

The Missionary Catechist





"On the banks of the Wabash"—Near Victory-Noll.

A Day With A Catechist

AT VICTORY-NOLL

Burr-r-r goes the bell at five o'clock and Catechist rises and with a fervent "All for Jesus through Mary" begins to dress. When the next bell rings at five-thirty we find her in the Chapel for Morning Prayers and Meditation. Then follows the Missa Recitata, for at Victory-Noll the Catechists take an active part in the Mass, all answering the prayers usually said by the Mass Server, as well as those parts sung by the choir at High Mass. After Mass she spends some time in fervent thanksgiving and in commune with her Eucharistic Jesus Whom she has received into her heart. Then after breakfast and a visit to Chapel, the day's round of study and work begins. Instructions on the Spiritual Life, classes in Religion, Catechetics, Liturgy, Spanish, Nursing, Music,—both instrumental and vocal,—and Sociology, follow one another until the bell rings for recreation spent outdoors both winter and summer. Of course, not all classes are held every day. Some are conducted two or three class periods a week.

During the next hour we find Catechist at her work. She might be typing in one of the offices or peeling potatoes in the kitchen. Again, she may be planting or weeding in the flower or vegetable gar-

den. Perhaps she is helping in the magazine office so that our subscribers won't be kept waiting too long for "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST." At another time she may be in the Diet Kitchen fixing a tempting tray for a sick Catechist. Dearest to her heart is the time she spends as Sacristan.

Eleven forty-five is the time for Particular Examen and Spiritual Reading in Chapel and twelve o'clock the hour for dinner. The afternoon is spent at work, interrupted, however, for an hour of prayer and Spiritual Reading, followed by the Way of the Cross. Every afternoon, too, she rejoices in having a short recreation period entirely to herself. Supper, preceded by fifteen minutes of prayer, is at five-thirty and afterward Catechist enjoys fifteen minutes in Chapel for her Private Devotion. Next come study period, Rosary and Night Prayers. When the nine o'clock "lights out" bell rings, Catechist is in bed and almost asleep. Tired? Yes, but happy that she has spent another day in the Loving and Consecrated Service of her Divine Master and His Most Holy Mother and that the thoughts, words and actions of the day have been spiritualized and sanctified by her Consecration, "All for Jesus through Mary."

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Volume VIII

SEPTEMBER, 1932

Number 10

A Tribute to the Little Flower

Catechist Mary McConville

MANY of our children have gone and many more will soon leave for Mexico, but in the Catechists' garden at Indiana Harbor there stands a lasting memorial of them. It is in the form of a rustic grotto erected by them in honor of the Little Flower.

In public acknowledgment of the numerous favors the Little Flower has obtained from Our Blessed Mother for this Mission and for our dear Society, a promise was made by the Catechists to erect this Shrine in her honor.

When the ground was blessed and broken on the Feast of the Precious Blood, the boys who were to help with the grotto had a very hazy idea of what a "grotto" or "shrine" is. They were, nevertheless, very enthusiastic over Catechist's description of the proposed project.

For days the boys had gathered stones of various shapes and colors from the Lake Shore near here. The Catechists too spent one of their free afternoons gathering stones; they also wished to do their little "bit" towards the erection of the shrine.

Finally the work of mixing the cement and placing the stones was begun, and the grotto rapidly assumed proportions. To the boys it was a labor of love; the pride and pleasure they experienced in this newly found interest brought them early and kept them late.

During the warm days of July when the lake waters beckoned the boys, they doggedly persevered in their task. In the days when the Grotto was nearing completion, often while we were still at morning prayers, many feet scurried past our chapel windows. The boys were showing their friends the progress they had made the previous day. Now and then proud fathers or fond mothers came

in answer to the pleading of their children to "come and see what we are doing."

One month from the day on which ground was first broken, the grotto stood completed, not only the grotto itself but also the artistic benches and the prie dieus. On the prie pieus are inscribed the motto of our Society, O. P. J. P. M. (All for Jesus Through Mary)



The Little Flower Grotto and a few of the boys who helped to build it.

with "I will spend my Heaven doing good on earth" below it on one, and "Pray for the living and deceased benefactors of our poor," on the other.

The description of the grotto would be incomplete without mentioning the unique flag-stone walk that leads to it and the rose bushes planted in a circle

around the front of the grotto. The grotto itself is most beautiful and attracts much attention especially at night when it is illuminated.

The work of wiring the arch and the materials used were generously donated by friends and benefactors from Chicago.

On the beautiful Feast of Our Lady of the Snows, after the recitation of the Rosary in the Church, Father, a humble procession of our poor, and twenty-four little girls in white, each carrying a rose, wended their way to our Shrine singing beautiful Spanish hymns. The children placed their roses at St. Therese's feet. Then followed the blessing of the grotto and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in our chapel. Veneration of the relic of the Little Flower concluded the ceremonies.

An opening had been left under the statue for intentions. Here we placed slips on which were included, besides our own necessities, all the intentions and needs of our friends and benefactors. As we sealed the opening we earnestly entreated St. Therese to let fall a shower of roses that all may feel the power of her intercession before the Throne of God.

For many days after the completion of the grotto, there was no statue to fill the vacant niche. We had borrowed the statue from our chapel for the dedication ceremony. Whenever the children inquired about the statue we told them to pray earnestly that St. Therese would inspire some of her devotees to come to our assistance. Their prayers were answered and we finally purchased a beautiful statue with donations from several benefactors of our needy mission.

