

THE LITTLE APOSTLE of the MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



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THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

*The organ of the Missionaries of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (Scheyveid Fathers)
in the Mountain Province of the Philippines.*

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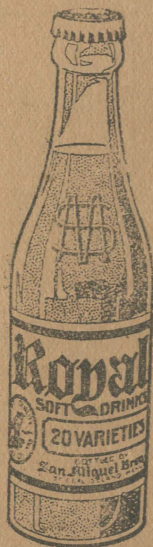
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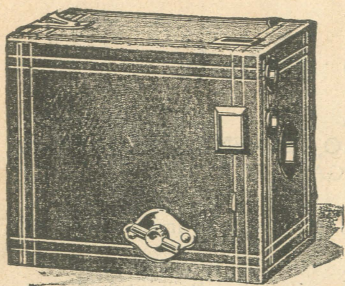
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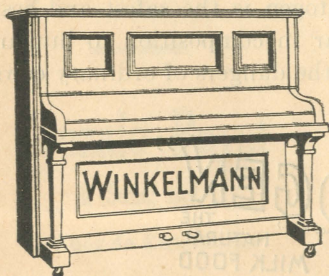
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THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

Are Saints Born Such?

Remember the Happiness of Your First Holy Communion
and Keep that Happiness

Léonie had, also, a very warm place in my heart; she loved me very much, and her love was returned. In the evening when she came home from school, she used to take care of me while the others went out, and it seems to me I can still hear the sweet songs she sang to put me to sleep. I remember perfectly the day of her First Communion, and I remember also her companion, the poor



child whom my Mother dressed according to the touching custom of the well-to-do families in Alenzon. This child did not leave Léonie an instant on that happy day, and in the evening at the grand dinner she sat in the place of honor. Alas! I was too small to stay up for this feast, but I already shared in it a little, thanks to Papa's goodness.

Autobiography of the
Little Flower.

FIRST HOLY COMMUNION! What a blessed day! What happiness! Why? Jesus in us, God in us! What a power this remembrance of, or the preparation for it, has to keep us in God as on that day, for the first

time, we keep Him in our innocent little hearts.

This reminds me the story of "A white little child and a big black devil."

There was once a little white child, yes, very, very white.... it

was shining with whiteness above all its little friends.... its parents liked to dress it in a very, very white and elegant costume.... On the right arm it wore a white brace that looked even whiter than it was, because it was flecked with gold.... white gauntlets and a white neckerchief completed the white adornment of the little white boy....

In his hands he carried a white taper of an immaculate wax.... its sputtering flame threw a sweet, poetic glimmer on this adorable white creature.

The exterior aspect of this little pure child was the adequate image of its little holy soul: this, too, was of an immaculate white as on the day of its baptism.

Its mind was enlightened with a silvery ray of heaven: it knew perfectly, the catechism.... it knew the mysteries of our holy doctrine, the value of the Sacraments.... nay, the various virtues that change a child into an angel on earth.

Its little red heart was, in the eyes of God, a pure lily of the celestial fields. Of a pure soul, one says that she is "candid," and candid means fair, open, pure, white: indeed the soul of the little white child was candid.

Its will was free of all evil desires. Not a trace was found in it of any stain.... not even that rest of a sinful mark after the blot has been erased by confession.

So, when the little white child approached for the first time, the Holy Table and took into its white

hands the white cloth, and when the priest showed to the little white child the little white Host containing the glorious Saviour who is of an eternal whiteness, all the faithful in the little church with deep emotion and as in ecstasy whispered: "What a white little child!"

.

Many years have passed. One day I met the little white child of the past.

At first I did not recognize the little white child, now a man, for never since that happy day, had I seen him again.

How could I have recognized that little white child, such an outgrowth of such a little white child?

He now looked tall and thin; he was wrapped in dirty rags; his hair was matted and tousled; his hands were black and unwashed; his face was sombre, his eyes hollow and dim and as surrounded by a black circle; his shoes were worn out.... he was "a pity".... Talking with him. I soon understood that his exterior was only the sad expression of his still darker interior.

His mind was black: darkness had invaded it.... He had forgotten the catechism, he ignored the truths of religion.... he did not know God any longer....

On the contrary, his intelligence was puffed up with all the errors of indifference and the sophisms of a free-thinker.... he saw nothing clearly: neither the family, against which he boasted divorce and free

love... nor the society, which he wished to be anarchist.... nor his own person, that walked in the eternal darkness, all the rays of the hereafter having been extinguished....

His heart was as black as his reason. Yes, his heart had loved, not for the sake of virtue, not for the consolation of a happy family with lovely children, not for the peace and bliss of a home.... but to satisfy his lower passions and brutal vices.... he had become a living darkness, unable to enjoy purity.... he was stained with sins and blackened with crimes against man and God.

His will, too, was obscured with bad designs and sombre thoughts. It was wishing evil to every human being; it hated men and cursed all who seemed happy and calm under the light of peace with earth and Heaven.

After a few moments' conversation with him, who, only in memory had remained "the little white child," I thought to myself: "What a big black devil!"

* * *

I soon found the key to this abnormal devilish change. The little white child had turned his back upon his white little friends and had associated with little companions that were animated with hellish, black souls.... and his own soul had been besmirched by their contact.

He had enjoyed the sight of black movies in the evening.... he

had gone to a godless school during the day.... he had read books whose evil insinuations he could neither refute nor resist, books whose ideas were dirty and black.... He had bought papers of a neutral taint and later those of doubtful theories.... papers that by their very neutrality preached contempt for the legitimate authority of God and Church, papers that light in the minds of the youngsters and all who read them, a hellish smoke, thick, vile and black....

He had been seduced by men who hate the light of reason and revelation and who plot in the darkness of the night, behind barred doors and drawn windows, against the Way, the Truth and the Life.... the Light of the world.... and he had inhaled the darkness of their words and deeds....

Love of work had fled from his heart.... famine had grasped his stomach.... his parents, having died of sorrow, his home had been converted into a den of wretches like himself.... a den dark, sad, mournful, lugubrious....

The cabaret became his friend.... The drink he swallowed to drown the grieving remorse of his conscience and the dark thoughts of his dizzy mind, had no other effect than of sinking him lower into a bottomless precipice of sinful pitch.... His deep sunken eyes and his black face evidently spoke of his besmirched soul.... He was a heart-rending sight.

* * *

—“You are far from being the little white child of your first Communion!”

A light glimmered in his eyes.

Did he have a vision of that glorious day when, for the first time in his, yet, unsullied life, he sat down at the table of the Angels?

This short apparition did it light some regret at the bottom of his heart?

His face shone for awhile as if a ray of enlightenment had pierced the thick darkness of his dirty soul.. He exclaimed:

—“If I only could start life all over again!”

Then his features took the expression as of an outworn sack and he added in a begging whisper:

—“Tell the others.... tell the other white little children never to do as I did.”

But this was only a glimmer.... Again his face became heart-rending, as if the black cloud that had burst for a moment, had closed once more and forever.... And at once, and as fast as he could, he disappeared: the big black devil, a lamentable ruin of a white little child....

* * *

The other day I attended the first Holy Communion of many white little children.... of as many angels on earth.... Their happy mothers sobbed.... their fathers wept.... Oh, the white little children that reminded them of their own first Holy Communion!

I thought of that great black devil.... Would there some day,

out of these white little angels, come forth such a devilish monster?.... Who knows!....

Why then, Oh God, do you not permit these white little children to die before they besmirch the robe of their innocence and assume the role of a great black devil?

A mystery!.... No! It is not.... For God has placed into the hands of the parents the means of preserving their angels in the full brightness of their white-baptismal dress.... He has given the white little children the foretaste of heaven on the day of their first Communion, and this souvenir of blessings and bliss should make them strive to remain angels forever.... He has made it a sacred duty for parents to preserve and insure the whiteness of the souls of their children.... Woe!.... Three times woe, to such unnatural fathers and mothers, who, thru negligence, sacrifice their white little children on the altars of darkness: the misunderstood freedom, day and night, frivolous reading, lighthearted conversations, bad companions, religious indifference, bad examples.... And if then the white little children some day become big black devils, the greatest devils are not the children.... but their parents.... devils to their own children.

