

some pieces of lumber and covered with canvas. There is no ceiling. We are now saving dimes to have some pews put in. So far there is no house for the priest, but the Catholics are so good to the minister of God that they give him the best room they have. Every time I go to Sanderson I try to stay there a week. Our people, specially American Catholics, wish to have their Divine Savior residing among them in the Blessed Sacrament all the time the priest spends in their community.

A question often asked is: Why do Catholics, living in such isolated places, continue to dwell there, subject to hardships, and deprived of the advantages, both for themselves and their children, of a religious environment and training which they could secure in the more populous towns? The struggle for life! It is all due to that. I presume you know of the climatic resources of this corner of the world. Hundreds of people live here for health's sake. And, as for the Mexicans, they go where they can find work, without weighing the question of nearness to church or school. To have a child baptized they may drive forty-five miles, but to attend Mass or get religious knowledge they will hesitate and grumble over a fifteen minutes' walk. But they will send a hundred miles for a priest when sick. Last September, during the telegraphers' strike, a man came from Sanderson, 140 miles distant, to take me to the deathbed of a young mother. Five years ago, one winter's night, about eleven o'clock, I was awakened suddenly by hasty strokes at the door. A sick call to a ranch twenty miles away! We started off: the cold was intense. We arrived at the ranch at three o'clock, only to find the man dead. I said some prayers for the repose of his soul, got home at seven o'clock, said Mass, and went to bed with a well-fixed cold.

I hope, dear *Extension* readers, that these few points about our missions will interest you. For the aid that you have given us, our grateful hearts call down God's blessing upon you. You would be touched could you hear the children who gather for Sunday-school in the church you helped, praying for the welfare of the Society and its members. These lambs of the flock are the joy and consolation of the missionary's heart. There are 500 children attending the catechism classes now, and there will be twice as many next year.