We see our poor, and especially our children, kneel and pray so fervently before this beautiful shrine and we sincerely wish those of our friends who made it possible could also come and see. Surely St. Therese has a rose petal for them.

PRAY FOR OUR MISSIONS

Secret Dances

Catechist Blanche Richardson

SOMETHING was in the wind. We were sure of it. The children of the Pueblo would gather and talk excitedly in their native Indian tongue. Everyone was so mysterious! It remained for Vicente to explode with the news. He could contain it no longer.

"The secret dancers are coming!" he announced dramatically to Catechist and myself. Of course, this sounded interesting.

"When are they coming?" we inquired.

"Tomorrow, about two-o-o o'clock in the morning."

"How do you know?"

"My papa told me," he answered simply.

That night I was awakened by an unearthly "woo-oo-oo-oo," like the night-wind howling around the corners of the house. This noise was punctuated with a cry similar to that of a mountain-cat. Altogether it was rather uncanny. I looked at the luminous dial of the clock. The hands pointed to quarter past two. Nearer and nearer sounded the cry but I was sleepy and not enthusiastic about anything at that hour of the morning. Not so my sister-Catechist who told me she peered through the window, in the dark, and saw two lantern-bearers and a long procession of dusky shadows in the wake of the lights. These strange figures passed on and presently all was silent.

The sun had scarcely peeped over the sand-hills in the East when one could hear the rhythmic beat of the tom-tom and the jingle of sleighbells over in the plaza. The secret dances had begun. There were men on the roofs guarding the dancers in the plaza and woe-betide the white man who so much as ventured into the village, to say nothing of presuming to enter the plaza to see the dances. He would have been politely ushered to the outskirts of the pueblo. This very thing had happened only the previous year when the school-mistress of the village had charitably sought to return a plaid shawl to an old Indian woman, who had carelessly left it lying on her sofa after paying her a visit. She knew nothing of the secret dances which were in session in the village. Upon arriving at the outskirts of the pueblo, the little

school-ma'am was amazed to find herself confronted with two stalwart braves who abruptly demanded, "Where did you leave your car?"

"My car?" she repeated in surprise. "I have no car. I am the school-teacher of the village. Don't you know me?" She got no further. She was promptly escorted down the hill.

We deemed it a great condescension, therefore, on the part of our Indian friends to tolerate our presence in the village.

The dances continued throughout the day. We could not see them, of course, since they took place in the plaza which was hemmed around with buildings. We could, however, hear them well from our house next to the church. The dancers danced in relays. One group would dance for a certain length of time, and then another group would come on "the stage" to relieve them. We could detect this from the sound of the sleigh-bells which grew fainter and louder at times.

Women are noted for curiosity and I am no exception to the rule. If only I could get a glimpse of the dancers, I thought. From the sound of the sleighbells, the advancing and retreating dancers had to pass close by the church. Finally I hit upon a plan. I would go up into the choir-loft of the church.

without being seen. Presently the jingling of bells warned me they were changing dancers, and that if I looked out, I might see them. And see them I did, although from a distance. How frightful they appeared with their black-painted faces, and huge, white lips painted about their mouths. No wonder, we occasionally read of early settlers who died of fear at beholding the Indians in war-paint. The dancers wore gorgeous trappings of many colors, with boughs of pinon on their shoulders and animal pelts about their waists. Some wore handsome coronets of feathers, others had fewer feathers in their hair. No doubt, this depended upon their rank. And, of course, they wore sleigh-bells around their knees. These they wear in practically all their dances.

Having satisfied my curiosity, I prevailed upon my sister-Catechist to go up for a peep at them, too. She was reluctant at first, nor did she stay long. She said she felt as though the men on the opposite roof were looking directly at her. "A guilty conscience needs no accuser."

That evening our Vicente came with a small handful of carrots. He had long wanted to bring us a gift of bread of his mother's baking, but somehow she had so many mouths to feed at home that there was never any to spare. Poor

Vincente always regretted not having anything to bring us as the other children often did. This time he was jubilant as he explained how he came to bring the carrots. The secret dancers, before quitting the plaza, throw up to the spectators on the roofs food of various kinds. Whoever catches it, keeps it. There are loud shouts and a lot of commotion while everyone tries to catch something. Vicente had caught these carrots,—at last he could bring us a gift. So we had stewed carrots that night for supper,—the gift of

the secret dancers, or better said,—Vicente's gift.

The dances lasted for two full days, and then the dancers disappeared as they had come, with the shadows of the night. Our little informant also told us it would happen this way: "And then my father, and the other men who have been guarding the village, and protecting the secret dancers, will return home. They

(Continued on page 7)



Ruins of Indian Dwellings

From the window I was certain I would catch a glimpse of them as they passed. I seized an opportune time to go to the church, during one of the dances. I didn't want to be caught in the streets when the dancers were changing, for I did not know what a personal encounter with them might produce. I quickly mounted to the choir-loft and then waited. It was necessary to partially conceal myself behind the organ in order to see

PLEASE NOTIFY US PROMPTLY OF YOUR CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Read Something Worthwhile

By Rev. A. J. Blaufuss

"ART FORMS IN SACRED MUSIC" by Sister M. Cecile, C. S. C. Music D. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee.

