

Vol. XIX, No. 13, Sept. 1950

The

LITTLE



APOSTLE

OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

The **LITTLE APOSTLE**

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PURPOSE OF THE MAGAZINE:

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

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OUR COVER



*And the smoke rose slowly, slowly;
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser bluer vapor
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding
Till it broke against the heaven.*

[From the song of *Hiawatha*]

PHOTO C. AERTS

for passage to Europe

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PHOTO A. VERANNEMAN

*O little souls! as pure and white
and crystalline as rays of light
direct from heaven, their source
divine....*

**Renew your Subscription
Promptly,
and
MAKE SURE NOT TO MISS ANY
ISSUE of the LITTLE APOSTLE
of the Mountain Province.**

*All readers who subscribed last year in
September are invited to renew their sub-
scription with this issue.*

*A convenient blank is provided for you
enclosed in this issue.*

Please return it promptly.

Circulation Department.

[If your check has already been sent please disregard this notice].

**EACH CONTRIBUTION MADE TO THE LITTLE APOSTLE IS ACK-
NOWLEDGED PROMPTLY. IF YOU DON'T HEAR FROM US, PLEASE CHECK
ON IT, OCCASIONALLY A LETTER GETS LOST.**

EDITORIAL

THE STRUGGLE TO DEATH.

The modern world faces and witnesses a real STRUGGLE UNTO DEATH, between Communism and Religion. It is visible everywhere.

The antagonists, they say, are U. S.A. and Russia. This is true, still for the moment, but soon may be no longer true. If U.S.A. is leading in the battle against Communism, this is more from the Financial and Political Standpoint. From the religious standpoint, the great opponent of Communism, or better said the ONLY serious opponent, is the Roman Catholic Church, and the Roman Catholic Religion. Let everywhere the 400,000,000 so-called Catholics LIVE AND PRACTISE their Religion, and there were no fear, that Communism would win and make any headway amongst them. No lies, no threats will ever win over their allegiance to Communism. A practical Catholic CAN NEVER be a sincere Communist, as well as a devil never can be an Angel.

American Political leaders have tried to capture and assuage the

fierceness of Communism, by giving up much of their sacred patrimony of religion, inherited from their forbears; but the result is that Communism is striving to engulf and destroy America with her sacred legacy of Freedom. There is simply no CONVENTION or PACT possible between God and Belial. The one who is not WITH ME is AGAINST ME, said Christ. And the world, if acting wise, must choose: CHRIST or THE DEVIL. Let Catholics be aware and convinced. Let them live integrally their Faith, accept completely, the tenets of their faith, and practise their faith 100%, and communism never will be able to find even the smallest split or rift through which to enter to DIVIDE AND RULE

A result of that trying to serve TWO masters is the COLD WAR, and another will be the HOT WAR, perhaps.

Let America, the Philippines, yea the whole world, believe this, and peace will remain on earth, amongst the men OF GOOD WILL. Alas! they are TOO FEW.



FIRST LESSON

At the Sulpician church in Paris the Prince of Conde found himself next to a seminarian.

After observing the young man for a time, the dignity's curiosity was aroused sufficiently so that he leaned close to the student and whispered this question:

"What are you taught at the seminary?"

There was no answer to this question forthcoming, even when the prince had repeated it several times. But at length the young man was goaded into saying something. With no trace of human respect, but with more than a trace of acidity, he whispered:

"In the seminary we are taught to keep silence in church."



NOVENA OF LAST RESORT. SEPTEMBER 1950.
(from September 2 till September 10)

PHOTO C. AERTS

General

Intention: To obtain from Heaven the conversion of the "Powers of darkness" the enemies of the Catholic Church, and of Catholic Religion and Catholic Instruction HERE IN OUR PHILIPPINES. We hear so often how Filipinos (some) have an inveterate hatred against the church (which is mostly the church of their baptism) and would readily, if they could, abolish that church or render it unable to fulfil her mission. We can at least all pray; we know how prayer well done is really infallible. So, let us all use that magic weapon which God has deposited in our hands, and pray for our persecutors, who are mostly misled and blinded, to obtain that they, too, may see, and acknowledge and love and keep the Truth, as well as we do.

Special

*Intentions: To obtain more supporters of our Catechists.
The intentions of all our Readers.*

CATHOLIC FACTS AND NEWS

WORLD'S LARGEST CHURCH TOO SMALL.

St. Peter's Basilica, the world's largest church (she can hold from 50,000 to 60,000 people) was hopelessly too small last June 24, the day of the solemn canonisation of St. Mary Goretti, the Virgin-Martyr of Rome; and there being no other way, the H. Father decreed to hold the canonisation ceremony in the open St. Peter's Square. At least 200,000 people applied for tickets, to be able to attend.

His Holiness proclaimed the girl-martyr Saint, from a throne on the steps of the huge Basilica, in the presence of Assunta Goretti, 84 years old mother of the new Saint, and the FIRST mother to see her child canonised at a formal ceremony. The body of St. Mary Goretti had been previously brought from Nettuno, where she had been buried 48 years ago, to the Passionist Church of St. Paul & St. John, where a solemn triduum began immediately after the canonisation.

HOPELESS SITUATION TURNS MANY TOWARDS RELIGION.

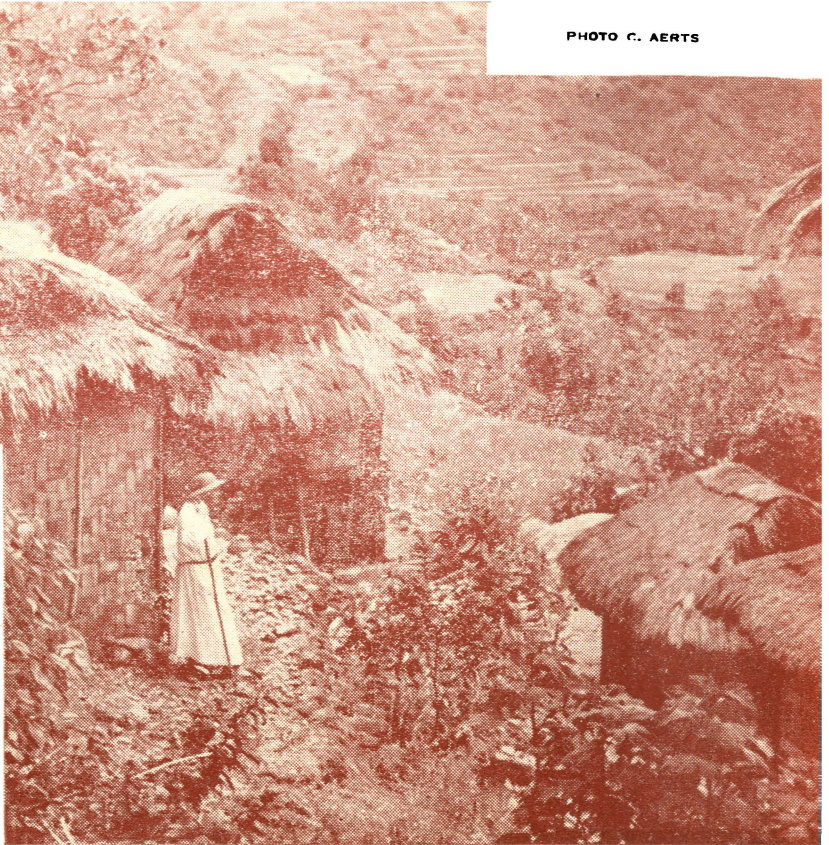
In several countries living behind the Iron Curtain, as in Hungary, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, even in Red China, conditions are growing so hopeless, even financially, that Catholics flock to churches in greater numbers than ever before, to obtain from God a providential outcome in all their worries. Even in China, PAGAN CHINA, throngs of people, who felt little or nothing towards the Catholic Faith have since the Communist Liberation of China given their names and enrolled amongst the Catechumens. Even communists are surprised and say: **ONLY THE CATHOLICS** are the only real strength that opposes us; we do not attach much importance to all other religions.



