

THE LITTLE APOSTLE of the MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



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THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

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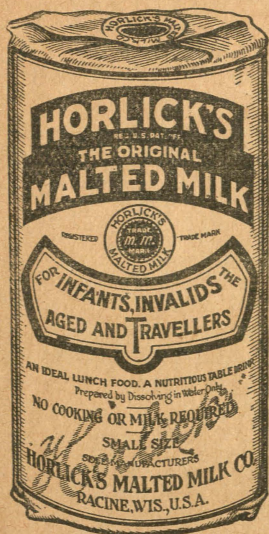
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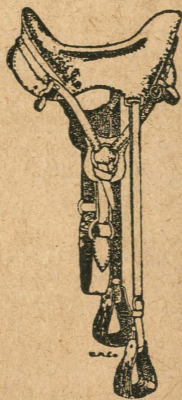
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Before St. Peter

—“**L**ET US SEE, let us see!” Saint Peter said to a young student in his teens, with whom he was pleasantly arguing.

“A moment ago, I asked your name and you gave me one which is not at all in concordance neither with your identification card, nor with my big ledger, the book of life. Your name is Nicasio Rondono.”

—“Worthy Saint Peter, it is exact and not exact.

—“Little boy, don’t try to laugh at me, as you often did with your professors of mathematics.”

—It is not my intention to cheat you, worthy Saint Peter. The name of “Captain” which I told you, is the name by which they called me among the Boy Scouts, and I am so accustomed to hear it outside of my house and the university, that I made a mistake. Besides, worthy Saint, is your name Peter?”

—“What do you mean?”

—“Your true name is Simon.

It was Jesus Himself who told you one day: Hence your name will be Céphas, that is: Peter.”

“Truly, but this was so long ago that I almost forgot all about it.”

—“Then, you forgive me, great Saint?”

—“Your name, yes, but let us see now what you have done while on earth. Do you have your inventory with you, that I may compare it with your accounts in my big ledger?”

—“I did not make any inventory, great Saint.”

—“How is that?... Every good Christian must make his examination of conscience every night, at the end of each year and especially at the moment of giving an account of his life to the Supreme Judge. I am here to control it. Let us see; explain yourself that I may see whether or not your account agrees with mine. What have you done on earth?”

Oh, Saint Peter, I think I did my duty as well as I could. At

seven, I made my First Communion and as long as I was at the college, I received Holy Communion several times a week....”

—“True. But during vacation you could have done the same, and you excused yourself for several trifling reasons. When you entered the University of Santo Tomas, you contented yourself with one Communion a month, perhaps because it was the rule....otherwise, who knows?”

—Truly, I was obliged by the rule of receiving Holy Communion once a month, but I received it then with all possible devotion.”

—“Let us suppose it be so, but if you had received Holy Communion daily, certainly you would not have committed certain regrettable faults.”

—“How can I help it? The temptations in Manila are often so strong. Yourself, who have lived in the holy company of Our Saviour, did you not deny the Lord three times?”

—“Alas, I did, and I have shed tears over my faults my life long, and if it were still possible now, I would weep during the whole eternity. But let us see: let us come back to your affair.”

I see that you were an ordinary student, but that, if you had heeded the lessons of your teachers, you would have become a brilliant subject. Only, you had your scoutism in your head and a football at your feet, so that you did

not always make the required efforts to succeed.”

—I admit that this is true. It is a pity that when one is young, he does not always reflect enough. One likes to amuse himself.”

—“There is no wrong in enjoying some amusements, after duty is well done and when they are honest. A propos to this last point, you have been on the point of going to see a bad film. At least that time, you listened to the voice of your conscience, for which I congratulate you. That means a good note for you in my book. Let us see and continue.”

—“Worthy Saint, I have also been an Apostle....”

—“What are you saying? You... an apostle.... Where?... When?... and how, please?”

—“Yes, worthy Saint, I have always tried to give a good example to my brothers and sisters, as well as to all my companions. Does that not mean to be an apostle?”

—“Yes, apostle by example, I admit it.”

—I have also shown good example thru my assiduity in attending the meetings of the “Congregacion Mariana” and I have even tried to make others attend the meetings.”

—“You have done your duty.”

—“Finally, Saint Peter, I have been an apostle of the Catholic Press.”

—“You, an apostle of the Catholic Press? Let us speak a little about what you have done for the

good Press."

—"I have tried to find subscribers to "La Defensa," to "the Little Apostle" and "El Misionero."

—Yes, but, as I see here, your success has been small, when in fact, you could have found many subscriptions, especially to these magazines that cost only one peso a year and which would made real apostles of the pagans. If you had only shown a heart, you would have been a real apostle. But I see that you almost always contented yourself with speaking to your friends about the magazines, just once; that you spoke only to your well intentioned friends; and that you never returned to the subject after a first refusal or when they did not pay at once. As many others, you liked the easy apostolate. Why did you not imitate your friend Vincent? He sticks to his enterprise and never gives up, until he gets what he wants for the good cause?

—"Of Vincent we can easily understand that. He intends to become a priest."

—"Ah!, Ah! That's it! As if only priests and future priests had to sacrifice themselves to do good works. Now listen: you have said that, once you had found a subscription to "the Little Apostle" or "El Misionero," you did not have to see that your subscribers continued to renew their subscriptions. Is that true?"

—"Yes, Saint Peter, but, I would have pleaded the cause of

these missionary magazines later."

—Yes, mañana, as they say. And to say that you intended to become a lawyer. But my boy, a good lawyer must know how to plead well and long, and never give up until he wins his case entirely, even the most difficult cases. To plead for the missionary magazines and La Defensa would have been good practice to become a good lawyer, and you would have enjoyed as much satisfaction in helping now that most worthy cause, as later in your triumphs before the Courts."

—"I admit my failure, worthy Saint: a fault admitted is a fault half forgiven, they say on earth, and I hope it is the same here?"

—"That forgiving belongs to the Supreme Judge. You also had the example of your active sister, Elvira."

—"Truly, great Saint, but you know the feminine sex has a long-tongue..."

—"What do you say, missed lawyer? Don't calumniate that sex which you call on earth the "weaker", but which in fact is stronger than yours, man, to overcome difficulties. It is thanks to the women that so many catholic organizations flourish on earth and make more and more progress. Nothing frightens them, nothing keeps them back, even if they meet with rebukes in their endeavours: they start again and again and persevere until they succeed or must admit an absolute

impossibility. Enormous would be the good you men would do on earth, if you had only ten per cent of the apostolic zeal of young ladies and women. You wish the reign of Christ on earth by your words, but you do not establish it by your deeds, especially through the propagation of the Catholic Press. My companion, Saint Paul, would be ever so glad to go back to the world, to work for the good

Press.

—"Well, please, Saint Peter, let me return to earth and I promise you, I will do marvels."

—"Enter and ask permission of the Supreme Judge, for I, myself, can not give this permission. However, I think, You will get some purgatory, for you have not been apostle enough, to make me plead your cause!"

SAVONAROLA.

A Song of Little Kiaṅgan Children

*My white little chicken,
My fleabitten chicken
Escaped to Mungayan,
And I, I pursued it...
Ouf! Monkeys reside there!
Real monkeys adancing!*

*My knife and my scabbard
I place in a corner
And dance with these monkeys...
They pinch both my feet! Ay!
How painful it is! Ay!*

The same song at another place of the Ifugao Province

*My black little chicken,
My fleabitten chicken
Escaped to Mungayan,
And Bagan does cackle. (Bagan
calls the chicken back)
"Look, here I am, Bagan.
"Look here. I precede ye"
The chicken comes forward,
Indeed, look, it's jumping.*

*See 't jumps in its cabin, (The
basket in which the chickens
are kept)
Its cabin as little
And small as a bramble,
A bramble with berries,
With berries that waggle
And wagging do waggle!*

Feast of St. Peter Claver

September 9.

