



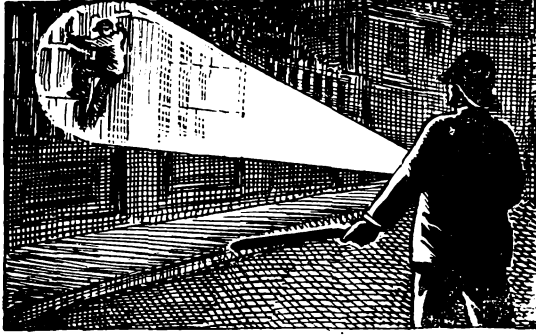
The

LITTLE APOSTLE

of the

MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

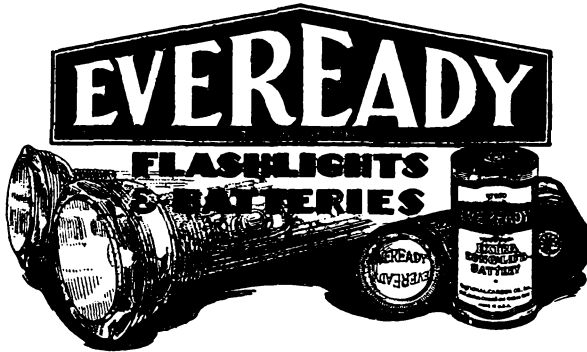




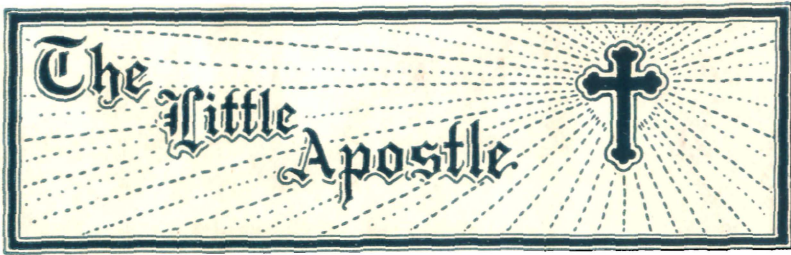
## Don't Take Chances in the Dark! Use Your Eveready Flashlight

**T**HIEVES avoid the light. They work under cover of darkness. To protect yourself and your belongings against night marauders, carry your Eveready Flashlight wherever you go — have it at your bedside ready for instant use. Its bright, sure light will guard you against dangers — serve you in many an emergency.

For longest service and brightest light, be sure that your Eveready is loaded with fresh, genuine Eveready Batteries. Look for the distinctive Eveready label at your dealer's store.



*For sale by all dealers.*



## A New Year Letter From Banaue

Banaue, Ifugao, Mt. Province  
December 30, 1940.

Dear Father José,

A few days ago I received your letter announcing me the good tidings that you would send me again the monthly allowance of ₱25.00 as a help for the support of my catechists. We missionaries in the Mountain Province are fortunate in having The Little Apostle to plead our cause with the generous Catholics in this country, specially in these days of a regretful handicap in our missionary work caused by adverse circumstances.

You ask me how things are going in Banaue. Well, the best I can say is that I have taken the necessary precautions in due time. First, I have totally suppressed my dormitory for boys. You certainly understand why I say "totally," because the means had to be radical in order to make it effective. I had quite a headache that day, for the decision leaned heavily on me. The expenses for this dormitory ran up last year to five hundred pesos. Now I must

admit that the boys took care of our horses, providing them daily with a good bundle of tasty grass, and in such a way they spared me a hundred pesos which I would have spent paying a "sacatero." Anyhow, four hundred pesos less on our budget is certainly some relief.

But, you may be sure, dear Father, that it does't mean a spiritual relief to our mission. Far from it! In Banaue we need to keep the children with us if we want to give them a serious education. I trust in the Lord, because God has commanded time to console the unhappy: time will come when I can again welcome our noisy bambinos.

The question was that I had to choose between two evils: suppress our dormitory or give up some of our catechists. The latter will be done only when we are utterly on the street, or when we see the rats deserting our sinking ship. We are blessed with five zealous Catechists, who love their work and never shrink at a sacrifice: they are generous in the service of the Lord, because they are thoroughly

convinced that our Lord will never be outdone in generosity. They knew our precarious condition and the sad circumstances that made it uncertain, and freely offered their salary to be cut off 10%. Thanks to their generosity and apostolic spirit of sacrifice, we can get along for the time being — hoping that this world's turmoil won't last too long.

We do not want to be less generous than our catechists. We know that other missions in the Mountain Province have greater difficulties than we have: poor Salegseg had to give up nine catechists out of eleven, the two left are kept on the mission field through the generosity of your Readers of The Little Apostle and El Misionero; in Baguio I met Barlig's best catechist, our famous Bustamante, who had to leave the Barlig Mission for lack of means. Our Mountain Province Missions can hardly afford to miss a man of the Bustamante type and jovial character, who is now doing catechetical work in the mines. I know the urgent needs, the loss of catechists in our missions of Kapangan, Itogon, Kayan, Bontoc, Kabugao, Ripang, and so many others, that I have no heart calling for help when it is not absolutely needed. Missionaries in the Mountain Province have the spirit of solidarity, and we want help to be given first of all to those who are in the greatest distress.

Therefore, dear Father, do not trouble yourself about Banaué, but trouble yourself the more about

those of our confreres whose miseries are greater than ours.

Two days from now we have another New Year. New Year! The great wish in the heart of every man of good will is: Peace! But by this word only that is meant which is true in its full substance: Peace with Justice!

It made a deep impression on me when I read in an American Catholic Paper what the English announcer from Vatican Radio, addressing a North American audience, had to say of His Holiness Pope Pius XII. "The Pope knows too well," he said, "that there are forms of tranquility which differ only in degree from despotism and slavery: and history both ancient and modern, has burnt into his paternal heart the evidence that neither men nor nations can live as brothers where they must live as slaves."

This is but the beginning of the announcement from Vatican Radio, but it gives us a clear illustration of what we, Catholics of the Philippines, should think and do in regard with the present universal conflict in the world.

I am one of your readers, and allow me to express in the name of all of us our wishes and resolutions for the year 1941.

We wish true peace to all men on earth, we pray for peace of charity and justice—strong in our Catholic Faith which teaches us that all men are created at the image and likeness of God, that all men are called to be the adopted children of the same Father in

Heaven.

We pray for peace of charity, embracing all men, all nations, in one act of fraternal love, pitying those who went astray, hoping for their return, forgiving those who made themselves our enemies, who persecute us, and who, driven by a foolish pride, use brutal force in order to make us their slaves for ever.

We pray for peace of justice, hating error, sin and pride—the great evils of the day. We abhor the “Apostasy of Nations, the State idolatry” (words of the Holy Father Pius XII), which have caused all the present calamities as a well deserved punishment from Heaven.

We pray for peace of justice, thanking the Lord for having spared us until now from the horrors of war, but with a strong resolution in our heart to defend the sacred rights of justice, to answer the first call to duty and to arms, if needed, to repulse any unjust invader who wants to deprive us of our inherited treasure of country and religion, who wants to make us their slaves.

We are free children of God and His Church—and that is what we are decided, firmly decided to remain.

We pray and work for peace of charity and justice—and therefore we pray that all men of good will should stand firm, united in one front against hatred and oppression. With holy enthusiasm in our heart we acclaim the Pope’s sublime words of comfort for the

brave: “Those who fall defending charity and justice against their enemies we rightly call heroes or martyrs, not suicides.”

