

Aug 1931

The Missionary Catechist



Cathedral of Chihuahua, Mexico

How A Little Factory Girl Followed

Her Vocation

CATECHIST D. SCHNEIDER

To those who doubt whether holiness is within their reach, the life of Margaret Sinclair, the saintly "White Violet of Edinburgh," comes as proof that the path of virtue is still open to every soul who faithfully responds to grace.

As a child Margaret had no intention of entering a convent. To one of her companions she once laughingly said: "I could never enter a convent; I couldn't get up early enough in the morning". Still, she always admired the religious life, often sweetly saying that the beauty of nuns' souls shone in their eyes.

It is difficult to know just when she began seriously to consider a religious vocation. One day, however, she said to her sister, "Bella, I should like to enter a convent. I have seen something of life in the world, and though I have enjoyed it, I do not think it is meant for me."

The following autumn Margaret and her sister made a retreat. Speaking of this later Bella said: "Margaret made it very earnestly, refusing to break the rule of silence even to greet old friends whom she had not seen for some time. The close of every sermon found her in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament".

Undoubtedly it was there, during those silent hours of prayer, that Jesus spoke softly to her heart and invited her to follow Him.



Not long after Margaret told her sister that she had spoken to her confessor of her desire to become a Poor Clare. Often at the close of day the two sisters prayed and spoke of their vocations in life. Later Bella could say: "It was Margaret who saved my vocation. I told her that my confessor had spoken to me twice about it and that I did not intend to return to him. Margaret counselled against this, explaining that it was a serious thing to refuse such a grace from God!

Her vocation clear, Margaret sought to enter the Poor Clare Convent. In 1925 she made her profession at the Convent at Notting Hill in England.

Margaret Sinclair, now Sister Mary Francis of the Five Wounds had joyfully embraced the Cross: she had made her first great sacrifice. It but remained for her to consummate it by that perfect resignation during the agonizing months of suffering that followed so closely her religious profession, which won for her such great sanctity.

Today that sanctity, blessed of God, is lending light to others and leading them along the pathway of love and devotion that ends in perfect self-renunciation for love of Jesus and Mary and the salvation of souls.

To you who waver and doubt, may her life bring determination to follow your vocation!

The Missionary Catechist

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Arizona, --- A Mission Land

Catechist Cordelia Bahl

THE Unknown! What a world of fascination this little term conjures up. It fires our imagination, arouses our curiosity and spurs us on to noble deeds. The unknown is all around and about us. It is the captivating charm of those we meet. It is the continual attraction of our daily contacts and associations.

In the ordinary sense, however, it is our lack of knowledge regarding the life, the trials and the problems of others that makes it possible for us tranquilly to enjoy living in spite of the suffering endured by our fellow men. As Catholics, we are not really indifferent to the spiritual welfare of others. But we take our Religion, our Priests, Nuns and all our spiritual advantages for granted. We seldom pause to reflect and appreciate. As a consequence, it does not occur to us that thousands of souls are starving while we revel in the lavish treasures of Holy Mother the Church. No, we do not mean to be selfish or indifferent. We are simply unaware of the true state of affairs.

This is especially true of our relation to Catholics living in the still very much "unknown" Southwest. We take it for granted that natives of heathen lands are in need of conversion and religious instruction. They must have Priests and Sisters and funds to carry on. That has become an accepted thing. But that the poor of our own Southwest should be in dire need of these same blessings is difficult for the average American Catholic to believe. Yet those who are familiar with the religious problem of the Southwest know this to be a fact. Through the MISSIONARY CATECHIST you have had glimpses of the actual condition of the poor Spanish and Mexican people of California, New Mexico and Texas



THE MADONNA OF THE TRAIL
A fitting monument at the gates of Springerville, Arizona.

where the Catechists are successfully laboring. But spiritual poverty is by no means limited to these states of the Southwest.

Arizona, for example, has ever been a rich harvest field into which the Catechists desired to venture. Arizona, a

Mission land? Arizona whose painted deserts, giant cactus, gorgeous sunsets and rocky wonders have long been a theme for story and song, is, indeed, a mission land because it has been impossible to give the greatest of all wonders, the human soul, due attention. Nor is this the fault of Church or Priests. In the large cities and in certain sections of this state, zealous Priests and Sisters are instructing young and old and accomplishing wonderful things for Church and State. But there are the vast mission districts in the Great American Desert where heroic missionary Priests are fighting single-handed, under manifold obstacles, to save the faith of the Mexican Catholics living in widely separated settlements.

Father Beaton of St. Johns, Arizona, in a letter imploring the Catechists to assist him by instructing the children, gives a brief description of existing conditions in his missions:

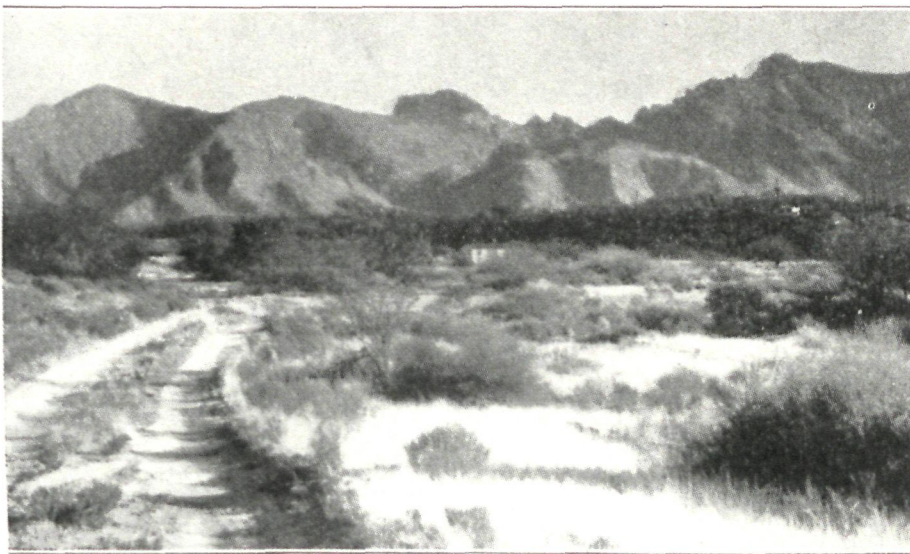
"... Almost all the Catholics in my missions are of Spanish and Mexican descent. Distance and other factors make extensive catechizing by the missionary Priest out of the question. This, coupled with the fact that our school teachers are either non-Catholic or indifferent ones, has had its evil effect upon the growing generation.

"Concho, one of my missions, is a town of about 600 people. They are all Catholic except the school teachers. Two miles out of Concho is a one-room school attended by Mexican Catholics with the exception of two or three children. The school teacher there is also non-Catholic.

"El Tule is a rural district with one teacher. All the children are Mexican Catholic. The teacher is a Mormon. Salado is another rural district with two teachers employed. Both are Mormons.

"Springerville is a large town located in the White Mountains. It has a mixed population of American Protestants, Mormons and Mexican Catholics. There are about 100 Catholic children of school age. Near Springerville are several summer resorts in one of which Protestants are building a training school for Sunday school teachers.

(Continued on p. 5)



IN THE MISSION LAND OF ARIZONA

YOU ARE A "GOOD" MISSIONARY IF YOU ARE A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER TO T. M. C.

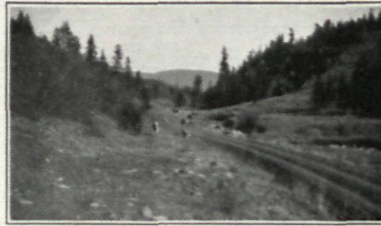
The Shepherd of Valmora

Fray Angelico Chavez

VALMORA is a lonely place! Don Sacramento Ribera owned Valmora years before the railroad came through the little canon. Where the present health resort, or its whereabouts, stood the colonial "hacienda" of the wealthy Don, in his day the biggest sheepman in the north country. Here he lived with his wife and his charming daughter, Lola. The fertile land within the canyon, covered with swards of grass and groves of cottonwoods, and extending from the ranch house all the way up to the present railway station of Shoemaker, was but a corner of Don Sacramento's domain. The greater part of his lands lay towards the west and northwest over the wall of giant rocks behind the homestead. One had only to climb to the top of the big brown boulders, and a vast expanse of prairie would meet one's gaze. This was the sheep pasture, and it spread far beyond the canyon del Perro, or Dog Creek, and almost to the foothills of the distant blue Gallinas, now called "Turkey Mountains."

With so much grazing land, Don Sacramento could well afford to have many sheep,—and he had them. And with so many sheep, he needed many herders and ranch hands. These he had also; and their number, counting their wives and children was large enough to start a village. They were, however, spread all over the big "rancho", the shepherds roaming with their flocks upon the plains, the farm hands dwelling along the fertile canyon, and the more domestic servants in and around the grand "hacienda". The place became a village, indeed, when some sort of celebration happened to bring all these people together from the country round, in order to celebrate with their master. Don Sacramento always had his hands full, but he felt like a king. He enjoyed it all, but so did every one of his subjects.

The best known among the shepherds, perhaps on the whole ranch, was Alejandro. He was the Shepherd of Valmora. Of middle height and middle age, with his black locks falling over a thick sheepskin jacket that made him appear somewhat round-



shouldered, Alejandro did not make an imposing figure at all. He looked like any other of his fellow sheep-tenders. Alejandro was, however, as everybody called him, an "inocente". That is, he was simple-minded; his mentality was that of an ordinary child:—he was born that way. Perhaps this made a difference. To Don Sacramento Ribera, this did make a difference, or else he would not have placed so much confidence and lavished so much affection upon simple Alejandro. The Senora Ribera, too, treated him like a son; and Lola, the good and beautiful daughter of the wealthy sheepman, welcomed him affectionately whenever he came to the "hacienda". These three kind hearts could not help but shed their affections abundantly upon so good and helpless a soul. To them he was indeed a child deserving of their sympathy and love.

The shepherds loved him, too, but, with the true characteristics of the unlettered and the unrefined, they made him the butt of many a practical joke. Of course, they meant nothing wrong. A joke of long standing was that Alejandro was going to marry Lola, their master's daughter. In his simplicity Alejandro used to drink in the manufactured love-messages that his companions brought him, and it did not take long

for the "inocente" to become deeply enamoured of the girl. Still, much though he prized his Lola, his dream-bride, the shepherd had a great love for his sheep.

Alejandro knew his sheep, and his sheep knew him. He talked to them, people said. They were the healthiest and most fruitful of all the flock. It was his God-given guilelessness and gentleness that made him that way. The people took it in that light; for did not the Padre, when he visited the ranch, often say, "For of such is the Kingdom of God?" No wonder, then, that Alejandro was different in the eyes of Don Sacramento.

