



Volume V

Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, May, 1929

Number 5

From Father Junipero Serra's Land

Padre Zeferino—Old Mission, Santa Barbara, Calif.

ONCE before "The Missionary Catechist" had a brief glimpse of missionary California. It seems to have resulted in a craving for more on the subject, since I am again requested to gratify the longing. To be sure, I could not disappoint the noble-hearted Catechists who so unselfishly relinquish all worldly enjoyments and lofty earthly prospects for the privilege of undergoing all sorts of hardships in order to search for God's poor little ones. They always remind me very much of the intensely zealous founder of the California Missions, Fr. Junipero Serra, who relinquished a Doctor's chair at the university, and the glorious career of a brilliant preacher in Spain for the purpose of hunting up the most despised and abandoned beings on earth, and helping them to realize that they each one had a soul which is equally as dear to the Heavenly Father as the soul of the most powerful ruler in the world.

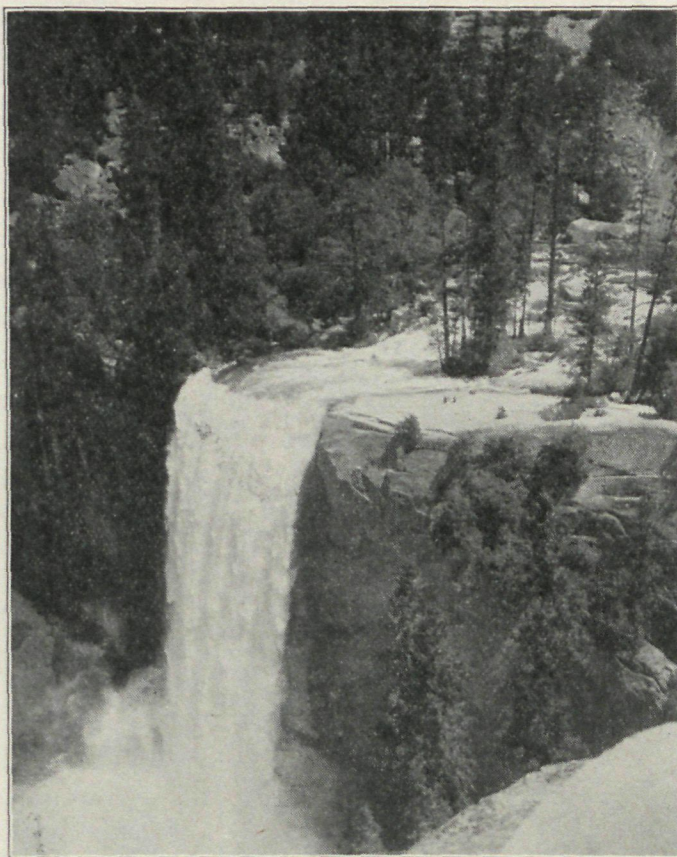
Ere we proceed to speak of the Missions in California, however, we must have more of Father Serra than the bare dates, otherwise we shall not properly understand his activities nor those of his scarcely less ardent companions. Beyond stating that Father Serra was born of pious, industrious parents on November 24, 1713, at Petra on the Island of Mayorca, where the same language, Catalanian, not the Spanish as we know it, is spoken; and that in Baptism he received the name Miguel Joseph, nothing more need be said of his early years. When nearly seventeen years old, Miguel Joseph received the fervently coveted habit of St. Francis. In the following year he pronounced his vows, and on that occasion, as is the custom in Spain and Mexico, chose the name of Juniper, which was borne by one of the first disciples of St. Francis. After he had with honor gone through all the branches of requisite priestly knowledge, and thereafter had

proved himself a wonderful preacher, Father Serra surrendered all the glory and ease which he might have enjoyed, for the sake of serving in the missions among the Indians of America. He accordingly petitioned his Superiors most urgently for leave to join the Franciscan missionary college of San Fernando in the city of Mexico. Other

Franciscans likewise volunteered, and all were finally granted the permit required. On April 13, 1749, they bid farewell to the Community and their parents, and hastened to take the ship for the port of Cadiz on the mainland.

The captain of the vessel, an Englishman, was a fanatical heretic, who during the fifteen days before Cadiz was reached would not leave good Father Serra in peace, so that it was difficult for him and Father Francisco Palou, his close friend and former pupil in theology, to recite the divine Office, as the same Father Palou relates. His English translation of the Bible in hand, the captain in broken Portuguese would read some text and would then interpret it as he saw fit. It was easy for Father Serra, without any copy of the Bible at hand, to show the mariner that he was in error, and then he himself would quote a text which completely upset the captain's assertion. Thus it would go on, and the poor Englishman at last found himself worsted at every turn. Ashamed to discover that he was defeated, whereas he had thought it a simple matter to prove the Catholics all wrong, the skipper at length grew furious and even threatened to throw Father Serra overboard. "I doubt not," Father Palou remarks, "That in his senseless frenzy he would have done so had I not made it clear to him that we were properly listed, and that, if he did not land us unharmed at Cadiz, he would know the consequences." Once in his rage at being again defeated while shown that he misquoted and misinterpreted the Bible, in arguing with the intrepid Father Serra alone, the captain actually set the point of a dagger on the breast of his helpless passenger, but desisted at the recollection probably of what Father Palou had told him. Instead, in deep wrath the mariner threw himself on his bed and there at last cooled off

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VERNAL FALLS—One of the waterfalls that helps to make Yosemite vistas so strikingly picturesque.

MAY IS MARY'S: ASK HER TO BLESS ALL MISSIONARY ENDEAVORS



Carina's Faith



Twilight was descending with a gentle, soothing caressiveness over the languid valley.

Near a low adobe hut stood a lone cow, passive, apparently heedless of time as were the humble Indians who had dwelt for centuries in this Eden of the West. Earth's lengthening shadows and heaven's lowering darkness at once told of approaching night. Suddenly a brilliant star scintillated forth from an extraordinary mass of blue clouds, and as suddenly a figure, lithe and youthful, appeared to brighten the nondescript doorway of the earthen hut. Once she looked back, then, with quiet, unhastened steps, walked toward the pepper trees.