PHOTO C. AERTS

*Beautiful is the sun,
o Strangers,
when you came so
far to see us!
all our towns in
peace await you
all our doors stand
open for you;
You shall enter
all our wigwams,
For the heart's right
hand we give you.*

(Song of Hiawatha)



**ENGLISH CATHOLICS FIGHT GAL-
LANTLY FOR THEIR PRIVATE
SCHOOLS.**

News from England shows how all English Catholics united closely are fighting desperately to keep their own schools, for which they have made so many financial sacrifices. It appears that this coming year they will have to raise by free contribution 50,000,000 Pesos or even more, to keep their schools open and approved by Government. Yet the English Catholics number barely 4,000,000 out of 44 millions; and most Catholic English appear to belong rather to the labouring class. What a lesson for our Filipino Catholics!

HAIL! MARYKNOLL.

Maryknoll, the great American Mission Society is 39 years old. Started on June 29, 1911. Consists of Fathers, Brothers and Sisters. Today Maryknoll counts 477 priests, 109 Brothers, 763 Students and 964 Sisters. They have missions in Japan Korea, South China, Hawaii, Bolivia, Central Africa, Peru & Chile, Mexico & Guatemala, Panama & Nicaragua, Ceylon, Manchuria & the Philippines. They litterally cover the whole missionary world, and teach every-where to love God.



To The Catholic Youth of the Philippines

THE Immaculate Heart of Mary Mission Society (C.I.C.M.) was founded at Scheut-Brussels, Belgium, in 1863 and has its Headquarters in the Philippines at Baguio City.

It trains missionaries to preach the Holy Gospel in pagan countries and to work among abandoned Catholics.

At present, the Immaculate Heart Missionaries are working in China, Japan, Indonesia, Africa, the Philippines, the United States of America. In the Philippines, the Immaculate Heart Missionaries are working in the Archdiocese of Manila, the Diocese of Vigan, the Diocese of Tuguegarao and the Apostolic Vicariate of the Mountain Province.

SCARCITY OF PRIESTS IN THE PHILIPPINES

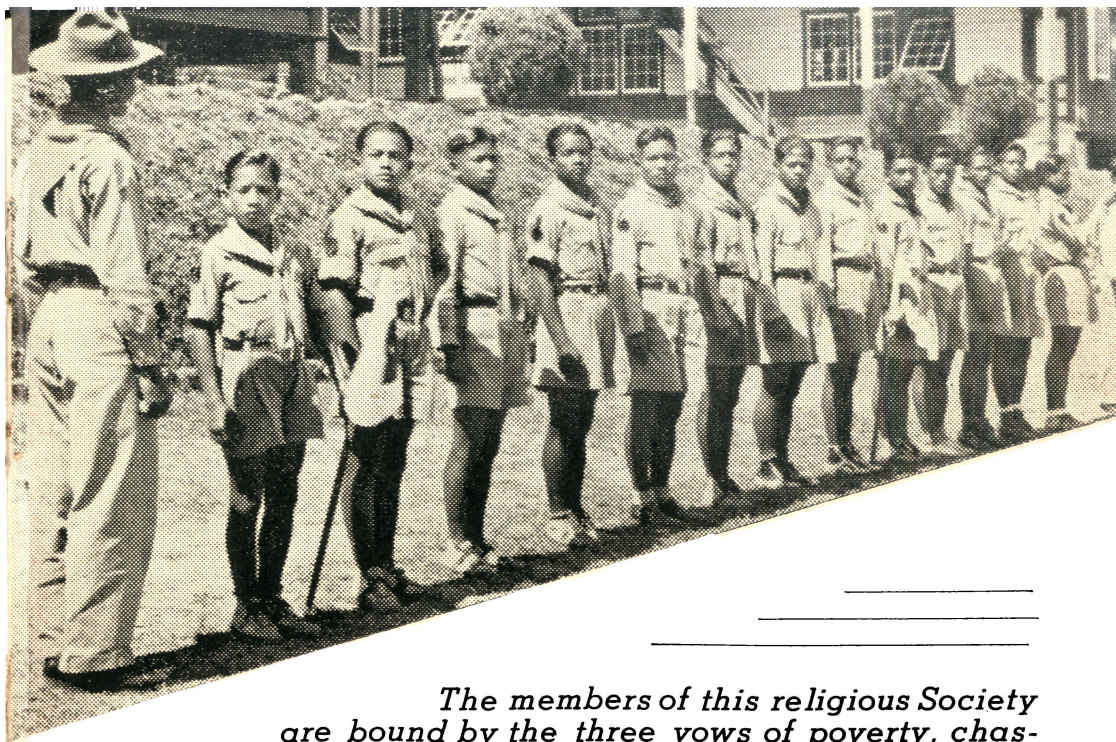
The Philippines suffers from scarcity of ecclesiastical vocations and stands in dire need of priests to take care of so many spiritually abandoned and thickly populated parishes and to propagate the Catholic Faith among thousands of pagans.

In this Catholic country, the Philippines, there are only about 1700 priests for 18,000,000 people.

If the number of priests were proportionally equal to that of other countries, there should be at least 17,000 priests.

A PROVIDENTIAL OPPORTUNITY

To help relieve this dearth of priests, the Mission Society of the Immaculate Heart of Mary will open. A MISSION SEMINARY IN THE CITY OF BAGUIO, on June 13, 1951. Candidates should be High School graduates.