Have your First Holy Communion in view.... remember the happiness of that day.... keep yourself in the state you were on that happy day.... and white little children some day you will be forever white little angels in heaven.

SAVONAROLA.

May 8. The Apparition of St. Michael the Archangel

It is manifest, from the Holy Scriptures, that God is pleased to make frequent use of the ministry of heavenly spirits in the dispensations of His Providence in this world. Hence the name of Angel (messenger) has been appropriated to them.

The angels are pure spirits and by a property of their nature are immortal, as every spirit is. They have the power of moving or conveying themselves from place to place, and such is their activity that it is not easy for us to conceive it.

Among the holy Archangels, there are particularly distinguished in Holy Writ—Sts. Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael.

St. Michael whom the Church honors this day, was the prince of the faithful angels who opposed Lucifer and his associates in their revolt against God. As the devil is the sworn enemy of God's holy Church, St. Michael is its special protector against his assaults and stratagems. This holy Archangel has ever been honored in the Catholic Church as her guardian under God, and as the protector of the faithful; for God is pleased to employ the zeal and charity of the good angels and their leader against the malice of the devil. To thank His adorable goodness for this benefit of His merciful Provi-

dence is this festival instituted by the Church in honor of the good angels, in which devotion she has been encouraged by several apparitions of this glorious archangel.

Among others it is reported that St. Michael in a vision, admonished the Bishop of Siponto to build a church in his honor on Mount Gargano, in the kingdom of Naples. When the Emperor Otto III had, contrary to his word, put to death, for rebellion, Crescentius, a Roman senator, being touched with remorse, he cast himself at the feet of St. Romuald, who, in satisfaction for his crime, enjoined him to walk barefoot, on a penitential pilgrimage, to St. Michael's on Mount Gargano, which penance he performed in 1002.

It is mentioned in particular of special guardian and protector of the Church that, in the persecution of Anti-Christ, he will powerfully stand up in her defence: "At that time shall Michael rise up, the great prince, who standeth for the children of thy people."

Let us invoke St. Michael against the persecutors of the Church in Mexico, China, etc. and let us imitate him by defending the Church whenever and wherever we can, not only in our conversations and writings, but also by deeds and sacrifices.

Ecce Homo!



Say, can you fathom all the sorrow of this Face?
 How lov'ly, yet expressive of an endless pain
 And of the grieving thought that, for the human race,
 He'll die, but for the greatest numb'r, alas, in vain!

Oh, Christian, "ECCE HOMO!" Look well at this Face....
 Then, ask yourself what on your deathbed you shall wish
 You'd done for Christ, your Judge, to bring His saving grace
 On Pagans.... DO IT.... NOW.... for their and your own bliss!

So Speak the Wise . . . And the Young Heed the Lesson!

241. No answer is also an answer.
242. A good name is sooner lost than won.
243. Cleanliness is next to godliness.
244. Method will teach you to win time.
245. Say no ill of the year till it is passed.
246. Trifles make up the happiness or the misery of the mortal life.
247. Every man is the architect of his own fortune.
248. More men would go to church if there were a law gainst it.
249. Nobody speaks to Mr. Poor in the street, but very distant relatives of Mr. Rich find him out, even among the hills.
250. Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.



251. Better ask twice than go wrong once.
252. Never fall out with your bread and butter.
253. There was a wife that kept her supper for her breakfast, and she was dead before the day.
254. A bald head is soon shaven.
255. Make not a toil of pleasure, as the man said, when he buried his wife.
256. He is going to grass with his teeth upwards.
257. Like lambs, you do nothing but suck, and wag your tail.
258. Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.
259. That's as true as that the cat crew, and the cock rocked the cradle.
260. A diamond is valuable, though it lie on a dunghill.

Address Delivered by Rev. J. Desamber

*on Occasion of the Installation of the Nueva Vizcaya Center
of the Knights of Columbus, Jan. 17, 1927.*

(Continuation)

When the United States declared war against Germany in 1917, the Knights of Columbus offered the services of the Order as a unit to the Government in war work. An appeal was issued to the public for \$1,000,000, and in no time the war fund in response to this appeal far exceeded the expectation of the Knights, amounting in the end to something over \$14,000,000. Secretaries and chaplains were placed in all the camps and cantonments; buildings were erected and community centers were established, all for the benefit of young men preparing themselves to go overseas. Then Headquarters were established in Paris for the Order's overseas activities, with branches in London covering the British Isles, and after the Armistice in Coblenz, for the army of occupation. The work of the Knights at home and overseas won the highest encomiums from both soldiers, commanding officers, and Government themselves.

After peace was effected the Knights immediately devoted their energies and resources to reconstruction work. Employment bureaux to the number of 254 were opened, in the first twelve months 300,000 service men were placed

in employment, 498 scholarships in colleges were given to service men; 150,000 service men, 1,100 service women were enrolled in 48 schools established for that purpose. By August 1920, there were 150 Knights of Columbus schools in operation with an attendance of 500,000 pupils.

My dear Brother Knights! I gave you herewith in a few outlines some of the valuable activities of our Brother Knights in the United States of America. Their doings must inspire us with the chevaliery ideals of our common Knighthood; their activities lay down before us the general outlines of our own program of activities in the Philippine Islands in general and in the province of Nueva Vizcaya in particular.

Our Supreme Knight, Brother James Flaherty, has said that our Order is an army at war. The battle is not of our making. The challenge has been thrust in our faces by those who would rob us of our most precious rights, of our most precious ideals, who would, indeed, despoil us of faith itself. As true Catholic men we could do nothing less than accept the challenge without hesitation.

The country is overrun by nume-

rous adepts of the worst kind of secret societies, roaring like ferocious lions in search of whom they may devour. They are all animated with the same infernal spirit, they are all aiming at the same end, viz., the destruction of the Catholic Church in the Philippines. The enemies of our ideals are more menacing today than ever before. Today selfishness, pride, hatred, greed, envy, intolerance—all these flourish, all these reach out their ever growing tendrils, wrap them around the souls of men, crush the manhood out of them. Today, success means the possession of power and money. Never mind how power is gained. Never mind how many are broken and crushed down into the depths of poverty and despair while one man climbs ruthlessly to the top. Never mind if sorrow is brought to thousands that a few may possess happiness, such as it is. Never mind if God is forgotten and all the fine things of life cast aside.... This is the spirit that moves men now, this is the spirit that we are pledged to fight to the end.

Let us, as Catholics, look squarely at our own future in these beautiful Philippine Islands, a beloved country for many of us and a most dear adopted country for others. The Philippine nation will be one day an independent nation, and much more so because it is a Catholic nation. But the question arises and is confronting us: What will be the Catholic standing once

that this country is free? To foresee is to reign, says the wise, and that the Filipino Catholics have the opportunity of foreseeing things is a great favor granted to them by Holy Providence. The world book of history lies wide open before us, and the most instructive lessons are offered to our own earnest consideration and deep meditation. There is Mexico, a Catholic country, where Catholics failed to unite themselves, where Catholics are helpless to defend themselves because they do not enjoy the blessings of strong organizations. We see them, on these our own days of modern civilization, oppressed and persecuted by a Bolchevistic government that deprives them of their most sacred rights.... There is the great Republic of the United States of America, the greatest country in the world for what is good and for what is evil. A country where the shortest minded bigots, the most selfish and intolerant puritans are ready at any moment of the day to devour their fellow countrymen because they are Catholics, Jews or of colored blood. A country where we meet the most generous and devoted Catholics of the world, where the Catholic Church appears in its full splendor strength and beauty, where Catholicism enjoys the most wonderful organizations as are the Order of the Knights of Columbus, the Holy Name Society and the like. We see, we witness, that the Catholics in the United States are free, that

their sacred rights as Catholic citizens of the greatest Republic are respected, thanks to the protecting and defending force that was born from their perfect union. Mexico and the United States of America alike are warning us: Prepare yourselves for the coming of the great day!

