

THE LITTLE APOSTLE of the MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



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THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

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

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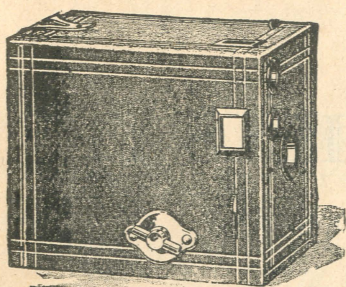
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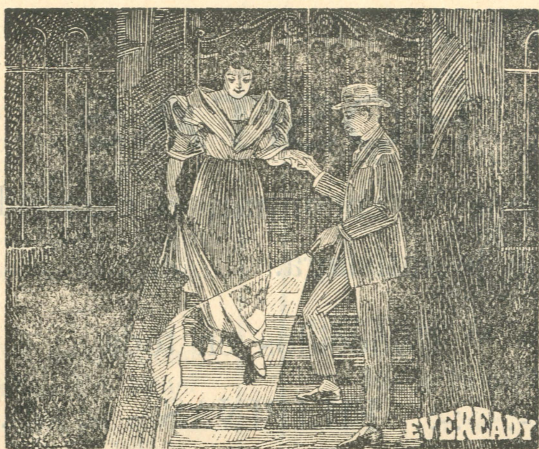
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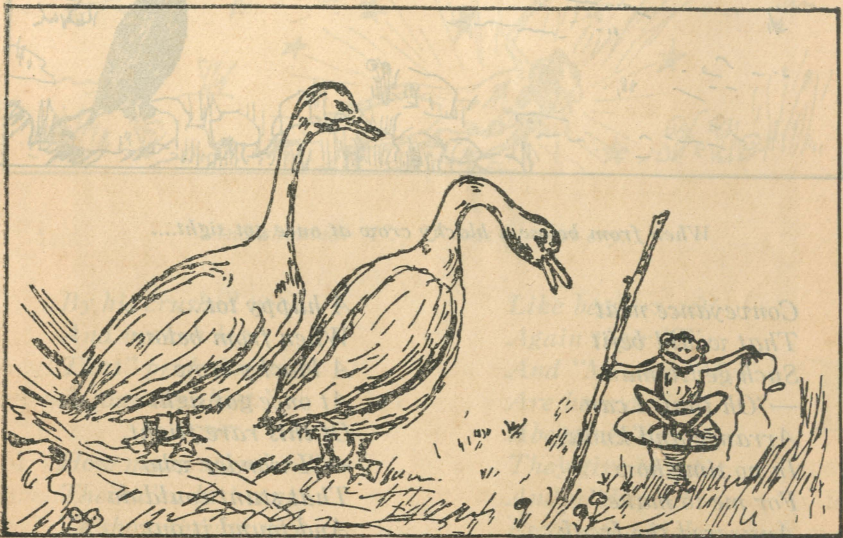
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THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

Around a Mongol Fable



With this strong weed, I'll tie this reed....

*One day, two geese,
Just not to freeze,
Were chatting 'bout
Their flying South
And wintering
Till sunny Spring,
When came a frog,
A dandy rogue,
And, greeting, said:
"All hail! Please wait,*

*My ladies kind,
If you don't mind
Bring me your way,
From here away;
I am too old
To stand the cold."
The geese agreed
To bring him with
Them, to the South,
But not without*



When from below a blacky crow at once got sight....

*Conveyance neat
 That would befit
 Such gentleman,
 —“Oh that, I can
 Arrange and know
 In no time how
 For me to make”
 Answered the freak.
 “With this strong weed
 I’ll tie this reed,
 To both your tails;
 So, nothing fails,
 For, with my mouth,
 While you fly South,
 I’ll hang to it”
 The geese agreed,
 And up they went,
 In smooth ascent,
 Through cloud and fog
 With Master Frog,
 Between them both*

*A happy tot....
 When from below
 A blacky crow
 At once got sight
 Of this rare flight.
 —“I wonder who
 That stunt could do
 And found it out
 To travel South
 So easily!”
 The crow, with glee,
 Aloud remarked
 And, quacking, quacked.
 The frog did hear
 That praise so queer,
 And, getting proud,
 He op’ned his mouth
 And shouted: “I!”
 ‘T was his last cry,
 And down he fell,
 Quite dead, to tell*



And shouted: "I". 'T was his last cry...

By his crushed neck
And broken leg,

"That" pride has lost
A countless host."

How many spend
Their e'en last cent
To show they're rich
But dig a ditch
Of poverty
As property!

The reason why
Is their fool "I";
They loose their reed
And fall...in need!

How many boast
Of being host
But do in fact
Sends out no cries
To boast his worth,

Like beggars act!
Again their "I"
And "Me and "My"
Are here amiss:
Abegging 'tis:
They give to get
And so they let
Escape the nick
From their nice stick!

How many walk
And proudly talk
As if they thought
All others naught
And they the strong
And wise! How wrong!
They little know
What foolish show
They make of them!
Who is a gem
And really wise

For, e'en one word,
 One foolish cry
 Of "Me" or "I"
 Makes loose the teeth
 From that thin reed
 Which, called esteem,
 Is like a dream
 Or whirling fog.
 So, like the frog,
 The vain falls down
 And spoils his crown
 Which humble mood
 In silence would

Have kept intact.
 Isn't that a fact?

Thus, when they raise
 You by just praise:
 This lesson heed:
 "Press more your teeth
 And never shout;
 Just keep your mouth
 You're hanging with
 From a thin reed!"

Savonarola.

Church Unity Octave

*From the Feast of St. Peter's Chair, January 18, to that
 of the Conversion of St. Paul, January 25.*

IN 1916, the Holy Father approved an octave of prayers for Church Unity, i.e. for the reunion with the Catholic Church of all Christian Sects which in one form or another have separated from the Mother Church during the lapse of time since her origin.

The Octave of Prayer for Church Unity originated with the Society of the Atonement, Graymoor, U. S. in 1908. Millions who once belonged to the true Church, such as the Protestants, the Russian and other Schismatics of the Oriental Church and the Aglipayans in our Philippines, need our prayers, so that they

may come back to the unity of Faith and that there may be but "one Flock and one Shepherd"

Never were the prospects for the return of Oriental Schismatics and Protestants to the True Fold more promising than today. Several organizations are working their utmost to bring the lost sheep back, but all our efforts without Prayer will not avail: Faith is a gift of God and, God gives, when asked.

We are Catholics, i. e. we belong to the Catholic or Universal Church. Let thus our action be Catholic, i. e. embrace the whole world. Our Lord died for the whole world and for every one:



January 8, Feast of the Holy Family.

So let us, at least, pray for the salvation of the whole world and of every one, especially during the days of the Octave for Church Unity, that those who already know Christ, may also listen to

His voice on earth through His Representative, the Holy Father. If the Holy Father has approved this Octave, then, we, His spiritual children, **MUST** pray together with Him for His and God's

purpose.

A plenary Indulgence is granted by the Holy Father to every one of the faithful who on the First or Last day of the Octave shall receive Holy Communion under the usual conditions and

pray for the return of all the "other sheep" to the "one Fold" of Peter, the "One Shepherd."

It is recommended that one decade of the Rosary (at least) be said for this intention, each day.

Happy New Year!

Dialogue

CAST: 1927: an old woman with a wrinkled face and grey hair;

1928: a laughing girl in a pink dress.

On the stage: many plants and flowers.

1927, at the opening of the curtain, is at the left, ready to disappear behind the scenes, with a stick in one hand and a bag in the other.