Another cause for the simple herder's popularity was his gift of song. Alejandro could improvise verses at any time, rendering them in the plain ballad rhythms that his fellows knew so well, and loved. These he accompanied to the sobbing of his violin, a weathered instrument which he held on his knee while playing, after the manner of holding a bass viol or cello. He was no virtuoso, strictly speaking, but his music, at times even weirdly discordant, fitted to his words with a subtle charm akin to magic, mystic creations of a mind which, undeveloped though it was in most things, could interpret those minor incidents of life and nature that escape the observation of most people.

Alejandro's songs Padre Renaud looked forward to whenever he planned a pastoral visit to the Ribera ranch. Father Paul Renaud could get more pleasure out of the ignorant minstrel's verses than any other man. For him they were a veritable flow of soul, because the Padre was an intellectual, a person of class and refinement, a poet at heart, one of those heroic souls who, prompted by higher whisperings and ambitions, severe all beloved ties and spurn all earthly hopes and honors, in order to devote themselves to God's poor and needy. At least, that was the way Father Paul felt when he left France for "savage" America.

Though his people still lived in the picturesque Dordogne, Paul had become used to the noises and busy life of Bordeaux, (Continued on page 10)



HIS "THANK YOU"

We had just returned after a strenuous day's work when a knock sounded at the front door. Thinking it was an urgent sick call, I dressed hurriedly and hastened to answer the summons. I opened the door and there stood seven-year-old Miguel. His black curls formed a dark halo about his innocent face. His chest and shoulders gleamed through a ragged, grey shirt. One dirty, bare foot was curled around the ankle of the other.

"What is it, Miguel?" I asked. "Is your mother worse?"

"No, Catechist. She's better. An' I thought maybe you would give Our Lady of Guadalupe these as a 'thank you.' They ain't so nice but they is the best I could git. I asked the man at the flower house if he would give them to me for ketchin' his dog."

I swallowed a big lump as I took the few withering snap-dragons from the small, brown hand and promised to carry out his wishes. Miguel and his sick mother are facing starvation but they will not cease to give thanks to Our Blessed Mother for every little favor received.

Catechist Mary Whitfield, Gary, Ind.

Arizona, a Mission Land

(Continued from p. 1)

"You can get a fair idea of the number of children at St. John's from the fact that there are five school teachers employed in the grades, besides a home economics and manual training teacher. Of those seven, only one is a practical Catholic."

Multiply the situation in Father Beaton's missions by a hundred or more and you will have some idea of the necessity of missionary work in Arizona. Priests, realizing that our Catechists are truly the solution to this religious problem, persistently appeal for their consecrated service. Is it any wonder, then, that we who have the welfare of poor souls so much at heart, continually seek your aid and co-operation in extending our work in the mission fields of the Southwest?

MEDICAL MISSIONS

The Catholic Medical Mission Board collects and ships to needy missions, both in this country and abroad, quantities of medicines, instruments, bandages and dressings to enable the missionaries to take care of the destitute and suffering.

Last year the Board sent over twenty thousand pounds of such supplies to two hundred mission stations all over the world.

Individuals and groups of people are asked to make bandages and dressings and to collect medicines and supplies. This is very interesting work for Catholic societies to undertake.

Full information and directions for the work will be given to all those who write to Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J., Director of the Catholic Medical Mission

"How far that little candle throws its beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world."—Shakespeare.

Dear Father:

As I read THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST I am thrilled at the splendid opportunity in the teaching and social service fields offered by the Society of Missionary Catechists to intelligent young girls of today who have a desire to consecrate their labors in a heroic way. The work of your Society, so practical and yet so spiritual, should appeal to modern youth with its active tendency to explore new fields and its democratic urge to relieve the oppressed of all races.

Very respectfully yours,
M. E. H.

Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

RELIGION TEACHING PLANS

By Sister M. Inez, O. S. F.; Benzinger Bros.; \$2.00.

Sister M. Inez has torn a page from the book of modern pedagogics and inserted it into the Catechism. The plans she proposes are to remove the drudgery of memorizing questions and answers. Everything that tends to make the study of religion more inviting it to be welcomed. In her suggestions she carefully separates the grades.

Consistently evolved and persistently applied throughout a course of religious instruction this method will make great demands on the labor and ingenuity of the teacher. The results, however, will, no doubt, prove most gratifying.

MISSIONARY CATECHISTS TO WORK IN DIOCESE

Father J. J. Sigstein, founder and director of the Missionary Catechists of Our Lady of Victory, was the guest of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gercke of Tucson recently. The Missionary Catechists are now established in the Dioceses of Fort Wayne, Santa Fe, Los Angeles-San Diego and Monterey-Fresno. Father Sigstein, with the Rt. Rev. Bishop's approval, hopes to establish a community of Catechists in the Diocese of Tucson. The first foundation will very likely be made in the northern part of the Diocese along the main line of the Santa Fe. In this manner the new house will be within easy reach of the large center and Catechist Training Institute at Las Vegas, N. M.—The Arizona Register.

Alphonsus is a forlorn looking waif,—forlorn except for the smile that always brightens his thin face. He knows how to find the bright side of things. This is what he told us the other day: "No, I don't find much to eat. But I ain't particular 'bout gettin' three meals a day. I eats at twelve o'clock and at nine in the night. Hunger ain't so bad, then, if I drinks a lot of water in between!"



Catechism of the True Devotion to Mary

By Rev. M. M. Ronden, S. M. M.

(Messager de Marie Reine Des Coeurs.)

