which induce it might be changed. While I think it is a very good thing to build institutions to take care of wrecks, the modern Good Samaritan usually sprinkles ashes on the sidewalks to prevent accidents from happening.

The problem of the Mexican in the United States is an important one for another reason. That is the present situation with respect to the Church in Mexico, and I think we ought to be very searching in our efforts and as patient as we can be with "things as they are" in order that we may do something to help conditions as they exist in that sore-tried country.

The Church is suffering in Mexico for the reason that the Catholic people were not active enough in their efforts to take part in their community life, and they have allowed the Mexican government to pass into the hands of men who are violently anti-Catholic and who use their power to carry on their plan of persecution. Our efforts to better the condition of the Mexican immigrant should react back through him into Mexico. If we succeed in reaching the immigrant Mexican in this country, and through him the Mexican across the border, I believe we can do more in the long run than by futile discussions of the situation now confronting the Catholic Church in Mexico. I have an idea that our best results will be brought about if we can get bright Mexican men and women to carry back into their own country our ideals with respect to religious training and religious liberty, and the higher things that we, as a nation, are striving for.

I know of nothing that needs so much tending to as the education, care and protection of the Mexican people in the United States. It has been on my soul for a number of years. Representatives of my department have gone down along the border and through the Southwest and have reported on the very sad conditions that exist among the Mexican people living there. It has been on my soul because it seemed to me that the Catholic Church was about the only instrument that was in a position to do the great work needed among the Mexican people. The public schools cannot do it, because they would do only one side, and religious education is most necessary. Moreover, the Mexican has come, through sad experience, to have little faith in governments in general, but he has a confidence in the Church. If the Mexican is properly guided and supervised, I have confidence that the next generation will find a remarkable change in present conditions, and I am sure the amalgamated Mexican immigrant will be a great credit to the Catholic Church and to the country of his adoption.

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"DOINGS" AT

VICTORY-NOLL

On the Feast of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, at the completion of a retreat conducted by Rev. A. J. Blaufuss of Baileyville, Kansas, three candidates were invested as Consecrates in the Society of Missionary Catechists, and four Consecrates became Probationers. The new Consecrates are: Catechist Julia Murphy of Indianapolis, Ind., Catechist Emma Dietz of Evansville, Ind., and Maximiliana Martinez of Mora, New Mexico. The new Probationers: Catechist Genevieve Sullivan of Chicago, Ill., Catechist Veronica Scheltinga of St. Louis, Mo., Catechist Mary McConville of Columbia, Pa., and Catechist Elvira Vigil of Denver, Colo.

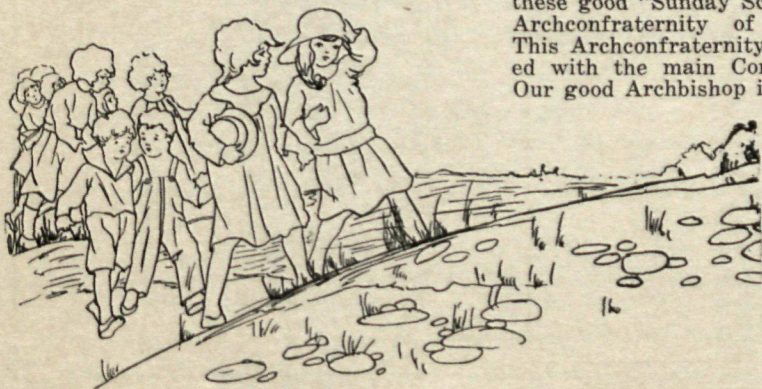
Rev. Emmet Dillon of St. Mary's church, Huntington, Ind., and Rev. J. Harold Moran of Covington, Ind., assisted at the ceremonies of reception and investiture. Rev. Edward Dillon, Chancellor of the Fort Wayne diocese, was Master of Ceremonies.

Following breakfast, the Catechists entertained their guests of the day with a program of vocal and instrumental numbers. An original sketch in Spanish was also presented.

The Catechists were privileged to number among their guests their beloved sponsor, Rt. Rev. Bishop Noll, and Rev. Mother Aquinata, Superior of the Academy of Our Lady, Chicago, Ill. It was Rev. Mother Aquinata who first opened her heart and her convent home to cradle the young Society and its pioneer members, and it has ever since enjoyed her maternal care and solicitude. Mother Aquinata was accompanied by Sister Stanisla whose recently completed oil painting of Bishop Noll is attracting much attention.

