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UNIVERSITY OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE
SEP 4 1950

The

LITTLE



APOSTLE

OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

The **LITTLE APOSTLE**

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

EDITOR

Rev. H. Standaert C.I.C.M.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Rev. M. De Brabandere C.I.C.M.

Rev. Alf. Claerhoudt C.I.C.M.

BUSINESS MANAGER

Rev. F. Lambrecht C.I.C.M.

CIRCULATION MANAGER

Rev. C. Aerts C.I.C.M.

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OUR COVER



AT THAT TIME: THE SOWER WENT OUT TO SOW HIS SEED, AND AS HE SOWED....SOME FELL UPON GOOD GROUND; AND BEING SPRUNG UP, YIELDED FRUIT A HUNDREDFOLD.....[LUC. VII]

PHOTO C. AERTS

for passage to Europe

TAKE **MESSAGERIES MARITIMES.**

SAILINGS

*from MANILA
to MARSEILLES:*

SS "CHAMPOLLION" :
August 4, 1950.

MS "LA MARSEILLAISE" :
August 31, 1950.

MS "LA MARSEILLAISE" :
November 21, 1950.

For particulars

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Those who bring sunshine into the life of others, cannot keep it from themselves.

J. M. Barrie



PHOTO. C. AERTS

*Smile a while,
and while you smile,
another smiles,
and soon there's miles*

*and miles of smiles
and life's worth while,
because you smile!*

— ● —



EDITORIAL



For five years the guns of the world have been silent! We are told that the War ended in the year 1945. But, since then, the nations all, have been spending all their resources in rebuilding what was damaged. Most of the misery and damage that was done cannot be undone. The millions of lives that were lost cannot be lived again. We, of the Philippines know better, perhaps than other nations what war means. We know that wars do not cure the ills of the world, and yet, foolish people will again and again engage in war.

On Sunday June 25th, war raged in the small country of Korea. The Communist North Korea., well equipped and ready for some days, made a surprise attack on the helpless south. With only an imaginary line between the two parts of the country, it was easy for the Communist led North Koreans to make a predawn attack. Russia has tried to claim the entire peninsula of Korea, but had been stopped by the United Nation Security and a Democratic form of government had been set up in the south. Does Russia really want all of Korea? Or better still does she want all of China? Is Korea but a stepping stone to Formosa?

Caveant Consules! May our rulers be wise and prudent, but no less outspoken. Right now it seems that only firm and unanimous action can prevent the further advance of Communism. South of Formosa lie the Philippines! If the Filipino fully understands Communism, not one would be in favor of such a regime, but alas, lies and more lies have been told the world and the Filipinos have not escaped, such propaganda. Now is the time to stand firm behind the Government and forget all local politics. Now is the time to stand firm behind our Mother Philippines! May God give us strength and courage.



OUR FAITHFUL EDITOR GOES ON FURLOUGH

Dare we warn our dear readers of THE LITTLE APOSTLE of the loss they will soon incur? It's bad news to us here in the Editor's Office! Our Father Standaert is going away—for a whole year. How can we manage without his help? Besides being the active editor here, he has been a "Jack of all Trades" in the mission of of the Mountain Province. A teacher, an orator of great ability, and an artist, in a word, a priest who could fit into any place, or replace another at short notice. But, now he needs and deserves a rest, so he will shortly sail for Belgium, his native land. Keep him in your prayers while he is away from the Philippines and add one that he may come safely back to us in Baguio. We say "Bon Voyage! And a heartfelt 'thank you' for your many favors while with us, for your never failing kindness and patience. May God bless you!



PHOTO A. VERANNEMAN

Our
**FAMILY
CIRCLE**

Have you ever eaten the sweet kernel found in the center of a bitter shell? We are surprised that it can be so sweet. That is the way it often is with our daily duties. Outwardly they seem mean and bitter, but when swallowed, as coming from the hand of God, they melt into sweetness in our mouths. It is the reward of our TRUST in His goodness. We crack the hard shell, because He wishes it and then there lies the tender kernel.

*Beautiful faces are those
that wear*

*It matters little if dark or
fair*

*Whole-souled honesty print-
ed there.*

E. P. Allerton

When we Trust in God, we believe that He is our Father, the most loving and best of Fathers, and the wisest also. We can never fully understand in this life the big WHY of things that happen to us. The WHY of our troubles or our sorrows. His fatherly divine Providence has ordained all of our lives, and He only has the answers. We have but to trust in HIM. Children when punished by their earthly father, still have great trust in him. They realize too that he has punished only for their good.

MISSION INTENTION FOR AUGUST
(blessed by the Holy Father):

CONVERSION OF PROTESTANTS IN THE MISSION



The mixture and diversity of the Protestant Sects is frequently a source of danger and scandal to weak Catholics. We sometimes hear them say, "It's all the same."

Good Protestants are good people, kind, generous and charitable. In this lies the danger for the Catholic who comes in contact with them in school, or at work, or play, and who is not well versed in his own Faith. Then, if the Protestants are active in mission work, as so many are in the Philippines among the Catholic people, in barrios and in cities, the weak Catholic is very apt to think that all religions are the same. A well instructed Catholic does not think that way of course. It is not the well instructed Catholic who accepts the Protestant doctrine, but rather the weak, and easily deceived one, even while he is still catechumen. Throughout the Islands, many have lost the Faith by listening to Protestant missionaries. And sad to say, the same Protestant missionaries do not confine their teaching to matters of their own religion, but attack the teachings of the Catholic Faith and again, the weak Catholic listens and forsakes his own religion.

We pray for all Christians. Let us pray for the sincere and devout Protestants in the Philippines, that our dear Lord may bring them into the true fold. Our Lord says, "Ask and you shall receive". Let us therefore, pray for all Protestants in our midst, so that Christ may reign supreme over all Christians, and over the World.

NOVENA OF LAST RESORT.

AUGUST 1950

General

Intention: UNION OF ALL FILIPINOS.

During this novena, let us all join our fervent prayers to our heavenly Father, for the close unity of the Filipino people in the present world crisis. Let us beg HIM to protect us in the approaching danger. Beg Him to unite us in a free democratic union, free from religious persecution, from internal dissensions and that we may stand united under the same true Faith under our God-given Constitution. Union makes Strength!



PHOTO C. AERTS



In Memoriam

**Precious in the
sight of the
Lord, is the
death of His
Saints.**



IN MEMORIAM. Rev. Father Carlu.
(1875—1950)

A few months ago we celebrated his Golden Jubilee. 50 years of priesthood! They were 50 years replete with selfless, untiring labor for souls; years, not only of "sowing in tears", but sacrificial years, enveloped by his winning smile; years,



too, redounding to God's great honor and glory.