We pray and work for peace of charity and justice—and we will not allow that, while we still remain preserved from the horrors of war, our works of charity and justice in our country have to suffer on account of the war they are waging around us. No, it will not be written into history that we failed to save our Home Missions, which were put in imminent danger by the disrupted relations between Catholic countries and Catholic peoples.... We stand firm to protect and defend our own, and will safeguard what Holy Providence has intrusted to us. If during 1941 we are not hurt by an invader’s sword, we will hurt ourselves by generous cooperation, by generous giving—yes, we will give till it hurts and send back to the poor Igorrotes their much needed catechists.... We will!

And to you, dear Father, we wish perseverance in your endeavors to make the Mountain Province Missions and their urgent needs known to all Catholics of this country—and we pray that God’s choicest blessing be your reward.

Yours fraternally in J. & M.,  
Padre Francisco

*EDITOR’S NOTE: Are these also your wishes and your New Year resolutions? I know they are.*

*Join our “Generosity Contest,” and you will have a fine opportunity to com-*

ply with such lofty resolutions.

Make your friends interested in our Catechists' Fund—telling them what a wonderful work these lay-apostles are doing in the Mountain Province.

See that The Little Apostle (El Misionero) finds its way to all Catholic families of your acquaintance.

By doing this you will have done a great work—one that attracts God's choicest blessing upon you and your beloved ones.

These days Church and country need generous souls. —In them lies the hope for a Peace of Charity and Justice.



Banaue Mission Church, rectory, Convent of the Sisters, school and dormitories.

To all our beloved Readers

We wish a Very Prosperous New Year





## The Home-Coming of Epifania Pitpittung

**E**PIFANIA was sitting idly under the house, leaning against its corner-post, and staring dreamily across the beautiful valley of Burnay, where a lazy drizzle seemed to be soaking everything: the ricefields themselves, lying fallow, and abandoned as it were since the harvest of last month; the few patches of camote-fields in between; and the small, lonely barrios, scattered throughout the valley. Close-by, the trees also and the straw covered houses; the rare passers-by on the slippery horse-trail below; everything seemed to shrink from this unceasing drizzle. The tall acacia next to the house, had folded up its leaves as if to avoid being drenched altogether; and even the proud coco palms seemed to be bending down their long pinnated leaves in discouragement before the ceaseless downpour, few of them still standing erect, striving as it were to keep up a lost pride; their long leaves gathering the moisture from above and dripping it warily on the large banana-leaves below. This

monotonous dripping seemed to be the only sign of life about the dreaming, listless young lady.

Such seemed to be the very condition of her own soul: for the last two months she had not known one carefree, bright sunny day, such as she used to enjoy when she was so steadfast in practising her holy religion, that she was an example and a leader to many of her lukewarm companions. She sat staring across the valley, where from time to time she could see the Burnay chapel on the opposite side, when the low clouds appeared to clear up a little. For how many years had she been going there to attend the evening lessons in the dormitory. It was nearing Christmas now, and she remembered how beautiful it had been in previous years as if everything were happening before her very eyes as it once happened in Bethlehem: Jesus being laid in the crib, the singing of the angels, so brilliant in their white dresses and golden wings, the visit of the poor shepherds, the first who were call-



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The Mountain  
Abrupts  
of  
Burnay,  
Ifugao,  
Mountain  
Province.

—◆—

ed upon to adore Jesus and bring Him their little presents. Why could she not bring Him again her love as she had always been doing for so many years? This year it would even be more beautiful for she had heard that the Mothers would be coming from Kiangan.

But she did not want to remem-

ber, she did not want to think: did she not resolve to put it all out of her mind for always? What was the use of it all? Suddenly she caught the sound of a well known voice calling: "Ow," and then the trample of a horse coming down the trail; it was the Father coming from Kiangan on his big brown



horse. Would he stop on his way and visit their barrio? She hoped not, anyway she drew a little backward so as to be out of view from the trail below. But the Father was only checking his horse not to go too fast down the slippery trail and he went through. Yesterday also, when the catechist came to visit her barrio, she had been hiding, and told the other people not to betray her presence. Why must she always hide herself? Why did she not even dare to go and attend Holy Mass on Sundays?

It was already two months now, since she was married in the pagan way: according to the Ifugao customs, never daring to take her stand as a Christian against her parents who were pagans; and against Antonio who was baptized, but who only laughed at what he called her nonsense. "Why bother about going to Mass every Sunday?" "Why bother about getting married in the church?" "Could you not be a Christian without that?" "Later, yes, later they could always arrange that." He had been in the lowlands, he had been in Baguio; the people were Christians there also, weren't they? And they did not worry about such trifles. She knew he was wrong all the time, but she lacked the courage to take her own stand; she had been urging others to do so before, and to be strong in their faith, to show Jesus that they really loved Him and could do something hard for His sake. It was all so different now: was it the fact that she was married and had more

things to care for, or was it because she was not able to receive the Sacraments? Somehow she felt it hard to say even her daily prayers, and it was only out of sheer habit that she still said them once in a while. Had the Father not told them so often: "Whatever happens in your life, never give up your prayers."

She tried again to put it all out of her mind: she had been dreaming again sitting on the rice-mortar and chewing her betelnut after true Ifugao-fashion, spitting the while it's reddish juice over the ground. She rose, went to get rice inside the house, took the pestle from its support and started pounding rice. It was not time yet for doing so, but she needed action to divert her mind.

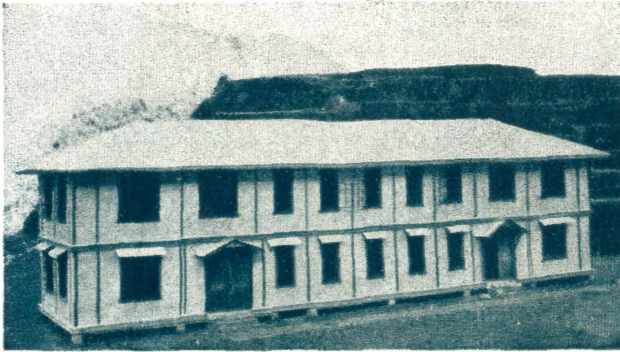
Two days later, the day before Christmas she saw the people passing coming from the barrios: from Lagawe, from Buliwong; she could even see those from Anao and Hingyon coming down the high mountain on the other side of the valley, for the weather was clearer now and a watery sun was trying to pierce the thin clouds. She was alone, for Antonio had gone to work on the road although it was Christmas. Until late in the evening she sat talking with one of the neighbor-women, a pagan, but all the while distracted and thinking of what was going on at the mission: she could imagine everything so well: there would be a Christmas-Program and the children would be playing and singing and dancing until the Midnight Mass.

She could see the bright lamps of the Mission shining through the surrounding trees and from time to time she could hear faintly the beating of gongs, when there was an interruption in the Program and the children would take to their native dances. She did not go that night, she did not go also the following morning. She was too much ashamed to meet all of her former companions.

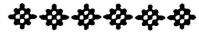
On New Year's night many had gone to Lagawe to celebrate, especially those who had been to the mines and still had a little money, they used the rest of it for buying gin. In the middle of the night: the moon was still faintly shining, four of them came home to Burnay, singing the while and shouting as drunk men are wont to do. Epifania heard them coming down the small hill separating Lagawe from Burnay. Little by little the voices grew louder and the shouting became wilder. She grew more and more frightened for only Josefa, the little sister of Antonio, was with her, hurriedly they came out of the house and went to find refuge in the house of their neighbors. Scarcely had they closed the door when the men came stumbling up the small trail which led to their own barrio. They squatted down under her own house singing hoarsely each of them to his own self. With her neighbors, two elderly women, they waited anxiously, not daring to move and betray their presence. It seemed to be lasting for ever. At last the singing was over and

they started conversing, gently in the beginning but more and more lively by and by. At last one of them said: "Let us go home." But another who had just been talking, said: "No, let us rest here a little more." They started quarreling louder, after a time forgetting even what the quarrel was about. It was only then that Epifania recognized the voice of her cousin, and knowing the quarrel was getting to be serious, she came out to cail for him and bring him in safety, as is the duty of a true Ifugao-woman.