1928 enters, smiling, holding a bouquet of flowers.

SCENE I.

1927. (walking very slowly and bending like a tired old lady)

Finally....I....am....done....The last hour of my reign has come....Oh, my God....(stops walking)....how tired I am!....I am exhausted....

SCENE II.

1928 enters dancing.

1928. Three cheers for the new year! Happiness and joy! To.... (she stops at the sight of 1927.... is astonished to see the old lady) Good evening, grandma! You look tired. May I help you?

1927. (in a dry way)

Let me alone....I did not ask you anything.

1928. Excuse me, lady. I had no intention of annoying you. Everybody is inviting me and seems happy to see me. But you alone, you pout at me....it is not nice of you, lady.

1927. Who are you? I do not like to talk to unknown people.

1928. Who I am? You seem to be the only one in the world that does not recognize me....I am "new year", I am 1928 and....

1927. (angry).

What? You are 1928 and dare to come and tease me when the whole world hates and rejects me. That's too

- much! (She beats the ground with her stick) Be gone, if not.... (she menaces 1928 with her stick) I do not know what is going to happen....
1928. (At this she falls back)
Oh! Oh! That's not kind of you. I have not caused you any wrong!
1927. No wrong!....No wrong!.... Shame on you! You come to take my place. You chase me away....and you dare to say that you did not cause me any wrong!
1928. Good old Ma, you are quite unjust to me. Let us see. Is it my fault that you look old and (she laughs) that I look young and pretty? You have been young like myself, and (aside: one catches more flies with a drop of honey than with a whole barrel of vinegar) and you must have been a very pretty lady....
1927. (flattered) Truly, my child. (Aside: that girl does not look so ugly) I have been young and sympathetic like yourself....and then, the people sang my praises....covered me with flowers....
1928. (She brings a chair to 1927)
You are tired, Ma,....take this seat....Let us see....you will be at ease in this chair.
1927. (sits down and places her bag and stick on the ground near her) Thank you, little child.
1928. (takes a small bench which she places at the side of 1927 and sits down on it)
I will sit near you, like this. (She places her bouquet on the knees of 1927) I am going to listen to you!
1927. (grumbling)
To listen....to me? Do you think perhaps I am going to tell you a fairy story?....I have other things to think of.
1927. (leaning her head on 1927's arm)
No, don't tell me stories, good mother. But give me some sound advice....I need it badly, for I am without experience.
1927. Advice?....and of course you will not follow it. Such are boys and girls....and so many others....
1928. I promise you, mother, I will follow your counsels. Be quick....it is nearly midnight....
1927. Midnight!....(she trembles) the 31st of December....the fatal moment of my exile....for all ways....
1928. Midnight! and all hands on earth offer me flowers and wishes....How happy I feel at the glorious reception!
1927. Lies, all that, my child. They offer you flowers....they smile and laugh at your arrival, but, if your hours do not contain all the hope they are fostering, tomorrow....believe me....they curse you....they will hold their fists in front of your nose....
1928. Oh! Oh!....and why?....I am doing them no wrong.

1927. Of course, no....but don't ask me further explanations. The people on earth are ungrateful and thoughtless....

When I made my entry—that's now 365 days ago, at this same hour—then, too, they welcomed me....covered me with roses and all kinds of wishes....after which—I was scarcely eight days old—they began to pout at me.

1928. Why?

1927. Simply because I did my duty....I had some cool nights and a few fresh days to distribute....I distributed them....some people caught cold by their own carelessness....some got the trancaso....and the concert began right away:

"What a rotten year!".... "Atchoun!....Are the Philippines in Siberia? We are going to freeze....It was much better last year. In February, I sent a few drops of rain, just enough to moisten the sand, and they began to curse me." "Looks like the rainy season, already" they said.

Then I had scarcely sent some warmer sun, when everybody shouted: "A shame the year of 1927. We are melting!"

When I sent a few showers to make them cool off, the careless without umbrellas cursed me, the little ladies, with fine shoes, grumbled, whatsoever I did, more than half of humanity found fault with me.

1928. Poor old lady....how I pity you!....

1927. And then you had to hear the Papas....the Mammamas....the teachers....My ears are still buzzing with their continual complaints.

The Mammamas said: don't talk of 1927....this year is the worst I have known in my life; the children have all been sick.... I, too, feel as I never felt.... What a year!

And the Papas said: Everything becomes dear....never have prices been so high....for the bread, eggs, meat....Really I do not know how I will be able to make both ends meet this year. What a year!

And the teachers! "What rascals of pupils I have this year!" They never have been so bad and so lazy....Ah, How glad I will be when my new pupils come next year!

No, I tell you, I feel no regret in deposing my scepter....(A sounding of a bell....the clock strikes twelve)

Heavens!....Midnight!....

(Songs are heard from behind the scenes....joyous cries of "Happy New Year....Good bye Old 1927")

I must go, my child. (Stands up....1928 takes back her flowers that had fallen on the ground and rises)

1928. Are you going? Good Mother? And without your advice?.... That is not kind of you....

1927. (Quite emotioned) My daughter....do your duty and God will help you....walk straight and don't bother yourself with men....

1928. I will obey you Mamma.... But please accept my flowers.... they will speak to you of better days, because no doubt you have distributed many good days too.

1927. Who sows is not always the one who harvests....Child....be happy....at least this night.... Good bye....(she walks off....1928 sends her a farewell kiss and comes to the middle of the stage)

SCENE III.

1928. I think she hates me because she has to give up her place to me. That's why she pictures my mission in such bad

colors....(Laughingly) Who lies, will see....I have confidence.... I will be good....so good that all on earth will like me....

With me all the days of the year will be woven with gold and silver....No diseases, no sicknesses, no colds, no tranca-so....But then, what will the doctors say, and the pharmacists, and the undertakers?

I will make things cheaper.... the children will belike angels.... the spinters will smile....the mothers-in-law will be lovely.... the teachers will not punish their pupils....the examinations will be easy....Does this program suit you?

To encourage me, to keep my word, give me an applause, for I am: 1928....the new year.... the year of hope and happiness!

Curtain.

Read! Heed! Act!

"The power and influence of the Catholic press are so great that even the seemingly most insignificant activity in favor of the good Press is always of great importance, because great results may come therefrom.

Anything which you will do for the good Press, I will consider as having been done for me personally. The Catholic Press is very close to my heart, and I expect much, very much from it."—Pope Pius XI.

Office Boy: "My brother has a gold medal for running five miles, an' one for ten miles; a silver medal for swimming; two cups for wresting, an'

badges for rowing?"

"He must be a wonderful athlete."

"He's no athlete at all. He keeps a pawnshop."

*So Speak the Wise....
and the Young Heed the Lesson!*

316. *Dumb folks get no lands.*
317. *If you desire to see my light, you must minister oil to my lamp.*
318. *A cow ---or a cripple--- may catch a hare.*
319. *A fencer hath one trick in his budget more than he ever taught his scholar.*
320. *A crooked stick will have a crooked shadow.*
321. *Don't let your heels lose your head.*
322. *The church is full of his acquaintances; the pulpit would hold his friends.*
323. *The tongue of a fool carves a piece of his heart to all that sit near him.*
324. *'Tis late ere an old man comes to know he is old.*
325. *She is as quiet as a wasp in one's nose.*
326. *Who would do ill, never wants occasion.*
327. *A man among children will be long a child, a child among men will soon be a man.*
328. *He that never rode, never fell.*
329. *What boots running if one is on the wrong road?*
330. *Better a child cry than a mother sigh.*

THE MISSION

Did You Do That

Little Flower, Patroness of the Missionaries?