But my dear Brother Knights! let us not deceive ourselves! A Catholic Society cannot stand with individuals as members who neglect their duties in the secrecy of their conscience. We have to be knights in private life as we appear to be knights in public life. We have to be faithful to our Catholic religion, our Catholic duties and responsibilities in the sight of God Who observes the most secret palpitations of our hearts as well as before men who judge only by external appearances. We have to heed constantly and perseveringly the admonition given by the great Knight of the early Church, St. Paul the Apostle: "Love for God and our neighbor is the fulfilling of the law. Know ye the season: that it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep. For now our salvation is nearer than when we believed. The night is passed, and the day is at hand. Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armour of light. Let us walk honestly as in the day: not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and envy: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision

for the flesh in its concupiscences.'

In family life a Knight has to show himself worthy of his name. He who is engaged in married life, must make of his family a Paradise upon earth where his wife, as a Christian mother, is reigning on her throne of love while he, as a Christian father, exercises a kind but respected authority over his children. He who cannot keep order in his family, cannot be expected to do much for the general welfare of his religion and of his country. He who is unfaithful to the Sacred duties of his state of life is a traitor to the Order, an enemy to God, to his Catholic religion and his country.

In public life, my dear Brother Knights, we have to appear like the true knights of old: "sans peur et sans reproche," "without fear and without blame." Knights, indeed, are men who are not interested in trivial things, but men whose mind can grasp eternal ideals, with hearts and souls of crusaders. It is told of the Knights of the Middle Ages that they went out for the conquest of noble deed. And such is our own program in public life: hand in hand we set out to find where good is to be done. "Pro Aris et Focis," "for God and Country," is our battle cry when we go to defend the weak, to help the poor, to instruct the ignorant and to console the sick. Like our Lord Jesus Himself, our highest Supreme Knight, we are bound to pass by doing good upon earth.

(To be continued)

THE MISSION

How Brother Edward Lost His Spectacles

nearly his life, but not his head and he found a soul for heaven!

Dear Father Vandewalle.

I AM AT SALEGSEG building a dormitory for baptized boys. This will be under the direct supervision of a catechist and this way, we hope to prevent much corruption in the village.

Some time ago, on a certain Sunday, I decided to go to "Ubel", on the other side of the river, on top of a high mountain. My intention was to visit the family of Alberto, one of our most faithful boys, who in earlier days had lived a few years in the convent of Bontoc. His seclusion at the Bontoc mission had been rather involuntary, for he had sown his wild oats and of course Justice had stepped in.... but this proved to be his way to heaven, for actually he is one of our best Christians, and besides a good carpenter, who helps me very much in the construction of chapels, etc.

With my big Alpenstock in my hands, and a good pair of spectacles

in their proper place, I am walking, or rather, I am gliding down the mountain. Some people think it is easy to descend. It is, indeed, when the grade is rather slight, but when it is from thirty to forty degrees, each step means a thrilling shock through the body and a pinching of the toes, and after awhile the legs are all trembling.

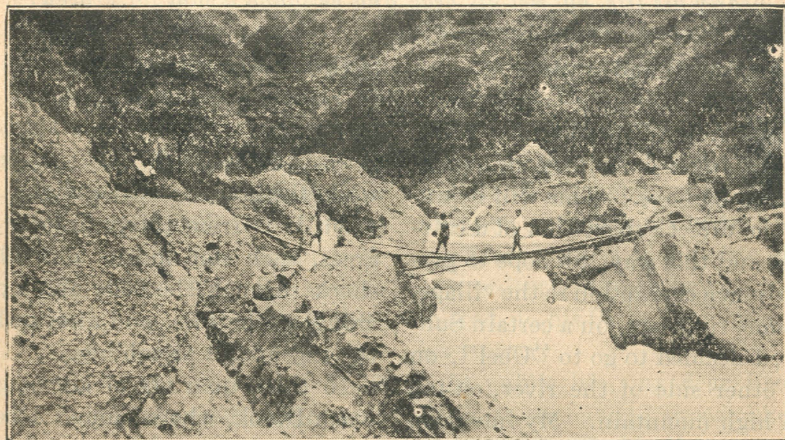
In three quarters of an hour I reach Dosok, where I found Alberto waiting for me. Of course I took sufficient rest to recuperate a normal breathing and to dry as much as possible, the perspiration that soak my body and clothes. I drank the juice of a refreshing coconut (How good Providence has been in giving coconut trees to the tropical countries!) and laugh at the acrobatic manoeuvres I made in slipping down that mountain I come from.

Onward! To the river! How to cross that torrent? It is very easily done. Providence has thrown two enormous rocks in the middle and man has placed three small, narrow

bridges, of six bamboos each, in such a way from the two riverbanks over these big boulders, that "both ends meet", as a proverb says.

We come to the first bridge. It has rained the night before, the waters under the frail bamboos are simply roaring, and their spray moistens bridge and passengers, making the first slippery and the

connecting the first and the second rocks, has disappeared, probably carried away by the flood of last night. What can I do but return? That's what I immediately try. But, did I trust too much in my ability due to my success in reaching the first boulder, or did I look too much at the bounding waves under my feet.... I do not know,



Where Brother Edward lost his spectacles...

second wet, of course. Never mind: "In nomine Domini!" Arms and legs, stick and instinct of self preservation: all work together in perfect harmony to keep an absolutely necessary equilibrium. Step by step I advance above a tremendous torrent of which well might be said: "Any one who enters these howling waters, should leave outside all hope of bodily salvation!" With the help of my guardian angel I arrive safely at the top of the first rock. But goodness! The second bridge,

but it is a fact that all of a sudden my feet gave way.... I lost my equilibrium.... yelled with all my might.... and fell down not without invoking the Little Flower. In an unexplainable way, I got hold of the bamboos with my hands, crawled again on the bridge and thanked the Lord for my narrow escape.

Then I remembered a funny story of a drunkard who needed a street five meters wide to proceed homewards, and coming in front of a

narrow bridge like mine at this moment and which he had to cross, his spirit of self-preservation told him to sit down on it astraddle and to proceed that way by leaps and bounds, in which manner he succeeded marvelously and by which he landed safely on the other side of the brook. I profited by that man's lesson and made my way back to my starting point, not without a heavy beating of my heart and only one loss: that of my spectacles which fell into the water and today may figure somewhere on the nose of a fish in the Pacific.

Back in Dosok I was partaking of the Alberto family's dinner: rice with salt, when somebody called me to go and see an old woman dying in one of the nearby shacks. I run to the place and indeed find a very old creature at the end of her always aimless life.

I kneel down at her side, and by means of an interpreter, I give her the instructions needed in such an emergency.

I ask her where she wants to go

after death; at which she answers: "under the house", meaning that she wants to be buried after the old custom under her own hut.

Again and again I repeat all the instructions required for baptism, until finally she consents to receive the holy waters of baptism. I baptize her, hang a medal of the Blessed Virgin at her neck, and leave her, returning to finish my interrupted meal. This last was not finished, when somebody came to inform me of the death of the old lady.

When, a little later, I was on my way back to Salegseg, out of breath, thru the efforts of climbing that steep mountain, I felt myself the happiest man in the world, and I thought to myself: How wonderful! If that second bridge had not disappeared I would not have baptized that little woman.... I lost my spectacles and see less.... but I won a priceless soul for heaven, that now enjoys forever the sight of God, His Angels and His Saints.

EDWARD COOLS.

Mission News and Notes

The Very Reverend Father Aldenhuisen has been confined to bed for two weeks with a fever of sometimes as much as 40°C. Thanks to God he has recovered. His indisposition was caused by excessive exhaustion due to continual traveling through the Mountain Province

during almost two months. When he stopped at Bontoc, he arrived from Kabugao, Apayao, via Lubuagan, after six days traveling on horseback. Father Cardyn of Baguio was no less sick than the Very Reverend Father Provincial. A good rest has done him good and

he has completely recovered.