They did not see her at first until she got hold of her cousin saying: "Come, let us go inside." He said: "Yes, I will go." But another upon hearing this said: "No, you will not go, I will kill you." Already he was drawing his bolo and came staggering forward, while Epifania pulled her cousin towards the other house. Seeing that he would not reach them on time he threw his bolo from about one meter distance. It was a most unlucky strike for he did hit his opponent on the shoulder, skimming the head of Epifania. Her companions had already closed the door before anybody else could get inside. Her cousin who was too drunk to realize all what had happened, wanted to get out again now and fight, though the blood was leaking all over the body. He was holding the wound with his other hand. The man outside still pounded on the door, but receiving no answer he grew weary and joined his companions and began to explain to



Sisters' Convent  
in  
Banaue  
from  
nearby.



them all about it. The others were wise enough not to contradict him anymore and after some time they went home. No other houses were near and nobody else seemed to have heard anything.

In the meantime Epifania still trembling all over had convinced her cousin to lay down and had washed his wound as she had seen the Father doing so often before. She had no medicine, but she could at least wrap some bandages around the wound to stop the bleeding.

She did not sleep anymore that night too much shocked by what had happened. The little wound on her own head did not pain her very much, but it made her realize in what danger she had been. She started thinking and by and by found herself in prayer, thanking God for saving her this time.

At dawn she heard the bell ringing in the church, she knew this was New Year's Day. Her cousin was sleeping soundly now and quietly she left the house and putting aside her shame she went to church again for the first time in two months. The sermon was a

very short one, the Father extending his New Year Wishes to all: to the little ones: that God may bless their little souls and help them to love him more truly during the year, to everybody that they should make a strong resolution to fulfill faithfully their duties during the coming year: their duties towards God and fellowmen, and more especially to the married people, that God may bless them during the coming year, that he may grant them to have children: good children who would grow up to be real Christians, so that the peace of God may rest on their family. that they may always be happy because they know they have a Father who is always taking care of them.

After H. Mass Epifania went to see the Father and told him her New Year's resolution: to arrange everything with God and to marry on the coming feast of Three Kings, her own feastday, so she could again adore Jesus with a pure heart as she had done for the first time the day she was baptized, ten years ago.

She did take a firm stand with



An "Aperitive" before New Year Dinner.

her family; she warned Antonio that he should be there on Saturday. He did come and the feast of Epifany became the most happy day in her life, excepting maybe the day of her baptism. Antonio himself began to be more in earnest with his religious duties and even talked of giving up his job if they would not allow him to comply

with his religious duties on Sunday.

Epifania was now again a happy Christian enjoying the peace of all men of good will. She thought so herself while she was sitting once more under the house looking down on the beautiful, now sun-lit valley of Burnay, with its little tower pointing to heaven and salvation. Father Verbeke

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"We stand firm to protect and defend our own, and will safeguard what Holy Providence has intrusted to us. If during 1941 we are not hurt by an invader's sword, we will hurt ourselves by generous cooperation, by generous giving — yes, we will give till it hurts and send back to the poor Igorrotes their much needed Catechists..... We will!"

# Touring the Missions in the Mountain Province

(Conclusion)

## APAYAO

I HAD to undertake a last trip, the most difficult and one that makes you feel afterwards as if you had reached the remotest spot in this world. Far north lies the subprovince of Apayaw where I had to visit two of our Missions, Ripang and Kabugaw. On the map of the Mountain Province it appears like a desert, a huge space of undiscovered land, with only a few names of barrios on it and still less signs of travelling trails. In fact, I believe it to be the only province in the Philippines where the motor car has not reached as yet.

From Tuaw, south of Kagayan, a horsetrail runs northward through Konner, and from Konner to Kabugaw. Kabugaw bears the glorious name of capital of the subprovince, although it is but a barrio — agglomeration of fifty houses. From Kabugaw two miserable trails run north and westward, but travelling is almost always done on little boats which shoot the many rapids of the swift and dangerous Apayaw river; this river throws its foaming water into the sea at Abulug, Province of Kagayan. From Kabugaw to Abulug the estimated distance must be about eighty kilometers. Going downstream one needs only two days to reach Abu-

lug, but travelling up-stream it takes you from six to ten days to reach Kabugaw, especially when the big river is swollen to overflow by heavy rains which are so frequent in Apayaw. Along the river bank are a few camps where the weary traveller finds a shelter for the night. Consider what great hardships this kind of travelling must needs cause the Missionary who wants to visit his scattered little flock of Christians.

We have only two missionaries in the whole subprovince of Apayaw, which is inhabited by not more than a 12,000 people, of whom almost 50% dwell in the northern part along the Kagayan boundary, where wide plains are now quickly occupied by immigrating homesteaders in quest of new lands. The rest of Apayaw is covered with mountains, forests and torrential rivers; this southern part is very thinly populated, the Isnegs living in scattered hamlets of a few huts. Even these hamlets are not permanent, because the Isnegs are living a nomadic life; they stay in one place as long as the soil produces enough to live on, but as soon as their transient *Caingins* (ricefields) are exhausted they move to another corner of the forest which they reclaim and farm, build a new shack with a few banana trees around it and plant their usual mountain rice,

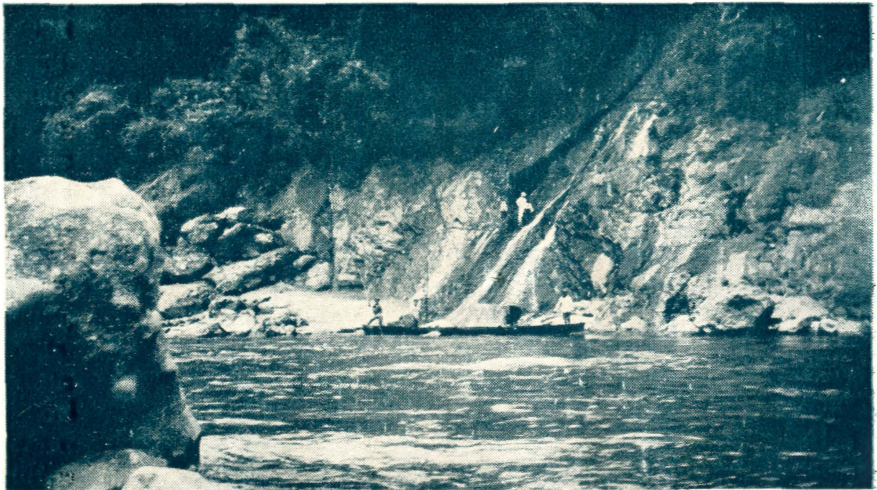
corn and gabi. It goes without saying that such a mode of living greatly handicaps missionary work.

If only a few wide and maintained trails could pierce these dense forests, be blasted along the mountain sides and connect this part of Apayaw with the vastly populated Ilocos Provinces, no doubt that the industrious Ilocano people would migrate in this sub-province and make of it a paradise of wealth. Immigration from Christian provinces would also be the easiest way to civilize the Isneg; after a few generations they would be absorbed by the Ilocanos.

The soil in this part of Apayaw is very fertile and at any time of the year crops can be harvested. Lumber of any quality group abounds in the forests, the rivers have plenty of fish, and the woods are filled with deer and an indefinite variety of fowl. Coconuts,

planted by settlers who left the place on account of impossible communications with the rest of the world, lift their foliage far above the surrounding trees and are there to testify the great fertility of the Apayaw soil. The climate can be much improved by extensive farming. As it is now the many swamps are as many breeding places for mosquitos which infect the country with malaria fever; but farming can easily do away with these swamps and do away too with the present disastrous disease. Apayaw is but waiting for a chance to become a paradise of wealth.