How was the dignity of God bestowed upon Mary?

God the Father, Himself, chose Mary from all eternity to become the Virginal Mother of His Only Son, with Whom She was to share in the work of the redemption and sanctification of mankind.

Did God prepare Mary in a special manner for this particular dignity?

Yes, by a special privilege which He granted to no other human being, in view of the future merits of Jesus Christ, Mary was conceived without the stain of original sin. In consequence of this privilege, Mary never committed any sin, nor did She ever feel the least inclined to commit sin. She received from God the fullest measure of graces, gifts and virtues, and by reason of this "fulness of grace," and other supernatural gifts, She became the noblest and holiest of God's creatures.

Is not, then, Mary the most perfect of God's creatures?

Yes, for, after the Sacred Humanity of Jesus, Her Divine Son, She is the most perfect of God's creatures in the order of nature, grace and glory.

(Continued next month)

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

Editor
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You Are the "Best" of Missionaries If You Make a Practice of Getting New Subscribers



A TRAGEDY OF LIFE

Urged by a desire for better things, Jose left his parents, brothers and sisters and landed on a cotton ranch some 40 miles from Lubbock. Unfortunately his circumstances were not improved by a change of place. Yet he was not discouraged. He was young and ambitious, —and he was in love. Someday, somehow, if he worked and prayed and searched diligently enough, he would make his fortune. Even among the Americans, among the many who hated the Mexicans, there must be a chance for making good if one really tried.

The ranch on which Jose secured employment was like most of the cotton ranches in Texas. Living conditions were terrible and wages low. Jose was forced to live in a small, dirty shack with seven others. Often he preferred to sleep under the open sky rather than crowd into this one room.

Then one morning, Jose found himself so ill that he could scarcely arise. He had a determined will, however, and he knew that unless he worked he would lose his job. He could not expect mercy. Besides, he had a sense of duty and he knew the work entrusted to him had to be done. For days he dragged himself about until at last he fell fainting in the field. The hearts of the Mexicans are exceedingly tender. A friend in need is to them the suffering Christ pleading for succor. Word was sent to his mother but as news travels by word of mouth

Induce your friends to subscribe to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. You will then make it possible for our little magazine to continue its work for the Church and Country. Subscription rates are: \$0.50 for one year; \$10.00 for life. Life subscriptions are payable in installments of 1.00.

From one ranch to another, she could not be expected within less than a week. Everyone was anxious to do something, but what could they do? Finally an old man came with a bit of saving council. "The Madrecitas at Lubbock, they love us. They are always ready to help. Take him there." That evening after returning from the fields, two men put him in the back seat of a rickety, old Ford and set out for town. They were obliged to drive slowly; the Madrecitas were already saying their night prayers when they reached the Mission Center.

WE had to find a place for poor Jose, and that at once. Don Fernando, a loyal friend, owned several small shacks which were vacant during the summer but which he rented for the winter months to Mexicans coming in from the ranches. Don Fernando managed to keep these buildings scrupulously clean so I did not hesitate to call him and secure his permission for the use of one as a temporary hospital. He was flattered at the request and was all sympathy with the patient. He would send his daughter to get the bed and other things ready.

Our next move was to call the young American doctor, another staunch friend, who came with all possible haste.

Jose was suffering with typhoid and there was little hope for his recovery. The day after he was brought to us, his mother and sister came to care for him. Everything that love and devotion and medical skill could do was done but Jose grew steadily worse. Word was sent to his father and in return came the news that he, and the younger children with

IN THE HOME FIELD



Over the hills and through the woods to the out-Missions we go.

him, were forced to leave and go in search of work elsewhere. Their former employer had secured cheaper labor and they were told to go! No one knew where the father was now employed—if he had a job at all, which was doubtful.

For the first time I realized at what a great cost these poor, tender-hearted people are forced to live such a nomadic life. Here was a loving family reduced to the extreme of poverty since migrating to the U. S. The daughter, and mother with her dying son were separated from the rest of the family, who would not hear about the death of their loved one until he had long been consigned to the grave and they met again in the winter at their home in San Antonio. Can you picture that family reunion? And the little sweetheart, somewhere, awaiting his triumphant return,—what of her?

But to return to my story! Jose was dying. Though we could not save his life, we thanked Jesus and Mary for sending him to us, thus giving the poor lad the opportunity of receiving the last Sacraments.

Jose was a hero to the end. He faced death bravely as he had faced life. Only once did he utter even a semblance of a complaint and that was when he spoke of his sweetheart a few minutes before expiring: "Tell Rosalia—that I am still loving her—That I would have come back and made our dreams come true, only—only I never really had a fair chance." —Catechist Margaret Campbell



Junior Holy Name Boys—Lubbock, Texas

KEEP THE CATECHISTS AT WORK IN OUR HOME MISSION FIELD

Contribute toward the support of a Catechist and thus make it possible for her to save the souls of the poor little children so dear to Our Dear Lord and His Blessed Mother. \$25.00 supports a Catechist in the field for one month. \$1.00 supports a Catechist for one day.



JESUS' LITTLE BOY

Many of our First Communicants at Cerrillos, N. M., are faithful in coming to Mass and receiving Holy Communion daily. After Mass one day, some one asked little Pablo whose boy he was. He very promptly answered: "I am Jesus' little boy!"

Catechist Rose Kaiser.

A CULINARY TREAT

It would be difficult to judge which class displays greater interest and enthusiasm, the womens' or the girls' domestic science class.