It was Carina; Carina, the daughter of a Spanish soldier, gallant and adventurous enough to make the daring journey from Mexico to California's luring ocean shores, and an Indian mother, enticingly lovely and wondrously responsive to his stormy wooing. The romance was not long. The soldier husband's call to duty had brought death in its wake, and a lonesomeness unbearable to his mourning bride. The coming of Carina, with all her soft baby charms and clinging baby fingers could little assuage her grief. The hurt of it, her child would never see its father; the loneliness of it, not having him near to fondle and croon evening lullabys to the little one, made the ache in her heart grow until the breaking came at last and Carina was left to the kindness of a neighboring Spanish family.

With warm-hearted hospitality, ever characteristic of the Spanish, they received the little one into their family circle, gently guiding her first tottering baby steps; lovingly listening to her first lisping words; tenderly shielding her from every hurt. Assuredly their home was no richer than their poor neighbors, but in it, lighting up all its barrenness and transforming its ugly poverty into a beautiful sweetness, was that luxury often found in the homes of the poor, less often in the homes of the rich, that kindly influence, that world-sought-for luxury of love.

Each passing year had strengthened the first clutches of her baby fingers on their heart-strings, until now the motherly duenna wondered how she could ever part with her. And Carina? Youthful Carina with all the romance of chivalrous ages in her eyes; beautiful Carina at the height of her maidenhood, a Carina whose wholesome complexion, smiling red lips, glossy black hair and frank countenance was beginning to attract attention,

was hastening off in the twilight to meet Benito.

Once she glanced upward, letting her eyes sweep across the sky as if loth to lose the least of its beauty. With inherent faith she breathed a prayerful thanksgiving to the Omnipotent artistry of the Eternal Creator. A moment more and she saw Benito hastening toward her. Quick as a flash a sense of guilt at her clandestine meeting came, and as quickly went.

Benito, handsome and winning of way, clasped her hands in his while she, with all the winning simplicity of a pure heart, whispered, in the excitement of imparting good news, that soon there was to be a journey to the Mission of San Juan Capistrano.

Where was the lover who could withstand the beauty of this innocent daughter of the West, with her upturned eyes mirroring the stars overhead? Benito could not—and would not. With passionate ardour he spoke, his words tumbling one upon the other:

"Then we shall be married, shall we not? I love you, you know I love you, Carina, mia carissima, I have been waiting just such a time as this. Surely now you will refuse no longer. How I love you! How I love you!"

All his fervent, impassioned pleadings availed little. The lessons of the devout duenna had not failed to instill into her a great love for the religion the Franciscan Padres had brought to their western mission lands; Carina was a faithful daughter of the Church.

"Benito, isn't it enough that I steal these meetings with you, would you have me marry outside the Church? That I shall never, never, consent to. If you wish to marry me, you must come to San Juan Capistrano; you must be received into the Church before I shall consent that the banns be announced."

Moved by her earnestness, Benito promised to come to the fiesta, but even as he spoke

the words there lurked in his eyes a stealthy, deceptive look.

Long before the day announced for the grand fiesta, it was in the year 1865, preparations were being made at San Juan. The invitation of the Bishop to join with him in giving thanks for the repossession of the mission grounds had awakened the old fervor of the Indians, as well as of the Spanish settlers. Since the destructive earthquake in 1812 the mission had lain idle. Now it was to be rededicated and the hearts of these neophytes glowed with love and faith. True sons of their father, St. Francis, the missionary Padres had won the hearts of the pagan Indians, had won them so completely that now, after fifty-three years, there still burned in their hearts that faith that shall never die. Some of the aged Indians who in their youth had assisted at its building still cherished in their hearts the recollection of the fourteen years required for the construction of this, one of the finest mission churches of its time. Taught by the patient Franciscan Padre they had hewn the stone from the nearby hills and with indescribable love and devotion had placed stone upon stone to make for their newly found Eucharistic King a home in their very midst.

In the early afternoon of the day preceding the revival fiesta, Carina arrived with the duenna. Was ever there such a joyful, thankful assemblage? Were ever hearts more thrilled with devotion?

Evening found the encampment well settled. Tents had been put up and in the great central place a festive fire had been lighted. Through the evening hours its flaming light lit up the animated faces around it, throwing weird shadows over the mission church behind it, yet thrilling the hearts of those near it with friendly warmth.

As he watched Carina from a distance, Benito's love grew more impassioned still. There could be no more waiting; Carina must consent, and if she would not, then he should steal her away. Tomas and Juan, faithful friends, would help him. But where were they now? Never mind, in the morning he would find them at the Mission Church. One more meeting with her to-night—but his suit must not be denied.

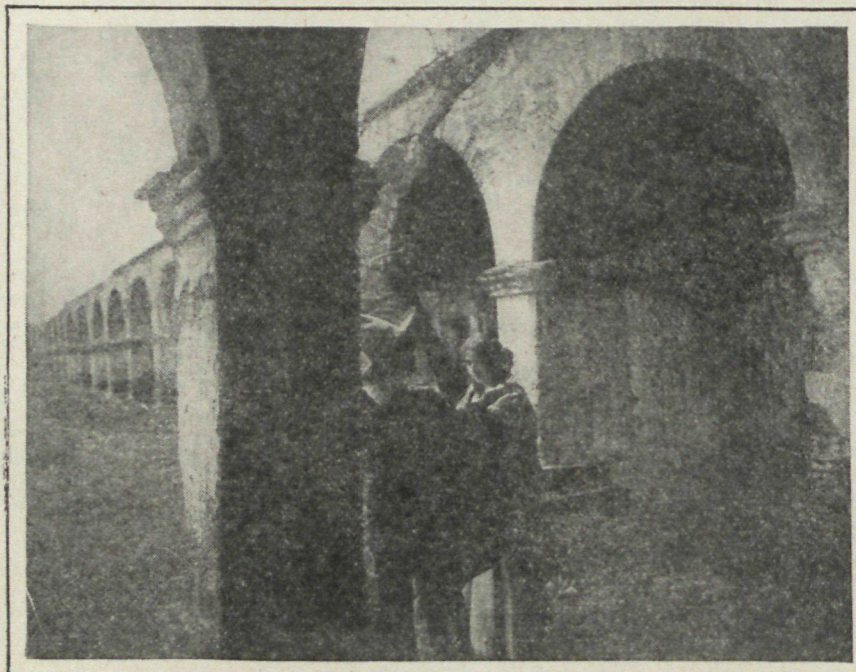
Certain that Carina would be expecting him, he drew close to the trustful duenna's tent.