From Tuaw I went to Konner; a long trail of mud through the forests and interrupted by swift rivers. From Konner a still longer muddy trail led me to Kabugaw, with more and deeper rivers to wade. And to make a long story short, from Kabugaw I boarded a



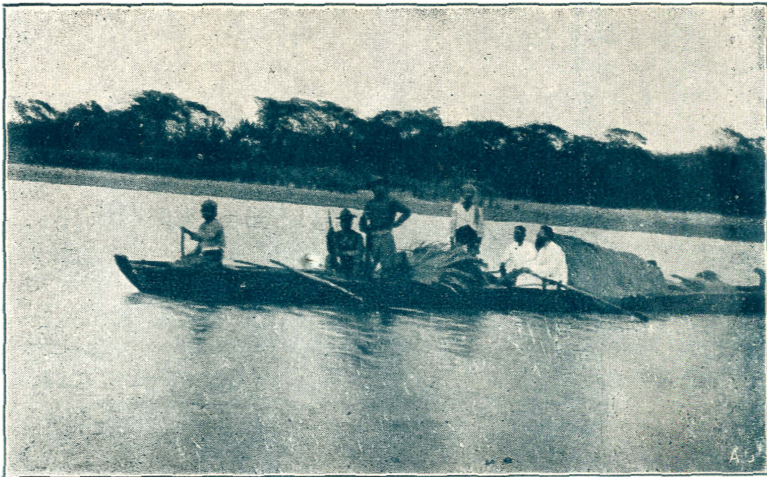
Travelling in Apayaw.

little boat and was sent downstream to Kagayan where the Laoag-Aparri motor road passes. From there I had only to take the bus which carried me through part of Kagayan, through the Ilocos Provinces and La Union, to Home Sweet Home in Baguio where I am now jotting down this little travelling report for the readers of *The Little Apostle*.

It had taken me more than two months to tour the missions in the Mountain Province. Forgetting a few hardships, I greatly enjoyed this long mission trip. Quite an interesting trip for me, not so much for the beautiful scenes to which one becomes accustomed, but rather for the ever increasing progress made by our Missions. We have now 19 Missions in the Mountain Province, and it is always a thrilling pleasure for me to land in one of them. Oh! it is a pleasure indeed to shake hands

with beloved confreres whom I haven't seen for a long time, to meet the lovely little faces of children who come to greet me, to say a few hearty words to the elder Christians who smile all over with happiness...Oh, yes! it is a pleasure to pay a visit to the good Sisters, to be led as if in procession to the church, the schools, and finally to the rectory which is soon crowded with loved and loving visitors. It is Heaven on earth—and my missionary heart abounds with praises to Him, our Father in Heaven, who so abundantly blessed the work of our missionaries, Priests and Sisters.

We have to thank Almighty God for the obtained success which has surpassed all our expectations. In 33 years over 80,000 Igorrotes embraced the true Faith, the Catholic Faith; not less than 6000 Igorrote children are yearly educated in our Mission schools.



Travelling in Apayaw.



In the forests of Apayaw.

and our catechists have reached the remotest spots in the mountains where neophytes and catechumens are taught to know better and better, to love more and more their Creator and their Saviour. No, it is no more like the days of old when a lonely traveller didn't meet anywhere the smallest sign of God's presence in these mountains. On these days, dear readers, set out from Baguio and go East—the beautiful church of Itogon will greet you on the way and invite you to come in and say a prayer of thanksgiving to the Giver of all good; go to the West, and from Trinidad to Sabangan, Kayan, Bontok, Lubuagan, Banaue and Kiangan—to mention only some of the missions you meet on your way—you will see as following in an endless line splendid monuments of worship, houses of God built to defy centuries to come, which speak of faith,

hope and love so profusely sown in this paradise of pines. Set out from Baguio and in any direction you go you see the mountains dotted with chapels pointing their tiny spires towards Heaven—with the cross, the sign of salvation and civilization, on top and brightly shining in the golden rays of a beaming sun.

Our Missionaries, Priests, Sisters and Catechists, are grateful to the God of mercies, the Father of love; they are grateful to the generous benefactors who, for the love of God and their less fortunate neighbor, have lended a helping hand in this glorious enterprise of christianization.

But allow us to say it: Our Missionaries have deserved well of the Catholic Church and of the Philippines. We salute them with profound admiration for the wonderful spirit of sacrifice and self-denial which has guided them so





With students on a picnic in Kalinga.

successfully through odds of difficulties and hardships. They have won a victory and have a right to be proud of it. They have won a victory for the Church and for the Philippines: to the Church they have given thousands of loving and faithful children, to the Philippines they have given thousands of civilized citizens.

I know at what price they obtained their victory. I have travelled with them, in the heat of a burning sun, in the drenching showers of heavy rains; I have travelled with them on sunny days and when a typhoon was wildly raging over the mountains; I have travelled with them comfortably seated in a bus, and on horseback along long and lonely trails up and down the steep mountains; I have travelled with them gaily galloping through the plains, and anxiously wading a furious stream—every one of us having his tale to tell of a narrow escape from a menacing death in turbulent waters. I have eaten with them when the table was well served with chicken and rice, and when on no table there were but a few sweet potatoes and bananas

to satisfy their hunger. I have slept with them in their rectory, but also on the way, in poor Igorrote huts on a rough board or on the floor covered with a mat. Always and always did I find them in a spirit of joy that comes from sacrifice willingly and gladly accepted. Never have I heard complaints dropping from their lips—even when complaints would have been quite justified. Our Missionaries know the life they have freely accepted for the love of God and the salvation of souls; they know that no salvation is possible without the cross, without suffering—and every dawn of a new day finds them ready to take up their cross and to carry it following Christ on the way to Calvary. The holy enthusiasm of a missionary is a wonder of God's grace, and only those know what this holy enthusiasm really is who have been called by our Saviour to continue His work on the mission front.

If only our Catholic people knew a little more of this holy enthusiasm, and of the works this wonder of God's grace is operating in behalf of the true welfare of a



A visit to Bangad, Kalinga.



A master in dancing.

suffering and many times misguided mankind! If only they could realize a little better what an abundance of saving forces emanate from this holy missionary enthusiasm and from the heroic abnegations it involves, how glad they would be to share at least a little in this divine adventure of Christ for the salvation of immortal souls!

The Little Apostle and El Misionero are the official organ of the Missionaries of the Mountain Province, and it is by reading this mission Magazine that you become aware of that something divine which makes missionaries

and benefactors of the missions, that something of Christ which enobles our feelings and pours heroic generosity in our heart. It is then that you begin to feel what an unspeakable joy missionary work and missionary cooperation entail—and in turn you become possessed of that wonder of God's grace which is holy enthusiasm to pray, to give, to work, and to suffer that Jesus Christ, our Beloved Saviour, may be known and loved by all men in this world.

Very Rev. Mauricio De Brabandere

Provincial Superior

## Ifugao Folklore

### The Anger of the Spirits of the River.

*When some one gets seriously ill (at least apparently) all of a sudden, one or more sacrifices are offered and a special story is narrated which is believed to bring along the recovery as quickly as the illness itself has come. The magician tells this story in favor of sick men as well as women; in the latter case, however, he calls the woman Bugan, in the former case he speaks of Wigan, the name of a man, and furthermore inserts a few particularities of minor importance. I shall narrate the story assuming that it is a woman who got ill.*

**A** long, long time ago there were in Mayaoyao a certain Bugan and her husband Wigan. They lived in joy and happiness, for they had big rice fields, they had many chickens and many pigs, and their children were growing up in full health.

One night Bugan had an awful dream: she saw the Spirits of the River coming from all sides, there up in the Upstream Region; they gathered at the river and said: "Look down, there at the house of Bugan and Wigan in Mayaoyao, they have many pigs and many chickens, and never they offer to us; let us kill Bugan!"