As another Christ, Father Carlu "went about doing good". He could not do otherwise! He was the "Bonus Pastor"—from morn till night on the trail of the Lost Sheep, inviting all to the great Banquet of his Lord and Master. He was the "Good Steward" who meted out to his fellow servants the portion of food in the right time.

When we celebrated his jubilee, Father Carlu was already doomed; he merely emerged temporarily from an attack of the sickness which knew no mercy. Soon other attacks set in; it was since Easter that his end was looming ahead. Father Carlu fought with the energy of an old fighter, daily saying his holy Mass with the devotion of a newly-ordained priest. People never tired assisting at his ministry; it was an inspiration for them to witness his faith and piety; they felt nearer to God. The old invalid found a singular pleasure in blessing his flock each Sunday during the Asperges before High Mass.

Only his last 8 days he had to spend in bed. With the eagerness of a child thru the early morning hours, the old man wistfully waited for the moment of holy Communion, sometimes knocking at the door of his neighbor, asking whether it was not yet time for the great tryst with his Master.

On June 26th, at 4:10 p.m., Father Carlu surrendered his Apostle soul calmly into the Hands of its Maker. A heavenly smile lit up his countenance. Throngs of people — young and old—of all walks of life, came for days to pay their last tribute of love to their Shepherd, lying in state in one of the rooms of the convent at Campo Filipino. All caught the contagion of his smile of peace and happiness, and with tears of affection they remembered that for 37 years he was the Angel Guardian of Baguio Catholics.

A note of triumph pervaded the funeral procession on June 30th, and all who walked behind the hearse felt Father Carlu's benign smile descend on them like a blessing.—More than one poor widow, whose mainstay



PHOTO C. AERTS

Father Carlu had been in life, as he never sent away anyone empty-handed, prayed on his grave among many hundreds of his mourning friends. And the silent thousands in Baguio Cemetery, whose faithful guide to heaven Father Carlu had been, will have rejoiced to welcome their Father in the heavenly home.

May he rest in peace and may his work, symbolized by Baguio's steel-plated Cathedral, which he built and outlived bombing and shelling, continue as staunchly and benignantly!

CATHOLIC FACTS AND NEWS



Can it happen here? What? In Czecho-Slovakia, in Poland and Yugo-Slavia there is active persecution of the Catholic Church and especially of her clergy. Torture and death awaits any out-spoken Catholic. The days of Martyrdom are today being enacted in all of the countries that are behind The Iron Curtain.

The State is supreme, and demands allegiance against the dictates of conscience. There is no liberty today in those unfortunate places. The Government may step in day or night and take away men and women, and even children and they never return to their homes.

Are we safe in the Philippines? Can we be sure of our liberty? Read the daily papers and you will see things happening today in the Philippines that happened behind the IRON CURTAIN before the REDS took over completely. Our cherished liberties, our Catholic Faith and the right to practise it and to speak openly about our wrongs, is being daily menaced. Does the Sword of Damocles hang over our heads in the Philippines?

Our Lady of Fatima has assured us that by prayer and penance we can convert Russia. Do we really pray? Now is the time, before it is too late.

Czech Bishops barred from their cathedrals.

The Bishops of the entire republic of Czecho-Slovakia (behind the Iron Curtain) have been forbidden to offer Mass in their respective cathedrals, and are not allowed to preach any more (in name of the Freedom of Religion!!)-

England prepares the celebration of the Centenary of the reestablishment of the Catholic Hierarchy.

NEXT September great festivities will be held all over England, for the reestablishment of the Catholic Hierarchy during September 1890. Yet England is still greatly a "Mission land" having barely 4 million Catholics upon a total population of about 44 millions.

14,000,000 in Russian Concentration Camps.

5 years after the World War II is over, 14 million are still living scattered in 130 concentration camps and 8 punitive or corrective zones of exile in Russia, and the average of the prisoners' life in those camps is about 8 years.

(Continued on page 12)



To Conquer!

by R. F. H. Dupont, Lagawe

About three years ago, eighty young boys were in a camp for an eight days' training, after which they were to return to their respective places as youth leaders. Lectures, work, play and prayer—all these had to contribute into their formation as model leaders—MORALLY and PHYSICALLY strong.

Mottos were taken to attract their young souls to higher ideals. Among these were: "Diamondlike, be hard but beautiful"; "As straight as a sword"; and "Be cheerful, boys!!"

On the sixth day, the topic of the lecture was: "To Conquer!!" The leader talked on the countless numbers who go astray from the right path, never more to find their way back to their goal.

"God is in the midst of you", he said. "He is part of your lives. You serve Him with joy. Will you be so selfish as to allow others not as fortunate, to go astray? No. You will be for them a ray of light—their model—You will conquer them." The young boys had listened enthusiastically to this appeal, and now the zeal to win souls burned within their hearts.

"Boys", continued the leader, "let us take a practical resolution. I give you ten minutes to think over calmly whom you plan to conquer. Think of a boy in your neighborhood or at school. Choose a definite boy. It may be Juan—or Pedro—living in a street—a boy whom you will bring joy—real joy—that of being God's child. Maybe you know his hobby—because it is through this hobby that you will attract him. After ten minutes I shall sound the bugle and you will all go to the chapel to offer to Our Lord the boy you have chosen to conquer."

At the end of the training on the eighth day, before being sent home, the eighty boys were lined up for a general inspection; and for the last time their leader spoke to them. He addressed each individually, looking deep into their eyes, with the following words: "Give me the name and address of the boy you have decided to conquer."

It was Daniel's turn to answer. He had followed the 8th days' course enthusiastically. Now, as the leader asked him,



"Daniel, whom will you conquer?", the boy looked straight into the eyes of his interrogator and answered simply, "Myself".

Daniel had understood. It is useless for anyone to try to conquer another if he is not first master of himself. "The greatest conqueror is he who conquers self."



LAGAUE HIGH SCHOOL

THE GREAT THING

A good mother once gave this advice to her son, who was going out into the world with great ambitions:

"My son, remember that it is a good thing to be a great man, but it is a great thing to be a good man."

Catholic Facts...

(continued from page 9)

Wonderful vivacity of Catholicism in the U.S.A.

According to the last statistics published by the U.S.A. CATHOLIC DIRECTORY of 1950, the United States have 27,786,141 Catholics (upon a total population somewhat superior to 140,000,000 inhabitants) New CONVERTS totalled more than 100,000.

U. S. A. have 4 Cardinals, 21 Archbishops, and 157 Bishops.

There are 42,970 priests and 147,310 Sisters (an increase of 5,779 over last year)

There are 25,622 Seminarians.