Nor was he mistaken. Impelled by the loveliness of the night, and her womanly intuition that Benito was not far off, Carina waited a little distance from the tent, her wondering face turned skyward. That there should be such beauty!

"Blessed Mother of God," she murmured, crossing herself, "how good it is just to live."

Benito drew near just in time to see her motions.

(Continued on Page 8)



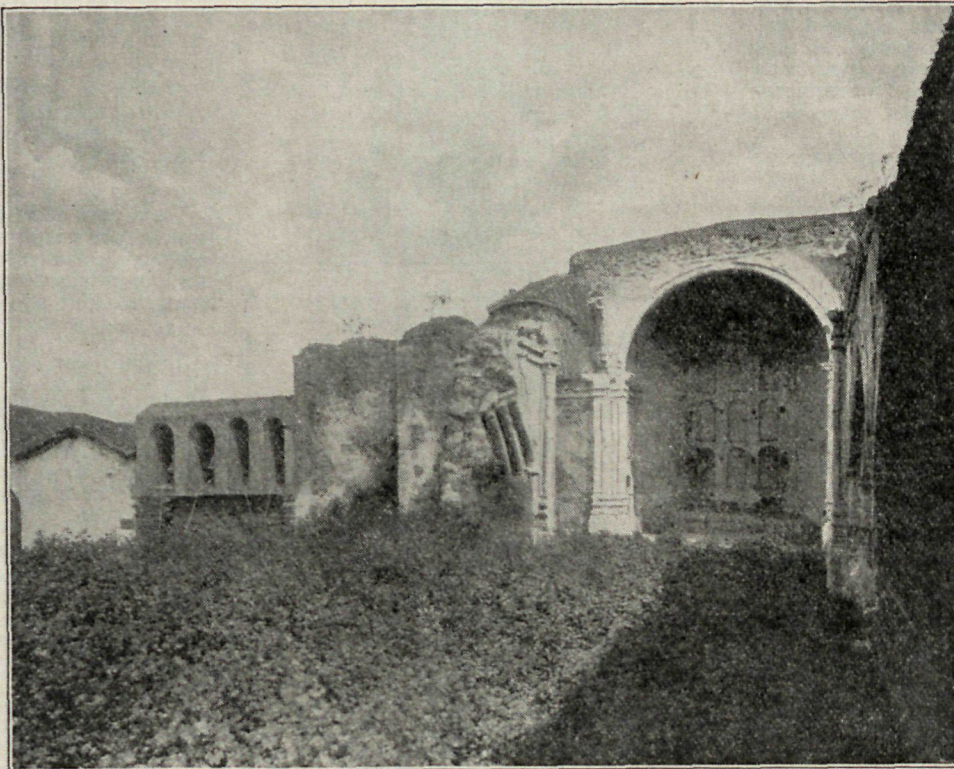
"Night is the Feast of Beauty at Capistrano"

San Juan Capistrano

Herbert E. Bolton

THE architecture of the old California Missions combined something of the Moresque, the Roman and the Old Spanish, and was perhaps influenced by the needs and aspirations and the climatic conditions of a virgin country and by the materials at hand for building. The result was an original style, massively beautiful and harmonious with the landscape.

Some of the ruined Missions suffered their first blow, not from secularization, but from the severe seismic shocks of 1812—el año de los temblores (the year of the earthquakes). Chief of these was the vast cruciform building of San Juan Capistrano, which succeeded the small mission first built by Fray Junipero Serra. Before its ruins, in point of beauty, even the unblemished pile of Santa Barbara must give way. The great cross, with its church, monastery, convent, and workshops, and its wings of corridors outlined, was hardly less than a decade in building. On a mountain several leagues away the great timbers for the beams were hewn. The stone came from a quarry six miles distant. The huge blocks were transported by the mission Indians, in crude bullock carts; the smaller blocks, men,



"In the Mouth of the Valley Stands the Majestic ruins of San Juan Capistrano."

women and even children carried on their heads. Back and forth in the daylight hours, year after year, the Indians of Capistrano trod the long way to bring the stone that should build an imperishable shrine. Imperishable, in one sense, it is; but its structure, completed in 1806, stood unmarred for only six years. One of the uninjured rooms

of the convent was converted into a chapel. Services are held there and the parish Priest lives at the mission.

About San Juan Capistrano, even today, lingers the fragrance of the past. In the little picturesque village, Spanish, with Mexican accent, Basque and Portuguese are more commonly heard than English. In fact, English is seldom heard. The sombrero frequently, and even an occasional dingy and frayed serape, may be seen in the groups of the swarthy-skinned men lounging and smoking in the sun. Not far from the railway—which connects San Diego with Los Angeles by a swifter route than the old trail of the Padres, "El Camino Real"—in the mouth of the valley,—the majestic ruins stands. Gone is the high bell-tower, once visible, so it is said, from ten miles away. The roofs have crumbled in places, and the gray walls and the

thick square columns of the arches are fissured from the temblor which destroyed the lofty church and crushed out the lives of the several hundred worshippers. Grasses and weeds push their way through the broken floorings and riot with the blazing California poppy in the patios. Busy little birds, swift of wing and incessant in song, hop in and out of a village of nests in the deserted corridors. Lazy doves, bronze and blue and snow white, float up from the street and plume themselves on the ruined arches. And the lizard, though unattended by the lion, keeps the court. But the dark vulture, wheeling above San Juan, wings slowly on; for the stillness here is too old to be of the dead. It is the placidity of beauty, which is immortal.