And when the night became morning, Bugan got up and ate; then she took her basket and her iron pin and came down on the houseyard. "Where are you going?" asked Wigan, her husband. — "I go down the mountain here in front of us and shall bring home a basket of sweet potatoes." So Bugan went away and told nothing of her dream to Wigan.

She walked on the embankments of the rice fields and descended the path toward the river. And

there in the river sat the Spirits; they hid behind the rocks and stones. When Bugan had reached the river they cried: "Hello! Hello! Bugan is there, Bugan the wife of Wigan who won't offer to us! Hello! Hello! let us kill Bugan!"

And from behind every stone an angry spirit came forth. They jumped upon Bugan, they tore her into pieces and scattering the body of Bugan along the bank they hurried to their abode in the Upstream Region, crying: "You are dead now, Bugan, we have killed you, Bugan, you won't offer to us, Bugan, you despised us, Bugan!"

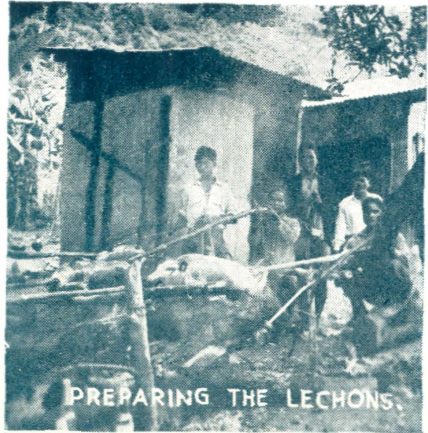
And that evening no Bugan came home. When the night had become morning again the Sun god looked down and saw at the bank of the river some legs and arms and a chest and a head. "Well, well!" exclaimed the Sun god, "it is Bugan, the wife of Wigan who has so many pigs and who offered to me so often! I can't stand this, I shall make her live again!"

The Sun god jumped down upon the earth, he ran towards Bugan, and in his way down to the river

he pulled off a betel nut. He took a seat in the river bed and chewed his betel nut, then he went to stand in front of Bagan's body and spat his red spittle upon the arms, upon the legs, upon the chest and upon the head of Bagan. And lo! the legs moved and stuck to the chest, the arms moved and stuck to the shoulders, the head moved and stuck to the chest, and Bagan was alive again and began to walk.

"What happened," asked the Sun god, "why did you come here?" — "I passed here yesterday and was on my way to *our sweet potato field*," replied Bagan. — "Who killed you?" asked the Sun god again. — "I don't know," answered Bagan, "only I heard voices crying: 'let us kill Bagan,' and then they tore me into pieces." — "Oh!" exclaimed the Sun god, "they were the Spirits of the River, who came from the Upstream Region who lay in ambush behind the stones until you would pass there." — "What shall I do now," said Bagan, "they will come back and they will kill me again." "Don't fear," said the Sun god, "I shall give you some good protectors."

And the Sun god took from his hip bag two earrings of fire and hung them at the ears of Bagan and said: "These will burn the Spirits." Then the Sun god caught a big wasp and placed it in the hand of Bagan saying: "This will sting the Spirits if they come." And he snatched a green snake and wound it around the neck of Bagan and told her: "This snake will bite the spirits and they will be



Enjoying a New Year Dinner.

poisoned, and they will die if they ever come to kill you!"

Bugan then felt reassured and the Sun god smiled and said: "Go home now, Bugan, but tell your husband that he should offer a chicken to the Spirits of the River, so that they may not kill you again after some months."

And when Bugan arrived at Ma-yaoya she saw her husband worrying and she exclaimed: "Here I am!" — "Where have you been?" asked Wigan. — "I was killed by the Spirits of the River, but the

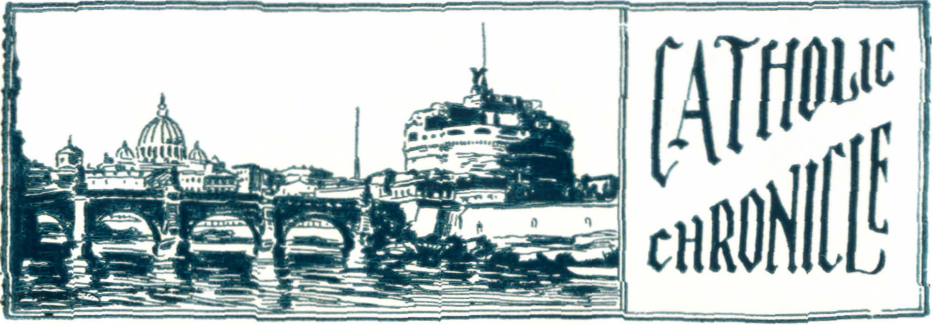
Sun god made me live again and he told me we should offer a chicken to the Spirits of the Upstream Region."

And this they did. And on account of this the sudden illness vanished and released Bugan, she got up and walked to and fro on the houseyard. She was as healthy as ever, and Bugan and Wigan were happy again and never more were bothered by the Spirits of the River who live in the Upstream Region.

Rev. Francis Lambrecht



Come ye all to Me



## Out Of The Running

**OUT OF THE RUNNING** is a book of great educational value and "should be in every home and institution for its moral stimulation."

It is a wonderful book. "One finds it easy to agree with the judgment of G. Stanley Hall, who twenty years ago urged the publication of this material because of its psychological significance and literary merit. Such a volume does more than restore courage to other patients and their families; it gives professional students a rare glimpse of the spiritual world of many of those physically isolated from social expression. Miss Hoopes' life story has already brought much comfort to many whose condition resembles her own, and has stirred new thought in professional circles." (Edgar A. Doll, Ph. D., Director of Research, The Training School at Vineland, New Jersey).

**OUT OF THE RUNNING** by G. Gertrude Hoopes is an autobiography of a mentally superior

woman with severe motor handicaps following intracranial birth lesion.

Miss Hoopes is gravely handicapped physically, practically unable to walk, but she gets about on a specially built tricycle. She can sit up for protracted periods but shows continued athetoid movements, yet she types well with one finger, communicates verbally by means of a shorthand sign language, enters into conversation by pointing to letters of the alphabet, and manages the radio successfully.

Her mental aptitudes are exceptionally clear, socially she is alert and keen and possess a marked independence of character. Her diction is excellent. She is well informed, widely read, a critical and original thinker on life and its problems, religion, politics, science, music, and art.

The first part of this book was written twenty years ago when Miss Hoopes was thirty-eight

years of age. The late G. Stanley Hall urged publication because the book was significant from the psychological point of view of the development of inner personality, emotional life, perhaps even spiritual adjustment.

The latter part of this volume reflects a marked increase in the maturity of Miss Hoopes' personality. Because of the increase in medical and psychological knowledge, a far more significant interpretation can now be made of the author's increased insight into her life, its social and emotional as well as scientific phases.

**OUT OF THE RUNNING** is a book chosen for its 1940 list of 100 books by the Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee.

The author of this autobiography has suffered since birth from grave handicaps—

*"She is nearly sixty and is about the size of a child of twelve. She is practically mute, never trying to talk. Her face muscles are in constant motion. Her tongue moves continuously. Her head is jerked forward, backward, from one side to the other. Her shoulders are ever elevated and depressed."*

Yet she rides a tricycle. She operates the radio and typewriter. She communicates through a shorthand sign language. She plays a piano. She writes with good literary style. She has enriched her life by her spiritual vitality. She is a critical and

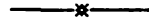
original thinker on life and its problems, religion, politics, science, music, and art.

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XVII, 158 pages 4 illustrations \$2.00 postpaid

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Published by Charles C. Thomas  
Springfield, Illinois, U. S. A.