*The members of this religious Society are bound by the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, as well as by the rules of the Society. They are **IN THE SERVICE OF THE BISHOPS OF THE COUNTRY** and fulfil their sacred duties dependent and guided by their religious superiors. Thus, while working out their personal sanctification, they can devote themselves to a zealous and generous apostolate, free from all cares attendant to illness and old age.*

“COME AND FOLLOW ME”

Did you hear the voice of our Lord: “Come and follow me”? Do you wish to be, as priests and religious, in the service of the bishops of your country? in the service of Holy Mother the Church wherever she calls you?

Write, then, for further information to the Very Reverend Father Provincial.

*Imm. Heart of Mary Mission Society
P. O. Box 42
Baguio City*

FAMOUS CHINESE EDUCATOR DIES A CONVERT.

Dr. Wang, famous chinese educator, former president of the famous Canton University died recently in New York, not before he had been converted and baptized in the Roman Catholic Faith. After his death, they found a message written by himself to his (pagan) wife and 6 children left in Hong Kong, saying: "I am recovered. I am going to Heaven. I want You all to follow in my footsteps."



*A smile is worth
a million dollars
and doesn't cost
a cent.*



ROOT OUT RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE IN HUNGARIAN SCHOOLS.

The Communist Government of Hungary is planning for this coming school year, to "communize" the whole educational setup of the country, and to "root out" the "CLERICAL REACTION", as they call it.

It attacked severely all teachers of religion in the public schools, accusing them and blaming them of lacking and failing to unmask the activities of the Catholics and thus inflicting serious harm UPON THE CAUSE OF DEMOCRACY.

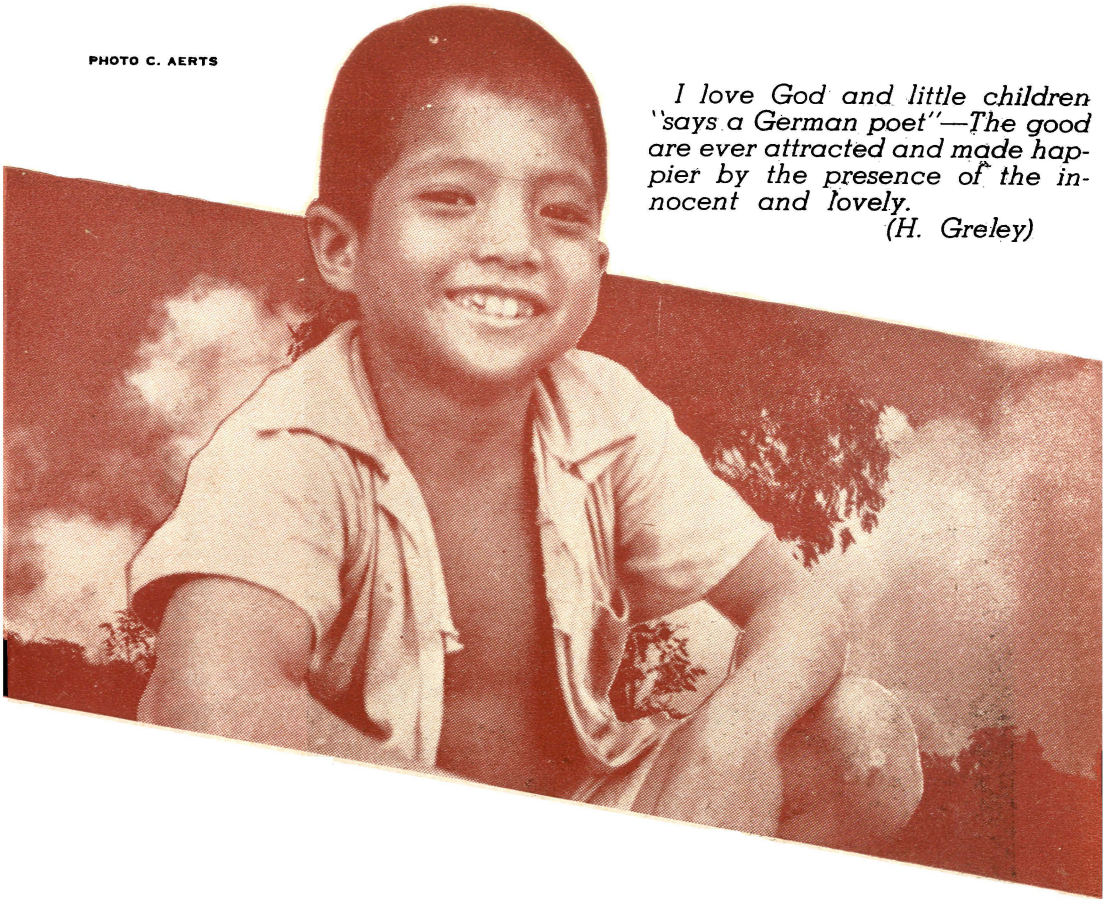
(The devil is the same everywhere, and uses the slogan of democracy to steal away the faith of the masses, who accept often this slogan. Maybe we may soon hear the same story in our Philippines. or did you hear it already?)



AMERICA PERMITS ENTRY TO DISPLACED PERSONS.

U.S.A. has in principle accorded permission to about 350,000 D.P's, coming from countries behind the Red Curtain (or from Communist dominated countries) to find admission in America "the Land of the Free".

PHOTO C. AERTS



*I love God and little children
"says a German poet"—The good
are ever attracted and made hap-
pier by the presence of the in-
nocent and lovely.*

(H. Greley)

SHOULD U.S.A. RECOGNIZE RED CHINA?

Many voices have been raised to appeal to the U.S.A. Government in particular and to the Great Powers of the world, to suggest that RED CHINA should be recognized only on condition that a FREE ELECTION duly supervised by the U.N. be held all over Red China. If the impartial result should show that the majority of the Chinese really want Communism, by their own free will, nobody should make obstacles then on the recognition of the Red Government. But freedom should be enforced.

MANY COMMUNISTS ARE COMING BACK TO CHURCH.

Reports from many places, especially from Italy, mention the returning home of many misled communists, former catholics who had believed the fallacious doctrines of communism. Hundreds of Italian Communists have lately renounced the party and returned to the church. Many of them, who were induced to see the H. Father at St. Peter's in Rome spontaneously give Him their party card and asked for pardon; after which they all went to Confession.



PHOTO C. AERTS

The night had fallen when Chayusan reached his home....

During the rainy season a wild storm swept across the mountain region and the waters thundered down the slopes and cut deep gullies and fell in torrents in the ravines. And then someone came from Paway to the hut of Chayusan and said: "Saiching, the son of Tchaya lies wounded in the hospital and asks for you." And he told Chayusan how Saiching had been pinned beneath a huge landslide during the

storm, and how he had not ceased calling for Chayusan.

Chayusan looked towards Salinga who sat listening in silence and he found her eyes cold and her face unmoved, yet Salinga wondered why her father had been to see Tchaya some time ago and why her mother had asked her how she liked Saiching. When her father and the messenger had left, her mother con-

THE LITTLE C A M I N E R O

*by Rev.
F. Alfonso
Claerhoudt*

(Continuation)

tinued to speak of the sad accident, and a cold shiver ran down Salinga's spine.. her heart was full of tears...