The life of a Missionary Catechist is not a romance, however much it may appear so from a distance. It is a holocaust, a complete sacrifice of all one is or has, a renunciation as complete as that of a martyr. And even more, for the martyr makes a great renunciation once and for all, and the pain and sacrifice are over. But the Missionary Catechist makes her sacrifice from dawn to dark, day after day, year after year, until the sun sets on the far horizon. She sees her duty, accepts it bravely and accomplishes it courageously. She is loyal to herself.

Working in the home mission field, rich in possibilities for the greater good, the Missionary Catechists invite every sensibly devout, zealous, self-sacrificing young woman to join their ranks, and thus become with them a partner of the First Great Missionary, Jesus Christ, saving the souls of the poor, the ignorant, the neglected for whom He suffered and died.

TELLING THE STORY
1923

We are finishing our work at Watrous and all our out-missions, and are making preparations to move to our new mission center at Ocate.

On the 12th we made five visits to various poor families and also attended the sick. On the 13th, Miss Reese, a public health nurse, came here to examine our children. On the same day Father Dumarest arrived at Watrous and we received Holy Communion.

We made a trip to Maise, a widely scattered mission, where there are many children in need of religious instruction. We went to our out-mission at Shoemaker on Sunday and arranged to have Misses Lena and Sadie Wasson take charge of our Catechism classes there. We have spent considerable time training these two zealous young ladies to become Catechism teachers in order that they might take charge of the classes we have formed after our departure.

From the very beginning our Spiritual Father as well as we, ourselves, realized the necessity of training intelligent, pious, native young ladies to act as lay-Catechists, and to take charge of our Catechism classes in Missions where we have carried on this blessed work of instructing the children and of preparing them for the reception of the Sacraments. It has always been our aim since coming to this country to give a permanent character to our work. In taking charge of the Catechism classes in every school district we have always been on the lookout for good girls, and even married women whom we could train to become our helpers. It is surprising how many good girls are willing to do this work and do it faithfully. Later on our Spiritual Father hopes to enroll these good "Sunday School teachers" in the Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine. This Archconfraternity will then be affiliated with the main Confraternity in Rome. Our good Archbishop is very much in favor

of this plan and sometime ago spoke about the great good that would come from such an arrangement.

On the 15th, the beautiful Feast of the Assumption, we hope to be in our new Mission Center at Ocate.

IN HIS STEPS

"In looking over the questions on prayer proposed in our Question Box" remarked Sister Charitina, "I must tell you that I am very much pleased, my dear children, with the practical character of the questions you have asked. Take for example this question: 'Why do we find it such a hard task to pray?' I certainly think that this question is one that many sensible, pious souls ask themselves. There is no denying the fact that at times we find it difficult to put ourselves in the proper disposition for offering our prayers in a satisfactory manner. The trouble, I think, is that we make prayer a very difficult task for ourselves by the wrong attitude we take towards it.

"You know that there are certain persons who do not seem to be able to offer any prayer without the aid of a prayer-book. They seem to think that unless they use a prayer book their prayers will be of no avail. Instead of striving to acquire the proper disposition for prayer by frequently offering up short aspirations,—or by making short but fervent acts of the love of God—they content themselves with dry, formal, printed prayers in which the affections of the heart have little or no part whatever.

"We are too apt to forget, children, that in order to learn how to pray well, we must learn how to pray frequently and regularly. It is in this as in all arts. If we wish, for instance, to become successful speakers, or successful writers, then we must continually practice speaking, or writing, until we have overcome our defects and have reached a certain degree of perfection. Now, in order to pray well, we must first of all prepare ourselves well for prayer. The mind must be prepared by the proper disposition, and the will must be disciplined by frequent resolutions to pray devoutly in spite of all distraction, otherwise we shall bring to our prayers, minds which are pre-occupied with our affairs, our studies, or our worries and the result will be a prayer filled with many distracting thoughts.

"The late Father Maturin, who was recognized as a deeply spiritual man, well-versed in prayer, very aptly says on this subject: 'It is important for us to remember that the instrument with which we pray is the same with which we do all our other mental work. It is the same mind we use for all our ordinary work, the same and no other. And since such is the case, we find that when we turn to God in prayer there is the same laxity, the same pre-occupation, the same distraction, the same habit of losing ourselves in day dreams, which we experience in other occupations. The same powers that the mind has at other times it will have at prayer.'