Peter Claver was a Spanish Jesuit. In Majorca he fell in with the holy lay-brother Alphonsus Rodriguez, who, having already learned by revelation the saintly career of Peter, became his spiritual guide, foretold to him the labors he would undergo in the Indies, and the throne he would gain in heaven. Ordained priest in New Granada, Peter was sent to Cartagena, the great slave-mart of the West Indies, and there he consecrated himself by vow to the salvation of those ignorant and miserable creatures. For more than forty years he labored in this work. He called himself "the slave of the slaves". He was their apostle, father, physician and friend. He fed them, nursed them with the utmost tenderness in their loathsome diseases, often applying his own lips to their hideous sores. His cloak, which was the constant covering of the naked, though soiled with their filthy ulcers, sent forth a miraculous perfume. His rest after his great labors was in nights of penance and prayer. However tired he might be, when news arrived of a fresh slave-ship, Peter immediately revived, his eyes brightened, and he was at once on board amongst his dear slaves, bringing them comfort for body and soul.

A false charge of reiterating Baptism, for a while, stopped his work. He submitted without murmur till the calumny was refuted, and then God so blessed his toil that 40,000 negroes were baptized before he went to his reward, in 1654. The reward of a great apostle and missionary!

REFLECTION.

For a few years of holy life, Saint Peter has enjoyed for many years and will enjoy forever the glory and happiness of heaven. Years fleet with the speed of lightning; only eternity after death is everlasting. If we thought of this truth more often and quite seriously, we would find the efforts we have to make to obtain the greatest glory possible not only easy but attractive. What? For a few moments in prayer, for an alms given by which we deprive ourselves of only a passing, little pleasure, of this world, we can secure for ourselves a degree of glory, which in joy and beauty surpasses all we can imagine, and besides will last an eternity. Oh, if we only thought of this truth! And then, how anxious we would be to help others to go to heaven! And, by doing so, again we would increase our own heaven! Oh! If we only thought more of this!

The Conversion of Katooloose

NOTE. The Fathers of the Immaculate Heart of Mary have missions not only in the Mountain Province of the Philippines, but also in China and Congo. Here follows the wonderful story of the wonderful conversion of a wonderful man, Mr. Katooloose, a full-blooded Congolese of said Congo Mission.

ONE DAY, a certain couple knocked at the door of a mission house in Kasai, Congo. The man was the lucky owner of a complete pair of pants and an entire shirt, both having been spick and span, once upon a time.... That he came from a more civilized part of the big country was evident by the way his shirt disappeared inside of the pantaloons, instead of flapping freely outside. He looked like a good, jolly fellow, trying his best to look most serious.

The woman was wrapped in a piece of cloth, fastened under her arms, and evidently made efforts to give the impression that she was by birth a lady of the nigger nobility. She was carrying on her head an enormous wicker hamper that contained all the family furniture: pots, pans, a tripod and a flat-iron.

The father of the mission asked their names. The man answered with a face of steel:—"My name is Katooloose, and my wife's, over there, Kafinga."

The bystanders — for in Kasai they never fail to form a curious group, whenever the slightest trifle gives them an opportunity —

hearing that strange name, Katooloose, burst into laughter, for it was not a native name, but an imitation of the Flemish and French "cartouch". No doubt, the fellow had chosen that impressive cognomen to rise in everybody's esteem and appreciation. But, as this innocent strategy and ambition placed no obstacle to their conversion, both, there and then, were enlisted as catechumens, the favor they asked.

And true Catechumens they were: they never missed a lesson of doctrine; their attention during each period of instruction was one hundred per cent intense; each morning found them in front of the chapel, from where, according to the custom of the Catechumens, they attended Mass.

If it now and then happened that a pagan, unaware of the uses of the mission, tried to enter the church, be sure that Katooloose jerked him away from the door and unceremoniously shouted:—"What! Ye dare to enter the house of God, ye savage! Do you want to drop dead perhaps?"

Abstraction made of a good dosis of superstition manifested by this fraternal correction, Ka-

tooloose had a good intention. And the lovely moons with their quarters succeeded each other through the blue sky of Kasai and Katooloose persevered as a Catechumen. One day however, he went to see the father; he had a lump in his throat and made a complaint: he, and his tender other half, had not as yet been baptized.

—“Suppose we die now”, he said, “we would go to hell. Since we arrived here, so many... new moons have passed” — and he more than doubled the number — “and yet, we are still children of the devil.”

And Katooloose came back again and again to the father and renewed the same complaint; the priest told him each time the moment was not come yet, they did not know as yet the whole Catholic doctrine, etc...but the man always found ready answers whose logic was more or less... rather less... convincing, and, after a while, he left like a cat a mouse has caught, or like a just man whose rights are trampled.

One afternoon, a terrible storm swept over Kasai. The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed; the whole mission seemed afire and the rain fell in torrents. In one word, it was the ideal time to light the candlemass candle and to say, with great devotion, number of beads.

All of a sudden, somebody knocked at the door. Jumping

up I opened. A black boy stood dripping in front of me:

—“Father, he sighed, the lightning killed Kafinga, Katooloose’s wife.”

While leaving my room, I caught a bottle of ammonia and ran full speed to the village, notwithstanding the weather.

Near her hut, Kafinga was lying without any visible sign of life. Katooloose stood at her side, crying and sobbing loud enough to move the hardest stones. —“She is dead”, he shouted in despair, “and she died a child of the devil.”

But very soon I saw Kafinga was still breathing. I looked somewhat nearer, but found no marks of any burning. I called her by her name; she did not move. I placed the bottle of ammonia under her wide nostrils, but without success. Katooloose came to my help; he pleaded his other half to pity her loving husband and to tell him a last word; it was all in vain; she remained motionless.

Well, I thought, lightning plays astonishing tricks. Let us see. Kafinga had made some progress in doctrine, she was a good woman, I better baptized her.

I whispered once more to her ears the most important truths of our Holy Faith and baptized her there and then in these sad circumstances.

The next morning, when I went to the chapel, Katooloose

was sitting alone in front of the door.

But whom did I see inside? Kafinga, blooming with health, kneeling devoutly, and praying aloud.

Indeed the thunder plays many mysterious tricks, I thought by myself. After breakfast, Kafinga, accompanied by her Katooloose, came to see and thank me for the grace of Baptism: both were as serious as serious can be.

Weeks passed.... Katooloose's zeal and devotion had not decreased in the slightest, but more than ever did he manifest his sorrows and complaints.—“See”, he repeated, “my wife has been baptized. If we die right now, she — and he insisted on the pronoun — would go to heaven and I — he pronounced it with a deep accent — would go to hell. That may not be. We refuse to be separated.”

But it was all of no avail: Katooloose had to wait in patience.

In the mean time we abandoned this particular mission and went four days farther to find a new one.

Katooloose and his Kafinga — always with her basket on her head, and not without the tripod and the flat-iron — accompanied us.

A few weeks later, my older companion had to absent himself for some time. Katooloose agreed to accompany him as a carrier. After four days, the whole group

of travelers came back to the point of departure in perfect health.

We had just taken seats at table to lunch, when somebody ran up to announce us Katooloose was dying.

—“The fatigues of long traveling”, I thought, “sometimes cause unexpected effects”; and I ran at topspeed towards Katooloose.

There he was, lying upon his back, with his eyes hermetically tight. Some women, in quick succession, idled whole jars of water over his body.

—“What ails Katooloose?” I asked.

“Fire” they answered but they meant fever.

Katooloose shivered through all his members and his teeth loudly chattered without interruption.

—“But stop that pouring of water, otherwise ye drown him!” I ordered. Kafinga was desolate, though another woman exercised her profession of encouraging her.

—“Katooloose”, I shouted, “Katooloose, what ails you?”

No answer.

And instinctively I remembered the famous lightning that once struck Kafinga.

Wonderful. The chill stopped all at once.

—“Katooloose”, I said, I will not baptize you. And, see that tomorrow morning you arrive in time for your work.”

Quite astonished, Katooloose opened his big, white eyes.