In Baguio Chayusan hesitated on the threshold of the hospital ward, a long white room with rows of white beds.. A nurse beckoned him and brought him to the bed on which Saiching lay, the gray pallor of death already on his face. Chayusan bent over him and whispered " Saiching Saiching.... "

Slowly Saiching opened his eyes and fixed them on Chayusan, full of question. "Saiching... I am Chayusan... from Bakbakan..." It was long before Saiching finally whispered "Salamat... I am glad you came."



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PHOTO. C. AERTS

An hour later Chayusan left the hospital as if in a daze. He muttered to himself as he went, and the people he passed looked after him a moment and smiled and said. "He is drunk". But Chayusan was not drunk... He was stunned by what the dying Saiching had disclosed. "Chayusan" he had said, "I am a thief... Tainan... his money... Tainan's money... in Paway..." Saiching then had called for the nurse and asked for the package that



had been found on him after the accident. Giving it to Chayusan, he said: "Chayusan... take it... take it to Tainan... It is his money."

Chayusan walked on, unmindful of the rain that beat down upon him... He still heard the painful moan of Saiching when he, Chayusan, refused to take the money, saying he had to give it himself to Tainan... And as he saw how fast his end was coming, he had bent lower over the miserable Saiching, and he had promised as Saiching begged with his remaining breath: "Promise, Chayusan... swear you will give... the money... to Tainan" And Chayusan had answered, trembling: "I swear it... Saiching... I will bring it to Tainan..." On the last slope before he reached the valley of Bakkakan, Chayusan sat down on the wet trail, too tired and too miserable to notice how the rain tricked in little streams down his body. "O God!" he sighed... "O my God", and a wave of burning shame and remorse swept over him as he remembered that hour in Paway when he had cursed Tainan... when he had refused to believe his money was stolen... He had cursed him because he believed Tainan had squandered the money and he scorned Salinga, his daughter... and again, on reaching home, he had cursed Tainan before the weeping Salinga and he had torn the beautiful wedding dress to shreds...

Chayusan felt wretchedly unhappy "God, O God," he moaned again as at length he struggled to his feet, wishing he did not have to go to Bakkakan, wishing he had never been born... He plodded onward, bent beneath the weight of his shame and remorse... The night had fallen when he reached his home and the dog barked as he pushed open the door of his hut. He pulled off his wet garments and sobbed aloud as he sank to the floor beside his wife and daughter.

The next morning Salinga climbed the mountain path to Pantangsal. She had sat listening until late last night to the tale her father told, and as she heard, a boundless pity had stolen into her heart. At length her father had said: "Salinga, my child, I am the cause of all your pain... How can I give You back the light and joy your young life knew...? Go to Tainan, Salinga, and give him the money... Tell him how I have wronged him, and ask him to forgive me"... and as she walked, she saw the skies, crystal clear after the recent rains, and the valley steaming beneath the noon-day sun, the blue smoke curling above the huts and the women on the trail to the camote fields their baskets on their heads... and her heart grew light and sang within her...



Change of Address

If you should change your address please send us your OLD and NEW addresses.

Moving, marriage, and mortality affect our address files; a card from you would straighten us out and assure your prompt receiving of the LITTLE APOSTLE.

When Salinga returned to Bakkaban Tainan accompanied her, and as Sugayna followed them with her eyes as they skirted the hill, she reflected happily how they'd both be her children now. And she thanked God who in His infinite goodness had taught them early the value of suffering and the paternal love of Him who sends it. . . .

Sugayna wept because of the great joy in her heart, and softly she whispered the words: "O God, how great is Thy love for us Thy children. . . ."

How true it is that the man, however broken by grief, will find peace in God's love if he will but wait without despair for God's help! God watches over us. The noblest man is he who in joy as well as in pain can say, "It is God's will. . . Blessed be He, my Father in heaven" When Sugayna had heard the glad tidings Salinga brought she blessed God and kneeling with Tainan and Salinga before the little crucifix on the sooty wall, she prayed: "Our Father, who art in heaven. . . ."



A Beautiful Thought

A little girl while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in the contemplation of the skies, asked of what she was thinking, replied. "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious what must the right side be!"



PHOTO A. D'HOOGHE

For The Missionaries...



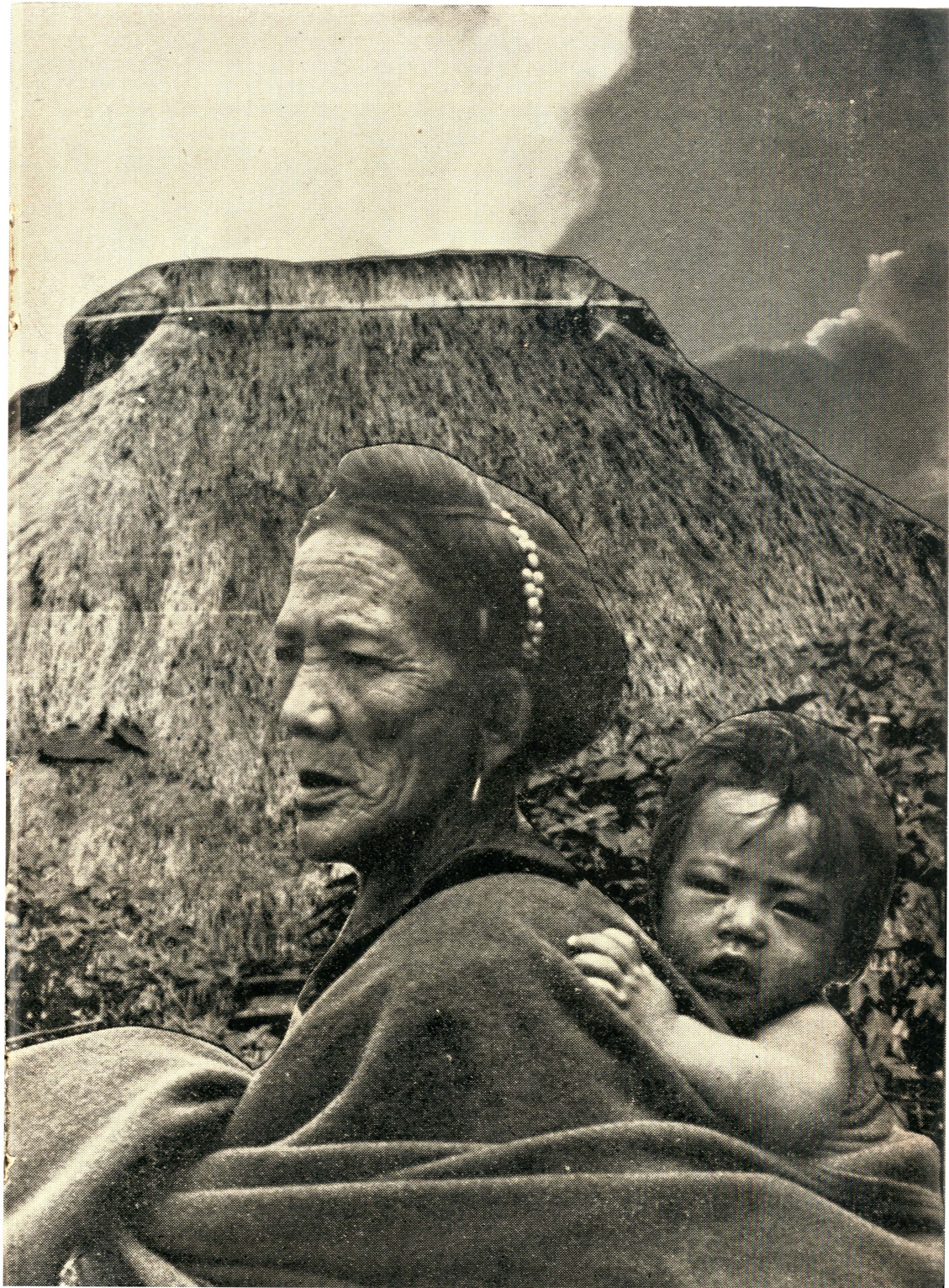
One day the Little Flower of the Infant Jesus was told by the Sister nurse of her convent to take a walk in the garden everyday for a quarter of an hour. Being very sick, this advice nevertheless looked like an order to St. Therese and she was faithful in keeping it, notwithstanding the sufferings caused by the exercise.