The open-eyed globe-trotter learns at least one truth; in her arts the Church has brought forth a progeny of beautiful children. They surround her like a halo of glory. She has breathed a little bit of heaven into stone, iron, glass, mosaic, painting, weaving and needlecraft. That music is no exception is evident on every page Sister M. Cecile has written. The venerable authoress has given years to research in her chosen field, yet her findings have been set down so simply, methodically and entertainingly that even those not initiated in the art of sweet sounds may read her book with pleasure. Sister M. Cecile displays depth of understanding of the great musical creations of the ages and she has studied the gradual evolution of the various forms of sacred music. Over and above all, however, she thinks and feels with the Church and proves that she is a connoisseur who discerns what music belongs rightfully to the church and what music, though it be worthy of the name "Sacred" yet is suitable only for the concert hall or the home.

All students and lovers of music will gladly welcome Sister M. Cecile as an expert guide into the labyrinth of the "ART FORMS OF SACRED MUSIC."

VICTORY-NOLL NOTES

The Feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother, August 15, was a happy one at Victory-Noll. On that day six young Junior Catechists pronounced their Holy Vows for the first time, twelve Catechists renewed their Vows and twenty-seven others took part in the simple Investiture Ceremonies.

The services were conducted by the Reverend Father Clement, O. M. Cap., Master of Novices at St. Felix Monastery, Huntington, Indiana, who likewise preached the sermon for the occasion. Father Clement was assisted by the Reverend A. B. Kippels, C.S.S.R., of Chicago. Father Kippels conducted the four-day retreat preceding the Feast. His conferences were considered a real spiritual treat and so even the Catechists not making the retreat took advantage of the privilege of attending them.

The Reverend William Hoff, Huntington, Indiana, was present in the Sanctuary.

There are now ninety-five Professed Missionary Catechists in the Society. On page three of the August issue of "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST" the number of Professed members was said to be seventy-nine. We wish to state this was an error.



O Mother of Sorrows, by the anguish and love with which You stood beneath the cross of Jesus, I beg of You to stand by me in my last agony. To your maternal Heart I commend the last hours of my life.

"But where," you ask, "can I find Christ on earth? Where can I find Him that I may give to Him?" Give alms to the poor on earth and you have fed Christ in Heaven."—St. Augustine.

Clifton, N. J.

Dear Rev. Father:

Enclosed please find money order for \$5.00 in honor of Our Blessed Lady and the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is for a favor I'm asking. Please publish this for I promised Our Blessed Mother and the Sacred Heart that I would.

I would like to have the children pray for me.

May God bless your work.

A. M.

When you invest in our ANNUITY PLAN you have the guarantee of safety both as to principal and interest. Moreover, you have the assurance that after your death the principal will be used to promote the missionary activities of the Church. Any amount, no matter how small, accepted. Interest, 6 %. Principal returned upon sufficient notice.

Janesville, Wisconsin.

Dear Reverend Father:

Enclosed find \$2.00 for Masses.

As Americans and Catholics we are more deeply interested in your Society than in any other in the United States. We realize that your Community is a strictly American Religious Community founded for work among poor, neglected Catholics in the Home Missions.

I remain in the Immaculate Heart of Mary,

Your sincere friend,

MRS. F. W. B.

Catechism of the True Devotion to Mary

(From Rev. M. M. Ronden's "Catechism of the True Devotion to Mary" and other sources.)

Are there different devotions to Our Blessed Mother?

Yes, there are several kinds of devotions practiced in honor of Our Blessed Mother by different classes of Catholics.

The first which is a very imperfect form of devotion consists in fulfilling our ordinary Christian duties, avoiding mortal sin, praying to Our Blessed Mother, and honoring Her as the Mother of God, yet without having any special devotion towards Her.

The second, more perfect than the first, consists in entertaining for Our Blessed Mother more perfect feelings of esteem, confidence, veneration and love. Those that practice this devotion join Confraternities and Sodalties of Our Blessed Mother, recite the Rosary, or at least part of it, and honor Our Blessed Mother's Altars and Images.

Although this devotion is good and praiseworthy, if those who practice it keep themselves from sin, nevertheless, since it includes only a limited number of devout practices in Our Blessed Mother's honor and restricts Her devotion to a very small part in their lives, it falls immeasurably short of that devotion we call "TRUE DEVOTION", which is the third, the highest and most perfect form of devotion to Our Blessed Mother. This devotion consists in consecrating oneself entirely, unreservedly and forever to Jesus through Mary in the quality of slaves of love: and after that to offer all that we do through Mary, with Mary, in Mary and for Mary, so that we may do all perfectly with, in and for Jesus, for the glory of Our Heavenly Father.

Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Dear Catechists:

I am enclosing my dollar for the current month toward the 2500 Club.

Many thanks for remembering us in your prayers to Our Blessed Mother. My husband has had some work since.

Yours truly,

MRS. F. G. H.

The Missionary Catechist Huntington, Indiana

Published monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by The Missionary Catechist Publishing Co.

Subscription Rate: In U. S., 50c per year for single copies. Life subscription \$10.00. Canada and Foreign, 75c per year. Payable in advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 30, 1924, at the postoffice at Huntington, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

Printed by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Indiana

RENEW NOW



"IT WAS WORTHWHILE"

The Imperial Valley of lower California was the scene of my missions. There are four Catholic parishes in the Valley, with a number of out-missions attached to them.

