

Vol. XIX, No. 4, December 1949

The LITTLE



MERRY

Christmas

APOSTLE

OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



The **LITTLE APOSTLE**

P. O. Box 55, BAGUIO, Philippines

Vol. XIX, No. 4 December 1949

A monthly mission magazine published by the Immaculate Heart of Mary Missionaries in the Philippines.

PURPOSE OF THE MAGAZINE:

to foster the mission spirit among our Readers,
to spread the devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

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OUR COVER



THE LIGHT OF CHRISTMAS!
THESE HAPPY CHILDREN OF LUBUAGAN
(KALINGA) INTERPRET THE CHEERY
CHRISTMAS GREETINGS OF THE MOUNT-
AIN PEOPLE TO THE READERS OF "THE
LITTLE APOSTLE"

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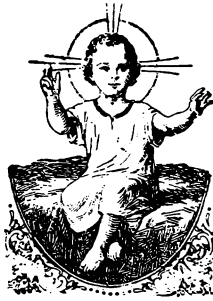
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MANILA

To His Grace,
Most Reverend
GABRIEL M. REYES,



we

extend our hearty congratulations on his appointment as Archbishop of Manila—a choice which doubtless, was based on virtue and merit. Cognizant however, of the new burden of responsibility, we offer our humble prayers that God give him all blessings he will ever need.

We pledge

our whole-hearted cooperation to all his undertakings. We also take this opportunity to invite His Grace to visit his children of the Montanosa, who though distant, are not less loyal.

guest editorial

Of RATS, Robert Browning wrote:

*They fought the dogs and killed the cats
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles...*

We could add: *They drive the people from their villages.*

Yesterday, I met a group of men, women and children literally running from their barrio, to Suyang, where they hope to be able to cultivate corn and that the rats will not follow them.

In the regions of Tanudan, Pasil, Salegseg, rats are destroying the rice and camote crops. **A famine looms ahead.** Our people knock at the door of those they rightly call "Fathers". Granaries are empty with no hope of filling them.

Last year two Manila ladies came travelling to these mountains, and upon learning that famine was at our doors, they asked to be carried over the river. They walked along the steep paths, holding to whatever was there for support. They went into the native huts and saw for themselves the starving people. They saw sights never to be forgotten: starving children with pale faces and emaciated bodies. These good ladies emptied their pockets that what little they had might bring food into the empty stomachs of the poor suffering people.

These two ladies knew the **joy of giving.**

"LITTLE APOSTLES"...come and be tourists..., christian tourists as these ladies were. ANTICIPATE the Christmas Holidays...Hungry brothers and sisters cannot wait. Out of the abundance of your means, remember the poor starving mountain folk at Christmas time.

NOVENA OF THE LAST RESORT (Dec.3-11)

- *General Intention: PEACE AND ORDER IN THE PHILIPPINES.*
- *Special Intentions: 1—Success of Catholic Schools in the Mountain Province.
2—Intentions of all our Readers.*

PLEASE SEND US YOUR INTENTIONS.

MISSION INTENTION FOR DECEMBER:

(blessed by the Holy Father)

THE CONVERSION OF MOHAMEDANS

* * * * *

Few Catholics know that the conversion of the Mohamedans is infinitely more difficult than conversions of pagans anywhere. This is true here in the south where there are many Malay Mohamedans who have come to the Philippines by way of Borneo.

If a Mohamedan does accept Christianity he becomes an outcast among his own people and if he does not emigrate he will be killed.

But the Mohamedans are our brothers, called by God to become true sons of the Church. Thousands of Catholic Missionaries labor and spend their lives in the Islam countries and win but few converts. We, by our prayers and sacrifices, can aid them and thus enable them to carry on against such terrible odds.

"SAVIOUR"

There is a story told of a nun who was one day dusting a small image of Our Blessed Lord in the chapel. In the course of her duty, she let it slip to the floor. She picked it up undamaged, she kissed it, and put it back again in its place, saying: "If you had never fallen, you never would have received that."

I wonder if Our Lord does not feel the same way about us, for if we had never sinned, we never could call Him "Saviour."

Fulton Sheen

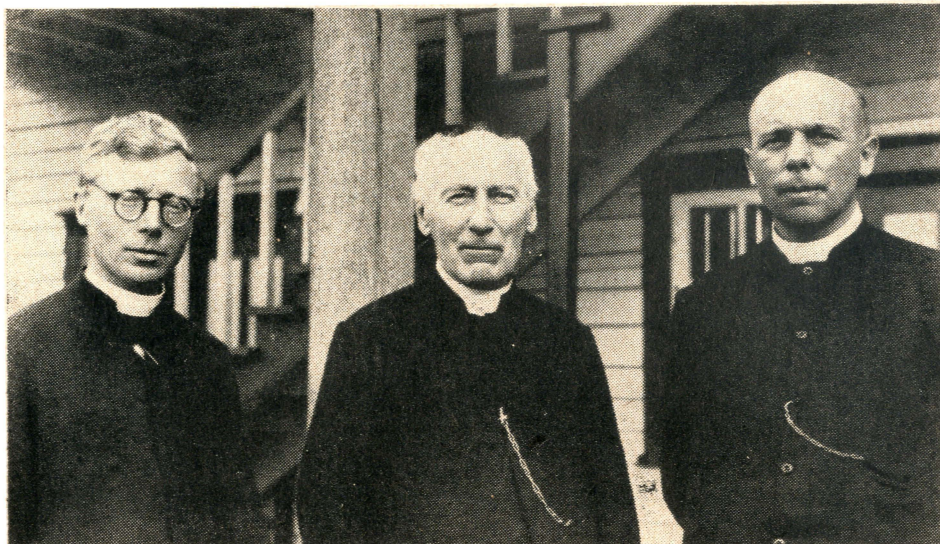
TALLERES de PINTURA, ESCULTURA, PLATERIA,
CARPINTERIA Y MARMOLERIA

Imágenes Andas, Altares, Pulpitos y otros trabajos de talla, Ebanistería y Carpintería, Marcos artísticos, Ornamentos de Iglesia, Bordados en Oro, Lapidarios, Monumentos, Mausoleos, etc. etc.

**LOS ENCARGOS SE HACEN
DE— CON PRONTITUD Y ESmero**

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FATHER L. DECLERCQ

FATHER CARLU

FATHER V. VANDER DONCKT

The Editor of "The Little Apostle" was overwhelmed with questions. Everyone in Baguio wanted to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of Father Carlu!

Fifty years a priest, what a record! But when the priest is Father Carlu who could beat it?

"The Little Apostle" has done its best however, to retrace these steps of half a century in pursuit of souls. Heaven alone can count them and surely Heaven has done the job most faithfully. Besides, up there reigning in all her glory is the fond mother who watched and guided the first steps of the future Apostle of Baguio. Was not her little Florimond the

purest flower of her flock of eight children!

To say that Florimond loved his mother is only half the story. He knew how to prove it. Everything he could do to help her, he did it. An invalid father had made her the principal bread-winner of the family and Florimond her chief support and consolation. The vacations between his years of study were spent at her side. Yet Florimond had all the surplus fun and spirit of the boys around him. He liked even to have his share of fights as well as to collect stamps.

The day came when, as a lad of fourteen, he was to leave the quiet-

"There is always some consecrated chalice into which we can pour our tears and our joys."



ness of his native village of Hulste in West Flanders, to go to College. This was St. Amand's in Kortryk, the neighboring town. At sight of his somewhat outmoded suit of clothes his new city companions burst into laughter. But Florimond had two strong fists which soon gave to understand that courage and dignity are superior to appearance.

It is a pity that neither time nor space allow "The Little Apostle" to dwell longer on this phase of the beloved Jubilarian's education. In the life of those we love and admire, the most commonplace facts interest to enthrallment. Surely one of our joys in Eternity will be to learn from his own dear mother those things she kept always in her heart. What we do know is that all her joys and sorrows of those years culminated in that day of December 23rd. 1899 when, with all her other children round her, she beheld him for the first time "sacerdos in aeternum." Two of those children are living still, one a brother, Philemon; the other a sister, Marie. The replica of her mother, Marie is so devoted to her missionary brother that she always has done and still would do anything within her power to please him.

There followed then the six years of professorship at the Episcopal College of Thielt, also in West Flanders. Here already his missionary spirit poured itself through all his teachings and ministrations. Many of his students became priests and missionaries, one of them being Father Honore David, Parish Priest of Alilem, Ilocos Sur.