In their pagan days the Indians of Capistrano honored the moon. Padre Boscana has preserved in his writings the refrain of the song sung at the feast and dance with which they greeted her: "As the moon dies and comes to life again, so we, having to die, shall live again." Night is still the feast of beauty at Capistrano. It is a feast kept now in silence—with the stately dance of a tribe of shadows moving through the arches to the slow rhythm of the rising moon. So does a vanished people "live again" in the supreme loveliness of their wrecked handiwork.

"The chain of Franciscan Missions, Father Serra's Rosary, is our heirloom left to us by Spain. The precious legacy was linked together by a ribbon of a highway called 'El Camino Real.'"—California Missions and Landmarks.

MISSION BELLS

Hear the chiming of the bells,
Mission bells,
What a world of blessedness
Their melody foretells!
Hear them chiming, chiming, chim-
ing,
In the early hour of light
When the sun is climbing, climbing,
O'er the mountain tops, combining
Crystal dewdrops with the night.
Hear them ringing, ringing, ringing,
Calling men to holy vows,
See them swinging, swinging, swing-
ing,
From the bended oaken boughs,
Where the chapel for the people,
Is the heaven's star-lit steeple
That's attuned with sounding cells
To the music of the bells,
Mission bells,
Throbbing bells!
Hear them swell in agitation,
Calling out regeneration
Or a destiny of Hell!

How they throb, and roll, and toll,
Sobbing of the melancholy goal
Of the tomb
And the doom.
Then they peal in merry notes
Fairly bursting throbbing throats
In a joyous, happy rhyme,
Keeping time,
Swinging time,
To the joy that scintillates
Round a soul that intimates
It has heard
Welcome word.
Hear the liquid, mellow tones of the
bells,
Mission bells,
When the neophyte is kneeling at the
well,
Fountain well,
Holy well!
Hear the bells, bells, bells, bells,
bells, bells, bells!
Oh, the rhyming and the chiming
Mission bells! —A. S. C. Forbes

MAY IS MARY'S: ASK HER TO BLESS ALL MISSIONARY ENDEAVORS

Cheer - O - Grams

Burlington, Ia., March 7, 1929.

Society of the Missionary Catechists,
Dear Friends:

I am much interested in reading "The Missionary Catechist" so the enclosed two dollars is for your mission work. It is a Lenten alms in memory of my parents and my husband's parents. I wish I were blessed with means so that I might often send you a donation.

God bless you! I pray every day for your success.

Respectfully,

MRS. F. S.

Chicago, Ill.

The Society of Missionary Catechists,
Dear Friends:

I am a member of Victory-Noll Circle and I pray that this particular Circle may be most prosperous during this year and its members steadfast.

My monthly offering is enclosed. I am sometimes tempted to reduce it, but each time it seems as though Our Lady urges me to continue. The amount I send is not so important, but She wants me to make a little sacrifice. May God bless you! Pray for me.

Sincerely yours,

S. A. E.

Quigley Preparatory Seminary,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Catechists:

After seeing the sad condition of your charges at Gary last Sunday, the five of us returned to Chicago with a different spirit. We decided to take up a collection ever so often for your worthy cause. Our first attempt netted us the humble sum of three dollars.

Sincerely yours in Christ, STUDENTS.

F. W. Woolworth Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

Society of Missionary Catechists,
Gary, Ind.,

Dear Catechists:

It is indeed a pleasure and a satisfaction to know that our little donation has been so helpful.

It was such a little for us to do in comparison to the good work being done on the part of your Order. If we can be of any help to you again we are at your service.

With thanks to you and to the little ones for your kind remembrance of me in your prayers, I am,

Sincerely,

A. D. S.

Richmond, Ind.

Dear Father Sigstein:

The enclosed \$350.00 is for your Annuity Plan, and I hope soon to invest \$500.00 more. I don't think I could place my money in anything better.

Sincerely yours,

L. W.

Catholic Medical Mission Board,
New York City.

Dear Father Sigstein:

We shall be very happy to send supplies to the Missionary Catechists when we have them on hand. A list of the necessary articles is being referred to the shipping department immediately and we hope in this way to be of practical assistance.

We greatly admire the work which your Missionary Catechists are doing and feel privileged to take part in this great work.

Asking you to remember us in prayer, I am,

REV. E. F. GARESCHE, S. J.,
Director, Catholic Medical Mission Board.

The Missionary Catechist Huntington, Indiana

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

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Brevities

The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago undoubtedly exerts a wide influence among the so-called fundamentalists in the Protestant Church of America.

* * *

Owing to large charitable contributions and endowments, this Bible Institute is now so rich that it charges no tuition to its students.

* * *

As a part of their training all students or cadets are required to do practical work among the "unconverted." They make house to house visitation, engage in jail work, conduct meetings and proselytize Catholics.

* * *

In one year the cadets from this institution conducted 63,000 religious meetings, made 45,000 visits to jails and hospitals, distributed approximately 1,000,000 pieces of religious literature, and reported 7,094 converts to their cause.

This certainly evidences zeal worthy of a better cause.

* * *

As long as Protestantism can boast of having such devoted volunteer workers, it will not by any means be a dead issue in this country.

* * *

The Society of Missionary Catechists invites all its subscribers and benefactors to send to Victory-Noll the names of their deceased friends and relatives that they may be included in the prayers of the Missionary Catechists and the children under their care.

* * *

An insurance advertisement in a popular newspaper recently bore the heading "TIME TO CHECK UP." One-third of the year 1929 is already gone. Isn't it time we checked up on our heavenly insurance—Charity? And if we are "under-insured," let's pay the first premium on a new "Eternity" policy right now;—and keep up our payments during the two-thirds of the year still on the calendar.