I gave a course of lectures at Brawley, a town of about 15,000 people, almost equally divided between Americans and Mexicans. The Mexicans live in a district known as "Over the Tracks"—the "East Side" of Brawley. They are for the most part poor, very poor.

The priest in charge of Brawley is Father Fitzgerald, one of the hundreds of priests a Missionary meets who "carry on" in their own quiet way for Christ and His Church. Doing heroic work without any fanfare of trumpets, caring naught for the salutations of the marketplace, intent solely on the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Brawley was formerly a thriving parish. Most of the Catholics live on farms: some dairy farming, others raising sheep, still others gambling with orange groves, lemon groves, or grapefruit orchards; a few growing dates and walnuts. "Then came hard times—the great god Prosperity toppling from his throne. The banks began calling in their loans, and one by one the families gave up the struggle. The farms passed into the hands of the banks, or of large holding companies, until today there is only a handful of English-speaking Catholics in Brawley.



A few of our Mission Treasures.

YOU ARE ALWAYS REMEMBERED

Our poor children in the missions pray daily for their benefactors and friends. One little fellow was so impressed with the beauty of this practice that every time the children gathered for instruction he says, "Now, let's first pray for those who sent us the Catechist."

There is one bright ray of sunshine, one source of hope for the Catholic parishes in the Imperial Valley. The Mexicans, who have moved in to take the place of the Americans, stand the climate better, especially the terrific heat of summer, they are more industrious, content with the simple things of life, they have a Catholic viewpoint toward life.

There are about 10,000 Mexicans in the Valley. Most of them live in or around Brawley. There is work enough for half a dozen zealous priests and only one can be spared. He has some help. The Missionary Catechists came to his rescue. Four of these heroines of Christ are now working among the poor Mexicans. They are a blessing from God. They have done, and are still doing, magnificent work, and doing it as so many Sisters do—on a "shoe-string." These Sisters stay in the sacristy of one of the out-missions, with scarcely whereon to lay their heads, and with just enough food to keep body and soul together.

Someone gave them a car, and every day they may be seen moving around the Valley, gathering the children for religious instruction. Their class rooms are the open fields, a vacant lot, and seated on an empty box, the stump of a tree, the steps of a porch, they tell the children the age-old story of the Baby Jesus and His Blessed Mother. The Sisters are beloved by all.—By Rev. H. J. Connolly, C.S.P., in "The Missionary", July, 1932.



Here and there In the field at home



A part of the sewing display at the old Seminary building in West Las Vegas, New Mex.

SHE KEPT THE FAITH

We had watched the love and fervor of our people in their preparation for the feast of Corpus Christi and had rejoiced at the number of communicants and the large number of persons participating in the procession. On returning home, we remarked to a neighbor that it seemed impossible for proselytizers to do any real harm among our people when they had such an intense love for "El Santisimo." Whatever else the Protestant sects had to offer, they had nothing to take the place of The Blessed Sacrament.

"It is true, Catechists," the good woman told us, "it seems an impossibility. But perhaps my own story will give you an idea of the temptations we meet when we come in contact with one of these proselytizers."

She was an exemplary Catholic so we were naturally eager to hear her story. She told us that she had been carefully brought up in the practice of her religion, and under the influence of a splendid Catholic home. When quite young she married a good Catholic man. Her married life was a happy one and God blessed their union with seven lovely children. When the youngest child was but a few weeks old, her husband died, leaving her with this family of small children, the eldest scarcely more than fourteen. They had always been poor and now it was a difficult problem to

SEWING NOT "A LOST ART"

We are again collecting materials to be used in our sewing classes this year. Our last year's classes were successful beyond our fondest expectations. Our girls and women worked willingly and

with much interest and pleasure. It was surprising to see what practical and even beautiful dresses and other articles of wearing apparel could be made out of combining good parts of several old garments or many new pieces, all of which had been given us by friends or received in mission boxes. At the close of the mission year we had a display in the old seminary building in West Las Vegas. Altogether there were 275 pieces including dresses and aprons for women and children, undergarments, boys suits, boys shirts, rugs, pillows, hats, etc.

Everyone who saw the display was amazed at the remarkable handiwork. The women themselves were happy and well pleased, and so were Catechist Mercedes Gutierrez and I who had spent many delightful hours instructing them. Most of our class members were from families who had need of the garments made. Those who were not, gave us their articles for the poor.

We sincerely thank all those who contributed toward the success of our classes either by giving funds for this cause or by sending new materials and good, old garments.

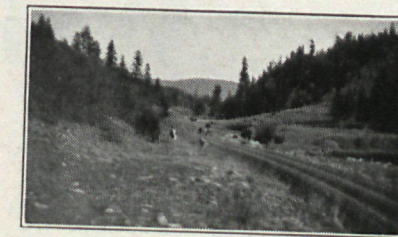
—Catechist Helen Weber,
Las Vegas, New Mexico.

while still innocent, and go to God, than to live and be deprived of the means of Eternal Salvation. After that she was left alone and God did not forget her. He has enabled her to raise a family of splendid boys and girls.

—Catechist Helen Srill.



Baby brother rides to Catechism Class.—Calipatria, Calif.