But such conquests were not enough for this heart on fire with the love of God. At Lourdes came the call—loud and clear—from his heavenly Mother's lips. Even his loving mother of the earth could no longer deter him from his resolution to enter—there and then—the Congregation of the Missionary Fathers of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. A year after, on September 8, 1906, Father Carlu made his First Profession at the Novitiate of Scheut in Brussels. After six months, the "Smiling Chaplain" of a Home for the Aged, Father Carlu arrived in Manila the second of November of the following year (1907). Did the Devil guess in the new missionary, the living copy, all in one, of three of his former most formidable adversaries, the patient Job, the Cure of Ars, and John Bosco? Barely had he started to live in his first mission post of Cervantes, Lepanto, when a typhoon wrecked his church and a typhoid epidemic broke out among his people. Nothing daunted him; he doctored and nursed them so well that almost all were restored to health and to God.

TAGUDIN

In 1909, Father Carlu was appointed Parish Priest of the Christian population of Tagudin, Ilocos Sur. Here he made himself quickly loved by all. Few—even of the most hardened sinners—could resist the charm of his approach, the resistless appeal of his word which dealt almost always on the love and mercy of God, the beauty of Grace and Heaven. The proofs? They saw them plainly through his continually beaming smile, his radiant piety at the Altar, above all his inextinguishable pa-

tience, for already then Father Carlu was the man of God, the man of prayer, the living model of his flock.

Soon he was able to open Catholic schools within the town and the surrounding barrios. Could he forget how his parents had him instructed privately rather than allow him to attend any of the godless institutions which the law of that day endeavored to enforce upon the Catholic population of Belgium but completely failed to do?

To aid him in this enormous enterprise, he needed not one mother but several. He appealed to Dame Louise, the valiant Foundress of the Missionary Canonesses of St. Augustine, whose Sisters came for the first time to the Philippines in the June of 1910, to help him in his arduous task of rehabilitating the Faith of his large Tagudinian flock.

All these are but, to quote Shakespeare, the happy prologue to the swelling act of the imperial (sacerdotal) theme. The Curtain rises, the Play begins. During the First Act the hero is almost alone on the stage.

BAGUIO

On October the 6th, in the year 1913, Father Carlu arrived in his newly appointed mission of Baguio.

Here he found—as always—everything to his liking; at least with his 100% trust in God he could make it so. Whenever one of his numerous friends came to Baguio, he would extol its cool, healthful climate, its picturesque scenery, its beautiful blue sky and flowers, magic restoratives to jaded nerves and broken health. But the principal aid to

bodily cures was sadly lacking, spiritual upliftment. How could he give it to the numerous vacationists during the glorious Easter and Christmas months with two tiny churches? Baguio to be really Baguio must grow spiritually as well as temporarily. Baguio must be the Garden of Eden where man could again talk with God and feel the joy and peace of His presence. What a dream in this Valley of Tears!

FATHER CARLU, THE “MAN OF EVERYBODY”

It is now that Father Carlu's work stands out in bold and clear relief. All the riches of his most resourceful nature will be put to the test and he will know how to bring upon the scene all the good will and charity of all who surround him. It is here that begins the story of Father Carlu "Man of the People." To rich and poor, to Americans and Chinese, as well as to every tribe of Filipinos, to old and new Christians: he will make himself agreeable to all because he loves them all.

To that first sparse population he was known as the "Priest on Horseback." Back and forth between his two little sawali chapels he walks or rides every day, no matter how thick the mist, how pelting the rain, how fierce the winds. These,—by the way, he always forgot to mention to strangers—lasted more than half the year round. But he never seemed to notice them; for out of the most torrential elements his face would come shining like Moses' fresh from the heights of Sinai. With his faithful strong little pony which he treated with as gentle a hand as he would the sickliest of his parishioners, he found



time each month to travel over mountains and valleys to bring the good tidings to the poor pagan natives of Camp John Hay, Antamok, Irisan, Tuba, even as far as Basca and Gallano, in La Union. No hamlet or village was too far apart for his glowing zeal and missionary's love.

Father Carlu soon became the "Man of Everybody." His affability in his 100, 1000, greetings all along the streets and roads, the field paths and mountain trails, whether walking or riding in his 'old flivvy', brought all people near to him and thus always nearer to God. And the children! how they flocked to him! With his smiles and also his . . . candies he wrought miracles upon their native reserve and shyness and still more upon the hard-to-win parents. No wonder Baguio has become the city where priests are the most commonly, the most respectfully greeted by all ranks, all kinds, all creeds of people. This is essentially the work of the always bright, the always happy, the inexhaustibly kind Father Carlu.

announce the projected Cathedral and start collecting. The first day brought him two donations amounting 3000 pesos. Father Carlu himself has said it would make a fine spiritual reading book to write of all the wondrous interventions of Divine Providence in the building of the Cathedral of Our Lady of Atonement. There was no money left for the towers: . . . special donations came just in time. The saintly Father Paul, Editor of "The Lamp" together with one of his own brothers in Religion—the Reverend Father De Samber, editor of "The Little Apostle" for many years before his death in 1944—devoted themselves in a most extraordinary manner to the interests of Baguio Cathedral. Their contribution to its cause would make along the thrilling chapter to the "Book" already mentioned. The Cathedral begun in 1920 was finished at last in 1931 with the raising of its beautiful bells by J. J. Haussermann and W. Beam of the Benguet Cons. Mining Co.

CARLU "THE BUILDER"

Hand in hand with his numerous priestly functions we have Father Carlu "the Builder." One Saturday morning, hearing that his bishop, Mgr. Hurth is in Bauang, he sets out on horseback to cover 100 kilometers there and back, to obtain the permission to start the new Cathedral. On the return at Sablan his horse is too tired to continue. A truck comes at last and by 9 o'clock Father Carlu is again in Baguio. The next morning being Sunday he must preach as usual in three languages English, Ilocano and Spanish. But he is able to



St. Louis School, Holy Family Convent, the Catholic Hospital of Notre Dame, the Cathedral Rectory, St. Patrick's Dormitory for native Students and others, the workshop where year in and year out, work went on for all the jobless carpenters, and last but not least the Catholic Schools in the outlying districts of Tabaan, Tuba, Asin, Sablan and then the beautiful church of Campo Filipino... has one man done all this. . . , newcomers to Baguio now ask? Yes, and

much more; for architects can also build houses but only a priest can rebuild souls.

BUILDER OF GOD IN SOULS

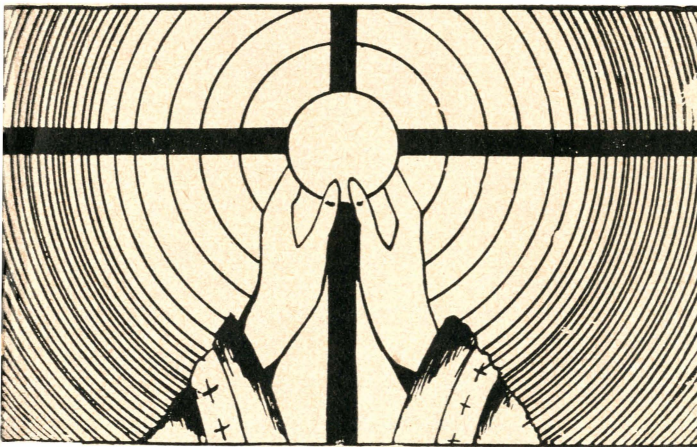
Father Carlu "the Builder of God in souls," here is the greatest of his works. Like Cornelia of Ancient Rome who could say while pointing to her children: "Behold my most beautiful jewels", Father Carlu could point out the countless souls who have come to him since thirty-six years to find peace, consolation, strength, love for God and for duty. . . and final perseverance. . . ; souls of pagans to whom he has been catechist and teacher of religion, in public as well as Catholic schools. Yes, of all these he can say: "Behold my most beautiful cathedrals, the living temples of God."

In a word Father Carlu has been the "Good Shepherd of his flock." He knew his people and they knew him. They initiated him into almost all their projects, asking his advice even in their temporal concerns. All kinds of people flocked to his convento to seek his advice and listen to his words of wisdom.

There is a Father Carlu which the ordinary layman cannot know and that is Father Carlu "the man of his co-priests." Baguio Rectory was ever the Home Sweet Home of the other Fathers who came ranging from the deep forests and valleys of the Mountain Province. In fact, any priest belonging to other dioceses as well found always a smiling, welcoming, and uplifting Father in him. There is also the Father Carlu, "the Spiritual Director" of so many Missionary Canonesses of St. Augustine, Assumption Sisters, St. Paul Sisters and other Religious.