ANTONIO, FROM DILAN, was waiting for me at the door of the church. This often happens in the Trinidad Mission, but that the boy showed a long face and nervously turned the end of his vest between his fingers, just when I left the church after early Mass, was a bad omen.

—“Paula, Father,” so he began, “Paula from Suyo....” and he stammered and hesitated, until I asked:

—“Is she sick?”

—“Worse than that, Father?”

—“Dead perhaps?”

—“Nearly as bad as that.”

I found out that Paula had completely lost her mind, that she refused any kind of food and drink, had to be watched day and night, otherwise ran away, and....

—“This has lasted for fourteen days” Antonio continued. “She will surely die before long, and the people say she is possessed by a devil.”

Yes, that was sad news. Paula and her husband Martin, were two newly converted, and besides good

christians, living in a far away barrio by the name of Suyo.

I took my breakfast in a hurry, had the horse saddled and off I went for Suyo, but a typhoon had played havoc with the trail.

Mud and slides forced me to walk half the time and, to pull a horse behind on a long muddy road, is some kind of a penance....

Nevertheless I reached the hut where Martin and Paula were living a happy life until recently. In front stood two women busy pounding rice. Inside was a crowd of women sitting on their heels.

Was there a pagan feast, a kaniaw, going on to chase away the spirit of evil? The ghost which the pagans thought was tormenting the poor woman? “Pax huic domui”, I murmured while entering, for indeed, never had this once peaceful hut been more in need of this blessing.

In a dark corner of the gloomy hut, was a young woman sitting, with her body doubled up, her face black with grime, her eyes

wildly glaring around, her lips dripping with saliva, her hair tangled and loosely hanging over her face, a real skeleton, half naked and the remaining clothes torn into rags by the wildly screaming creature. She was Paula, a modest woman of a fortnight ago, now like an awe-inspiring spook of the other world. What a sight!

One of her arms was chained to a post of the house. The old women were gazing at her between the uninterrupted puffs of smoke they sucked from their "ped-ped" cigars, whispering now and then a word that spoke of amazement and terror.

Poor Paula. Now she was singing, or screaming crying and sobbing, again she made efforts to right herself and escape from the chain or she spoke of Apo Dios and Apo Santa Maria, sometimes in Ilokano, sometimes in her own dialect. Indeed Antonio was right when he told me that Paula was worse than sick.

At first she recognized me and called me by my name, but after a while she confounded me with other Fathers she had seen, till finally she took me for some native of the village.

While pitying the poor creature, it came to my mind that this was the first day of the novena in preparation to the feast of the Little Flower. Who knows? The Little Flower does so many wonders. I spoke to the bystanders about invoking the help of Heaven where

human remedies seemed powerless....

—"Not a bit" one of the old pagan women grumbled, "Just take away from her that baptism she received, and you will see; we will use our old customs, we will offer a kaniaw, and she will be cured."

I had not expected such a request and my astonishment still increased when the same old woman asked me how much it would cost to take that baptism away from Paula, to make her again a true Igorrote, a true pagan.... for then, "she would be cured in no time".

I had to use all my eloquence to convince these poor ignorants of the contrary and to show them how their honoring the devil would further prevent God's blessing from restoring the poor woman, and I told them that, if people prayed, God would pity the sick. Thus speaking I sent word to the several christians of the place and, when they arrived, I invited them to begin a novena that same day in honor of the Little Flower, for the recovery of Paula, and I promised them to say holy Mass for the same purpose in honor of the Little Saint, on the last day of the novena. The christians promised to say a rosary every day for nine days. It was all I asked, so, after blessing the house and Paula herself, I left.

On the ninth day, after having said the promised holy Mass,

my intention was to go to Suyo and see for myself the results of the novena, but I was prevented. That same day I met people from Suyo who had come from the place two or three days before and they told me that Paula had not improved much; "She is not as wild as before, but she talks only nonsense".

A few days later, other people, who had come from Suyo, related that Paula was cured....

And indeed, on the 23rd of October, whom did I see in the

church of Trinidad? Paula, who had attended Mass and was kneeling in company with a few other women. When everybody had left, she came out of the church, and came to see me. She was the Paula of former days, modest and intelligent, only somewhat weaker, but perfectly cured.

Little Flower, was that cure one of the roses you bestow in showers the world over?

M. Debrabandere.

Missionary of Trinidad, Benguet.

At Home

Well has it been said that when we are alone we should watch our thoughts; when in company, our tongue. But that when we are at home we should watch our temper, for we are more apt to lose it at home with those we love than when abroad among strangers.

Unfortunately many of us only too easily presume upon the strong bond of kindred, and permit ourselves to cast aside the ordinary rules of courtesy and politeness in our intercourse with those of our own household.

Provided you were sincerely sorry for them, do not be uneasy about sins mentioned in your past confessions. Confide in the prophet Jonas, "I know that Thou art a gracious and merciful God, patient and of much compassion, and easy to forgive evil."

All those unmortified tempers, all those perturbations of mind, the disquiet and discontent, which our neighbor sees in us, were laid by St. Aloysius to one single cause: deficiency in the exercises of meditation and prayer, the two practices which are a shortcut to perfection.

Mission News & Notes

Bokod.

Father Claerhoudt writes: Some time ago; I enjoyed one of the happiest moments of my life in Bisalé. I could baptize old Pontino only one week before he died. He was so well prepared and so well disposed. Not a single one in the Province, I think, had so often and with such stubborn conviction said: "Me, at least, they will not baptize".... But Pontino became sick; he felt that within a short time he would pass away, he remembered his children who were baptized and he did not want to be separated from them "he in hell and they in heaven" and Pontino thought of this a whole night, and the next morning he asked for instruction. How he listened! It seemed that with each word of God's doctrine a ray of light appeared on his face. I baptized him. A week later he received the last Sacraments in the best disposition. Today old Pontino is in heaven; non pugna nostra, sed Dei!

Note; Father Claerhoudt is a famous painter as well as a poet. He writes: I have finished three paintings. I had to do the painting with a locked door and the windows shut, for fear that people might continually disturb me;

otherwise I would never have been able to finish the tableaux.

Note: The Little Apostle intends to sell them to enable the active Father to buy some more substantial food he is greatly in need of, for he writes,—

I have been sick these last weeks, but thanks be to God, I am again in splendid condition and consequently have to travel much to make up for the time lost while unable to leave the house. Yet, while at home, I profited by the forced vacation to write the first bundle of "Ways and Customs of the East-Benguet People" and I think the readers of the Little Apostle will enjoy them.

Note: the Songs of a People contains twenty-seven articles. These finished, we will publish the "Ways and Customs", still more interesting than "the Songs of a People", both works worth figuring in any Filipino library.

As was said in the number of last month, a Lady from Manila offers to subscribe a monthly gift of ₱10.00 for the support of a catechist in the mission of Father Claerhoudt, provided others complete the pension by their monthly contributions. Who is willing to contribute to this pension?

COUNTRY AND PEOPLE

The Songs of a People

Igorrote Customs in East Benguet

by Rev. Father Claerhoudt Missionary, Bokod, Benguet

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X

Pe-chit

Continuation of October

III

It was evening of his second day's journey when Kingei, the emissary of Busilan, arrived at Kátódan.