The first time the women made mashed potatoes and creamed carrots they could hardly wait until they got home to try these dishes on their own families. Most of them had never eaten potatoes prepared in this way,—and carrots prepared in anyway!

Our girls and women are eager to learn and, like children playing a new game, they set about joyfully putting into practice the simple things they are taught. Their extreme poverty and the unsanitary conditions under which our poor in Gary, Indiana, are forced to live, however, make it difficult for us to make practical even the rudimentary principles of good living.

—Catechist Gertrude Zenner

Maria: Catechist, is it a sin to forget a sin on purpose when you go to confession?

Cassian was really a good little boy. He loudly proclaimed that he would never do anything to further what he knew to be the work of the devil. But one day, Cassian refused to study his Catechism. He didn't feel like working, that was all there was to it! His mother admonished him, saying: "That is the devil telling you not to study."

But Cassian rejoined: "No, it isn't the devil. I'm telling myself not to do it." Then to further convince himself, he added: "I'm talking to myself in Spanish, so the devil has nothing to do with it. He can't understand Spanish!"

Please ship all items intended for the needy missions direct to our mission centers. Address: "Society of Missionary Catechists" at:

- 1 Anton Chico, New Mexico.
- 2 Chaperito, New Mexico.
- 3 Dos Palos, California.
- 4 Grants, New Mexico.
- 5 620 W. Fifteenth St., Gary, Indiana.
- 6 Holman, New Mexico.
- 7 3868 Block Avenue, East Chicago.
- 8 Box 30, Montezuma Route, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- 9 Lubbock, New Mexico.
- 10 Cerrillos, New Mexico.
- 11 Santa Rosa, New Mexico.
- 12 Catechist Blanche Richardson, Supervisor of Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- 13 Calipatria, California, Box 533.
- 14 Santa Paula, California, 222 8th St. Express and freight shipments for Holman, Anton Chico and Chaperito are sent via Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Vincentes: Catechist, do people receive grace when they get married?

Catechist: Yes.

Tomas (interrupting): But many of them lose it afterwards!—don't they?



Some of the women who are anxious to learn how to cook and to sew—Gary, Ind.

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS WORK FOR OUR MISSIONS

My dear Catechist Richardson:

..... There is something that impresses me as truly admirable in the courage you Missionary Catechists must possess, to be able to make such sacrifices as even daily Holy Mass and Communion, in the mission places where you are pioneering for the priests. But of course Our Dear Lord has many ways of bestowing His greatest graces, and I am sure you are by no means the losers. But it will be an added incentive to me at least, to ask our dear heavenly Mother, whom I have entrusted with the disposal of all my graces and merits by De Montfort's Consecration,—to make a visitation trip to all your little mission centers every morning and to bear our dear Lord to you and all your Catechists from my Holy Masses and Communion, for the conversion and salvation of the souls you are trying to win for Christ, and for grace and courage for yourselves to carry on the wonderful work. After all, God must do the work by His grace, and whatever we can contribute by our personal efforts, directly or indirectly, is indeed a service of love. . . .

Sister Mary Margaret, S. N. D.

Catechist: How did God know Eve ate the apple?

Joan: He found the peel.

Catechist: What is a Sacrament, John?

Pablo—A Sacrament is an outdoor sign instituted to give grace.

Mary's Little Helpers

Dear Little Helpers:

We always like to talk about the brave Spaniards who civilized the Indians and converted so many of them. So this time I am going to tell you about a little Spanish girl I met. She is only ten years old, and although she is poor, she too, is a little missionary. Her name is Alberta, and everybody that is acquainted with her, loves her, because she is always trying to help somebody. One day a new family moved way up in the hills in Alberta's neighborhood. She



Marie Garrity, Promoter of the Little Flower Band in Chicago.

didn't know who they were, but she did know they had a tiny baby, and that the baby was sick. Alberta loved babies, and she wanted to see this new little baby. So, one day, she thought she would visit the new people. When she got close to the house, she heard a baby crying. She went to the door and knocked and knocked. Nobody answered. This seemed funny to Alberta, so she went in. There sat a little girl, not more than six years old, rocking a tiny baby. The baby was crying as hard as he could, and the little girl was crying too, because she couldn't do anything for the baby. Alberta had seen lots of babies cry, and she knew right away what was

for the seven children. But they couldn't afford to buy milk for the baby. It didn't take Alberta long to decide that something would have to be done, and be done quickly, if that little baby were to live. She didn't know how she would be able to get milk, but she was going to get some. Our Blessed Mother would help her think of a plan. All of a sudden, she thought of the Garcia family. They weren't rich, either, but they had a nice cow, and that meant they ought to have plenty of milk. It wasn't unusual for Alberta to visit Mrs. Garcia because she often played with the children. So Mrs. Garcia had a visit from Alberta. After talking for a few minutes, Alberta said to Mrs. Garcia, "My, but Maria and Jose have nice fat faces. They must be very healthy, aren't they?" Mrs. Garcia beamed, because she was very proud of Maria



Little Peggie Ehler, Huntington, who saves all her pennies for the Mexican Babies

and Jose. Then Alberta went on: "You must give them plenty of milk to keep them so fat." "Yes," answered Mrs. Garcia, "Maria and Jose drink lots of milk every day. Our cow gives very good milk. This was the chance Alberta was waiting for, so she told Mrs. Garcia about the poor, sick baby. Mrs. Garcia was very kind, and she told Alberta she could have some milk. Alberta was so happy she wanted to dance, but then she said "Oh, but Mrs. Garcia, the milk wouldn't do the baby any good just today. Could I have some every day?" Mrs. Garcia said, "Well, milk is expensive, but I think I can let you have enough for the baby every day." I am sure there wasn't a happier girl in New Mexico than Alberta as she

started back with her milk. Every day after that early in the morning, Alberta went after the milk and then went up into the hills and fed the baby. So you see, she was a real little missionary, wasn't she? Doesn't it make you happy to know that you, too, are missionaries and are helping the poor girls and boys in the Missions, by helping the Catechists to feed them?