There are still places "The Little Apostle" has not been able to read to count Father Carlu's footsteps. What about the forests where, in seeking for the best timber for his building enterprises, he was often bruised or sprained and bitten by leeches. The subject is inexhaustible, an inspiration to the humblest pen; indeed "The Little Apostle" could go on for ever.

The curtain is drawn for a moment. The last and greatest Act is about to begin. Never were spectators more breathless, more ready to applaud.



A Priest mounts the Altar each morning. His silver hair reflecting the golden candle lights might be mistaken for a halo. His face and features a little emaciated, his voice clear though a little fainter, his light and almost tripping step a little more faltering, his shoulders a little bowed... but as he pronounces the "Et introibo ad altare Dei, ad Deum..." "the God who

giveth joy to my youth," . . . we know that all is forgotten success and disappointments, that nothing else matters but the supreme joy of celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

• • •

Today, dear Father Carlu, on this 50th anniversary of your Holy Ordination at Bruges, you are not alone as in the year 1913. . . when you first came to Baguio.

A grateful people surround you on all sides. . . : grateful religious Brothers and Sisters. . . , grateful mothers and fathers. . . , grateful grandmothers and grandfathers, grateful children and grandchildren, grateful old students, grateful old-comers and new-comers, grateful old vacationists over the world join with you in one grand MABUHAY to thank the Lord for all his Benefits. . . , to thank him for this day especially December 23rd, 1949 which all we have yearned for as the prophets of the Old Testament when they cried out "Let the clouds rain down the Just", "Let the earth bud forth a Saviour." Today at the Altar you said yourself those words for us and the whole world. May it be ours, may it be the whole world's joy to receive that peace which you preach so eloquently to us by your present hidden life in the Sanctuary of your dear St. Vincent's Church. . . , by the glimpses of sunshine you still give us on your quiet walks through the City of Baguio of which we hail you as the true Father in every sense

of the word. Yes, your grateful people and children pray with you and for you: Lord, grant him length of days in our peaceful Eden and a long peaceful evening to his richly well-spent life. Grant him many golden years like this Golden Day of his Golden Jubilee till he reaches his Diamond Jubilee.

• ★ •

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IF YOU LIKE 'THE LITTLE APOSTLE' . . . PASS IT ALONG TO A FRIEND WHEN YOU ARE THROUGH WITH IT. YOUR COMMENTS ARE ALWAYS IN ORDER AND WILL BE APPRECIATED.



A CHRISTMAS STORY

TEXT AND ILLUSTRATION
BY ALFONSO CLAERHOUDT

One bleak December night found Bayosen, a mountain lad of Dalayang, roaming the streets of a big city, lost in a crowd, feeling very much alone and very lonely. There came a strange ache in his heart, a sharp longing for the old familiar hut in Moking, for his father, his mother. This poignant grief was further intensified as he came across his old friends, Sangdyusen and Taguen who handed him a note from his dear sister, Sunia. The note read: **“Dear Brother, why don’t you come home? Father, mother, we all, are longing for you . . . , why don’t you come and spend Christmas with us here in Dalayang? Please come back. We long for you, and daily we pray for you.”**

Bayosen had been away from home for three long years. And as he roamed aimlessly in the gloom of a cold and biting night never had he felt so miserable, so hopelessly alone. His sister’s soft voice kept ringing in his ears, **“Daily we pray for you.”**

He had not uttered a single prayer since he left home. He had neglected everything, caught as he was in the mires of sin, in the world’s intoxicating, alluring pleasures. Foul company had taken its toll on his poor, wasted frame. He had squandered the last cent he had on the world’s brief and transitory baubles of gaiety. **“Father, mother, we all are . . . longing for you”** . . . Sunia’s soft voice again, kept throbbing his fevered brain. A wretch, an outcast, a worm, yes, that was what he was. Away from his dear ones he had squandered everything, even the love in his heart. From the depths of his misery and want, there came a gnawing pain in his heart, a hunger for love, for his home, his family . . . Tears filled his eyes . . .

Meanwhile the even rows of red electric lamps which lined the streets, cast their flickering lights over the brick and asphalt roads. In the near distance, colorful electric signboards before noisy bars, crowded dancing halls, and overflowing cinemas announced a night laden with merry-making and fun. Somehow, amidst all these giddy, heady thrills, amidst cheap music, shrill voices, Bayusen walked unconcerned, indifferent. Stores were silent and empty... he walked on and on... Again that haunting voice...: "Why don't you come home?"

We long for you. He could not run away from his thoughts...; he slowed down his faltering steps... Home... home... **Moking**... each pace was an agony as the thought of the dear familiar faces rushed back crystal-clear to his memory. The thought of his past sinful life, ingratitude to his family, and the bitter separation from them set his hot temples throbbing. He tottered, yet did not stop... **Father... Mother... sister... their faith and love for him remained unshaken. They cared, they prayed for him. Yes, they loved him. In that small hut in Moking they spoke about him.** He felt as if they were taking him by the hand, drawing him away from the world's sinful snares, away from its heart-rending tales of misery and woe. They were bringing him back to a glad-some reunion... to happiness. When he returned that night to the dingy, dark hole where he lodged, he felt disgust at the sad sight of his unhappy lot... alone... unwanted.

It was the day before Christmas and high above the green clad hills, the

rising sun was shooting forth its brilliant rays o'er a newly awakened morn. Bayosen saw at a distance the mountains of Dalayang...inviting, appealing; he could reach them by twilight. He felt the glowing warmth of the early sun

* *
Our Best
CHRISTMAS WISHES
To All Our
Readers.
The Editors * *

which shed its resplendant rays over the pine forest, the thick grasslands, the blue rivers, winding roads and golden rice-fields.

There in the mountains reigned an eloquent silence more pregnant than the loudest speech...; everything was tranquil, quiet; there reigned a calm serenity which spoke of a hidden power, an omnipotent Hand that worked wonders...; in the silence of his soul he heard a soft voice...; carressing, tenderly sweet. Someone, an invisible Someone was talking to him—pleading, entreating. Yes, it was the same Master's voice he had heard long ago, flooding his soul once more with joy that knew no bounds. Suddenly, as if by magic, Bayosen was transformed into a new man. A new day, a new life had dawned into his soul...his heart was singing within him...he felt so light, free and happy... He looked up...could time have flown so fast? Millions of twinkling stars greeted his tear-filled eyes... on and on he went...he was walking on thin air...he was almost running now... as fast as his feet could carry him—there to the mission church in Moking... He slackened his pace... reverently he entered the brightly-lit church. A yellow lamp threw its golden beams of light on a group of praying people, while

its mystical shadows drew grotesque figures on the floors and walls. Bayosen saw the missionary in the confessional; beyond the communion rail his eyes fell on the brilliant star perched high above the little crib, an arresting sight beside the immaculate whiteness of the beautiful altar. Verdant pine trees surrounded the brown little stable that housed the Infant Child, and Its Virgin Mother. Touched beyond words, Bayosen sank on his knees awestruck, mystified.

Home at last. . . yes this was his home, where love and peace abided, here where he found at last the sweet contentment of spirit which the noisy world could not give. . . , here in his own Moking. . . , in this mission church, with his own kind people, simple and true, gathered together to spend a **Christmas that was holy**. A Christmas that was truly happy. Not the feverish Christmas of the city, with its cheap dancing halls, licentious movies, and riotous music. . . not the frolicksome Christmas of the worldly-wise, who had forgotten the happy tidings of peace the angel had brought, who had become deaf to God's mercy and love. Instead, it was a calm, serene, holy Christmas night of the mountains where payerful hearts were joined together in one common bond of love and understanding, imploring the Christ-made-Man to come down into their midst.

Bayosen saw his wicked life unfold before him; he saw his hideous sins, his manifold crimes and shrank at the thought of them. It was all like a bad dream, gripping his heart, tearing it into shreds.

Shame covered his being and he thought to hide himself of such a confession of years of misery.