* * *

Mr. Jerome Facat, the first student of the Bontoc mission to finish his high school studies at the Ateneo de Manila, was the first of his class. Congratulations, Mr. Jerome, and success in your future studies.

More young boys of the missions of the Mountain Province are studying at the Ateneo and hold some of the first places of their respective classes, but as these have not as yet been published, we reserve our congratulations till later.

In the mean time, we most sincerely thank the Very Reverend Father Carlyn and the Reverend Fathers Professors for their kindness towards our students and their generous help given to the Missions.

Kiangan. (*From Father Desnick*)

On the 21 of March we celebrated the feast of St. Benedict at Burnay, Patron Saint of this village that belongs to the mission of Kiangan. On the eve there was examination in doctrine and the successful candidates were given prizes consisting of dresses: the people

are so poor in this village. After this most welcome distribution, judge what we had for the first time in history.... nothing less than a "velada." Of course the entertainment could not be compared to those of the closing exercises of the Manila colleges and the theater had nearly nothing in common with the capital's "Opera house," but the people enjoyed it as much as the people of Manila their up-to-date exhibitions. On the 21, after Holy Mass sung by the youngsters, we went in procession to the ricefields, with the exceptional chance this year, that the river we had to cross was dry.

Next June, we will celebrate the feast of St. Peter, at Buliwung, in about the same way.... that is.... if I receive from somewhere about one hundred dresses for boys and girls.... Of course this distribution is not on the program as yet, for the obvious reason that I do not have a single one left for distribution. Those who want this most necessary number at the feast because they want their brethren of the Mountain Province to wear dresses, should send their contribution of clothes to "The Little Apostle" 2020 Herran, Manila.

Motor Cop (after hard chase) — "Why din't you stop when I shouted back there?"

Driver (with only five dollars, but presence of mind)—"I thought you just said, 'Good morning, Senator'."

Cop—"Well, you see, Senator, I wanted to warn you about driving fast through the next township."—*Middle-burg Blue Baboon.*

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)

IX

IT IS THE TIME the harvesting should begin.

From Sala-sa to Bokod, the ricefields are ripe and the golden ears are lovely, writhing and flickering under the currents of the glowing air.

The ricebirds are flying in joyous swarms over the undulating paddies. The youngsters on watch are yelling and shouting at the winged bands of these gluttonous bandits; the "pak-paks" (split bamboo which, when clapped together makes a snappy sound) are clapping, the "ee-wads" (a system of ropes spread over the field to scare the birds and which may be moved by pulling at one of the ends), are swinging up and down and from left to right: the "dili-

dili" (hay-fly) is shrilling in the pines; the "kee-too-pee" (a bird) is singing in the somber, green mangotrees, the sky is filled with the smell of incense and the odor of flowers; from the heavy roofs of the gloomy huts dramatically mounts the curling smoke, and the cooling breeze sings a song of peace and blessing thru the mountains. The morning, when the harvest should begin, a procession of women followed the curving mountain path that leads to the ricefields of Bajek.

With the "kai-bang," the woven rattan baskets on their backs, the women of the village stepped over the trail near Da-mu-diak; a blue veil of tobacco smoke was wavering over their heads; and now and

then a joyous giggling or a shrieky tittering told that they all were merry and happy.

Old Ba-jek was waiting for them on his ricefields and the "mambunung", together with other men, were busy making the necessary preparations for the blessing of the harvest: "that it might succeed".

Fire was already sputtering near the "abulan" (a small house in the fields) and a small pig, to be offered was screaming and rolling in wild agony, as if it knew its coming end and purpose.

And when the women who had come to harvest had all arrived, the "chilus" of the harvest began.

One of the women went down to the ricefield, while all the people present intently followed her with their eyes...she began to cut rice, ear by ear, until she had gathered a whole handful, after which she came back and went to the mambunung.

Another one had brought a handful of gravel: rice and gravel were placed in a rattan basket, the "sek-djab".

The little pig was slaughtered, cut to pieces and cooked near the abulan.

In the meantime the mambunung was sitting on his heels, whispering the necessary exorcisms over some selected pieces of meat; he painted with the pig's blood the first rice ears that were cut; he took into his hands a few leaves of the "te-chem" and a few of the "salinga-nga" and, together with

the tail of the little pig, he placed all this in the "kai-bang" in which the rice-bundles were to be brought to the abulan.

Then began the feast around the abulan: everybody ate and, when all had eaten plenty, the women descended toward the ricefields and the harvest began.

Bajek's wife directed the harvest. Each time she had gathered two "betteks", bundles, she put them into the kaibang in which the leaves of the té-chem and the salinnga-nga and the pigtail lay, and one of the women designed by the people carried the kaibang to the "abung" (public meeting place of the village) where each "tanai" (a bundle of betteks) was conscientiously counted and carefully tied.

So did it go on until the falling evening. when the exhausted women left the fields, each one loaded with her bundles, and all in a long file descended toward the village.

From this very moment, each and all are allowed to cut their rice in their own fields, the "si-ani" has begun with the blessing of Kabunian, with the blessing of the divinity, and the harvest will successfully proceed.

But the sun does not shine every day and always, when the harvest is being gathered in the mountains of Benguet. Often do the rains fall by streams and torrents for hours and days. Nevertheless every morning the poor mountaineers climb the hills and cut their rice under the scourging endless

deluge: soaked and chilly they go on, they have to, it is for their daily food. On such stormy days they feel greatly the hardships and misery of this poor existence. Each evening finds them tired, exhausted, sighing under a heavy load of rice they bring home for their very existence or for the payment of the contracted debts on borrowed rice.

* * *

With the new rice starts a new life in the village: with the harvest begin once more the "kaniows".

The mambunung does not have much work to perform when the stock of rice in the huts is at its end, but, let the harvest only begin, and again the people boil rice-wine and the slightest sickness requires the presence of the mambunung to perform "kaniows"....

* * *

Once, the people were harvesting on the extensive ricefields of rich Palang-pang. Many had come to help just as many had come to help in the planting; the work was proceeding nicely and quickly and the bundles were heaping higher and higher, heavy bundles of "saboool" and "tchaja-ot" and "talangkai".