"No wonder then that it is difficult to pray if we have made no effort to concentrate our minds and to discipline our will at other times. How can a mind that is left relaxed and unguarded all through the day be recollected at the time of prayer? In prayer we shall reap the fruits of carelessness or the fruits of watchfulness of our ordinary daily life.

"Prayer, then, is not the time to train the mind. It is not the time to prepare for distracting thoughts and temptation. We know for certain that the more orderly, the more methodical, the more disciplined our minds are during our daily duties, the more we shall be able to direct them to God in prayer.

"And now I want to answer this very interesting question: 'For a beginner in the spiritual life which is the better plan to fol-

(Continued on page eight)

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IN HIS STEPS

(Continued from Page Seven)

low—to say a few simple prayers, like the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, and the Acts, and repeat these frequently, or to undertake longer prayers and devotions? Now I think it would be a mistake to burden one's self with long prayers and many new devotions. I realize that beginners in the spiritual life are very fervent and are apt to tax themselves with many new spiritual exercises or devotions. But this is not the way of the Saints. They realized that they could not become perfect by reciting many long, or extraordinary prayers. They realized, too, that they would have to overcome many natural repugnances in order to learn how to pray well. So they began with the resolution to spend a short time in prayer. And they renewed this intention frequently during the day. Then, as they became more perfect, they became more "expert" in offering their prayers with the proper disposition and with the very mind of Our Divine Lord Himself, and so it happened that towards the end of their lives saints like St. Anthony the Hermit, and St. Francis of Assisi spent whole days and nights in prayer. It is a very good plan to resolve at first to spend a little time in prayer and gradually extend this time until you accustom yourself to longer prayers and to formal meditation."

The Missionary Catechist,
Huntington, Indiana.

Revered dear Father:

I am enclosing a ten dollar check for a life subscription to "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST."

I think that the work the Catechists are doing is really wonderful. I can not think of any better way of spending money than helping in this cause.

Sincerely yours,
A. F.

The poverty and ignorance of the Southwest must yield to the Church militant. The Missionary Catechists believe that it is a portion of our vast mission field which we cannot afford to lose.

BISHOP'S RESIDENCE

Tucson, Arizona

Dear Father Sigstein:

As you know, we have about one hundred thousand Mexicans in the Diocese of Tucson, which covers an area of one hundred and thirteen square miles. I will be glad if you will keep in touch with me whenever you are able to spare some of the Catechists. Father Westhoff is a very holy and zealous Priest, and if you ever have Catechists to spare and could establish a house in the parish, I feel they could do wonderful work through our Diocese.

I will try, in my humble way, to make known your work in the hope that we may be able to get some Vocations for it.

With best wishes and kindest regards, I am

Sincerely yours in Christ

✠DANIEL J. GERCKE,
Bishop of Tucson.
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Reverend Father:

Enclosed you will find check to assist the Missionary Catechists. This check is in thanksgiving for God's blessings for the increased sales in our business.

With best wishes and trusting to be remembered in your prayers, I remain
Yours very truly,

Reverend dear Father:

I note that my subscription has expired. I think "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST" is a wonderful little paper and enjoy every word in it.

Now, may I ask a favor so that I will not miss any numbers? I haven't the money for a renewal today, for we have to scratch to make ends meet. However, I am laying up 10c every two weeks for the paper, and just as soon as I have the required amount, I will mail it to you. If, at some future time we are fixed so we can afford it, I intend to send in a life subscription.

Sincerely,
W. F. C.

Honolulu, Hawaii,
May 13th, 1926.

Editor "The Missionary Catechist:

About this time last year I sent \$10 to help your good Society and you very kindly

sent me "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST" for one year.

This year I am not so rich, but I hope soon to send you another donation of \$10. I am now inclosing a money order for \$2 for subscriptions to "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST" for some of my friends. I am asking each of these friends to try to get ten new subscribers and I think they will do so.

Very sincerely,

H. A. McM.

In the City of El Paso, Texas, there are 60,000 Mexican Catholics. They form 90% of the population. In this big Catholic city there are over a thousand Catholic young men and boys affiliated with the Y. M. C. A., and over 1200 Catholic children attending the various Protestant Sunday Schools of the city. In the Patterson Home, a big Methodist Institution covering a whole city square, there are 138 Catholic boys studying for the Methodist ministry.

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