"Oh my God, my God, I know not how

many times and how grievously I have offended Thee. . . ; my innumerable sins bear me down. . . ; I, a miserable wretch, an outcast, am not worthy to appear before Thee. Still I will not say 'drive me away Lord,' because I know I need You. Oh I need You. My soul is laden with sins and yet out of the depths of my miseries, I wish to say: 'I will stay here. I want to be with You. I want my friends to know I also can love You. **You know father and mother have asked me to**





BENGUET.
(PHOTO
STANDAERT)



As the priest approached the altar, the glorious strains of "Silent Night", sweetly rendered by the children choir, filled the whole church. All knelt down and with folded hands, eyes were riveted to the little Stable, to the Baby Jesus, to His outstretched arms.

return. You know how they prayed for me....."

The little mission chapel bell pealed forth its silvery chimes. Bayosen looked up. The priest called for him. Stealthily he crawled from his kneeling position in front of the blessing priest... reverently he knelt before him and with a broken voice began....:

"Father, I have sinned so grievously, pardon me, help me, I do not know how to begin....."

The midnight Mass was about to start. The bell continued to ring wildly. Candles were lit at the altar and in front of the stable... the people began to crowd in till the communion rail where everything was bright and clear.

And once again Jesus came into His own. Everyone seemed to hear the beautiful strains of the angelic choir singing that never-to-be-forgotten song, "Glory to God in the Highest and peace to men of good-will."

After the priest had related the oft-repeated story of that special Christmas night, mass continued while Christmas carols, which streamed forth from full hearts, rent the air.

"We thank You and praise You Almighty and Good God because You gave

us Jesus. We your poor children give You our love, our heart, our soul, our very life. Oh dear Child Jesus, You wanted to become poor as we are; You suffered and died for us. We know our poverty cannot be compared to Yours...neither can our tears, sufferings, griefs...we ask only one thing... never to make You sad... never to sin."

Jesus came into every soul and in every heart he brought peace and joy. Everyone knelt in breathless and silent adoration before the Little Savior Who had flooded their souls with the radiance of His reflected Beauty.

Bayosen had also received Holy Communion. He was kneeling, staring at the Infant Jesus, but remained speechless. He was torn with conflicting emotions of hope and fear, joy and sadness...but he knew he had found peace at last...for had not his sins been forgiven because he had loved much? Jesus had come. Jesus had purified his soul. A faint whisper: "Oh God how good You are." He could say no more.

Midnight Mass was ended. All had left the Church. Outside, beneath the crimson glow of the "saleng" torches, tarried a motley group, engaged in an animated conversation.

Suddenly Bayosen left the church, crossed the premises, unmindful of the lingering group.

There was a hush...everyone stopped talking as heads were turned at Bayosen. There was a faint whisper: "Sh... Bayosen..." excitedly, "There is Bayosen.." Someone approached

him, took him by the hand and softly uttered, "Come Bayosen." He recognized his dear sister Sunia, who led him to the little group. Thunderstruck he tearfully exclaimed, "Father... mother..."

An eternity of love and patient waiting were poured out in that warm welcome...A mother's soft and tender voice whispered the welcome, "**Come home my boy.**"

And once again in that star-lit night, the sweet and glorious strains of angel voices filtered from on high the "Glory to God in the Highest and Peace to Men of Good-will."

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CATHOLIC FACTS AND NEWS

- Bing Crosby of world fame gave \$1,500,000.00 as a gift to the Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash. where he had formerly studied.
 - TWENTY THREE of the 385 villagers of Manigod in Savoy, (France) have become Catholic Priests, and THIRTY FIVE young ladies have become Sisters. A blessed village.
 - Russian Communists unable to stop the faithful contributing to the upkeep of their churches have forced all priests to record all gifts, of which they take as taxes to the Government... ONLY 90 per cent!
A curious Freedom of Religion, indeed!
 - BISHOP SAID MASS... , SO HAD TO SWEEP STREETS!
In Communist-occupied China, a bishop was singing a High Mass. A band of communists stormed into the church and shouted to the bishop that he was committing a crime. The bishop answered that communists had loudly proclaimed Freedom of Religion. "Although there is Freedom of Religion", the leader replied, "Mass may be said only after a permit has been obtained from the civil authorities." The bishop had to leave the altar and sweep the streets during three hours. In the afternoon he continued his Mass before a congregation, bigger than in the morning.
 - CONVERT BECOMES CATECHIST.
Francis Okamura, recently converted to the Catholic Faith and student at the Kyoto University, has since his own conversion brought sixteen others into the Catholic Church.
 - THE HOLY YEAR
On Christmas Eve this year, in the ancient city of Rome, our Holy Father, the Pope, will open the Holy Year. The Holy Year or 'The Great Jubilee' is celebrated every twenty five years since 1300.
This wonderful celebration is intended to bring about a revival of Faith among all Christians throughout the entire world. It is intended especially to remind all Christians of the grave necessity of expiation for sins and amendment of their lives.
The best way to celebrate the Great Jubilee is by going to Rome and taking part in all the ceremonies there. But few of us have the means to do this. Most of us must remain at home. And then the best way for us is by praying more, by doing more penance and by increasing our acts of charity. Our Holy Father knows that a trip to Rome is expensive but he invites all who can go, to do so in a spirit of prayer and sacrifice.
- The intentions of the Holy Year are:**
1-That all Christians remain loyal to the Holy Father.

- 2-That the Church remain un-
harmd by vic.ous plots, decep-
tions and persecutions.
- 3-That those outside the Church
may receive the grace to know
God and His Church.
- 4-That TRUE peace may once
more reign everywhere, espe-
cially in Palestine through just
settlements.
- 5-That hatred and dissensions
may be removed from among
various social groups, so they
may be united in fraternal jus-
tice and concord.
- 6-That all men, especially the
poor, may be able to earn a de-
cent and honest living, and that
those unable to work may re-
ceive adequate aid though those
who have the necessary means
to give forth charity.
- 7-That peace may return to the
hearts of all men, to families,
nations and individuals.
- 8-That the persecuted and im-
prisoned may have the strength
and patience of the martyrs or
may soon be returned to their
homes and fatherlands.
- 9-That the example of our older
people may cause CHRISTIAN
MODESTY and VIRTUE once
more to shine forth in our youth.

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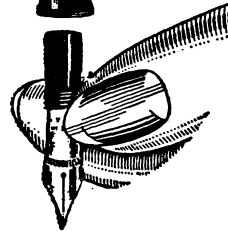
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Innocent eyes of the Montanosa—
from far off Ifugao to near-by Trini-
dad — shyly look up at you to



From dingy shack to palace fair
Christmas, Christmas, fills the air
The self-same spirit filters through
It's never old, but ever new.

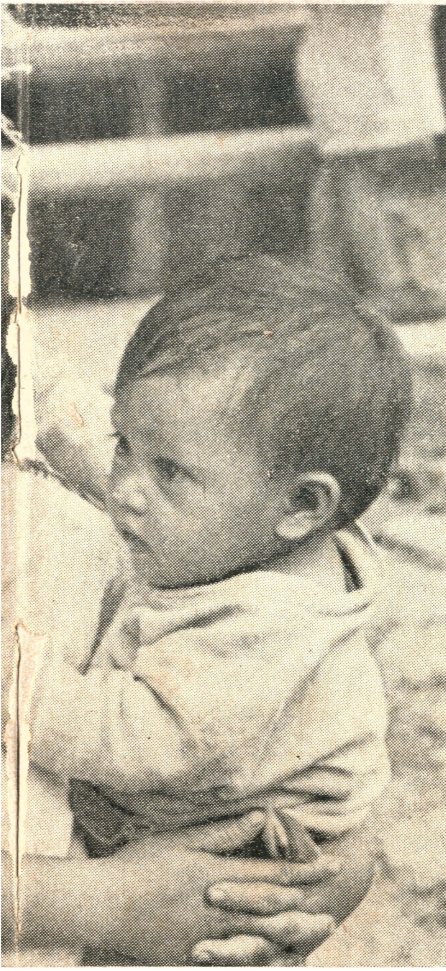
Mountain child's heart, poor but true
Sends her Christmas wish for you
It's bare in its simplicity
But rich in Christ's own poverty

With grateful hearts, on Christmas day
We send our prayers on their way
To Christ's meek heart we send our love
For you who heed our miseries

wish you a —

Very Merry Christmas.

Dear Reader, would you know why,
I seem to be very shy?
I'm not—just playing peek-a-boo—
Merry Christmas, happy New Year to you!