In New Mexico

A LIVELY LITTLE "APOSTLE"

Five-year-old Jose is always up to something. Everyone in the neighborhood knows him and loves him and wonders what he will do next. Of course, Jose is a lovable little lad in spite of, and because of, his pranks. And how he does love the Catechists! He is most faithful in attending Religion classes, but he has such a hard time trying to sit still and be good that I used to doubt if he ever heard the instruction. I know now that he does hear and understand. Jose isn't one to keep things to himself. Approaching one of the men at work or in the street he will say, "I bet you don't know why God made you." If an answer is not given at once he will proceed to deliver an instruction on that subject. Then he will turn to someone else and ask a question. In this way he reviews all the truths he has learned in the classes.

Jose practices what he learns, too. His mother told me that when he is sent to bed he says, "Mother, I must pray first like my Catechist tells us to." Then he kneels down and makes the sign of the cross. Jose's sign of the cross is far from being a stingy one, and it is anything but hasty. He touches the top of his forehead, makes a long, indefinite sweep downward, then deliberately reaches to the farthest edge of his shoulders. He then recites all the prayers and invocations he has learned and follows them with another big sign of the cross.

"My Catechist always has us sing after we pray," he now tells his mother, and begins one of the hymns the children sing in class. After that he consents to go to bed.

—Catechist Gertrude Monnot.

SECRET DANCES

(Continued from page 4)

went out to guard the village the night the dancers came and they will come back only after the dancers have gone off, over the hills."

Poor little lad! He didn't know that "his father and the other men" were no other than these same dancers. How could he recognize them in their disguise?

Mary's Little Helpers

Dear Little Helpers:

Doesn't the summer go by in a hurry? We say goodbye to our Sisters and to our books, and almost before we turn around we are starting all over again. But after all, our school days are the happiest days of our lives and we ought to cherish them. They mean more to us than we realize, and best of all they keep us close to Our Dear Lord and Our Blessed Mother. So, when you start back to school, I hope it will be with a happy heart, and not a feeling of regret that vacation time was too short.

I hope, too, that you will begin your school days with a real, firm resolution that you are going to be even better missionaries this year than you were last year,—that you are going to work harder and help us to make the Mary's Little Helpers BIGGER AND BETTER IN EVERY WAY. I know that you don't have as many pennies to spend as you used to, but it is sacrifice that is dear to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary. And, don't forget, dear Little Helpers, that our little children are poor in two ways. They haven't food and the things they need, and saddest of all, they haven't Our Dear Lord as we have; they haven't Catholic schools to go to, and they haven't Sisters to instruct them. So, if you do your share and save your pennies, then you make it possible for the Catechists to go to these poor places and teach the children about Our Lord and Our Blessed Mother. They can also give them food, clothing and the things they need. Therefore, let the resolution of every Little Helper be "I WILL BE A 100% MISSIONARY FOR THE CATECHISTS."

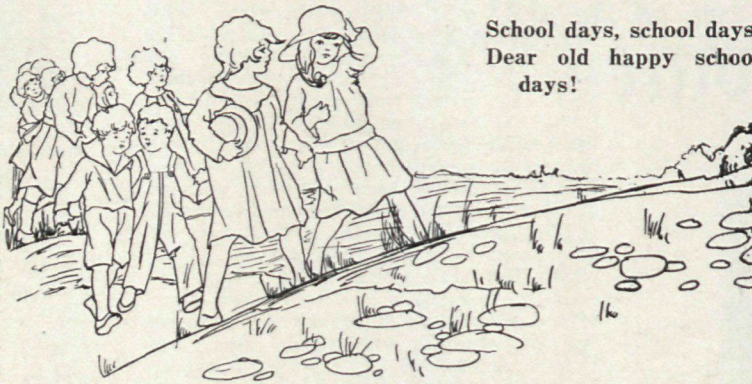
THE CATECHIST SUPERVISOR.

BILLYBOY

Billyboy Martin was the happiest boy in the world. At least he thought so just now, as he sat on the front step of his house, whittling away on an old stick with the new penknife he had received yesterday as a present. He was whistling a merry tune when all of a sudden two boys rushed past him.

"Heh, where you goin'?" he yelled after them.

"To see the circus parade. Hurry up, come along!" came the answer, but the boys by this time were over the hill.



Down went the stick and up the steps in one mad rush went Billyboy into the kitchen where his mother was peeling potatoes.

"Hey, Mom, kin I go with Red and Fat to see the parade?"

Mrs. Martin looked up with a smile and said, "Son, how often have I told you there is no such word as 'kin'?"

"But, Mom," pleaded Billyboy, "kin, I—I mean MAY I go with Red and Fat?"

"No, son," answered Mrs. Martin as she looked out the window at the threatening, black clouds. "I am afraid we are going to have a big thunderstorm, and I wouldn't want you to get caught in it. Run out in the yard now and play until I call you. Dinner will soon be ready."

Billyboy did not budge. "Aw, gee, Mom, a circus comes to Hackville only once a year and then you don't let me go. I never kin do nothin.' Red's mother always lets him do everything, and you never let me do nothin.'"

Billyboy stood against the door contemplating the toes of his shoes undecided whether to cry or coax some more. At last he said:

"Well, Mom, kin I, I mean MAY I go down to the stream and fish until dinner?"

"No, Billyboy, you had better stay close to the house until dinner."

Billyboy looked at his mother and said very seriously, "Mom, do you suppose when Jesus was a little Boy His Mother

School days, school days, always said 'no' every time He wanted to do something too? Dear old happy school days! Gee, I'll bet He didn't have such a hard life."