4,750,000 pupils attend Catholic Instruction; 253,000 students in Catholic Universities and Colleges, 2,477,000 in Parochial Elementary Schools; 72 Diocesan Seminaries, 739 Catholic Hospitals, with a capacity of 96,349 beds, with 4,622,931 patients admitted during 1949, and 30,211 student nurses in the 367 Training Schools for Nurses. (NCWC)

Coadjutor Archbishop Franz Jachym who walked out of the Vienna Cathedral on the morning of his consecration, stating that He was "unworthy" of this great office, was prevailed upon by Pope Pius XII and finally consented to his consecration which took place at Rome; whereafter He returned at once to Vienna, to assume his duties as Coadjutor to Cardinal Innitzer.

More and more women are taking up careers at sea (and in the air too) creating new problems to be solved by the Apostleship of the Sea. On some steamers the women crew amount to 10% of the total crew.

WHERE IS CARDINAL MINDSZENTY?

According to Monsignor Mihalovics, former director of Catholic Action in Hungary, it is not known whether Card. Mindszenty is dead or alive, and neither where could be his whereabouts at present.

Protestants operate 24 Universities in Japan, while Catholics operate only FOUR. And 85 to 90 per cent of the students in Catholic Schools in Japan are pagans, seeking the truth because they are simply dissatisfied with Shintoism, the national religion in Japan.

Catholics however fail to seize leadership in Education and are therefore not attracting more and better pupils.

EX-EMPRESS ZITA travels in 3rd class Railway car.

Former Empress Zita of Austria and Hungary arrived in Rome lastly as a Holy Year Pilgrim, from Paris, traveling by train in an overcrowded third-class compartment.

Her Majesty wanted to follow the rigid rule of the Habsburgs to make the H. Year pilgrimage in the simplest possible style. (How greatly does the good Empress edify us, who feel most inclined to make our H. Year pilgrimage in the most fashionable and up-to-date way... thereby sparing no expenses.)

King Farouk aids mission schools.

King Farouk of Egypt, altho a staunch Mohamedan, gladly supports 126 Mission Schools in Egypt, ran by the "Catholic Schools Association" (something similar to the YLAC) How different here in the "catholic" Philippines!

BISHOP MOLLOY—

of Brooklyn, N.Y., ordained Father William Rodgers last year. Father Rodgers, a native Brooklynite, was the first negro priest to be ordained in the Brooklyn diocese.

THE SECRET OF THE APOSTOLATE IS LOVE—

A saintly Irish priest who had spent most of his life in the Negro Apostolate, in a large American city, gave the following picture of his flock.

"I love my Negroes. They are straight and sincere, in spite of all the contrary that may be said against them. What you need first, most and always when you treat with them is LOVE. So soon as you get that key to their hearts, you can enter freely, and obtain from them whatever you wish. But, if you are in-

different or critical of their ways, they keep aloof, as did their ancestors who preferred a poor tent to a rich home.

Therefore do all real Apostles amongst hem need, as St. Paul claimed, to be "Jew with the Jews, Gentile with the Gentiles" and Negro with the Negroes. This should be the motto of all and any Apostles.

Our NEW Saints.

Amongst the new Saints canonized this year are St. Anthony Claret, a Spaniard, Archbishop of Valencia, the two Saints Bartolomea Capitanio & Vincenza Gerosa, foundresses of the Sisters of charity; St. Joan of Valois of France, discarded wife of Louis XII, King of France, and last not least St. Maria Goretti, the virgin Martyr of Italy, who was stabbed to death in 1902 while defending her chastity.

(continued on page 20)

PHOTO A. LAMMINEUR



*Softly along
the road
of
evening
In
a twilight
dim
with
rose.*

• • •

The Young CAMINERO

by Rev. Alfonso Claerhoudt

PHOTO C. AERTS



Tainan worked on the highway as caminero

Salinga had come by Tainan where he worked on the highway from Pa-way to the North, and when she came home she hurriedly undid the parcel Tainan had given her. It contained her wedding dress... Tainan had chosen well... the "Bwankoron", in stripes of red and white and black, and the checkered "Kambayatcho"

in black and white. Salinga put on the skirt and blouse and Suganay, her mother, found it beautiful. Then Salinga folded the garments carefully and wrapped them up again, and dreamt the while of the day she would marry Tainan in the little church of Pantangsal.

Tainan worked on the Paway highway as "caminero". He kept his wages in a tin can concealed beneath a large stone at the foot of a huge "Tibandang", the tree-fern, unfolding its lacy fronds in the ravine. In the labor camp at night his fellow-workers gathered and gambled, and occasionally cheated one another. But Tainan never played. He knew it was evil. His mother had asked him to be good and to save his money in view of his approaching marriage. Each night when the day's labor was ended and the supper table was cleared, the cards were brought out, but Tainan sat by himself in silence, staring into the campfire, or if the weather permitted, went out, his blanket slung about his shoulders,

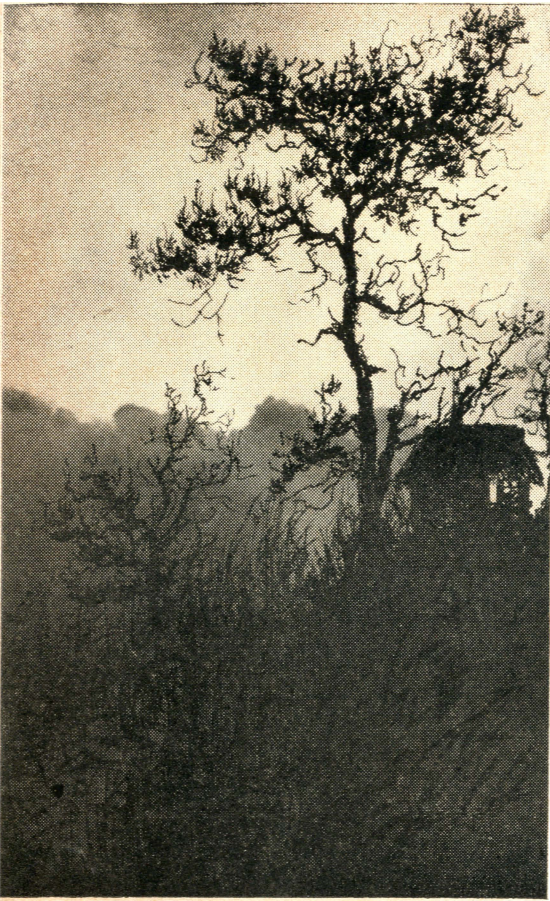
and quietly smoking his little pipe he walked thoughtfully down the highway of Paway. When the moon rose he would sit upon a boulder and fix his gaze upon the silvery cloud of mist that hung above the valley between Bakto and Uding. There lay the hamlets of Bakkaban and Pantangsal; there his mother and Salinga dwelt. . . .