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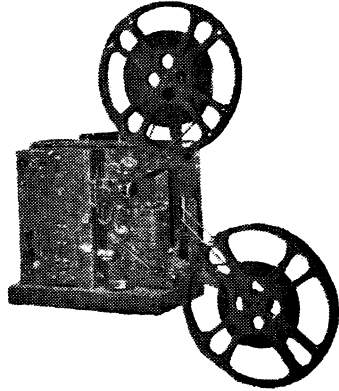
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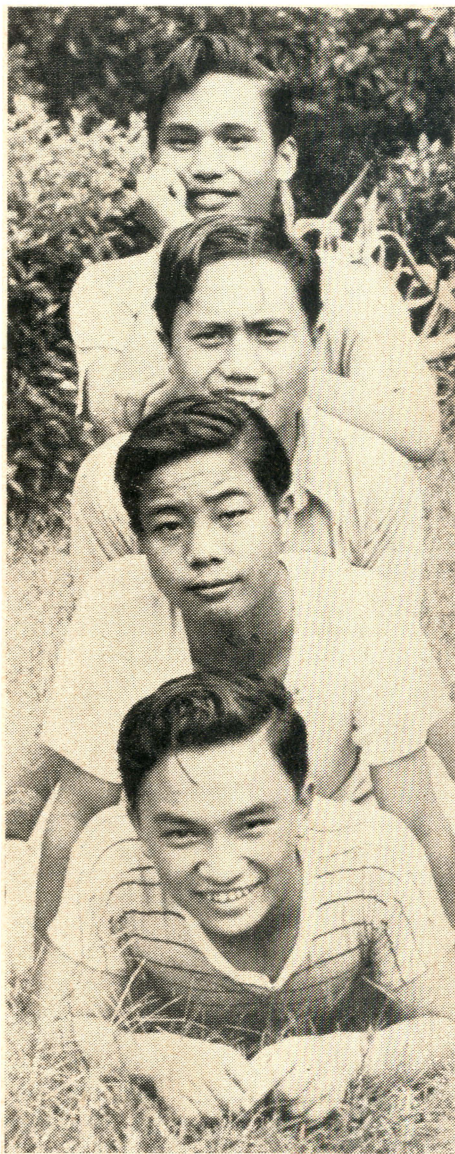
ALWAYS HIGHER

by Bro. Armand Lammineur

Higher... , always higher, until we reach heaven, our final goal. This was the thought that came to my mind again and again while on the way to the highest peak of Luzon, the top of which rises to almost 10,000 ft. above sea level.

It was on May 5, 1941, a bright day full of promise when some friends and I started to climb to Mt. Pulog. Like a giant this mountain dominates its surroundings, and stands guard over the good and hardworking people who live happily under its shadow, far from the fever of the modern world. The climb was far from being easy, but then, we had not expected it to be. Moreover, we could hardly complain of hardships with God's beautiful nature lavishly displayed before our eyes. The scenery was worth anything—certainly it was worth the pain of tired feet.

The winding path was narrow, now descending, now ascending. It was a lonesome trail, and not once did we see a single house along it; for the IBALOI people who inhabit this region are very few. The path is seldom used, and that, only by those who, like us, tired of city life, seek refreshment of body and spirit in the pure mountain air. Orchids grew wild on both sides of our way, and it was a joy to see the white and yellow blossoms hanging from the branches of old trees, making the place look like the vestibule to Paradise.



HIGHER UP, BOYS... (PHOTO LAMMINEUR)

Every time we came to a mountain top we stopped to admire the huge-tall pine trees that must be centuries old. Nowhere else in the Philippines can such specimens probably be found. In the valleys, the under-bush was thick-wild vines and tropical plants, making the way almost impassable. At several places we noticed that the ground had been turned up by wild pigs which abound in these remote forests; and now and then, we were frightened by the sudden snap of branches caused by these animals which, as we neared their sanctuary, must have fled into the safer interior. It was on one such occasion that I noticed one of the boys with me produce something from his pocket. It was a small yellow stick with one end painted red. The boy admitted embarrassedly that it was a native talisman his father had given him as a protection against poisonous snakes. With the red end pointed at the snake, the reptile was believed to slink away. Unfortunately there came no opportunity to prove the fallacy of the superstition. With Our Lord as companion, what need we fear in time of danger?

As we left mountain after mountain behind us we kept wondering just how much farther we still had to go. But as Mt. Pulog loomed nearer and nearer, we gathered fresh courage as though new blood had flowed into our veins. At about 2 o'clock that afternoon, after rounding a twist of the path, we found ourselves all of a sudden before our goal. The sight of its beauty and its nearness came as a mild shock to us, and eagerly we calculated that only another half hour's hike would bring us to its summit.

But every enterprise has its trials; and another was in store for us. As we rejoiced at the near end of our journey, black clouds gathered around Mt. Pulog, and soon all was darkness about us. We expected a heavy storm, and prepared for it. But we had not finished unpacking our tents when sharp lightning tore the clouds apart, breaking the tempest loose over our heads. The thunder was so terrifying that for a moment our hearts skipped beats. It was only when a heavy hail storm followed that we knew we were still alive. The hail stones were big enough to wound. Luckily a rock nearby afforded us shelter. The storm was a blessing in disguise in that it quenched our burning thirst. We had forgotten to take water with us, and we had found no trace of it along the way.

When the storm had spent its fury, the clouds gradually dispersed and warm sunrays again broke through, making the hail stones around us sparkle like giant diamonds. Soon the whole charm of the Pulog Mountains became visible in unveiled splendor. A spontaneous outburst of joyous admiration broke out from our hearts at the sight of them—their slopes and valleys wrapped in shadows but their tops radiant under the last rays of the departing sun. Turning our gaze to the opposite direction we saw the vast expanse of the China sea into which the sun was fast sinking. The waters had become a flaming sea with specks of gold glittering on the crest of its waves.

Evening was setting in; so we decided to continue our journey the next morning, and to prepare for the



"Courage is fear which has said its prayers."

A sign in front of a London church, placed there during the air raids, read: "If your knees knock, kneel on them."



night. Each one had something to do. Some set up the tents, others fetched firewood, and the rest prepared the food. We were all very hungry. Fortunately we found all the water we needed in a triangular pit not far from our camping place. According to a legend the pit was made by a Chinese shepherd who lived with his sheep on Mt. Pulog. During a dry spell, however, he died with all his sheep; and only a burnt hut and the triangular pit remain to tell his tale.

After our meager supper, we said our evening prayers, thanking God for bringing us safe thus far, and asking His continued protection during the night in this lonesome place. We were wise enough to have brought along thick woolen blankets, otherwise we should have frozen to death; for the temperature in the open was below zero. The whole night we had to keep two fires burning to keep the blood circulating in our veins.

In the middle of the night the deep silence of the forest was broken by a voice heavy as thunder. It addressed me, demanding what my boys and I were doing in this holy place. This, he said, was where the ancestors of the Benguet people were resting in their slumber. At first I was frightened, but soon I mustered enough courage to answer. "Apo," I said, "I came here with my friends, the sons of the sons of your sons, only to see this place where their ancestors claim to rest—this place which speaks of the greatness of God,

our Heavenly Father. We want to spend the night with you. Out of respect we have come to greet you in the name of all your grandchildren living in the valleys." After that the ghost did not disturb us anymore, probably being satisfied with what I had said. This was only a dream, though a strange one, for Benguet people actually believe that their ancestors continue to live in the heart of Mt. Pulog.

Early the next morning, I was awakened by something cold on my face. It was the roof of our tent which had sagged in, weighted with frost. The cold woke me up completely and soon all the others too were up and about, trying as quickly as possible to revive the fires. We ran around, trying to throw off the numbness from our limbs. After some hot coffee and bread, we were ready to resume the last kilometers to the mountain-top. It was not yet daylight. A hundred meters from the summit—we raced to be the first to reach it. I shall not say who was the last!

So, finally, we came to the highest spot in Luzon. Below us the whole world was still enveloped in darkness and in silence. Only in the far horizon across the wide Pacific Ocean, was there some light trying to break through the thick blackness. Suddenly, like an atomic bomb, the sun burst forth from the waters, its fiery rays tearing the black curtain between day and night asunder. Higher and higher the majestic sun rose,



transforming the entire Pacific into a vast field of gold. The grasses around us, still heavy with the morning frost, formed a big bejewelled carpet. Our admiration was too great for words. At this height, and in the midst of so much beauty, we had no need of any book to find material for meditation. Our hearts rose spontaneously in gratitude to Him Who created us, and Who created all this beauty for us.

