

The Missionary Catechist



Volume V

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Number 8

Father Eusebio Kino, S. J., Arizona's Great Pioneer

Dr. Frank C. Lockwood, University of Arizona

IN 1919, Professor Herbert E. Bolton, of the University of California, published, in two volumes, a remarkable work, entitled "Kino's Historical Memoirs of Pimeria Alta." In these volumes there appears in print for the first time, translated from the original Spanish manuscript in the archives of Mexico, a contemporary account of the beginnings of Arizona, Sonora, and California, from the pen of Father Eusebio Francisco Kino. Professor Bolton has devoted many years of patient and scholarly toil to the production of this work—the most valuable contribution to Southwestern history published within a generation. This Memoir "puts on a new basis the early history of a large part of our Southwest." Kino's "book was the first and will be for all time the principal history of his region (Pimeria Alta) during his quarter of a century." What has, thus, been added to our knowledge of the historical facts touching this region is in itself great and worthy; but there is a higher debt that we owe to the zealous and accurate scholarship of Professor Bolton. Out of the obscuring mists of two centuries, in the figure of Father Kino, he has disclosed in firm, clear outline the most heroic and creative personality in the history of the Southwest. True greatness breathes in every consecrated step he took through these rough, waste places of the earth.

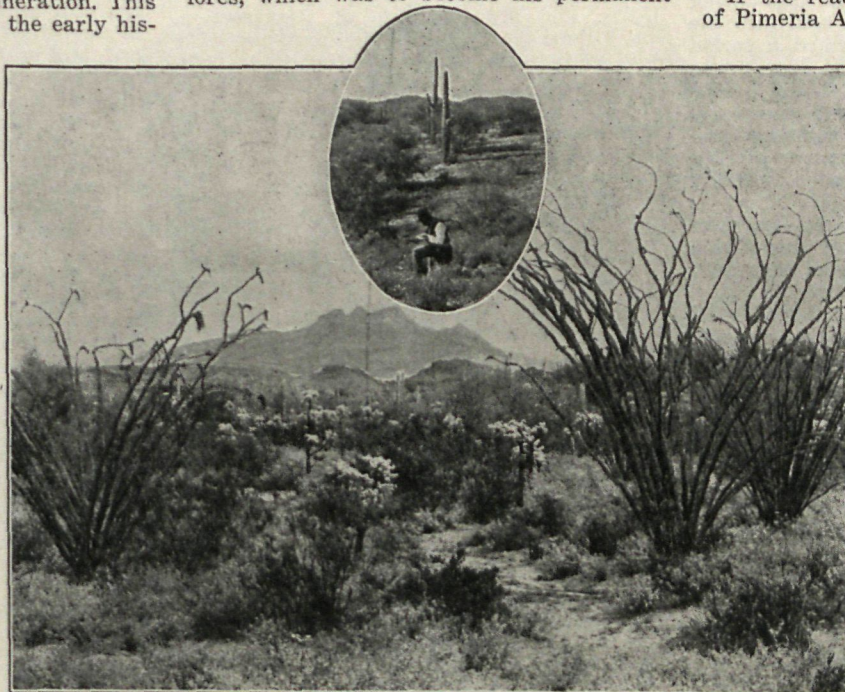
Father Kino was born near Trent, in the Tyrol, August 10, 1644. He was well educated as a boy, and later attended the universities of

Ingolstadt and Freiburg. He distinguished himself in Mathematics; early attracted the attention of great scholars and nobles; and was offered a professorship in the university of Ingolstadt. While a very young man he suffered an illness so serious that the doctors despaired of his life. But he was saved by what seemed an almost miraculous recovery. He now entered the Jesuit order, and in March, 1687, went vigorously to work as a missionary in Pimeria Alta. He began at Cucurpe—a station on the San Miguel River; but very soon, fifteen miles higher up on the same river, he established the mission of Nuestra Senora de los Dolores, which was to become his permanent

home and headquarters for the remainder of his life. It was near an Indian village in a rich and lovely valley. From this point he pushed his way inland to the San Pedro, the Gila, and the Colorado. It had been a century and a half since Coronado had made his entrance into Arizona. The rediscovery of Pimeria Alta after this long lapse of time, and the first thorough exploration of this vast territory belong to Father Kino. Between 1687 and 1711 (when he died) he made some forty extended missionary journeys in this territory, fourteen of these trips taking him beyond the Arizona border.

Father Kino as a Builder and Ranchman

If the reader will consult an early map of Pimeria Alta, he will find marked on the upper waters of the San Miguel, Altar, Santa Cruz, and San Pedro rivers points indicating a chain of settlements along these streams: Dolores, Remedios, St. Ignace, Imuris, Cocosperra, Guevavi, Tumacacori, San Xavier, and Quiburi. At these places Father Kino early established mission stations, and then, at each point where the natives had expressed a desire to have a Father settled among them, as soon as possible, he set them to building and roofing an adobe house for the permanent home of the priest. He also early taught them to plant and tend crops of wheat, maize, beans and melons for the missions. As yet there were no domestic animals in this region; but as soon as the natives at one of these mission stations were fully enlisted, Father Kino would supply this rancheria with



Arizona Desert

(All Arizona cuts in this issue thru' courtesy of "The Earth")

(Continued on Page 2)

SPECIAL ARIZONA NUMBER



Wood Immortal



Petrified log used as foot-bridge

WHEN THE WORLD WAS THE OLDEST TRESS IN THE YOUNG WORLD

[Mrs. Marjorie Lambert Russell, Associate Editor of THE EARTH]

Chas. F. Lummis

"WHEN the world was young."

A phrase to conjure with, especially in relation to the law of Cause and Effect governing the existence of certain great natural wonders of the world. The Petrified Forests of Arizona, being the effect of a mighty cause, have been—with the cause, engaging the attention of profound men of science for many decades.