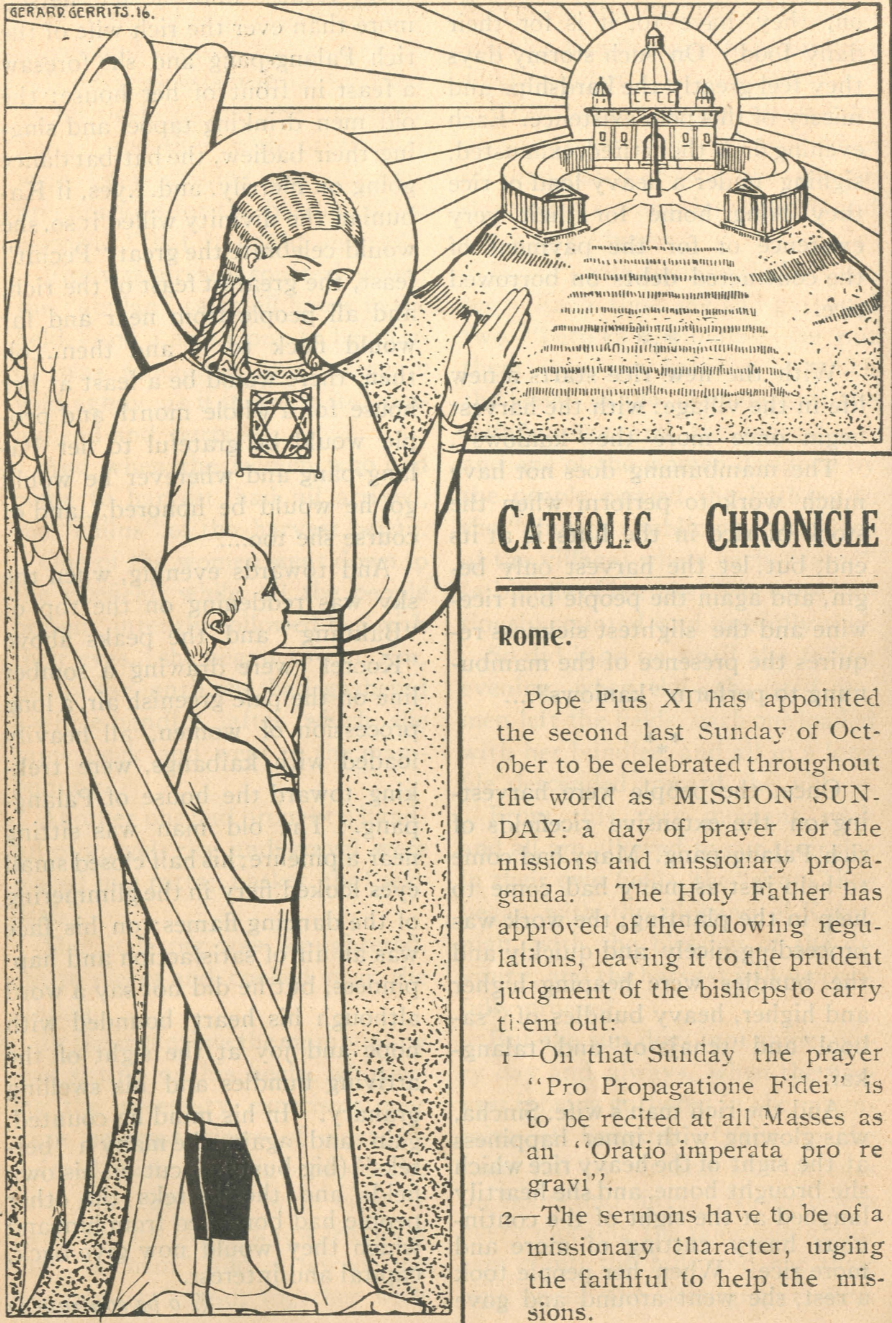
And the rich man's wife, Sincha, was glowing with inner happiness at the sight of the heavy rice which she brought home, and she heartily laughed at the sight of the continuous hasty cutting of more and more rice. When her people took a rest, she went around and gave

them tocacco and she felt herself more than ever the rich wife of the rich Palang-pang and she foresaw a feast in front of her house: the old men drinking tapoei and singing their badiew, the bat-bat dance going on merrily, and...yes, if Kabunian the divinity willed it so, she would celebrate the great "Pechit" feast, the greatest feast of the rich, and all people from near and far would flock to it and then...oh then, there would be a feast at her house for a whole month and people would be grateful to her Palang-pang and wherever he would go, he would be honored....and of course she too....

And towards evening, when the sky was reddening on the top of "Baktang" and the peaks above "Koorel" were drawing a somber line on the pale greenish air, a long procession of women, all heavily loaded with kaibangs, were trekking toward the house of Palang-pang. The old man was sitting near a pinefire; his half closed small eyes looked fiery in the glimmering of the dancing flames; on his face was an air of satisfaction and happiness, but he did not say a word although his heart bounded with hope and joy at the sight of the arriving bundles and his swelling granary. In his mind he counted, gain and again, the many a "betteks" (big bundles) cut on his own fields and the betteks the other people had borrowed from him and which they would now give back, capital and interest.

(To be continued)

GERARD GERRITS. 16.



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

Rome.

Pope Pius XI has appointed the second last Sunday of October to be celebrated throughout the world as MISSION SUNDAY: a day of prayer for the missions and missionary propaganda. The Holy Father has approved of the following regulations, leaving it to the prudent judgment of the bishops to carry them out:

- 1—On that Sunday the prayer "Pro Propagatione Fidei" is to be recited at all Masses as an "Oratio imperata pro re gravi".
- 2—The sermons have to be of a missionary character, urging the faithful to help the missions.

3—A plenary indulgence applicable to the Souls in Purgatory is granted to all who will go to Holy Communion on that Sunday and pray for the conversion of the infidels.

4—At all missionary Festivals and Congresses, a solemn votive Mass "Pro Propagatione Fidei" may be celebrated, even on days of double major rite and on minor Sundays.

—A French Catholic Committee has given to His Holiness a statue of the Little Flower for the Vatican Gardens.

—Catholics of the Latin rite in Europe increased in one year by no fewer than 9,576,615, according to the official Catholic Directory for England Wales. The figure of European Catholics given last year was 185,265,194. This year it is 194,841,809. In addition there are in Europe 5,164,844 Catholics of other rites, making a total of 200,006,653. The total Catholic population of the world is stated to be 334,664,791, which shows an increase of 10,336,383 for one year.

—As an admirable coincidence with present events in China, the Pope has just approved the introduction of the cause for beatification of 2,148 Chinese martyrs, almost all of whom were killed in the Boxer revolution of 1900.

Belgium.

International interest and participation will mark the celebration of the 500th year of the existence of

the Catholic University of Louvain on June 28 and 29 next. Pope Martin V. dated the Bull of Foundation December 9, 1425. John IV Duke of Brabant solemnly inaugurated the university September 7, 1426 and the professors gave their first lectures October 6 of that year.

As a coincidence of the first anniversary of Cardinal Mercier's death, the ecclesiastical authority of the diocese of Tournai are making a canonical examination of the instantaneous cure of a priest of Basecles, following the latter's devout appeal to the dead prelate. Consumed by fever and regarded by the attending physicians as beyond hope of recovery, the priest was making his preparations for death, when a friend suggested recourse to the intercession of the late cardinal. At the same time a relic was applied to the priest's body. He felt at once a change for the better and the next day he could say Mass and perform his customary daily duties as if he had not been ill.

France.

A congress of the greatest lawyers of France held in Paris, although non-sectarian, has unanimously approved a group of legislative reforms which should abrogate all the laws against religious Congregations.

—Admiral Malcor, who three years ago commanded a naval division in the French fleet, celebrated his first Mass as a Catholic priest. He

joined the Order of the White Fathers and intends to go as a Missionary to South Africa.

—Cardinal Maurin, Archbishop of Lyons, challenged the Government in declaring that he would, if necessary, undertake to found a new religious congregation, regardless of legal consequences, in order to assert the rights of the French teaching Orders.

In a public letter he wrote: "I now invite all former members of religious Orders of both sexes in my diocese, who are qualified by degrees, to group themselves under my personal jurisdiction and to teach in their schools in the robes of their Orders. I do not shrink from accepting the title of being a founder of schools, or of a congregation, whatever the legal consequence may be."

Holland.

The Catholic Federation of the Diocesan Associations of Dutch School Teachers sent to His Excellency, the Mexican ambassador of The Hague, a request for the names and addresses of his country's school teachers who resigned their petitions because of conscientious scruples against teaching under the present 'Calles' regime. Their Dutch colleagues wish to help them financially to tide over their temporary financial difficulties.

Official figures published by the Ministry of Education in Holland show that the number of pupils in the denominational schools, nearly

all Catholic, has increased from 562,000 to 593,000 in the past two years, while those in the State schools have declined from 528,000 to 484,000. How is this possible? The State pays all teachers of any school that has been approved: this is only just; and of course the Catholic parents send their children to the schools of their liking according to the dictates of their consciences.

Mexico.

The Mexican newspaper, *El Sol*, declares that at least eighty priests have been arrested in various parts of the country charged with sedition. It adds that they have been brought to Santiago military prison, where they will be confined pending government action. In the city of Leon among many Catholics shot, were several young men. One of them had his teeth broken and his tongue torn out before his death because he asked his companions to shout once more: "Long live Christ, the King!"