The lonesome hut of Dasang marked a somber outline upon the pale eveninglight. Kingei saw a yellow gleam thru the open door and a thousand little sparks that twinkled thru as many little holes in the reed walls: all phenomena of the dancing flames on the fire-trough. Kingei cautiously approached the shack, shook once at the entrance ladder and, in a plaintive voice, called once: "A-pool!".....after which, he krept in-

side.

Dasang and Aminga, startled, gazed with big questioning eyes at the entering stranger who so unexpectedly had dropped in.

—"Is this not the house of Dasang, the wife of Siano who died on Kátódan?" asked Kingei. Dasang looked at Aminga and Aminga looked at her mother....

—"Are you not the mother of Tuling?"

—"Do you know my child Tuling?" Dasang hastened to answer.

—"I know Tuling, Dasang, and he is doing well at the house of Busilan in Pidjaga".

"If it were not for the Pechit

that begins tomorrow at Busilan's, Tuling would already have reached home; but Busilan did not let him go, because Tuling is a fine boy with a couple of strong arms on his body, so he can not spare him for the feast....but I was sent here by Busilan to invite you to the feast and tomorrow you will come with me, you, and your little daughter”.

—“What? I? to go to the feast to Pidjaga? Anchi! No! Not a bit! I am poor and have only rags around my body....I would be greatly ashamed to appear there like this” said Dasang trying to cover with both her hands a few big holes in her thread-bare unique skirt.

—“Dasang”, “Kingei answered, “Busilan very well knows that you are poor and miserable, for Tuling told him everything and he said that he had come to work to earn some money with which to pay the debts you made when Siano died....and Tuling, a whole year long, has worked as Busilan never saw a man work. I tell you, Dasang, Busilan likes your Tuling very much and, for the good of your child and for your own good, he wants you to accompany me tomorrow to the feast....”

That same evening, while Kingei stilled his hunger with a few camotes and some “Piching”, Dagaing against the invitation, saying that she was only a poor, a very poor widow, that she was ashamed, greatly ashamed, etc. etc....but

Kingei answered and talked so well that Dasang finally consented.... and the next morning she would accompany him, and Aminga, too, would go to the feast.

Aminga was overjoyed in her heart, because she would again be with her big brother Tuling. Dasang herself, notwithstanding her endless protests, was craving to see her child, but, ashamed of her dirty rags, she would sit somewhere aside and she would not join the feasting crowd.



In the meantime the “Pechit feast” had started at Busilan's. The sulibaw and the kindal echoed thru the fields; the kalsa and the pinsak were nervously tinkling and the early arrivals were joyfully hopping and dancing in a wide circle in the busy yard.

Today was the “Sadjab”, tomorrow the “Baa-si” and the day after tomorrow was the truly great day of the feast: the “Mol-mol”. Busilan had tasted the tapoy and found it excellent. Some of the old men of the neighborhood were sitting, already drunk, under the house; they were talking loudly or singing their badiew song. The whole night long, the youngsters danced in the blue moonlight.

When morning dawned, the dance slackened a little, but as soon as the sun peeped above the “Kalai”, it became truly sprightly.

The Pechit thus had begun and

today all the people of the villages around would arrive.

The mambunung, the old and dirty exorciser with his long half gray hair twisted into disorderly tufts, held together by a reddish tape, a "tchinget", appeared; he called Basilan and his wife, Kadjat, and told them to begin the "dance of honor."

Busilan leisurely threw the rich man's blanket, the "Chindi", over his shoulders, extended both his arms and proceeded. Kadjat wrapped her body in a multicolored cloth, lifted both her arms high upwards, with the palms of her hands skywards, she tiptoed behind her husband, to the measure of the kalsa.

The people twice yelled with all their might: "Oo-oo-wai!... Oo-oo-wai!" and twice did they shout with all the strength of their throats and lungs.

Busilan and Kadjat danced a few rounds more, and again the whole crowd broke into a tremendous scream: "Oo-oo-wai!... Oo-oo-wai!" followed by two wild yells that cut thru the air and wildly echoed in the distance. Then, the rich old man and his wife entered their house, danced a few rounds under their own roof and the "dance of honor" was finished.

The couple came downstairs, sat down on the ground near the entrance of the house, always wrapped in their blankets. and the old mambunung began his ex-

orcisms and prayers full of blessings and bliss.

They placed a heap of blankets at the side of Busilan and handed him a big purse filled with silver coins. The mambunung moved in front of the feasting man and wife, stood with his body half turned toward them, and, with his face in front of a standing port-manteau, he began the invocations of the spirits.

His body sometimes twisted and writhed, and his eyes gazed at something the others did not see. One by one the ghosts of the departed relatives came to the mambunung; one by one the spirits of the dead rich people arrived at his calling: each one of them in turn penetrated his body, and, whenever a ghost entered his being, the mambunung shuddered in all his nerves and fibers. It was thus that he knew a ghost had slipped into him.

Then he asked:

—"Who art thou that interest me?"

In the mind of the mambunung sounded the name of the departed... "I am Dankitow from.... I am Tchiwas from.... I am Kossep from...." The mambunung heard the names of whosoever they might be, and the ghost told him and repeated what he was in need of: a blanket, or money; he told him what kind of blanket he wanted and how much money he needed in the country of the hereafter.

Then the mambunung asked

Busilan for the kind of blanket and mentioned the sum of money, and the rich man gave what was asked. Then the mambunung took the blanket, and the money, and, with the first over his shoulder and the money in his hand, he danced on the spot, on the "bwa-dag-bakkaan".

After the dance was over, the ghost sang his badiew song in the body of the mambunung and the sorcerer repeated it word by word, singing aloud all that the ghost had sung.... a group of old women, sitting in front of the mambunung, answered the badiew song with a long prolonged "atoob...." At this, the witch took a long drink of tapoy, placed the blanket on the portmanteau, threw the coins into a sack and the ghost, now satisfied with the gift, left the exorciser's body and made place for the next, who also told his name, asked for a gift and received what he wanted, while the mambunung danced and sung and the woman screamed....

This incantation lasted the whole morning. At about noon-time, when all the ghosts had left for the Polak Mountain, a fattened hog was dragged in front of the door of Busilan's house. The mambunung gave orders to bring an earthen jar and a burning branch, which he placed on the ground and then he commanded to kill the squeeling beast.

A sharp rattan punch soon found its bloody way behind one

of the forelegs into the animal's heart. An awful shrill of the wounded victim vibrated in the air. The hog twisted and writhed, made useless efforts to rise and escape, sighed a few times for more breath, groaned and moaned in wild agony and quieted down: It was dead.

Busilan and Kadjat were still sitting at their places near the entrance of the house.

Busilan was thinking of Kabunian, the divinity, who had joined him to drink tapoy after the dance, when the mambunung told him and his wife to enter the house, sit down and drink some rice-wine.

They did so, and then the mambunung approached, and on their heads he pasted a few bristles just snatched from the slaughtered hog, and he painted their cheeks drawing a dripping line with hog's blood. Happy Busilan and happy Kadjat!

The great ceremony of the "Baa-si" was over. While some younger men were burning and cleaning and cutting to pieces the hog, and while others were poking the fire or running to and fro, unusually busy, the dance started once more, the jars of tapoy one by one were emptied, the faces reddened, the conversations became louder and louder, and, before long, the air was heavy with a smell of boiled meat. The

maidens and the girls distributed baskets of steaming rice, and brought or carried away numberless plates, or plunged them into the water and gave them a hasty, superficial cleaning.