**PRISONERS OF WAR.**—One of the saddest notes in the story of defeated France is that of the French priests who are war prisoners in German concentration camps. Accounts of hunger, hardships, and outraged state are part of the daily routine. Perhaps the greatest of their consolations is the religious awakening that has seized so many French soldiers, and has inspired these priests to conduct retreats and lead their prisoner-companions in other devotions—all of which may be God's own way of preserving the Faith among a people whose patriotism has been so exaggerated that God Himself has been made subservient to it. To us, the spectacle is not only sad, but even reprehensible. We commend these priests for their zeal in an hour of national calamity. But it is difficult to condone the action of a government that insists upon robbing God of His special helpers, and the people of their shepherds, and even demanding that priests and religious take up arms and slay their fellowmen. Hardly another civilized nation so belittles God and religion as to exact these humiliating and degrading penal-

ties. We are not greatly astonished at the Nazi outrages inflicted upon these poor priests who are now prisoners of war. The responsibility rests rather with the government that caused them to share a fate so alien to their high

calling. It is comforting to recall that America has enough respect for religion that it refuses to so confuse it with patriotism that God is altogether ignored.

(*The Ave Maria*)

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## FOREIGN MISSIONS

**PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA NOW ONE-EIGHTH CATHOLIC.**—The Portuguese Colony of Angola fronts on the Atlantic Ocean and is bounded by the Belgian Congo, Rhodesia and Southwest Africa. Its area is close to half a million square miles. Its population is chiefly Bantu. The Diocese of Angola and Congo, erected as long ago as 1596, embraces in its jurisdiction the two Apostolic Prefectures of the Lower Congo and Cubango and the two Independent Missions of Cunene and Lunda.

The Gospel was first preached in Angola towards the end of the XV Century, after the discovery of the Congo by Diego Can in 1484. In the course of the following centuries the missions there passed through various vicissitudes which in the main reflected the trend of political and religious events in Europe as a whole and in *Portugal in particular*.

Beginnings justified great expectations. It was not long before the missionaries succeeded in winning to the Faith the headman of Sogno and then the King

of Congo himself. In 1512, King Alfonso, a Christian, sent a diplomatic mission to Pope Julius II. One of his sons was subsequently consecrated a bishop and several native chiefs were ordained priests. However, Portugal's interest centered on the Indies and on Brazil rather than on Angola and this led to a decline. Other contributing factors were the slave traffic, local wars between princelings and hostility to foreign exploitation. Finally the expulsion of the Jesuits decreed by Pombal in 1760 and later the suppression in 1834 of all religious orders in Portugal came near being the death knell of Angola Missions.

What saved the situation was the fact that twenty-three secular priests—21 of whom were Blacks—managed despite many obstacles to keep alive a Christian tradition. Then, towards the middle of the XIX Century there came with the revival of Portugal's colonial spirit also a revival of mission spirit. In 1886, Holy Ghost Fathers were able to make a new, though modest, start, for training houses for religious congregations were



forbidden to operate. From 1910 on there was a striking increase in apostolic effort as larger and larger groups of missionaries set out for Angola. Then once again persecution nearly undid everything. With 1920 improvement set in. Mission institutes were permitted to reopen training houses. The Government began to take a positive interest in the evangelization of the Natives. Legislation favouring the Missions was passed in 1926: they were to have a free hand in recruiting new forces and were to receive official support both moral and material.

Today the Catholics of Angola number roughly 500,000 souls out of a total population of slightly more than four million. The country comprises 32 parishes and 53 missions. The latter are staffed by 160 priests, of whom 32 are seculars, eight Benedictines and 120 Holy Ghost Fathers. The clergy is assisted by 128 Sisters and an equal number of brothers and lay helpers.

Angola may justly pride itself on having paved the way for a Native African clergy from a very early date. It is continuing at the present time to devote its energies to this great problem. It has minor seminaries at Luanda, Luçula, Bangalas, Galangue and Jau with a total of 201 aspirants to the priesthood. Its major seminary at Caala has 14 students. Hopes for the future are bright. Institutions have also been organized for the recruitment and formation of Native religious of both sexes.

The Native clergy work side by side with the foreign missionaries and find a very real advantage in collaboration and emulation.

Actually the personnel is far from sufficient for so vast a country. Fortunately, the climate on the plateau is salubrious and missionaries with more than thirty years of work to their credit are numerous. The efficiency of the individual missionary is also greatly increased due to a splendid network of well-built roads which facilitate travel and economize time.

The people are on the whole well disposed towards the missionaries. Their warlike spirit and heathen attitudes have gradually yielded to foreign influence. The Natives feel the need of replacing what has disappeared or is rapidly disappearing of their religious and social organization and to this end are turning toward Christianity. Thus fine prospects are opening up for the Faith in Angola and it is probable that Christian life there will strike ever deeper root in the near future.—(Fides)



### REMARKABLE GROWTH OF GOOD SHEPHERD SISTERS COMMUNITY.—

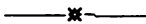
Statistics given out at the Vatican City reveal the notable growth of the community founded by the recently canonized St. Mary of St. Euphrasia Pelletier—the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. Of interest is the fact that the first house the

Foundress was called upon to establish outside Europe was at Louisville, Ky. At the time of her death there were 15 houses in the United States.

The second of the houses to be established in the New World was at Montreal. In Africa the first foundations were in Algeria and Egypt; in Asia they were in Indo-China, Burma and India; in Australia at Melbourne, and in South America in Chile. In the life time of the Foundress there were in Europe 30 foundations in France, 17 in Italy, 10 in England and Ireland, eight in Germany, five in Belgium, four in Austria, and one each in Holland, Switzerland and Malta.

When the Foundress died, in 1868 there were 111 houses, divided into 16 provinces, with 2,376 Religious and 962 Magdalenes. Twenty-five years later the number of houses totaled 198 in 29 provinces, with 5,580 Religious and novices and 1,940 Magdalenes.

In 1933, the year the Foundress was beatified, there were 321 houses in 34 provinces, with 8,589 Religious, 922 novices, 345 native Sisters and 2,737 Magdalenes.

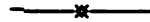


**MODEL CATHOLIC VILLAGE IN MANCHURIA.**—Kirin, Manchukuo.—Siaopachiatze, an *entirely Catholic* village of some 2,000 inhabitants, is organized along such progressive lines that it is known among its neighbours as "the model village."

It may also be considered a

model village from the Catholic standpoint. This was brought to light when Bishop Lemaire, Coadjutor to Bishop Gaspais, recently ordained three of its native sons to the priesthood in the parish church. It was recalled on that occasion that Siaopachiatze has furnished the Church with 25 priests and more than a hundred Sisters. At present it has thirteen young men studying for the priesthood.

The town was founded about a century ago by eight immigrant families, five of them Catholic families fleeing persecution. A priest of the Paris Foreign Missions settled among the rapidly growing population and, as time went on, converted all the non-Christians. Several hundred persons may be seen at Mass each morning. (Fides)



**POPE PRAISES BRITISH ATTITUDE TOWARD FOREIGN MISSIONS.**—The Holy Father has expressed his gratitude to the British Government for this country's attitude toward foreign Missions during the war. His Holiness wrote, through His Eminence Luigi Cardinal Maglione, Papal Secretary of State, a letter of appreciation to Britain's Minister to the Holy See.

The Government's policy is to encourage missionary effort in the Colonies and in India. Missionaries of neutral nationality have been given permission to work in Uganda, Kenya, British

India, Sarawak, British North Borneo, the Cameroons and the Sudan. Approved missionaries of enemy nationality have been given facilities to continue their work.

It is understood that the Holy Father is assured that the British Government was impressed with

the necessity of maintaining, on purely practical grounds, the normal work of missionary bodies of all denominations, on account of the cultural relations they can establish, and of the influence they are able to exercise over the native populations.



The Child Jesus back from the fields.

