

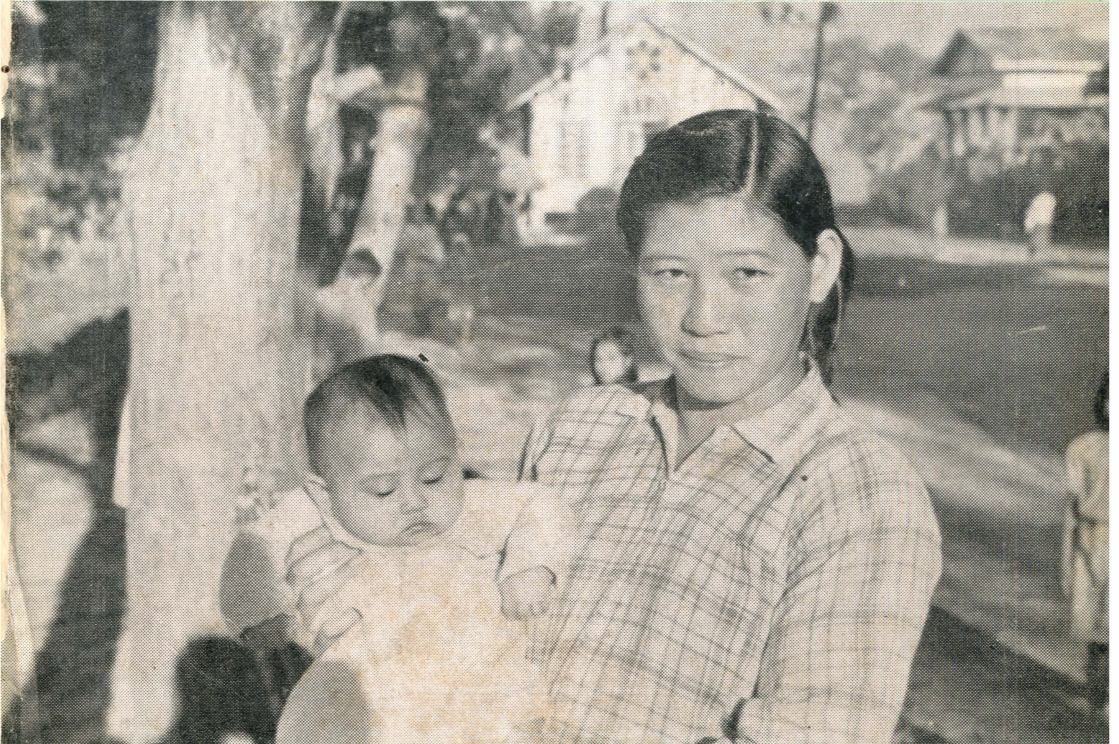
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The

LITTLE



APOSTLE

OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



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...a barrio without a catechist...what a sad plight! S. O. S.

The **LITTLE APOSTLE**

P. O. Box 55, BAGUIO, Philippines

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

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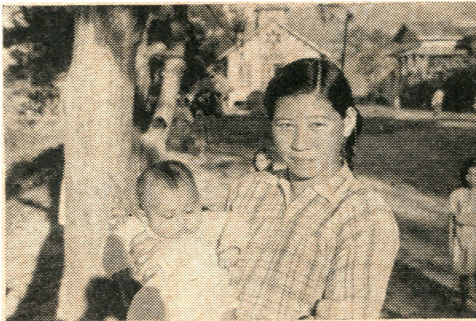
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OUR COVER



A HAPPY BENGUET MOTHER. — TY-PHOON OR SUNSHINE, RITA OF POKING (KAPANGAN) NEVER MISSES HER SUNDAY MASS. WE NEED MORE OF RITA'S TYPE. (PHOTO CHAS. AERTS)

You will perhaps,, be astonished to receive some news from far-away Salegseg, situated in the high mountains of Kalinga.

No priest had lived here before my coming and the Christians constituting my flock are descendants of the wild head-hunters who, for many years, have been the terror of the region.

It has pleased God to bless my work among them, so much so that, in the course of my stay here, five thousand of those wild people have become meek lambs who, through their simple faith, are for their pastor a source of consolation.

Still, a missionary has generally many worries. So have I mine at present.

Many pagans in my district are still to be converted. In this work the best helpers of the priest are the catechists. In past years eleven of them greatly relieved me in the task of teaching religion. Unhappily, the lack of means has forced me to reduce their number to four!

A barrio without a catechist, what a sad plight! for he it is who leads the newly converted Christians, who prepares the pagans for the reception of the sacrament of baptism, who helps the sick and assists the dying to whom he opens the gate of heaven. Wherever the priest cannot be present, the faithful catechist takes his place.

What a heartache when I think of those seven barrios where all mission work forcibly has come to a stop. Should that situation be protracted it would become a real disaster. May I ask you the help of your fervent prayers entreating Our dear Lord to help me find the means to send Catechists to those barrios that have been but too long deprived of their beneficial presence.

Rev. Victor Pil, Salegseg

TRAVEL my son, tour the globe, and you will learn much."
 "Reverend Father, these are the words spoken to me
 years ago by my aging father."

And I traveled far and near. Just recently I toured our
 own MOUNTAIN PROVINCE.

What a wonderful trip I made! My eyes drank in hungrily the
 lacework of peaks and mountain tops rising to the clouds and forming a
 gigantic palette of lovely colors splashed haphazard but divinely. Like a
 kaleidoscope of fresh wonders the scenes shifted continually before my eyes.

Peaceful valleys and villages where barefooted native urchins,
 strange and picturesque Igorot tribes with their different customs, dress
 and dances captivated my attention.

"Tell me, Reverend Father, are not those people perfectly happy
 in their natural ways?"

"No, dear Sir, they are not perfectly happy; they are not even hap-
 py. The Missionary who spends his life amongst them, who speaks with
 them, and who feels with them, will tell you that they are wretchedly un-
 happy in body and soul!"

"But Father, they seem to be very healthy and contented though.
 What prevents them from being perfectly happy?"

"Sir, The Bureau of Health is doing a splendid work with scanty
 means. But still, their bodies are underfed, diseases are rampant, and
 children die in a large proportion.

You, tourists, see them just for one night, perhaps a dozen picked
 sturdy youths dancing in the red glow of flickering pine torches. They
 smile at your cheap gifts of matches and cigarettes; but the native tribes so
 "interesting" need better gifts....

More food, more health, better dwellings and above all, more
 spiritual food for....

They have a Mind, they have a Heart, they have a Soul.



On the Baguio Market (ten years ago)

"There's one!" said the tall Anglo-Saxon tourist to the
 girl at his right. "Quick, your camera! get him."
 He had noticed a typical Bontoc youth in red G-string, coming
 in their direction.

As soon as the young native saw the big White in
 shorts, with his red hairy legs and the girl in green pants, he
 stopped..., pulled out from his side-basket a small camera...
 and—"click"—snapshotted the specimens.

It was he—not they—who told the story.

It would take a volume to describe the deep misery of paganism, of human lives under unrelieved pressure of Fallen Nature, under the spell of the infection we call, original sin.

Oh! No, do not think that they are perfectly happy.

And it is Jesus-Christ-and He only-who can make them happy. His church only brings the cure. For shall we make them happy by teaching them gambling; by opening an easy access for them to drinking; by revealing all the vices of a staggering civilization through the abuse of cinema; or by injecting them with poisonous doctrines?

In spite of all its vices and tyranny, their old paganism still keeps in honor something of the Natural Law. Are we going to suffocate this too by modern Neo-paganism?"

"Indeed no! Father, you are opening my eyes. Go on please, I want to learn more still."

"A few years ago a tourist book, published abroad, was entitled PHILIPPINE PAGANS... a sad title indeed. Thanks God the number of pagans in the Philippines is relatively small. But these few are our Brothers and Sisters."

"Enough Father. Henceforth I want to be a Christian tourist, a good Samaritan, traveling through the mountains, admiring God's marvelous creation but not closing my eyes and my heart to those who are in need of my christian charity.

I resolve every month to tour the Mountain Province-por sus montes y sus valles—by reading the LITTLE APOSTLE so that I may learn more about those wretchedly unhappy Brothers and Sisters of mine, and be to them a good Samaritan."

"God bless you, dear Sir. I wish you to open many other eye besides yours!"

Vocations to the Priesthood and to the Religious Life are due to the work of MOTHERS, who next to God sow the seeds in the heart of their sons and daughters.