— “Why?” he answered, “Why do you not baptize me?” and tears rolled down his shining cheeks. “No father, I did not expect that from You.”

The many bystanders burst out in a loud laughter; the water service stopped now completely and Katooloose, with hanging ears, went somewhat farther to let his skin dry in the sun....

This reverse did not discourage the valiant Catechumen. Faithfully as always, he continued to follow the doctrine lessons, until finally came the glorious day of his rebirth through the water and the Holy Ghost....

Some time later, I was sent to another mission.

Two years had passed, when, one day, two unknown niggers, a man and a woman arrived at my new mission.

I recognized them....they were Katooloose and Kafinga, the basket, containing a tripod and a flat-iron, making up the rest of the company. We were all very glad to meet again and Katooloose applied for a worker's job at my mission.

I granted his request; so Katooloose and Kafinga immediately set to work to build their abode and till some soil: the mission counted one devout family more.

Two years passed, and Katooloose and Kafinga regretted their native region.

— “We intend to go back to the Luluas, our native country,” so spoke Katooloose. The journey meant six days' travel.

— “Katooloose” I answered, “I am very sorry. You and Kafinga will be obliged to live among pagans. You will lose your faith. The bad examples will return your hearts from the right path. It is too far to come back here, now and then, to receive the Sacraments, and....Katooloose, and....Kafinga, both will go stray forever.”

I could see in the man's eyes that he did not share my opinion. He did not hesitate to manifest it, for he openly said:

— “Father, we will not go stray. We are christians and we remain christians. We will often come to visit the mission.”

— “Yes,” I replied, “perhaps at the beginning; but little by little that will change....Katooloose, my friend, never in your life did you break such bad news to me.”

At this moment, I suddenly got an idea which in my case I considered as an inspiration from Heaven.

— “Katooloose” I asked without other transition, “Katooloose, will you become a Catechist in your native place?”

The man looked at me as one who has swallowed his tongue and can not utter a word, and he stammered:

— “B....b....but Katooloose can not even read a book....Ka....ka....

Katooloose never went to schoolto learn letters....letters."

— "Never mind, Katooloose. Men like you never are too old to learn. Tomorrow morning, come to the class."

And the next morning, Katooloose came to the class: a splendid sight among the little black tots of the first grade.

From early morning till late in the night, Katooloose held a book on his lap and a slate with a pencil in his hands. He uttered no other sounds than: ba, be, bi, bo,.... His pencils shortened more by sharpening them than by writing. Whenever a letter appeared on his slate in a rather undecipherable form, it was the fault of the pencil, but never Katooloose's. And yet the mysterious scratches little by little took less irregular forms and shapes, and Katooloose's hardened gray matter became softer and softer. His spelling, at first accompanied by expressions of a well founded doubt and wonderful mimicry like the behavior of a baby that tries its first steps, became less and less imperfect; it grew faster and more fluent, and one day, Katooloose finally could sing in triumph; I too am a learned man, I too can read and write!

Believe me, Kafinga was proud of her faithful Katooloose. Indeed the bridegroom was a self-made-man; he was a man of the mission, a Catechist, and able to read several books. How his people in the native village would

admire him! He, with his wisdom and new dresses; pants, waistcoat, shirt and hat; she, in a new piece of cloth with big, red lines in, and always in possession of the family furniture: a tripod and a flat-iron in a basket; heavens! How they both would stand in the highest esteem of all their country-people!

And so, they left for their native town.

Three full moons had smiled from the blue, Congolese sky, when arrived Katooloose and Kafinga, entering the mission, followed by at least twenty lads, all students of professor Katooloose.

Katooloose, with his woolly head at least a foot higher than before, looked almost like a human peacock in full display of his beauty, and Kafinga, his other half, behaved as if the glorious victory of her lawful man had been as much as her own.

Of course we were not less happy than these true apostles of Christ. A new christian village was founded and conquered for Christ the King, and Katooloose, the Cartouch, had done that and this was only his first shot.

Such is, dear Readers, the true, inspiring, exemplary story of a negro. Do you think (*mutatis mutandis*, changing what should be changed) you can do as much for the Faith of God as Katooloose?

If you have his spirit, help the Missions, help Christ to establish His reign on earth!

THE MISSION

Letter from Rev. Fr. Ghysebrechts

Mission Scenes.

Bontok, June 29, 1928.

SUNDAY morning.... somewhere in a far away outside mission-station, the Father can visit five or six times a year....

— “Well, Placido, we have to do something to repair this chapel. It is all right as long as the weather is fair and bright; then, as this morning we can have a splendid attendance at Holy Mass, for the people who can not enter the chapel, can stand outside; but what, if it happens to rain? Then, impossible for me to say Mass. The roof looks like a sieve and it is leaking everywhere.

— But are you not intending to build a new chapel, Father?

— I know, Placido, everybody says so; they think I am a Cresus, but the fact is that I have just ₱2.50 left to do the necessary repairs: that's all I can give to replace the roofing and the posts.

Nobody in the world more than me likes to repair this chapel or to have a new one built; but “pas d' argent, pas de Suisses”, no funds, no chapel. I have spent

₱60.00 on this building. It is not much, but still it is better than nothing as was the case when I first reached this out-of-the-way place.

While we were speaking more about coming typhoons that would play havoc with the shack — by the way, a house into which God's Majesty has to descend to visit His children — up came two girls.

— Good morning, Father. We want to be baptized.

— “To be baptized! But my dear children, I have never seen you before, and as I have no Catechist in this place, I wonder what you know about doctrine and prayers.

— Father, I know them and I know my catechism.

— Where are you from, little girl? What is your name?

— My name is Nadiawan, Father, I am living in Tunglayan. (12 kilometers from the place).

— And who did teach you, Nadiawan?

— Sixto Ngavitna, my brother. He taught me all he knew of doc-



trine and I in turn instructed this woman, my companion. There are many in our barrio who know the doctrine and wish to be baptized. Please come to our barrio, Father.

—So? And why do you wish to be baptized, Nadiawan?

—To have my sins taken away and to go to heaven, when I die.

There and then I began a serious examination of the knowledge of doctrine of these unexpected catechumens and candidates for baptism. To my great astonishment they knew more than enough to receive the Sacrament they were asking for. So,

to encourage and reward them for their good dispositions, I baptized the two girls under the names of Therese and Antonia.

The next morning I set out for Nadiawan's town. Tunglayan has what we call a chapel but it is a poor small building, erected by the first converts of the village. I visited all the houses; this was the first time I did, for the huts are scattered all over various mountain slopes. Not only many boys and girls were willing to accept Christianity, but whole families were ready to join the Church.

But....who will teach them? Of

course a Catechist who lives with them, visits them in the evening, and day by day gives them the necessary instruction. But...No, I can not pay for another Catechist. And if no generous soul or souls appear to send a monthly support of P40.00, here will be another village well disposed that remains pagan. I can not help but shed bitter tears before my inability to convert these hundreds of people. But God will not judge ME for the loss of these

precious souls for which a God-Man has shed His Blood.... Fathers Moerman and Waffeled that same evening the whole village to the Little Flower, hoping she will throw a rose towards this place, for I am assured that she will find an instrument—a well-to do Catholic—to send that rose. Who will that instrument of Heaven and the Little Flower be?

(Rev.)Marcel Ghysebrechts

Mission News & Notes

Burnay, Kiangan.

From Father De Snick:

Please convey my most sincere thanks to the generous readers of the Little Apostle and El Misionero, for the bag of clothes, they have sent. I received them just a week before the feast of St. Mary Magdalen, Patroness of Lagawig; they were a real blessing. I distributed them all among my poor Ifugaos of Lagawig. They were delighted to get a dress with which they could parade in the village for the annual feast. We held a procession with the statue of St. Mary Magdalen, the only thing left of the former Dominican mission at Lagawig. The convent and chapel were burned, but the people saved the statue of their Patroness. The mission, after having been abandoned for twenty years; was reopened by

Fathers Moerman and Waffe-laert, who built a new chapel.