# Our Family Circle

## Eighth Meditation on the "Little Way"

### THE JUSTICE OF GOD, OUR FATHER

I. In the Old Testament we read: "The Lord is compassionate and merciful; longsuffering and plentiful in mercy, for he knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are dust. As a father hath compassion on his children, so hath the Lord compassion on them that fear him." (Ps. 102, 8, 14, 13).

"Mercy and truth have met each other: justice and peace have kissed." (Ps. 84, 11).

St. Paul having fought a good fight, finished his course, and kept the faith, expects everything from God's justice, saying: "As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord the just judge will render to me in that day: and not only to me, but to them also that love his coming."

"This is my commandment, that you love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John 15, 12, 13).

The justice of God? No, the justice of the Good God, of the infinitely Good God—is what filled the heart of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus with joy. She desired

only the science of love, and after the many graces received from Our Lord, she received the privilege of seeing His Justice "Clothed with Love." "To me," she writes in her Autobiography, "God has given His Infinite Mercy, and it is in this ineffable mirror, that I contemplate His other attributes. Therein all appear to me radiant with Love. His Justice, even more perhaps than the rest, seems to me to be clothed with Love. What joy to think that Our Lord is just, that is to say, that He takes our weakness into account, that He knows perfectly the frailty of our nature! Of what, then, need I be afraid? Will not the God of Infinite justice, who deigns so lovingly to pardon the sins of the Prodigal Son, be also just to me 'who am always with Him'?"

II. In July of 1897, St. Theresa of the Child Jesus said to the Rev. Mother Agnes de Jésus: "My Mother, in my manuscript (her autobiography), I have written only a few words concerning the Justice of the good God. But, if it interests you, you can find my

full thought on it in a letter to the Rev. Roulland, because in that letter I clearly explain what I think of God's Justice."

So that we are sure to have her "full thought" on God's Justice if we read this letter written by the Little Flower of Jesus.

Here, then, follows the letter written by Sta. Teresita to one of her Brothers Missionaries: "On this earth where everything changes, one thing alone does never change — our Heavenly King's treatment of His friends. From the day He raised the standard of the Cross, in its shadow all must fight and win. 'The life of every missionary abounds in crosses,' said Théophile Venard. And again: 'True happiness consists in suffering, and in order to live we must die.'

"Rejoice, my Brother, that the first efforts of your Apostolate are stamped with the seal of the Cross. Far more by suffering and by persecution than by eloquent discourses does Jesus wish to build up His Kingdom.

"You are still—you tell me—a little child who cannot speak. Neither could Father Mazel, who was ordained with you, and yet he has already won the palm....Far beyond our thoughts are the thoughts of God! When I learnt that this young missionary had died before he had set foot on the field of his labors, I felt myself drawn to invoke him. I seemed to see him amidst the glorious Martyr choir. No doubt, in the eyes of men he does not merit the

title of Martyr, but in the eyes of God this inglorious death is no less precious than the sacrifice of him who lays down his life for the Faith.

"Though one must be exceedingly pure before appearing in the sight of the ALL-HOLY God, still I know that He is infinitely just, and this very Justice which terrifies so many souls is the source of all my confidence and joy. Justice is not only stern severity towards the guilty; it takes account of the good intention, and gives to virtue its reward. Indeed I hope as much from the Justice of God as from His Mercy. It is because He is just, that *'He is compassionate and merciful, longsuffering, and plenteous in mercy. For He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust. As a father hath compassion on his children, so hath the Lord compassion on us.'*

"O my Brother, after these beautiful and consoling words of the Royal Prophet, how can we doubt God's power to open the gates of His Kingdom to His children who have loved Him unto perfect sacrifice, who have not only left home and country so as to make Him known and loved, but even long to lay down their lives for him?....Jesus said truly there is no greater love than this. Nor will He be outdone in generosity. How could He cleanse in the flames of Purgatory souls consumed with the fire of Divine Love?

"I have used many words to express my thought...What I wish

to convey is, that in my opinion all missionaries are Martyrs by will and desire, and not even one should pass through the purifying flames.

“This, then, is what I think about the Justice of God; my own way is all confidence and love, and I cannot understand those souls who are afraid of so affectionate a Friend....”

III. What Santa Teresita wrote and said, was also what she taught to other souls committed to her care. She said to a Novice who had an immense dread of the judgments of God: “For victims of Love there will be no judgment. God will rather hasten to reward with eternal delights His own Love which He will behold burning in their hearts.”

“No judgment.” It sounds like the echo of the much comforting affirmations we read in the Gospel of St. John: “He that believeth in him (Jesus) is not judged.” (John 3, 18), and “For neither doth the Father judge any man, but hath given all judgment to the Son... Amen, amen I say unto you, that he who heareth my word, and believeth him that sent me, hath life everlasting; and cometh not into judgment, but is passed from death to life.” (John 5, 22, 24).

St. Paul expresses the same assuring truth: “There is now therefore no condemnation (sentence after judgment) to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not according to the flesh.” (Rom. 8, 1)

IV. O, what a consolation for us, poor, little ones!

With St. Theresa of the Child Jesus we say: “We hope as much from the Justice of God as from His MERCY.”

O, beloved Father in Heaven, we rejoice in Thy Justice; we thank Thee for Thy Justice; we put all our hope and confidence in Thy Justice, and to Thy Justice we surrender ourselves with love.

Now we understand the comforting Psalm of Thy servant David, and we pray: “Out of the depths I have cried to Thee, O Lord! Lord, hear my voice.

“Let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication.

“If Thou, O Lord, shalt mark our iniquities: O Lord, who shall abide it?

“For with Thee there is merciful forgiveness; and by reason of Thy law I have waited for Thee, O Lord.

“My soul hath relied on His word: my soul hath hoped in the Lord.

“From the morning watch even unto night, let Israel hope in the Lord.

“Because with the Lord there is mercy: and with Him plenteous redemption.

“And He shall *redeem Israel* from all his iniquities.”

O! God who didst enkindle with Thy Spirit of Love the soul of Saint Theresa of the Child Jesus, grant that we also may love Thee and may make Thee greatly loved. Amen.

# Novena of "Last Resort"

(Saturday, January 4, to Sunday January 12)

## GENERAL INTENTIONS

I.—Crusade of Prayer for Peace. —  
The return of all Nations to Christ and  
His Doctrine.

Nations have governments. A government is a group of official servants, elected by the people, who direct the temporal welfare of the country. The government is for the people; this is democracy. The system is radically false which pretends that the individual exists for the state rather than the state for the individual.

There are two perfect societies in the world whose combined aims tend to the perfect happiness of all men. The Church and the State are both perfect societies, that is to say, each essentially aiming at a common good commensurate with the need of mankind at large and ultimate in a generic kind of life, and each juridically competent to provide all the necessary and sufficient means thereto. The State is ethically demonstrated to be such, and the Church has like demonstration from the theology of Christian Revelation. By reason of coexistence on the earth, community of subjects and a need in common of some of the same means of activity, it is inevitable that they should have mutual relations in the juridical order.

All rights and duties on earth come ultimately from God through the Divine Law, either natural or positive. Duties and rights descending from positive Divine Law are learned from Divine Revelation through Jesus Christ.

In all purely temporal subject-mat-

ter, so long as it remains such, the jurisdiction of the State over its own subjects stands not only supreme, but, as far as the Church is concerned, alone.

In all purely spiritual subject-matter so long as it remains such, the jurisdiction of the Church over her ecclesiastical subjects obtains to the complete exclusion of the State; nor is the Church therein juridically dependent in any way upon the State for the exercise of its legitimate powers.