Adios till next time,

WEE
WILLIE
WINKLES



Louise Lawler, who was our first Little Helper in North Dakota.

These Little Helpers are working hard for the Burse. I am sure they made many little sacrifices to save so many pennies. But just think how happy they make our Dear Blessed Mother.

Mona Blaine, Chicago—\$3.00.

Corpus Christi Victory Band—2.20.

Eugene, Dorothy, Florence, Charles and Rita Stalzer—\$6.65.

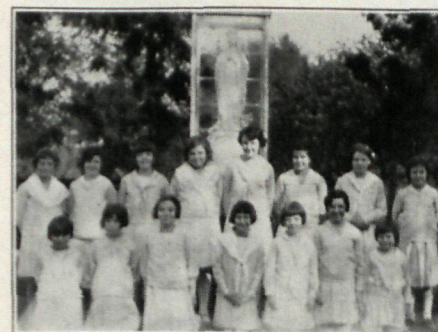
Dolores, Paul and Bernard Lamberty—\$2.65.

Mary's Little Helpers, Bryant, Ind.—\$10.00.

Betty Mielke, Wis.—\$1.00.

Little Missionaries, W. Va.—\$5.50.

St. Michael's Band, N. Dak.—\$7.80.



"Little Missionaries" of the Visitation Convent, Parkersburg, W. Va.

Martha Pequinet, Ind.—\$2.17.

Henry and Anna Czolba, Pittsburgh—2.40.

St. Jogues Mission Club, N. Y.—13.27

Mary Halfpenny, Pa.—\$1.00.



Our Blessed Lady of Victory Band, Lafayette, Ind.

making this baby cry—he was hungry. And, oh, such a wee, thin little baby! Alberta took the baby in her arms, and the little girl told Alberta a sad story. Her father was dead and her mother had to go away every day to work to get food

GET A FRIEND TO BE A LITTLE HELPER

The Associate Catechists of Mary

September is a good time to begin thinking about the Band you have always wanted to organize. Vacation time is past, and there is nothing to keep you from putting your plans into action. So don't put off until some other time what you can do now. Some people think that starting a band is hard work. But try it and see how easy it is. Surely you have at least eight friends who would gladly cooperate with you. If you will write to us, we will help you to get your band organized.

"Today God invites you to do good. Do it, therefore, today; tomorrow you may not have time, or God may no longer call you to do it."—St. Alphonsus.

Have you a little mite box in your home? If not, we will gladly send you one. There are usually a few extra pennies in a pocket or pocketbook that would feel perfectly at home in one of our mite boxes. Do not forget that ten pennies make a dime, ten dimes make a dollar, and every dollar helps our Mission cause.

BE A PROMOTER!

The members of the Charitina Club, Chicago, of which Miss Katherine Hennigan is the promoter, recently visited our Mission at Indiana Harbor. They made their visit a "Food Shower" and the Catechists were grateful for the ham, beans, canned goods, etc., which they received.

DON'T FORGET THE ANNUAL A. C. M. RETREAT AT OUR LADY'S ACADEMY, CHICAGO. MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS EARLY.

Your alms, both spiritual and temporal, help us to win souls for God. Therefore, keep up your good work. Help us by sending clothes and the necessities of life to our Missions, and help us by your prayers.

START A BAND!

BAND ACTIVITIES

- \$23.50—St. Valentine's Band, Chicago, Mrs. Rauwolf, promoter.
- \$31.00—Mary Sarsfield's Band, San Francisco.
- \$12.00—Anna Heaney's Band, Chicago.
- \$12.00—The Immaculate Heart of Mary, Pittsburgh, G. Renkey, promoter.
- \$10.00—St. Francis of Assisi Band, Hamilton, Adeline Rauch, promoter.
- \$12.00—Our Lady of Perpetual Help, No. 3, Chicago, Eleanore Bartholmy.
- \$10.35—Our Lady of Victory, No. 4, Chi-

one has a hobby, he learns all he can about it; then he talks about it and tries to interest everybody else. This is the right thing to do about a hobby. That is why we want you to choose US as your hobby. Unless our friends learn as much as they can about our work, and then interest their friends, we cannot hope to make new friends and secure new A. C. M. members, or organize new clubs. Our motto this month is **MORE NEW CLUBS. WILL YOU HELP?**

Time, Labor, Sacrifice, for God's suffering humanity in the Missions—

these are the things which prove our love for Him, Who gave His life that we might ALL be saved.

We were happy to receive a large supply of canned milk for our poor babies from Our Lady of Angels Unit, Niagara, N. Y.

What a great consolation it is to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to bring relief to the

sick and dying! This is what you do as an **ASSOCIATE CATECHIST OF MARY**. Do not fail to send in your dues for the coming year.