In the city of San Angel other young men of the Catholic Association, were tortured before their execution: The skin was pulled off their hands and fingers, but they did not cease to call on the Holy Name of Christ, the King.

Many priests have been shot and buried secretly.

Many more are hiding. Bishop Orosco has been falsely accused by the Government of leading an army of rebels. Mexico looks like Rome under Nero.

Philippines.



Miss Angelina Lazatin from Angeles, Pampanga, and one of our most generous Crusaders of the Little Flower, has entered the novitiate of the newly established Carmelites of Manila.

She is here seen in the dress of her betrothal to the eternal Spouse on the day of entrance March 16, standing in front of the little door, that by its narrowness reminds us of the door of heaven, and that,

once closed upon her, will put an eternal barrier between herself and the world.... forever.

Good bye, Miss Angelina, now Sister Angelina of St. Therese. Your example is an everlasting sermon to your many friends and companions of St. Therese's College and your prayers will bring the blessings of God upon your family, your friends, your country and the whole world.

Remember sometimes your brethren of the Mountain Province.

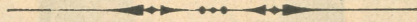
Italy.

The Crown Prince of Italy was made a perpetual member of the Archconfraternity of St. Aloysius,

when at the end of the triumphal journey with the relic of the Saint, the prince received it at Turin with much piety.

United States.

One million members in the United States have been enrolled in the new Catholic Near East Welfare Association, contributing an aggregate of \$1,000,000. In one day alone—January 30—the opening day of the national enrollment, more than 750,000 persons in 10,000 communities joined the Association. The contributions are to be used in charitable projects in the Near East: Turkey, Syria, Armenia, Greece, Palestine and Russia.



Current Even

England.

England has three famous questions to settle, her finances, trade-unions, and China.

Her deficit of last year is 109,000,000 pounds, but before the end of the fiscal year may attain the 250 millions. This is greatly due to the famous strike of her one million coal miners. This has caused less income from all industries affected and consequently will further increase the deficit for the coming year. More taxes will have to be levied on the already overburdened citizens.

The English trade-unions, formerly simple syndicates, have turned out to be revolutionary forces, due to false leaders and unwise politicians. Mos-

cow has intervened to sow hatred and discord among the miners and laborers, during the seven months' strike. The Government searches means to curtail the power of resistance of her trade-unions.

England is disposed to finish her conflict with China by diplomacy rather than by force of arms, for a war with China might be a spark that starts a great conflict even in Europe, and even a victory over China would mean few practical results, although England will not permit that rights of trading of her subjects in China be curtailed. What she gives to other nations, she wants for her own subjects and in Canada alone there are more Chinese than English merchants in the whole of China.



CURRENT EVENTS



Philippines

Politics.

President Coolidge has vetoed the Philippine bill ordering a plebiscite to decide whether or not the people of the Islands desire complete and immediate independence.

The Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands upheld the executive order of Governor General Wood declaring the Board of Control illegal. The appointees of President Quezon and Speaker Roxas on the board of Directors of the Philippine National Bank and the National Coal Company were definitely ousted from their positions and Governor General Wood's nominees automatically occupied the posts by virtue of the Supreme Court's order. The case has been appealed to Washington, but seems hopeless.

A legislative party headed by President Quezon visited several parts of Mindanao and promised much help, especially for roads in the richest province of the Archipelago.

With Datu Tabil in prison and his followers scattered or imprisoned by the Constabulary, and with the Alangkats beaten, leaving many dead on the field, peace is once more restored in Mindanao.

Senator Hadji Butu has announced his refusal to contribute to the independence fund. It is understood that several legislators have refused to contribute one month's salary to said fund, the amount agreed on during

the last session of the legislature.

It is more than probable that the Moros will not send an independent mission to the United States, as had been planned by some.

While "there has always been a strong American opinion in favor of the separation of the so-called Moro province," the Coolidge administration has taken no position on the Bacon Mindanao bill, Wright R. Davis, Secretary of war, says in a letter to General Aguinaldo, in reply to a cable sent by Aguinaldo protesting against the said bill.

Economics.

A general revision of the Philippine customs tariff is urged by Collector Vicente Aldanese. The old tariff act, passed in 1909, is outgrown, he says, because of changing business conditions. The maguey industry of the islands is facing extinction, says Mr. Edwards, of the United States department of agriculture. The cause is: poor quality and poor methods of preparation. Some farmers associated in the Cagayan valley and by doing so were able to get higher prices for their crops. Union makes strength.

Several strikes in cigar factories have occurred in Manila during the month of April. Philippine cigar manufacturers, seen the slump of prices of their products in the United States, lose about P5 for producing and exporting 1,000 cigars; no wonder

thus that they have to reduce the wages of their laborers.

The Constabulary has been ordered to look for Bolshevist agitators in the South. Why not search for some in Manila first, although their existence here has been denied when orders

came from Washington to look for Russian agitators?

The total foreign trade of the Philippines for February last was ₱46,074,673 or about ₱3,000,000 greater than that of February, 1926.

Foreign

China.

He is a wise man who can foretell the outcome of China's actual struggle. The Southern army has taken possession of the Shang-hai native town and made several attempts to invade the foreign concessions, but to no avail: there are enough foreign forces in Shang-hai to repel any attack: 20,000 soldiers and more than one hundred men of war.

The Cantonese have advanced beyond the Yang-tze river but have been beaten back by the Northerns. Why? Is it because they have proceeded too far from their strategical basis? This is certainly a cause of weakness for any army, the more when the retiring enemy draws nearer his own sources of supply. Or is it because the South-erns themselves feel the consequences of internal divisions they have successfully sewn among the Northerns? Since the time of Sun-Yat-Sen the Cantonese Government was greatly bolshevist. This most radical element, with its recruits mostly from among the students, has become more and more powerful, and has come into conflict with the more conservative Nationalists, not without much bloodshed, that must naturally weaken the southern forces.

Peking has raided the Russian embassy, made some prisoners and confiscated valuable papers. Such an act ordinarily means war. Russia sent an ultimatum to the Peking Government

and the Chinese give some satisfaction by setting free the captives and rendering the valuable papers: anyway it has been proven by these papers and in Russian ink that Russia's embassy was an active center of red propaganda against the actual government of Peking and all other governments that have some interests in the Chinese republic.

Four months ago, Russia was already preparing for this event by re-organizing and increasing her military forces in Siberia. Of course Russia denies these facts (who believes any statement of modern Russian diplomacy?) as she denies having sent immediately four divisions of troops to the Chinese border. In fact they were there a long time ago and her ammunition factories in Europe and Asia have been working day and night for several months. Why? Her old policy of having iceless ports, initiated by the Tzars, remains the ideal dream of the Soviets. Weakening China by fomenting her internal struggles, means greater strength for Russia.

The foreign Powers having sent a note to the Cantonese Government asking full reparation for the destruction of foreign properties and the death of several of their nationals in Nanking, Shen, the foreign minister, has answered by asking an international investigation of the Nanking incident.

It may be noted that Japan these last days has taken more active steps

to defend her own nationals in China. That Japan did not do it so much formerly is due to her fear of losing China's trade, without which she would face enormous financial losses. In the meantime Japan is watching the Russian movement in Manchouria.

Mexico.

Small sporadic revolutions continue. Several oil companies have decided to close their refining plants; thus thousands of laborers will be without work. Taxes have increased enormously, some from 5 to 400 per cent: they have to be paid in gold, seen that the Bank of Mexico possesses only a fraction of the original \$50,000,000. The Secretary of Industry, Morones, has addressed the Mexican press asking their support in favor of a boycott on American-made products. The Russian embassy distributes films throughout the country for bolshevik propaganda.

The economic conditions in Mexico have been so grave that it has happened that in one day, 10,000 persons applied to the offices of the Railroad for work. The United States has sent more protests to the Government but to no avail.

Nicaragua.

The United States marines having occupied the most strategical points of the country, the Liberals having been beaten, peace seems to be insured again and Nicaragua has asked for a loan of several million dollars from Wall Street.