In all subject-matter not purely spiritual nor purely temporal, but at the same time both spiritual and temporal in character, both jurisdictions may enter, and so entering give occasion to collision, for which there must be a principle of solution. In case of direct contradiction, making it impossible for both jurisdictions to be exercised, the jurisdiction of the Church prevails, and that of the State is excluded. The reason of this is obvious: both authorities come from God in fulfillment of his purposes in the life of man: He cannot contradict Himself; He cannot authorize contradictory powers. His real will and concession of power is determined by the higher purpose of His Providence and man's need, which is the eternal happiness of man, the ultimate end of the Church. In view of this end God concedes to her the only authority that can exist in the case in point.

The theory opposed to the Catholic position on the true relations between the Church and State is what is called

Liberalism. The State, it says, is atheistic, does not depend on God's Commandments, and certainly not on Christ's teaching. The position logically followed that the Church has no rights—not even the right to existence—save such as are conceded to it by the civil power. Hence it is not a perfect society, but a creature of the State, upon which it depends in all things, and upon which it must be directly subordinate, if it is to be allowed to exist at all.

Although Liberalism is threefold and does not always radically declare itself atheistic, adopting a self-made Christianity without Christ and certainly without His Church, it leads to what Pope Pius XII calls "the Apostasy of Nations."

Since the time of the French revolution this has been the work of a secret society called Freemasonry.

Liberalism is the doctrine of Freemasonry.

Freemasonry is the archenemy of the Catholic Church.

Freemasonry with its developed Liberalism has caused the failure of Democracy.

We see no reason why Democracy cannot go forward to a greater security. It can, and it ought to.

Christian Democracy is not an idle dream. It is a glorious ideal, which, under God, can be achieved by labor and sacrifice.

The application in detail of principles of Christian Democracy have been laid down long ago in Papal pronouncements.

Let nations recognize God, recognize Jesus Christ, their Saviour, their King, recognize His instituted Church on earth, and their endeavors in building

up a lasting Democracy will be fruitful—and true peace based on justice and charity will reign among them.

For this we pray: the return of all Nations to Christ and His Doctrine.

II.—We continue praying for the salvation of the Mountain Province Mission, which remains the victim of disastrous circumstances. It is not enough for us to improve a little the lamentable condition of our Home Missions; we have to save them—less we forfeit our dignity of Catholics.

### SPECIAL INTENTIONS

All intentions, for spiritual and temporal favors, sent to Our Family Circle are included in this Novena.

It is a pleasure to notice how highly spiritual our readers are in expressing their intentions. One wrote: "That the Philippines be delivered from public scandal," and with it was going an article "Catholic Weeds," which, he said, he found in *America*. This article is a good reading for all of us. It says: "When Saint Paul bade his followers to be imitators of him, as he was of Christ Jesus, he held up to us sinners an exceedingly high ideal. Yet the Apostle meant exactly what he preached. He had a rare knowledge of human nature, and a knowledge, even rarer, of the miracles of God's grace, of which he himself was not the least remarkable example. He knew the weakness of human nature, not only from his meditations on men and events about him, but from the battles that had been fought in his own soul. If he could win these battles by God's grace, others could also be victors. Hence he unceasingly urged his disciples to go on steadily from one stage to another yet higher, in their imitation of Jesus



Christ. 'Be ye followers of me,' Saint Paul exhorted the Christians at Corinth, 'as I also am of Christ.'

"The doctrine which Saint Paul drew from the teaching of Christ, has been steadfastly proposed by the Church. She invites all to walk in the way of the Commandments, but she is not satisfied with this first step. Because she wishes all her children to be saints, she exhorts all to do more than that which is merely commanded under pain of grave sin. To chosen souls, she points out the way of the Evangelical Councils, and encourages them to leave father, mother, and all things to follow Christ. To all Christians, she indicates the means by which they can attain perfection, whatever their state of life may be. She wants saintly fathers and mothers, saintly sons and daughters, saintly lawyers and doctors, saintly architects and mining engineers, saintly laborers, saintly inn-keepers and grocery clerks, saintly men in public office and even saintly editors.

"In every age, the Church succeeds in winning souls to real holiness. But it must be sadly admitted that in every age, she must weep over children who, if not in words, by their wicked lives repudiate the mother who strives to win them. If today, perhaps more frequently than for many years, we find men and women who call themselves Catholics, yet allow their children to grow up without religious instruction, or who, in public office, are guilty of bribery, theft, oppression, and all manner of corruption, we ought to protest, when protest is possible, but we should not be greatly surprised. The Gospel of Saint Matthew teaches very clearly that until the end of the world, the cockle will grow side by side

with the wheat in the field that is the Church of God.

"Often it stirs our ire to see in high place men who profess to be Catholics, and who by the world are accepted as Catholics, yet whose lives are as foul as a whited sepulchre. But we may safely leave them to God. When the time comes, He will bind them for burning, and in the interval, He will take care of the wheat. Despite the machinations of Satan and evil-living Catholics, God in the end will have His way. Our task is not to judge others, but to take care that when Satan goes out to sow more cockle, we do not help him."

### MONTH OF FEBRUARY

The Novena of Last Resort for February begins on Saturday, February 1, and ends on Sunday, February 9.

General Intentions: Crusade of Prayer for Peace. The conversion of France and England where a serious return to religion is observed.

We continue praying for the salvation of the Mountain Province Mission, because the Missionaries have to confront with ever new and greater difficulties. The publication of *The Little Apostle* and *El Misionero* becomes a too heavy burden. We have no intention stopping such an all important publication, nor do we wish to deprive our Mission Magazine of its attractive illustration quite impossible. But we have to do something in order to reduce the too heavy expenses. The most acceptable means to it seems to us to suspend publication during the vacation time, viz., April and May. The March Issue will bear the numbers 10, 11 and 12 (March, April and May), ending thereby the School-year 1940-41. On June, we start the new School-year

1941-42, hoping that in the meantime peace will come to the world and conditions will improve.

Special Intentions: Yours. Send them to Our Family Circle, P.O. Box 55, Baguio.

“ASK AND YOU WILL RECEIVE.”

### THANKSGIVING

P.E. Vda. de T.—Herewith a money order for ₱2.00, for the missions, in thanksgiving to Sta. Teresita for an obtained favor.

C.P.—Inclosed are ₱5.00, a help for the missions in the Mt. Province. This is a promise to St. Teresita for a favor I asked her.

R.L.—Inclosed, please, find a money order for ₱4.00., ₱2.00 for the renewal of my subscription and ₱2.00, for a holy Mass in honor of the Little Flower in thanksgiving for favor received.

C.C. de M.—Inclosed, please, find a money order for ₱1.00., in thanksgiving

for favors received through the Novena of Last Resort. You may apply it to the Catechists' Fund.

F.F.—I inclose one peso in money order for the Catechists' Fund, in thanksgiving to the Holy Family and St. Therese for many favors received through the Novena of Last Resort.

F.J.—Herewith I send you ₱4.00, for two Masses. in thanksgiving for the cure of my son.

G. Vda. de R.—Herewith are two pesos, which I promised for the obtained cure of my niece.

M.A. (Aparri).—Herewith a money order for ₱10.00. Please, have an Igorrote girl baptized with the sweet name of Piedad, and a boy with the name of Zosimo. This in thanksgiving for many favors received.

MASSES OF THANKSGIVING:—  
F.J.; R.L. (two Masses); L.M.; C. de G.;  
J. de G.; L.D.; C.M.; A.F.; C.V.H.;  
M.T.K.; J. S.; J.P.



**ABSOLVE, we beseech Thee,**

**Lord, the souls of Thy servants:**

Rev. Fr. Bernard, Font Yates, N. Dak., U.S.A.; Severino Gilbuena, Manila; Celedonia C. Zosa, Barili, Cebu; Emilia Ontañon, Manila; Jesusa de Cortabartarte, Manila; Hon. Buenaventura Ro-

driguez, Cebu, Cebu; Francisco D. Enage, Calubian, Leyte;  
**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.**

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Fathers in the Mountain Province of the Philippines.



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