MISSION INTENTION FOR OCTOBER:

(blessed by the Holy Father)

**THE GREATER SPREAD OF
MISSION NEWS BY THE PRESS.**

* * * * *

Foremost through words and **through the Press** you should try to introduce and to develop amongst your people the habit of praying the **MASTER OF THE HARVEST TO SEND LABORERS INTO HIS FIELD** and not less of praying that the pagans may receive the light of faith, and all heavenly graces.

Pius XI Rerum Ecclesiae.

The Bishop . . . Jots It Down

Scarcely back from my annual retreat, I found the first number of THE LITTLE APOSTLE on my desk. I had hardly cast a look at it when Father Carlos Desmet, the valiant parish priest at La Trinidad, came in and said, "Monseigneur, may I ask priority on your agenda? Father Gil Huenaerts just came back from Atok and brought the good news that the new school and chapel are finished, and ready to be blessed. The new Christians, too, are awaiting for Confirmation. Could it possibly be for August 25th? . . . The weatherman announces the coming of a new typhoon towards the Philippines, and You know that Atok, at an altitude of 1700 meters and 41 kilometers distance from Baguio with poor communications, is a very risky place to go to during a typhoon. Several Fathers have been marooned there before for days, and had no other way than to hike back to Baguio, following the mountain tops."

My own love for the place and for its faithful people, who were in my charge during the dark days of Japanese Occupation, made it impossible for me to say "NO". After all, was the weather not the Lord's Weather? So I made it short, and said, "Well, let us try, and notify the people that Wednesday afternoon, rain or sunshine, we will come to Atok." And the "Weatherman from above" gave us His full cooperation. The typhoon drew away from the Philippines; I went to Trinidad Convent to fetch Father Carlos in my jeep. At 4:00 p.m. we reached Atok, where Father Gil Huenaerts in charge of that barrio, had gone a-

head to notify the people of the coming of their Bishop, and to gather all the new converts for Confirmation. At once I caught sight of the building and was so impressed that I shouted "MAGNIFICENT!" A nice chapel, two big classrooms with an adjacent sacristy; and a living room for the Father-in-charge. Our skilled Brother Henry had made the plan; and the not less skillful Father Gil had supervised his four carpenters, during the last four months, making sometimes two trips a week, to be sure that all was being built "according to plan." Now, look at the picture! (pg. 11) What a contrast to what stood there after the bombings of 1945. Since 1946 our school—there was no real church, since we thought the school more necessary than the chapel—was made of canvas, and that in a place where we have a rainy season of eight months a year. It was a "corral" rather than a school, still less a chapel.

The following morning, even before day-break, the first Christians, most of them who were to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation, were arriving for confession, from the farthest barrio, deep in the valleys. Imagine my joy to find back my old Christians who had shared with me all the rigors of the Japanese occupation garrisons ever suspicious of my travels. Many of them lost their lives a few weeks before the liberation. Many of them, even women, were "liquidated" without trial or investigation.

The number of Christians is still relatively small at Atok Central. There may be some four hundred,

though poor themselves, who contributed whatever they could to make their dream of a new church and a Catholic School come true. In spite of the drizzle, almost all of them assisted at Holy Mass, attended the ceremony of Confirmation and then partook of a lunch which was offered to everyone without exception. Our good Ibaloy Igorots know how to send their guests home fully satisfied. There were many speeches, all masterpieces of feelings delicately expressed in a sauce of native politeness so very charming to one who knows their good hearts. No rain could make them stop.

But it was getting late, and I left

with despondent feelings. There was a church, a school, but NO TEACHERS' QUARTERS. Two teachers have to live in very poor rooms. Father Gil spent his last centavo that Our Lord may have a fitting abode and the children a decent school, worthy of recognition from the Bureau of Private Schools. The teachers are less fortunate than their pupils, and I must find ways and means to help them. Where?

+ W. Brasseur

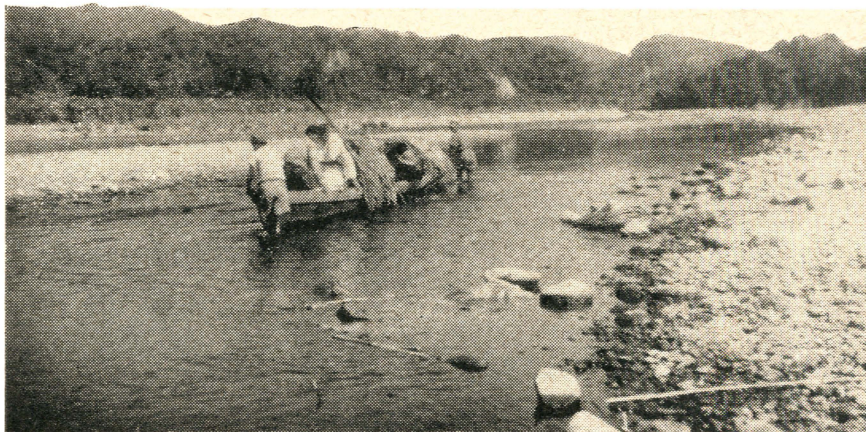
Fiesta in Apayao

by Rev. Father Andres Vandaele

APAYAO — the mere mention of the name makes me shudder and tremble at the thought that one would someday have to visit the place or be sent there as a missionary.

It is true Apayao is not wanting in picturesque scenery. God has literally endowed it with nature all aglow in its pristine beauty. Rivers, glimmering in the moonlight as if countless tiny stars had been strewn on

BISHOP ON THE APAYAO RIVER (PHOTO A. VANDAELE)



them, wind their way towards the horizon, seemingly towards the land of heart's desire. Mountains towering like light-houses above the little huts surrounded by tobacco and rice fields, give the sense of peace and rest. But then, it is equally true that Apayao is a malaria to which many Isnegs succumb yearly. It is so isolated that it can be reached only after days of laborious travel. Intercourse with the busy, modern world is difficult.

Nevertheless, our dear Bishop did not recoil at the thought of going to Apayao. We are his far away children, yet we were one of the first to receive his visit. At the appointed date, His Excellency came to this distant corner of the Montanosa to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation. It took his horse a day to travel from Ripang to Kabugao, the capital of Apayao.

A last glimpse around...everything is set around and in order. Everyone in town is prepared to give a hearty welcome to the distinguished dignitary.

Suddenly, a shot is heard from a distance. A warning signal! He is coming! School-children line up. The people gaily attired in their colorful native costumes, come running down the road, while the officials descend to the river bank. From hundreds of lusty throats a jubilant welcome song bursts forth. The sound rises and falls as the wind wafts it away. Now it seems to disappear in-between the bushes, then the very stones seem to re-echo it, and then again it seems to be carried away by the wavelets of the river.

Keen eyes finally discern the awaited guest's form crossing the last river which separates him from Kabugao. With renewed fervor, the

song is once again taken up—this time more triumphantly than ever as eager eyes follow the movements of the Bishop. He is seen jumping off from his saddle like a knight of old. In one sudden movement, the whole crowd rushes towards him to kiss his hand. Amidst the babel of voices, words of welcome are addressed to him.

The throng pushes forward excitedly encircling the Bishop. Some bold ones come close to him to study his features better. Some who have gone ahead once in a while look back as if to make sure that Apo Obispo was behind.

The way is decorated with beautiful arches, tastefully garlanded, bearing "welcome" posters,—tokens of the love and respect the people have for Monsignor.

The whole crowd escorts him first to the convento, which today has also put on its Sunday best. After taking a little refreshment, the Bishop still followed by the people proceeds next to the Church. The building is soon filled with a motley crowd, milling about excitedly, unconsciously lending color to the whole scene by their multi-colored costumes.

Monsignor, in his purple garments, threads his way through the seething assembly, blessing everyone as he goes along. On the altar steps he kneels and prays. Hymns are sung, then silence reigns as everyone listens to the consoling and ennobling words of our dear Bishop.

The two following days, the confirmation days, are very busy ones.

Being well informed about the arrival of the Bishop, the Isnegs, come from all places with children tied on their backs to see the Apo Bishop. No distance can keep them away. Some have walked for two



TWO ISNEG GIRLS IN TYPICAL NATIVE DRESS

PHOTO VANDENBERGH

days to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation which will make them soldiers of Christ. They come in great numbers, leaving behind them their work in the fields and their homes for a couple of days. Now, more than ever, they are interested in the truth and no sacrifice is too great for them as long as it means acquiring the true light of faith and receiving all the graces that come with the belief in it. Eagerly, they come trooping into the mission chapel which for them is the sum total of all the happiness the world could ever give.