* * *

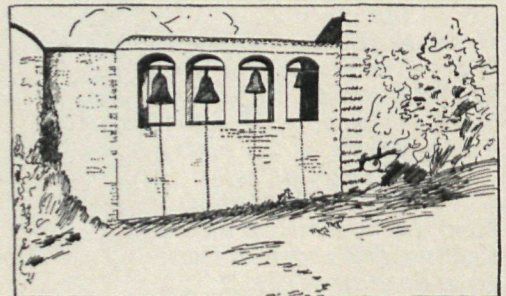
HOW?

Many can join the 2500 club. Our aim: 2,500 persons contributing \$1.00 a month. This will provide for the support of 100 Catechists for one year.

Some can contribute \$25.00, thereby providing for the support of a Catechist for one month in the Missions.

Others can adopt a Missionary Catechist by helping build up a new or an existing Burse.

ALL can unite with the Catechists in praying Jesus and Mary to bless their missionary labors with a fruitful harvest of souls.



MAY IS MARY'S: ASK HER TO BLESS ALL MISSIONARY ENDEAVORS

From The Little Flower Mission

GOD'S ways are not our ways. The people of Dos Palos have for many years refused to go to Church, but in the last month most everyone in our town has gone to Church at least three times. We had two funerals within two weeks, and, thanks to Jesus and Mary, both were able to have Catholic burials. Such crowds attended these funerals that our little Church was not even large enough to hold one-fourth of the people. We don't like to see so many of our parishioners dying, but we do like to see so many at Church.

March 3rd will go down in the history of Dos Palos as one of its biggest days. It was the day of First Communion and Confirmation; it was also the first time that the Bishop visited here—and it was like when the circus comes to town—everybody turned out to see him. We had seventy children for Confirmation, and each one had to have a sponsor who had to receive Communion on the day of Confirmation. Consequently, many, who had not received the Sacraments for years, went to Confession and Communion. Almost all of the children's parents came. After Confirmation in Firebaugh we had the honor of serving dinner to the Bishop, his Chancellor, our pastor and our former pastor.

Our "long-talked-of" bus has arrived and has been working overtime ever since. We not only think it is the best looking bus in Dos Palos but also the best looking one we have ever seen. It is huge,—the largest the law allows made. It is painted pale blue, Our Blessed Mother's own color, and our name and shield appear on it in gold.

Our bus will solve so many problems. We are now getting the children after school on Wednesday—that is those who go to town here, and we take them home in our car, making two trips. On Saturdays we go out into the country after the children, making four trips. Most of the parents won't even bring the children for Mass on First Communion day, and our bus will make it so much easier for us to get them, as time will be short on that morning. Each week sees us winning the children more and more. Now most of the big boys are coming to classes. All are enthused over the bus and are very happy to think that they will be able to come to Church every Sunday.

DIOCESE OF MONTEREY-FRESNO Fresno, Calif.

Rev. J. J. Sigstein
Huntington, Ind.

Dear Father Sigstein:

Bishop MacGinley had the great joy last Sunday of confirming nearly two hundred blessed by the presence of your Catechists. It was indeed a great day for the diocese and the Bishop wishes me to convey to you his heartfelt gratitude for the work these good Catechists have done.

He was deeply interested, as you may well imagine, in your promise to open another house in this diocese. With his usual promptness he asked Head Catechist Oldering and Catechist Sroll to visit Inyo County, which was the original destination of the Catechists, as you will recall from our Chicago meeting of long ago. I had the pleasure of showing the Catechists a ten thousand square mile parish and of giving them an opportunity to see the great loss that



"May the Little Flower of Carmel continue to shower her roses upon this, her garden, and inspire others to help in the gathering of the fragments that have fallen away."—Msgr. Crowley.

because of lack of adequate instruction in has taken place and is still taking place the Faith.

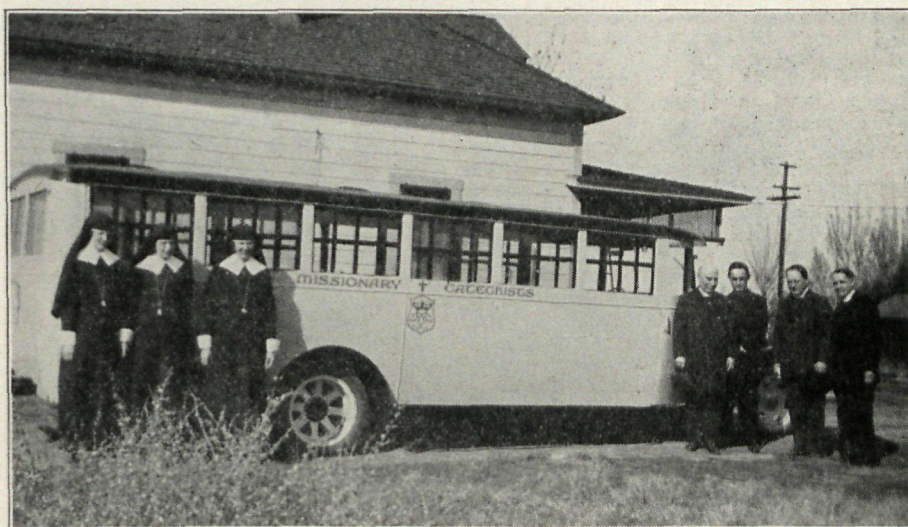
Inyo County, due to its isolation, has always been a problem to the Church. The pastor, having three churches to take care of and so many little mission stations, cannot give his Catechism classes or his scattered adults attention more than once a month. The Catechists could at least give these people weekly instruction and would in a short time build up a real parish. This accomplished they could move on to other fields.

May we not look for a word of encouragement in this regard from you? Catechist Olberding states that these matters are for you to decide.

Trusting that your health has continued to improve and with kind personal regards, I am, with the compliments of the Right Reverend Bishop,

Sincerely your in Christ,

MSGR. JOHN J. CROWLEY,
Chancellor-Secretary.