His mother was alone now in her hut in Pantangsal, and the memory of his father's early death would move his soul like the gentle moan of Law-lawigan, the melancholy song so often heard in the rice fields on a quiet night. His father had died a beautiful death, and just before he breathed his last, he had said:

PHOTO C. AERTS



SHE dreamt of the day she would marry Tainan in the little church of Pantangsal



*Yonder in the hollow beneath the
cloud of mist stood the little hut
of Salinga*

"Suganay, take good care of our boy"—and with trembling hand he had traced the sign of the cross on his brow saying: "Tainan, love your mother dearly", and then his eyes had become glazed and fixed and his lips had murmured "Tainan. . . my boy. . . Tainan. . ." and two tears had trickled down his bony cheeks . . . and all had been ended. . .

Yonder in the hollow beneath the cloud of silver mist, his mother slept now; but tomorrow, when the sun would rise and peep above the crest of the hills and steep the world in a haze of golden splendor, and gild the bamboos and palms and the grass

roofs of the little huts, his mother would go as she did each morning, to the little mission church to pray for his departed father and for him, for Tainan who was caminero on the highway of Paway, and she would whisper: "Our Father, who art in heaven protect my boy and bring him home soon.." And during the day she would go to the camote field in Kawayan, and with God's help, he Tainan would join her with the rising of the new moon, and after the wedding feasts in Bakbakan were over, he would bring Salinga, his beautiful bride, to the hut of his mother in Pantangsal.

Towards the end of the month, Chayusan, the father of Salinga, came to Paway. When Tainan learned he came for money (he knew he had to pay one half of the wedding expenses—such was the custom) he said to Chayusan: "Follow me," and led him to the ravine. When Tainan, had removed the stone at the foot of the tree-fern, he started and stared at Chayusan in utter helplessness, and Chayusan heard him gasp "My money. . . it is not here. . . someone stole it away. . ."

Tainan was in Pantangsal. The last few days had been an agony of pain... Even his mother talked of the event in whispers... What a sad world this is!... And Tainan knelt at his father's grave and wept. "Father", he sobbed, "can you hear me? Father, I need you... Ah, could I but see you...hear you... were you but here, how different things would be...!" The words broke from him between his sobs, and his tears fell and glistened in the grass on his father's grave... There were nights when Tainan sat in gloomy silence, and nights when in the bitterness of his heart he cursed Chayusan who broke his word... and then Sukanay, his mother, would reprove him gently, saying: "Come now, my boy...do not speak thus... we must have trials and hardships in this life...no one can escape them

...but thinking of them in that way makes the heart bitter... Tainan, my son, remember, every moment of our life lies in the palm of God's hand... and no pain is ever lost... no suffering is ever vain..." and then she would take her rosary, and as the beads passed through her brown fingers her prayer would fall soothingly upon his ear: "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name..."

Tainan never went to Bakkaban and when the "Sulibaw" drum invited to the dance, the young girls would wonder where Salinga was. But Salinga hid herself away with the first great grief of her young life, and alone and desolate, she asked herself the searing question why people cause one another so much pain.... *To be continued*

PHOTO C. AERTS

She hid herself away with the first great grief of her young life.





PHOTO A. LAMMINEUR

*Day after day I've toiled beneath the sun
I have not shunned the burden and the heat
Along life's roughest pathways I have trod
Weary of heart, with bruised and bleeding feet
What care I for the world?
God understands.*

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC.

A professor was aggravating his class with unusual quizzes. Pleased with himself, he asked this one: "If my father was born in Aparri, my mother in Palawan, and I was born on a ship on the ocean, how old am I?"

Student: "I know that one."

Professor: (surprised): "What is it?"

Student: "Sixty-six."

Professor: "How did you get it?"

Student: "It was easy. I have a brother at home who's crazy and he's thirty-three. You're twice as crazy as he is, so you must be sixty-six."

HAM 'NEGGS? — Two children were discussing their breakfast:

"I had a nawful good breakfast," said Johnny.

"So'd I," replied Mary. "I had something that begins with *N*."

"A norange?" asked Johnny.

"No!"

"A napple?"

"No. You'll never guess. It was a negg!"

ADVT. Friend! "Aren't you cold, staying out all afternoon in the rain?"

Promoter of the Little Apostle... Promoter: "Oh, no. Getting subscriptions keeps up the circulation!"

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS. A very miserly man was invited to a banquet, but not knowing the meaning of the word *gratis* he did not accept.

Next day, his wife found him dead beside an open dictionary.



PHOTO. C. AERTS

*The brightest blossoms
Lie close to the God,
The lowliest hearts
Are nearest to God.*



TEACHER'S FAULT

Father Heeg, who has written several books on methods of catechetical instruction, is fond of emphasizing the need of teaching the standard prayers very plainly and clearly to little ones, and some of the samples he gives of how children can garble ordinary words and phrases indicate the importance of the matter.

"Hail Mary, full of grapes, the Lord is a tree," one child recited. Here are some further departments from tradition:

"Our Father, Who art in heaven, how will be die name."

"I confess to Blessed Michael the dark angel, to Blessed John the blacksmith."

From the Apostles' Creed: "Suffered under a bunch of violets."

"Oh my God, I am partly sorry for having offended Thee."

"I firmly dissolve with the help of die grapes."

"I firmly resolve to end my life. Amen."

Let catechists take note and teach with charity. (*Liguorian*)

Catholic Facts

(continued from page 13)

Famous Jesuit Priest forbidden to preach.

Father Ricardo Lombardi, most famous Jesuit preacher and apostle of the "Crusade of Goodness" which attracted countless souls back to the Church has been forbidden to preach in Switzerland, where the old Laws against the Jesuits have not yet been repealed. . . . Yet all Communists are free to preach the "Crusade of Hatred" The devil must be strong to keep his many victims so closely into grip.

Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia has appointed Father Lucien Matte, S.J. amongst many other candidates to the post of Head of the First higher Education Institution (something like our Director of Education.)

1,000,000 Pilgrims received by Pope Pius. XII.

On Sunday May 14th Pope Pius XII received the 1,000,000th Holy Year Pilgrim in St. Peter's Church.

ECHO FROM SUCHOW (CHINA)

EVERYTHING IS O.K.

HERE in Suchow everything seems dead. Few people walk the streets, and those who do, are dressed in old, worn out clothes. Money is scarce and the only one used is Communist script. Business too is dead, and all big stores are closed—who knows? for ever.