Confirmation is about to start. The chapel doors are closed. Despite the open windows, the heat within is oppressive. The people

are packed in so tightly that there is almost no room even for a ten-centavo piece to squeeze in. Children slip from their mothers' hips and start a chorus of crying. The bigger ones manage somehow to crawl and push their way inch by inch as they search for the familiar faces of their godfathers and godmothers. Mopping their wet brows, the adults, who know more about Confirmation, wait impatiently for the ceremony to begin. The place resembles a beehive with everyone turning and moving about the queen, who is Monsignor, the minister of Confirmation.

After some semblance of order has been established, Monsignor goes through the rows. To everyone, a

little slap, and so the graces of strength are distributed upon frail human beings.

Then the chapel doors are thrown open to let out those within and to let in those waiting without. Four times the ceremonies are performed, always with Monsignor assuming the principal role, but each time to a different audience.

During these days, there is much hustle around the convent of Kabugao. Gaiety, brotherliness, and peace are seen on the faces of the Isnegs because they have seen Apo Obispo and have received Confirmation.

Now the time to return to their barrio and daily life comes. But this time, they go home strengthened in faith and resolved to return more often to the mission chapel to learn more about their religion, and to live as children of the Church; hence, as children of God.

As all other happy days, these also have come to an end. Only too soon, Monsignor must go. He has come by horse, but he goes back a passenger on an Apayao banca. The officials of the town deem it an honor to escort him to the bank of the river.

The morning sun shines over Apayao. We kneel to receive the last blessing. The rowers pull out their boat into the deep. The oars cut into the small waves. We wish him a happy trip and the sound of our last farewell cries break the silence of the beautiful morning!

The sun rises little and spreads its rays over Apayao. We return home hoping and praying that with the help of our relatives, friends, and benefactors the sun of faith and light may shine more over the good people, the Isnegs.

AN APPEAL

MADUCAYAN (Bontoc)

Maducayan is a promising mission center. Thanks to the medicine they receive, especially Atabrine and Santonine, the belief in the "anitos" has lost its hold on the inhabitants.

The wife of James Wandag writes: "I wish to tell you that I began my Rosary prayer classes three weeks ago in the barrio of Amalac only.

The children and most of the parents are very much interested. I have more than thirty attendants every evening. Some of them are ready for baptism. The hardship is, Father, that I have neither rosary nor English prayer book. The children learn more easily in English than in Ilocano. They can hardly understand the Ilocano prayer. Please, send those things I need for my class."

The Father adds, "Really, I have no rosaries, no prayerbooks to give.

Who would help me secure them, as well as a typewriter so badly needed in our school? . . . Who?

Rev. Father J. De Witte

"...There are probably more martyrs for the Faith in any one week since World War II in Eastern Europe than in any fifty years during the Roman persecution."

Fulton Sheen

THE RUINS COME TO LIFE PHOTO GIL.



ATOK STANDS AGAIN

by
Father
CARLOS DESMET

La Trinidad Mission was assigned to me on January 7, 1949. When I arrived I looked over the mission and found many encouraging things. The spiritual life of the flock entrusted to me was in a flourishing condition, but the material side of the mission showed all the ravages of the recent war, all the scars and wounds received during the time of liberation and immediately after.

Father Gil, my young assistant, was not at home. He had gone to the barrio of Bassil-Tublay looking after the new building we were putting up there. So I entered my future home alone. Soon I came to know what the good people of La Trinidad and barrios had done for the priests.

BASSIL-TUBLAY

Good people, those of Bassil-Tublay and of the neighboring sitios! Whenever the Father visited there, he met the people after evening rosary and confessions in a small room, which had to serve also as the sacristy. The room was too small for the growing community and something had to be done, for the poor people were most uncomfortable in the room. Then a delegation was sent to the rectory at La Trinidad. "Father we have decided to build a two-story building. The upper story will be your room and the ground floor will serve for our community meetings."

This was in May 1948. By the end of the rainy season most of the materials were ready and the whole population helped with the work. Some leveled the place for the house, others planed the timber and cut it to measurement, so that by the end of January the upper room was ready for the Father's visit, and then served as a suitable place for the visiting Fathers who came for the patronal feast of Our Lady of Lourdes.—More time was needed to complete the ground floor but after a few more weeks it too was finished into a spacious room, nine meters by seven meters. This serves both for the community meetings and for the small children who are too young to climb up and down the hills to the nearest school, four kilometers away. The generosity of the people was reward-

ed by this two grade school.

TUMAY-TACKIAN

The school of Tumay, in the barrio of Tackian, now called for my attention. This school had been established twenty-five years ago by Reverend Father Morice De Brabandere, and the exemplary Christians of this mission attest to the value of the school. During the war it was entirely destroyed by bombs and shelling. The brave people set at once to work to rebuild it, knowing now the full value of a school. They had nothing but odds and ends and whatever they could find to put up a temporary building. Canvass was used for the frame, but canvass, not meant for building, is none too strong. . . . Soon huge holes were made; they let a free passage not only to the strong winds and heavy rains, but also to whomsoever might have liked to have a share in the school's properties. . . . A stronger wooden wall was necessary, and the parents gave all that had to erect this wall. It made the schoolbuilding a better looking sight.

ATOK

Our greatest task, however, in the past months, has been the reconstruction of the mission chapel at Atok. Before the war, this mission was a very pleasing sight to meet the mountain traveller along the trail to Bontoc. Both the church and school were leveled to the ground by the war. —His Excellency, Bishop Brasseur, dedicated this mission of Atok to Saint John Bosco when he was pastor at Kapangan. So we put our confidence in this great, cheerful friend of catholic youth to help us rebuild his mission.

In the meantime, both divine services and classes were held in a makeshift building, but, after three full years of service, it began to collapse.

Through the generosity of the EXTENSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA and of the CATHOLIC WOMEN OF MILWAUKEE in the United States, we were able to begin constructing the new church. It will be dedicated to Saint Gertrude. But not to be outdone by American generosity, the people of Atok wished to add to the cost and they furnished the posts for the support of the building.



On April 4, we broke the first sod, and now after these past three months and a half we rejoice to see that a new and even better chapel has arisen from the old ruins. Atok chapel stands again! A beautiful chapel that may henceforth be among the Christians and pagans of Atok, the abode of God, and, for all of them alike, the gate of heaven.

We know that without the help of Saint John Bosco and of the American donations we could not have done it. However, it was not enough to build the school. . . Saint John Bosco, who was instrumental in granting the donations, brought the children of his own school into the church, and. . . he will have to 'rent' the place for classrooms until more money comes in. Then we hope to erect a schoolbuilding and a rectory for the priest.

The number of Christians in Atok district is increasing daily. Many live in almost inaccessible places, but we hope that in the near future a resident missionary priest will stay among them to take more effectively care of both their spiritual and material needs.

We are grateful to God for allowing us to rebuild all over again in La Trinidad. Three times every Sunday the little church is filled to overflowing. And whenever we visit the surrounding mission stations the people come in large numbers to hear Mass and to receive the Sacraments.

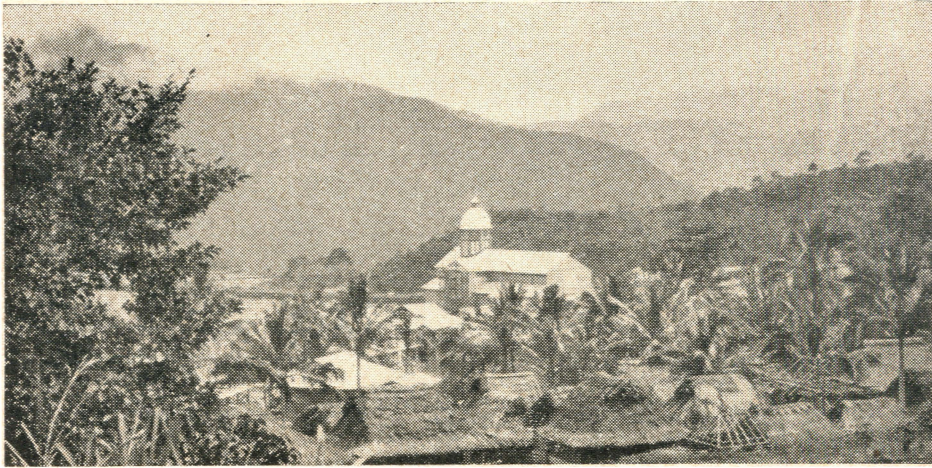
So, though we were flattened by the war, and things looked hopeless for a time, we are able to rise again and help greater numbers on the road to God.