INSPECTING THE NEW BUS AT DOS PALOS—Rt. Rev. John B. MacGinley, Bishop of the Monterey-Fresno Diocese, Msgr. John J. Crowley, Chancellor-Secretary, Rev. Hammerstein, present pastor at Dos Palos, Rev. Lanctot, former pastor.

Father Serra's Land

(Continued from Page 1)

sufficiently to realize the folly of his attitude toward the passenger.

In communicating the incident to Father Palo, Father Serra protested that he had never provoked a dispute, because he saw it was a waste of time to argue with such a man; yet he had in conscience deemed it his duty to reply for the honor of the Catholic Religion.

At Cadiz a long delay taxed the patience of the volunteer missionaries very keenly; for they were unable to sail for Mexico until August 28th. Nor had they any reason to complain of a lack of vexations and privations on the voyage to Vera Cruz; for it lasted ninety-nine days. Father Serra, however, endured it all with such good humor that not a single complaint escaped his lips. When even water became scarce, in answer to a question what they should do, he replied: "It gives me no concern; for I have discovered a good remedy against the feeling of thirst. It is this: Eat little, talk less, and so I have the saliva in my mouth."

(To be continued)

(EDITOR'S NOTE—For over thirty years Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M., the venerable historian, has been engaged in research work on the Southwestern Missions, work which has resulted in the authorship of books which practically cover all details of the famous California Missions.

We are sure that our readers will be delighted with his series of articles, of which this is the first.

The old Negress viewed with misgiving the large amount of sugarcane being eaten by her six-year-old grandson.

Eventually she warned the boy: "Chile, chile, ain't I tol' you time an' ag'in that you's eaten too much cane? Don't you know, chile, cane killed Abel?"

Two Negroes were arguing about the Lord's Prayer. Said the first:

"What does yo' know 'bout the Lord's Prayer? Bet yo' doesn't even know de furst line."

"Ah'll take de bet," said the other.

The stakes were produced and held. Then: "Now Ah lay me down to sleep," said the second.

"It's yo' money," said the other. "Didn't b'lieve you' knew it."

The Associate Catechists of Mary

MAY our dear Mother draw you still closer under her mantle during this her own month.

May—the month of May—when one thinks of this month he must think of many things,—that May is Mary's month—and this of course is the most important. Then at the end of May our Blessed Mother is crowned the Queen of May, and surely there is no lovelier Queen than She. The feast of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, the Help of all Christians and Mother's day comes in May.

Even if the month of May were not dedicated to Mary it would still be one of the prettiest months of the year. Spring has fully arrived and summer has not yet robbed nature of her freshness.

Mary's month holds a place all its own in your hearts because you are Mary's own children and are trying so hard to imitate your Heavenly Mother and to please Her just as a little child who loves its Mother will try to resemble her and do all he can to please her. On her name's day and birthday he remembers his mother with special tokens of his love. This is what you are doing and by attending May devotions and assisting at Mass on Mary's feast days you are giving Her special tokens of your love.

You are Mary's Associate Catechists and have consecrated your labors to Her and placed yourself under Her protection, and you know Mary has never been known to refuse Her assistance to any one who invoked Her with confidence. Mary is the Queen of the Missions and you are Her faithful subjects who help Her by furnishing food and clothing to Her poor in the missions, and make it possible for the Catechists to teach them to love Her and Her Son Jesus.

You may be certain that by your devotion to Mary you have merited for yourselves the special benediction of your Mother Mary who will surely repay you a hundredfold with Her love and protection your interest in a work especially dedicated to Her under Her glorious title of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

A hush of expectancy has fallen upon the 5A's Home Room. All during the month of May Sister Anita has been reading them some fascinating stories of Mary, Our Heavenly Queen and the 5A's had listened almost breathless with excitement, drinking in every word that Sister read.

"Children," said Sister Anita, as she rose from her desk with book in hand, "we have a most interesting story about Our Blessed Mother this morning."

Opening the book at the marked place she read:

MARY'S VISIT

Marie was a poor little shepherdess who had great devotion to Our Blessed Mother and loved nothing better than to visit our Mother Mary in the small chapel on the Mountain, which was dedicated to Her. While the sheep were feeding in front of the Chapel, Marie would enter the chapel to tell Her "Good Mother" her joys and sorrows and how much she loved Her. During her visits she repeated the Hail Mary many times for this was her favorite prayer.

The statue of the Blessed Virgin in this chapel was very plain without any ornaments, so Marie made a mantle for the statue and a garland of flowers she had

"LISTENING IN" ON BAND ACTIVITIES

South Bend, Ind.

Although St. Joseph Mission Society was enrolled only last October this Band has already \$200 toward the new Burse they have established in honor of the Immaculate Conception. Mrs. Perley, the Promoter of this Band, is to be congratulated upon her promptness in sending in their pledge—their installments toward this Burse. Besides sharing in the prayers of the Catechist they have adopted and of the little ones under her care, they merit for themselves God's choicest blessings and the immense reward of Him who will never be outdone in generosity.

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Fahey, one of the Society's staunchest supporters, is Promoter of St. Vincent de Paul Band which supports the Burse by the same name. The members of this Band have learned well "that it is more blessed to give than to receive." Mr. Fahey we know will ever persevere in keeping his Band among the most active.

Marysville, Kansas

Our heartfelt thanks to Mrs. Cooper and the members of her Band for the boxes of clothing and many other donations to the missions. This Band has been doing good work in the past and now with Bishop Joannes' hearty approval has a bright future in store.

YOUR PRAYERS ARE ASKED

for the repose of the souls of Mrs. M. Trauscht of Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band of Chicago, Ill., and for Mr. J. F. Rissing of Fort Wayne. "May their souls rest in peace."

Mary's Little Helpers

gathered on the mountain side. When she placed the crown of flowers on the head of the statue Marie said, "Mother, dear Mother, I would willingly place on Thy head a crown enriched with gold and precious jewels; but I am a poor shepherdess, and can only offer this garland. Accept it as a token of my affection. Thou knowest how I love Thee; I can only say, Hail Mary."