It seemed as though we could not see enough of the panorama displayed before our eyes. To the east lay the shoreless Pacific, to the west the deep blue China Sea. On the two other sides were thickly wooded mountains. It was 9:00 a.m. when we finally made for home, but not before stretching ourselves on the ground, so as to experience being in three provinces at the same time; for Mt. Pulog is the spot where the boundaries of Benguet, Bontoc and Ifugao meet.

We felt very proud at having been the guests of Mt. Pulog for a night, and at having been honored with a golden sunset and a glorious sunrise while there. One of the boys, still under the impression of all the wonderful things we had witnessed, pulled me aside and commented:

"Brother, if our world is already so beautiful, what will heaven be like, with the Creator of all beauty, and all the angels and saints in their glory!"

Two of the friends who were with me in this expedition, have already reached the Everlasting Mount—both shortly after the enjoyable trip. They had fought side by side in Bataan, had died for God and Country in the concentration camp in Tarlac. But the rest of us have still to climb higher and higher until we reach the top, there to stay and enjoy Beauty forever.



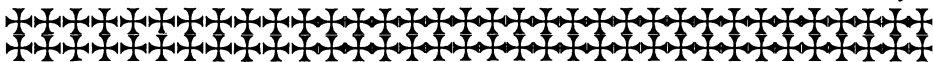
GOING MY WAY.

Cardinal Hinsley, the Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, and the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury sat together in an auto on their way home after a famous dinner in London.

The Archbishop remarked jokingly: "This is a curious incidence, isn't it? Here we are two Archbishops riding side by side, each serving God in different ways."

"Yes," responded the Cardinal, "Your Lordship serves the Lord in your own way . . . , and I serve the Lord in His own way."

ANSELMO VERSUS Bishop



AGUINALDO MASSES

(continued from last issue)

Christmas was nearing. In Heaven the Angels were busy. They had put on their white Christmas garbs and golden wings. They were busy around the Throne, offering to the Lamb all the prayers and Greetings-of-the-Season, that ascended, innumerable, in curling fragrancys from the hearts of children and men of Good Will.

Father Anselmo too, in his Aguinaldo-Masses, sent a unique request: "The Rebirth of Surubamba". He was an old man, who, after forty years of hard mission work had been 'demoted', as he put it, to the Deanship of the Cathedral Chapter.

The visit he had made to Surubamba, he said, had been "just to satisfy a personal longing like a visit to the grave of a dear one." But he felt indeed it had been planned by the Lord of the Harvest, and it was like new incense on the red coals of his missionary zeal. He had prayed harder since then, and made the Sisters pray for his "particular Christmas Intention". This he did not mention, except, of course, to the Bishop who was his Superior and intimate friend; their conversation had

taken the form of an apostolic debate "Anselmo-versus-Bishop" - in which Anselmo had faced the Bishop's objections: Lack of money...dearth of personnel...

"Yes! Your Excellency remembers these same reasons had something to do with the abandoning of the place. That was long ago. But now," he added, "if you send *me*, there's no waste of personnel, as I am a useless old man; and, as to lack of money, I'll request only your blessing and prayers." The Bishop had not given a decision; but Anselmo, confidently expected it from a higher Power through the help of Mother Mary, in whose honor he celebrated his Golden Masses.

And she did hear him. She herself, surrounded by Angels, brought Anselmo's request to Jesus on the Throne.

Heavenly messengers daily went down with errands to do and messages to drop in answer to the prayers from earth.

To Asia they went, to Europe and Africa, to Oceania and both the America's North and South. To thousands of villages and cities, to rich and poor, black and white,

The Catholic Church is like a stained glass window. Seen from outside it is dark and unimpressive. . . , but from inside,—oh, the radiance, and the beauty, the warmth of the varicolored lights playing over the whole scene. (O.S.V.)

brown and yellow, Christmas gifts were being sent.

To Anselmo too,—God's Angel being the Bishop—the message was a short one. It was handed to him after his fifth Aguinaldo Mass. He read: "My dear Fr. Anselmo, you are hereby appointed Missionary-in-charge of Surubamba. You have my permission to celebrate Midnight Mass there, if you think you can reach the place before Christmas."

THE EVE OF CHRISTMAS

Anselmo did reach the place, on the Eve of Christmas. He first went to the old church ground, with his faithful catechist. O what a joyful Rosary they prayed! And this time there was a *sixth* joyful mystery: a man came to them in the cornfield.

"Padre, I am Sebio. I met you two months ago, but I was ashamed to talk to you. Something has changed in me. . . and here I am. When I was a boy the priest baptized me—I was his altar boy. . ."

He looked at the stern farmer's face. . . and saw in it the soul of little Sebio at his first Communion. It was a look of love and of joy for the return,—he was sure of that—of a dear son.

"It was I, Eusebio, who baptized you."

Sebio had taken Anselmo's hand and reverently kissed it.

"Father Anselmo! . . . You Father Anselmo! . . . Father. . ."

"And why were you ashamed, the other day? Of course I did not recognize you that day."

"Father, may God forgive me. I was afraid of displeasing the Mission-people who were looking. It was cowardly of me. But when I came home I found the picture and the rosary you gave to the children. The sight of the Madonna awoke in me

the memories of my boyhood days. I began to long for a priest and an altar, I often fingered the little rosary and prayed Ave Marias and Our Fathers on it as well as I could... O Father, God made me feel happy again and sad too, Father. . . , as an orphan feels. The people on the Hill are giving us many things but we have no true "father" anymore.

The news went around the village that Sebio had a visitor.

Wilson did not come home that Christmas day; but Sebio and Monica and the little girls did not go up to the North-Hill.

Yes, Sebio had a visitor. . . and he was very busy too. . . he and the Catechist. Out of Juan's saddle-bags the first thing that they unpacked was a church-bell. When at Vespertide it rang, Father Anselmo prayed the Angelus: "The Word once dwelt and will dwell again—amongst us. Juan also prayed. Seb-
bio did not, but wept for joy.

No others could hear it for the Brass Band was playing loudly on the Hill. The bell rang again at midnight. It sang like a silvervoiced Angel over the houses of Surubamba. It awoke even Dr. Hall on North-Hill. He was a man in good faith. And altho news of a visitor at Seb-
bio had reached—and for a moment annoyed him. . . he opened his window to the gentle voice of the "Roman" bell and in the glow of the Yule Season. . . prayed.

MIDNIGHT MASS

Padre Anselmo, put on the golden Mass Vestments he had brought with him, and went to the altar. Juan and Seb-
bio had worked the whole evening to construct it with rough

posts and a wooden box turned upside down. It looked indeed like a crib as it stood there under the eaves of Sebio's cottage. Monica had covered it with a clean handwoven blanket. The whole was a second Stable of Bethlehem. When Father Anselmo turned to read the Gospel, he saw that, besides his servant, only a man and a woman and three children were present. But he preached. He told the story of Mary and Joseph and the little shepherds of Bethlehem and he called the little Congregation blessed and said that the Angels were singing above their heads: Peace to Surubamba and glory to God. . . The bell rang again at the Consecration: Jesus was born! The light around the altar was invisible but brighter than the Sun at Midday. Anselmo must have been aware of it, as he stood in its rays. And at the end of the Mass, when he turned for the Blessing, his face was young again,—said Sebio,—and radiant with joy. "Almighty God, the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost bless you! You, Sebio and Monica; you three little children. . . and you all. . . all. . ." And he saw,—in the splendor of the same Light that surrounded him at the Consecration—a great multitude no one could count, covering the corn-field and beyond, as far as the mountain slope: from every village they had come: the whole Province of Surubamba! . . . There was Wilson, the pride of his parents, . . . and in the back row knelt the well-meaning gentleman who had come down from North-Hill. On this wonderful Christmas Day he planted a Cross in the cornfield and suspended the bell from the branch of a tree, till a church with a steeple could be erected.

And Father Anselmo's vision at

the Blessing of his Midnight-Mass came true. But it did not come true that New Year! Nor yet the following Lent. The Bishop could tell (but will not), what deceptions and hardships Father Anselmo had to go through. At one time it seemed that his mission was dead indeed and utterly decaying in the grave; but Anselmo remained firm. He patiently went on working the hard field. His prayers brought down the water of grace on it. Every day he sowed and planted it with his word. His infinite kindness was the sunshine. He visited the sick, assisted the needy. He hoped in God's day. . . and life came.