A BENGUET LILY.

PHOTO GIL

MEET OUR MISSIONS AND OUR FATHERS

(continued from last issue)



FORMER ST. PETER'S CHURCH—LUBUAGAN.—: „I WILL RISE“

BAUKO

At Bauko, Father Morice Vanoverbergh took over the vacant place of Father Gaston De Clercq. Father De Clercq died from hardships and privations of the war. He went to God on August 13, 1945.

Father Vanoverbergh is living in very primitive quarters but, real missionary that he is, he has plans ready for a new church and will begin it after the rainy season is over. The mission flourishes as never before!

Bauko has 26 subscriptions to The Little Apostle! Thanks... and congratulations... Bauko!

KAYAN

Kayan's concrete church, built in 1941, (see picture on page 24) is a total wreck. How long shall it wait before it may rise from its ruins?

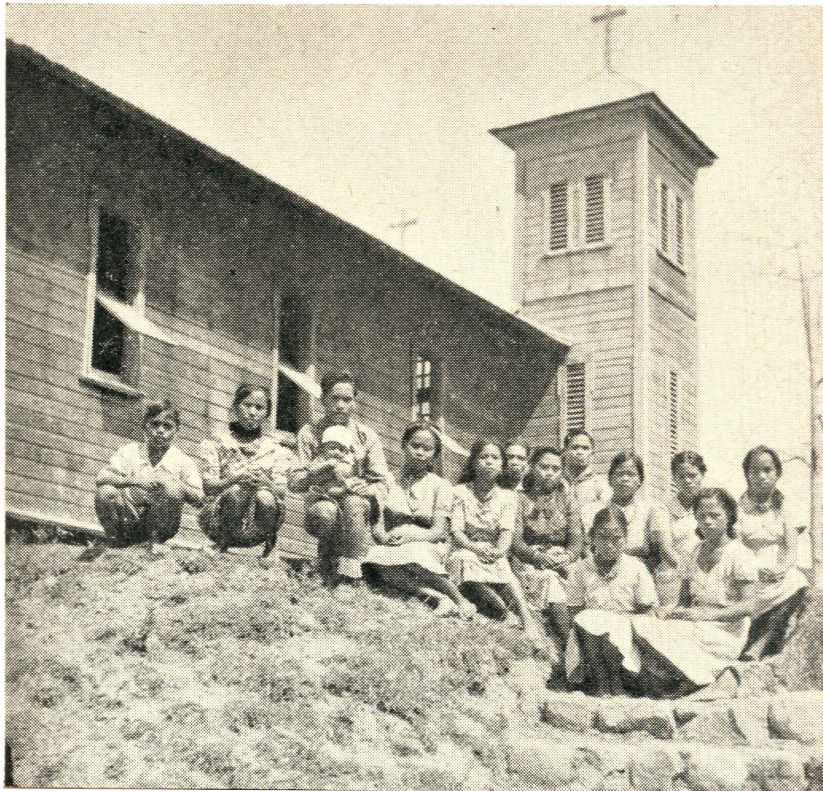
KALINGA—LUBUAGAN

Sixty eight kilometers North of Bontoc lies the splendid mission of Lubuagan. It has been founded in 1925 by its actual pastor, Rev. Father Francisco Billiet (*in the Philippines since 1911*). There stood the beautiful church, as the center and heart of Kalingaland, the convento, the dormitories and the study-halls for a large group of native students, attending the famous Saint Theresa's High School, which has now hundreds of ex-students spread all over the country.

All these buildings with the exception of the schoolquarters and Sisters' convent were bombed and burnt to the ground. But "RESURGAM"—"I WILL RISE"!—is the courageous motto of Lubuagan. St. Peter's Church will soon be rebuilt, a landmark among the mountains of Kalinga.

Farther North are two other Kalinga missions. They escaped almost untouched from the war. The mission of SALEGSEG, with its valiant Father Victor Pil (*read his S.O. S. on page 3*), and the mission of NANENG with Father Leo Lindemans as pastor since more than twenty years. These two missions stand at the treshold of a still brighter future, having both a *junior* catholic high school. So the whole Kalinga sub-province is blessed with three catholic high schools where the young generation of the Kalingas eagerly come to learn, together with the best essentials of Filipino citizenship, the principles of christian faith and morals.

SALEGSEG MISSION CHURCH
(PHOTO A. DEPRE)



APAYAO

The two pre-war missions of RIPANG and KABUGAO were happily saved from damage. They are trying their best to offer to the widely dispersed Apayao Igorots (*the Isnegs*), scattered all over the forests of the sub-province, the blessings of our Catholic Faith and Redemption.

Far to the North, in the plain of northern Apayao, immigrants are penetrating now in large number to settle on its fertile soil, in a most favorable climate. Therefore, the old Dominican Mission of Futtul, with its more than 200 years old massive church still standing in a forest of luxuriant vegetation, has been revived, with church, convent and high school.

Indeed our missionaries, guided by their zealous superiors, are not sleeping, are they?

(to be continued)

more catechists

"VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS"

by Rev. Father MAURICE DE
BRABANDERE

The missionary of the Mt. Province there is scarcely anything or anybody more indispensable in his work for souls than a catechist. And what is a catechist? The catechist is to the missionary what the lieutenant is to the captain. He is the mouth that transmits, the legs that carry out the dictates of the brain and heart that is the missionary. He is another John the Baptist, a precursor preparing the people for the priest's coming. He is one of the seventy two disciples sent to announce that the Kingdom of God is at hand.

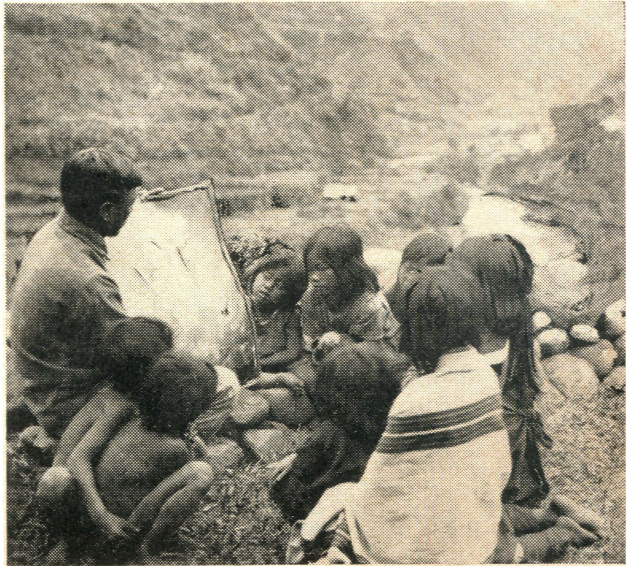
A missionary leaving his country for the mission is ready, as St. Paul, the Great Apostle, to be a "Jew with the Jews, a Gentile with the Gentiles, and all to all". But this demands varied and painful readjustments on his part—readjustments that cannot be effected in a few weeks or months, and which often have a telling result on health and constitution. The first missionaries to pagan countries lived only a few years at their work. Three years was the average in the torrid heat of the Belgian Congo and in the cold barrens of Mongolia. Gradually, however, conditions have

improved till today there are not a few veterans who can boast of fifty golden years of active service in the Lord's vineyard without benefit of a vacation for physical recuperation in their homeland. These can well look back to those first years of orientation through which all missionaries must pass.

The new climate can be a problem; the learning of the dialects difficult and slow. Native customs always seem queer; and food is quite often a mortifying necessity. The missionary finds himself in practically another sphere where he is a stranger to the people, and the people strangers to him. They talk strange words and think strange thoughts. They run at his approach, fearing to be misunderstood as in the past they had had reason to. It seems to him that all the treasures of knowledge he has accumulated during long years of study cannot be communicated to those for whom they had been meant.

But if he is to be an apostle he cannot just wait and keep silent. He must learn as quickly as possible how to be a "good mixer", and adapt himself to the native's ways of thought

and action. Even so, the work for souls cannot wait. And it is here where the catechist steps in. For him the entire Philippines is his home. The people regard him as one of them, and by whom they are more readily approached. It is clear therefore, that if a catechist is to exert a desirable influence he must first of all be a pious, practical catholic, well-versed in christian doctrine and in ways to impart it. His methods must be clear and simple as to be within the grasp of even the un-schooled. His character must be such that will attract the sympathy and the respect of those among whom he works.



THAT'S THE WORK OF A CATECHIST.