Yet there is plenty that could be bought: but nobody dares to buy it, so that no undue attention is cast upon him. The Communist conquerors enter all houses and search all corners of them, mostly by night. When they find five persons and six blankets, they take one blanket away with them. This happens to all such things, pots and pans and other objects that they class as superfluous. Also, they take rice or flour they find in the homes.

If any one dares to object or explain, they are 'liquidated' or disappear, without trial, and no further word is heard from them. So no one will dare to enquire of him from his family or neighbor, for if they do, they too will be reported and the same thing will happen to them.

It is somewhat better in the large towns and cities than it is in the small rural places. For in the country places the REDS take also the cattle, the crops, the working man's tools, and even the dresses of the women. They take a census, gathering all the young men and women from fifteen to eighteen years of age and march them off and they are not heard of again. Have they been killed? Are they dead? Yes, some have died, but for the most of them it means slave labor on some canal or harbor, or road or in some Communist factory. Terror and hunger and worse have invaded our province. Fear fills our hearts. Who will be the next to go? But if any one asks, "How are you?" Ah! then the answer is "Everything is fine, everything is O.K.". O, let us pray and do penance that we in the Philippines escape such things and that the poor in China will soon be able to throw off this yoke.

Rev. F. H. Martens of Paco with some of his young Catholic Workers



The Church needs thousands upon thousands of militants lay-missionaries, young working boys and girls who are the representatives of the Church in their working environment.

(Pius XI.)

St. Anthony, SAINT OF THE IMPOSSIBLE!

Sister:—"What did St. Joseph and Our Lady do when they noticed the loss of the Infant Jesus?"

Christy:—"Sister, I think they made a novena to St. Anthony to find Him"

Sister; "What is necessary to say Mass?"

Bright pupil: "Two things, Sister. Two CURATES. One filled with water and the other filled with wine".

*



LILY

writes to

CARMENCITA

Dear Carmencita:

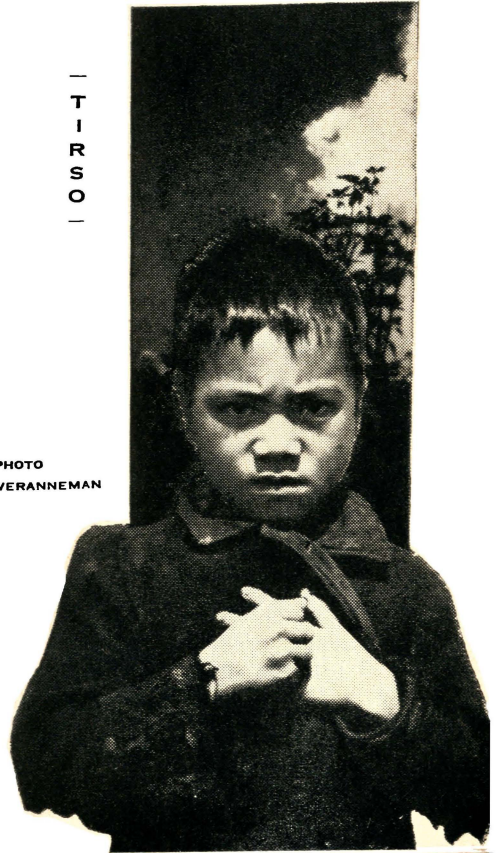
Morning Dearest Carmencita, Oh! I went to the church even tho it was afternoon, for Jesus is always there; I took Tirso with me and we prayed hard for you because Father told me you are very sick but no more now. You must not die. I am very glad that you did no yet die. but that you are well again. Please thank Doctor Lacson who made you well

with his needle. How funny; but I know it is Jesus who did it. I told Him so and to Tirso. Jesus sends the right Doctor always or even no doctor. That is what we know; Father says it.

I am very glad Father Nivardo made pictures and gave me these for You. We have been grinding the sugar-cane of Capitan Tubdong and had much fun. All the people of the village are helping even little Tirso helped turning the beam. The boys were singing and the girls are happy and put on their colored skirt. Magda had her fingers burnt with boiling sugar. The old men make basi, they cook it with bitter leaves they do not like chil-
(Continued on page 26)

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PHOTO
VERANNEMAN





From Our Mailbag

* * * * *

*San Antonio, Zambales
April 10, 1950*

Dear Margarita and Sofia,

I read about your nice friendship with one another. I am writing you to be one of your friends. I am very glad that you do your duties as christians by going to Mass and receiving Holy Communion. I am sorry that you have to stop studying because of your many tasks. Please write me.

*Your friend,
Anita Barretto*

*Carcar, Cebu
April 15, 1950*

Dear Editor:

I have read the letter published in the "Little Apostle" for a Theresian in Manila which introduced two nice little girls Margarita and Sofia, I, a Theresian of Cebu City would like also to be their friend. Will you kindly tell them?

*Your friend,
Estela*

*Sabangan, Mt. Province
July 4, 1950*

My dear friends,

It is strange to feel that in far away Cebu and Zambales there are nice girls who want to be our friends. It is funny to be writing a letter to you whom we have never seen, but the Mothers have said that we would certainly like you if we saw you.

At present, I Margarita, am studying in the fifth grade of our little catholic school. My auntie is helping me go through school. With the help of the Mothers I hope to learn many things so that I can be a teacher when I grow up. I hope to be able to help my friends and my neighbors know Jesus, for you see they are still pagans. Please pray for them too.

I'm also writing this letter for Sofia. She is often with me, now, but she doesn't go to school. She helps her father on the fields. After classes when we have a chance to talk together, I tell her everything that I have learned.

Goodbye and thank you for writing.

*Your friends,
Sofia and Margarita*



Don Bosco

To his Filipino Boys
BY REV. OSCAR DELTOUR, C.I.C.M.

My dear Boys,

With the approaching feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary on the 22nd. of this month, I cannot help entertaining you again with the sweet remembrance of Mary's love for my boys and for me.

In the year 1845 I had a wonderful dream in which our Blessed Mother appeared to me. It seemed to me that I was on a wide plain, and that the whole plain was full of boys and young men. Some were fighting, stones hurtled through the air . . . I wanted to go away, but at that moment our Blessed Mother appeared to me and said: "Begin your work!" I answered that I would gladly do so, but that no one was helping me. I saw also other faces, which I knew, but they were far away, and it was in vain that I applied to them. At last I again turned to the Blessed Virgin, who showed me a meadow. "This is the place where you are to work!" she said. "It is only a meadow," I remonstrated. "My Son and His Apostles had not where to lay their heads." was the answer our Blessed Mother gave me.