The old men were "badiewing", groups of old women repeated the songs, the sulibaws and kalsas were uninterruptedly drumming, now and then dominated by the long yell of "oo-oo-wai", of the feasting crowd, while high in the sky, in the blue firmament, higher than the gleaming crowns and peaks of the mountains, the sun was glittering and, Kabunian was bending toward his happy creatures joyously celebrating the great feast of Busilan.

In the afternoon more and more long lines of rich men on horseback descended the narrow mountain paths that brought them to Pidjaga.

Their brown faces were shining with heat and perspiration; their horses were white and reeking with dripping foam. When the path was more or less level, the ponies galloped fiercely, leaving behind a rising cloud of fine dust wherever the soil was sandy,

but the men shouted and yelled, spit over their shoulders, shut their eyes and clacked their whips.... ahead! faster and faster!

More and more people arrived at the house of Busilan. All the guests were heartily welcomed, they immediately passed to each other the jars of tapoy; the boys unsaddled the ponies, and set the steaming beasts loose in the harvested fields, while other men hung the saddles and blankets away somewhere. Until late at night did more and more guests continue to arrive, for Busilan had many friends and this was the fourth Pechit he celebrated: the first, of three fat hogs, he had given a few years after his marriage; the second, some time later, was of five hogs....

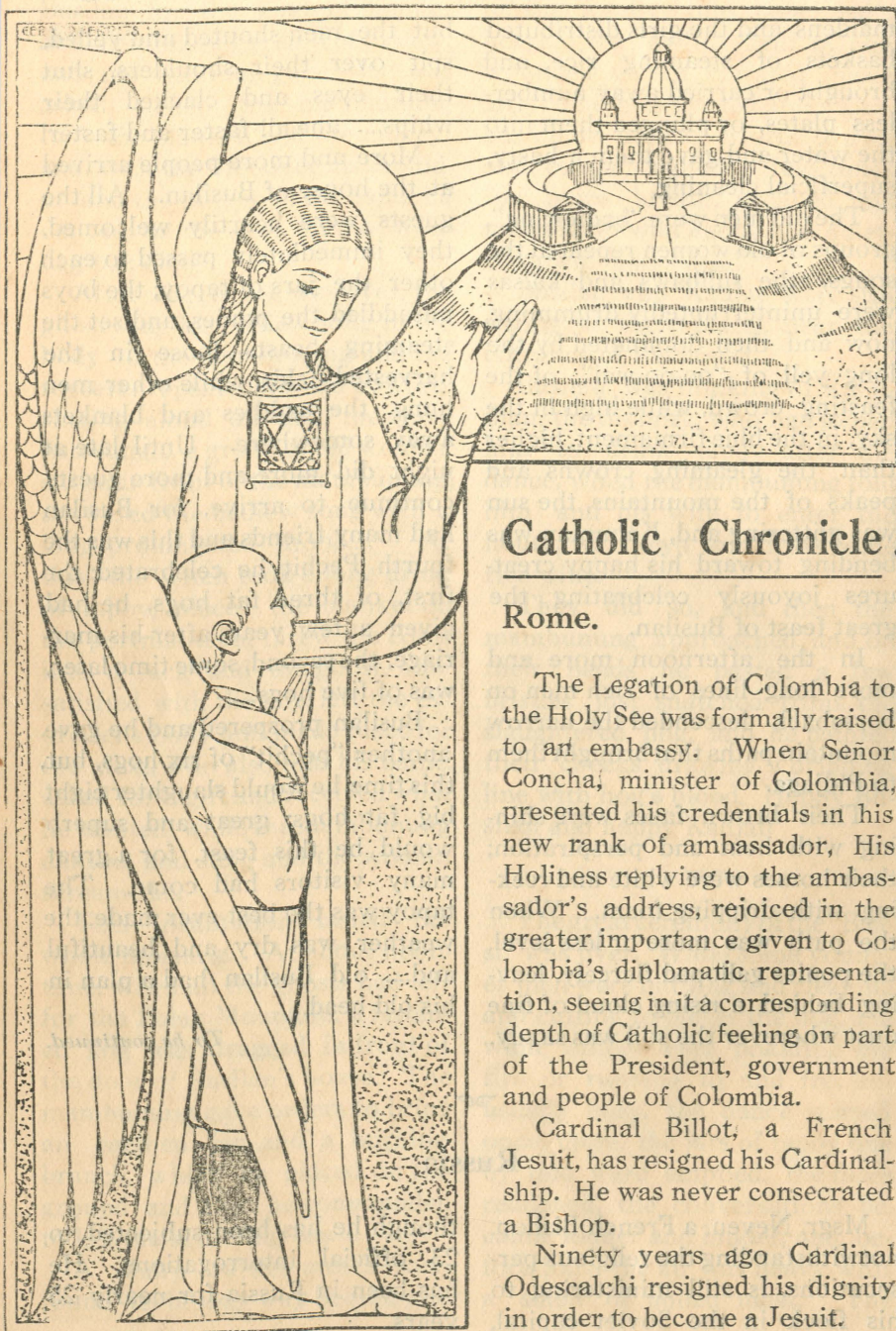
Busilan prospered and he gave another "pechit" of six hogs, but, this time, he would slaughter eight big fat hogs; great and superb would be this feast, for a great many visitors had come. The tapoy was the best ever made, the weather was dry and beautiful and.... old Busilan had a plan in his old head.

To be continued.

Russia

Msgr. Neveu, a French Bishop, notwithstanding the religious persecutions, is still ministering to his flock in the Soviet capital,

though he has been subjected to 23 official interrogations. He has been in Russia for nearly 25 years.



Catholic Chronicle.

Rome.

The Legation of Colombia to the Holy See was formally raised to an embassy. When Señor Concha, minister of Colombia, presented his credentials in his new rank of ambassador, His Holiness replying to the ambassador's address, rejoiced in the greater importance given to Colombia's diplomatic representation, seeing in it a corresponding depth of Catholic feeling on part of the President, government and people of Colombia.

Cardinal Billot, a French Jesuit, has resigned his Cardinalship. He was never consecrated a Bishop.

Ninety years ago Cardinal Odescalchi resigned his dignity in order to become a Jesuit.

There has been, by the way, only one resignation of a Pope in the whole course of history: Pope Celestine V, elected in June, 1924, retired in December of the same year.

Belgium.

Mr. and Mrs. Dusoulier Jockmans and their eight-year-old daughter, from Liege, made a walking a pilgrimage to Lourdes, France, a distance of some six hundred miles, coming back on foot also. The three took turns in pushing along a light two-wheeled cart that contained their belongings.

England.

Thomas Leeds, a non-Catholic of Leeds, for five years a paralytic, unable to walk, was advised by a Catholic priest to go to Lourdes. He went and declares that after his first immersion he began to have feeling in his legs and that on the second day of his stay at Lourdes he could walk like a normal person.

Canon Leteux of Denaby has given \$500 to the new school of that place. This sum was a gift presented to this worthy priest to pay his expenses of a journey to Rome, his life's ambition.

Germany.

Father Brauth, of Marbach, near Fulda, has invented an ex-

plosive that is more powerful than dynamite and safer to handle and cheaper to manufacture.

Holland.

The Mission zeal in Holland sets an example to the world. For every 200 male Catholic students of Holland there is one studying for the priesthood. For every 630 Catholics, there is one actually engaged as a missionary in a foreign land. At present, Holland is represented on the mission fields by 1,650 priests, 830 brothers and 1,800 Sisters. Although the Catholics of Holland form only one per cent of the Church, it supplies ten per cent of the missionaries. About 45 missionary societies draw from Holland priestly vocations for the mission; their seminaries have an enrollment of more than 4,300. Seven Congregations of Brothers and 36 orders of Sisters have foreign missions among their activities. Out of a total of 1,220 parishes in Holland, 720 maintain a native seminarian by adoption. The receipts of the three pontifical missionary institutions—the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Association of the Holy Childhood and the Sodality of St. Peter Claver—rose from 450,000 to 720,000 guilders within the last five years. The number of missionaries sent out from Holland during the last five years, increased from 3,200 to 4,200.