—"But what are you doing there?" asked one of the sisters who saw her pitifully advancing. "It would be much better for you to keep quiet and rest in a chair."

—"It is true" answered the Little Flower. "But do you know what gives me strength to do this?... The thought that I am walking for a Missionary. In my imagination, I see one of them, far away, exhausted by his errands and, to lessen his fatigues, I offer mine to the good God."

Dear reader, if you have a devotion to the Little Flower, what have you done to show it? Do you in imitation to St. Therese make some sacrifices for the Missionaries among the pagans? For instance: do you regularly pay your subscription to "The Little Apostle?" Do you try to find some new subscribers to this magazine?





CARMENCITA



writes to

LILY



To Lily:

Dear Lily,

Mamma says I must thank you for the pictures you sent us and Father Nivardo too who made them. Do you know, Lily, what Mamma said: Father Nivardo is very kind to make those for you, so that you now see Lily your friend. She is Father Nivardo's little lamb."

Then Tony said: "Let me see that Lily." Mamma always calls you our little mountain Flower. Tony was mixed up and we had fun when he said: "She is a girl; not a flower." You see, Tony always pointed at the flower in San Antonio's hand and used to say: This is Lily who writes letters to Carming." It took time to explain him and he was satisfied when Mamma told him: "You are a flower too: a small rose bud." He said "I want to be a BIG rosebud." And Mamma said "yes." and she kissed him and said "Buddy".

The trouble again was that Tony cut one of the beautiful rose buds from Uncle Pepe's CONDE-roses; and brought it to Mamma.

Last Wednesday Uncle Pepe went to Mass. "For San Jose," he said. Maybe you have been praying harder for his conversion? But, . . . not yet . . . He did not go yesterday, and it was Sunday.

Do you know why he went to mass Wednesday? he went in my place, when I was sick. He told Mamma.

So, my dear Lily, please help me to pray for him that he will also go on Sundays and make his Easter Duty. We all love him; he is so kind. He must not go to Hell. And how about Kolas?

*Your friend,
Carmencita.*



From Our Mailbag

* * * * *

To the EDITOR of "The Little Apostle"

2227 O'Donnell, Manila
July 12 1950

Dear Father: .

For several months now I have had the opportunity to read your fine magazine on the subscription of my daughters who study at the Santa Theresa's College here in Manila. I find your little magazine so well done, full of interesting articles about your work among the people in that familiar place which brings no little nostalgic feeling for others who themselves have lived there once before.

Your photographs (I mean by the fathers) are full of artistry and drama; they have that human touch for appeal and they are simply wonderful! I wish to congratulate you all for this splendid work and let us have more of your beautiful documentary pictures to grace the future pages of this magazine.

I have occasion to show your pictures to my students in this University, and they appreciate with interest the meaning of your toils and efforts. Here is more appreciation for the editorial staff of the "Little Apostle".

Yours very sincerely,

M. G. AMPIL
Professor of Audio Visual Instruction
College of Education
University of Santo Tomas

Dagupan City
July 20, 1950

Dear Rev. Father

I was deeply touched by the stories printed in your "Little Apostle", I enjoyed reading it.

Because of the pitiful plight of your flock, please enter my name as one of your subscribers.

I am enclosing a money order check of P10.00. Kindly forward a one year subscription to the person mentioned below.

Mr. Frank Hickey
1 Prospect P. K. West
Brooklyn 15, New York, U.S.A.

Please inform him that the subscription comes from me as a gift for the help he has given our Legion of Mary.

Miss Librada O. Simjoco
Dagupan City.

A good joke is the one ultimate and sacred thing which cannot be criticized.

—G. K. Chesterton

ALL FUN:

DEATH WAS A FRIEND

The following description, printed by the *New York Times*, details the remedies with which King Charles II was treated in his last illness by his physician.

"A pint of blood was extracted from his right arm, and a half-pint from his left shoulder, followed by an emetic, two physics, and an enema comprising 15 substances; the royal head was then shaved and a blister raised; then a sneezing powder, more emetics and bleeding, soothing potions, a plaster of pitch and pigeon dung on his feet, potions containing 10 different substances, chiefly herbs, finally 40 drops of extract of human skull, and the application of bezoar stone; after which His Majesty died."

A TRUSTING PUPIL

The missionary was instructing a group of small children, and he turned to one little fellow in the front row.

"Now, Johnny, suppose you died in a state of mortal sin. Where would you go?"

"To hell, Father."

"That's right. And what would you do then?"

Johnny hesitated. Then he said: "Go to confession, Father."

"Indeed! And to whom do you think you would go to Confession?"

"To you, Father."

PHOTO C. AERTS



*Bear
through sorrow,
wrong and ruth,
In thy heart
the dew of youth
On thy lips
the smile of truth.*

.....
*And that smite,
like sunshine, dark
Into many
a sunless heart,
For a smile of
God thou art.*

(Longfellow)

*Come to me ,
o ye children,
And whisper
in my ear
What the birds
and the winds
are singing
In your sunny
atmosphere.*

*Ye are better
than all the
ballads
That ever were
sung or said,
For ye are living
poems,
and all the rest
are dead.*

(Longfellow)



PHOTO C. AERTS



FOR THE HEATHEN

A collection was being taken up at the Sunday Mass for the foreign missions. The usher held his box in front of one individual at the end of a pew, but the man shook his head.