We were edified to receive a letter from one of our good friends, asking us to enroll the most neglected soul in purgatory as a deceased A. C. M. member Charity such as this is indeed to be commended, for how many of us remember even our loved ones after they have been taken from us? Do we, perhaps, think too much of our own interests, and forget that others, especially those who have made many sacrifices for us, have a claim upon our charity? Let us not forget that some day we, too, will need the prayers of others, when we can no longer pray for ourselves.

Miss Honore Eustace sponsored a successful party for the Catechists which resulted in the sum of \$50.00.

DO YOU KNOW—

THAT the Catechists do NOT receive any salary or remuneration?

THAT they are SUPPORTED by a BURSE?

THAT it takes \$25.00 a month to support a Catechist?

THAT a Burse amounts to SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS?

THAT these burses are made up by VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS?

THAT many of our burses are being supported by A. C. M. BANDS?

THAT it requires only EIGHT PEOPLE to form a BAND?

THAT we need MANY NEW BANDS to help us take care of our increasing Mission needs?

THAT YOU, TOO, can help support a Catechist?

THAT if you cannot organize a band, you can help by joining the HOME BAND AND BY SENDING A DONATION each month?

THAT OUR WORK DEPENDS UPON YOUR GENEROSITY?

- cago, Marg. Elmore, promoter.
- \$10.00—Little Flower, No. 4, Chicago, Mary Hoffman, promoter.
- \$12.00—St. Gregory's Band, Chicago, Mrs. Stuermer, promoter.
- \$12.50—St. Anthony, No. 2, Mrs. K. Mayer, promoter.

WE NEED MORE BANDS!

Have you a hobby? Most everybody nowadays has one. In fact, to be in style, one must have a hobby. Why not "adopt" the Catechists as your hobby? Could you choose a better one? When



St. Anthony's Band, Detroit, Mich.

START A BAND!

THE SHEPHERD OF VALMORA

(Continued from page 4)

for here he had spent many years prior to ordination. In this great city, too, despite the illustrious future that lay before the gifted young man, he received a call, the call that hundreds of years before had come to men like Jogues and Marquette. And thus had the youthful Renaud set out for the Missions at the other end of the world. But little did he realize the nature of his future work. He had prepared himself, as it were, for the life of a Marquette and a Jogues; but he was to follow in the footsteps of a Junipero Serra and a Juan Padilla. Trials would be his that he had not counted on, and these he began to understand and feel in quite a novel way.

The Padre's favorite song, and Alejandro's, too, was a little ditty about love and a shepherd and sheep,—a haunting, meaningless lyric. Meaningless it was to everybody, save to its author and to the poetic priest. Alejandro had composed that ditty for love of Lola. It was a picture of himself, of his sheep, of Lola. Therefore, he could sing it in a way that was real, touching, even passionate; and the Padre listened, enthralled, when the shepherd used to begin plaintively:

"My love is waiting for her shepherd-lover,

And there are mountains and a sea between them.

But what are seas and mountains to the lover?

What are they to the sheep that have not seen them?"

There was a rising pathos in the singer's voice when he came to the refrain. "Arise, shepherd, arise! Your sheep wander today.

Pick up your staff and go, shepherd, away. . . away. . ."

With Alejandro, the last "away" died in a mournful moan, like the prairie wind on summer days. Father Paul caught its meaning. While the simple shepherd closed his eyes and thought of his love at Valmora, the priest would also close his own, or else look away from the earth, and then make dream-pictures of his own love,—of home. Love was waiting for the shepherd-lover,—O France! France! The Dordogne! Bordeaux! And mountains and a sea between,—ah, how Paul's heart ached, and, oh, the loneliness that it brought!

MY CRUCIFIX

I bear it everywhere. I prefer it to all things.

I often read of beautiful things

That carry my soul aloft on wings,

But ought they say, or e'er can sing,

Such peace to me can never bring

As my Crucifix.

It brightens my day and cheers my night,

And makes life's heaviest burdens light;

Nor beauties of nature, nor charms at sea,

Such depth of thought can unfold to me

As my Crucifix.

"Arise, shepherd, arise! Your sheep wander today.

Pick up your staff and go, Shepherd, away, away. . ."

Father Paul Renaud was sorely tempted indeed. Not only had the call of home and kin come with that song, but a deep realization of the apparent futility of his work as a missionary came with it. It was a big sacrifice that the young priest had made, but he now realized, or tried to make himself realize, that he did not belong to the Missions. A curate in one of the pleasant little towns of the Dordogne would be more congenial to his heart, he figured. Or, perhaps, the cathedral at Bordeaux! His uncle was Vicar there,—

"What are they to the sheep who have not seen them?" the young priest argued, quoting the shepherd's song. What did these ignorant people know about his own sacrifice? Nothing. In fact, they seemed to take him as something coming to them by rights divine. What is more, there was little co-operation on their part; he had to do all the work himself! How could a man persevere under such conditions?

Came the day when the Senorita Ribera was to be married.

(Concluded next month)

JOIN THE 2500 CLUB. Its aim: 2,500 persons contributing \$1.00 a month for a year. This will provide for the support of 100 Catechists for one year. **BE A BOOSTER AS WELL AS A MEMBER!**

FAVORS FROM OUR BLESSED MOTHER'S HANDS

Los Angeles, Calif.—Thanksgiving to Our Lady of Guadalupe, Our Lady of Good Counsel and the Infant Jesus of Atocha for preventing a great loss.—M. E. D.

Bethesda, O.—Thanksgiving for a favor received through the intercession of the Souls in Purgatory. A. N.