I then began to work in the meadow, and to talk with the boys. I soon realized that all my efforts were in vain as long as I had no house where I could gather those boys. The Blessed Virgin then took me away somewhat further in the northerly direction and said to me, "Look!" I looked and behold, there was a little low church, a narrow courtyard and many boys. I again began my work there, and soon the church was too small. Then she led me away a little farther, and I saw a second church, somewhat larger than the first; and there was a house beside it. At last she led me to a third place, and there she said; "In this place, where Salutor, Octavius and Adventor suffered martyrdom, I wish God to be worshipped and glorified." As she said these words, she put one foot forward and stepped on a particular spot. I immediately understood that it was on that particular spot that, in the early ages, those three Roman soldiers of the Theban Legion were killed for their Faith. They now have their chapel in the big church of Our Lady, Help of Christians.

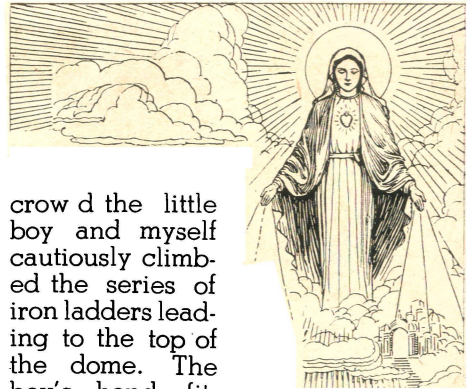
Yes, my dear Boys, this was a dream or rather a vision, but it did not stop there. In subse-

quent dreams I saw the location, the size and the complete outline of the structure of the church that was to be built. These dreams lay dormant for quite a time, but at the propitious moment they woke up and came to life.

In the year 1862 I made known to my friends the idea of a big church, a very big church; and the name, I told them, would be "Mary, Help of Christians". When I announced the title to the city councillors, one of them snapped back: "It is hardly well chosen. There has never been a church of that name in this city . . . and in times like these . . . it would sound almost like a challenge to the modern world from the clericals and reactionaries who have been ousted by the Revolution. You must choose another name for your church." In spite of this, no change was made in the title of the new church.

In 1864 the foundation of the church was begun. On the day when the cornerstone was laid, there was the customary festivity. Turning to the architect, I said that I would give him a small sum in advance, "all that I have at my disposal at the moment." While saying this I emptied my purse into the architect's hand — it contained exactly eight cents. "But do not be afraid," I added, "It is not I who have to provide the money. It is our Lady!"

In September 1865 the cupola of the church was finished. It was my desire that one of my small boys would fit the last stone into its place. little Manuel Fassati, a descendant of the family of the great Catholic writer Joseph de Maistre, was chosen to do this. In the presence of a big



crowd the little boy and myself cautiously climbed the series of iron ladders leading to the top of the dome. The boy's hand, fitting in the stone, was like a symbol of the homage and gratitude paid by my boys to our Heavenly Mother.

The day came in 1867, when what I had seen in my dreams became a reality plainly visible to all. Upon the summit of the cupola was placed a gilded copper statue of Mary, Help of Christians. Finally the great day arrived when on June 9, 1868 in the presence of a vast multitude of people the Archbishop of Turin solemnly consecrated the new church.

This church, my dear Boys, was not the only church our Blessed Mother has been providing for. It stood there as a magnificent symbol of the thousands of other priceless sanctuaries, which through her maternal solicitude were erected to the everlasting glory of Almighty God. I refer to the hearts of my boys, those sacred temples of the Holy Ghost, those living dwelling places of the most Blessed Trinity.

My dear Boys, no words can describe the beauty of a soul in the state of grace, nor can we imagine the incredible delight with which Almighty God dwells therein. When



I was on earth our Blessed Mother sometimes favored me with visions in which the beauty of a soul, in the state of grace, was shown to me. These made me extremely happy and greatly encouraged me never to shirk any sacrifice in order to help my boys to acquire, to keep, and to increase the celestial beauty of their soul. When I spoke to them about it, I could find no words that could adequately express what I had seen. Nevertheless, these talks always impressed my boys and some of them would take greater interest in keeping their hearts pure and beautiful. A tender devotion to our Blessed Mother, the frequent and devout reception of the sacraments of confession and Communion, together with a sincere and firm resolution to avoid sin at any cost, were always the great means I re-

commended to them. They never failed.

My dear Boys, at the occasion of the feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, to whom you were all filially dedicated, let me advise you to memorize and to repeat often, especially in moments of temptation against holy purity, this little prayer: "Immaculate Heart of Mary, I consecrate my purity to Thee." You will soon experience how helpful this little practice will be.

God bless you all!

Affectionately yours,

Jue. Gio. Bosco

LILY writes to . . .

(Continued from page 22)

dren to taste it. Maybe your Papa knows also how to make?

That was when Father Nivardo took a walk and made the pictures. He made one of me with Tirso: "For Carmencita" he said. So, you will see me and not in a dream.

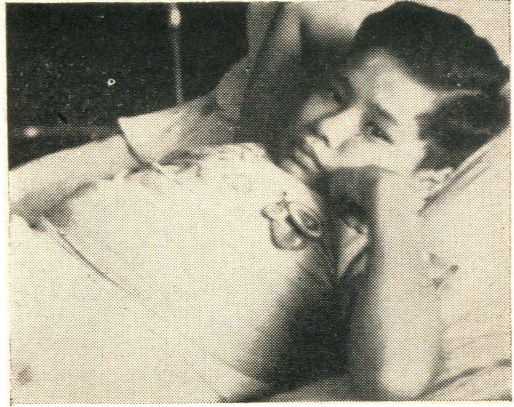
Please send me also your picture. I always see you when I sleep but I forgot during the day. Only sometimes when I pray. And also Tony and Your father Papa and Uncle Pepe. I like to have your picture for seeing you always. Maybe your Father will also make, when you grind your sugar?

Please.

Excuse for my letter is a little black: much smoke in the house and it is raining outside; and only paper. My pencil is the one you sent me at Christmas. I am very very happy. Nothing more to tell.

*Your best friend
Lily.*

✠
In Loving Remembrance
of
LUISITO VITUG
of Manila
who departed this life
on the 20th of May 1950



Borne on wings of Angels, Luisito's soul sped to happier regions.

Jesus gathered this lily to Himself to give its fragrance in Heaven.

His parents, desolate by their loss, shed their bitter tears over his little corpse; but in the midst of their immense grief there was an ineffable serenity, a supreme peace begotten from the knowledge of God's Wisdom and Goodness.

God had given them their little son, God took him from them because He

had looked down upon him with tenderness and a great desire to make him happy with Him in Heaven for all eternity.—God's Holy Will be done!