The catechist prepares the people of the village for the priest's coming, dispelling clouds of fear and distrust, explaining the good intentions of the missionary. He acquaints himself as much as possible, not only with the families but also with the individuals. Gradually he brings them to the knowledge of Christian morals, cutting the ties that bind them to their pagan ways. He encourages them in their difficulties, answers patiently even the silliest questions, helps them in their doubts, and consoles them in their griefs. The catechist who takes his work at heart soon becomes one of the people of the village, and is always invited to take part in all their rejoicings and mournings.

(to be continued)



ON TERMS

A young seminarian home for a short vacation meets an honest old farmer on one of his tours about the village.

Farmer: "Good morning, Reverend Father."

Seminarian: "Good morning, but...I am not yet a priest!"

Farmer: I see... You must be a seminary.

Offerings for Masses and the many needs of the Missions are gladly accepted and disposed of according to the wishes of the donor.



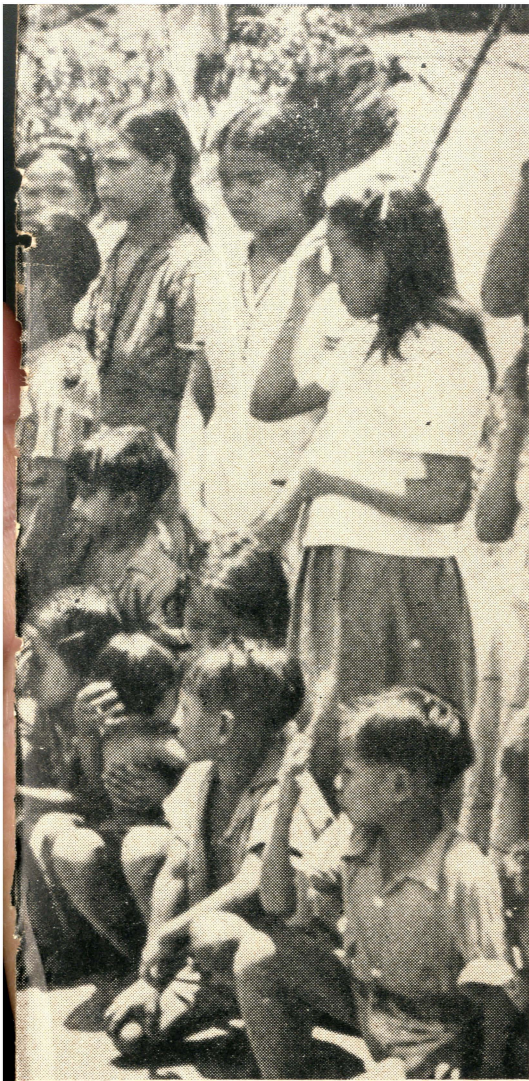
OCTOBER 23
PRAY...
CONTRIBUTE

THE MISSION

"It is to the missionary spirit that is born on Mission Sunday that we look for the reason for which the immensity of the mission demands in prayer and sacrifice for the mission the active membership of every Catholic in the PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, which is the mission aid..."

"We cordially impart to the directors, benefactors of the society, our paternal love"

JOIN THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH



(PHOTO J. AUGUSTYNS)

ERS' DAY

of the prayerful celebration of
 adiness to make those sacrifices
 y problem calls. That solidarity
 can be achieved through the
 THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRO-
 e chief channel of the Church's

o-operators, members, and be-
 apostolic Benediction."

—PIUS XII

N OF THE FAITH



POPE PIUS XII

Christ's missionary army is not an army of conscripts. It is an army of divinely inspired volunteers—Priests, Brothers and Sisters, backed up by volunteers of prayer and almsgiving.

If you cannot be a VOLUNTEER OF SELF in Christ's missionary army, do not refuse to be a VOLUNTEER OF PRAYER AND ALMSGIVING. Be a member of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith and say daily one Our Father, one Hail Mary and the invocation "Saint Francis Xavier pray for us."

MISSION SUNDAY

THE ARM THAT HAS BAPTIZED MILLIONS OF PAGANS...

The Apostolic Work of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, whose great personification is the Apostle of the Orient, St. Francis Xavier, was hailed in the Philippines during the past weeks. St. Francis' right arm, since its arrival to Manila, Aug. 17, gathered thousands of people to every place it visited. The Parish-churches of S. Miguel (Pro-Cathedral), Quiapo, Sta. Teresita Q.C., Sta. Clara Pasay, Tondo, Pasig, Smo. Rosario, Calocan, Malabon S. Bartolome and Concepcion, overflowed several times beyond their capacity, for the veneration of the Holy Relic. Preferentially, the Hospitals and Cloistered Nuns were visited. On Sunday, Aug. 21, H. E. Mgr. Santos, Auxiliary Bishop, said the Communion Mass in the Campus of U.S.T. and in the afternoon the H. Relic was triumphally carried in a Procession from S. Miguel to S. Sebastian, with H.E.Mgr. Vagnozzi, the Apostolic Delegate, Bishop Olano and Bishop R. Santos, Authorities of Philippine Government, Spanish Ambassador and representatives of the Catholic Organizations joining in the Procession.

At the request of the Apostolic Delegate, the Holy Relic was brought to the Southern Islands next day. The Most Rev. James Hayes, S.J., Bishop of CAGAYAN, with the Ateneo cadets, the K. of C., the APF. and the PC. and a large crowd were present at the airport, Aug. 22nd. at 1:00 p.m. Veneration of the Relic was held in the Cathedral and in the large auditorium of the Ateneo.—Tuesday afternoon, from the airport at DAVAO, the H. Relic, accompanied by hundreds of cars, was

carried in the Mayor's limosine. In the absence of H.E. Bishop Del Rosario, S.J., who was making a pastoral visitation in Cotabato' the Rector of the Ateneo R. Fr. Daigler and Frs. Missionaries of Quebec received the Relic and exposed it in S. Peter's Church. Thousands of people venerated the Relic.—Wednesday, the Relic entered the City of CEBU at 3:00 p.m., surrounded by thousands of catholics from the whole Province, and was exposed in the Pro-Cathedral of Smo. Rosario. Officiating at the Te Deum was His Grace Mgr. Reyes, Archbishop. The University of S. Carlos, Colegio de S. Jose, S. Theresa Coll. and other Institutions took part in the program.—Thursday, at 4:45 p.m. the plane landed in Zamboanga. Guard of honor: Major Jaldon, Hon. Suarez, Hon. Villalobos, City Fiscal and other personalities. Rev. Fr. Paguia, Rector of the Ateneo received St. Francis arm and Rev. Fr. Cervini, Superior, exposed it in the Church of Na. Sa. del Pilar. The people visited the Relic till midnight. Solemn high Mass with countless numbers of communions the next morning.—Friday afternoon the H. Relic was venerated in the Cathedral of BACOLOD, after the welcome and incense offered by H.E. Mgr. Lladoc, Bishop. The crowd, from 1:30 to 3:30 p.m. packed the entire church in spite of the two inevitable changes of the time of arrival of the Relic. The day before the pilgrims had come from the very far away parts of the province in large numbers. At 4:30 of the same afternoon the Mandurriao airport of ILOILO had the aspect of a great festival.

The Relic was presented to Mgr. Castro, Vicar General and carried in a decorated car. Because of the rain, the nearest church was used, the Bishop's Palace chapel in Jaro, where H.E. Mgr. Cuenco, convalescent from an operation, venerated the St. Francis arm. Then it was exposed in the Cathedral during the whole night, with Parishes visiting by turns. Decorations, lights, fireworks, music and other demonstrations of joy were carefully prepared by committees. —Saturday morning at 9:25 we

left Iloilo and from the airport of Manila the Relic was brought, at 11:30 a.m., to the Carmel of Lipa. At 10:30 p.m. Fr. Pfister, S.J. left the Philippines with the Relic for U.S.A. and Rome. This quasipersonal visit of St. Francis was a great mercy of God to our country; it outspread new lights of the Gospel and secured the peace in the Orient.

JOSE M. SIGUION, S.J.

National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

... "Young Francis Xavier was a son of a wealthy family. He was educated in the University of Paris, then known throughout the world as one of the best. Yet this young man left the wealth and luxury of his home and applied his intellect to God's service; he found courage to face the unknown mission fields of India and Japan. Probably no other man since the days of Saint Paul won so many souls for Christ as did this dauntless soldier of the Lord.