Mrs. Martin said, "Why, Billyboy, poor little Jesus didn't even have enough to eat all the time. He didn't have a nice home like you have and all the nice toys and things that you have. He had to work when He was very tiny, helping His Blessed Mother with the housework and St. Joseph, carrying his tools. I am sure He would have been very grateful if He had had everything that you have."

Billyboy answered, "Well, maybe that is so, but I'll bet He would have cried, too, if a circus had come to town and He couldn't see the parade."

Then Mrs. Martin turned around and said, "Billyboy, there are many, many little boys and girls who would be happy if they were in your place. They would never grumble because they cannot have everything they want. Just think, there are thousands of poor little children right here in our own country that haven't enough to eat; they have nothing to wear but old ragged clothes and they go barefoot all the time, not because they want to, but because they haven't shoes and stockings. Not only that, but they cannot even go to Mass on Sunday because they have no Priest in their little town. They cannot receive their First Holy Communion because there are no Sisters to teach them their Catechism. So, don't you think you have a lot to be thankful for?"

Billyboy began to have a funny little feeling inside of him,—something like shame. Maybe Mom was right, 'cause she always was. He went out on the porch and began to whittle away again, but he didn't feel so happy now. He was thinking of those poor little boys in the Missions who didn't have much fun. Gee, whiz, maybe they didn't even have a nice mama like his. All of a sudden penknife and stick went to the ground a second time and Billyboy made another dash into the kitchen.

"Hey, Mom," he shouted, "I'm sorry, —and gee, I'm glad I got a nice Mom like you."

Mrs. Martin looked up with a smile, but before she could answer Billyboy went on with a rush, "And, Mom, you know that money I've been saving to buy a bicycle? Kin I, —I mean MAY I—send that to the Missions,—to those poor children you said are right here in our own country? I think that would make Jesus happy, don't you?"

Without waiting for an answer Billyboy started out the door again, whistling a merry tune. But after a few steps, he stuck his head in the door and said, "And, you know what, Mom? I think when I grow up I'm gonna be one of them missionary Priests that works with the poor boys here in our country!"



Little Missionaries of St. Mary's Church, Lafayette, Indiana, and Father Monahan, their Pastor

The Associate Catechists of Mary

GETTING SOMETHING STARTED

Part 2

A week later Margaret Mary came back.

"Well, Margaret, is the problem solved?"

"Not solved, Father, but I have a tentative program I would like to discuss with you.

"Nothing like the present, Margaret. Come into my study and we'll see what your plans look like."

"I read the pamphlets you gave me, Father, and then, as you suggested, I called on Father O'Brien. He was very kind to me and explained in detail how his Sodality has put the Catechist plan into action. There is not a member in the Sodality who is not interested. They are all participating in the activities of the Sodality and that in itself has renewed their interest."

"That sounds very well, Margaret, but what is this Catechist plan?"

"Well, Father O'Brien said, that the activity which seems to appeal to most of the girls is missionary work. The Committee, therefore, invited one of the Missionary Catechists from Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana, to speak on "Our Destitute Home Missions and Sodality Activities." That, Father told me, put real life into their Sodality. The members were all so deeply touched by the story told by the Catechist of the spiritually and corporally destitute children living in the missions of the Southwest that they decided to realize to the full meaning of the word Sodalist—"Comrade"—by becoming true Comrades of the Poor. They have adopted a Mission Center and regularly send to it food, medicine and clothing. The girls are enthusiastic over the results of their mission work. They eagerly look forward to letters from the Mission they have adopted."

Have you renewed your A. C. M. dues for the coming year? If not, we would suggest that you do so immediately in order not to lose your share in the benefits connected with the A. C. M. It makes us happy to find that many of our good members are so prompt in their renewals. One good friend in West Virginia upon receiving her expiration notice mailed us a check for twenty dollars in lieu of the usual fifty cents. We wouldn't object to a few more renewals such as this.



Father smilingly held up his hand. "All right, Margaret, that's enough. I see you're sold on the idea. I'll tell you what we'll do. First of all, we'll invite one of the Catechists to come over and talk to our girls. Then after the Sodality is re-organized we'll inaugurate a program of Mission activities.

"Fine, Father, I'll send out the invitations for the first meeting at once."

Three months later Father John chanced to meet Margaret Mary in front of the school building.

"Well, Margaret, how are things going now?"

"Just splendidly, Father. You ought to see how enthusiastic the girls are over their missionary endeavors. They are all eager to share in the work. And you know, Father, that by becoming affiliated, as we have, with their mission organization, THE ASSOCIATE CATECHISTS OF MARY, we are sharing in many spiritual benefits."

Father smiled at her enthusiasm. "So, that's what was needed to awaken the zeal of my girls? All right, go to it and God bless you all.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dear Catechist:

Enclosed find money order for \$3.00 as a donation to the Medicine Fund by St. Ann's Circle of St. Mary's Church, of which I am promoter. The benefits were derived from a little private card party.

Hoping this will be of some help to the poor and needy, and hoping to be remembered in your kind prayers, I am

Sincerely,

Miss Anna Brink.

BAND ACTIVITIES

We thank you!