Japan.

Japan is believed to be about to send an ambassador to the Vatican. Public monuments have recently been erected to early Catholic Missionaries. The Catholic University of the Jesuit Fathers has been approved by the Japanese Government.

There are fifty native priests in Japan, belonging to both the regular and secular clergy.

To celebrate the consecration of the first Japanese Bishop by the Holy Father in Rome, the Catholics of Tokyo will send to the Pope a large "kakemono", representing some historical scene of the Church in Japan: Luke Hasegawa, the noted Japanese Catholic artist, is painting it.

Hawaii.

According to statistics given by the "Honolulu Advertiser" and taken from the tabulations of the Protestant Denominations, 13,500 natives, of the 45,000 in the territory, are Catholics. Out of a population of 333,410, some 103,000 are Catholics, or about one third of the inhabitants. Of the 52,652 Filipinos in the Hawaii-Islands, 52,124 claim to be Catholics. The total number of Protestants in Hawaii is 11,077. Of the 145,000 Japanese it is said that 125,000 are Boudhists. Among the natives are about 13,000 Mormons.

United States.

Mrs. L. Carlen, who won ninety-seven prizes for her exhibitions in needle-work, has given all of the money that accompanied them to Catholic foreign missions. She has devoted her art to the support of the missions and in addition she has started a student purse for Foreign Missions of the Capuchin Fathers and another one for the Marianhill Missions.

The Rev. J. Szuchy, pastor of Holy Trinity church of Perth Amboy, N. J. obtained a patent upon an invention for preventing trains from running past stop signals. The priest has fifteen other inventions to his credit.

Spain.

A wealthy, childless, couple of Bilbao, have entered religion: Luciano Zuburia, shareholder in many industrial societies, departed for Rome to become a Jesuit, and his wife, Carmen Zuburia, joined a religious order at Burgos.

180 Mexican seminarists are studying in Spain. There is a project of establishing a Mexican seminary in Spain where all Mexican students for the priesthood may continue their studies. Nearly all these Seminarists are supported by Spanish benefactors.

Several Bishops are members of the new National Consultative Assembly called by General Primo de Rivera.

CURRENT EVENTS

Philippines

Politics.

Mr. Henry L. Stimson, former secretary of war, was appointed Governor General of the Philippines by President Coolidge on the 13th of December. Mr. Stimson is not a military man as was Governor Wood, but he is an admirer of Wood's policies in the Philippines. 60 years of age, he has been secretary of war in the Cabinet of President Taft and, last spring, he was the personal envoy of the American President to the Nicaragua peace negotiations.

The total number of bills passed at the last session of the Legislature was 110. Of these, 83 were approved by the Governor General and 26 were vetoed. Last year 124 bills were passed and 44 vetoed.

The chief executive disapproved many of the items for the construction, improvement and completion of public buildings, mostly schools, for which the Legislature recommended an appropriation of ₱4,203,500. He reduced the appropriation for public works by about ₱3,000,000, making

the total of the public work's appropriation for 1928 ₱8,801,000.

A new marriage law provides that the age required to marry shall be that set forth by the Catholic church: the girl must be at least 14 years of age and the man at least 16. Furthermore no marriage can be contracted without license. The names of the applicants for such license must be posted for ten days in a conspicuous place. Applications for marriage must be made to the municipal secretary of the place where the woman has her habitual residence. After these ten days and if no objections oppose the marriage, the license may be issued. If the parties marry in a Catholic church, the license may be granted after the proclamation of the bans.

Several bills about the Philippines were presented in Congress: the annual King bill, granting immediate independence to the Philippines: the Kiess bill defining the powers of the insular Auditor, and another proposing that a congressional committee visit the Philippines every two years.

Foreign

China.

Chiang-Kai-Shek, a few months ago the supreme commander of the Southerners, but who resigned his leadership when his party suffered severe reverses by the Northerners, has again taken the chief command of the Nationalistas or Kuo-ming-tang. Did the Southern Soviets hate to see Chiang come back to power? Anyway they have revolted against the Nationalists and Canton has been the scene of terrible fighting and considerable looting. The turmoil in and around Canton forced thousands to fly from the country and seek a refuge in Hong-Kong.

Chiang has clearly seen the funeste influences of Russia in China and refuses further Russian help; but the wind is sown, storms must be harvested.

Chang-Tso-Lin of the North does not attack the Southerners; he must have seen that a war too far from the central basis is too dangerous.

Lithuania-Poland.

Four months ago a rebellion of Reds started in Lithuania, but was promptly subdued. Later serious menaces of war between Lithuania and Poland broke out but the League of Nations settled the differences between both nations. This case proves once more the growing power of the League.

Mexico.

The revolution continues, and nearly every day we may read in the papers censured telegrams from Mexico relating numbers of "fanatic rebels" or of "bandits" killed. This is an evident

sign that the revolution is spreading. Another proof of this assertion is that hundreds of thousands of dollars are pouring into the United States, and that several high officials of the present Mexican regime have placed large sums of money in the United States. Lately President Calles invited the famous American aviator Lindbergh to fly to Mexico City, hoping to win the American public opinion by giving him a splendid reception, just as the reception given by the French to Lindbergh, after he crossed the Atlantic, brought a better understanding between the American and French Nations.

Rome.

The Roman Question, or problem of the status of the Holy See inside the Kingdom of Italy, which since 1870 has been discussed, has of late been revived, after the *Osservatore Romano*, the Vatican's official paper, in an article of Oct. 13th, in answer to articles written by an Italian Senator and the brother of Premier Mussolini, made the suggestion for a restoration of a Papal State. We quote the following passages: The Pope's temporal power must be restored, and Italy, if she wishes to seal relations of friendship with the Vatican, must cede to the Holy See enough territory to form a new Papal State.

The independence of the Holy Father from interference by any foreign power, including Italy, must be guaranteed in such a way that his independence will be obvious to the whole world, because the Pope would never willingly acquiesce in a state of affairs which might make him appear a puppet in the hands of the Italian diplomacy. This can only come to pass

if the Pope is a temporal ruler of an independent State, "however small."

The Osservatore adds: "Only Italy which robbed the Holy See of his territory in 1870, can set matters right again now by ceding enough territory for a new Papal State."

This suggestion of the official paper looks much like a suggestion of Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, England, who proposed that the large tract of land adjoining St. Peter's Basilica and the Apostolic Palace should be ceded by Italy to the Pope with the right of extraterritoriality, thus creating de facto a small new state wherein the Pontiff could build his headquarters for all ecclesiastical congregations, habitations for the Cardinals and residences for Diplomatic Corps accredited at the Holy See.

The general impression prevails that Premier Mussolini, who, has long desired to establish friendly relations with the Vatican, is in hearty accord with the Osservatore's suggestion.

According to a high dignitary of the Church: the recognition of some sort of temporal sovereignty for the Pope is intimately bound up with the great effort now being made for the return of the separated Christian Churches. He further asserted that a general Ecumenical Council would be an essential part of a Catholic effort for unity and that the lack of territorial independence of the Holy See at present constitutes an "essential impediment" to the convocation of such a council.

Roumania.