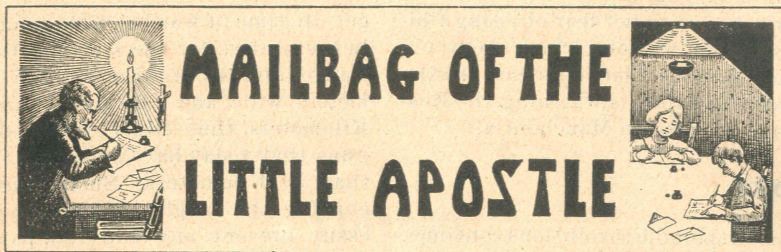
Morocco.

Spain and France are negotiating an arrangement about Tanger: the town and the country behind. It is an old question and most intricate. Tanger is the great harbor of north

Morocco, on the Gibraltar Strait. England would feel little at ease if Tanger in time of war belonged to one of her enemies, for the straits between Tanger and Gibraltar are only 25 Kilometers wide, and a little eastward, 10 Kilometers, thus easily defended by guns that today have a range of more than 30 Kilometers. Such guns occupying the heights of Tanger could easily prevent any ship from passing these straits. This is the reason why at Algeciras and by other international treaties, Tanger has been made an international town.

But this internationalization has made Tanger a nest of brigands who smuggle arms and munitions and bolshevik doctrines into Morocco, thanks to which the Riff could make war against Spain and France and is still making it. Spain having beaten Abdel-Krim wants to close that pernicious door and she is right. As long as Tanger remains an open port, Morocco will be the grave of many Spanish soldiers.

Formerly Spain and France were antagonizing each other in Morocco, today they are more or less victorious allies. England will not object much against the claims of Spain on account of the defenses of the Gibraltar straits, for Spain has enough hills on her own coast at the narrowest point of the straits to be able to defend them even without the possession of Tanger. France is friendly enough toward Spain, but even so, she will think it well over before she gives away the double door of the Straits of Gibraltar to countries that some day may become her enemies. Then there is Italy to be reckoned with, for she considers the Mediterranean sea as an Italian sea, wherefore Mussolini also wants a word in the settlement of the Tanger question. Where there are many interests to be defended, questions are difficultly settled.



For all correspondence with "THE LITTLE APOSTLE" send your letter to *The Little Apostle, Box 1393, Manila*

Manila, May 1, 1921.

Dear Readers:

The other day, the Editor of the *Little Apostle* was asked by a professor of one of the well known colleges of Manila, where he could buy the book containing the editorials of "the *Little Apostle*." The Father, understanding that the professor wanted the life of the *Little Flower*, on whose words and deeds said editorials are written, answered that he could buy the life of *Little Therese* at any good library in town.

—"No," answered the professor, "I do not need the life, but the editorials on education of little children."

—"I am sorry to say", replied the Editor, "but that book does not exist: the Editorials you ask for are written for 'the *Little Apostle*' and, if you like to have them all, just keep on subscribing to the little Magazine."

—"Of course I will, for I have little children and I wish to know more about education of children. Listen, Father, there is only one magazine I read from the first to the last word and that magazine is "the *Little Apostle*." I like the articles about the folklore of our brethren in the Mountain Province very much."

As a proof of his enthusiasm for "the *Little Apostle*," this good man brought us the names of ten new subscribers, "and after vacation I will bring you more" he added, "I wish all the students to read your valuable magazine."

In vain shall we try to have our Catholics of the Philippines help the missions here and abroad, if they do not read Mission literature. The second last Sunday of October is to be observed as "Mission Sunday." In all the churches the priests, according to a decree of our Holy Father, shall have to preach on the obligations and the means of supporting the missions. A sermon on this subject may have temporal effect, but if people do not read what is going on in the missions, what the needs are, the success, the efforts, etc. and if they do not read such matter habitually, Mission Sunday will have few lasting effects. Subscriptions to "the *Little Apostle*" and "El Misionero" collected on that day, will mean twelve sermons on missions a year!

Priests who have to preach on missions on that Sunday will find valuable matter in our two magazines to prepare a substantial sermon. Let us, from today look out for that Mission

Sunday: the Holy Father has spoken, and sent his decree: as children of the true Church and faithful to the voice of the representative of Christ on earth; let us prepare in time.



Right Rev. Msgr. Sancho, Bishop of Tuguegarao.

B. March 30, 1927.

Reverend Father;

Herewith I send you ₱6.00 for the missions of the Mountain Province which I had promised to them, in honor of the Little Flower if she granted

me a certain favor. Please pray for my sick father that his health may be restored or that God may grant him, at least, full submission to His holy will.

Respectfully
R. de S.

We recommend the petition to our readers.

Nobody knows who brought the following letter into the office of "the Little Apostle." Anyway it was found together with its contents.

Rev. Father:

I am very grateful to the Little Flower for her powerful intercession. I ask you to publish in your review that I received a wonderful grace, so that others may have confidence in and recourse to the glorious little Saint.

Herewith I send you P5.00 for the Missions of the Mountain Province.

Respectfully,

A crusader of the Little Flower.

It seems that nearly all the inhabitants of Tuguegarao have become or are about to become Crusaders of the

Little Flower, for again we received a telegram from the Rev. Father Alindayo asking for no less than five hundred diplomas and insignia of our Association. And as if this were not enough, three days later arrived a letter from the Right Reverend Bishop Sancho with a list of 346 new members. The diocese of Tuguegarao seems to celebrate daily a Mission Day. No doubt that the second last Sunday of October, as a mission Sunday, will be more than a success in the diocese of Tuguegarao: The Right Reverend Bishop himself is a guarantee to this prophecy.

Many thanks to all the benefactors here mentioned. May their example attract others for the greater glory of God and the conversion of the Mountain Province.

Yours gratefully,
"The Little Apostle"

In Memoriam



ABSOLVE, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the souls of Thy Servants *Honorata Encarnacion*, Victoria, Tarlac; *Purificacion de Allapitan*, Ilagan, Isabela; *Joaquin S. Sabado*, Macabebe, Pampanga; *Rdo. P. Isidro Garcia*, Sta. Ana, Pampanga; *Aleja Gamboa de Langsanġan*, Sta. Ana, Pampanga; *Nicolasa Dizon*, Manila, Manila; *Lourdes Dacio*, Tagudin, Ilocos Sur; *Juana Badul de Loyola*, Guiuan, Samar; 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.

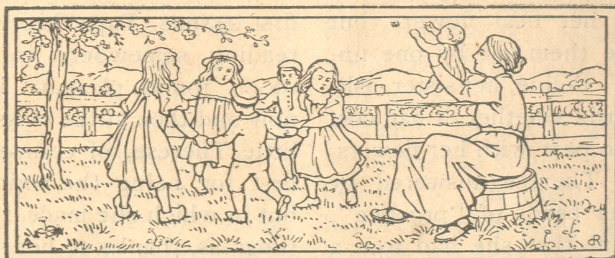
A very loquacious woman talked a man pretty nearly to death at a dinner party, and then, as she got up with the other women to go into the drawing room, she tapped him on the arm with her fan and said:

"I talk a lot, don't I? But if you

men told the truth I believe you'd all admit that you like talkative women better than the others."

"The others?" said the man. "What others? — The Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph."

For the Little Tots



A Little Life of the Little Flower for Little Children

(Continuation)

CHAPTER IX

How Little Therese Learned Self Control

EACH TIME WE PRACTICE some act of virtue, we need a certain amount of strength of will. For instance, somebody teases me, I dislike it, I feel my blood boil, but I say to myself: "No, I will not become angry, I will not say a harsh word to the one who is teasing me," and in fact I suffer patiently the insult or wounding words, because Jesus has said: "Love your enemies, do good to your enemies." Such an act of virtue requires a great force of will.

The will is such a faculty that whenever it is exercised in a certain line, it acquires new strength to do again and again that work, and to do it more easily.