Glendale, Calif.—Thanksgiving for a favor received from the Sacred Heart through the intercession of Our Blessed Mother and St. Rita.

MRS. B. B. R.

Knob Noster, Mo.—Thanksgiving for favors received through the powerful intercession of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, St. Joseph, St. Rita and St. Anthony.

MRS. Wm. H. S.

Richmond, Ind.—Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for Spiritual and temporal favors received through the intercession of Our Blessed Lady of Victory and St. Anthony.

MISS B.

Charleston, W. Va.—Thanksgiving for securing position through the intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

W. M. B.

Thanksgiving for favors received through the intercession of The Sorrowful Mother, St. Anthony and the Little Flower.

B. Y.

OUR NOVENA

During these sad and severe times of business depression when so many hearts are weighed down by sorrow; so many discouraged by reason of unemployment, or lack of the very necessities of life, it is a consolation for good Catholics to know that they have a Heavenly Mother, Who is called the "Mother Most Merciful," and the "Comforter of the afflicted." It matters not how depressed, or forlorn, a Catholic may be, he need but have recourse to Her Loving and Immaculate Heart, and He will soon experience the effects of Her powerful help.

Many of our friends and subscribers have already written, telling us of the assistance they have received through the Novenas offered by our Catechists in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Victory. These Novenas are made in union with the Novenas offered at the Miraculous Shrine of Our Blessed Lady of Victory in Paris, and Our Lady of Lourdes world-famous Shrine in Lourdes, France. All who desire to share in these Novenas need but send us their name and intentions and they may be certain that Our Most Dear and Blessed Mother Herself will not fail to reward the loving trust and confidence they repose in Her powerful help.

Send in your petitions early.

Spiritual Favors
Temporal Favors
Special Favors
Restoration of Health
Employment
Conversions
Peace in Families
Vocations
Successful Operation
Happy Death
Poor Souls
Miscellaneous

Name _____

Address _____



Native missionaries wield a potent influence among their own people.

ADOPT A CATECHIST



A Miracle of Patience and Genius

Had they remained in their own land across the sea, they might have been artists of world fame, winning for themselves glory undimmed by succeeding generations. But love and duty called those saintly monks of Spain and they gave without measure. Their monuments stand:—the Missions of San Antonio, Texas,—miracles of genius and patience. Eager to implant the love and fear of God in the hearts of the savage children of America, the little band of Franciscans labored to erect Missions there upon the dreary desert wastes, amid the cactus and sage and burning, yellow sands. Who can fathom the zeal, the patriotism, the pathos and tragedy thrown into the building of these structures which served as places of worship, forts, schools and towns!

Surpassing the others in grandeur and size is the mission of San Jose. Its delightful, ivory-carved, Moorish tower rises shimmering in the clear blue Texas sky. Wandering through the mission and its grounds one could readily fancy himself to be in Southern Spain, or far Eastern Europe.

Among its outstanding features is a spiral stairway built of hand-hewn logs, reaching from the ground level to the dome. One end of each log is imbedded in the mortar of the wall; the other is laid upon the log below, forming a solid stairs. Not one nail was used in the building of any of the Missions of San Antonio. Careful mortising serves to

hold the massive beams together. Archways were molded out of great mounds of earth.

The art work throughout: Interior frescoes, the grills of metal covering the windows, the virgins, saints, cherubs, delicate figures in recesses, wreaths, speak of all that is genius. But what is the mystic fascination of this workmanship even to those who neither recognize nor appreciate art? It is the supernatural attraction of a tortured soul spurring gifted hands and pouring itself out in their creations.

The artist who fashioned these works of art was a young Spaniard who came to America hoping to speedily make his fortune and return to Spain and his betrothed where, under the warm influence of her love he would sculptor at his leisure. Years passed, as years do, slowly yet with measured rapidity. Communication was slow and unsatisfactory in those days. It was a long time before he assembled a satisfactory sum and prepared to set sail for Spain. Just before embarking he learned that his beloved had married another. Broken and discouraged he sought solace of the missionaries. When San Jose was being built he chose to do the carving and metal work which he could do so well. For more than a year he labored at his task, working into it the ebbing vitality of a broken heart. He died a few months after completing his work but about it, enhancing and ennobling this product of unrivalled genius, still hovers the mystery of love's suffering.

50,000

LITTLE DIMER IS A CLIMBER

Little Dimer is a Climber,
And longs to climb right
merrily.

On the top rung of this ladder
Is where Dimer aims to sit;

He says he'll get there—
speedily
If you help him up
a bit!

Yes,—

LITTLE DIMER NEEDS A LIFT
FROM YOU

TO HELP HIM REACH THE TOP RUNG
OF OUR LADDER OF DIMES
IN HONOR OF ST. JOSEPH

A dime even though small in itself
is still big enough to buy a loaf of
bread for starving children. By send-
ing your dime you will become a
member of ST. JOSEPH'S POOR
FUND FAMILY, and thus help our
Catechists provide food for famish-
ing little children.

Send your dime in honor of good
SAINT JOSEPH'S POOR FUND
FAMILY. You will then share in
the Masses, prayers, and novenas of
the Catechists as well as in the Mass
offered every Wednesday in honor
of ST. JOSEPH.

Won't you give our little Dimer a
lift up the ladder so that he may
reach his goal—50,000 dimes?



The Society of Missionary Catechists,
Box 109, Huntington, Indiana.

I WILL be a MEMBER of ST. JOSEPH'S
POOR FUND FAMILY. Enclosed you will find
_____ DIMES.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____