Our Blessed Mother would not let Marie's love and devotion to Her go unrewarded so shortly after when Marie fell sick, Mary with a band of beautiful angels came to visit Marie—because Marie had so often visited Her in the mountain chapel. When Mary went back to Her home in Heaven She took Marie with Her so that she could be always near Her.



Mrs. Pieschl, Promoter of Little Flower Band, Keokuk, Iowa

Keokuk, Iowa

The Little Flower Band with its Promoter, Mrs. Pieschl, have taken Holman as their special charge. First Communion clothes which the members made during their social hour were sent to the Catechists for their First Communion class. They also furnished the children with a breakfast treat of candies and cookies. During the summer this Band plans to furnish needed chapel supplies to Holman.

As Sister closed the book there was a general sigh of relief as well as of satisfaction.

"Oh! Sister, that was a beautiful story you just read us. Can't we do something too to show Our Blessed Mother how much we also love Her?" queried little Jack Hartlett.

"Yes—yes! Sister," came from all parts of the room.

"Well, children," answered Sister, "I've thought of something very nice that we might do for the rest of this glorious month of May. Why not each day make at least one visit to Our Blessed Mother's Altar? If you can, bring flowers to place upon Her altar, but don't forget that spiritual flowers are more valuable and precious to Mary than earthly flowers for spiritual flowers do not fade nor die. At each visit you make to Mary try to have some spiritual flowers to offer Her."

"Remember too, the poor little children in the missions that I read to you from The Missionary Catechist, and beg Mary to grant to the Catechists success in their work of teaching them to love Mary and Her Son. Then when these children learn to know and love Mary they will pray for you when they visit Mary in their chapels."

Address all A. C. M., or Little Helpers communications to:
CATECHIST SUPERVISOR,
Associate Catechists of Mary,
Victory-Noll Huntington, Ind.
Society of Missionary Catechists,

MAY IS MARY'S: ASK HER TO BLESS ALL MISSIONARY ENDEAVORS

Victory Noll Notes



IS IT TODAY?
Is it a dream? Or is it today?

Phrases like this in your mind do sway.

You think, then a sudden smile is seen,

Oh! it is today. It isn't a dream.

It is today, your heart leaps with joy

Like a youngster after receiving a toy.

Your face like the sunlight begins to gleam,

Because it is today, it isn't a dream.

It isn't a dream, it is today

Oh, you are so happy and oh! so gay.

With eyes towards heaven we hear you say,
"Dearest Jesus, it's not a dream, but my Investiture Day."

On April 8th, the deferred Feast of the Annunciation, twenty-nine Catechists took part in the Investiture Ceremonies conducted in the Chapel at Victory-Noll. Of this number, eight renewed their Vows of Obedience, Chastity and Poverty, two were received into the Juniorate of the Society, thirteen became Probationary Catechists, and six received the white veil that designates them as Consecrates of Mary in the Society.

The investiture ceremonies took place after a four-day retreat given by Father Camillus Becker, O. M. Cap., of Milwaukee, Wisc. More than once during the retreat Father Camillus pointed out to the Catechists the sublimity of their vocation as Missionaries; more than once he impressed upon them their responsibility as Missionaries going out into the neglected missions of the Southwest in search of the little lambs so loved by the Divine Shepherd. In his investiture day congratulations he reverted to the same thought, the value of the immortal soul in the eyes of God, and the reward exceeding great which shall crown the labors of every zealous Missionary. Father Camillus, assisted by Father Salesius, O. M. Cap., officiated at the Ceremonies.

Those renewing their Vows were: Catechists Hannah Barthen, Evelyn Benton, Cordelia Bahl, Josephine Penning, Clorinda Quintana, Dorothy Schneider, Emma Dietz, and Mary Whitfield.

Catechist Effie McConnell, of Fort Wayne, Ind., and Catechist Christine Wirtz of Crown Point, Ind., were received into the Juniorate of the Society. Presenting them with the Indulged Crucifix conferred upon the Juniors by the Society of Missionary Catechists, Father Camillus said, in the beautiful words of the Investiture ceremonies: "May this indulged Crucifix, which you will carry to the sick-poor, and place in the hands of the dying, dispose them to accept their pain and sufferings and even death itself, with true Christian resignation to the Holy Will of God, and for the salvation of their immortal souls."

Catechists Mercedes Guitierrez, Carlota Baca, Eleanor Gerhardt, Marie Sypchaj, Viola Wopperer, Marguerite Murfield, Re-

gina Torzewski, Mary Louise Pearl, Bernetta Quinn, Blanche Lawler, Margaret Schneider, Elizabeth Wengritzky and Aurelia McMahon received the black uniform and blue veil of the Probationary Catechists.

Those making their Act of Consecration and receiving the light blue uniform and white veil of the Consecrates were: Catechists Otillia Reinermann, Sofia Renky, Gertrude Haggerty, Catherine Ganz, Nora O'Reilly and Irene Niland.

On Easter Tuesday Victory-Noll was honored with a short visit from the Right Reverend H. P. Rohlman, Bishop of Davenport. During the course of the same afternoon twenty priests of the Fort Wayne Diocese, who had attended the dedication of St. Felix Capuchin Monastery, also visited the "Noll."

O MOTHER!

Our Life! Our Sweetness!

Our Hope!

'When you follow Mary you will not go astray;

When you pray to Her, you will not despair;

When you think of Her, you will make no mistake;

When She holds you up, you will not fall;

When She protects you, you need not fear;

Under Her guidance, you will not grow weary;

Under Her favor, you will arrive at your journey's end in the harbor of safety."

—St. Bernard.

Reading Something Worth While

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

"ST. JOSEPH'S MONTH," by Sr. M. Emmanuel, O. S. B., B. Herder Book Co. \$2.