The antiquity claimed for the fallen jeweled giants comprising the petrified forests, places their existence in the majestic beauty of their natural state, as ante-dating the breathing of an immortal soul into the clay out of which man was formed, a period when that which is now Arizona desert, was covered with great forests of stately trees of imposing size. That was when the world was young and God was its gardener and it was paradise. There are portions of Arizona in this day that are called an earthly paradise.

And then something happened—back in that time when the world was young. Came mighty cosmic forces that rocked the earth and changed the glory of its face. A blight wrought by some stupendous force felled the trees in the fullness of their strength. Came the waters of some inland sea inundating all the land about—engulfed the forest-monarchs, and their grave was deep indeed. Ages passed. The waters receded leaving in their wake vast and forbidding wastes of rock-studded deserts. Came the patient winds of centuries doing their work in the fullness of time, they laid bare to the awed gaze of man the Petrified Forests of Arizona. Prostrate giants of a day when the world was young, delivering caskets of gems to the world today, mute witnesses of the Effect of an immutable Cause.

The fame of the Petrified Forests of Arizona is world wide. Few educated Americans traveling abroad fail to be asked about this marvel of nature held in our treasury of natural wonders. They generally are a Mecca of the informed travelers who visit our shores.

A Sequoia in California is the oldest creature alive. It had measured a millenium when Christ walked the earth. But what's a millenium? Ten thousand ages before the cedars bloomed on Lebanon, away out here in the Wonderland of our own Southwest, when

Wind, that grand old harper, smote
His thunder-harp of pines,
it was the identical pines that are with us to this day!

Not, indeed, as they were in that incalculable past—for they have put on immortality, and are this side of Resurrection. They lived their green, long span, and were laid to rest under the coverlet of a continent, to sleep a geologic term.

..... There are petrified woods in the unnumbered quarters of the globe, and there are agates of many sorts and of many lands; but there is nowhere in the world anything comparable to the four-hundred-thousand acre Fossil Forest of Arizona. Doubtless, also, no other forest in the world has been useful to man so long as these trees of prismatic agate, which have been here since long before man crawled upon the globe at all.

The Santa Fe train will stop at Adamana, that little station in the wilderness 231 miles west of Albuquerque, which has been adopted as the most convenient approach to the Petrified Forest; and it is entirely easy and comfortable to explore from this point the neighboring "forests" of the Forest—the Rainbow, the Crystal, the Blue Forest, and so on, to the south; and on the north, the Black Forest.

Of course it is not a "forest" in the ordinary sense of standing groves. Rather, it is a great "bad lands" of sandy valleys and clay mounds and beetling mesas, across which lie sprawled the prostrate and shattered sections of giant trees, and around them a very kaleidoscope of their rainbow agate "chips"—the most enchanted wood-pile ever walked about.

—"Mesa, Canon and Pueblo."

Father Eusebio Kino

(Continued from Page 1)

flocks and herds—horses, cattle, and sheep produced on his ranch at Dolores from the animals that had been given him when he first settled there. He was a remarkable ranchman, and it was he who first introduced domestic animals and stock-raising into Arizona. A dozen of these fertile ranches soon came thus to be well stocked with horses and cattle, sheep and goats. The Indians at each station were taught how to cultivate their fields and how to care for this mission stock left with them, and they did this gladly against the time when a resident priest should come to occupy the mission.

Having made ample provision in flocks and herds, and in house, garden, and field for the material support of a missionary establishment, Father Kino's next thought was for the erection of a church. Since of all the missions of the Southwest none have been so beautiful and so enduring as San Xavier del Bac, I cannot do better to give an idea of Father Kino as a builder than to let him tell in his own words how the original foundations of the Church at Bac were laid. April 28, 1700, he writes: "On the twenty-eighth we began the foundations of a very large and capacious church and the house of San Xavier del Bac, all the people working with much pleasure and zeal, some in the digging for the foundations, others in hauling many and very good stones of Tezontle from a little hill which was about a quarter of a league away. For the mortar of these foundations it was not necessary to haul water, because by means of the irrigation ditches we very easily conducted the water where we wished. And that house, with its great court and garden near by, will be able to have throughout the year all the water it may need, running to any place or work-room one may please, and one of the greatest and best fields in all Nueva Biscaya."

Father Kino as an Explorer and Traveler

Father Kino was a tireless traveler; (and he knew how to travel in those arid, waste, and savage deserts). For the most part, he made his inland journeys on horse-back, or mule-back, and usually he was attended by a pack train of forty or fifty, or even a larger number of horses and mules from his own well-stocked ranches. Sometimes he was given a small military escort—a captain or lieutenant with a small detail of soldiers; sometimes one or two of his fellow-priests would go along with him; but frequently he had as companions only his Indian servants. Often he took entirely untrodden routes, and these sometimes led into very wild and dangerous places. The secret of successful travel on the parched deserts of southwestern Arizona is to know where the water holes are, and to be within striking distance of a new one before the old one is allowed to slip beyond reach.

It is Kino's celerity and endurance that amazes one. On various occasions for a month or more at a time he would average from twenty-five to thirty miles a day over rough, and often unknown desert country. When fifty-one years of age, in fifty-three days he rode at least fifteen hundred miles.

(Courtesy of "In Progressive Arizona")
(To be continued)

SECOND THE HOLY FATHER'S JUBILEE WISH:—GIVE ALMS TO THE MISSIONS

The Wonder Chasm of the World

Chas. F. Lummis

(Editor's Note:—A short time before the death of Chas. F. Lummis, the Editor of THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST had the pleasure of meeting this famous author for the first time. Although not himself a Catholic, he was intensely interested in the work being done by the Society of Missionary Catechists amongst the Spanish-speaking people. He very magnanimously granted the Society permission to use any of his articles on the Southwest.)



HAVE spoken of the Grand Canyon of Arizona as a "chasm into which all the famous gorges of the world could be tossed and lost."

But this stupendous size, the mere length and breadth and depth, incomparable as they are among gorges, is only a little part of the wonder of it. It is a little more than three hundred miles long (including Marble Canon at the north, which is only another name for the upstream ninety miles.) It is ten to fifteen miles wide from rim-rock to rim-rock; and from 6000 to 7000 feet in vertical depth.