"I never give to the missions," he whispered to the usher.

The usher leaned over and whispered in his turn:

"Then take something out of the box, sir. The money is for the heathen."

SOFT ANSWER

The housewife looked with severity at the tramp standing on her doorstep.

"Why have you degraded yourself so far as to go around begging from people?" she demanded. "You're strong enough to work."

"Ah, Madam," replied the tramp. "you are beautiful enough to be a film star in Hollywood. Why, then, do you stand over a hot stove all day in your kitchen?"

It is said (perhaps with exaggeration) that the tramp received the best meal he had had in many a day.

PORTRAIT OF SHAME

A certain poor artist was commissioned by a wealthy man to paint his portrait, but the rich man took advantage of the fact that the artist was poor and unknown and offered him only a very small sum for his work.

The artist had to accept, but had his revenge in this way. When the portrait was finished, it showed only the back of the sitter's head.



My dear Boys,

Many of the pilgrims going to Rome on the occasion of the Holy Year, marvel at the many and beautiful monuments which adorn the big church of St. Peter. On either side of the central nave they see a series of niches occupied by the founders of religious Orders, whom our Mother Church has raised to her altars. The niche reserved for me is situated directly above the well known statue of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles and the first Vicar of Christ. While I was on earth I once dreamt that some day I would be given that most enviable position.

On one occasion I imagined that I was in the Basilica of Saint Peter, when I felt myself suddenly elevated on high, placed in a niche and left there alone. In great fear I called out for some one to take me down as the closing hour was approaching. This niche was exactly the one where now my statue stands and from where I look down on the thousands of pilgrims who come to pay homage to Simon Peter, the Rock on which Christ built His Church.

Boys, I am sure that you would be quite mistaken if you were to guess the size and the weight of this statue. In its elevated position it seems to be of an ordinary size, yet it measures not less than eighteen feet high and

weighs nearly twenty tons.

The fact, I wish to draw your attention to, is the presence of the two boys besides me to whom I point out the grave of St. Peter. Who are those boys? One of them is an Italian boy, already known to you, your friend and model, Blessed Domingo Savio, about whom I wrote to you in my last message. By the way, Domingo smiled when he saw so many of you requesting from the Central Office of Don Bosco's Boys' Association, a small picture of his with a precious relic attached to it. You did very well in asking for it. May it help you to imitate this wonderful boy who simply did what any one of you can do: he was faithful to his resolutions and at any cost he tried his best to avoid sin, mortal sin in particular.

The other boy who stands besides me in the group-statue is an Indian boy, Zeffirino Mamuncara by name, the son of a pagan chief. I could write you much about Zeffirino, but for now, let me give you just a few biographical facts.

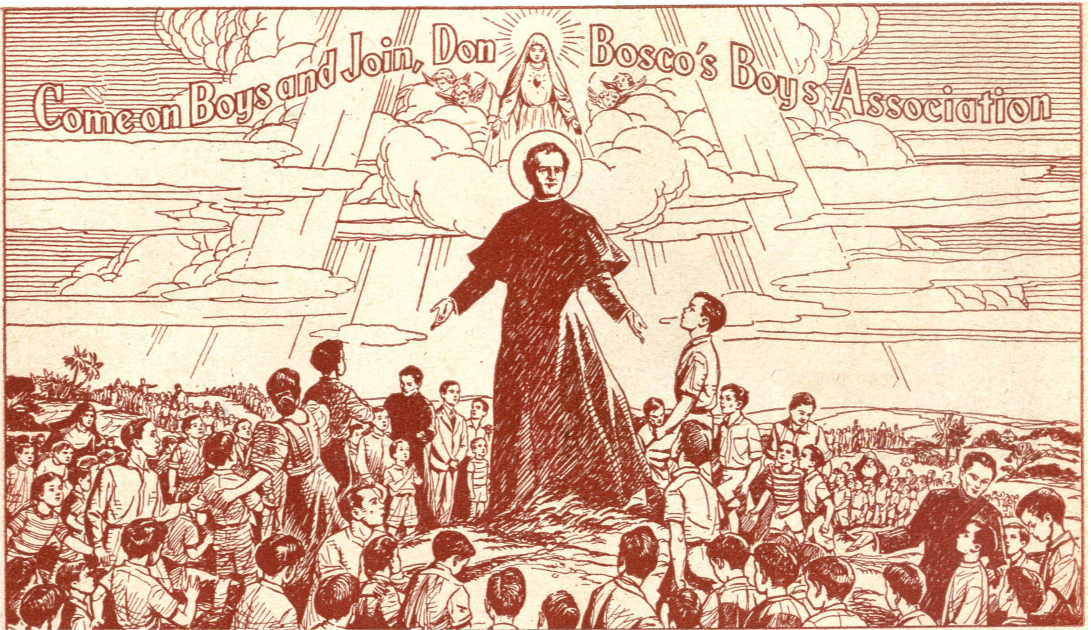
Zeffirino was born in Patagonia (Argentine) in 1888, just a few months before I left the world for my eternal reward. His father, Manuel, was an Indian chief, and a terrible one at that. After having put fear into the hearts of all the people

with his numerous and unexpected raids, and having caused much trouble to the Argentinian soldiers, he surrendered and received Holy Baptism shortly afterwards. From a wild Indian chief, he became a most faithful Catholic man.

His baby son, Zeffirino, was bapt-

he took advantage of it to give them good advice. His great ambition was to be a priest.

At the age of sixteen Zeffirino was sent to Italy. Imagine his joy when he knelt before the altar of our Lady, Help of Christians in Turin. Imagine his impressions when a few months



ized on October 24, 1888. As a young student he astonished his teachers by his understanding, responsiveness and courtesy. He soon showed himself a leader among his companions and inspired them with zeal for the conversion of his own people. On account of his personality, his physical power and his intellectual gifts, he had a great command over his companions and

later, in September 1904, he was introduced to the Holy Father, Pope Pius X. Zeffirino pleaded before the Pope with such faith and insistence for the conversion of his fellow Indians in Patagonia, that Pius X was profoundly moved. Before giving Zeffirino His Apostolic Blessing, the Holy Father conferred upon him the honor of the gold medal *ad principes*.



After the audience, Zeffirino went to pray at the tomb of Saint Peter. If he had then looked up at the vacant niche above the statue of the Prince of the Apostles, little would he have surmised that thirty-two years later he would stand there beside Blessed Domingo Savio and myself.

Shortly after this, full of enthusiasm in the pursuit of his holy vocation, Zeffirino started his theological studies. But, like many another Domingo Savio, he was not meant for this world. Within eight months he became sick, was taken to a hospital in Rome and there, on May 11, 1905, he died a very happy death.