Prince Carol, the disinherited Crown Prince of Roumania, whose son, still a child, has been crowned King, seeks to return to his country and take possession of the throne. In this he finds supporters among the parties opposed to Premier Bratiano: the agrarians and the Averescu's, a former premier. There have been some local disturbances, but so far no serious revolt has broken out. Queen Marie is in favor of the child King.

Russia.

The famous Trotsky, once leader of the Communists, has been expelled from the central committee of the Communist party. There was a sort of revolution in Ukraine, probably the peasants resisting the commissars exacting part of the harvest. Russia was requested by France to call back her ambassador at Paris, for it was proven that he had made soviet propaganda in France. The Soviet Government reluctantly obeyed, under the menace of French breaking off all diplomatic relations with Russia.

Turkey.

The recent census held throughout Turkey places the total number of inhabitants at approximately 14,000,000. Constantinople numbers 850,000 and Angora 75,000 inhabitants.

"The editor wrote in his journal: "Yesterday I bought four pounds of sugar and found about half a pound of sand in it. If the shopkeeper in question doesn't send me the half-

pound of sugar at once, I shall publish his name in the paper."

"During the day nine grocers sent him nine different half-pounds of sugar."—Vienna paper.

QUESTION BOX

Questions unsigned will not be answered. Anonymous letters must find their way into the waste paper basket. We will not publish the names of those who send questions.

Question No. 33. — When a soul is judged, the sentence can not be revoked. Why is it that some Saints have raised dead people? Were not the souls of these people already judged by Jesus Christ?

Answer.—1. Why these Saints have raised dead people? The particular reasons of those Saints must be found in their lives, but, above any private reason, they had in view the glory of God, that God might be known, His doctrine demonstrated as the only true, His power manifested, etc.

2. All souls are judged immediately after their separation from the body, and their sentences are immutable. Neither Jesus nor the Church have taught anything about the souls of the dead raised. Were these souls immediately judged after their first separation from the body? Christ foreseeing their resurrection and consequently another part of early life of these people, did not have to judge them: judgment comes at the moment of a last- ing death.

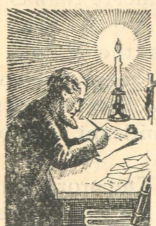
Question No. 34. — Do all people on earth have a guardian angel to assist them during their life? If all have, why are not all inspired by their

guardian angel to embrace the true religion so that all may be saved?

Answer.—All people have a guardian angel and the guardian angels help them to do good and avoid sin, in such a way as spirits can do, by interior suggestions. But it is not the duty of a guardian angel to teach doctrine and faith. Such a duty belongs to the Church, which received this mission from the Savior when He told the Apostles to teach all nations. In regard to the conversion of pagans or sinners, what their guardian angels can do, is to help them in such a way that they accept the suggestions of conversion, and find occasions that may bring them back to God etc. The fact that one has a guardian angel is not a security of going to heaven.

Question. No. 35.— If one feels he has a religious vocation but is hindered from embracing it, can that person be saved, if he remains in the world as a layman or marries?

Answer.—Yes. Though such a person will not receive the exceptional graces attached to his religious vocation which he did not follow, nevertheless, he will receive sufficient graces to save his soul.



MAILBAG OF THE LITTLE APOSTLE



For all correspondence with "THE LITTLE APOSTLE" send your letter to THE LITTLE APOSTLE, BOX 1393, MANILA

Manila, Jan. 1, 1928.

Dear Readers of the "Little Apostle".

To all, once more, our most sincere wishes for the happiest New Year you ever enjoyed in your life. To you as Catholics, we may express this christian wish with the certitude that God will bless you abundantly. Is not every moment of a christian life a step nearer to heaven and another grace that will mean another degree of glory in the other life, provided we live as Christians and offer all our works to God?

Alas, we can not say the same of our poor pagans in the Mountain Province. They will work and slave another year and at the end of that year, if they have not found their way to God, they will be as far from heaven as they always have been.

Such a thought makes us appreciate more and more the grace of Baptism and the blessings and privileges God bestows upon us. It should remind us also, of our duty of gratitude and inflame us with charity for the poor disinherited in God's kingdom, for "bonum est difusivum sui", good tends to extend itself. Overwhelmed with graces, we should try to bring that same good to others, also children of God, our brethren in Christ. May I

wish you all that charity? It will constitute one of your greatest rewards in heaven and already on earth, one of your greatest satisfactions: oh, the happy thought of having sent a soul to heaven!

I am glad to accuse receipt of a gift of ₱7.00 thru the kindness of the Rev. Father P.C. Acantalicio, from the parish of Magarao, Camarines Sur. The sum was collected on Mission Sunday.

In several countries that have no infidels within their borders, collections for the Propagation of Faith are made each year and more than once.

The contribution of the faithful of Magarao shows that the people are not unwilling to help the Missions, provided somebody takes it to heart to implore their charity for their pagan brethren. Is the self-denial week also not a proof of this?

And is the following letter from Miss Felisa Mata, Danao, Cebu, a further proof that here too something of that kind can be done?

Writing about the self-denial week of the members of her choir, she adds: "As to the money collected, I want to send it after the feast of the "Three Kings", because Rev. Father Vicente Roa, our zealous parish priest, has

permitted us to take up a collection in the church on that day”.

Well done! Many thanks! That will be a real Mission Feast!

Long live the Catholics of Bais!

A new center of Catechists has been formed for the support of a Catechist in the mission of Rev. Father Claerhoudt. This is the second catechist in the Mountain Province supported by the Catholics of Bais.

How have these two centers be organized? Of course, through the activity of an active, Catholic lady, with the cooperation of several others who these last two years have read “El Misionero”, and thus knowing the sad conditions of the pagan Igorrotes, who are also Filipinos, they had the heart to do something for the conversion of their brethren in Christ and country people. May God bless these active, generous catechists of Bais more abundantly than ever.

From a student of Santo Thomas University of Manila, I received a letter inclosing P1.00 “to help the missions. This is just my little saving I made during the month of November.”

Well, that was a great and generous saving. Students as a rule do not swim in money and they have a hundred places where to spend their pocket-money. And yet, the students of Manila Colleges are continually besieged for contributions, though not always for what should be called good works.

From a lady of Manila, I received a letter asking to send her more self-denial envelopes.

Sure, such envelopes may be got not only for members of the Association of the Little Flower, but also for others. “Ask and you shall receive” them.

Many and most sincere thanks to T. E. from Calasiao.

Emperor Charles the V, one day gave a cent to a beggar who asked him some help. The latter at the sight of this rather insignificant alms began to murmur.

—“What, said the Emperor, “Suppose all inhabitants of the world give you as much as I do, you would be the richest man that ever lived”. Of course, T. E. give more than a cent; he sent one peso. But what, if all Catholics of the Philippines, gave a cent a year for the Missions of the Mountain Province? P80,000 would permit many more Missionaries to work in that field whose harvest is ripe, but whose workers are few, because there are no means to support more. The dream of one cent a year by each Catholic is too nice...and yet...what a small sacrifice it would be.

Most sincere thanks to Miss Melchiora Lopez, from Tagudin and now a nurse in the French hospital of Hong-Kong. Though absent she does not forget to renew her subscription to the “Little Apostle” and besides she sends us the name of a new subscriber together with a certain amount she economized during her self-denial week. Wherever she is, she remains a true Catholic and a true Filipina who has at heart the interests of God and her country. A worthy example!