Incline Thine ear, O Lord, to our prayers, with which we supplicate Thy mercy that Thou set the soul of Thy servant, Luisito, which Thou hast commanded to pass from this world, in a region of peace and light and order that it be of the fellowship of the saints.

Through our Lord. Amen.

Trust in Him

The righteous man will take as guide the sacred word of God, with faith will drift upon His tide, will tread where He has trod.

And when his soul is sorely tried will emulate that one when turned to God when crucified and said: "Thy will be done."

W.F.E. Gurley.

Feast of the Sacred Heart

IN

CAMPO SIOCO, BAGUIO

by Rev. F. P. Zwaenepoel

The small barrio on the Santo Tomas trail is called Campo Sioco. In this tiny barrio the Sacred Heart society is a flourishing one and the people have chosen the feast of the Sacred Heart for their own fiesta day. This year it was celebrated on June 18th, a bright sunny day, with the dew still on the long grass, when the Novelty band began to play. The Hymn to the Sacred Heart was the first and it echoed thru the valley before the sun was fully up. Mr. Padilla had charge of the music and it was excellent. The people, young and old preceded the band to the convent of the Maryknoll sisters where mass was sung.

When Father arrived for Mass he found the chapel filled to capacity, even overflowing unto the altar steps. The mass was sung by the special choir and they did credit to the long hours of practise they had put in. After mass, while the band again took up the march, the people went to their homes for a short breakfast, only to return to the knoll adjacent to the convent for the various games that had been arranged. Father had made an arrangement with Mr. Puzon and a loud speaker was placed near the site where the games took place, so that morning music filled the air. The games! With what zest they played, all anxious for the prizes they knew would be awarded later. There was the eating contest for the boys and girls. How they could eat

and how fast! A smoking contest for the women, another one for the women too, called the VASE race. Try racing with a vase held on your head!!! The volley ball game was at the end of the game session and was enjoyed by all. For this day all care and troubles had been banished. Everyone took part and enjoyed themselves to the limit.

At three o'clock every one attended Benediction in the Maryknoll Convent Chapel. Again the choir sang special hymns. Following Benediction, all went to the "Tagle's" home, the largest house in the barrio, where a dramatic program was staged. Narciso Alkayde had decorated the stage and the walls and the windows with flowers and drapes so that it gave the room a very festive look. Folk dances, short sketches of Ilocano life, and folk songs made up the program. In the evening, in spite of the rain and mud, a moving picture was shown by Father Aerts in the lower room of the Tagle home. Maryknoll sisters, Belgian Fathers, Dominican fathers from Dominican Hill and all the neighborhood enjoyed the picture.

So the day ended. From the first strains of the band in the early morning till the last flicker of the moving picture in the evening, the day was a happy one, climaxed by the prizes in the evening. Surely the Sacred Heart was well pleased with His children this day. May HE add the blessing of years to their lives so that they may continue to spread His devotion and bring Him to reign over all hearts.

The MYSTERY of the RATTAN STRIPS

An Ifugao Detective Story

(Summary of the foregoing)

When Tuginay, a young Ifugao living in the northeastern region of Ifugaoland, had been murdered and beheaded in the forest, everybody thought he was the victim of a revenge taken by their hereditary enemies of the North. However, Bindadan, the uncle of Tuginay and a man of prestige among his people, was not so sure of it: the fact that he found a bundle of firewood, strangely loose near the beheaded body of Tuginay made him think that the murderer was an Ifugao.

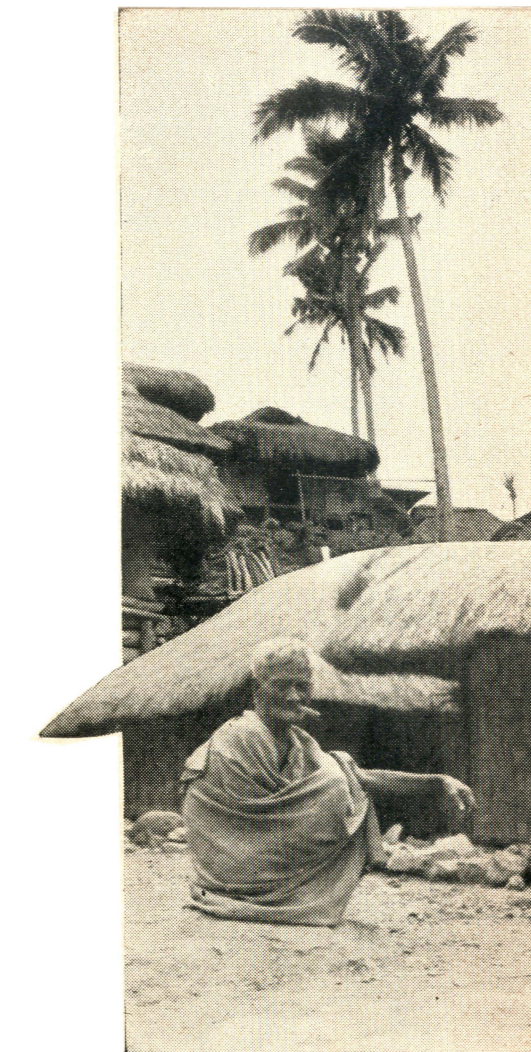


PHOTO C. AERTS

Therefore, when the tribal rites performed on such occurrences were over, Bindadan began an inquiry of his own. After having questioned Tuginay's wife he called on a certain Bantiyan who was known for his ability in finding out hidden things. Bantiyan made a performance with his magic rod in the house of Bindadan ...

Bantiyan, when he arrived at the house of Bindadan, thought it best to squat down, enveloped in his blanket, in the dark corner in front of the fireplace. At night when everybody in the neighboring houses was asleep, Bindadan offered a small chicken for the "HARASSER" deities to obtain the success of Bantiyan's extraordinary performance. While Bindadan's wife watched the pot in which the chicken was cooked-Bantiyan got a betelnut, took a chewing leave on which he had strewn some lime, wrapped the betelnut in the leaf, and dropped it in the ritual box saying, "Thou here, betelnut, chewing leaf and lime, go and invite the HARASSERS of the Underworld and the Skyworld, of the Downstream and Upstream regions, of the abodes of our enemies behind Mount Amuyaw, of this village of the Ifugaos; go and invite them because this household, Bindadan, and Intugaw, his wife, are calling on them, so that

they may know their whereabouts and their purpose in dealing with the Ifugaos, so that, indeed, they may lead toward this household a multitude of rice, and chickens, and pigs, and belongings, and offsprings.