St. Mary's Band, Chicago	\$ 50 00
(Mrs. Hansen, Promoter)	
Sacred Heart Band, Chicago	35 00
Mrs. Gallagher, Promoter	
Miss Mary Perkin's band, Chicago	20 00
Holy Name of Jesus Band, Crown	
Point (Mrs. E. Eder)	17 50
Alpha Omega Band, Chicago	12 50
Our Lady of Perpetual Help,	
Chicago (Celia Henrich)	10 00
Dolorosa Club, Hessen Cassel,	
Ind. (Marcelline Herber)	5 00

"Charity draws down a blessing on the charitable." (Le Sage).

That which you are going to do "some-day" or "sometime" when you have time, or when you can afford it, may be just the thing to save a soul NOW. Therefore, don't put it off. Do it RIGHT NOW.

The Juanita Club, Chicago, of which Miss Coletta Clark is the president, conducted a very successful card party at Blank's Hall, and added \$50.00 to St. Paschal's Burse.

Dear Catechists:

I am writing you this few lines to tell you that we want to baptize the baby Sunday. I wanted to ask you if you please could give me some old shoes if you have any old ones. I haven't got any at all and I want to go to Mass. Please.

MRS. OREGA.

Mrs. Allis and Miss F. DeCourry of Our Lady of Mercy Parish conducted two card parties and realized \$40.00 for Our Lady of Mercy Burse.

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Catechist:

At last St. Joseph's comes on the scene. We are enclosing two money orders totaling \$113.39. Seventy-one dollars of this amount is the profit of our dance held on May 7th, and forty-two dollars is out of our dues. We also sent ten dollars to Gary and ten to Indiana Harbor out of our dues as we felt that they needed it badly. The above mentioned \$113.39 is to be applied on "Jesus, Father of the Poor" Burse.

ST. JOSEPH'S CLUB.

HAVE YOU PLANNED YOUR CATECHIST PARTY?

"LITTLE DIMER'S" FRIENDS

"Little Dimer" is winning a large circle of friends. Men, women and children send dimes and follow them with fervent prayers. Many, who are able to do so, follow their initial offerings with other dimes and even dollars. "Little Dimer" is sincerely grateful. Of course, he knows that the secret of his success is ST. JOSEPH. The ST. JOSEPH POOR FUND was established in honor of good St. Joseph and under his care. Everyone who sends in one dime or more for the poor in the Catechists' Missions becomes a member of ST. JOSEPH'S POOR FUND FAMILY and shares in the Masses, prayers and Novenas of the Catechists in honor of this great Saint. It cannot be doubted that St. Joseph, who has himself experienced the pains of poverty, obtains special graces for those who assist God's poor in a spirit of devotion to him.

The letters "Little Dimer" receives from his friends make him very happy and confident that he will reach his goal of 50,000 Dimes. He still needs 27,349 dimes!

One little boy writes:

"I saved my dimes so I could send 'Little Dimer' a dime in honor of St. Joseph. My name is Joseph and I want St. Joseph for my best friend."

A young woman says:

"I follow with much interest the progress of 'Little Dimer.' Poor little fellow has such a hard climb before him that I feel sorry for him and am going to give him a little boost by enclosing a dollar."

A sincere lover of the poor and a loving father expresses his sentiments in verse.

"To the true and loyal Catechists:
My heart goes out to you;
To help you in your noble work
A lod I'd like to do;
But my wage is small, my station low,
And I'm filled with the cares of life.
In "Hard Times" there's no musical chimes
In the care of six children and wife.
The little I have with you I'll share,—
What the good Lord sends to me,—
To help you in the loving care
Of the souls He sends to you.
So please accept this five dollars
With all my heart's best wishes.
May it please God to multiply them
As He did the loaves and the fishes."

Victory-Noll,
Huntington, Indiana.

I wish to become a member of ST. JOSEPH'S POOR FUND FAMILY. Enclosed find _____ dimes in honor of dear St. Joseph for your poor.

Name _____

Address _____



St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata.

Pray for our missions.

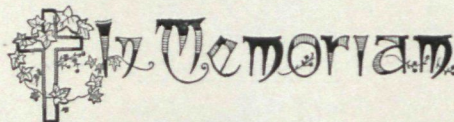
PLEASE

Notify us promptly of your change of address. Send in both your old and new address. We shall appreciate this courtesy; it will save us much time and expense.

Every issue of "THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST" contains interesting accounts of current missionary activities in the Field at Home. Why not become a life subscriber? Our rate is only \$10.00, payable in monthly instalments of \$1.00.

NOVENA

In Our Blessed Lady of Victory Chapel at Victory-Noll a perpetual novena in honor of Our Blessed Lady is offered by the Catechists. Petitions for this novena may be sent any time. In sending your intentions, state the particular favor,—spiritual or temporal,—which you are asking of Our Blessed Mother.



Every day the Catechists offer special prayers for their dear departed relatives, benefactors and friends. Unite with us in praying for the happy repose of the souls of our beloved dead:

Miss Julia Friend, Mrs. Eugenie Jackson, Miss Annie Neylon, Patrick McMyler, John Radovic, Mrs. Stephen Farreley, Miss R. Worth, Miss Catherine Sagel, Mrs. Knusman, Nora Kinney, Mary J. Chute, Miss S. N. Schell, Thos. E. Miller, J. F. Clark, Mr. Anders, P. Golden, Mrs. Pulaski, A. C. M., Michael J. Ball and Mrs. E. de B. Finchamp, Mr. J. Dister.

Jesus, Mercy! Mary Help!

Wise and Otherwise

Little Manuel was down town with his uncle and they chanced to meet a Catechist.