Lubuagan.

From Brother Edward:

I have ordered some medicines from Manila, but, lack of money prevents me from buying the quantity I am in need of for our poor people. Wherever our Lord went, people brought to Him their sick, says the Gospel. We are somewhat in the same predicament: wherever we go people call us to go and see their sick. If we had only a sufficient amount of medicines we could save many lives, even without being doctors. Cases of dysentery and malaria are numerous. Many children die of convulsions. Lots of people suffer of abscesses and wounds. Oh, if we had only more medicines and bandages!

COUNTRY AND PEOPLE

The Songs of a People

Igorrote Customs in East Benguet

by Rev. Father Claerhoudt Missionary, Bokod, Benguet

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Continuation

XV. Puñgao....Bakak

IT WAS in a small village near the great Agno River.

Its few huts were hidden under and behind the heavy, somber, crowns of the mango trees. High, slender bamboos, kawaians, were lazily bowing to and fro, high above a dense thicket of white flowered shrubs; and, lost in the immense blue sky, the spying mountain hawk was hanging motionless, while the golden yellow rice fields below were rustling in rythmical waves over all the slopes.

It was in a small village near the great Agno River.

Its few inhabitants were living here quite asunder from all the outside world, and, with ways and customs of their own. They were leading a most monotonous existence under the stern command and wise guidance of their mam-

bunung....

This mambunung was a man of age, a tall fellow, surpassing all the others by, at least, a head....

He was born in this very solitary place. Here, too, he had grown up and become old. From his ancestors he had learned much, so that he knew, from memory, all the ancestors, of long bygone days, had transmitted by tradition, for the benefit of their descendants, about sickness and other evils; he knew not only the causes of such ills, but, also, their remedies. He possessed a valuable storehouse of exorcisms, all mysterious and powerful; he conversed with Kabunian, the divinity, with the ghosts on the Polak Mountain and with the spirits that dwelt in the sky, the water and the fire. He was in communication with the whole world of the

hereafter, and, in his many tales, he spoke of the cause and origin of all sorts of things.

It was the time of the rice harvesting and the day was fixed for the first cutting of this precious cereal.

—"The field first to be harvested must be blessed!" the mambunung had said to the people, "the field first to be harvested must be exorcised! Tomorrow we will all go together to the ripest rice field, to the field of Pokchas, and after that you may harvest in full."

The rice field of Pokchas, glistening beautifully in the rays of the sunfire, was loaded with golden ears, and the mambunung had planted on the "atol," on the highest stone wall, the spear used for hunting; at the top of it was flapping a familiar signal that allowed nobody to enter the fields, except those who would help to harvest the field of Pokchas.

All the women, about to help, were sitting in a circle around the flag, and, one step farther on, sat the thin mambunung, with his tall body doubled, near a stone jar full of rice wine:

"You! Oh Kabigat and Bugan!

"You! Oh Kabigat" so prayed he,

"Living in the sky your dwelling,

"You, who feed us all and give us

"Rice and abba in abundance,

"All we need for our existence!

"You! Oh Kabigat and Bugan!

"Bless the cutting, bless the harvest!

"You are he who in your goodness,

"Long ago, have made these paddies;

"You have plowed them, you have worked them,

"Bless our rice, oh, bless the "palay"

"Planted here in endless paddies!

"Sai gwara kai-ṅgad-ṅgadanyo,

"So that we your name may honor!

You....oh thunder mighty speaker!

From the highest above, don't harm us,

"Don't destroy our land and rice fields!

"Iango....here is tapoei!

"Iango....here is rice wine!

"Come and let us drink together,

"Come! Protect us! Come and give us

"Life for long and many riches!"

The mambunung kept silence for a moment, threw a few pebbles in the field of Pokchas and proceeded:

"Sikajo i makadaga....

"You the makers of all these here,

"Bless our harvest, bless our cutting!

"Iango....here is tapoei,

"Iango....here is rice wine!"

After which, Pokchas drank a mouthful of rice wine: then, the

cup passed around from mouth to mouth and the people began to cut the rice.

At sunset, Pokchas and the mambunung descended from the field and went to the village, followed by a long row of women that were bending under the enormous loads of their kaibangs, of their heavy baskets full of golden rice.

In the hut of Pokchas, the maidens were busy cooking the rice of last year, which they had pounded, sifted and cleaned; dried pork would be the meat.

When everything had been prepared, and when all the harvesters had arrived and gathered in the yard, where they had deposited their bundles, the mambunung sat down on his heels, near the steaming rice and the boiled meat, and he said a prayer:

"Kaladjo! You all come nearer!

"All who the "Bakák" have feasted

"Long ago and long before us,

"Come, teach us again the prayer

"Of the "Bakák" we're, celebrating!

"Sikajo Bimáká-mákak....

"The "Bakák," in former ages,

"You have prayed and celebrated!

"Mandasakjoi inakan....

"Please, increase and make abundant

"All the things we come to offer!

"Tep iaño i aduto....

"Here is food and food delightful

"You with us will eat together.

"Give us welfare, give us riches,

"That we later and most often

"To our feasts we may invite you!"

After which the mambunung with some of the cooked rice smeared the three stones on which the ricekettle stood aboiling, and he proceeded:

"Chakadan, because you carry

"On your head the heavy kettle

"When our rice is boiling, cooking,

"Eat you first, for you deserve it;

"Always watch the fire aburning

"And protect the food when boiling."

Then the mambunung took another handful of rice and smeared it on the kind of bench that hangs above the firethrough and on which the people lay their rice bundles to dry. Once more he prayed:

"Sikam Sóo-oodán, pañg-ánka

"You, too, bench, where dry the bundles.

"Eat this food first, and your watching

"Over fire and food, neglect not!"

After this the mambunung stumbled outside, threw some cooked rice into the hollow log in which the rice is pounded and which was near the hut, and.... the people now began to eat most

heartily.

So ended the "Bakák" ceremonial and began the time fixed for the beginning of the harvest in that small village of Igorrotes near the great Agno River....

And during the days of the harvest, not a single human being was visible in and around the huts. Each and all were in the fields, except the old, thin, tall mambunung. Alone, with his

bony body, stretched out in the refreshing shadow of the heavy, somber, crown of a mango tree near his hut, alone, he was watching the huts and the village, while his glassy eyes followed the brown people crawling in the paddies, that from the heights of the mountain descended towards the great Agno River, near the small village.

(To be continued)

Ifugao Tales

By Rev. F. Lambrecht, Kiañgan

NOTE: All civilized countries are digging out from the oldest documents and zealously collecting the old stories told by their ancestors when still living their primitive life. And why? Not so much for the stories themselves, however interesting sometimes they may be, as to learn more of their customs and characters, more or less shining through their innocent tales.

Each people has its own character and consequently its proper legends and stories. No wonder thus that the Mountaineers of the Mountain Province possess their unwritten tales, which during a stormy day or under a merry feast they have told from fathers to children and built up in a fancyful imagination, that was inspired by the often recurring facts in their villages.

It is high time to collect these simple stories, for, more and better civilization might erase them, to the great regret of the descendants, when they later learn of their ancestors living a primitive life in the darkness of superstition and paganism. Our readers will note that most of the stories which shall follow, do not always end to the full satisfaction of the interested curiosity. Why? Ask the Mountaineer story teller and he will give you no other answer than that he does not know what further happened and that the story is finished.

Of Amma and Unga

A VERY LONG, long time ago, it happened one day, that Amma and Unga went to the mountain to lay out a new camote field on one of its slopes. Amma spoke and said:

—“I will weed and till the soil as far as from here to the banana-stem yonder, and the banana-stem will be mine.”

And Unga spoke and said:

—“I will weed and till the soil as far as from here to the lituku yonder, and the lituku will be mine.”

And so they divided the ground and made a new camote field.