The quebrada of the Apu-Rimac is a marvel of the Andes, with its vertiginous depths and its suspension bridge of wild vines. The Grand Canon of the Arkansas, in Colorado, is a noble little slit in the mountains, traversed by a railroad, therefore well known. The Franconia and White Mountain notches in New Hampshire are beautiful. The Yosemite and Yellowstone canons surpass the world, each in its way. But if all of these were plucked bodily and hung up by the tail, one by one, on the opposite wall of the Grand Canon from you, the chances are fifty to one that you could not tell t'other from which, nor any of them from the hundreds of other canons which rib that vast, vertebrate gorge. If the falls of Niagara were installed in the Grand Canon between your visits, and you knew it by the newspapers—next time you stood on that dizzy rim-rock you would probably need good field-glasses and much patience before you could locate the cataract. If Mount Washington were spaded up bodily by the roots—not from where you see it, but from sea-level—and carefully set down in the Grand Canon, you probably would not notice it next morning, unless its dull colors distinguished it in that innumerable congress of larger and painted giants.

All this, which is literally true, is a mere trifle of what might be said in trying to fix a standard of comparison for the Grand Canon. But I fancy there is no standard adjustable to the human mind. You may compare all you will, eloquently and from wide experience, and at last all similes fail. The Grand Canon is just the Grand Canon, and that is all you can say. I have never seen anyone who was prepared for it. I have never seen anyone who grasped it in a week's hard exploration; nor any one, except some rare

Philistine, who could ever think he had grasped it. I have seen people rave over it; better people struck dumb by it; even strong men who have cried over it; but I have never yet seen the man or woman that expected it.

..... It adds seriously to the scientific wonder and the universal impressiveness of this unparalleled chasm that it is not in some stupendous mountain range, but in a vast, arid, lofty floor of 100,000 square miles—as it were, a crack in the flat roof of the continent. There is no preparation for it. Unless you had been told, you would no more dream that out yonder amid the pines the flat earth is slashed to its very bowels than you would expect to turn the corner and run into an iceburg on Broadway. With a very ordinary running jump from the spot where you get your first glimpse of the canon you could go down two thousand feet without touching. It is sudden as a well.

But it is no mere cleft or chasm or simple gorge or canon—it contains unnumbered hundreds of these, within its incomprehensible mazes. It is a terrific trough, 6000 to 7000 feet deep, ten to fifteen miles wide, more than three hundred miles long, peopled with hundreds of peaks taller than any mountain east of the Rockies—yet not one of them with its head so high as your foot upon the rim—and all ablaze with such color as no Eastern or European landscape ever knew, even in its alpenglow. It is a condensed river system, with this tremendous mountain system countersunk and imprisoned in its deep-cut channels. If you take a big palmate leaf, and look at its reticulations, taking the midrib for the main channel of the river (much straightened) and the network from it for little streams, each with its tributaries, you begin to get a hint

of the ground-plan; but no hint at all of the cross-erosion of winds and rains and frosts which have carved out from the cliffs along the river and its tributaries vast out-standing and upstanding shapes, like islands in this amethystine gulf of ether, and miles from its growing "shore." And as you sit upon the brink the divine scene-shifters give you a new canon every hour. With each degree of the sun's course the great countersunk mountains we have been watching fade away, and new ones, as terrific, are carved by the westering shadows. It is like a dissection of the whole cosmogony. And the purple shadows, the dazzling lights, the thunderstorms and snow-storms, the clouds and the rainbows that shift and drift in that subterranean arena below your feet! And amid those enchanted towers and castles which the vastness of the scale leads you to call "rocks", but which are in fact as big above the river-bed as the Rockies above Denver, and bigger than Mount Washington from Fabyans or the Glen!

Ten thousand pens have "described at" this indescribable, in vain. It is not I who shall think to tell it. If only I may prick the consciousness of some who are missing this supreme experience, if I may find some comparison or simile which, though inadequate, shall provoke investigation, I shall have done my part. And my superlatives shall not be denied by any idle visitor who condescends for a day to peer over the Grand Canon from the comfortable hotel on its rim. The largest words I know are only knee-high to the fact; and they will be fully indorsed by the greatest artists, poets, and travelers who know the canon.

—"Mesa, Canon and Pueblo."

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Catechists:

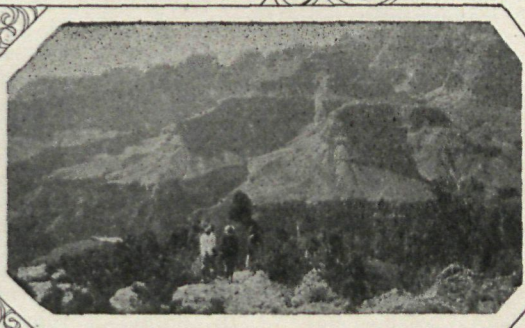
For two reasons I am writing to you. First, I want to tell you that I love your little magazine and all it stands for. I find it inspirational, and from month to month it grows more interesting. If I were young it would not take me long to decide where to direct my steps. When I read the letters from the Catechists giving the accounts of their mission activities, I become enthused and want to do so much, but, I am forced to confine my help mostly to a daily decade of the Rosary for your continued success in reclaiming souls, and for an increase in vocations. I have two daughters

for whom I pray daily that Our Blessed Mother will direct their steps to "Victory-Noll."

My second reason is to inquire where I can send a little ten-year-old girl's First Communion outfit. It is a little late, but you will know where it may still make some little heart happy, and I await a reply.

Pray for my intention. Thanking you, I am,

MRS. J. A. K.



The Grand Canyon of Arizona—God's Masterpiece on Earth

SECOND THE HOLY FATHER'S JUBILEE WISH:—GIVE ALMS TO THE MISSIONS

More About True Devotion



With the announcement in the June issue of *The Missionary Catechist* of the establishment of the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts, by the Society of Missionary Catechists, we expressed the hope that through this Confraternity "True Devotion" to Our Blessed Mother might be propagated among all Catholics of good will.