Lent had passed and it was Easter now. In the modest chapel, still smelling with the fragrance of new pine, Holy Week had been celebrated. Sebio was preparing the altar. In addition to the score of Christians who never failed to attend, there was a row of neophytes clad in white, who were baptized yesterday. And while Sebio lighted the candles in the Sanctuary, Father Anselmo was in the Confessional lighting anew the candle of Love in a prodigal soul and restoring its garment of Grace. It was a solemn Mass, all of thanksgiving. How he sang the Alleluja! . . .

It took several Lents of penance. . . and Anselmo had died before the whole North-Hill came down. . . But down it came. Not just all the buildings. Two were converted to a hospital, where Father Anselmo's successor went to assist the sick and the dying. The other buildings were dismantled and actually brought down to the corn-field for the new Church.

It was the souls that came down first. The kind well-meaning gen-

tleman is now back in Canada and loves to tell his story: how he had met Father Anselmo, the first—and only—time, in the narrow sacristy that was the priest's room too.

"May I come in, Father?" He had dropped on his knees: "Father, I am coming over,! Receive me, bless me."

"My brother, welcome. But what do you mean?"

And then it came out: how he always had prayed when across the corn-field the Angelus bell had sounded; how, through sleepless nights and vigils of study and prayer, a conviction had grown in him or rather how Faith finally had opened his eyes and how never, never had he heard an uncharitable word from

the Padre against the Mission people. "It's your charity, Father, your kindness and your prayers that caught me."

"The Charity of Christ", Father Anselmo corrected.

Father Hall, (now *Mr. Hall*), had left the same day. On the following Christmas-eve a box from Canada had been unloaded at Anselmo's door: it was a beautiful church bell. It rang for Midnight Mass in harmony with the old one. Wilson climbed the steeple to look at it and when it hung still he saw the inscription:

"When I ring, you hear God's call:
Enter His Church to be happy.
John Hall."

There was a note of humor in it, or rather of genuine joy and earnest zeal.

Two months after the two bells tolled in slow alternating strokes: Father Anselmo had died.

His young assistant sang the Funeral Mass.

More candles flickered around the bier than ever were lighted in the little church. And more souls again came back to "Father", a few steps back, in the Confessional.

The drops of Holy Water, that fell from the sprinkler upon the coffin, were mingled with the tears of the young priest who had been appointed to take his place. . . tears that meant: "Why did you leave me, Father? So many dead souls are not yet converted. . . Surubamba may die again." But from the coffin, Father Anselmo spoke these words: Believe in Him who said: "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

D.M.G. C.I.C.M.



...WHEN I RING, YOU HEAR GOD'S CALL...



Lily writes to Carmencita



Morning, Carmencita!

*I let Father read your letter..
He laughed because you do
not like me to say 'most rever-
end' to you. . . 'How do we
call a bishop?' he asked.
'Monsignor', I said. 'All*

*right', he replied. Then I asked the package. But 'No truck yet',
he said. I also said 'All right' . . . , and he laughed again!
Do you know why I let him read your letter? Because I was so happy
with it and mother cannot read. You want to know about wild chick-
ens? Yes, there was one crowing in our backyard every morning and
when Kolas put the trap there was a wild hen in it, not the rooster.
We boiled it with camote and I said 'Carmencita should be here!'—
You ask if there are deer. It is trapped in the pit and all the gentlemen
ate it. . . . and the next day Kolas had a stomachache, because no rice,
only meat! Now there is again a deer; it is howling like mad dogs;
maybe there are many deer. But not yet in the trap-pit! Wild pigs?
Many! They eat our camotes, like the rats.*

*Your dearest friend,
Lily*

*P.S. I was not able to mail my letter yesterday, and I was lucky. . .
because there was a truck yesterday afternoon. Father brought
himself the package.*

*O, how nice that dress! I thank you very much. Mother says I shall
wear it during harvest. But she allowed me to wear it this morning.
So, this morning I was like you. . . I wore your dress at Holy Communion.
I told Jesus: 'My dress is the Sunday dress of Your friend Carmencita,'
and I became at once very very happy, because I knew that Jesus was
also in your dress with me. When mother looked at me she said: 'How*

nice that cloth; it smells like the flowers. Maybe the soap? And she whispered,—but Tirso could not hear: "Good morning, Miss Carmencita." I was happy again. And mother smiled.

There were also cookies and biscuits in that package! Kolas got three because he had a stomachache; we got each two and mother took only one. "It i for you, children, at each meal," she said. I think mother is like your Mama. She cries sometimes very softly, but I can see it. Did Blessed Virgin sometimes cry? I think she cried when Jesus had those big wounds. Our Maestra says it's the bad children who did it. I dreamt one night of the big wounds of Jesus and I told Tirso and he cried for Jesus and the bad children. Tirso is also a good boy. He is the one who prays with me for you and your Mama.

I would like to see you, dear friend. Maybe I shall dream of you. Will you, please, tell me also your secrets?

Same

A 'little apostle' from Manila writes :

Dear Rev. Father,

I am studying in St. Theresa's College in Sta. Mesa Heights and I am one of your readers too. I like your Magazine very much especially when there are stories about children. I hope you will print more stories about children in your next issue. I like very much to have friends like Carmencita and Lily. Will you kindly give me some? Thank you, Rev. Father. I am praying very much for the non-Catholics there. Please pray for me, too. Thank you again.



Ed:

It is encouraging to know that there are little friends like you who are backing up the work of the missionaries by prayers for our pagans.

Thank you very much.



THEY SHOULD
HAVE BEEN PRE-
SENT AT THE
FIRST CHRIST-
MAS NIGHT.

PHOTO ARMAND

Short

KIANGAN

Echoes

From

CANDLES FOR THE KING OF KINGS

The Field

Rumors fly like swift arrows. Some reached the people of Kiangan of the wonderful procession that was held in Manila for the feast of Christ the King. The newly organized Knights of the Sacred Heart determined that they too would have a procession in HIS honor and it would be just as colorful and devotional as the one in Manila.

Sunday, October 30th. came... but with it came a downpour of rain with heavy fog. The mountains seemed to be entirely enveloped in heavy clouds and fog. What a discouraging day! What would the evening be like? Will it rain all evening? Can we have our procession or do we have to go home disappointed after all our preparation?

But Our King, ever mindful of His children, came to the relief of the

by Rev. Fl. Sals, Kiangan, Ifugao

devout people and the Knights...; at four p.m. the rain stopped. The people could then come down to church. How eagerly everyone—men, women and children as well—lighted the candles in their hands!

Along the Kiangan roads they went, singing hymns to their King. With rosaries in their hands they went along, the children first, then the Children of Mary and the Ifugao ladies, following after the cross. The most impressive group came last, THE KNIGHTS OF THE SACRED HEART, dressed in their white and pink ribbons. Four of the most valiant Knights carried the statue of the Sacred Heart on their shoulders. Our beloved Mayor, President Bonifacio Bulayungan, with his attending officers in gold ribbons, marched proudly behind, glad to show the people all along the road that they had

THE KNIGHTS OF KIANGAN (IFUGAO)

recently consecrated themselves to the service of the King.

True Knights! Ready to defend their King by brave battles if it should be necessary.

What a beautiful



sight for those who looked on, from windows and as they stood by the road! The windows glowed with other candles and the eyes of the people were as bright as candlelight itself, as they watched. And over all, He, in whose honor they marched, must have smiled down on His devout children.

And when they reached the church the glorious hymn of thanksgiving and praise, the 'TE DEUM LAUDAMUS' burst from the throats of both men and women, and filled the church. What happiness for the devout lovers of the Sacred Heart!

May the KING OF KINGS in whose honor the candles glowed and the hearts too sang, bless the people of Kiangnan and the Knights devoted to His service. May this be but the first of many Christ the King days in the years to come!



APAYAO

HAPPY IN CHRIST'S SERVICE

A humble volunteer catechist in Apayao writes:

Dear Rev. Father,

I am glad to inform you that **I am happy in my mission work** although at times, it is rather hard.

During the first week of October, I was told by our parish priest to go and teach in the barrios of Musimut and Nagbabalayan (they are about 20 km. upstream). A strong typhoon was raging just then, and the Apayao River was swollen, I had to wait for some days for the water to ebb.

As soon as the skies had cleared, I started out with two rowers in a small banca. With these skillful "bogadores" I felt secure. They knew each twist and turn of the river and understood every sway of our little boat. Since both were Christians, we prayed and sang together nearly all the way.