"Are we going to have Catechism?" was Manuel's cheery greeting.

The uncle laughed and remarked, "It isn't Catechism you like, Manuel, it's the Sister."

Manuel clapped his hands triumphantly: "But this Sister IS Catechism!"

Pedro—"Catechist, my mother wants some medicine for my sister."

Catechist—"We'll have to see your sister first so we know what she needs."

Pedro—"Oh, I know what's wrong with her. Teacher said she has late spring fever."

I had my troubles trying to master the Spanish language. One day I found a pocketknife. Thinking it belonged to our neighbor, I asked.

"Do you know of anyone who has lost a pocket knife? I found one."

His troubled expression told me something was wrong so I pulled out the knife. Later I discovered my mistake. I had asked:

"Do you know of anyone who has lost a bridegroom? I found one."

The words "pocketknife" and "bridegroom" are similar in Spanish.

—C. G. M.

Las Vegas, New Mexico,
July 26, 1932.

Dear Father Sigstein:

The Catechists here have, no doubt, informed you of the course in Simple Apologetics which I have given them. They have shown an interest and an ability in handling the matter that exceeded my expectations. I want to tell you, dear Father, that it has been a real pleasure for me to be able to serve them for a short time in the capacity of an Instructor.

I met the Catechists the first time when I visited Victory-Noll two years ago. At that time I marveled at their genuine religious spirit. During the past three weeks, however, I have had an opportunity of observing them in their daily routine and of noting the results of their training away from "home." I have been edified. They have the spirit of true Religious and of true Missionaries. The Society of Missionary Catechists is a God-send to this country. It is doing a noble work in a noble way.

Wishing you every blessing and with the highest regard for the admirable work of the Society of Missionary Catechists, I remain,

Very sincerely in Christ,

REV. BERNARD LOEHER.

BABY-SAN

Pure Liquid Castile Soap For Bathing Babies



BABY-SAN for a number of years has been the favorite soap for bathing babies in the leading Hospitals of the United States and Canada.

In the nursery of the Hospital it is dispensed from the Portable BABY-SAN Dispenser illustrated here. BABY-SAN is shipped in various containers to the Hospitals, ranging in size from five gallons to barrels.

Write now for more information and prices.

MOTHERS! You Can Use BABY-SAN

8 OZ. BOTTLE - - \$1.00 POSTPAID
16 OZ. BOTTLE - - \$1.50 POSTPAID



For those mothers who would like to use this finest of baby soaps, we take pleasure in announcing that it is now available in eight ounce shaker top bottles at \$1.00 per bottle C. O. D., postage prepaid. Large bottles (sixteen ounces) may be had at \$1.50 per bottle C. O. D., postage prepaid.

BABY-SAN is also unusually excellent for hair shampoo. It cleanses the scalp and hair, and when the hair dries it is soft and glistening in luster. Order BABY-SAN direct. Send \$1.00 or \$1.50 in money order, or ask to have us send BABY-SAN C. O. D.

The Hospital Department
HUNTINGTON LABORATORIES, INC.
Huntington, Indiana

BABY-SAN is made in the same city in which the MISSIONARY CATECHIST is published and is recommended as the finest and most reliable baby soap made—The Missionary Catechist.

The Hospital Department,
Huntington Laboratories, Inc.,
Huntington, Indiana.

—Enclosed is \$_____ (—Send C.O.D.)
for a bottle of BABY-SAN, sent postpaid.

Name _____

Street or R. R. _____

City _____ State _____

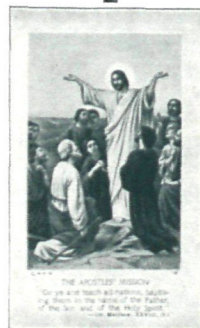
Perpetually Giving - - -

Mission work is dear to Our Divine Lord because it is His work.

Alms given to the poor are given to Christ and He is never outdone in generosity.

Fervent Catholics consider it a sacred privilege to help support mission work.

You who give to the missions for the love of God will certainly receive that hundredfold reward promised by Our Lord to those who do good for love of Him.



That is what you are doing when you make ONE contribution, however small, toward the support of a Missionary Catechist.

HOW?

All funds received for the support of the Catechists are made up into Burses. These Burses are PERPETUAL. It is the interest drawn from them that is used to keep the Catechists in the field.

A complete Burse amounts to \$6,000.00. All donations, even a dollar or less, sent us for the support of a Catechist are applied toward the completion of some Burse. When making an offering for the support of a Catechist you do NOT assume the responsibility of paying the entire amount of \$6,000.00.

In the past, you, dear friends, have been generous. The amount of good you have enabled us to accomplish with your prayers and financial aid cannot be estimated.

Encouraged by your sympathy and ever mindful of the appalling spiritual destitution of the poor in mission places of our own Country, we hope to keep 90 Catechists at their Christ-like work in the missions during the current year.

It takes \$25.00 to support a Catechist in the field for one month,—quite a large amount, but no so much when you consider that she is saving immortal souls.

The Catechists receive neither salary nor remuneration for their work. They depend solely upon YOU for their support and the means with which to maintain their activities among the poorest of God's poor. Send in a contribution toward the support of the Catechists, even a mite and

Help Them Carry On!

Society of Missionary Catechists,
Huntington, Ind.
Dear Catechists:

I am sending \$_____ to help you carry on your work among God's poorest.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