No one can doubt that today there is a most pressing need for the spread of greater devotion to God's Own Most Dear and Blessed Mother. In the words of that venerable servant of God, Blessed de Montfort, God wishes "that His Holy Mother should now be more known, more loved, more honored, than She has ever been."

Many there are who lament the fact that they have not devotion enough to Mary, and that they do not love Her Divine Son with all the fervor of their hearts. Many, too, there are whose devotion to Our Blessed Mother is of the most perfunctory kind. Now, what is the remedy needed to bring about a greater love of God and a more solid devotion to His Most Holy Mother? The remedy has been indicated by Our Divine Lord Himself and has been made known by His chosen servants, the Saints. It is nothing short of an immense increase of devotion to Our Blessed Mother.

By an immense increase of devotion to Our Blessed Mother we do not mean an increase of the ordinary devotion one may have to God's Holy Mother, but we mean rather that Our Divine Lord is pleading for a greater, a stronger, a higher devotion to His Most Blessed Mother. This is nothing else than the "True Devotion" propagated by Blessed Grignon de Montfort. The practice of the "True Devotion" consists in giving ourselves entirely and perpetually to Jesus through Mary: in acting only in Mary and by Mary in all things, so that in all things we may live only in Jesus and for Jesus.

By virtue of our Baptismal Vows we were consecrated entirely to Jesus Christ. It is the intention of Almighty God that every Christian, from the moment he has the use of reason, should consecrate himself to Him with all the love of his heart, with all the strength of His will, with all the powers of his soul and body, thus confirming the offering made in Baptism. To consecrate oneself to God in this manner is to give Him all the thoughts of our mind all the love of our heart, all the actions of our life in such a way that our minds are occupied only with Him, that our wills are conformed to His Will, and that our hearts are occupied with loving Him only and in loving all persons and things in Him, and for His Sake alone. To consecrate ourselves to God in this manner means to renounce ourselves and all things in order to be led by His Holy Spirit and to be under the dominion of His grace. It means that we give ourselves entirely to God, as—Our Lord and Master—as His servants and slaves, that we no longer belong to ourselves, may no longer have any right over ourselves; that we give up our liberty and our will in order that He may

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

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ACT OF CONSECRATION

My Queen, my Mother, I give myself entirely to Jesus, by delivering and consecrating to Thee my body, my soul, my possessions, both exterior and interior, and even the value of all my good actions, leaving to Thee the entire and full right of disposing of me without exception, according to Thy good pleasure, to the greatest glory of God, in time and eternity. Amen.

dispose of us and direct us in whatever manner He pleases. In a word, it means the complete renunciation of self in order that we may belong entirely to God. This complete renunciation of self and the consecration of ourselves to God implies an act of true love for God since for His Sake and for His love we deliver ourselves up to Divine Grace. In order to follow all its operations we submit ourselves to His Providence; in order to conform ourselves to His appointments, we conform our wills to His Will, that everything which pleases Him may be done in Him and for His Sake alone. Of course, we are not able to make such a complete offering of ourselves without the grace of God, but this grace we may have if we really desire to obtain it.

By the practice of the "True Devotion," in which we consecrate ourselves entirely to Jesus through the Hands of His Holy Mother, we confirm and ratify our Baptismal vows and obligations. We give ourselves entirely to Mary in order to belong entirely to Jesus through Her. By the simple offering of all our thoughts, words and actions to Her, they become pleasing and acceptable in the sight of Her Divine Son, and are therefore all performed in Him and for His Sake alone.

Finally, by this devotion we place the merits of our good works, insofar as they are satisfactory and impetratory, in Her Hands so that She may apply them to whom She pleases, either for the relief of the souls in Purgatory, for the conversion of sinners, or any other good cause. We leave everything to Her, good pleasure Who is the Dispensatrix of God's ordinary graces, fully persuaded that they will be applied to God's greater glory and for the salvation and sanctification of our souls.

It is obvious that remarkable spiritual advantages will accrue to our souls through such a consecration. In the next issue of *The Missionary Catechist* we shall enume-

Brevities

Recently released statistics on the Catholic Church gathered by the Department of Commerce indicate that while there has been an increase in the number of Churches in the State of New Mexico, there has been a noticeable decrease in membership.

A parish Priest in New Mexico finds it hard to minister properly to the spiritual needs of his parishioners. As a common rule, he has no assistants, and must therefore visit all of his Missions in person. At the larger missions, the parishioners hear Mass on an average of once a month; at the smaller missions the parishioners hear Mass only three or four times a year. There are many days in the year when snow and rain make the mountain trails entirely impassable, and the missions cannot be reached at all. Hence it has come about that so many of the people living in this desolate region are Catholic in name only. Under such circumstances, there is bound to be a decay in their Faith. The wonder of it is, not that their Faith is so feeble, but that they have any Faith at all.

The Missionary Catechists are exerting every effort to remedy this condition. They are bringing Christian instruction to thousands of little ones who were hitherto untaught in their Faith. Missionary Bishops and Priests of the Southwest, who see in them the salvation of this scattered and neglected people, are clamoring for their services.

The Rt. Rev. Daniel J. Gerke, Bishop of Tucson, Arizona, is the Ordinary of one of the most unusual Sees in this country. The Diocese of Tucson, with an area of 133,658 square miles, has a Catholic population of 87,000, of whom only 7,000 speak the English language. Seventy thousand of the population are Mexicans and 9,000 Indians.

"Catechists! More Catechists! We could easily use a thousand!" Such is the cry of the Southwest today. But, unanswered must go this cry until vocations to the Society of Missionary Catechists increase. Young women, rise up and answer the Master's Call. God will bless you and the homes from whence you come.

rate some of the rich spiritual fruits that will certainly be ours if we make use of the opportunity to enroll ourselves in this grand Confraternity of Mary and pledge ourselves to practice the highest form of devotion to Her,—the "True Devotion," by which we have the safest, easiest, and most certain means of reaching Jesus. Since Jesus Himself came to us through Mary, it is but fitting that we should go back to Jesus through Mary.