Despite the lapse of nearly four centuries Christians of Goa, Travancore, Malacca, Ceylon, Mailapur, Japan and the Islands of the Malay Archipelago still thrill at his name. This man who could have had wealth and a life of ease and comfort, died on a distant shore, in the shelter of a palm-thatched hut with no companion but a faithful Chinaman..." (from the Graduation Speech of Mr. Fr. Joaquin K.S.S., Holy Family College, 1949.)



FIRST INITIATION INTO THE TREASURES OF THE ROSARY... (PHOTO CHAS. AERTS)

REMEMBER:

October is the Month
of the
HOLY ROSARY
Pray the Rosary in the
FAMILY CIRCLE

"The family that prays together....stays together."

(Dramatic Slogan of Father Patrick Peyton's *The Family Theatre*)

**Share your faith...by aiding
the
Missions of the Catholic Church**

Generous souls are needed—VOLUNTEERS OF PRAYER AND ALMS-GIVING—to support those unselfish heroes of Christ—the MISSIONERS

by Catalino Badang

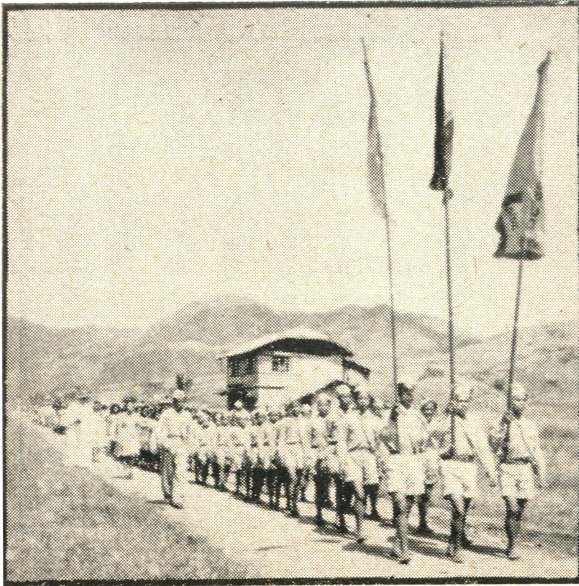
The Salegseg Mission comprises that rugged but splendid region surrounded by the municipal district of Tabuk to the East; the subprovince of Apayao to the North; the province of Abra to the West; and the municipal district of Lubuagan to the South. It extends over an area of 15 square miles, more or less.

The main settlements in the mission district are found along the banks of the Saltan and Mabaca Rivers. There are numerous small villages somewhat hidden in the nooks along the mountain ranges, which are generally impossible to reach on horse-back. As a whole, the view of the country, from the National Road going to Abra, offers a picturesque and stirring sight.

On closer scrutiny, however, our zealous visitor will find that in every pagan home, be it accessible by road or not, there are some fervent christians—newly-recruited from the pagan ranks—who are struggling to keep the feeble light of faith burning in the midst of every serious obstacles from a pagan invironment, therefore the missionary has to make frequent contacts with the converts in their homes so that the precious seed that has been sown may not be chokked among the thistles.

Thus, it is not surprising to encounter the tireless missionary any hour of the day, not excluding, the night laboriously climbing a steep grade, or descending, if not literally rolling down a slippery slope, hurrying to the aid of a dying christian. Of course, death does not necessarily occur everyday in this limited area, so that the administration of the Last Sacraments is no daily occupation of our priests. Yet it is a fact that our missionaries are overwhelmed with work, that their burden is heavy, and their tasks painstakingly delicate. For not seldom has the missionary to act the varied role of teacher, doctor, and judge. Yet is it not the Missionary himself a human being subject to fatigue and other physical ills? Certainly, and that brings about the need for many more Catechists in the missions. These in turn become the laborers in the Lord's Vineyard. They are the "LITTLE APOSTLES."

And you who have your own appointed duty to fulfil, who can not JOIN THE ARMY OF MISSIONARIES AND CATECHISTS; subscribe to the LITTLE APOSTLE of the MOUNTAIN PROVINCE and read something about our less fortunate people of our own dear LAND OF THE MORNING.



BANAUE SCHOOL...MARCHING ON...

BANAUE (Ifugao) SWARM OF CHILDREN!

Our schoolbuilding being too small, our little ones are housed in the girls' dormitory. Seeing the ever-increasing swarm of children on the playground I feel bound to complete the reconstruction of the church (for which P10,000 are necessary.)

We have now in our dormitory 50 boys to whom we can do much good, but it costs the mission one cavan of rice a week. We ask ourselves anxiously if we shall be able to provide their needs steadily. Fish or meat we cannot afford to give them anymore, except on some rare occasions. We plan to have the boys raise rabbits as industrial work!!! This would help us partly to solve our problem.

How I wish we had a study hall and a dormitory where the boys could be at ease! Five thousand pesos

SHORT ECHOES... FROM THE FIELD.

would turn our wish into reality! When their education will have been completed, these boys shall not fail to constitute the link between the far-off barrios and the missionary.

What is really consoling is the good spirit that characterizes our boys and girls at school: the real christian spirit, a spirit of faith and self-denial.

We have now 348 children enrolled in our elementary grades. They have come here from all parts of the mission, nearly all by themselves, without campaign on our

part: an undeniable sign that our school gives satisfaction. Some of them have come from far-distant barrios where we have not gone as yet: Ayanga, Obuag, etc. As it is our duty to extend our missionary action to those barrios as soon as circumstances will allow, we shall be able to rely on these children as "kernel".

Looking upon religious instruction as the education of the "whole" man, I take it upon myself to teach the catechism to our grades 6, 5, and 3, in the last of which the teaching is done in Ifugao.

Rev. Louis De Boeck

= ● ● ● =

"When I am overwhelmed with work, and know not where to begin, the first thing I do is to kneel down and make half an hour's prayer."

Father de Ravignan

Our Lord Never Forgets



KAYAN CHURCH (1941)
WHAT A PITY ONLY RUINS REMAIN

How many of us remember the beautiful story of the visit of Our Lord to the home of Simon, the Leper, as Saint Matthew tells it in his gospel? Our Lord was reclining at the table, with Simon His host and the other guests that had been invited to the feast. And, in the midst of the feast a woman came in, uninvited. At once she began to anoint the head of Our Lord, as He reclined, with ointment that she poured from a lovely alabaster vase, in her hand. It was precious and very costly ointment, but she poured it lavishly over His Head and the fragrant odor spread through the house.

Now, some of His disciples who were with Him began to be indignant at this and said that it was more fitting that the ointment should not be wasted in this way but rather sold for a big price and the money given to the poor.

But, Our Lord did not agree and said: "Why do you trouble the woman? She has done a good turn, for the poor you have always with you, but you do not always have Me

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..... Amen, I say to you, wherever in the whole world this gospel is preached, this also that she has done shall be told in memory of her."

The last few words of Our Lord are the ones that this story is meant to leave with you. In the above incident He shows how much He appreciates what is done for Him or for the Church. Even the smallest act. The bathing of His head was not a very great thing, but it was the sacrifice that Mary Magdalen made when she poured out her precious ointment. He tells those about Him that she will be remembered forever.

That is the way it is still with Our Lord. The smallest thing that we do for Him is recorded in His great Heart. He does not forget.

In the new church at KAYAN, your name too will be remembered—by a memento in the back of the church—if you will help now to re-

build it. You know how badly damaged it has been and a new church must be rebuilt. Your friends too will see how you have helped and will want to do the same. What an honor! To be always remembered by the many people who will go to this church!

But, more important still, are the daily masses that will be said there and in which your name and those of your family will be sent up to God, by the priest as he stands at the altar. Long after you have forgotten that you have given some help to the new church of Kayan, your name will be mentioned in the mass. The future does not look too bright and none of us knows what may befall us, but this we know, that at the altar of God in the church, which you have helped rebuild, your name will be mentioned by the grateful priests and the blessing of God will fall upon you.

Rev. Father H. Geeroms

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Imps Turned Angels!

A BEWILDERED young nun stood in front of her half-deserted classroom in one of the far off mission schools. Most of her pupils are pagans who for the first time to be taught discipline. For a moment she closed her tired eyes, strained perhaps from darting from one side of the room to the other, trying to identify the agile brown legs that flashed in and out of the windows. The performance had fascinated her at first. Why, it was almost like watching the circus. However, the constant repetition of this jumping act, had worn off whatever fascination it might have had before.

Closed doors were of no avail to keep her pupils in their seats. The open windows served just as well, if not better, than an open door for them. Besides, they found jumping more exciting than walking, and running out in the open more interesting than the fact that two and two make four.