Assuring you of the prayers of the Missionaries in the Mountain Province and their converts for all the help you are sending, even though it may be only that of your subscription to this magazine, I renew my most sincere wishes for this year and many more to come.

Respectfully and gratefully yours in C.

“The Little Apostle”.

For the Little Tots



A Little Life

of the Little Flower for Little Children

Continuation

CHAPTER XVII

Evenings at Home.

IS IT NOT A PITY that many parents do not profit of the cool evenings to educate their children in that spirit of faith and family life which makes the home a happy place?

Today, in the bigger cities, many parents, toward evening, set out for the movies, the theatre, etc. leaving the children alone as if they were a mute piece of furniture, like chairs and mirrors, or simple adornments. Father has to visit a friend, or transact some business, or attend a meeting as if it were not his chief business to meet his best friends: his own children. Mother has to

answer a call. Oh Society! Numerous are its obligations, but these are only human, while the obligation of educating her children is a godly task.

It was not so at "Les Buissonnets". God reigned in this mansion; true love pervaded in each heart under its roof and true happiness made it a real "home".

It is said that in a big city of the United States a millionaire once met a nurse in a park, playing with a lovely little girl. The man, who was a father of family, could not resist his fatherly impulse of caressing the attractive little creature, and he asked the

nurse the name of the little tot. How astonished he was to hear that the little angel was his own child. Alas, his business and his millions, his amusements and obligations of society forced him to abandon the care of his little child to a servant, and he had not recognized his own little daughter.

There is true happiness in the house where the father and mother and children are of one spirit; but that union of spirits first requires the union of bodies and minds in the "home", especially in the evening, when the daily duties are finished.

Holiness, as was said, does not consist in a severe face, in moroseness, in living apart from our equals.... It consists in doing what God asks of us, according to the state of our life. Certainly, one of the first duties of parents is to be amidst their children, as it is the first duty of a child to remain near father and mother to receive their teachings and to be inspired by their examples.

Let us pass one evening in company of the Martin family. Christmas is near.

—"Papa! Papa! The lamp is lighted!"

Darkness falls early in winter at Lisieux.

—"Here I am, my little Queen!" Mr. Martin answers, putting aside the book he is reading.

Big flames dance on the hearth. It is cold outside, but the fire makes the room a cozy place to

stay in, when the snow and ice cover the roads and the roofs.

Papa takes a seat in a big arm-chair, in the corner of the hearth. Little Therese immediately finds a most comfortable place on the knees of her Papa, resting her curly head on his big heart.

Mary is busy at the table studying her lessons. Pauline is occupied with some embroidery she hopes to finish before Christmas and send to some poor church. Léonie is sewing and repairing clothes. Céline is turning the pages of a big album.

At a signal of Papa, Mary takes a big book and begins to read aloud: it is the "Liturgical year" of Don Guéranger, explaining day by day the feasts of the year and the mysteries of our religion connected with the same. Oh, that liturgical year! It makes the Christians understand our Mother Church and partake of her joys and sorrows, according to the feasts celebrated and the time of the liturgical year.

After this lecture, Mary is only too anxious to read the life of a Saint. This lecture is sometimes replaced by another about a great man of France: great, because as a soldier or merchant, etc., he was, above all, a christian who found in his Faith the light and the force to serve God and his country, not by words but in deeds.

How these pious lectures must have developed in the minds and

hearts of the Martin children their love for God and France, and, no less, for their father!

—“Papa, did you think of the Christmas log?”

—“Of course, my little one.”

—“Is it a big one, Papa?”

At this further inquiry of the curious tot, Papa stands up and, from an adjacent room, fetches in a thick, knobby branch of pine, that, according to the local custom, shall be put in the hearth on Christmas eve and will burn the whole night, as to speak of the light which on that night came into this world and of the warmth of God's love that made Him embrace a human body with which He would suffer and die to save our souls.

—“Are you now satisfied, little Queen?” Mr. Martin asked with a smile.

—“Of course,” answered little Therese and, clapping her tiny hands, she added: “That will burn at least the whole night! And little Jesus will find an agreeable place in our home when He comes into this world. I will put my shoes this side of the hearth, and Céline on the other side. How many days still, Papa, before Christmas?”

And Papa told her how many days separated them from the glorious night, how naughty children receive a whip in their shoes, and good children receive all kinds of dolls and trinkets, in proportion with their obedience to God and

parents. And little Therese said she would be very kind and obedient and would pray very well.

The elder children, of course, smiled at the sight of the innocent faith of their little sister.

And while the conversation went on, the little tot roasted an apple in the fire, or toasted chestnuts in the glowing ashes. Then, when these delicacies were ready, she offered them first to Papa and then to her sisters and she sang some of the old songs, which the others, even their father, accompanied. All were merry and happy, much more than modern children, somewhere in a dark corner of a cine, looking at unbelievable stories.... if not worse....

Sometimes Papa was called to tell a story of old, of course, about Christmas; he told them the story of the three noble Kings who came from the East, of a jealous Herodes who wanted to kill the new born King, of the King of Kings who was born in a cave, open to cold winds and strolling animals, etc. etc. Or he told them the story of some lovely Christmas night in somewhere a poor shack, where, when everything spoke of misery, some good pious soul brought comfort and hope. The children were hanging on his lips; the evenings, so long in northern climates, passed in no time.

Then, at the regular hour, when the clock struck, all left their places and knelt before their chairs

in front of a statue of the Blessed Virgin, placed upon a press, with a big Crucifix behind it. The youngest of the children said the evening prayers aloud and the others answered in choir. At the end of the prayer, Papa announced another prayer to be said for Mamma in heaven, and another for the conversion of sinners and a third for the souls in purgatory.

Jesus must have liked to send His blessings to that pious house!

After this last prayer, Pauline took the smaller children to their beds, but only after they had wished good night to all and had asked and received the blessing of Papa. The blessing of a father and a mother, impressed under the form of a cross on the foreheads of chil-

dren, is it not the blessing of God Himself?

And while Pauline, like a true mother, covered her little sister Therese, the little Queen invariably asked if she had passed the day well, or if Jesus was satisfied with her, or if the Blessed Virgin smiled at her, or if the Angels were watching near her head, etc. Pauline said she had been very good today and answered all her childish questions in the affirmative, otherwise, the little tot would have cried the whole night, for she loved God and the Mother of Jesus, and she not only avoided sins, but practiced virtues, for fear of displeasing Jesus and Mary.

To be continued.

Brother Edward a Veteran

The Little Apostle congratulates Brother Edward of the Lu buagan mission for his twenty years' stay in the Philippines and his twenty five years' vows just accomplished, in the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. When he entered this Congregation, a great future with all the comfort of the well-to-do waited him in the world, but he preferred to become a poor missionary in the foreign field. In 1908

he came to the Philippines and since that time he has sacrificed himself to excess in many missions of the Mountain Province. He directed the work of the restoration of the church of Dupax, helped the building of the Solano convent, built chapels here and there and wherever he has been, he made himself most useful.

God grant him still many years to live and work for His glory!



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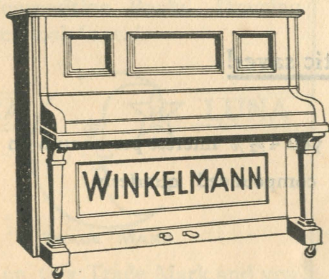
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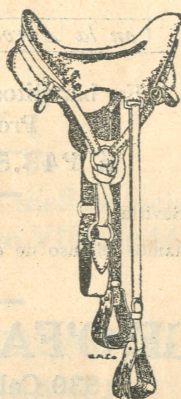
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