Chicago, Ill.

Rev. dear Father:

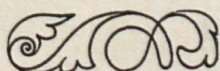
During the month of May I prayed to Our Blessed Lady of Victory that She would get you some help in your work for God's poorest of the poor.

As I am working days this week I cannot get to Holy Mass daily, but I can say my Rosary for you and our Catechists. Next week I will be able to attend Holy Mass and to offer it for you and the Catechists.

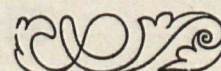
Ever your friend in Jesus and Mary,

J. W.

SECOND THE HOLY FATHER'S JUBILEE WISH:—GIVE ALMS TO THE MISSIONS



Mission Echoes



WHO WILL RESPOND?

NO doubt all the Mission Centers have the same story to tell,—First Communion. Prior to this eventful Morn our days in Gary were hardly long enough, for, besides instructing 979 children during the week, we washed and ironed some fifty white dresses and sewed an equal number of veils! But, since it was a labor of love the tasks which would be next to impossible at ordinary times were accomplished in good season.

That Sunday was a memorable one at Indiana Harbor. Sixty children made their First Communion. The Gary choir sang the Mass with violin and organ accompaniment! Besides, two of the Chicago Associate Catechist of Mary Bands were present. These Bands were particularly interested, for they had answered our appeal for help and sent quite a few First Communion outfits; naturally, they wished to see the results of their labors. Nor were they disappointed, for all the children looked their "very best."

'Tis a tremendous thing to be responsible for the welfare of 10,000 souls: to instruct the children (who are our hope) more thoroughly; to restore to Holy Mother Church many adults who have been led astray; to adjust civil marriages, many of long standing; and lastly, to do all in our power to alleviate bodily sufferings. God bless the good friends who have aided us and may many others also see fit to lend their much-needed assistance in both a spiritual and material way!

MAY A "LITTLE CHILD" LEAD THEM!

Lest our readers and friends forget there are Missionary Catechists at Los Cerrillos. Ours is a tale similar to the ones told by our sister-Catechists in other Missions—ever busy amongst our poor people, ever striving to make them realize the beauty and sublimity of their Holy Faith and to make them practical Catholics. With each new First Communion Class (of which we have had several this year) we pray that the bonds of union between home and Church are being strengthened—that what we cannot do a "little child" can do.

We are trying to impress upon our new Communicants that they must attend Mass regularly and that they should receive Holy Communion frequently. As an instance of this on the Monday after First Communion, both in Cerrillos and Madrid, the children came to Mass and received Our Dear Lord for the second time. Afterwards they were enrolled in Our Lady's Scapular and were given their Remembrance cards. We also encouraged them during Our Blessed Mother's month to attend daily Mass. As special inducements we had the children sing the beautiful Spanish hymns in honor of Our Blessed Mother and arranged it so that the older boys and girls might take turns in leading the Rosary. What Spanish child can long resist when he hears the hymns he loves and will have a chance to be a "leader"? The plan worked admirably for the attendance was most satisfactory. Even many adult hearts were softened for the grown-up attendance at the evening services and Benediction was very good.

Our Missionary Padre now has the privilege of saying three Holy Masses on the first Sunday of the month. Consequently, we are on the "go" that day. Last month (first Sunday) we had 8:00 o'clock Mass



here at Cerrillos, 10:00 o'clock Mass at Madrid, then drove twenty miles to San Pedro where we had 11:30 Mass. At all Masses we had singing. At San Pedro we visited all the homes in the camp. The visits were most gratifying for all the parents manifested much interest in their children's religious training and promised to help in every way possible.

OUT INTO THE "HIGHWAYS AND BY-WAYS."

So many interesting things have happened here at Holman Mission Center as well as in our out-Missions that it is difficult to know where to start.

First and foremost though:—our beautiful new Chapel, our "Cathedral" as we call it, is completed and dedicated,—May 24th, the Feast of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, was dedication day for us. The very first Mass was said for the man who made and donated the very artistic white and gold altar. The next one was for the faithful workers. How generous are our poor! All—men, women, and children without exception, helped in the undertaking, which was by no means small. In spirit we were carried back to a similar scene enacted long ago,—to the days when the natives labored unstintingly in the building of the early

Missions, carrying the material long distances, counting no task too great for the end in view.

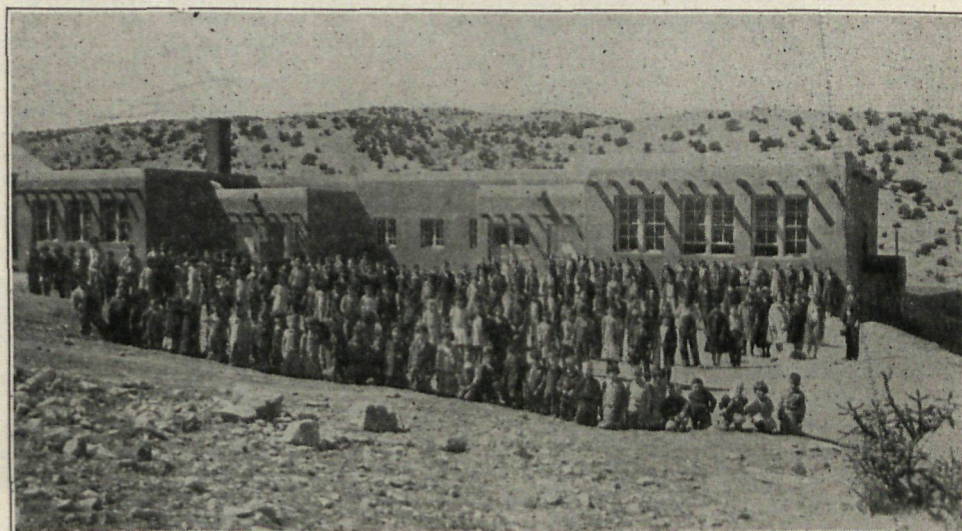
In a number of our out-Missions where we have been giving week-end instructions we have had First Communion Classes.