But toward evening, Lablabu-ut came and spoke and said:

—“Weeds, bad weeds grubbed up by Amma and Unga, grow! Grow again!”

The next morning, Amma and Unga again went to the place where they had worked the previous day and the weeds they had grubbed up, stood there growing.

Again they pulled them out and grubbed them up, but instead of returning home, they remained on the spot in wait for Lablabu-ut.

And Lablabu-ut came to the camote field, but when he was about to speak, Unga caught him and said:

—“Come, Amma, come here, I caught and have him!”

And Amma spoke and said: “Wait, wait a while, my pipe fell down.”

And Lablabu-ut escaped. At which Unga made a reproach to Amma, and again he caught Lablabu-ut, but this time Unga and Amma tied Lablabu-ut's hands and feet and they carried him to the village.

And they said:

—“We will pierce you with a sugarcane!”

Lablabu-ut answered:

—“My father and my mother have stabbed me with a sugarcane, but I did not die.”

Then, Unga and Amma said:

—“We will throw you into the water!”

—“Don't, don't” Balabu-ut pleaded.

But they caught him and, without more ado, threw him into the water.

And Balabu-ut jubilated, saying:

—“My home is the well, my home is the well, well, well,....”

At which Amma and Unga sprang into the water to pursue Balabu-ut, and lo, there came a crab, an enormous crab. At this sight, Unga spoke and said:

—“What are we going to do with that?”

Amma answered and said:

—“Let us go to the camote field with it, and it will watch the field against those who eat our camotes.”

So they did and it did not last long before the crab caught a wild boar. They went to see and they saw the wild boar that had been caught. Of course they were happy, so they took the crab along and went to cook and eat.

Then, Amma spoke and said:

—“Give me the crab to place it in my field, that it may catch something to eat!”

Unga gave the crab and this

time it caught a rat. Amma went to see and he found the rat. This made him mad, he took the crab, cooked and ate it. Unga spoke and said:

—"Give me the crab to place it in my field."

Amma answered and said:

—"Come and look in that pot; for there are its nippers."

And Unga said:

—"I will crush you with the ricetrough!"

But Amma answered saying:

—"Keep quiet, for I will make a pot that will fly away in search of meat for our meals."

And Unga was glad and he made the pot fly; the pot went to Bunne.

And the people of Bunne saw the pot and said:

—"There is a pot!"

And they roasted their best

meat in it. But, when the meat was roasted to the point, the pot flew away and went to the house of Unga, and Unga was very happy.

Then Amma again said:

—"Give that pot to me and I will make it fly."

So Unga gave the pot and Amma made it fly away. This time it went to Munggayang. And the people of Munggayang said to each other:

—"There is a pot to cook in."

Others answered:

—"A good thing for us!"

And they used it to boil rotten meat in it. And the pot flew away and went to the house of Amma. And Amma peeped in it: it contained rotten meat. And he threw the pot away and went downstairs.????

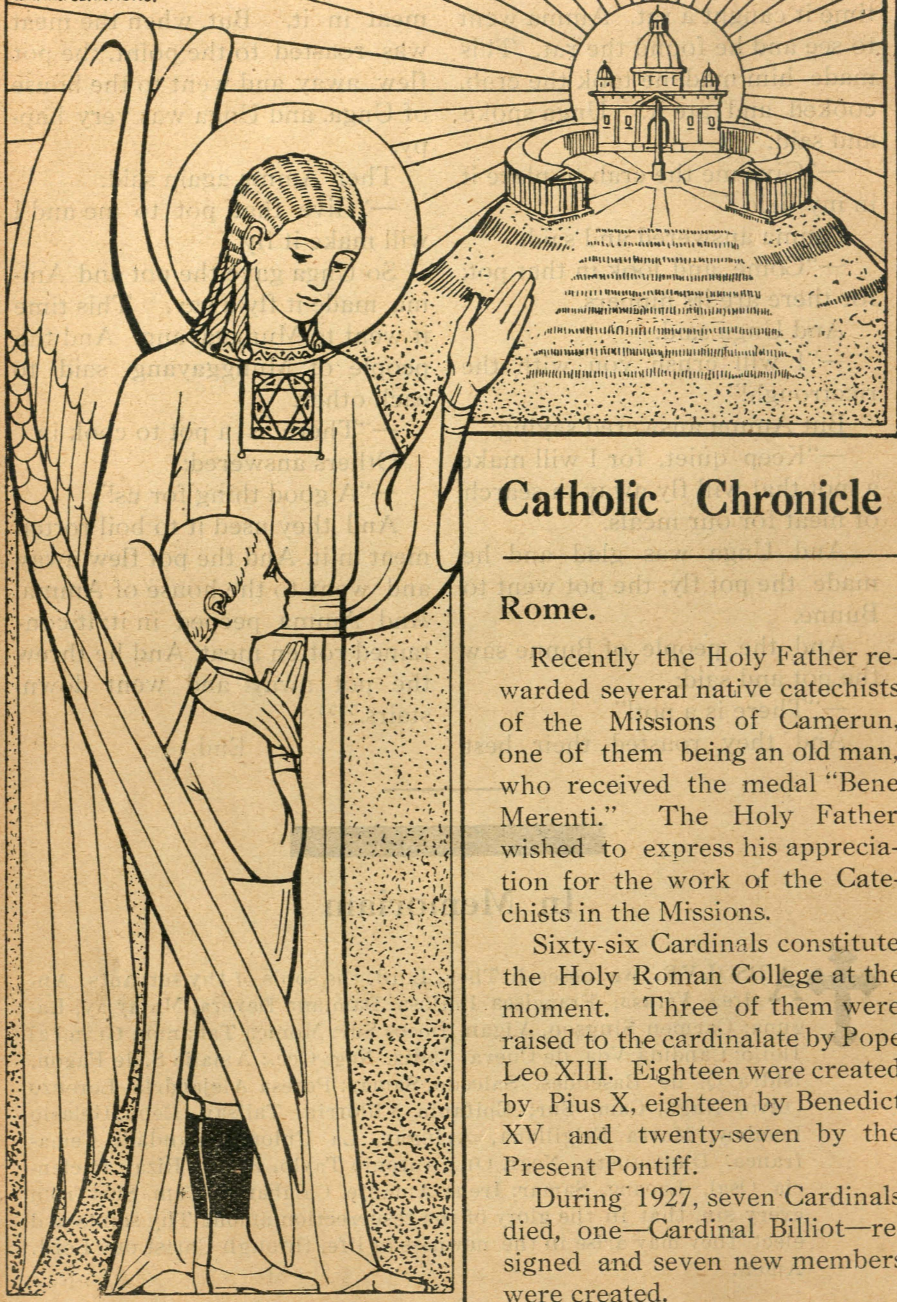
End.

In Memoriam



ABSOLVE; we beseech Thee, Lord, the souls of thy servants: Andrea Vitasa, Francisca Dollosa, Damiana Devera, Majayjay, Laguna; Carmen Singson, Vigan, Ilocos Sur; Monica Tabanun, Guimtal Iloilo; Candida Vda. de Cueva, Cadiz, Neg. Occ.; Amalia S. de Bagon, Isidra Q. de Baselides, Salcedo, Samar; Poresa Alejandria, Lorenzo Olivo, Naga, Cam. Sur; Epifania Villorria, Talisay, Cebu; Gelasio Lomboy, Marta Frigillana, Aringay, La Union; Cenanda T. Cemafranca, Dumaguete, Negr. Or.; Antonio Taylo, Pasay, Rizal; Paciencia Osal, Laoang, Samar; Irene Amante, Calabanga, Cam. Sur; from every sin, that in the glory of the resurrection among Thy saints and elect they may arise in the newness of life, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

GERARD GERRITS. 16.



Catholic Chronicle

Rome.

Recently the Holy Father rewarded several native catechists of the Missions of Camerun, one of them being an old man, who received the medal "Bene Merenti." The Holy Father wished to express his appreciation for the work of the Catechists in the Missions.