We stopped for a time at Lucab, a small barrio near the river. The native who knew me offered young coconuts and cooked for us while my companions, tired from rowing, slept. After taking some food, we proceeded on to Musimut.

We finally arrived there without any delay, thanks be to God. I stayed in the barrio for three days and a half. I had planned to go farther ahead to Sicapo, but the river was impassable; hence there was no question of my visit to that place then.

Just before I left, I received a message that my mother was very ill. We, therefore, sailed downstream and stopped at my barrio. However, I could not stay long with her for I had promised to be back at the mission before the next Sunday. Before leaving I told my relatives to pray much so that Our Lord would save my mother.

We stepped back into our little boat and sped ahead swiftly. In front of Nagbabalayan, where the river is always dangerous because of the strong current and the rapids, we got one big splash of water that drenched us to the skin and sent our little provision of bananas and coconuts floating away. By acting quickly, however, we were able to get them back.

When finally we reached the Mission we looked so much like wet chickens, dripping from head to foot. We had a good laugh. Yes, I was happy. **I had done something for our Lord**, and He in turn brought us back home safe—though wet.

✠ OUR FAMILY CIRCLE ✠



We are back with you again!

How happy we are and I am sure you are too. Thank God, our efforts to begin again have been successful.

Though we can never forget the good pre-war days, we cannot help but look ahead and see a better corner in THE LITTLE APOSTLE, called THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

In every family love must reign and so it shall in ours too. Let us apply the old saying, that says: "In dubiis libertas, in omnibus CARITAS." Let us say that no matter what disputes we may have we will always remember that CHARITY is our motto. We are brothers of Christ, our Elder-Brother, aren't we? So let us live as brothers! Let us believe in true Charity and practice it among ourselves and when we have differences with others.

Every month we will speak of some of the many virtues of our dear Little Flower, the second patron of all missions, and we will strive hard to imitate those virtues, so that walking in her footsteps, we may reach the road to true holiness.

Saint Therese has left us a shining example by her sufferings and her intense love for her Spouse that if we imitate her—even on a small way—we will daily increase our own merits. She will, in her turn, cast down upon us her shower of roses that will serve to sweeten our daily tasks and our little mortifications.

Good-bye, till next month. And have your NEW YEAR resolutions all ready...

Fraternally yours in Jesus and Mary.

THE LITTLE APOSTLE



BUILDING A HOME

What is home? A roof to keep out the rain. Four walls to keep out the wind. Floors to keep out the cold. Yes, says a Catholic writer, but home is more than that. It is the laugh of a baby, the song of a mother, the strength of a father. Warmth of loving hearts, light from happy eyes, kindness, loyalty, comradeship. Home is first school and first church for young ones, where they learn what is right, what is good, and what is kind. Where they go for comfort when they are hurt or sick. Where joy is shared and sorrow eased. Where fathers and mothers are respected and loved. Where children are wanted. Where the simplest food is good enough for kings because it is earned. Where money is not so important as loving kindness. Where even the tea-kettle sings from happiness. That is home. God bless it!—*The Bulletin*.





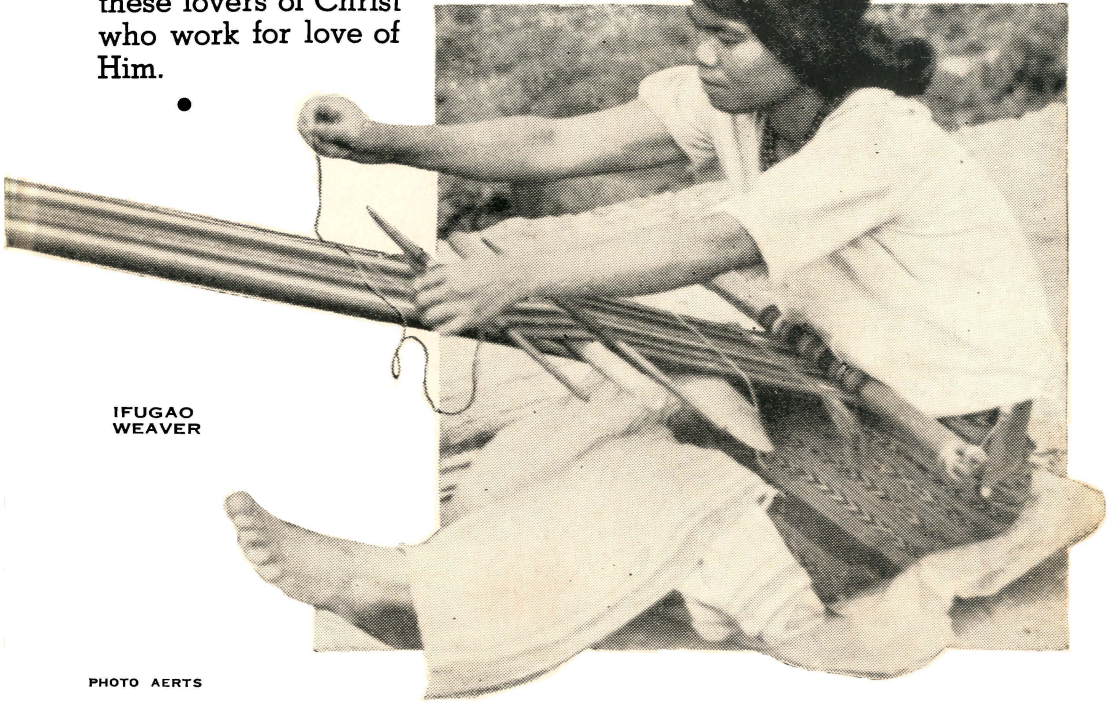
A BLESSED CHRISTMAS



THE MISSIONARY FATHERS OF THE MT. PROVINCE, in the midst of their task of weaving Christ's life into the fabric of Igorot pagan souls, pause to wish all the readers of the "Little Apostle" a blessed Christmas.

Like the Blessed Mother who patiently sat at her loom to weave her Son's seamless robe, the missionaries, day after day, labor unflaggingly in their vast loom—the Mt. Province—weaving the pattern of Christ and His Mother into the precious material of pagan souls. Let us not forget them in our Christmas prayers—these lovers of Christ who work for love of Him.

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IFUGAO
WEAVER

PHOTO AERTS





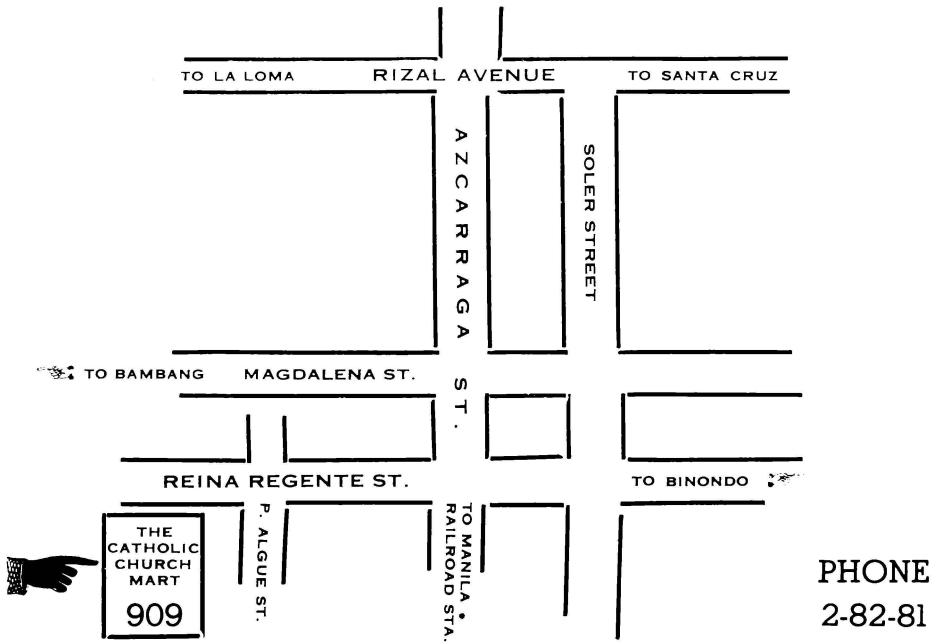
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WHERE

is

The Catholic Church Mart

A NATIONAL INSTITUTION OF SERVICE FROM BATANES TO SULU



COMPLETE

CHURCH GOODS

and

RELIGIOUS ARTICLES