Lately Father Olier gave a three-day Mission here. Were we busy? Yes, for it was our duty to get everybody to attend, and many cases taxed our powers of persuasion. In one instance we found an old man who was blind and hadn't been to the Sacraments for some time. He was very reluctant about coming to the Mission; finally, we discovered that his shoes were worn out and he was ashamed. Well, we promised to supply the shoes by the following morning. Thanks to Jesus and Mary, amongst the articles received from our friends there was a pair of new shoes which fit the old man perfectly. Thus we succeeded in getting him to Confession and Holy Communion. And so on went the excuses. Just the same, by going out into the "highways and by-ways" we managed to have a well-attended Mission.

One morning during the Mission we took the invalids to Mass. Our readers will surely remember Carmelita, the twenty-year-old girl who has paralysis—the one we mentioned at Christmas-time. We called at her home with our car and took her to church. Some men carried her in a chair from the car to the church; it was a little difficult moving her, poor child, but she was delighted and now has something to occupy her thoughts. She also had breakfast with our twenty-five Hijos de Maria (Children of Mary).

High Mass closed the Mission with the children singing the Angel's Mass for the first time. They sang fine, even though they labored under difficulties, for they had to memorize the words.

When you are helping the Catechists you are really bringing happiness of soul and body to the neglected little ones under their care in the Missions, and the candle of your own life will shine brighter throughout every day of the year because of it.



SECOND THE HOLY FATHER'S JUBILEE WISH:—GIVE ALMS TO THE MISSIONS

The Associate Catechists of Mary

"LISTENING IN" ON BAND ACTIVITIES

The Crystal Ball Room of the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago, was the scene of the wonderful dance sponsored by ST. GEORGE, AVE MARIA, ST. JOSEPH, and CATHERINE TEGEWITHA Associate Catechists of Mary clubs. Great assistance was also given by OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL Club.

St. George's Club with its president, Miss Gertrude Vaughn, composed the committee which directly sponsored this dance; their success as hostesses was loudly proclaimed by the five hundred persons attending. All Committee members as well as the other Club members wore the Club emblem—our A. C. M. pin.

Mr. Joe Rudolph and Benson's celebrated Orchestra furnished the music for this delightful entertainment. When the dance was at its height the cornet soloist sounded "Attention"; during the interval that followed a very inspiring and spirited talk was given on the activities, both spiritual and corporal, of the Missionary Catechists in the Southwest. On departing every guest highly praised the success of this enjoyable evening and promising the members of the various Clubs that the next time they entertained they would surely "be there".

Mr. Aloysius Mann, a faithful supporter of the Catechists' cause, deserves special mention for his share in making this dance a success.

Not only did 500 people have an enjoyable entertainment, but they also assisted very much financially towards the support of the Catechist whom these Clubs have adopted. Thus, by aiding a Catechist these Clubs are indirectly following the Good Shepherd's injunction to care for the little ones of the flock and are meriting for themselves the recompense promised for so doing.

Our old Bands are quite familiar with the needs of our mission centers and are aiding the Catechists in every way; but for the benefit of the many new Bands organized lately, as well as for those members of the Home Band who are not well acquainted with our mission needs we are listing the following

"MISSION NEEDS"

CASH DONATIONS to help pay bills and meet expenses, toward the support of the Catechists and for the needs of the poor under their care. Every donation, no matter how small, is always of greater help than the sender can realize.

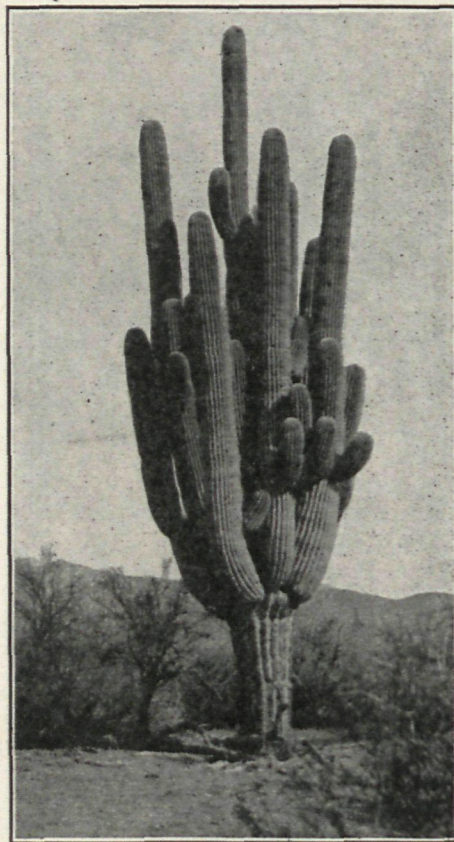
CLOTHING: All kinds, both old and new, for children and adults. Gingham dresses and aprons are always a help. First Communion outfits for both boys and girls. Shoes are always in demand.

MEDICINE: Simple home remedies such as cough medicine, borax, glycerine, salves and bandages. Also soap, etc.

HANDWORK MATERIAL: Crepe paper, flower wire, paste, thread, crayons, colored paper and cardboard, etc.

CHAPEL SUPPLIES: Such as vestments, vases, candles, etc.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS: All Missions need blan-



Arizona's Giant Cactus Tree

SERIOUSLY INJURED IN ACCIDENT

We earnestly beg all members of the Associate Catechists of Mary to pray for Mrs. Catherine Service, chief promoter of Chicago Bands, who was recently seriously injured in an accident.

Mrs. Service was made very happy when the Promoters of all the A. C. M. under her supervisor visited her in the hospital and pledged themselves to continue and even to extend the scope of their activities during the period of her illness, which we hope will be of short duration.