My dear Boys, how I wish you all to tread the footsteps of those saintly boys Domingo and Zeffirino! Be faithful to the four resolutions you have taken when you were received as my boys and you will succeed.

God bless you all!

Affectionately yours,

Jac. Gio. Bosco —

MISSION INTENTION. (For September 1950)

FOR

THE SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

Many of our readers don't know that in the so-called South America, being listed as 100% Catholic, there are still millions of Indians, living in the darkness of Paganism. The greatest number of those Indians have been simply abandoned for centuries. The Spanish Friars, following on the heels of the Conquistadores, succeeded in converting the greatest number of South American Indians; but others went hiding East of the Cordilleras and of the Andes in places almost inaccessible, and when later on the missionaries had detected them, they had become already too few to start missions amongst them. As the number of priests diminished still more,

during the XIXth Century, they had to confine their activities to their already Catholic flock, so that forcibly the Indians became more or less neglected or forgotten. Only since a few years, many Missionary Congregations, amongst them the Maryknoll Fathers, volunteered to take over large tracts of this old missionfield. And from the deep jungles of the Orinoco as far as the frozen lands of Patagonia, there are now missionaries trying to convert the long forgotten or neglected Indians of South America.

Let us, too, offer, specially during this month of September, our daily prayers and sacrifices, to obtain from Heaven that South America, from the Canal of Panama to Cape Horn may hear the good tidings of the Redemption, and that all remaining pagan Indians may soon be our Brethren in Christ.

St. Peter Claver, whose feast we celebrate on Sept. 9, was one of the great missionaries of South America!



*Fair young
faces all ablush
Perhaps you
may have seen
some day*

*Roses crowd-
ing the self-
same way
Out of a wild-
ing wayside
bush...*

(A. Cary)

PHOTO C. AERTS

OUR Family Circle

Whenever we read the lives of the Saints, we observe not only that most, if not all of them, were real Vases of Election by God, souls dearly loved and protected by God's grace, but not less souls who knew how to correspond, too, to that Election and those signal graces. And should we ask : What was foremost in them all : the great favors which they obtained

from God, or the eagerness they showed in corresponding faithfully to those graces? I think we should understand a little clearer the mystery of Holiness which we so often read about or meditate. Saints became Saints because God called them and prepared them to Holiness in a most particular way; and Saints became Saints because they knew how to profit of all those heavenly Graces. Remember the Parable of the Talents: Saints were all persons who knew so well how to trade with the talents given to them by God, that they were all able at the moment of their death to say: Lord, You gave us 2 talents and we have earned 2 more FOR YOU by our skill and activity, but mostly by our LOVE FOR YOU. Could we, too, not try a little the same game?

PHOTO C. AERTS



The Mystery of the Rattan Strips

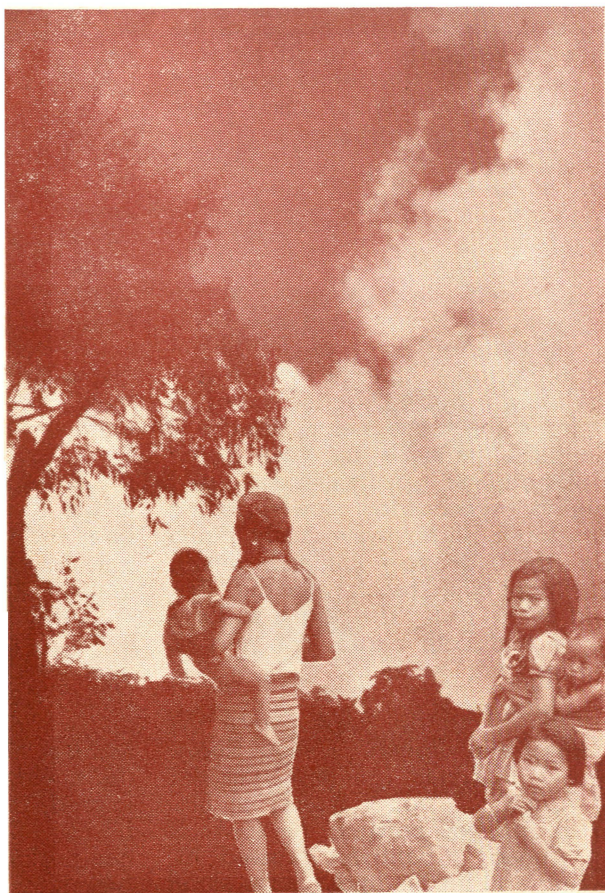


PHOTO C. AERTS

(Summary of the foregoing)

Bindadan, the well known Ifugao go-between, beginning an inquiry of his own, in order to find out whether Tuginay had been killed by an Ifugao and not by the hereditary enemies as everybody thought, first consulted a certain Bantiyan, the so-called magician of the community. He made him come to his house and told him to perform his mysterious rites and invocations with his magic rod. Should this performance confirm the general opinion, Bindadan simply would admit that his suspicions were unfounded, but....

And so Bantiyan continued, calling one by one the Harassers of the Underworld and Skyworld as well as of the other abodes of gods and spirits. Every time he made twice his measuring operation. There seemed to be no end to his invocation, and yet he got no results. They, therefore, had nothing to do with the killing.

Then came the invocation to the Harassers of Mount Amuyaw. This aroused the interest of Bindadan, for he supposed that they could well have been involved, since they had their abode in the neighborhood of Chupak. Bantiyan too was aware of Bindadan's special interest and therefore proceeded slowly, letting his finger slide mysteriously along the rod. At every name, however, the finger could reach twice the other end of the rod. He kept it so for a while that both might look and ascertain the fact.

The last in the series were the Harassers of Ifugao. "Thou Harasser of Dukligan. . . Thou Harasser of Alimit. . . Thou Harasser of Ligligan, did you bewitch the spear of an Ifugao?" Bantiyan pressed his thumb and let his finger slide along the rod; pressed again, and lo' the rod had become longer. Bindadan ascertained the fact, took a burning piece of wood out of the fire, moved it to the rod. . . . Indeed the rod was longer. "Press", he exclaimed. "I do press", replied Bantiyan.—"But your thumb does not press the other end". "It does, look, exactly! still the rod is longer." Truly! The conclusion was at hand. It was the

Harasser of Ligligan who had bewitched the spear that killed Tuginay. . . and as the length of the rod told it, that spear was the spear of an Ifugao.

"Good work," exclaimed Bindadan and jumping up, he took down a small jar that contained ricewine and offered a coconut-cup full of the yellowish drink to his good Bantiyan, while he too emptied another cup. Next he placed the cover on the ritual box invoking the Harassers and telling them that he would call them back in the morning and offer another chicken for them.

Carefully Bantiyan took up his magic rod, put it back into his hip-bag; and after having taken his supper, he silently took the rest of the chicken as his well deserved salary.