Take for instance the example just mentioned. The child that

did not give way to bad temper, has increased its power to resist the first movements of bad temper and, after many exercises of that kind, will control itself in even more difficult cases and more easily.

Little Therese, just by keeping her "practices," as explained in the preceding chapter, acquired more and more will power, with which she will become, later, strong enough to suffer much and live a holy life.

One Sunday, she took a walk in the fields. One of her greatest pleasures was to collect flowers, with which to adorn the statue of the Blessed Virgin at home. She had gathered a whole handful, when her grandmother asked her for them to adorn her altar. What will the little girl do? Will she say:

“No, I need them” or “Take some, I will keep the rest for me”? She most certainly felt it very hard to give away her dear flowers, but she did give them one by one until the last. Céline, her sister, asked afterwards whether it had cost her much to part with her flowers, and Little Therese answered by showing her beads of “practice”, which meant that she had won a great victory over her selfishness. To accede to others’ wishes and doings is hard for children and grown folks, alike. Little Therese, from her early infancy, included this virtue in her “practices”, although she was of rather a stubborn nature and little inclined naturally to obey; but her “practices” which merited the grace and help of God to advance further in virtue, overcame that nature, not however without repeated and hard struggles.

Little Therese had to study. Her Mamma taught her the first letters.

Of course little children prefer to play rather than to fix into their memory the forms of little mannequins with which to read sentences and books. So, when the hour for lesson approached, little Therese sometimes tried to hide. Then in the garden or corner, where she thought Mamma would not find her, she began to think of what she was doing, how it would displease Jesus and her mother, and, what did she do? After a few minutes she appeared very sorry of what she saw was wrong, and she

went to the lap of Mamma to study the letters.

Her sisters liked to listen to her first lessons. Papa Guérin who was reading somewhere in the same room, found pleasure in looking now and then at the class, in which little Therese, of course, was the first for being the unique pupil, but in which she made remarkable progress, thanks to her strong will to do what she knew would please her parents and Jesus.

Little Therese was not of that mild nature we sometimes think Saints are born with. Not at all. Do you wish to know how stubborn she could be?

On a certain day her Mamma told her:

—Therese, if you kiss the ground, I will give you one sou.

One sou is a piece of money that to little children means a fortune: it means some candies one can buy with it, or a cake etc. Nevertheless Little Therese refused flatly to kiss the ground:

—“No, Mamma,” she replied, “I prefer not to have the ‘sou’ at such a price.”

You see, how she refused the humiliation of kissing the ground, although this little act would have brought her a great reward. Suppose now for a moment that the little girl had not fought her growing passions. what would have happened? She would have indulged in more and more acts of her early faults, these would have become stronger and stronger and she

would never have won the crown of holiness that now adorns her in heaven. But she fought, she made her "practices" and she won her victory. Happily she thought much and it was enough that she was told that her action was wrong, that it displeased Jesus, to bring her immediately back to reason and to stop the wrong she was doing.

Just think of the many graces she won in the eyes of God by trying to please Him by her "practices", and of how beautiful her soul became in the eyes of the Angels in heaven, but also of how much her enemy, the devil, must have hated her.

One night, little Therese had a wonderful dream. Of course dreams are only dreams, and we must not attach any importance to them, but some Saints have seen in dreams wonderful things or received valuable instructions.

She dreamed that she was taking a walk in the garden and lo, there appeared to her two ugly devils, with wings like those of a bat, horns and feet like those of a goat, as black as coal, with fiery eyes and suffering terribly. These two monsters were dancing on top of a barrel, notwithstanding their heavy chains. At first, they looked at little Therese with disdain and hatred, and the child, not afraid, looked at them. At which the devils, like cowards, hid their ugly bodies in the barrel and after a while ran away and hid themselves in a barn of the garden.

Little Therese, astonished at the sight of so much cowardice, followed them, and, overcoming her first impressions of fear, looked through a window of the barn to see what they were doing.

Again the devils scared and a-trembling ran around as if afraid of her looks. In their wild race it happened that they fell to the ground, but even then, their fiery eyes were fixed with terror on the little girl. Finally they found an opening and disappeared.

Although dreams are only fancies of the brains, the dream of little Therese nevertheless contains a lesson. It teaches us how weak the devil is before a child who loves Jesus and practices virtue. For then, the devil sees in the soul of that child what makes it agreeable to God, sanctifying grace, won by the merit of Jesus dying on the cross when he crushed the head of the snake or the devil. The sight of God under the form of grace reminds the devil of His all-powerful enemy: God, Himself. But, one might say, how then does it happen that a child loses that grace by yielding to the temptations of the devil?

It often happens that children and men commit small sins and these sinful stains, little by little, cover that godly gift of grace. If you wish to keep the devil away, keep any little sin away, and God, interested in the preservation of His grace, will help you efficaciously to guard your holy innocence.

Does this mean that you are not

allowed to play and laugh? Not at all. Holiness does not mean dryness. Mortification does not mean continual silence and never a hearty laugh. Little Therese seemed always most happy; her heart was always singing and her soul found great pleasure in innocent expansions. She loved plants and flowers, birds and animals to which she was very kind: she played like all other children, so that her mother sometimes was afraid at the sight of her trying to swing as high as possible, although, at the same time, swinging Therese laughed more than ever.

Imagine what she did when Papa reached home. She ran to him, and using one of his legs as a pony,

took a free ride. Or Papa placed her on his shoulders and ran a few times around the garden, happy with the happy child. First there is no greater happiness than to live in peace with God and men and the thought that heaven is ours forever, when we die; and besides, when we give up some pleasures for the love of God, then our loving Father of Heaven, who sees how generous we are to please Him, gives us in return a certain inner contentment that makes us feel happy and gay.

Try the "practices" of the little Therese, just to please God, and you will soon experience happiness much greater than if you satisfied all your little wishes and whims. Try that!

A Unique Procession

In the Catholic solemnities enacted at Ceylon the elephant often plays an important role. Archbishop Coudert of Colombo tells of the solemn dedication of a grotto to Our Lady in which the big animals, evidently prepared by expert training, deported themselves with exemplary decorum. A procession moved along the village streets in the direction of the new shrine. At the head were school-children, followed by several societies of women. Immediately after them came a formidable group; it was made up of twenty-four mammoth elephants, walking two abreast. Next in order came the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, then the clergy, and finally a long line of men. An oriental sun lit up the many-colored banners and added

a peculiar beauty to the procession.

Arriving at the grotto the procession halted. Then followed a movement among the elephants. Ponderous but majestic they turned, standing side by side, with the two lines facing one another. A signal was given and down went the elephants on their knees. Then very solemnly they raised their trunks and formed a triumphal arch under which moved the beautiful statue of our Immaculate Mother.

The grotto where this ceremony occurred is visited each Saturday by about two thousand pilgrims. It is the fifth grotto of Lourdes to be erected in Colombo, and all the material used in their construction was transported by elephants.

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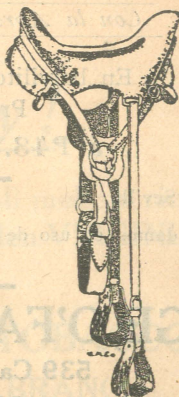
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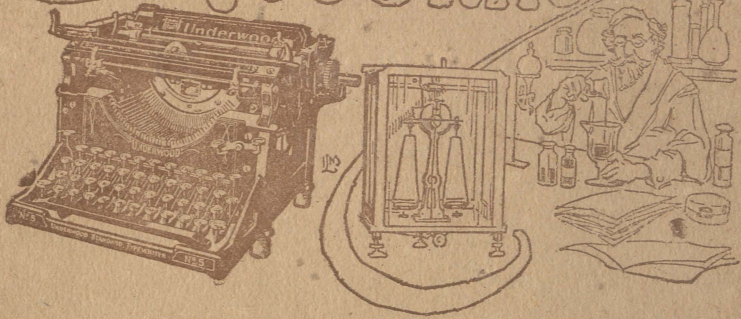
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