CELEBRATED 60TH ANNIVERSARY

All A. C. M. Bands, but the Ft. Wayne Band in particular, will be glad to learn that this year the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John H. Oechtering is celebrating the 60th Anniversary of his Ordination. Msgr. Oechtering, although at present in Riesenbeck, Westphalen, Germany, was formerly of Ft. Wayne, Ind.; it was through his untiring efforts that the flourishing Ft. Wayne Bands came into existence.

kets, spreads, groceries, and canned goods. (These are things that are always gratefully received in all Mission Centers. Other needs are more local and vary according to the supply the Catechists have on hand.)

It is no unusual thing for visitors at Victory-Noll to inquire how the Catechists are supported. The answer is always the same: through the contributions of generous, practical Catholics who realize the duty incumbent upon them of preserving and propagating the Faith.

Ours is not a local endeavor in the sense that its responsibility rests with any given district. It is a national problem. The consciousness of the American people must be aroused to the realization that in the remote and often hidden towns and villages of the Southwest deserts and mountains lies a vast mission district that must be cared for. It is their duty, it is their privilege, to participate in the missionary and social work which must be done in this region.

To carry our plans into action require money, and plenty of it. Our field is immense: our vision wide. To the Catholics of a nation we appeal for support. Before us we see the wealth of a nation flowing from every home into the great melting pot of commerce and pleasure. Yet that which flows into the Charities of the Nation purchases 100 per cent interest-bearing securities. As a people, we are said to be generous.

It ought not be necessary to urge our cause. It should not be necessary to beg for the support of our Missionary Catechists. In giving themselves, they give all. They have no more to give. All their talents, their abilities, their strength, are dedicated to the Master of the vineyard, and to His work. If they give so abundantly, why should not others at least give as freely of their prayers and money?

What better cause could they serve than the cause of Him Who said: "Inasmuch as you have done it to the least of my little ones, you have done it to Me"?

Every penny contributed toward the support of a Missionary Catechist will help her feed, clothe, nurse and instruct the poor people committed to her care.

Waupun, Wis.

Dear Father Sigstein:

In my humble opinion you are doing the greatest good for the Catholic Church in America. Consequently, I am herewith enclosing my renewal to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST and only regret that it can't be made a Life subscription.

With best wishes for your noble work, I am,

Yours sincerely,

D. G.



An Arizona Sunset

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

SECOND THE HOLY FATHER'S JUBILEE WISH:—GIVE ALMS TO THE MISSIONS



Mary's Little Helpers



DEAR Little Helpers:—
Now that you are in the midst of your vacation many of you will not be able to attend regular meetings as you will be absent on summer visits. Now I am wondering how many of Mary's Little Helpers who are not home for the summer are trying just as hard to help the Catechists? The Bands who are still able to have meetings during the summer, I am sure, will accomplish perhaps more than during the rest of the year as they will have more time. And the other members can help the Catechists as much during their vacation as during the school year:—maybe, even more so. You will ask me how? Well, there are several ways. One of the best is to tell all whom you meet during the summer about the work the Catechists are doing and get them so interested that they will want to help too. If you have THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST, give it to them and ask them to give you fifty cents for a year's subscription. Perhaps you can interest enough to form a new Band. Wouldn't you feel like you had done something worth while if you could do this?

Of course, some may not be interested or care to hear about the poor in the missions, but, I am sure, that many will be glad to know about these poor little children. By speaking of the Catechists you may even meet another little boy or girl who is also one of Mary's Little Helpers and then you can work together.

Another way of aiding the Catechists is to make little things for them that can be given to the children to make them happier. Often you will feel that it is too warm to play outside in the hot sun, and you will wish you had something to do. (Now, haven't you already wanted to know what you could do to pass away the time and amuse yourself?) I am sure that you can find some holy pictures and cards and also some colored paper or card-board. Take the pictures and mount them on the colored paper. These can be made in various shapes and ways. Besides mounting pictures there are many other things that you will think of making after you have started your work, one else to enjoy. The children in the missions. Perhaps you have some books that you have already read and would like some one else to enjoy. The children in the missions who have learned to read, have few

books. They would enjoy reading Father Finn's and other equally good juveniles as much as you. When you have several things ready to send to the Catechists, you will be able to spend a very happy day packing a box and mailing it to the missions. Ask some of your little friends to join you and bring over their old books, etc. You can send some old clothing to the missions too.

Now comes another suggestion, for the month of July. You all know that this is the month dedicated to the Precious Blood and that the last drops of our dear Saviour's blood was shed on the Cross for us. This great sacrifice of Jesus takes place every day on our altars when the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated. Go to Mass every day if it is possible during the week,—it will not be very hard as you will not have to go to school after Mass. As the Mass is the unbloody sacrifice of the Cross you should attend Mass a little oftener during this month to prove to our Dear Savior that you are indeed grateful to Him for having redeemed you at so great a price. When the chalice is raised during the elevation, say a little prayer of love and beg our Heavenly Father through the Precious Blood of Jesus to convert all sinners and to cleanse the world from its sin.

You will find, dear Little Helpers, that by doing these things or something similar for others during your vacation, that you will be much happier and contented, and, when school begins, you will then have accomplished something that is most pleasing to Jesus and Mary.