Sixty-six Cardinals constitute the Holy Roman College at the moment. Three of them were raised to the cardinalate by Pope Leo XIII. Eighteen were created by Pius X, eighteen by Benedict XV and twenty-seven by the Present Pontiff.

During 1927, seven Cardinals died, one—Cardinal Billiot—resigned and seven new members were created.

As has always been the case, Italians are in the majority with thirty-three representatives. Seven are French, four Americans, four German, four Spanish, three British, two Austrian, two Polish and one Dutch, Hungarian, Canadian, Czecho-Slovakian, Portuguese, Brazilian and Belgian. The Holy See has 22 nunciatures, and 6 internunciatures, that is, nuncios who represent the Vatican in more than one State. In addition, 19 Apostolic Delegations are distributed in countries that do not maintain diplomatic intercourse with the Vatican, as in the case of the United States and the Philippines. Eleven States now have representatives at the Vatican, while eighteen others are represented by plenipotentiary ministers.

The total of Roman Catholic Bishoprics in the world is 1,125, of Apostolic Vicariates 227 and of Apostolic Prefectures 97.

China.

As an answer to the attacks against the Catholics of the country, the Missions of Central China have opened a convent of Carmelite Sisters, French, English, and Portuguese, but destined for Chinese. This is the second Carmel in the Great Republic.

The Catholic University of Peking has been recognized by the Government.

England.

Eleven converted Anglican min-

isters are studying in London for the priesthood or testing their vocations. One was ordained recently. Most of the converts from the Anglican ministry are married men and are therefore unable to proceed to the priesthood. A certain number of the single men find they have not the priestly vocation. A few become lay-brothers.

France.

More than 270 Missionary Fathers were patients during the past year at the Sanatorium for Missionaries in Vichy. This Sanatorium for Missionaries was established by Father Wattle in 1922 and sick Missionaries from all over the world find welcome there.

A greater number of churches were opened for worship in France in 1927 than in any previous year.

The 86-year-old Archbishop of Rheims, Cardinal Lucon, wishing to view his restored cathedral from the air, accepted the invitation of an aviator to go up in his plane during the International Aviation Meet held at Rheims.

Father Othan Robert, seriously wounded in a railroad accident and penned in a smashed compartment, cried out: "Save the others first. There is no hurry about me; only, take my breviary and rosary." He died before he could be extricated. Father Robert had been a missionary in China for 18 years and had returned to France eight days before the accident.

Germany.

Father Barth, formerly professor at a military academy, was ordained recently, in the presence of his wife and three children, all of whom are members of religious orders.

About two years ago, Baron Eberhard von Groote was ordained and, also, the Mayor of Neuwerk. The latter was 65 years of age. His wife, also 65 years old, retired to a monastery.

Guatemala.

After a persecution of the Church for 50 years, not less severe than Mexico's, religious peace and liberty have been restored. The President of the Republic, Mr. Matos, negotiated a "modus vivendi" with the Vatican.

Hongkong

has a Chinese population of nearly 900,000, and 16,000 Europeans. The Catholics number about 10,000, mostly Europeans. Chinese Catholics number only about 1,000.

Ireland.

Eight young men held up the stationmaster and railway porters at Bray when the train reached the place, seized all Sunday newspapers in the train, and set them afire. A strong wind fanned the flames, which quickly consumed all the papers. Two weeks before, a similar incident occurred

near Dundalk. There has recently been strong denunciation, both in pulpit and press, of the quality of news featured in the Sunday newspapers imported from England and specializing in reports of sordid and sexual crimes. President Cosgrave has promised a bill against the evil literature.

Japan.

The Japanese Government has recognized the Catholic University of Tokio, founded by the Jesuits in 1913.

Jugo-Slavia.

This country possesses many pious Catholic movements, one of the most prominent being that of the "Men's Apostleship". The members are pledged to monthly Communion and to the defence of the Church both in private and public life. Ten years ago, a "Golden Book" was compiled which contained the names of 11,000 families consecrated to the Sacred Heart. Now, a second book with more than 100,000 names has just been filed.

Portugal.

Lisbon has the honor of possessing the first church in the world consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This church was the result of a vow made by Queen Mary I. The building was begun in 1779 and consecrated in 1796. It is one of the finest of Lisbon's 200 churches.

CURRENT EVENTS

Philippines

Politics.

In 1923, the Governor General and the legislative leaders disagreed on an important principle, and the whole Cabinet resigned. Since that time, no Secretaries were appointed and their places were taken by the under Secretaries. With the change of policy in the Government tending towards co-operation between the executive and legislative branches, the following Secretaries have been appointed by Governor General Stimson. Eugene A. Gilmore, Vice-Governor and Secretary of Public Instruction, Honorio Ventura, Secretary of the Interior, Miguel Unson, Secretary of Finance, Jose Abad Santos, Secretary of Justice, Rafael Alunan, Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources, and Filemon Perez, Secretary of Commerce and Communications.

The Legislature, actually in session, has approved the following important bills: the Belo bill, appropriating P250,000 to be placed every year at the disposition of the Governor General, for the salaries and expenses of the technical advisers and civilian assistants in the service of the Chief Executive.

Another bill appropriates P55,000,000 for the extension of free elementary instruction, during a period of ten years.

The Democrata party is to be dissolved in order to be reorganized: this is the result of petty quarrels among the leaders of the party.

10,000 people, said to be the greatest crowd to welcome a returning hero to Manila, greeted President Quezon and his family on their arrival, August 16. This shows how popular the Senate President is, and now so much more because of his sickness that makes him appear as a martyr of the Independence cause of the Philippines. He will be unable to take an active part in the actual Legislature, his broken health requiring a long and perfect rest. President Quezon said he was delighted with the appointment of the new Cabinet.

Miscellaneous.

12,704 Filipino laborers entered Hawaii during the past year, while only 4,008 returned to their native country, and there is no decrease of emigration of laborers to Hawaii in sight.

About P500,000,000 worth of crop products are annually produced in the Philippines, being about one and one-half times the value of animal production, about 500 times the marine industries and about six and one-half times the forest and lumber industries.

Philippine foreign trade totalled \$269,944,851 for the fiscal year ending June 30. Imports amounted to \$124,

943,942, of which approximately 62 per cent were from the United States. Exports amounted to \$145,000,000, seventy-five per cent of which were to the United States.

Reality tax delinquencies in the provinces from January to May 1928, amounted to P3,290,057, of which P730,592 were collected. The real tax

collected without penalty amounted to P6,650,051.

Publication of judicial proceedings in cases involving the private affairs of a family, or family relations, like adultery or divorce, abuse of chastity, illegitimacy of children, is prohibited in the proposed revised penal code of the Philippines.

Foreign

China.

The Nationalists are endeavoring to put order into the chaos of the territory subject to their Government, that is, all the Chinese provinces except Manchuria and part of Shantung, still occupied by Japanese troops. The United States sent them a note, energetically protesting against the continued occupation by soldiers of some Mission properties, notwithstanding the repeated promises made by the Chinese Government of withdrawing all troops from American private properties. Nevertheless the United States has called back 1,200 marines, leaving only 2,600 men in China. It looked more or less as an insult to the United States when the Chinese Government stated it did not need the charity of other nations ready to send succor to the millions starving in China. The United States refused to admit, for the time being, the suppression of the extra-territoriality of American citizens in China, for the obvious reason that the Great Republic has not been able to establish order, and greatly felt the movement of the Chinese to increase all import duties. Several Nations have recognized the new Chinese Government, following the lead of England, after which the League of Nations also recognized the Nanking Government.

How much time will it take the new

Government to eradicate banditry in the country? How long will the actual peace last? There are still germs of internal division.

China-Japan.