During the few hours that Bindadan could sleep, he had a dream: He saw Ifugaos gathering somewhere on a houseyard. They didn't go home at night but all of them entered the house, bolted the door and performed secretly some rites. He couldn't remember what kind of rites they had performed, but it seemed to him that they now and then had pronounced his name.

This dream made him change his sacrificial plans. Was this dream not a warning? Perhaps the Harassers, who had proven that they were well disposed toward him, made him see all that in his sleep. "No doubt", Bindadan concluded, "those who are guilty of that murder will sent the Harassers against me to bewitch

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PHOTO C. AERTS

me, that I would talk nonsense, that I would be misled and be unable to find out who was guilty. Wait, I shall offer a small pig for the Bright-Being, the Sun, and his allies, so they may control those Harassers, their subordinates. Yes, and I shall give them also one chicken, no, two chickens, one for the Harassers of the Underworld, the Skyworld and the Downstream and Upstream Regions, one for the Harassers of these neighboring villages."

The two chickens he had them in his chicken's baskets, the small pig . . . well Oltagon, Tuginay's wife, had one, and he would call Oltagon, explain the matter in secret and send her back to fetch that pig. Rice wine for the ghosts of his ancestors and all the other deities he would invite for safety sake, he had enough, though only half a small jar.

So he did. Towards the evening all things were ready and in the silence of the night the performance went its way. Besides the Earth-

quaker and the Thunderer and all the other deities, he invoked solemnly the Bright Being and Bugan wife of the Sun, the Moon and Lingan wife of the Moon, the Big and Small Star gods, and finally the Harassers. He killed the victims and carefully scrutinized the bile sacs. All of them foretold good fortune. The two wives, his and Tuginay's, cared for the cooking, while Bindadan passed his time sipping now and then some rice wine and making plans.

When everything was ready, they scooped the cooked rice into a sifting basket and placed above it the larger portions of pork and chicken. Bindadan moved nearer and prayed:

"Ooooo oweeee, here then is our offering for you, Bright-Being and Bugan wife of the Sun, Moon-god and Lingan wife of the Moon, Star gods of the Skyworld, and ye all Harassers, take ye the soul of this pig, the souls of these chickens, the soul of this rice and this rice wine,

go ye to the houses of our enemies in these neighboring villages and make your curse adhere to their chickens and pigs, to their rice and rice wine, so that they may swallow your curse, swallow their death, their rottenness, all of them husband and and wife and children altogether!"

Then Bindadan drank a mouthful of rice wine, and narrated the proper magical tale:

"Are living Bugan and Wigan at Dukligan, they are married happily, their chickens and pigs and children are healthy, their rice fields yield abundant crops. When the night had come they lie down to sleep and lo! they see (in their dream) their rice wine getting full of worms, and their meat, and their betelnuts, and their enemies convey to them their bewitched ritual box. When the morning was morning Bugan and Wigan offer a grand sacrifice: they invite the Earthquaker of the Underworld, the Thunderer of the Skyworld, the Growth-Givers of the Underworld and the Skyworld and of the Downstream and Upstream Regions and give them each one pig, they give a very fat pig, the father of the pigs of the Ifugaos, to the Bright-Being and Bugan the wife of the Sun, to the Moon-god and Ligan his wife and to the Star-gods of the Skyworld, and they give a chicken to the Harassers and Witches, to the Stomach-ache Deities and Hunters. And in the afternoon Wigan narrates the Magical Tale. The morning had become morning again, and Wigan takes his knife and his spear and goes away, he goes to invite the Bright-Being.— "Am I invited by you, says the Bright-Being,—"why did you come here, Wigan?" Wigan said: "I came because our rice wine gets full of worms, and our meat and our betelnuts, and our enemies bewitched

their ritual box and conveyed it to us". "Wait!" exclaimed the Bright-Being, "I will manage that, for you gave me your fat pig". And the Bright-Being goes to the spring where Bugan and Wigan's enemies have to fetch water and he blocks the flow of the water, and their spring gets dry and they have nothing to drink and nothing to cook with, and this lasts one month and a half. Again the Bright-Being takes a calebash and fills it with dirty water, and mixes in it all kinds of worms and little stones. With that he goes to the place where the enemies of Bugan and Wigan use to sit, and there he places the calebash. And lo! the enemies of Bugan and Wigan come, they see the calebash "Hello, water!" they exclaim. And they drink. And when they come home their stomach swells and they die.

And the Bright-Being looks down on the Ifugaos, Wigan and Bugan of Dukligan. He dives down from the Skyworld and lo! he stands before Bugan and Wigan: "Your enemies died", he said, "be happy again at Dukligan and I shall multiply your pigs and chickens and children, your crops and your rice fields".

(to be continued)

**Not what we give
but what we share,
for the gift without
the giver is bare;
who gives himself
with his alms feeds three:
himself,
his hungering neighbor
and ME**

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SAINT MARIA GORETTI

News from Rome tell of the extraordinary interest the people of Rome, and all Catholics the world over have taken in the canonisation of the little Virgin-Martyr of the 20th Century: Maria Goretti, last June 25th, at St. Peter's Basilica.

All Catholics seem to realize better than ever the threefold lesson taught in this solemn canonisation: First, the power of a fervent catholic home, even where utter poverty seems to reign, to foster the virile Christian virtues. Second, the unspeakable power of a saintly, unlettered mother, who nurtured in the heart of a young child a purity stronger than death. And lastly, the moral strength of a girl, only 12 years old, to face squarely the greatest evil and sin at first hand, and to vanquish it, even by death.

Maria Goretti, like her mother Asunta, could neither read nor write; never had the chance to attend school. She worked, as soon as she could, to help support the widowed mother, and the younger brothers and sisters. Yet, she knew perfectly well to say: "NO" and she allowed herself to be murdered in a most brutal and savage way, rather than commit sin.

On the very day of Maria's canonisation a Solemn Triduum was started

in her honor, at Corinaldo, her birthplace; the whole town together with many surrounding towns was present at the prayer. They understood that Maria is the most precious asset of their place and province and race, casting a new lustre on the whole of Italy, and esp. on all young womanhood lovelier and more precious than ever before. Maria's picture is now in all homes; she is invoked by all, specially by all young maids, who have learned from her, how their virtue unspoiled is and remains the most sacred inheritance committed by God and by baptism to their vigilant care. God's designs are most wonderful. In an age where lust and pride try to dominate the Young generation of this XXth Century, a little child of 12 years has been found to teach the coming ages "that sin especially the sin of impurity, is the most dreaded scourge of the human race" and "that no price is too great to be paid to preserve unspoiled that treasure, given by God to men, (when they are willing to give ALL THINGS THEY HAVE, EVEN BLOOD AND LIFE, to keep this treasure for God, who gave it to them.)

We, too, we have to call Maria Goretti, the Virgin-Martyr, "OUR TREASURE".

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