CATECHIST SUPERVISOR,
Mary's Little Helpers,

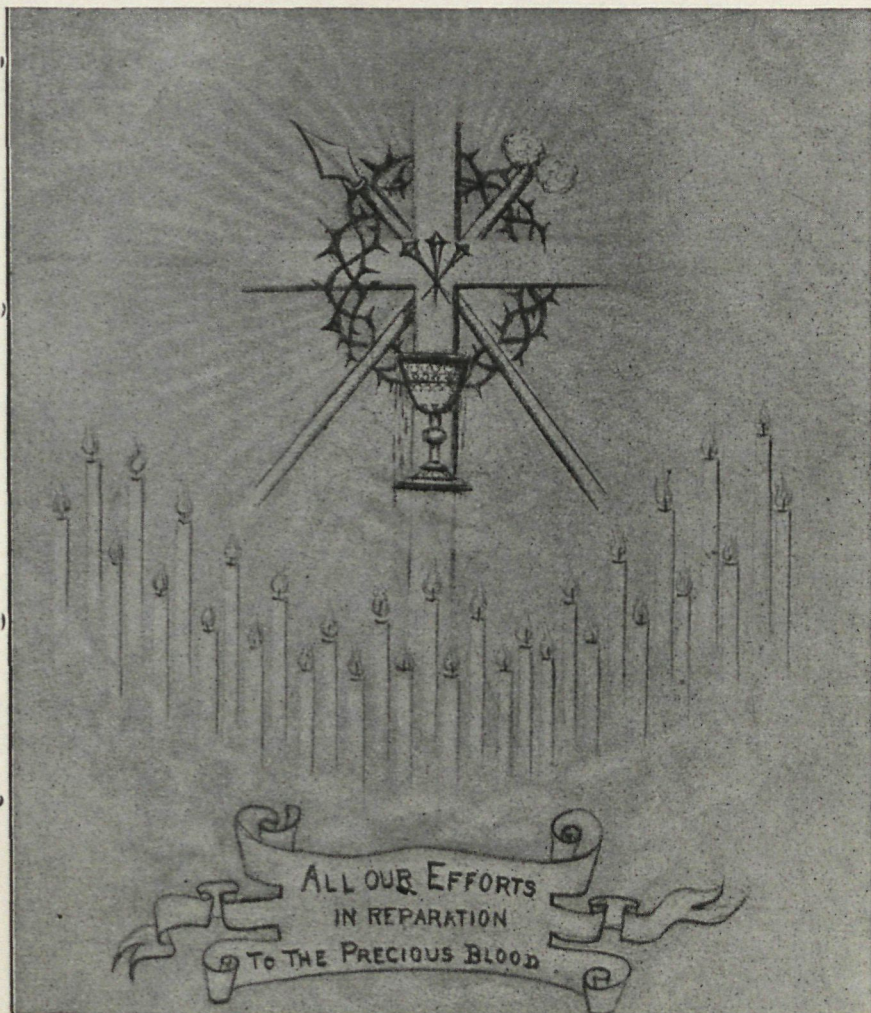


Please ship all items intended for the needy missions direct to our mission centers. Address:

"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.



Precious Blood of my Jesus, I adore Thee from the depths of my heart; I ardently invoke Thee, for Thou art my salvation, and by Thee I hope to obtain the joys of Paradise.

SECOND THE HOLY FATHER'S JUBILEE WISH:—GIVE ALMS TO THE MISSIONS

By Proxy

Judge Wadsworth was a testy old man. "It was written all over his map," so the younger members of the bar laughingly said whenever there was a question of trying a case before him. Not that he was ever unjust or hasty in his decisions: fair always, his decisions were seldom reversed. But there was that testiness in his character that tempted one to walk around the block rather than meet him. Strange, come to analyze it, for, as a rule, when you did meet up with him, the Judge was friendly enough. Still, all in all, he impressed one as a testy old man one would rather avoid than meet.

Somehow he always interested me. I wanted to know more of his family relations. To rise in the legal profession requires, unless one have influential friends, steady application to one's practice. So, for the first four or five years after my name was printed on the door, I had little opportunity for indulging my natural inclination to "talk and drink tea."

Then one afternoon I chanced to meet Rita Collins, one of our happy school-day trio. Meeting her brought about a renewal of social life for me: Rita simply would not listen to any excuses of business. And, to be quite frank, I was really thankful. I was beginning to feel as dusty as the dusty old legal books I handled through the day. If a few frills weren't introduced pretty soon, I had just about decided, there'd never be any use for them.

Charming as ever, Rita's circle of friends was a large one, and it wasn't long before I felt more like a bud than a staid daughter of the bar.

About a month later I met the Judge's wife. For some reason or other we were mutually attracted to each other and within a short time were the truest of friends. Soon I met the other members of the family. There was a son, George, and a daughter, Dorothy May. Because she wished it I took Dorothy May under my wing. It wasn't a hard thing to do, for Dorothy, then about nineteen years old, was a little bit of fluffiness. She was sensible, I soon found that out, and sympathetic too, but, for the most part, these qualities were hidden under mountains of mischievous laughter and stacks of pep.

One afternoon I chanced to be passing St. Peter's just as Dorothy May came out. Of course I stopped to pick her up. We drove on in silence for a little bit, then Dorothy May looked up.

"Are you in a hurry, Miss Lucille?"

"No, indeed; do you want me to take you some place?"

"Not exactly, but I want to talk to some one so badly."

"Well, well, if that's the case we'll just keep on driving until you are talked out," I said, thinking it was just another of her little affairs that needed airing.

Well, it wasn't. The child was in a very serious mood, I soon found that out, for the "talking" she wanted to do was of her life's task. I didn't interrupt, and for a long while she talked on—in a very serious way. The sum and substance of it all was that she wished to consecrate her life to the service of religion.

With a little questioning I satisfied myself that she was really in earnest, and advised her to speak to her mother just as she had spoken to me. Knowing Mrs. Wadsworth as I did, I felt confident she would not oppose her daughter's vocation. But the Judge? That was another question, and I didn't feel at all capable of judging just how he would take it.

Therein lay the surprise. The next time I called at their home I found the Judge more jovial than I had ever seen him. He was actually pleased to think that a child of his wished to consecrate her life to the service of the Church!

About three months later Dorothy May left for Victory-Noll.

Not long ago the Judge and Mrs. Wadsworth visited her. I accompanied them. There we saw the religious profession of Dorothy May, now Catechist Wadsworth. To see her was to know that she was happy in her vocation—and to inspire one with the desire to help.

Fact is, if circumstances were just a little different, and I was just a little younger, I would file an application for entrance myself! As it is, if my income tax report shows the increase it should next year, I'll have a proxy in the Southwest Missions. Nothing like helping someone else do the thing you'd like to do yourself—and can't!

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As my initial offering towards this work, I enclose - - - - - \$

I also promise to pay a total of \$

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SECOND THE HOLY FATHER'S JUBILEE WISH:—GIVE ALMS TO THE MISSIONS