Half the morning had been a series of interrupted lessons, as she strode out determined to round up the truants. Invariably, she found them hiding under a low platform just outside her room.

Well, she thought, patiently, it is time once again to go around like a policeman on his beat. She knew where to go. . . oh, yes, there they were! Bright eyes gleamed in the dark. With all the sternness she could possibly muster, she delivered her ultimatum.

"Since you prefer to stay there, I give you the full permission to remain under this platform until classes are over. If I see anyone crawling out, well. . ."

She turned away nonchalantly, just as if the whole incident were part of the day's routine. She was aware of the unnatural silence that suddenly ensued both from the room and from under the platform. This time her pupils knew that she was in earnest, and they sensed that they had so tried her patience to the utmost that she would without hesitation carry out her threat.

Back to her desk, she surveyed her pacified class. Aha. . . some of her imps were not under the platform after all. They must have hidden somewhere else, and come in quietly through the windows, she thought. There was the "headman" of the group, Antonio, looking up at her as if he were expecting something.

Sending up a swift shaft of a prayer, she gave him a severe reprimand. English was for the moment done away with. He simply had to be made to understand that he was displeasing God by leading others to behave in such a naughty way.

The reprimand, supported by the prayer, worked. The rest of the time was the "calm after the storm." The next lesson proceeded without further interruption. The teacher could even turn her back and write on the blackboard without hearing the slightest sound. After a moment, however, she began to feel uneasy. The silence was too profound to bode any

good. Suspecting that something might again be afoot she turned around. What she saw made her wheel about quickly to hide a broad smile. The morning's exertion, the reprimand, and the effort to keep still were too much for the leader of her little "imps". Antonio was fast asleep. With him slumbering peacefully, the rest of the class were willing to pay attention to Mother.

Our tale does not end there. This same young nun writes that her boys have become little angels. Antonio, her ex-imp and ex-acrobat, is now her right hand in keeping discipline. She does not even have to raise her voice anymore to scold anyone, for before she can do it, her assistant has done the work for her.

To illustrate how much her class has improved, she recounts how little stories keep everyone spell-bound in their seats.

Once she told the story of Rev. Mother M. Louise, the Foundress of the Congregation. She emphasized the great love this Mother had for children especially for the poor ones of the Mountain Province. At the end, the teacher promised to show them a picture of this Mother now watching over them from Heaven.

The next day found her without the picture. One little boy, unable to contain himself any longer finally questioned, "Mother where is the picture you promised to show us?" Her little charges had kept everything in their receptive hearts.

When the picture was finally shown them, they could not contain their enthusiasm. They scrutinized it from every angle possible, and when they were satisfied each one had a question to ask.

"Did she really come here because she loved us?", "In heaven, is she still looking down at us?" "Does she ask God many good things for us?" "Did she send you to us to teach us about Jesus?"

Oh yes, this young missionary loves her pupils. From us, she asks prayers that soon many of these who still live in darkness may see the brightness of the Light.

• • •





*The little sunflower, blown by the
wind.....*

*This way, and that way.....
Always higher.. never downward,
Following the sun, from East to
West....*

*Only one goal.....
Only one dream.....
Only one purpose.....
To face—perchance to reach the
Sun.*

JOSEPHA SASDYA is a pure, serene, strong and brave woman. Such souls as hers are capable of great deeds. Full of ambition and an insatiable longing to do great things in life, she went on-to higher things-to God.

There are stages in one's life which one would give all to forget. To some it may be childhood, to some maturity. For Sasdya, it was the former. Sasdya had a miserable childhood. Her father died when she was barely eight days old and before long her mother remarried a cruel, almost inhuman being—Sokti.

A child's memory of the first toy, the first beatings as well as any intensive sorrow or joy that may have crossed its path, is always indelibly fixed in its mind. Sasdya grew up like the "Kangkingai" (the orchis) and the singing "Dilidili" in the pine tree. But, always there was that sadness gnawing at her very being—which caused her friends to say: "Ka-kaasi's Sasdya" (poor Sasdya). There were times when she could be seen on the mountain tops, crying her heart out, as of asking the very wind and the trees about her-why? Why have I to suffer so? When shall I be freed from these intolerable cruelties?

HELIANTHE

—THE SUNFLOWER

by ALFONSO CLAERHOUDT

She made her decision then and there. Next morning, finding a golden opportunity, she escaped to Baguio. Oh the pain and the excruciating, throbbing pain of her entire body! Hungry-tired-exhausted-lonely-sick-she wended her way to Baguio, only to be found half-dead by Dukay and Dilang her townmates. She was cared for in Dukays' hut outside the city.

But, this respite from sadness and cruelty was not to last long. Sokti found her whereabouts and did not long delay to bring her back, using the weighty argument that her mother was sick and had no one to care for her.

She noticed that Sokti never beat her again, but she was not treated with kindness, only with cold tolerance.

This state went on for a time, but one day Sokti gathered the old men of the village to decide on Sasdya's partner. A pig was slain (as was the custom) and they wildly drank the "tapei" (rice wine). Sasdya was married to Saiching.

Sasdya thought that now at least a new horizon of happiness would open before her, one that would change her drab, monotonous and unhappy life. But no. Saiching proved to be a man of weak character, and having spent the money of his father, he deserted Sasdya.

The war came . . . the Japanese forces reached the Mountain Province. People left their huts and went in hiding. Sokti (Sasdya's stepfather) together with his wife, left the five children in Sasdya's care. What could Sasdya do? Left by friends, parents and husband? But she went on-on-refusing to be beaten by circumstances.

Alone with the five children, she took care of them, and at night lulled

each one to sleep. It was a dark evening, no stars could be seen, and in the hush of the thick night one evening she heard a voice: "Sasdya!" . . . full of dark forebodings, Sasdya crossed her hands, as of in silent prayer. The voice came again, this time more demanding, more imperative . . . "Sasdya!" She went closer to whence the voice came-it seemed to her high-pitched nerves that the bushes moved . . . She asked, "Nantoi, nantoi" (what is it?) . . . a long pause . . . "It is I, Saiching. I have been shot by the Japanese," and showing his wounded leg and untangling the cloth that tied the wound, blood gushed forth and the smell of putrid flesh met her nostrils.

After months of patient care, Saiching was convalescing. He watched the activities of Sasdya. How every morning she washed his wound, gave him food, cared for the children, and on her way home from her daily work in the fields she would carry a basket of camotes for him.

Saiching had not realized till now, how much he loved Sasdya. Taking hold of her hand, he said: "Sasdya . . . I will remain with you . . . I will be faithful to you . . . I love you."

At last! A word of love! The hungry soul of Sasdya had received the first rays of love. A soul that has suffered much is capable of understanding, of patience, of great deeds. She was grateful to life—to Saiching. It is from suffering that a song of love is born.

. . . Months passed by, and due to an epidemic one of the children died. The "caniaows" proved futile. Soon, another child was sick, and was heard to say: "Please pray for me." Husband and wife looked at each other. How were they to pray?

But—pray they must if the child was to be saved. One evening Saiching returned home with a catechism, and together they prayed from the book. Sasdya and Saiching had not as yet memorized the prayers when the child was cured. Before the end of the year husband and wife together with the children were baptized.

Sasdya was immensely happy. So far, she only knew human affection, but now, she had God, whose love surpasses all else. All was different now. Our Lord loves her with a personal love, her husband respects her, and the children obey and love her. What else could she ask from Jesus? She knew Jesus lived in her soul. Sometimes she spent sleepless nights holding converse with Him... "Oh God—I belong to You... forever..."

On her way to Church she was sure of the welcome smile she would receive from her heavenly King. She could visualize the outstretched arms of Jesus in the tabernacle saying... "Come... to Me all ye who labor..." She could pour out her past miseries, her present happiness like the sunflower, forever stretching its neck to the "Divine Sun"....

... Sasdya... in your oneness with your Lord, you have found happiness... Christ will bless your sufferings... labors and undertakings. From your lonely hut at Bangkilang you are the sunflower, which follows the sun from East to West... God has seen your tears, your sufferings—your love... He has loved you since the beginning... Helianthe... one day you will see the Lord as those simple souls who as children climb the mountain slopes... always higher-higher—to the summit which never ends... to the "Divine Sun".

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OPUS JUSTITIAE PAX (motto
 of Pope Pius XII)

Peace is not something directly sought; rather peace is indirectly achieved. It is a by-product like bloom on a cheek. First you have health, then you have the glorious bloom. In like manner, first you have justice, then you have peace. But to seek peace without justice is only to put rouge on the international cheek—and the first good rainstorm of selfishness will wash it away.