This was the necessary prelude. Then in a low voice Bindadan explained what he wanted to know: Had Tuginay been killed in the forest and his head taken along, as everybody thought, by their enemies of Chupak?.... Of this he wasn't sure at all; so he wanted Bantiyan

(Continued on page 32)

Trust Him....

Trust Him, He is very faithful;

Trust Him, for His will is best.

Trust Him, for the Heart of Jesus

Is the only place of rest.



PHOTO C. AERTS

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St. Ignatius Loyola

Noble Petition



A priest friend of ours made a pilgrimage to Lourdes not long ago, and while there, he chanced to meet some members of a large group of pilgrims who had come from Liverpool, England.

Among them was a delightful little Irish biddy with rosy cheeks, who walked around briskly seemingly in the best of health.

“Well, Mary,” the priest said to her, “what sickness could you possibly have, that you should be praying for a miracle?”

“Sure, Father, I’m not praying for myself, not a bit of it,” was the reply. “I came here to pray for a sick world.”

Perhaps there is no better reason to be had for making a pilgrimage to Lourdes.

(The Liguorian)

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to find out by his magic art and whether or not the Harassers had induced the people of Chupak to take revenge; whether they had taken the lead of their expedition and had led them to the forest where Tuginay had been killed.

Bantiyan understood. He nodded. Slowly he put his hand in his hip-bag, took his magic rod and placed it down on the floor before him. Then he put aside his blanket and slightly inclining above the mysterious rod, he pressed his thumb against one of its ends and his index-finger against the other end of the rod to make sure that the rod was exactly the length of his fathom. So it was; yet he measured it a second time; and looking assuringly at Bindadan, he invited the latter to witness the truth. This preliminary operation he deemed necessary to win their faith in whatever his performance would reveal.

Then he said, "Dakayun am-in Halupemi, Ye all Harassers of the Underworld and the Skyworld, of the Downstream and Upstream Regions, of Mount Amuyaw and of this neighboring villages; come ye into this rod, make ye this rod longer, so that the Ifugaos may know whom you harassed, whom you induced, whom you led on, whose spear you bewitched.

You Harasser of the Earthquaker of the Underworld, did you bewitch the spear of our enemy of Chupak?" . . . And while Bantiyan slowly pronounced the incantation, he solemnly measured his rod. He found no change in its length. Once more he inquired, "Did you bewitch the spear of an Ifugao of Dukligan?" . . . And again he measured the rod between thumb and index-finger finding it just as long as before. He concluded that this Harasser had had nothing to do with the killing.

(to be continued)



PHOTO C. AERTS

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Little Imelda

OF THE

PHILIPPINES

Two years before the outbreak of the war, Redemptorist Fathers conducted a mission in Bulacan. One of the Rev. Fathers, while praying in the loft of the church, noticed a little girl approaching the presbytery and opening its gate. In her one arm she carried a few books and in the hand, a bunch of flowers. She mounted the steps leading to the altar and deposited the flowers near the tabernacle. Kneeling down she prayed a little while and then left the church. For several days afterwards the Rev. Father was witness to the same scene. On inquiry the parish-priest told him the following: "Imelda is an exceptional child. Since her first Communion at seven years of age—three years ago—she contrived to receive her divine Friend daily, while assisting at H. Mass and ever since she daily brought Him the little tribute of her love in the form of some modest flowers."

Now it happened that during this mission Imelda one morning was absent from the catechetical instruction. The priest was wondering. But at 9:30 a.m. Imelda's mother came to him to unburden herself. She said, "Father, my Imelda has a little fever, that is why I told her to remain in bed, but she absolutely wants to receive H. Communion. I consoled her telling that by to-morrow she'll be able again to go to

church. It is of no avail—she is crying, crying, and when I speak of to-morrow she says she will be dead by that time. First I was angry with her and said, "The Father never will bring Jesus to you with such a slight fever; but as she continues weeping, I pity her. Father, what shall we do?" The priest went over to Imelda, the convento being just opposite. As he repeated the arguments of her mother, Imelda sobbed, "But, Father, to-morrow I am no more alive; Jesus is calling me to heaven to-day!" The priest reflected a while and pondering over the mysteries of divine predilection, he resolved to give her "the benefit of the doubt". He heard her Confession and then went over to the church to fetch Our Lord. Now after all her beloved Jesus came to her and it was, indeed, for the last time. While the priest held out the Sacred Host for Imelda: *Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi* the little girl raised herself and radiantly stammered, "I see Jesus!" . . . Half a minute of tense silence ensued, then Jesus rested on her tongue. . . .

After having divested, the Priest asked Imelda's mother whether she had heard her daughter's exclamation, then approaching the bed, he saw love's mystery fulfilled: the little girl lay dead, arms crossed over her breast, smiling a heavenly smile.

R.S.F.

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Retort

What little Dom Dallessandro, former Cub outfielder, lacked in stature he made up with aggressiveness and hustle. One hot afternoon the colorful umpire, big George Magerkurth, called "Strike 3" on a pitch that Dom thought was a mile too high.

Little Dom came storming back, mad as blazes. The hulking umpire glared down at the sputtering runt and ground out a warning. "Dallessandro," he said, "if you don't shut up, I'll bite your head off"

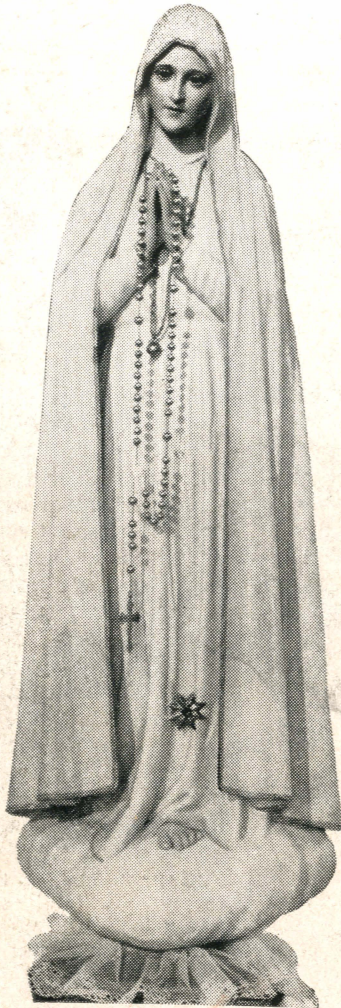
"If you do, Magerkurth," Dom shouted, "you will have more brains in your belly than you have in your head!"

—*Scholastic Coach*



PHOTO VERANNEMAN

ACT OF CONSECRATION TO THE IMMACULATE
HEART OF MARY—



*Mother dear, remember me,
And never cease Thy care;
Till in heaven eternally,
Thy love and bliss I share.*

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.