We might call this work a "Life" of St. Joseph, though the author did not intend it to be such. Where historical data are so few such a "Life" is a courageous undertaking. What there is of St. Joseph in the Scriptures and in Tradition she has woven it beautifully into these thirty-one readings for the month of March. Her pen-pictures are drawn graphically. She paints not only the body, but the soul. The parallels between Joseph of Egypt and our Saint are nicely delineated. Fourteen chapters are given to the seven sorrows and seven joys of St. Joseph. However, it is especially in the chapters: "St. Joseph's Love of Work," "Hiddenness," "Poverty of Jesus and Mary" that Sr. Emmanuel reveals her deep understanding of the ways of God in His saints. Divine Providence seems to have taken a hand in making known to the world this humble and hidden Saint in the present age. St. Anne's Shrine, not far from Montreal, is well known. Now it seems, through the instrumentality of Brother Andre, another Shrine of grace and mercy is to be erected in that city where the Foster-Father of Jesus and the Husband of Mary is destined to manifest his love and power.

"BACK TO GOD," by Rev. Fulgence Meyer, O. F. M., St. Francis Book Shop, Cincinnati, Ohio, \$2.00.

These talks on the Sacrament of Penance have the background of the Professor of Theology, the Master of Retreats to Priests, Religious and Laymen, the Missionary of wide experience. This gives warrant for correctness of Theology, for a refreshing mode of presentation and for an appreciation of different attitudes men have towards Confession. Catholic and non-Catholic, saint and sinner, the lax, the scrupulous and the fervent, will find instruction and help. The twenty-eight chapters of this book will prove invaluable to preachers and confessors; by reading it people will be able to set their consciences right; and it will be just the book to hand to non-Catholics who want inside information about that bugbear "the Confessional."



Admitted to the Juniorate After a Year's Probationship

MAY IS MARY'S: ASK HER TO BLESS ALL MISSIONARY ENDEAVORS

Carina's Faith

(Continued from Page 2)

With an impetuous movement he clasped to his heart.

"Carina, mia, when will you consent to marry me? Surely here there is some one who will marry us tomorrow, and if there is not, why then —"

He stopped, struck silent by her look of astonished grief.

"That can never be, Benito. Will you never understand that I cannot marry you until you belong to the Church? You seem to think I am jesting; well, I'm not!"

His reiterated protestations of love, his impassioned caresses, and yet withal his refusal to recognize her stand in regard to her faith, had flamed all the latent fires of anger in her heart. Flashing of eye and grieving of soul, Carina freed herself from his embraces.

Poor Benito! He stood there all abashed and all astonished, his stupefied gaze following her fleeing figure.

And Carina? Straight to the Mission Church, directly to the Shrine of the Mother of all Sorrows, she fled. There, beneath the tender eye of that Mother Who is the true Consolation of the afflicted, she sobbed forth her grief. When at last its violence was stilled, she looked into the serenely tender face above.

"Mother Mary, dearest Mother Mary," the tempest in her soul had not yet found calm, "I love him so; my heart will break if he does not yield. They say no one who implores your help is ever left unaided. Hear my prayer; bring him to Church tomorrow."

So her prayers continued until her aching heart found peace and hope.

The stars were shining more brightly as she sought her way back to the tent, the skies more serene, her heart more confident.

Early next morning the clear, sweet mission bells rang out once more; clearer and louder they pealed forth their message.

Carina and the good duenna were among the first to gather near the Mission Church door. There, chatting and laughing with their friends they awaited the sounding of the last bell.

On the outskirts of the throng Carina could see Benito. Would he come into the Church that morning? Surely her prayer would not remain unanswered? But the last bell rang, and Benito had not come closer.

Scarce had the ever-impressive, ever mystic ceremonies been begun before someone took his place beside Carina. It was not until the first hymn swelled forth that Carina knew who it was. The voice was that of Benito, but surely it could not be he standing there—Surprised, she glanced up, to be reassured.

"It is I, Carina," Benito whispered low, "it is I who have come to the Church to win my bride."



Please ship all items intended for the needy missions direct to our mission centers. Address:

"Society of Missionary Catechists" at

1. Holman, New Mexico.
2. Anton Chico, New Mexico.
3. Los Cerrillos, New Mexico.
4. Box 30, Montezuma Route, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
5. 620 W. Fifteenth Ave., Gary, Indiana.
6. Dos Palos, Calif.
7. Lubbock, Texas. Box 1658.
8. Catechist Blanche Richardson, Supervisor of Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Express and freight shipments for Holman and Anton Chico are sent via Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Honolulu, Hawaii.

Rev. J. J. Sigstein,
Dear Father:

I should have written before this to acknowledge receipt of the interest on my Annuity. Since it was the first money I received this year the enclosed shows how God's blessing followed it.

I am sending \$3.65 as my "cent a day" contribution to the support of our Missions; \$12.00 is for Burse; and the remaining \$10.00 is for the Missionary Catechists.

I read your little paper with interest, and often incidents related therein haunt me for months because I have not the means to do what my heart dictates. There was the case of the little girl who stopped to tell the Catechists that her mother was very sick, but as it was too far for the Catechists to walk they could not go to that home where sickness was added to poverty. I still think of the feelings of that child, also, of the Catechists who had to refuse aid and comfort because of the lack of an auto.

Hoping that the grace of God will open up some of the Catholic founts of wealth and let flow toward you the help you need in your good work, I am,

Yours sincerely,

S. L.

"May Is Mary's, She Is Ours, Thus the Month Is Doubly Dear."

A May Gift for the Queen of the Missions—Subscriptions to "The Missionary Catechist."

As no one has ever partaken more deeply in the Sufferings of Our Dear Jesus than Mary, so no one thirsts for souls more deeply than She.

Subscriptions to "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST" help the Catechists provide food, medicine and clothing for the destitute little ones and needy sick in the missions. Surely, these corporal works of mercy are dear to the hearts of all good Catholics, and dearer still to the QUEEN OF THE MISSIONS.

Lay at Her Feet a May gift of subscriptions from your friends. How many subscription blanks can you use?

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