Fullton Sheen

concepcion

by
Gil
Huenaerts

CONCEPCION and boredom seemed to have been born together...

She has spent the morning yawning; and now with her eyes gazing at the ceiling is preparing to pass the afternoon in the same manner when I rejoin her. She is lying covered by a single sheet in one of the wards of the Hospital. Yes, there she lies as stiff as a mummy and silent as the grave. Concepcion had lived almost unknown in her neighborhood. It required this little incident to remind one of her existence and to talk about her. This does not mean she became in any way confidential. A little deduction and a tell-tale delirium put me in possession of the truth.



Concepcion had very poor health, and poor health means seclusion from all the life of a village. For village life and heavy work are synonymous. And yet even heavy work can have its attractions. Who would not like to go planting rice, first in Pedro's field, then in that of Pablo, I wonder! What fun it is to work all in a row, padding in the cool water, and singing to the rhythm of swaying

arms and bending body! And there would be still more fun ahead when in merry bands once more the workers will go to reap the ripened ears beneath the burning sun or pouring rain just as the weather pleases. In between the seasons too there is the gathering of the camote crops. But... what about

Concepcion?

Where is she? At home alone, she picks the rice or attends to the chickens and pigs. Even in Eden man was not made to live alone. Small wonder then that Concepcion has drawn completely within her

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shell.

But one day she ventures near my house, a stone's throw from her own. A kind word and some medicine for her cough is all I can do for her at present. She continues to visit me from time to time, but although I do my best to cheer her little soul and administer some soothing draught to her racking cough Concepcion remains a closed book.

The months of June and July are now approaching. Soon all the village maidens will be gathering "bayabas" or guavas, to be sold in the nearest town. Picking guavas is a happy past-time. But to have to carry them on the back in heavy basketfuls attached with a strap around the forehead, the head completely bent in between the shoulders is no joke, especially when it comes to trudging over hill and dale with such a load. But visions of feminine coquetry, speculating on the new dress, the ornamented comb or brightly colored kerchief which can be bought with the gains at the market, help considerably to lighten the burden. At all events, such feats of strength are forbidden to a frail creature like Concepcion. More than once, as it happens, I have warned her against attempting anything of the sort.

August is now here and the branches of the guava trees are still laden with their golden fruit. But the village maidens are more busy now ringing themselves in their well-earned finery. Concepcion is the exception still. She has no part in any of this girlish vanity. But see! Here she is again to pay me a visit. She looks unusually flushed and excited, though as tongue tied as ever. What shall I be able to do for her? She holds out her closed little palm and drops some-

thing into mine. And then off she goes again, running this time, till she disappears behind the hillock which separates our homes. This is not the first time I receive a gift. For these simple mountain people really like to share the products of their fields and farms however small with the Father. But an alms in money! Lying there in my palm is a bright silver peso...

— • ★ • —

Concepcion was not at Mass this morning. But Vicenta, her eldest sister, comes in to make the coffee. Vicenta is stone-deaf but as loquacious as Concepcion is silent. Soon the whole reel of news is unwound. She is not going with her friends to the fields today. She has to hurry

Give others the sweet odor of love and charity and keep the thorns of suffering for yourself.

home to do the cooking, for Concepcion is sick in bed again. What can I do but go to visit my little parishioner. As soon as breakfast is over, I accompany Vicenta, whose tongue continues to wag while she chases the hens from my pathway.

I enter the hut. There is Concepcion lying on the floor covered with a blanket. She is looking far more flushed and drawn in the face than yesterday when she brought me her gift. She tries to rise, but immediately falls back on the floor. At the same time an old man, her father, has joined us. He starts to explain how the whole night through the poor child had been raving. He had been able to make nothing out of her words. He could remember only

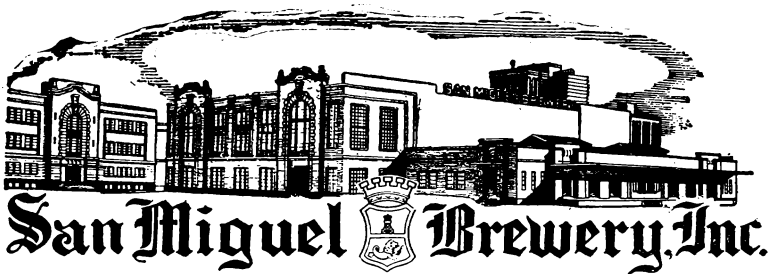
hearing my name pronounced between the jumble of words. He had tried to question her, had offered to call me but without the least sign of recognition on Concepcion's part. As I had brought my medicine-case with me, I give her a soothing potion, for her condition seems serious. At once I dispatch Vicenta for carriers. Postponing my return to my mission-post, I set out with my patient for the hospital. Although the stretcher-bearers are most careful, poor Concepcion shows signs of intense suffering and complete exhaustion. At last the biggest takes her from the stretcher and carries her tenderly in his arms. Upon reaching the main road we find a jeepney which takes us all together to the hospital. It is high time we were there, for Concepcion has almost collapsed. I leave her in the care of the good Sisters, thinking to withdraw as soon as the doctor has diagnosed her case. But as soon as she is laid upon the soft white bed she becomes as delirious as the night before. After sending away the men, I sit at her bed-side and try to soothe her as I hold the ice to her burning forehead. At first I pay little attention to the incoherent words, being absorbed only in trying to calm her excited nerves. But soon familiar sounds arouse my attention. "Ambel-at, Apo; ambel-at ulay!" "How heavy, Father. So heavy!" "Chahel-eral!" "So many, so many!" And the head of the little sufferer sinks down as if crushed by a burden beneath her strength. She now presses her hot hands against her breast as if to suppress the quick beating of her heart. As my eyes follow each unconscious movement, I question her as gently as possible, eager to find out the cause of her illness and suffering.

It is only very slowly that I begin to discover the whole truth. Two days ago Concepcion had made her way to town on foot, carrying a heavy basket of bayabas on her back, heedless of her failing strength and thinking only of another's joy, she had returned home, again walking, in order to be able to give me the entire fruit of her act of charity. Her father had not understood the mention of my name amidst the feverish jargon about guavas. But as for me, I began slowly to realize what it had meant in her weak condition, to be bent under a heavy load. There still dawned upon me the long waiting at the market for customers to come up and buy. Then there was the long walk again home, her throat dry and parched, her body bathed in perspiration and—her only stimulus—another's happiness. . . . It was now my turn to feel my throat parched and dry, and my teeth clenched with pain as I realized all she had suffered. I hear, as the words come ever so slowly, the confession of my little benefactress. Only her fever, alas, is in proportion to her great generosity! Worn out now with exhaustion, Concepcion falls into a heavy slumber. I leave the hospital on tip-toe, noticing as I go how all the other patients are gazing at my little friend. How often since then then have I returned to keep her company. . . .

One day while talking to her about her village I happened to remark that there were no more bayabas in the woods now. Fixing her large brown eyes on me, with a smile she said very simply: "You will not tell anyone about it, will you?" If anyone should mention something, just say you do not know anything about it."



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Sgd. JOSE C. CARIÑO

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Act of
CONSECRATION
to the
**IMMACULATE
HEART
OF MARY**

O Mary, powerful Virgin and Mother of Mercy, Queen of Heaven and refuge of sinners, **WE CONSECRATE OURSELVES TO THY IMMACULATE HEART.**

To Thee we consecrate our life.

To Thee we consecrate all that we have,
all that we love and
all that we are.

To Thee we entrust... our home,
our family and
our country.

We wish that everything be Thine and may share in the benefits of Thy motherly protection.

Therefore, we solemnly renew before Thee our baptismal vows.

We renounce the devil, his works and his attractions.

We pledge loyalty to our Catholic Faith.

We pledge loyalty to the guidance and leadership of Our Holy Father the Pope and of our bishops.

We promise to observe the Commandments of God and of Our Holy Mother the Church, and in particular, to sanctify the Lord's day, Sunday.

We promise to say our daily prayers,
to recite often the rosary in our family and
to make frequent use of the sacraments of Confession
and Holy Communion.

Finally, O glorious Mother of God and merciful Mother of mankind, we humbly pray that this wholehearted consecration to Thy Immaculate Heart, may obtain the conversion of the pagans and of the sinners; that it may bring back peace, prosperity and happiness to our country, and that it may hasten the triumph of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Divine Son, all over the world.