Japan continues to occupy the Shantung railroad, notwithstanding all the protests of the Nanking Government. More, Japan considers herself the complete master of Manchuria, under pretext that the Nationalists are unable to preserve peace in that Northern province and to protect the Japanese interests in that part of the country. When general Chang, the son of Chang-tso-lin, pretended to submit to the Southerners and to hoist the National flag of China, he was informed by the Japanese Government that such an act would be considered very unfriendly. Of course the Nationalists might insist more on the withdrawal of the Japanese, but they have no forces in number and power to vindicate their rights effectively. Lately the Chinese called the attention of the Japanese Government to the cessation of formerly made treaties between the two countries. Japan replied that said treaties contained a clause by which such denunciation should have been made six months before the expiration and consequently pretends that the treaties automatically were renewed

and now are to be observed by both nations for another ten years. Any-way Japan will not give up its acquired privileged position in Manchuria, for she needs that country, even more than Korea which she took from China in the past.

Indo-China.

Indo-China, like nearly all countries of the Far East, is experiencing a strong nationalist and anti-foreign movement, principally among the students. Several attempts have been made to involve the Catholics, who, constituting a zealous body of a million and a quarter souls, are an important factor in the country. Efforts have been made to entice them into the nationalists movement and on other occasions to attack them and to cast suspicion on their patriotism, because they are not in the movement. The clergy, mindful of the instructions of the Holy See, are keeping themselves above and outside of politics. The Catholic people have been keen enough to be very wary of any attempt to destroy the existing government which, though it gives them no satisfaction, at least protects them against non-Christian persecution.

The students leaving Indo-China for France, ever on the increase, become caught in the life of Paris and those who are Christians are lost as future Catholic leaders. Those who return come equipped for places of leadership in this land of 20,000,000 people, but often are disaffected so far as respect for Christianity is concerned. The famous neutrality of the French Government applies in all three departments of instruction, primary, secondary and superior. In the universities and colleges, this neutrality is observed

so that they are but negatively harmful. In the lower schools, however, nine tenths of the pupils and of the teachers are Budhists or atheists and in such an atmosphere, neutrality is impossible. The Church has a reason to be dissatisfied with the condition of Catholic education in Indo-China. In some Vicariates the Church has undertaken in part the task of educating the children in Catholic schools, but she can not assume the enormous burden of building and supporting a free school system.

Nicaragua.

It was said that Sandino, the leader of the Nicaraguan revolutionaries, had been killed in battle, but the news received no confirmation.

That even those who submitted to American control are not exactly in favor of it, was shown by the refusal of the Nicaraguan Government to pass the supervision of the coming elections to the United States' representatives, as asked by the American Government. In reply, the American bankers refused to advance a loan of \$12,000,000 asked the Nicaraguan Government. The dollar has spoken.

Mexico.

President Obregon was assassinated more than a month ago. His murderer has been arrested, but until the present time, has not been executed. Father Pro was unjustly shot to death, a few hours after his arrest and so were many other priests. Generals Soriano and Gomez, forced to flee for their lives, were apprehended in company of a few soldiers, accused of sedition and summarily executed within a few hours. Why that delay? Why did Calles himself go and see the murderer?



QUESTION BOX

Questions unsigned will not be answered. Anonymous letters must find their way into the waste paper basket. We will not publish the names of those who send questions.

Question No. 40.—I often hear of grace. I know that grace makes us agreeable to God and enables us to enter heaven. But WHAT is it? Please answer my question.

Answer.—The answer being somewhat long, will be given in parts and serve as an instruction.

The Catechism says that Grace is a gift of God to the soul, that makes it agreeable to Him and enables it to go to heaven.

But the Catechism also says that Grace is a light of the mind and a strength of the will, sent by God, to do good and avoid evil.

Thus, a distinction is made between two kinds of Graces; the first is called Sanctifying Grace and the second, Actual Grace.

What is Sanctifying Grace?

Grace, means a gift, thus something we have no right to. It is something given by God's infinite goodness without any merit on the part of the receiver.

Sanctifying, means that which makes something or somebody holy, and one is holy when he is without the stain of sin, and thus may be said to hate evil and to love what is good and just. So, God is infinitely holy, because He

is infinitely pure, loves infinitely all good and hates infinitely all sin.

Sanctifying Grace is then the Grace that makes man holy.

Sanctifying Grace is known by its effects upon and in man.

Let us suppose a new born child. It comes into this world stained by original sin. If it dies before baptism, it can not enter heaven and its soul will go to the Limbo. But as it has no fault of its own; it will not be punished; it will only be deprived of the reward due to Sanctifying Grace and which is heaven eternal. It will be happy, as one can enjoy happiness through his natural powers of mind and will. Suppose the child had been baptized before death, it would have gone to heaven, it would forever see God and partake of his beauty, and, through the sight of God, all its desires would be satisfied and consequently it would be completely happy, this happiness being, not of the kind natural to men on earth, but of the kind natural to God Himself, thus supernatural.

Through baptism, the child receives an infinite reward. Thus,

the Sanctifying Grace received in Baptism must be something infinite in value, which God loves infinitely, as seen by the greatness of the reward granted for Sanctifying Grace.

Let us examine further how God loves, infinitely, Sanctifying Grace in man.

A Christian, in state of Sanctifying Grace, is allowed to receive Holy Communion. This is a gift of an infinite value; it is Jesus Christ. Love is measured by the presents it offers to the beloved. Thus, God's love for a man in state of Sanctifying Grace is infinite. Sanctifying Grace comes to us through the merits of Jesus dying on the Cross. Jesus is of an infinite dignity, being God, the Son, become man. What He deserved while satisfying for the sin of Adam and all other men's sins, must have been infinitely agreeable to God in Heaven. These merits of Christ are applied to man through Baptism, and, if he has lost them through a mortal sin, a good confession forgives his sin and restores to him Sanctifying Grace as he possessed it before sinning.

Then what can that Sanctifying Grace be, which attracts God's

infinite love?

Of course, to attract the infinite love of God, it must be infinite in value.

God does not love man as man in an infinite way, not even his soul though a spirit, for body and soul are limited.

God can not love something because it adds something to Himself, for He is already infinite and can thus not acquire new perfections.

God can only love beauty, or perfection. But all beauty or perfection, that is infinite, is God's.

Thus, if God loves man in state of Sanctifying Grace by an infinite love, it is because He finds in man His own infinite beauty or perfection, so we must say that Sanctifying Grace is the infinite beauty of God in us.

In fact, after death, that same Sanctifying Grace becomes what is called glory. Glory is God's beauty seen in heaven, either in Him, directly, by the Angels and the Saints, or indirectly; in the Angels and Saints in state of Sanctifying Grace, or glorious.

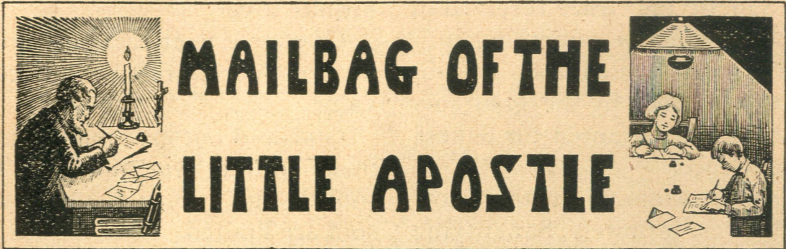
But Sanctifying Grace, is more than God's beauty, it is also a divine power.

(To be continued).

War outlawed.

An agreement has been reached by 15 nations signatories of the Kellogg Treaty, renouncing war, that all rati-

fications of and adherences to said treaty, shall be deposited in Washington. The pact does not become operative until this has been done.



For all correspondence with "THE LITTLE APOSTLE" send your letter to THE LITTLE APOSTLE, BOX 1393, MANILA



Manila, Sept. 1, 1928.

Dearest Readers.

The Ilocano word, Gubat, means war. If so, then the town of Gubat, Sorsogon, deserves its meaningful name. There is war in Gubat, a holy war against ignorance, vice and the devil, for religious instruction, virtue and God. The General of the army is the Rev. Father Lanuza. The soldiers are the many Crusaders of the

Little Flower of Jesus, as seen on the picture herewith. The Officers are the many Promoters who observe ten special commandments that speak of examples to be given, of prayers to be recited, of activity to be exercised, and of devotion to the Blessed Virgin to be spread. Space forbids us to publish them in full; let it be said however that, thanks to the Rev. Director of the Crusaders of Gubat, their feast

celebrated in honor of the Little Flower, on the 31st of May, has been a great success. How could it have been otherwise? The feast meant the solemn inauguration of a new statue of the Little Flower of Jesus that can be seen on the picture.

Forward, army of Crusaders of Gubat. To war, but a holy war, through the imitation of your Holy Patroness, the Little Flower, the Patroness, of all Missionaries! To war against ignorance, vice and the devil, first among yourselves and second, in the Mountain Province.

In the mean time the Little Apostle thanks you all for your zeal and prayers with which you are helping the Missionaries.

From the town of Vigan came a letter complaining about the difficulties of constituting a center for the support of a catechist in the Mountain Province.

May I ask the writer if she really tried all means of conviction to gather members enough, willing to give a monthly contribution? Don't say: Vigan is a poor town. Vigan is a rich town and above all Catholic town. As you say, it may be true that there are many contributions to be given, for there are many good works to be promoted. But has Vigan's generosity for charity been exhausted? Are there not a few crumbs that fall from the table and which may be used for the spiritual and material uplift of those people you call brethren in Christ and who ignore the Savior?

So, I dare to hope that by your next letter you will be able to send us a list of monthly contributors for the support of a catechist, indicating at the same time the Patron you choose for your center. Where there is a will, there is a way!

In our drive for 10,000 subscribers, we have thought for another means to reach our goal. As everybody knows, what kills many Catholic publications in the Philippines, is the forgetfulness of many subscribers to renew their subscriptions. See here a new plan: by sending us the sum of P12.00 you get a life-subscription, that is, you will receive the Little Apostle your life long, or—God forbid—until the Little Apostles be forced to give up, and, even in this case, the amount paid would not remain without its reward: it would, together with the other life-subscriptions paid be used, as a fund for the support of a catechist.

Thus, 12 pesos paid at once mean a subscription that lasts your life long! And never again do you have to bother yourself about sending a Money Order. However, don't forget to send us your new address, in case you change your residence.

It often happens that numbers sent to our subscribers are returned. A few weeks or months later, we receive complaints, asking why the numbers do not arrive any longer, and then, we find out that who complains has changed his or her residence. How can we know this, if we are not told about it? Thus, always send us a notice whenever your address has to be changed.

If you wish a summary of this letter, here it follows:

Long live the active Crusaders of Gubat, Sorsogon, and their zealous Director, Father Lanuza!

Vigan can support a Catechist in the Mountain Province!

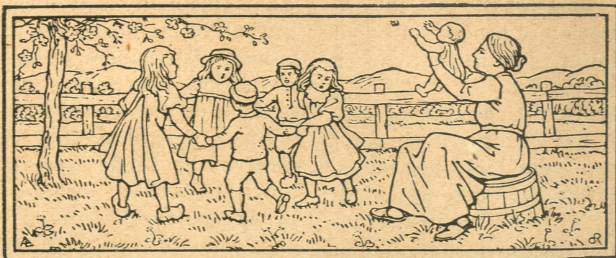
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For the Little Tots



A Little Life of the Little Flower for Little Children

Continuation

CHAPTER XXV

How she received a special grace on Christmas.

NOW THAT Therese's scruples had disappeared, she was still far from perfect. One of her defects, she was well determined to overcome, was her overgreat sensitiveness. She had received the grace of banishing her scruples; Jesus soon will strengthen her character, leaving of her sensitiveness only that part which is absolutely necessary to attain a high degree of holiness and which is called refinement of conscience. This kind of delicacy consists in avoiding any sin and imperfection, just because they offend God, infinitely good and at the same time it excites to do all the actions of virtues possible just to please God.

Since the death of her mother,

Therese had become extremely sensitive: it was the consequence of her delicate health rather than of selfishness, as is the case with children who easily cry when they are touched in their supposed rights or offended in their pride.

So, for instance, when Therese received grades at the college that seemed to her too low, she became inconsolable if her Papa made a remark that expressed his surprise or sorrow. It happened that she dropped something unwillingly on the floor; this was enough to make her shed bitter tears. Later when she thought of her sorrow and tears, again she began to cry. Of course this was a great defect and little Therese



Miss Caillet, wonderfully cured by the Little Flower.

suffered much of this overweakness. She thought, how will they admit me into the Carmel? In the convent, they need strong characters and not women that rather look like little girls and weep like little babies for a trifle.

But God had chosen her to be a holy Carmelite. Soon she would enter the great Order that has given so many Saints to the Church. Therefore, God, Who always helps those who hope in Him, would grant her the grace of conquering her own self by a

supreme effort that would prove to be a decisive and lasting victory.

It was Christmas of 1886. On the eve, the little girl, as was the custom of the country, had placed her shoes near the chimney with the hope of finding the next morning nice presents in exchange of the hay and other eatables for St. Joseph's donkey, supposed to bring the trinkets and gifts. That morning, she went to Mass very early, in company with her Papa and her sisters. On their

way back, Mr. Guérin said a few words that really pierced the heart of his little Queen.

—“For a big girl like you” he said, “the surprise at home of trinkets is really too childish. I hope this will be the last time you put out your shoes.”

The remark made little Therese very sorry. Together with Céline, she went to her room to come down again after awhile to take her breakfast. On the stairs her sister Céline, knowing well that a crisis of tears would follow the sight of the presents stored up in and around the shoes near the chimney, told her:

—“Don’t go down so soon, you will again be crying when you display your christmas before Papa.”

Though little Therese was very sensitive, nevertheless she could reason and besides, during Mass, she had prayed for God’s help to cast off her childish defect. What did she do? Gathering all her courage, she ran, in the twinkle of an eye, towards the place where her christmas was waiting, picked everything up and came in a hurry to the table where Papa was waiting. Already the hasty movements of the little girl had astonished Céline, but she now wondered more than ever, for little Therese, instead of crying as

was expected, took out of her shoes, one by one, all the presents they contained, looking as happy as the happiest queen upon earth. Her Papa could not believe his eyes and he could not repress a smile of wondering, while Céline thought she was dreaming. But no, it was not a dream. Therese instead of crying, laughed and jumped, thanking her Papa for his kindness and generosity. Her heroic act had won her a victory against herself and this same act by which she now had fought off that childishness of her tender character, meant the end of the defect of oversensitiveness.

Such is man: sometimes a single action of energy changes his defective disposition. That single act shows him that he can do what formerly seemed to be impossible. Of course it must be accompanied by reasoning, and better still, by prayer. This was what little Therese had done. She had seen how ridiculous it was to be acrying for a nothing, she had prayed the Lord to help her to do away with a disposition that denotes childish weakness; she had tried to overcome herself in these circumstances: she had conquered herself: hence she will never again show signs of her defect.

(To be continued)

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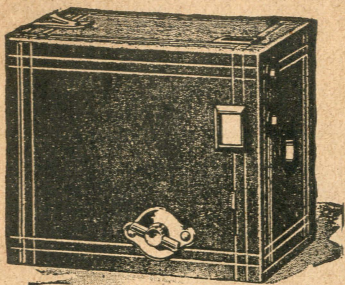
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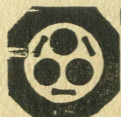
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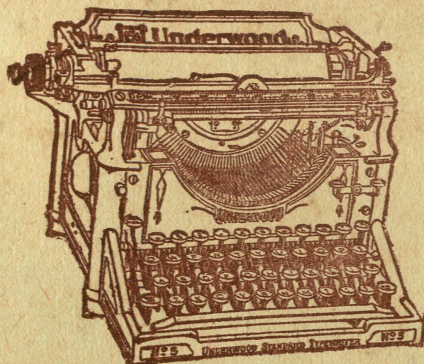
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